

SANDY by ELENORE MEHERIN, Author of "CHICKIE"

THE STORY SO FAR
SANDY McNEEL, in love with life, married BEN CRILLIO, a rich Italian, to please her impoverished family. Following by Mrs. Crillio's frequent quarrels, a son died at birth. BOB McNEEL, 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 sun. On the same steamer home he declares his love. JUDITH MOORE, a cousin, tells Sandy everything. Murillo overtakes her as she goes for a drink with Ramon. He appears unexpectedly at a party she is giving for her friends. She leaves his home and accepts the kindly attention of Ramon. She leaves her home when she learns her mother is ill. Sandy's mother dies and she goes to live with her cousin, Judith, after parting with Ramon. Judith's friend, MURIELA KEBITZ, gives a party to which Sandy and RAMON WORTH, a friend of Douglas, are invited. Douglas, whom Judith loves, is fascinated by Sandy. One evening Judith sees them together.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER LXXX

They looked into each other's young, glowing eyes. Swiftly Sandy's closed, overwhelmed with a sudden, stinging ecstasy. He loved her. The sweetness of all his clean, bonny life was hers.

Lightly she stole to that room of Judith's. She closed the door, leaning against it, her face hidden. She laughed in a soft, piercing way. He loved her!

She stood in this flame-lit hour, all the past of her life obliterated, telling herself with that half-sobbing laugh: "He loves me."

Judith stumbled against the coal bin, straightened herself with a little gasp: "Oh—the coal bin—!" She smiled at the throbbing shadows of the dark musty basement, whispering in a vague, gentle way: "I know now. Now, I know." She saw the quick, glad sweep of his arm enfolding Sandy.

She sat on the edge of the bin and wiped the moisture from her forehead. After a long, long space came that persistent, pathetic thing that is hope in a valiant soul. Hope came to Judith, whispering: "Because you never saw him as a girl before, you imagine this is different. Because Sandy lives with you and it all goes on before your eyes, you fancy it complete—the love of a life. Why should it be? How could he be so blind?"

"It's not different. It's just like all those other episodes of his. . . . She now got up quietly, surprised to find her knees weak, her hands clammy and shaking. She might say again and again: "It's not different—just a flirtation." A cruel intuition told her that the whom she loved these four years with all the passionate idealism of her girlhood; he in whose eyes dwelt all of beauty and all of romance, was now passing from her.

One unforgettable day in November, the last filament in Judith's hopes vanished. It was the day of the Big Game. For three years Douglas had taken her to the games, preceding this scrapping event, they talked football incessantly, had on their fingertips the qualifications of the players and the points that gave California the edge to win. They were almost hysterical as though the burden of victory or defeat rested on their individual shoulders.

This year the four of them were going together. Sandy was beside herself with elation. She came home with bolts of blue and gold ribbon and four tiny grizzly bears that she decorated jubilantly. She said: "Lord, Jude, I can hardly wait. I wish it was Saturday. You know I've never been to one of these games. I've only read about it."

"Never been to a big game? Oh, Sandy, darling—you're in for the thrill of your life."

The sudden return of Judith to her old, warm tenderness brought a mist of tears to Sandy's eyes. She asked trembling: "You're glad to have me along, Jude? You really want me?"

"Do I? I wouldn't have you miss it for forty thousand dollars. And it's lots more fun with four than two."

Judith meant this. In her opinion it would be counted a tragedy to miss this supreme, ecstatic hour of mingled anguish and delight. And now, finding that Sandy had never seen the magnificent spectacle, she began fervently to explain points of the game. She said with frank eagerness, "Get Douglas to chart it for you, he adores making diagrams."

The game heralded the opening of the Memorial Stadium in Berkeley. They arrived early, saw the tiers and tiers of bleachers spring into

radiant bloom; saw those glowing splashes of the blue and gold, and on the opposite, the waving crimson tide.

The two girls sat next each other, the boys at either end. "What's that? Lord—look, Sandy kept whispering when the band marched on the field and the rosters gave a wild "Osk!"

"Gee," Douglas grinned, sitting down hoarse from his yelling. "Isn't this rich, Jude? She's never seen it before." He looked at Sandy with a teasing tenderness, saying to Judith, "She's a bear herself, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Judith, laughing; "she is." And to herself, "That look is love—it's love."

It was love, too, that made him pause even in his frenzy of shouting to grab Sandy's hand—to push a pair of field glasses at her with a sharp, "Understand—oh, get it—look at that! Don't miss this."

More than love—infatuation complete and self-forgetful, Judith read in their two faces a little later. Spent, yet hilarious, they were pushed and jostled with the crowd.

In the wide corridors at the first landing the crowd thinned. And they—Sandy and Douglas—were just ahead of her, pausing in one of those beautiful white arches that look out on a scene of such poetic color; that frame a view of transcendent loveliness with the sunset glow on the distant waters and the wistful eucalyptus etched on a magento sky.

They stood here a moment lost in the dream of each other's presence—looking at a ship—a gossamer ship flitting across the waters. Sandy raised her eyes to his—eyes melting with emotion. His head was lowered, the lips parted and his cheeks pale. They walked on, absently as though unaware of the throngs.

Judith turned her head with a quick, hysterical: "Wasn't it wonderful? Oh, how joyous!" She thought: "Why did I see it? Why did I see it?" She was forced to wipe her eyes.

Hume took her arm more firmly: "Does it affect you that much, Judith?"

"Yes—I love football!"—And she heard nothing of all he was saying. She kept asking: "What did you say? Oh, pardon me, I'm so excited."

She thought: "If I could only get away—if I didn't have to go with them tonight—Can I get out of it—can I say I'm ill—You'll go?"

She clenched her teeth grimly. The heavy thumping of her heart weakened her.

But she, too, looked out to the water. She prayed as though some understanding spirit who had loved and who had watched his love turn from him were walking at her side and listened to her prayer. "Give me strength—don't let any one see—help me!"

She could have wept finding herself so weak, finding her heart shaking. She raised her head very high and smiled beautifully into Hal Hume's face.

But at dinner she watched them. They danced and talked and glowed, absent eyes. Hume and Judith were once alone. "They dance fine together, don't they?" he said.

"Yes!" He hesitated, raised his eyebrows: "Why doesn't Sandy get a divorce?"

"She can't. Her husband won't give it to her. She has plenty of cause, I think. He treated her abominably."

"How could a man treat her so?" "He did. . . . but he won't let her go free. . . . It's terrible on her. She's only 22."

He nodded; his eyes meeting Judith's squarely: "More terrible on him, Judith!"

"Oh, what do you mean? Do you think he cares really for Sandy? He's always had cases. . . ."

"Not like this, Judith. . . . She pressed her long, slender fingers together and murmured: "What can any one do?"

"Perhaps she doesn't realize he ought to tell her, Judith. . . . Send her away. Ask her to go away."

Judith stared at him with wide, shocked eyes. "You think I should do this?"

"Yes—I think you should do it." (To Be Continued.)

WEAK, AND IN TERRIBLE PAIN

Alabama Lady Took Cardui and Tells How She Regained Strength. "I Just Feel Fine and Enjoy Life Now," She Says.

Mrs. Mary Hardy, 406 Henderson Avenue, Talladega, says that seven years ago she "got down sick" and was unable to attend to her household. "I have never been so weak before or since," she says. "I had a terrible pain in my side—so sore in my side and the lower part of my body. "Across my back ached, and I was so nervous I couldn't stand up. I had just about given up when someone who came to see me began talking about Cardui. This caused me to get it. I took about two bottles before I saw much improvement. "After this, though, I picked up right away. I slept better at night. I was hungry, enjoyed my food, which I hadn't done for some time. "The pain and soreness gradually left my side. I regained my strength. I took about six bottles and left off for awhile, then took two or three more. . . . I feel just fine, enjoy life and can work now, too. "I have a young daughter. She was puny for awhile—just dragging around, color bad and feeling tired. She needed a tonic. I gave her Cardui and she felt so much better. Mothers must indeed have confidence in a medicine when they recommend it, or give it to their own daughters.

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