

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

ELIENE IS A FRIEND INDEED.—CONFESSION 203

Either my sleepless night or my visit with Mrs. Tenney gave me a set-back for at half past five o'clock, when Dick came home, I was in so much pain that I could not bear to have him bend over me to kiss me.

I never saw so contrite a person as Dick. When I said: "Please don't kiss me, Dick—I can't bear it," he thought I meant because he had been out all right and started to tell me how sorry he was.

"I know, I know," I said wearily, "but I am in such pain that the least jar in the room or about the bed is maddening."

I begged Dr. Atwater to give me another opiate and finally he did so and mercifully I went to sleep.

I can see why highly nervous women and men become morphine fiends. My only thought was for something which would give me relief from pain. I would have willingly allowed them to give me poison because I knew that death meant rest and peace.

It is rather astonishing how acute bodily pain banishes every other care and sorrow from your mind. I could not even think of Dick—either about how much I loved him or how unkind he had been to me. All I wanted was to be made as comfortable as possible.

It shows how selfish we really are down in our very hearts. I could stand Aunt Mary's careful ministrations, but I wanted every one else to keep away from me.

This morning, when she brought me my mail, I found a letter from dear Eliene in which she offers me her beautiful home with its servants for a month in which to get well.

Eliene certainly has grown thoughtful and kind since she had her trouble. And I am going to accept her invitation which she put in a way

that makes it easy for both Dick and me.

"Please, dear Margie," she says, "give me the pleasure of knowing that great house of mine is of some use to someone. You know the servants are all there and my old housekeeper will make you quite comfortable."

"Take dear Aunt Mary with you for company and you and Dick let me do this to repay you in a little way for all you have done for me."

I made Aunt Mary call up Dick as soon as we got it and he was also delighted.

Dick is going to take me over there this afternoon. We are going to rent our rooms furnished to Jim Edie, who will give us fifty dollars a month over the rent for them.

Dick says I am a "good business woman, even with two bum legs." Jim was here this afternoon and he was complaining of the loneliness of his room in the hotel and I said: "Why don't you take ours?"

"Can I?" he inquired eagerly.

"Sure you can," I answered and immediately terms were arranged. Dick says I should let Jim move in if he will pay the rent. I don't think so and I told Jim I thought my beautiful wedding presents and pretty rooms were worth more than fifty a month, but seeing he was a friend he could have them for that.

I could not help laughing as I said it and Aunt Mary seemed so happy.

"That is the first time I have heard you laugh since your accident, Margie," she said.

"And oh, Aunt Mary, I want to laugh; I want to be happy enough to laugh—to be free from pain so that I can laugh and let me tell you a secret, dear: I am going to laugh even if I must laugh at my own worries."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)
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