

SANDYby ELENORE MEHERIN,
Author of "CHICKIE"

THE STORY SO FAR
SANDY-McNEIL, in love with life, marries Ben Murillo, a rich Cuban. Tyranny by Murillo and frequent quarrels follow. A son dies at birth. Mrs. McNeil has no time to take a trip for Sandy and her mother to take a trip to Honolulu. There she meets RAMON, who is the son of the man she loved. On the same steamer home he declares his love. Murillo says he will never let Sandy go. SISTER EDITH MORE, a cousin, tells Sandy love is everything. Murillo overtakes her as she is about to leave. She appears, unexpectedly, at a party she is giving for her friends. After the party she accepts the kindly attentions of Ramon, whose home she shares. She goes to the parties in the city and boards out, spending occasional weekends with Ramon at his home. Sandy, the son of his mother, leaves Ramon, promising to marry him when she is free. He meets her near his old home one evening and they are disturbed by someone.

GO ON WITH THE STORY FROM HERE

CHAPTER LXVII

The man slouched against the shed, came slowly to life. He took an immense pipe from his mouth, mumbling: "Sorry, lady. Didn't see you. Frightened?"

She laughed a little, feeling her mind reel: "It's all right," and lurched heavily against Ramon.

His arm supported her: "Don't be alarmed. That was nothing. The night watchman, Dearest—"

They swept under the pier. "Hur—! Night watchman—you don't know. Now—oh Lord—"

"Why, you're not that frightened? Sandy, why darling—poor little darling—"

She shut tight her lips, walking along tightened, silent, filled with secret alarms. She went over to the rail and leaned there, staring into the cavernous darkness, listening to the wind hitting the waves.

He put his hands over hers, warming them. Then she looked up white and quiet: "We can't do this, Ramon. We can't go on like this."

"You let everything trouble you. I'm not troubled at all. I'm only seeing the truth. Why won't you face it, too? Why do you put it all up to me?"

"What do you mean?" "I mean that here in this town, where I know everybody, I can't see the chance of being seen. Now with my mother so sick, I don't want to do it."

"You don't mean that I'm not to see you at all? You can't want this, Sandy?"

"For a while, yes. I've got to want this, Ramon. Afterward it may be different. Oh, I haven't the heart for things now."

He raised his head, drawing a long, slow breath. "And I'm not to see you again? I'm not to come? Sandy, I've gone back to Los Angeles just to be near you. And now—"

"What can I do? Why don't you be honest, Ramon? You can see—"

He gripped his hands on her wrists, standing before her, his head thrown back. "Yes, I can see! See what? I can't live without you—"

"Oh, don't get lugubrious about it! Don't get tragic! It's not as terrible as this, Ramon!"

He stared at her, wiped his hand slowly over his forehead: "Is that the way you feel, Sandy?"

"I can't help it. You weigh me down. You are so doleful, as though the world is coming to an end, because we're not to see each other for a while. We're not so important. The heavens won't fail if we don't get what we want!"

His mouth dropped from the shock. He said dumbly: "You talk as though you don't care, as though—God, as though you'd be glad to have it over."

She closed her eyes because he stooped over her, his face near to hers. When he pleaded: "You'd be glad to have it over?" she felt cold.

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