SANDY

by ELENORE MEHERIN, Author of "CHICKIE"

THE STORY SO FAR

SANDY McNEIL, in love with life, marries BEN MURILLO, a rich Italian, to please her impoverished family. Tyranny by Murillo and frequent quarrels follow. A son dies at birth. BOB McNEIL, her uncle, aids in plans for Sandy and her mother to take a trip to Honolulu. There she meets RAMON WORTH, who saves her life in the surf. On the same steamer home he declares his love. Murillo says he will never release her. JUDITH MOORE, a cousin, tells Sandy love is everything. He appears, unexpectedly at a party she is giving for her friends. After the party he strikes her. She leaves his house and accepts the kindly attentions of Ramon, whose home she shares. She then accepts a position in the city and boards out, spending occasional week-ends with Ramon at his home. She is summoned home and she leaves Ramon, promising to marry him when she is free. Her mother gives her a letter from her husband.

GO ON WITH THE STORY FROM HERE

CHAPTER LXVIII

She doubted her eyes. She read and began to laugh—choking with hard, hysterical laughter.

Ben Murillo wanted her back. He would even make concessions—magnificent concessions to win her return.

This was his letter:

"To my wife, Alexandra Murillo, I herewith offer the following proposals, believing that her interest even more than my own will be furthered by its acceptance. I have sorrowed during her absence, regretting the hardhips and suffering she may have born when released from my care and protection.

"My marriage was prompted by the highest motives, my only wish being to establish a home where wife and children might be happy. These hopes are now blatsed and I am permanently deprived of these natural joys unless she will act favorably on this proposition. I therefore offer these concessions, believing that hereby all causes of friction between us will be eliminated.

"1. I will settle on my wife a monthly allowance of $50, which she may use entirely as spending money. I will ask for no accounting of this money, and should she prove wise in its expenditure I will increase the monthly stipend. This settlement will continue as long as she conducts herself with propriety such as I have a right to expect in the woman who bears my name.

"2. I shall not interfere in the friendhsips of my wife and, further, will grant her the privilege of entertaining any such friends as she chooses in my home and at my expense.

"3. I will put aside my objection to women smoking and permit the indulgence of this habit, with the stipulation that she shall not smoke more than four cigarets a day.

"4. I shall open charge accounts in the stores here and in Los Angeles and shall authorize the purchase of a complete new wardrobe with the sole condition that my sister, Beatrice Murillo, accompany my wife and advise on the purchase.

"I ask in return only that my wife come back to our home and that our marriage be resumed."

* * *

Sandy went sharply to her mother's room, her head very high. She dropped the letter on the little commode, her lips parted with her swift, flaming breath.

Isabel reached out her hand, a pleased, childlike smile on her face. "Sandy—look—"

Ben Murillo was entering the room. The long, black eyebrows arched winningly. His sallow face flushed expectantly, as though he had done something beautiful and now waited to be told about it.

Sandy, her back half turned, felt her whole body scorching with indignation. Isabel trying to maneuver a stupid, tyrannical reconciliation like this!

He approached. "You have read my letter?"

Her face, her whole tense motionless figure, seemed ablaze. She swung about, avoiding him, walking like a flash to the window at the far end of the long, narrow room.

He followed. "Sandy, have you read? You think well of it? Shall I give you a little time to consider?"

Her back to him, her chilly fingers toying with the curtain, she answered. Her voice was low—a whisper. The murmur of it reached Isabel's bed.

The murmur rose and fell. It hurried, paused, drove on relentless, propelled by a fiendish, dynamic anger she could no longer control.

"Yes, I have read it. You write to me! You dare write to me! You murderer! You wife beater! Allow me $50 a month. Fifty thousand a minute wouldn't bring me back. Starvation wouldn't bring me to you. I'd walk the streets. I'd pick up with a scavenger before I'd return to you. I may have friends? I may smoke? I may have clothes with Beatrice Murillo's advice. I do as I please. I ask no permission from the Murillos. Your name? I loathe and scorn it! Move away! You don't exist for me. I'd walk naked down State St. before I'd take a copper penny from a smug brute like you!"

Her eyes glittering like fiery daggers, she turned. She saw his white, speechless face — his face blasted with shock and pallor. She walked from the room.

She ran down the steps. Out in the sun . . . chilly November morning. But she felt driven along, wrapped in a withering heat. He would take her back! Give her $50 a month as long as she conducted herself with proper wifely dignity! She laughed.

Yet her whole mind seethed. Its fire came out and burned her cheeks. She recoiled from herself as though she had been outraged.

Reaching the Arlington Hotel, she paused to compose herself. She shrugged: "Oh, what do I care about him! Forget it! The absurdity of Isabel doing this!"

She wondered if her mother had heard? No—she had deliberately spoken softly—even in her rage remembered to speak in a whisper.

She walked slowly through the garden, holding her head back—cooling herself with the breeze from the channel. She lagged, thinking dumbly: "Lord, suppose he didn't come back? Lord, what a mess I've made of things!"

She had come out blindly, resuming the fear of the night—the fear for Ramon. Only to find out that he was safe—that he'd done no ghastly, desperate thing.

She crossed the wide lobby where children were playing and old ladies sat about the crackling logs.

She mustered a quiet voice and asked for him.

The clerk turned slowly, looked in the pigeon holes above the desk. "He's gone—checked out."

"When?"

"Last night, I believe. No—it may have been very early this morning."

A flurry of tears came dashing to her eyes. She went out, burning and shaken.

She went to the telegraph office, intending to send a brief wire. But Sarah Munsing was at the desk—that busybody of a Sarah Munsing. The worst of it, living in a small place like this—everyone knowing your business!

So she wrote to him. And for thre days went about sick with apprehension. She bought the Los Angeles papers, scanning the notices of the suicides.

She dreamed of Ramon washed up on the beach. She saw his tall, gallant form lying with his face half buried in the sands—the brown, sinewy hands clutched, grimy with seaweed.

She wished now that she had gone on evading—why had she met the issue? Issues like this can't be met!

She became intensely nervous, avoiding her mother's eyes. It was unbeaarble the way Isabel looked at her with that gentle, uncomprehending reproach! the way Isabel once said: "You won't ocnsider it, Sandy? You won't even consider it? He is your husband."

"No—don't talk about him. I never want to hear of him—mother, please!"

"God, where is he! Why couldn't he write?" she said again and again.

The fifth day word came—a little gray box. Within was a square cut emerald set in a ring—the clearest, loveliest stone she had ever seen. The note said: "You like emeralds. Wear this, darling of mine, for remembrance, and so—good-by."

(To Be Continued)

Hoosier Briefs

Mrs. Joseph Reichart, living south of Sugar Creek, has a freak chicken that appears to be half duck. The fowl walks and carries its head like a duck and its wings are folded over its back, but the feet are like those of a chicken.

Evansville police charge Mrs. Betty Pearson with being a "modern Fagin." She is alleged to have trained five small boys in crime, and made them "hunt for loot."

Police dogs will soon be added to the personnel of the Evansville police department, according to Chief Harry Anderson.

Mrs. Anna Kunzelman of Marion is exhibiting an eight and one-half-pound cake.

"Peck" High wore the first straw hat of the season in Bluffton.

Indications point to the second postponement of the annual Elwood Easter egg hunt. A few more delays and the hunt will be turned into a Fourth of July celebration.

Women will talk. A half-minute's excess verbage cost Miss Lucile Porter, former Greensburg girl, first prize in the Bartholomew County high school oratory contest at Columbus. The time limit was ten minutes. She talked ten and one-half minutes and was given second place.

WEAK, RESTLESS AND IN PAIN

Tennessee Lady Had So Little Strength She "Couldn't Get Around." Took Cardui With Benefit.

Mrs. Frank Murphy, who lives near Gassaway, Tenn., tells of a very weak condition in which she found herself some time ago.

"I wasn't able to do any of my work, and it seemed like I had so little strength I just couldn't get around," says Mrs. Murphy.

"My mother knew of the good Cardui could do, so she told me to take it. I sent and got a bottle and it did me a lot of good. I took the second bottle, and seemed like all the time I grew stronger.

"I had been suffering with pains in my sides all the time, and Cardui helped this wonderfully. I needed a tonic, and Cardui just fitted the need. I was awfully restless and could not sleep at night, but after taking two bottles of Cardui I could sleep 'like a top.' I got along all right, and I know it was due to Cardui. I can certainly recommend it to women.

"My present health is just fine."

Cardui is perfectly harmless, being an extract of mild-acting herbs, and contains no dangerous drugs or harmful ingredients.

Your druggist sells Cardui. Give it a fair trial. It should help you, as it has helped so many others.

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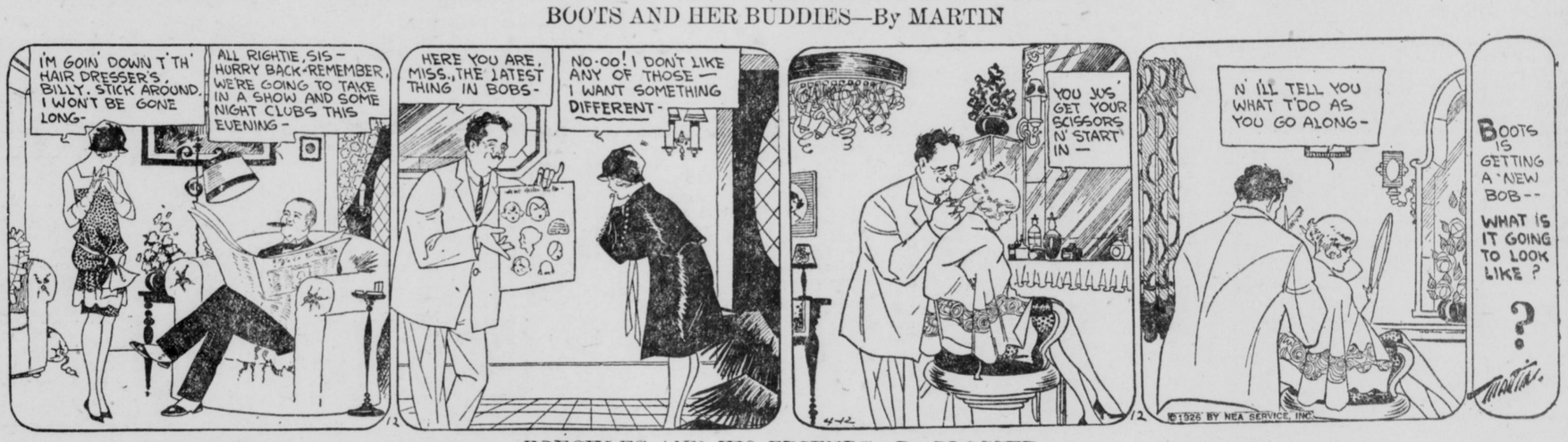

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

SCHOOL HELPS

RADIUM—A ton would drive a ship for thirty years.

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Radium was discovered in 1898 in Paris by Mme. Marie Sklodowska Curie, assisted by her husband, Pierre Curie, professor of physics at Sorbonne University. In 1896 Henri Becquerel, a noted French scientist, had observed that uranium, the heaviest of all chemical elements, gave forth rays, which, it is true, were invisible, but which could penetrate thin sheets of metal and leave their mark on a photographic plate. Madame Curie and her husband, pursuing these investigations, succeeded after immense labors, in separating from uranium ores a new substance whose radioactivity, or power to emit penetrating rays, was two million times that of uranium. This amazing power gave radium its name.

The discovery of this new element created great excitement in the scientifific world. For 200 years scientists had believed that the so-called elements of chemistry, such as iron, lead, carbon, etc., were unchangeable and could not be divided into simpler substances. From iron, they said, you can get nothing but iron; from lead, nothing but lead.

But here was radium, a true element, which automatically expelled from itself tiny particles of matter which proved to be atoms of another well-known element, helium. What had been declared impossible was actually taking place; one element seemed to be creating another element. Furthermore, prolonged tests seemed to indicate that after a number of other startling transformations, radium eventually turned into common lead.

In 1847 Baron von Helmholtz had announced the principle of the conservation of energy, on which rests the whole structure of modern physical science. This law says that no energy is ever created or destroyed. Yet it was found that radium constantly threw off great quantities of energy in the shape of heat, light and electricity without seeming to lose any of its weight and power. Wasn't this creating new energy?

In the face of these facts, old ideas had to be readjusted. Careful experiments soon showed that radium does actually lose some of its weight, but so slowly that it would take 1,760 years for a given quantity of this substance to lose half of its activity. The decay is so slow, compared to the vast amount of energy produced, that it still upsets all previous conceptions of physical energy.

"Suppose," says Sir William Ramsey, a famous Scotch chemist, "that the energy in a ton of radium could be utilized in thirty years, instead of being evolved at its invariable slow rate of 1,760 years for half disintegration; it would suffice to propel a ship of 15,000 tons, with engines of 15,000 horse-power, at the rate of fifteen knots, for thirty years—practically the life of the ship. To do this actually requires a million and a half tons of coal."

The evolution of radium into helium, as well as the puzzling energy of radium itself, has been partly explained by the electron theory of matter. Thus the old laws of science do not have to be abandoned, but are merely expanded and interpreted in a new way. This new view lead to the belief that all physicial matter, and all the elements of chemistry, are at the bottom simply different manifestations of the same fundamental energy-substance.

Radium has spectacular qualities which make it deeply interesting. It is the rarest of all commercial products because of the difficulty in producing it. It takes 3,700,000 pounds of uranium ores to produce one pound of radium, and a pound of radium is worth $18,000,000. Needless to say it is not sold by the pound.

In 1910 Mme. Curie succeeded in isolating pure metallic radium. It is as white as silver and in a vacuum retains its brilliant luster, but if exposed to the air it tarnishes rapidly. A heat of 1,292 degrees is necessary to melt radium.

Radium emits three kinds of rays, called after the first three letters of the Greek alphabet, alpha rays, beta rays and gamma rays. The alpha rays are the ones which yield radium.

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