

# SANDY

by ELENORE MEHERIN,  
Author of "CHICKIE"

**THE STORY SO FAR**  
SANDY, MENEDE, in love with Ilsa, marries BEN MURILLO, a rich Italian, to please her impoverished family. They go to live in a sumptuous suite below. A son dies at birth, BOB MENEDE. Sandy and her mother take a trip to Honolulu. There she meets RAMON WOOD, who wins her heart and wins the affections of Ramon's kind. Sandy accepts a position in the city and boards out, spending evenings with Ramon at his home. She is summoned home and leaves Ramon, promising to marry him when she returns.

GO ON WITH THE STORY FROM HERE!

CHAPTER LXVI.

Sandy took a damp handkerchief,

sprinkled it with violet water and

hathed her mother's face. Being very

fond of perfume, she imagined Isab-

el, too, was refreshed by the fra-

grance. She gave a fluff to the soft,

gray hair.

"There, galubchik. I've made you

adorable. You feel easy now?"

She stooped and kissed her moth-

er's forehead, turning quickly to

shade the lamp. She never looked

very long in her mother's face. The

pasty color of Isabel's cheeks, the

blue line of her mouth and some-

times the rolling of her eyes made

Sandy sick with fright.

Isabel had failed in these months

—pitifully. Even the double chin

that used to be so warm and plump

now sagged and fell away. But she

now said: "I'm better since you

came, dear."

"Of course! Else why did I leave

my million dollar job, little one?"

"You're going to stay? Stay un-

til—"

"Yes—yes—"

A hundred times in the three

weeks since Sandy's return Isabel

asked this question. Her eyes fol-

lowed Sandy rovingly. They were

full of pleading questions.

"You're happy, Sandy, dear? You

seem just as you used to be long

ago . . . just like my baby girl

"You feel that way?"

She looked at Sandy, curling her

lips slowly in her own particular

smile of quiet disdain. "What's the

matter? Had the hebe-jebes all day,

haven't you? Home getting your

goat already? Or was it something

he wrote?"

It was after 8 now. "I can't go," she told herself faintly. "He had no right to do this."

A clear, chilly night in the end of November. A few hours ago she had watched the sun sinking. It went behind pearly, lavender clouds that all along the edge were rippled with flame. The clouds went scurrying—whole armies of clouds blown onward by the wind.

He would wait at the pier heedless

of wind and cold—wait until she came.

"If I go, it will all start again—I can't."

But she grabbed up the old Spanish shawl, tossed it flatly about her shoulders, sped to the kitchen.

Alice was here—all the doors closed. She was at the stove, and very bedraggled in a faded crepe kimono. She now took the cover from a saucepan, permitting the kitchen with a warm, garlicky smell, and dished out a huge portion of raviolis.

"Want some?" She clapped the old rebecco teapot before her on the table and settled for a feast. She had refused dinner and now at half past eight had stolen to the kitchen to regale herself in private. Alice was given to these secret repasts, which she could enjoy in peace without having to jump up every five minutes to wait on her father or the married sisters and their children, some of whom were always present at meal time.

"Where are you going?"

"I thought I'd get a breath of air I'll drop in and see May or perhaps go to a movie."

"Well, you ought to. There's no sense in both of us sticking home every minute of the day and night." Alice was fond of gadding. In order that she might freely enjoy her own time, she urged Sandy to do the same.

"You feel that way?"

She looked at Sandy, curling her lips slowly in her own particular smile of quiet disdain. "What's the matter? Had the hebe-jebes all day, haven't you? Home getting your goat already? Or was it something he wrote?"

Sandy received letters from Tilla Swanson, from Miss Crumps and from Ramon. Though she begged him to write seldom, letters came twice a week, sometimes oftener.

With her satanic sixth sense—as Sandy called it—Alice had almost immediately singed out Ramon's letters as coming from a man. Her curiosity was like a great mosquito biting all day long. She made it a point whenever she was about to get the mail. She would hand Ramon's let-

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"Darling, I can't stand it any longer. I'm coming to see you. Only for an hour. Meet me when you did before. Do this—please. I'll be there at 8. I won't leave until you come—"

She gilded softly through the hall, ran down the stairs. Stopping at the old news-post, she snapped her fingers at the bronze dancing girl. She dabbed a little powder on the smudged patches burning her cheeks. Each move she made added to her excitement.

In her pocket was a letter from Ramon.

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