

CONFESSIONS OF AN EVERY- DAY WIFE

By Idah McGlone Gibson.

SALLIE SAUNDERS CONFESSES

"Of course I believe you, Theo," I answered, "but why did you go back to the Saunders house? Why didn't you stay away and let Sallie work it out for herself?"

"Because I am more kinds of a d—fool than I thought possible for a man to be," he answered savagely.

"Although I had fully decided not to see that imp of Satan again, when you said you were going to see your father and bid him good-by last night, I suddenly decided to go over to Sallie Saunders and tell her I knew the man whom I had helped her get to a place of temporary safety. Besides, I wanted to see if he had died or escaped in the meantime. I suppose I should have given him up, Margot, and stood by my guns and I really think I would have done so but for you. I could not see you suffer as I knew you would."

"But honestly I hope he will get caught now, as I am sure either he or some accomplice killed Saunders."

"Do you think, Margot, that I had better go back and tell all that I know about the matter?"

"Do you really know anything, Theo? What happened after you left Mr. Saunders that night?"

"Well, you see, I went to see Sallie and, as I have told you, I walked right into the library and found Mr. Saunders instead of Sallie. After our terrible quarrel I forgot all about Sallie and that I had come purposely to see her, until I met her in the driveway by the gate."

"She was crying and sobbing so that she could not speak. For a moment she did not recognize me and started to pass me without speaking, so I put out my hand to stop her."

"When she saw who it was she threw herself into my arms and shook with sobs. 'Theo, do you think he will get away?' she asked."

"Who?" was my question.

"Why, Emil of course," she answered.

ed in surprise. And then she began: 'He is better and a friend is coming to help him and he—'

"Stop," I said, 'do not tell me anything about it for if you do I will have to report it to the secret service men.'

"She turned on me like a little fury. 'If I thought you would do that I would kill you where you stand.' And for the second time that night I found myself looking into the barrel of a revolver."

"Put that thing up," I said. 'What have you got it for anyway?'

"I told Emil I would bring him one," she said, trembling.

"Give it to me," I commanded. 'If that traitor gets away, he will get off without killing anybody if I can prevent it.'

She meekly handed me the weapon, and then, seeming to understand what she was doing, sprang at me like a

tigress.

"Give it back, give it back," she said. 'It might save his life.'

"What do you care about his life?" I demanded.

"It is the only thing I do care for—if he does not live I shall not. Why did you, or Tim Lafferty, or any of the others that I have used to help him think I cared for you. I despised you—all of you. Emil Baur is a man—

my man, and I would do anything—commit any crime for him."

"Hasn't your silly little saint, of a wife told you that I married her clown of a brother so that I would have a name for my child—mine and Emil's."

"I did not want to marry Tim Lafferty," she hurriedly explained, 'because I would have gloried in letting the whole world know that I loved Emil; but Emil thought it best and I accept-

ed without question.'

"Then fate stepped in and killed the man I married—Tim Lafferty. He went to his death straight from the church door. It was a circumstance which he, poor fool, dwelt upon when he wrote to that lily white wife of yours."

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