

# A Romance of the Spanish Main 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.

**SYNOPSIS.**

Peter Blood, young fish physician, is taken prisoner, chained with treason, after the battle of Oglethorpe farm between the mouth rebels and the soldiers of King James. With his wife and young son, he is brought to trial before the death, but King James orders the rebels sent to the colonies, there to be sold as slaves. Blood, and about 50 others are put aboard ship and conveyed to Bridgetown, Barbados. There Governor Steed, Colonel Bishop and other call his attention to Blood, but the military commander sneers at the "fish doctor." Captain Gardner, however, who brought the rebel-convict to Barbados, tells the colonel of Blood's ability as a physician and offers to buy the lives of others on ship. He names a price of 15 pounds for the physician.

(Continued from yesterday.)

**CHAPTER IV—Continued.**

Her voice was cold, it arose perhaps from an ease, a directness, which disdained the artifices of her sex, and set her on good terms with all the world. To this it may be due that Miss Arabella had reached the age of 25 not merely unmarried but unwooed. She used with all men a sisterly frankness.

The stranger came to a standstill upon being addressed.

"A lady should know her own property," said he.

"My property?"

"Your uncle's leastways. I am called Peter Blood."

She recognized him then. She had heard that this rebel-convict had been discovered to be a physician. Governor Steed, who suffered damnably from gout, had borrowed the fellow from his purchaser. Peter Blood had afforded the governor relief, and the governor's lady had desired him to attend her for the megrims. Mr. Blood prescribed for her and she had conceived herself the better for his prescription. After the Colonel Bishop had found that the better for this new slave by leaving him to pursue his profession than by setting him to work on the plantation.

"If some other planter had bought me," Mr. Blood explained, as he thanked her, "it is odds that I should have been brought to light."

"I perceived your interest when your uncle bought me. At the time I resented it."

"You resented it?" There was a challenge in her boyish voice.

"I had had no lack of experience of this mortal life, but to be bought and sold was a new one, and I was hardly in the mood to love my purchaser."

"If I urged you upon my uncle, sir, it was that I commiserated you."

She proceeded to explain herself. "My uncle may appear to you a hard man. They are all hard men, these planters. It is the life, I suppose. But there are others here who are worse."

"This interest in a stranger..." he began. Then changed the direction

of his probe. "But there were others as deserving of commiseration."

"You did not seem quite like the others."

"I am not," said he.

"Oh," she stared at him, bridling a little. "You have a good opinion of yourself."

"On the contrary. The others are all worthy rebels. I am not."

"But if you are not a rebel, how come you here?"

"Faith, now, it's a long story," said he.

And one perhaps that you would prefer not to tell?" Evidently on that he told it her.

"My God! What an infamy!" she cried, when he had done.

"Oh! it's a sweet country England under King James! There's no need to commiserate me further. All things considered I prefer Barbados. Here at least one can believe in God."

"Is that so difficult elsewhere?" she asked him, and she was very grave.

"Men make it so."

She moved on. Her negroes sprang up and went trotting after her. It was far enough prospect, he reflected, but it was a prison, and, in announcing that he preferred it to England, he had indulged that almost laudable form of boasting which lies in belittling our misadventures.

Of the 42 who had been landed with him in January, only 20 remained. Colonel Bishop had purchased no less than 25. The remainder had gone to Spightstown, and others still farther north. What may have been the lot of the latter he could not tell, but among Bishop's slaves Peter Blood came and went freely, and their lot he knew to be a brutalizing misery. If their labors flagged, there were the whips of the overseer and his men to quicken them. They went almost naked, and they were ill-nourished on salted meat and maize dumplings. To curb insubordination, one of them who had rebelled against Kent, the brutal overseer, was lashed to death by negroes under his comrades' eyes.

Occasionally Peter Blood saw Miss Bishop, and they seldom met but that she paused to hold him in conversation for some moments, evincing her interest in him.

Though the same blood ran in her veins as in those of Colonel Bishop, she here was free of the vices that tainted her uncle's, for these vices were, in his case, acquired. Her father, Tom Bishop, that same Colonel Bishop's brother, had been a kindly, chivalrous, gentle soul, who, broken-hearted by the early death of a young wife, had abandoned the old world and sought an antidote for his grief in the New. He had come out to the Antilles, bringing with him his little daughter, then 5 years of age and had given himself up to the life of a planter. He had prospered from the first, as men sometimes will who care nothing for prosperity. Prospering, he had brought him of his younger brother, a soldier, at home reputed something wild. He had advised him to come out to Barbados; and the advice, which at another season William Bishop might have scorned, reached him at a moment when his wildness was beginning to bear such fruit that a change of climate was desirable. William came, and was admitted by his generous brother to a partnership in the prosperous plantation. Some six years later, when Arabella was 15, her father died, leaving her in her uncle's guardianship. As things were, there was little love between uncle and niece. But she was dutiful to him and he was curious about his behavior before her.

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

Paris, Sept. 12.—One is impressed in Paris with the naivete of true Parisian. There are never moments of self-consciousness. Young lovers stroll the boulevards holding hands and stopping now and then to touch lips.

In cafes the young beaux rest their arms lightly around their sweethearts' shoulders while waiting their orders. Champs-Elysees park is a famous trysting place as descending dusk silhouettes the city.

Hundreds of couples with arms about each other promenade absolutely oblivious of the world about them. It is a casual and extreme simplicity and a tender respect for the soul of a people who are eternally living and loving to be loved.

Paris encourages lovers and several evenings a week in the park is a music of lute and clavichord—music in which sobbing strings and rustling quills stir the pulsebeats of romance. It is a love-making of chaste ideals and tenderness.

The custom of rouging and powdering in public in America comes from Paris. The women do such things here as casually as they breathe. They do not seek doorways to put another hitch in the roll of their stockings or to smoke a cigarette.

Incidentally says for the cigarette—there is far less smoking among women than in New York. In a block-long survey of a sidewalk cafe the only women smoking were American and English women. The French mind is extremely complex.

There are moments when it seems as fresh and clean as the breath of new mown hay and the next moment someone tries to sell you packets of incredibly filthy photographs or to guide you to some brothel such as "The House of All Nations" or the "Satan de Sort."

She is known among the boulevards as "Cecile of the Madeline" for her nightly patrol is in the vicinity of the famous church. When I saw her she was dressed in a chic white and black frock with a rakish tam to match. One leg is off above the knee and she races in and out of the crowds on white crutches. She is one of the most famous of the Parisian demi monde. She is not more than 20—a laughing-eyed girl who has cast her lot in the most sordid of underworlds.

The excitable Frenchman lives mostly in comic supplements. He seems more phlegmatic than the German. A reader smashed into a taxi along crowded Montmartre. I expected to see much gesticulating and lightning conversation. The participants and the gendarmes who collected were as calm and collected as a group of Sphinxes.

The French have more of bland curiosity than excitability. An American newspaper photographer asked another New Yorker and myself to pose before a water-cooler in front of the office of the United States Lines. Before he could take the photograph the sidewalk was blocked and it required more than a half hour for an interpreter to induce them to step to one side for the snap shot.

Paris on Saturday has the quiet of Sunday. Only the cafes are open after noon. The Parisians are great picnickers and droves of them flock off to the country. They resemble children off on a holiday—laughing and light hearted.

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had been absorbed for some moments, turning now to confront him, her lips parting in a smile of recognition, was Arabella Bishop.

"The man's a Spaniard," said he, in the tone of one who corrects a misapprehension. She frowned and stared at him a moment, with increasing haughtiness.

"So I perceive. But he's a human being nonetheless," said she.

"Your uncle, the colonel, is of a different opinion," said he when he had recovered. "He regards them as vermin to be left to languish and die of their feasting wounds."

"Why do you tell me this?"

"To warn you that you may be incurring the colonel's displeasure. If he had had his way, I should never have been allowed to dress their wounds."

"And you thought, of course, that I must be of my uncle's mind?"

"I'd not willingly be rude to a lady, even in my thoughts," said he. "But that you should bestow gifts on them, considering that if your uncle came to hear of it—"

He paused, leaving the sentence unfinished. "Ah, well, there it is!" he concluded.

"First you impute to me inhumanity, and then cowardice. Faith! For a man who would not willingly be rude to a lady even in his thoughts, it's none so bad." Her boyish laugh trilled out, but the note of it jarred his ears this time.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

## Movie of the Over-Deliberate Golfer.

**PONDERS OVER LIE** — LOOKS TOWARD GREEN — WALKS TOWARD GREEN TO INSPECT TERRITORY AND TOPOGRAPHICAL CHARACTERISTICS — LOOKS BACK TO WHERE BALL LIES — GIVES ANOTHER PARTING STARE AT GREEN — WALKS TOWARD BALL — WAGGLES CLUB, SHUFFLES FEET, FOR UNGODLY LONG TIME — AND TOPS BALL.

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## THE NEBBBS



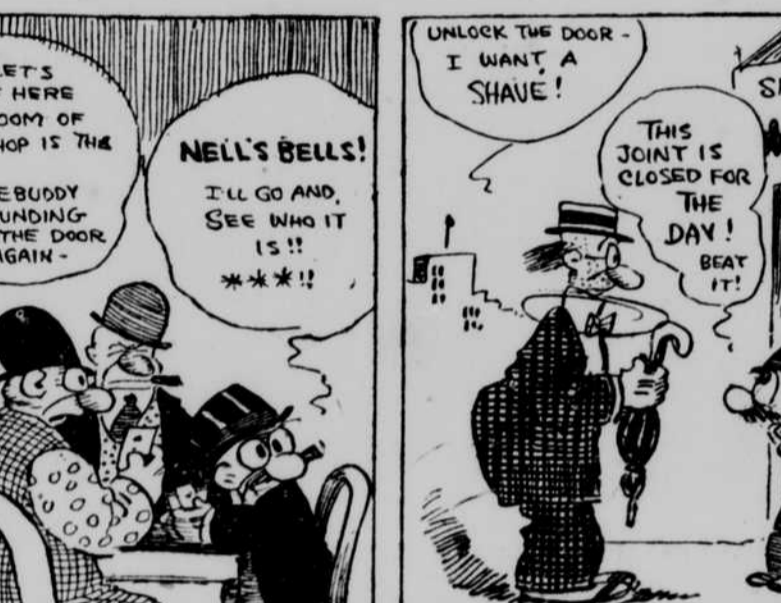
## WHERE THE LAZY DAISIES GROW.



## Barney Google and Spark Plug

## Barney Has More Important "Business" on Hand.

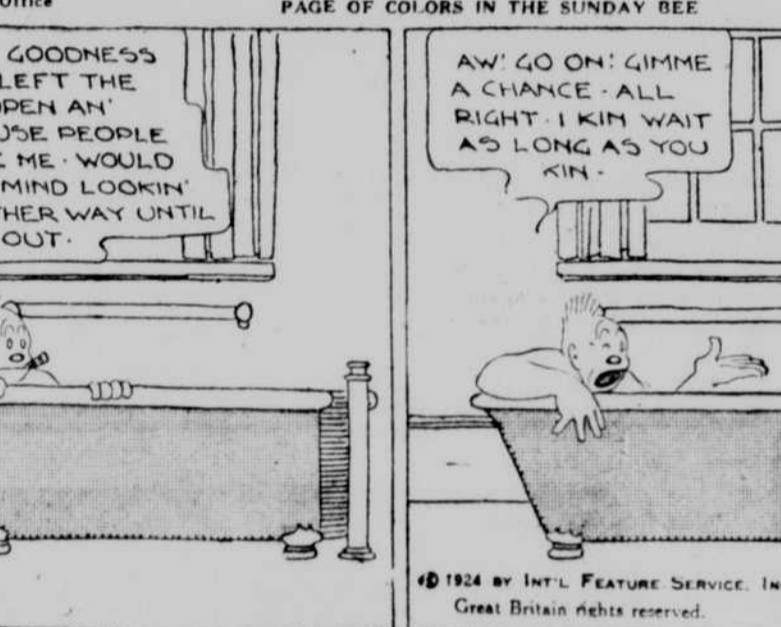
## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



## 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

## SPEED ON THE PAD

## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



## Movie of the Over-Deliberate Golfer.

## By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

