

CAPTAIN BLOOD

By RAFAEL SABATINI

"CAPTAIN BLOOD," a Vitagraph picture with J. Warren Kerrigan in the title role, is an adaptation of this thrilling novel.

CHAPTER I THE MESSENGER.

Peter Blood, bachelor of medicine and several other things besides, smoked a pipe and tended the garlands boxed on the wall, the window above Water Lane in the town of Bridgewater. Mr. Blood's attention was divided between his task and the stream of humanity in the narrow street below, a stream which poured for the second time that day towards Castle Field, where earlier in the afternoon Ferguson, the Duke's chaplain, had preached a sermon containing more treason than divinity.

self-sufficient men; and he was very self-sufficient; adversity had taught him so to be. A more tender-hearted man, possessing his vision and his knowledge might have found cause for tears in the contemplation of these ardent, simple, Nonconformist sheep going forth to the shambles—escorted to the rallying ground on Castle Field by wives and daughters, sweethearts and mothers, sustained by the delusion that they were to take the field in defense of right, of liberty and of religion. For he knew, as all Bridgewater knew and had known now for some hours, that it was Mornmouth's intention to deliver battle that same night. The duke was to lead a surprise attack upon the Royalist army camped on Sedgemoor. Mr. Blood assumed that Lord Feversham would be equally well-informed, and if in this assumption he was wrong, at least he was justified in it. He was not to suppose the royalist commander so indifferently skilled in the trade he followed.

the neighborhood of 2 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Blood slept undisturbed through the distant boom of cannon. Not until four o'clock did he awaken from his tranquil slumbers. He sat up in bed, rubbed the sleep from his eyes, and collected himself. Blows were thundering up on the door of his house and a voice was calling incoherently. He reached for bedgown and slippers, went himself to open. There in slanting golden light of the new-risen sun Mr. Blood recognized him for the young shipmaster, Jeremiah Pitt, who had been drawn by the general enthusi-

asm into the vortex of that rebellion. The wild-eyed lad plunged, headlong, into speech, gasping, breathless. "It is Lord Gildoy," he panted. "He is sore wounded... at Oglethorpe's farm by the river. I bore him thither... and... and he sent me for you. Come away! Come away!"

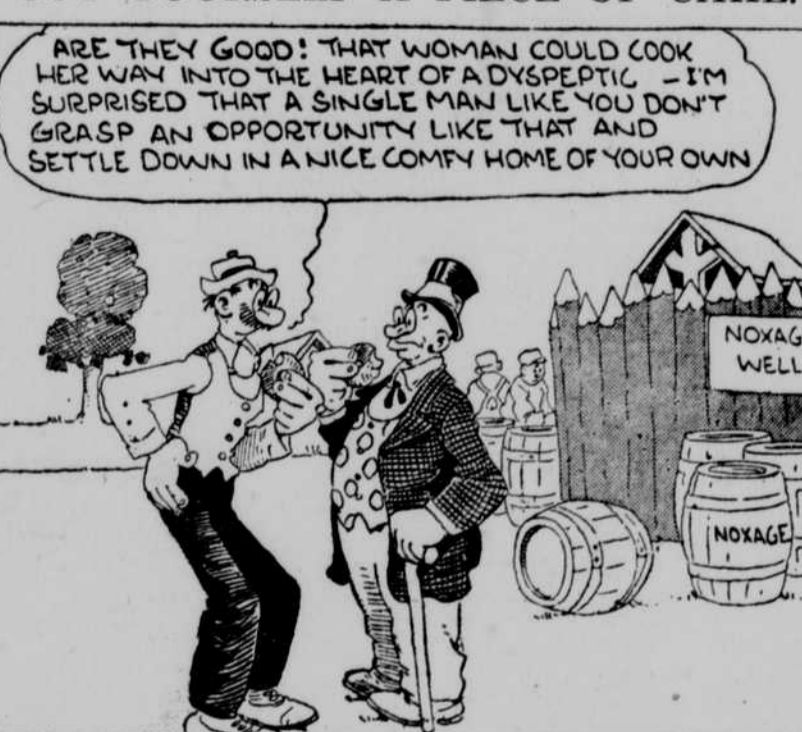
"To be sure, I'll come. But first give me leave to get some clothes and other things I may need." At sight of the doctor, dressed and booted, the case of instruments tucked under his arm, the messenger disengaged himself from those who pressed about, shook off his weariness and seized the bridle of his horse, he climbed to the saddle. "Come along, sir," he cried. "Mount behind me." Mr. Blood, without wasting words, did as he was bidden. Pitt touched the horse with his spur. The little crowd gave way, and thus, upon the crupper of that doubly-laden horse clinging to the belt of his companion, Peter Blood set out upon his Oglethorpe. For this Pitt, in whom he beheld more than the messenger of a wounded rebel gentleman, was indeed the very messenger of Fate.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBES



CUT YOURSELF A PIECE OF CAKE.



Peter Blood and Jeremiah Pitt.

hastard Duke that for any to abstain whose age and strength admitted of his bearing arms was to brand himself a ward or a papist.

months only. His mother had then been dead some years already. Thus Peter Blood came into an inheritance of some few hundred pounds, with which he had set out to see the world. A set of curious chances led him to take service with the Dutch, then at war with France; and a predilection for the sea made him elect that this service should be upon that element. He had the advantage of a commission under the famous de Ruyter, and fought in the Mediterranean engagement in which that great Dutch admiral lost his life.

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

Paris, Sept. 9.—This was a day among the dressmakers. They are the boys who make husbands wire home for money. Visiting their salons is much like seeing a musical revue. It is all staged for the American visitors.

After the peace of Nimeguen his movements are obscure. But we know that he spent two years in a Spanish prison, though we do not know how he contrived to get there. It may be due to this that upon his release he took his sword to France, and saw service with intent to cross to Ireland. But the vessel being driven by stress of weather into Bridgewater bay, and Blood's health having grown worse during the voyage, he decided to go ashore there, additionally urged to it by the fact that it was his mother's native soil.

There are blondes, brunettes and titian haired—all bobbed in the reign attendant serves wine, whiskey and soda or cordial to those who wish refreshments of this sort. The mate dressmaker is almost invariably the Parisian exquisite.

Thus in January of that year, 1685, he had come to Bridgewater, possessor of a fortune that was approximately the same as that with which he had originally set out from Dublin eleven years ago.

The most dignified looking person I have seen in Paris is the headwaiter at the Ritz. He has silver hair and mustache and the most fascinating goatee one ever beheld. It parts in the center and curves off into a complete circle ringlet on either side. It must have required years of patient training to achieve the effect. Whiskers are the most confusing things here. They may indicate a nobleman or a head barber.

Deeming the impending action no affair of his, as indeed it was not, and indifferent to the activity which Bridgewater was that night agog, Mr. Blood closed his ears to the sounds of it, and went early to bed. The armies came into collision in

Ladies feel quite important shortly after registering at the Paris hotels. Within a few hours there is a flood of special invitations by mail and telephone to visit this courtier and that. Each arrival is a prospective sucker.

This is an amendment to my statement that there is not a good revue in Paris. There is one at the historic Folies Bergere. Ziegfeld's Folies, the Music Box Revue or White's Scandals have never come within striking distance of its novelty and splendor. But like the others all the songs are boldly swiped from American revues. Nudity is flagrant.

Twonder if American money looks as comic to Europeans as theirs does to us. I feel as though I am passing bogus currency in tendering the French franc for payment and the English pound note will, I would not fear rich with a spare bedroom filled with them.

The army of mumbing hags of Paris are to be seen everywhere. They roam the paves and gutters for clean and clean snags and sweep the refuse cans for anything they may find.

Barney Google and Spark Plug



BUSINESS AT FULL CAPACITY.



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



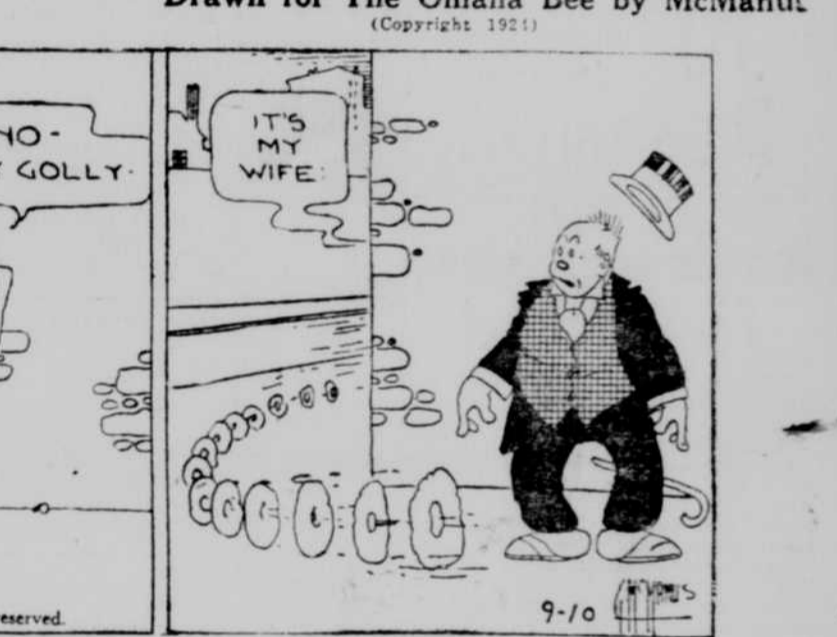
BRINGING UP FATHER



SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB



THE REWARD OF SELFISHNESS.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



There's at Least One in Every Office



By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT



He Goes the Limit.

