

**SANDY**by ELENORE MEHERIN,  
Author of "CHICKIE"

SANDY McNEIL, in love with life, marries BEN MURILLO, a rich Italian, to please her impulsive family. Tyrannized by Murillo and frequent quarrels follow. A son dies in a plane for Sandy and her mother to take a trip to Hawaii. Then she meets Ramon, a man who says he is like the surf. On the same steamer home he declares his love. Murillo says he will not release him. JUDE BOREL, a cousin, tells Sandy love is everything. Murillo overpowers her and she gives in. Ramon, however, appears unexpectedly, at a party she is giving for her friends. After the party she returns to the home of his mother and accepts the kindly attentions of Ramon, whose home she shares. She then begins to feel the effects of city spending, occasional week-ends with Ramon at his home. She suffers from her mother's illness. She meets Murillo and refuses to live with him. A talk with Ramon and they meet. They part that night with no definite understanding between them.

GO ON WITH THE STORY FROM HERE  
CHAPTER LXXXI

Sandy went softly through the chilly old house. She made a wood fire in the stove and sat the iron kettle over the flame.

Waiting for the water to boil, she strolled down the porch into the old, neglected garden, palpitant with the murmuring hush of the night. The moon swam in a sea of jade, and all over the vines went a ghost-like, silver lambency.

She moved toward it in a dream head uplifted, burnished hair in the moonlight framing her face like a nimbus. She put out her hands, awed and tremulous in the stillly radiance.

This night in spring—this warm, quiet night and she here, quiet as the darkness, still as the leaves. She looked up at the moon now floating away in luminous clouds. Three years ago she had so watched the moon in the mountain garden where Ben Murillo took her the night of her marriage . . . watched the moon and felt all happiness; all youth, drifting away in a golden mist.

She watched it now with smiling lips and eyes filling. A sadness, yearning, pervasive and causeless, enfolded her like the nebulous perfume of the garden.

March—three months since she and Ramon had stood here, the rain pouring on them—his wet lips pressed on hers. Sometimes she awakened at night with a vision of their two forms drenched and shadedy, confronting her from a dream. And in the routines of the old home with the cooking to be done, dishes to be washed, Isabel to be served, the whole episode of the cottage at Carmel now seemed a romantic, incredible fantasy.

"Did it happen? Was it all real?" she would sometimes whisper. Then the maid would bring her a gift—a brief message.

Ramon was in China. Every few weeks he sent her some rare beautiful treasure. Alice would lean over her shoulder, snap her tongue against the roof of her mouth with an insinuating: "The kid in the office again? Rich, isn't he?"

"He's got a wonderful job there. Things don't cost much."

Alice, raising her eyebrows and her lips: "Well, far be it from me to discourage your little intrigue, kid! If you ask my advice I'd say 'Make the most of your opportunities.' Better to have regret in your life than vacuum!"

And Sandy would flippantly reply: "No monopoly on regrets. All of

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**WAS VERY WEAK, THIN, NERVOUS**

Virginia Lady Tells of Taking Cardui and Says That She Has Since Recovered Perfect Health.

"I have taken Cardui several times for a run-down condition and have found it perfectly splendid," says Mrs. Lee T. Marsh, of 715 First Street, Lynchburg, Va.

"About ten years ago," she explains, "I became so weak I could not go about. I looked like a skeleton and was dreadfully worried about myself."

"A friend suggested Cardui and I decided to try it. After taking one bottle, I noticed I was better. I kept up the medicine regularly until I had taken six bottles, and after that I felt like a different person. It built me up. I improved greatly."

"Last year we drove up here through the country from Florida. I was exposed to the weather and must have taken cold, for I became ill . . . I got run-down, lost flesh . . . could not sleep and had no appetite at all. I was so nervous that I did not know what to do."

"I thought of Cardui. I began to take it regularly and it was not long before I began to feel better. I took six bottles, after another, and was at the end of the six months perfectly well again. Since then I have continued gaining in weight and all winter have been in perfect health."

"I never felt better than I do now."

dear. Why don't you go out and acquire a few?"

At such allusions to her age, Alice became morbid and shrewish: "Well, if I were 22 and knew what I know today!" She flaunted down the hall, that shoulder-blade of hers sticking out pathetic and accusing.

Sandy would fold up the gift, all her anxiety, her foreboding and depression returning. Like this morning when there came a shawl from Cathay—a brilliant thing with a background of green embroidered in soft, rich hues of lavender, blue and tarnished gold. The green was like a light against her red hair and shadowed eyes.

Ramon's note said: "Dearest, you love these glowing things. Your old one that you got from your unlucky cousin, that lovely Spanish girl you told me of—is worn to a thread. Besides, why should her unhappy mantle fall on you? Wear this. And may the moon shine sweetly through your grapevines. May it shine on us. I love you more."

In a flood of tenderness her thought went out to him. She saw him. She saw him, bronzed, vital and laughing. Yet always with another—not herself.

She remembered his gallant kindness, but as though she had read of it—as though he were removed from her. And the thing was ended.

Now, standing in the garden, this sense of remoteness, of isolation from these tempestuous days, encompassed her. She felt quiet as a nun.

Often in the night, sitting alone with her mother, this causeless, poetic sadness filled her. But the next day she would be fevered and restless. She would whisper to herself in agitation: "This isn't going to last! It CAN'T last!" she meant the dullness—the depressing emptiness. Then her dreams would sail buoyantly to heights of romantic adventuring as they had in her girlhood.

She went in now and filled the hot water bag. Isabel was cold. Her hands and feet were icy. Sandy went up the dark, creaking stairs, running her hand along the old red linoleum.

At the landing, she heard Isabel groaning. She ran.

Her mother raised her hand almost as though to brush the hair from her forehead. Her head lay back on the pillows, the mouth open.

But she heard Sandy's step and made a faint effort to smile. All the prettiness was gone from the plump, soft face. The eyes had a haggard, troubled look. But this faltering attempt to smile sent a rush of tears to Sandy's eyes.

"Was I gone long, galubichik? I had to make the fire. Are you very cold?"

She touched her mother's hands and was terrified. The fear was gnawing all the time like a small, live thing on Sandy's heart. When she saw that blue line of her mother's lips she told herself: "It's been that way—it's no worse."

Then she listened to her noisy breath. "It's no louder—it's just the same!"

But the hands and feet were lumps of ice. She chafed them. She put the bag against them, ran down stairs and filled the bottles with hot water.

She was afraid to return. She didn't want to go back to her mother's room. She dried the bottles slowly. Then she went tearing up the stairs. Poor Isabel—poor little Isabel left alone there with that look of fright in her sweet, shallow eyes.

Sandy leaned down and whispered in her mother's ear: "Are you in pain, darling?"

Isabel shook her head.

Sandy stared at her mother. She told herself, shaking: "She's dying—Lord, she's dying. I'd better call them."

But she stood motionless, her mother's hands gripped on hers. "I can't leave her."

Isabel wished to speak. She motioned for Sandy to stoop.

Sandy kissed her. She touched her mother's cheeks. "Do you want anything?"

"Yes—wait—don't leave me—don't go away again. You were gone—long—too long."

"Oh, mother—no—"

Isabel braced herself, her hand flung wildly up to her forehead. "Sandy—are you happy?"

"Yes—happy as can be—"

Sandy took those cold hands and held them against her breast. She said in a stricken, hollow tone: "I'll call Angus—mother, do you want Angus?" And she was so frightened she could scarcely move . . . afraid lest Isabel would pass and she them with her alone. The cold hands against her breast made her think of the baby—that little child of hers who lay so quiet and still against her heart.

She said: "Mother—wait—" and fancied again that vague, faint shadow on Isabel's lips. "Mother—"

Sandy dropped on her knees, hid her face in her mother's hands. She looked up. Death like a cold, gray shadow went over Isabel's face.

(To be Continued)

**SCOUT WORK SUBJECT**

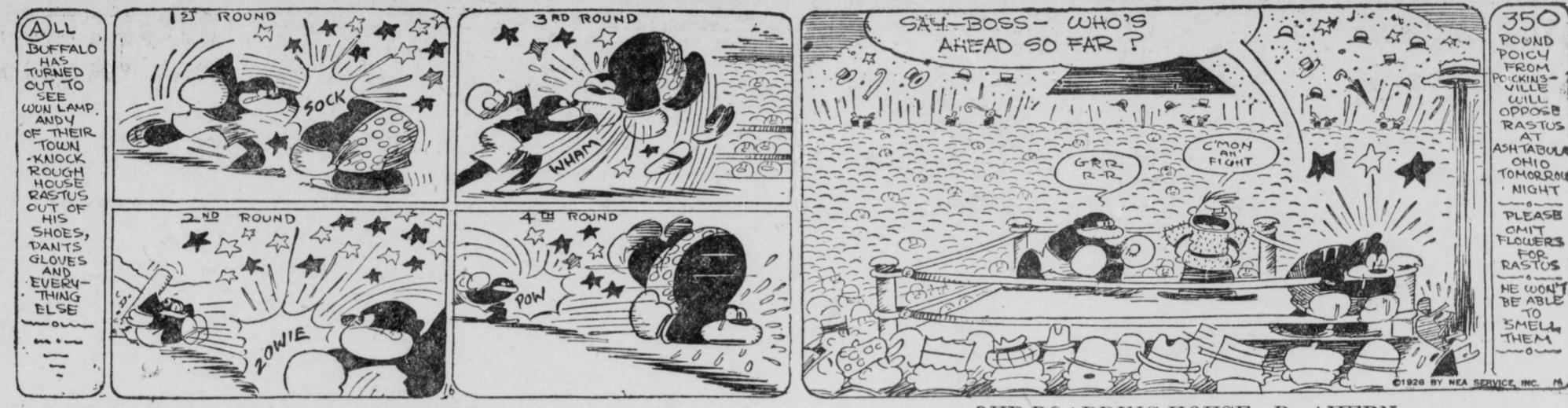
Leaders of Movement Will Speak at Dinner.

The work of the Boy Scouts of America and the Girl Scouts of America as carried out in Indianapolis in the formation of character in boys, girls and adults, will be discussed by Stanley L. Norton, assistant Scout executive of Indianapolis Council, and Mrs. Charles E. Rush, commissioner of Girl Scouts in Indianapolis, tonight at the dinner of Men's Brotherhood of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, Thirty-Fourth St. and Central Ave., J. A. Brookband, president, announced.

**BOY TURNS COP**

NEW YORK, April 16.—When truant officers went to find out why Myer Welsman, 13, was not at school they found that he had violated the day he was absent to trailing a burglar, had run down his quarry and caused the man's arrest. He was restored to his classes in good standing.

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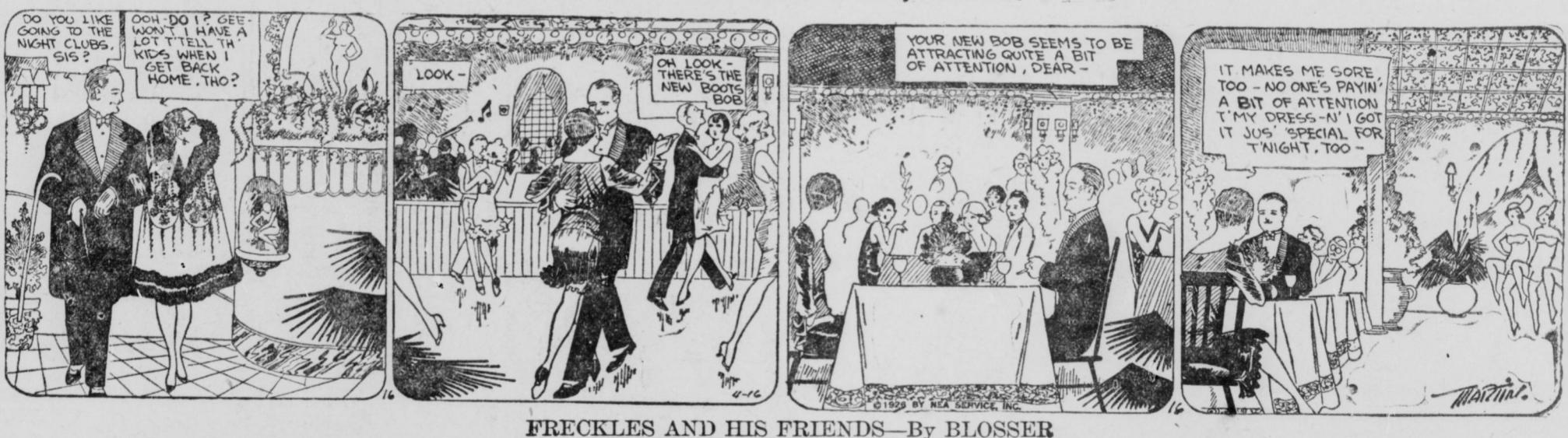
OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



SEWER ORDER ASKED

City, County Named in Petition for Injunction.

Coach Pat Page has a bad effect on Indiana University students. About 100 of them tried to rush local theaters following a reception in his honor. Two slightly banged heads was the net result of their gate-crashing efforts after the rush had been stopped by police.

The annual anti-expectorator campaign has been launched at Mundelein by the Delaware County Tuberculosis Association.

A Marion woman, in asking for a divorce from her husband, said he spent only \$2 on her during their entire married life.

William Mullin, employee of the Union Traction Company at Tipton, got an "eyeful" when he looked into the end of the compressed air sand pipe. A workman turned on the air.

A "charm school" has been opened by the Y. W. C. A. at Evansville, demonstrating the proper serving of the afternoon tea.

Roy Parker's home at Tipton holds the record for fires. Two roof blazes were extinguished the same day recently and three weeks ago another roof blaze was put out by the Tipton fire-eaters.

Beryl Howard of Marion has constructed a map of Grant County, made entirely of colored seeds.

Death Inquiry Begun

Policeman Finds Man in Street With Cut on Head.

Coroner Paul F. Robinson investi-

gated death of Phillip Smith, 50,

Thursday, at city hospital.

Death was believed due to a frac-

tured skull or acute alcoholism, police

said. Sergeant O'Connor found

Smith in the street in 500 block E.

Court St., Wednesday night. O'Con-

nor said the man had been drinking.

Turnkey Reinking was unable to

arouse Smith when slated at city

prison and ordered him taken to the

hospital. He had a cut on the head.

He had a cut on the head.&lt;/div