

A Romance of the Spanish Main CAPTAIN BLOOD By RAFAEL SABATINI

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

SYNOPSIS.

Peter Blood, a young Irish physician, is wrongly condemned and sent as a slave to the Barbados under orders of King James. There at the behest of Arabella Bishop, niece of the military commander, he is purchased by Bishop. A Spanish galleon, under command of Don Diego de Sapiena, is captured by the Barbados and captures it. Blood saves Mary Trull and convinces Don Diego to release him. Blood also announces the ship as the prize. Colonel Bishop orders the ship when the firing ceases and Blood holds him as a hostage until safely out of port. Blood orders Don Diego to call for Curacao, but the Spaniard betrays him and sells the ship under the orders of Don Diego's brother's ship. Blood and Don Diego fight and the latter is overpowered. Blood ties Don Diego to a cannon's mouth and goes on to Curacao to help make peace with the Spaniards, telling them all is well on the Cinco Lagas.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

CHAPTER XII.

DON PEDRO SANGRE.

The Cinco Lagas and the Encarnacion, after a proper exchange of signals, lay hove to within a quarter of a mile of each other, and across the intervening space of gently heaving, sunlit water sped the boat from the former, manned by six Spanish seamen and bearing in her stern sheets Don Esteban de Espinosa and Captain Peter Blood. The two treasure chests containing fifty thousand pieces of eight. Gold has at all times been considered the best of testaments of good faith. Blood carried further a bulky package addressed to a grandee of Spain, heavily sealed with the arms of Espinosa's family. The chest was hastily manufactured in the cabin of the Cinco Lagas. Up the ladder went Don Esteban closely followed by Captain Blood. In the waist of the Encarnacion, Blood received them, a handsome, self-sufficient man, very tall and stiff, a little older and grayer than Don Diego, whom he closely resembled. He was supported by four officers and a friar in the black and white habit of St. Dominic. Don Miguel opened his arms to his nephew, whose lingering pain he mistook for pleasurable excitement. "But where is my brother? Greet me!" "My father is afflicted at denying himself that honor and pleasure. It is a little fever, the result of a slight wound taken in the recent raid upon Barbados, which resulted in this gentleman's happy deliverance."

"Nay, nephew, my Don Miguel protested with lofty repudiation. "I can have no knowledge of these things. I have the honor to represent upon the seas his Catholic majesty, who is at peace with the king of England. Already you have told me more than it is good for me to know."

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

Paris, Sept. 11.—Today I journeyed through the Paris sewers. The preliminaries are more like joining a tea party than preparing for a jaunt through the dank, slimy subterranean depths of Paris. One must first visit the superintendent of waters for admission tickets. He passes out free tickets with many gestures. We entered the sewers at a corner near the Madeleine. A row of boats, resembling somewhat Venetian gondolas, awaited. The boatmen are clad in blue denim suits. After the second flight of stairs you feel the cling of fetid air. All the sewage of Paris passes through the tunnels. Now and then a giant rat scampers over your feet, and there was, of course, many shrieks from the ladies.

Despite the unwholesomeness, one soon becomes adjusted. The fleet of sewer boats moves slowly. The sewer workers are known as "sewer rats," and, symbolic of their calling, represent the scum of Paris. They are hard-faced, snarling men.

There are stretches of black as night and one lady in a boat almost suddenly stood up, swayed for a moment and slumped in a faint. The boatman seemed annoyed. To him the sewers of Paris are magnificent.

The Parisians brag of their sewers as we boast of our Grand canyon. It is true that, for the amount of filth that seeps through, the stench is comparatively mild. Strangely enough more than 50 per cent of the voyagers were Parisians.

The voyage lasts for about a half hour. And we disembarked at a place near the Place de la Concorde. The boatman in true Parisian fashion extend their itching palms and whatever you give them is not enough.

The coarse brush broom of the Paris street sweeper interests me. It seems so unwieldy, yet it does such efficient work. Paris prides itself in the cleanliness of its streets. And a tree to a Parisian is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Around every tree that comes up out of a sidewalk there is a grating through which the tree is regularly watered by the street sweepers. Paris spends \$4 a year on every tree in the streets.

France is also kind to its household pets. Every French family has a dog and one or more birds. You never see an abused or underfed dog or horse in France and to one who is supersensitive to animal suffering it is heartening.

It costs almost twice as much to fly from London to Paris as from Paris to London. The only explanation the ticket sellers give is "Well, isn't it worth twice as much to get to Paris?" Sometime ago I flew from London to Paris. It was a foolhardy thing to do and to one who has a set of "second company" nerves it is tortuous. It brings the goose flesh when I think about it.

Railroads and boat lines have clocks that run from 1 to 24 o'clock. This is so no one will get mixed on A. M. and P. M. Thus the theater hour, which is 8:30, is called 20:30 o'clock.

The French are thrifty and, being Scotch, it is appealing. They will save an old glove or stocking that we would toss in the waste basket. There are dozens of mending shops for gloves, stockings, underwear, etc., but they are only patronized by the French.

This afternoon I had tea at the famous Rumpelmayer's. It is on the Rue de Rivoli. It was filled with Americans. One can always spot the Frenchman. Invariably he carries an umbrella.

know." But he winked into the twinkling eyes of Captain Blood. "But since Diego cannot come to me, why, I will go across to him."

"If you please, Don Miguel, but that is the very thing you must not do—the very thing Don Diego does not wish you to do. For the truth is that his wounds are not so grave as to have prevented his coming. It was his consideration of himself and the false position in which you would be placed if you had direct word from him of what has happened."

"And we have in the boat below two chests containing fifty thousand pieces of eight which we are to deliver to your excellency."

"Not another word, in the name of heaven!" cried the admiral in alarm. "My brother wishes me to assume charge of this money, to carry it to Spain for him? Well, that is a family matter between my brother and myself." He broke off. "Hum! A glass of water in my cabin, if you please, he invited them, 'whilst the chests are being hauled aboard.'"

And whilst sailors carried on board their chests, the admiral and Captain Blood exchanged toasts that damned eternally the besotted James who occupied the throne of England. "The end Don Esteban timidly urged."

"My father is in haste to reach San Domingo. He desired me to stay no longer than necessary to embrace you, if you will give us leave, then, sir uncle."

"In the circumstances 'sir uncle' did not insist. Captain Blood advanced to receive them. Blood observed the set, almost scared expression on his face.

"Don Diego..." he was beginning, and then stopped, and looked curiously at Blood.

"Have you broken faith, you cur? Has he come to his end?" he cried—and the six Spaniards behind him grew clamorous with furious questionings.

"We do not break faith," said Hagthorpe firmly, so firmly that he quieted them. "And in this case there was not the need. Don Diego died in his bonds before ever you reached the Encarnacion."

Peter Blood said nothing. "Die?" screamed Esteban. "You killed him, you mean. Of what did he die?"

Hagthorpe looked at the boy. "If I am a judge," he said, "Don Diego died of fear."

Don Esteban struck Hagthorpe across the face at that, and Hagthorpe would have struck back, but that Blood got between, whilst his followers seized the helms.

"He died before I left the Cinco Lagas," said Blood. "He was hanging dead in his bonds when I spoke to him before leaving."

less outcast in any other. There remained the sea, which is free to all, and particularly alluring to those who feel themselves at war with humanity. And temptations proceeded not only from adventurous buccaneering acquaintances in the taverns of that evil haven of Tortuga, but even from M. d'Ogeron, the governor of the island, who levied as his harbor dues a percentage of one-tenth of all spoils brought into the bay, and who profited further by commissions upon money which he was desired to convert into bills of exchange upon France.

Moreover, to a man, those who had escaped with Peter Blood from the Barbados plantations, and who, consequently, like himself, knew not whether to turn, were all resolved upon joining the great Brotherhood of the Coast, as those rovers called themselves. And they united theirs to the other voices that were persuading Blood, demanding that he should continue now in the leadership which he had enjoyed since they had left Barbados, and swearing to follow him loyally whithersoever he should lead them.

thought of Arabella Bishop that restrained him. And so, although he might entertain no delusive hope of ever winning her for his own, of ever seeing her again, yet the memory of her was to abide in his soul as a bitter-sweet, purifying influence. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

The Critic.
Child—Where's daddy?
Mother—Gone to London, dear. To make money to buy us food every day.
Child (dissatisfied with meal)—He didn't make much yesterday, did he, mum?—London Mail.

THE NEBBES



SOMEWHERE THE SUN IS SHINING.



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

WHY BARNEY CHANGED HIS MIND.

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

NO TROUBLE EXPLAINING THIS ONE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

