

SANDYby ELENORE MEHERIN,
Author of "CHICKIE"

SANDY McNEILLL is in love with BILL MURILLO, an Italian, to please her unscrupulous family. Tyranny by Murillo and frequent quarrels with her mother and father force McNeill to take sides in plans for Sandy and her mother to take trip to Italy. There she meets RAMON, the man who saves her life in the same steamship. Murillo says he will release her. JUDITH MOORE, a girl who loves Sandy, is jealous and takes her as she goes for a walk with Ramon. He appears under the party to strike up friendly attentions of Ramon, whom she shares. She receives a letter from him, but when he comes back that night, she is gone.

ON WITH THE STORY FROM HERE

They stood on a rock with the waves rumbling at their feet; spray dashed in their eyes. Sandy held her face toward it and laughed. She thought, trembling: "Why do I want to shout? Why am I so glad?"

CAPTER LVIII

They stood on a rock with the

waves rumbling at their feet; spray

dashed in their eyes. Sandy held

her face toward it and laughed.

She thought, trembling: "Why do I

want to shout? Why am I so glad?"

Ramon watched her, the sunny

brown eyes filled with eagerness

and question. Was she glad he

came? She kissed him so. She flung

her arms about him gayly as a

child might have, and drew his head

down. But how pale she looked;

how dark those shadows under her

eyes.

Sandy guessed these thoughts of

his and turned with an impetuous:

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here! Even

the sky looks different!"

She watched the clouds hanging

low over the gray, rising waters;

that tree resisting the wind. And

all this that had seemed so desolate

was now touched with a piercing,

melancholy splendor—as though

she and Ramon were alone in the

world. They loved each other and

were alone. They were standing on

the edge of these many waters.

With thumping hearts and eyes

speaking, though their lips were still.

Sandy thought: "He loves me.

He wants to do things for me. How

good to have his hands holding me.

Oh, how beautiful life could be! How

glad and sweet!"

And he: "She cares. She surely

cares. Good God—"

They walked quickly. The spray

flew out and caught them. Once a

big wave threw a handful of water

in Sandy's hair. She shook the

drops in Ramon's face.

He leaned over her, laughing:

"You dear, gorgeous thing."

She waited, taunting and radiant

for his kiss.

Then she became quiet, keeping

her face averted as he helped her

to the car.

They drove those miles along the

white, gleaming shore. The black

clouds flew before them, the cypress

trees shut out the winds with dis-

tracted arms. They seemed running,

disconsolate from the sea.

Sandy thought: "Oh, there's a

great storm coming. It's cold."

But she was warm—flushing and

warm. She wished to reach up and

touch with her fingers her mouth

where his lips had pressed. She

wanted to say aloud, to shout: "I

I have a right to this—to anything."

The loneliness of the past weeks

made her thought cling to him.

She glanced stealthily at his intent

face and could easily have whis-

pered: "Stay with me, Ramon. I

can't go back to being so alone. I

won't let you go! I don't want to

be pushed back there like a for-

otten thing. Don't leave me, Ramon.

Don't listen if I tell you to go. I

want you. I want your arms here.

Lean down and say you love me.

Look at me that way. Say it again

and again!"

"God, no!"

"Do you care for me a little?"

"Why, today—oh, I don't know—

Yes—of course I do! Of course."

His face under his tan paled.

She thought, "That much! He

loves me that much. I'm glad."

The candles on the table fluttered

when the wind blew through a crack.

The rain was scampering on the

roof.

They sat before the fire listening

to wind and rain. How the wind

went scooting over the rocks. It

shrieked and stooped and flung the

pebbles upward.

Sandy drew her shoulders to-

gether, huddling against him when

Shaggy ran with his nose against

the ground. "He does that," she

whispered. "He hates the wind."

Ramon's arm tightened.

She closed her eyes. "Now he'll

be leaving—now I'll be alone."

He kissed her. She clung to him.

She thought, "Why is the world so?

Why can't he stay? I don't care—

why do I care?"

"You're frightened, Sandy. Afraid

of the storm?"

"Oh, last night the wind kept

blowing—it howled all night."

"You are afraid—"

"God, no!"

"Do you care for me a little?"

"Why, today—oh, I don't know—

Yes—of course I do! Of course."

His face under his tan paled.

She thought, "That much! He

loves me that much. I'm glad."

The candles on the table fluttered

when the wind blew through a crack.

The rain was scampering on the

roof.

They sat before the fire listening

to wind and rain. How the wind

went scooting over the rocks. It

shrieked and stooped and flung the

pebbles upward.

Sandy drew her shoulders to-

gether, huddling against him when

Shaggy ran with his nose against

the ground. "He does that," she

whispered. "He hates the wind."

Ramon's arm tightened.

She closed her eyes. "Now he'll

be leaving—now I'll be alone."

He kissed her. She clung to him.

She thought, "Why is the world so?

Why can't he stay? I don't care—

why do I care?"

"You're frightened, Sandy. Afraid

of the storm?"

"Oh, last night the wind kept

blowing—it howled all night."

"You are afraid—"

"God, no!"

"Do you care for me a little?"

"Why, today—oh, I don't know—

Yes—of course I do! Of course."

His face under his tan paled.

She thought, "That much! He

loves me that much. I'm glad."

The candles on the table fluttered

when the wind blew through a crack.

The rain was scampering on the

roof.

They sat before the fire listening

to wind and rain. How the wind

went scooting over the rocks. It

shrieked and stooped and flung the

pebbles upward.

Sandy drew her shoulders to-

gether, huddling against him when

Shaggy ran with his nose against

the ground. "He does that," she

whispered. "He hates the wind."

Ramon's arm tightened.

She closed her eyes. "Now he'll

be leaving—now I'll be alone."

He kissed her. She clung to him.

She thought, "Why is the world so?

Why can't he stay? I don't care—

why do I care?"

"You're frightened, Sandy. Afraid

of the storm?"

"Oh, last night the wind kept

blowing—it howled all night."

"You are afraid—"

"God