

Chapter XVII—Continued.

He laughed softly, jeeringly, as he leaned on the taffrail, looking down at the phosphorescent gleam in the ship's wake, and his own laughter startled him by its evil note. He checked suddenly, and shivered. A alob broke from him to end that ribald burst of mirth. He took his face in his hands and found a chill moisture on his brow.

Meanwhile Lord Julian was engaged in solving the curious problem

"Was it about a . . a lady?" Miss Bishop releatlessly pursued him.

"What was the lady's name?"

"Miss d'Ogeron. She was the daughter of the governor of Tortuga. She had gone off with this fellow Lecasseur, and . . and Peter delivered her out of his dirty clutches. He was a black-hearted scoundred, and deserved what Peter gave him."

"I see. And . . and yet Captain Blood has not married her?"

"Not yet," laughed Pitt, who knew the utter groundlessness of the com-

Meanwhile Lord Julian was engaged in solving the curious problem that had so completely escaped the buccaneer. He was spurred to it by vague stirrings of jealousy. He wondered what precisely might have been her earlier relations with Captain Blood. He had observed, for instance, that Blood's ship was named the Arabella, and he knew that Arabella was Miss Bishop's name. And he had observed all the odd particulars of the meeting of Captain Blood and Miss Bishop, and the curious change that meeting had wrought in each. The lady had been monstrously micivil to the captain. It was a very foolish attitude for a lady in her circumstances to adopt towards a man in Bood's; and his lordship could not imagine Miss Bishop as normally foolish. Yet, in spite of the fact that she was the niece of a man whom Blood must regard as his enemy. Miss Bishop and his lordship had been shown the utmost consideration aboard the captain's ship. They were given the freedom of the great cabin, and they had sat down to table with Pitt, the master, and Wolverstone, who was Blood's lientenant, both of whom had she at last master, and Wolverstone, who was Blood's lientenant, both of whom had she at last. shown them the utmost courtesy.
Also there was the fact that Blood himself, had kept almost studiously from intruding upon them. His lordship decided to seek addi-

tional information from Biss Bishop. For this he must wait until Pitt and Wolverstone should have withdrawn. He was hardly made to wait so long, for as Pitt rose from the table to follow Wolverstone, who had already departed, Miss Bishop detained him a fault only to be found in the young

with a question:
"Mr. Pitt," she asked, "were you and the foolish. "Mr. Pitt," she asked, "were you and the foolish."

"You are probably aware that he delivered us," said he. "And living as "I was. I, too, was one of your uncle's slaves."

you have done in these savage place of the world, you can hardly fail to be aware of what is known even in "Did you ever sail with a French-England: that this fellow Blood strict man named Cahusac? "Cahusac?" Pitt laughed. The name

ly confines himself to making war upon the Spaniards. So that to call evoked a ridiculous memory. "Aye. He was with us at Maracaybo." him thief and pirate as you did was was with us at Maracaybo."
"And another Frenchman named twasseur?"
"Aye. Cahusac was Levasseur's "Prudence?" Her voice was scornful, "What have I to do with prudent was a with the second to the case against him take a time when it would have been more prudent to have understated it."
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"Prudence?" Her voice was scornful, "What have I to do with prudents with the case against him take a time when it would have been more prudent to have understated it."

"Aye. Cahusac was Levasseur's lleutenant, until he died." "Until who died?"

"Levasseur. He was killed on one of the Virgin Islands two years ago."
"Who killed him?"
"Captain Blood killed him." "Nothing—as I perceive. But, at least, study generosity. I tell you frankly, ma'am, that in Blood's place I should never have been so nice Sink me! To be sold into slavery

"They quarreled," he said shortly.

## New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

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Then he half-closed his large, pale eyes, and tilted his head a little. "I morning I accompanied the captain to the living inferno—the engine wonder why you hate him so," he said softly. to the living inferno—the engine
He saw the sudden scarlet fiame
room. The men work there in fourupon her cheeks, the heavy frown hour shifts on account of the terri- that descended upon her brow. But fic heat. After 20 minutes I was there was no explosion. wringing wet with perspiration.

Then there was a visit to the steerte, where several hundred are at all."

The several hundred are at all."

ange, where several hundred are anxiously awaiting their first glimpse of the New York skyline. There were old women in shawls and old men in skull caps who were leaving far away lands to join successful sons and daughters in America.

There is no race suicide on this hoat. Since leaving Southampton two babies have been born in the steerage and one in the second class cabin. Later I joined the bathers in the swimming pool and the ill luck that has pursued me bobbed up again.

In a game of water hand hall are ment he left her, and went in quest ment he left her, and went in quest

In a game of water hand-ball, an opponent swung for the ball, missed

Ment he left her, and went in quest of Blood.

He found the captain pacing the and landed kerplunk on my right quarter-deck. With the amiable faeye. From the way it felt I imagine miliarity he used, Lord Julian slipped he swung from the ankle and no an arm through one of the captain's doubt by night I will have a perfectly "moused" optic. I'm the type
"Ikely to drown in a bathtub in midsald he sauvely.

With a strained tendon and a black you! eye I'm going to have much explaining to do in New York. I might ex-

plain the black eye by saying I ran into the door knob and the strained tendon from the leg pulling of Paris hotel keepers.

This morning we neared the banks of Newfoundland and the usual fog is expected. The fog horn sounds like the croak of doom. Tomorrow is the last day on the Leviathan and the service has been excellent through I may be. So I'll not be tellthat of the British and French ships

Landing cards are being passed out and the custom declarations made out. It has always seemed to me there s more red tape passing through customs in New York than any port I have visited. The assumption seems to be that every one is a smuggler. It leaves a bad taste.

For one of my age to indulge in shipboard flirtations should bring the blush, but last night the moon riding high, the shimmering expanse of water and all the things novelists prate about got me. I became involved in an affair I hope will not cause gossip. Particularly on the lady's account. I saw her first in a steamer chair-a lovely young thing with golden hair and peach blown cheeks. At my invitation she took a turn around the deck. We returned to deck chairs and she smuggled close and finally fell asleep with her head pillowed on my shoulder. This morning I was up early to send her some candy. She is Miss Nancy Blair and will be four years old in

Knowledege of languages seems unnecessary in traveling. I found I could get about with only a slight acquaintance with French and I have been able to get around the Leviathan with no knowledge whatever of Russian despite the fact there are 300 passengers whose names end in "ski"

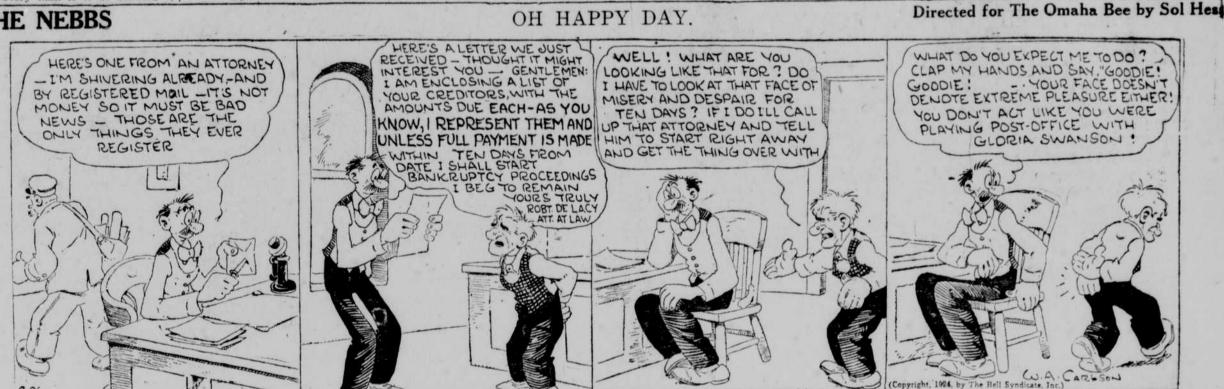
Fair weather means more perhaps in a pecuniary way to a ship's barber than anyone else aboard. If the sea is calm he has a steady flow of patrons, but if the sea is choppy no one is going to take chances with the scissors and razor.

It is rumored there is a duke traveling incognito on the ship. He is said to be keeping strictly to his parters, but a fellow with a monocle

uld have a lot of fun (Copyright, 1934 )

ing you what I think of you for daring to bring me this offer, or of my Lord Sunderland—since he's your kinsman—for having the impudence to send it. But it does not surprise me at all that one who is a minister of James Stuart's should conceive that every man is to be seduced by "And d'ye think they'll go with of the coaty of th

THE NEBBS



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY GETS A PERSONAL CALL.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



MISTER GOOGLE. IM FROM BALTIMORE!"
THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE SENT ME
HERE TO SEE YOU AND FIND OUT IF YOU. COULD POSSIBLY HOLD SPARK PLUG'S NEXT RACE IN OUR CITY - WELL GUARANTEE ALL YOUR EXPENSES AND YOU CAN NAME YOUR OUN PRICE -E & WHAT DO YOU SAY & MINUTE BROTHER AND I HEAR TH Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc Great Britain rights reserved

YES, THIS IS THE MAYOR OF HAMMOND. INDIANA! I GOT YOUR TELEGRAM AND THE REASON I DIDN'T ANSWER IT WAS THIS - I CONSIDER YOU AN UNSPEAKABLE BUM LIF YOU AND YOUR HORSE EVER SET FOOT IN OUR TOWN ILL PROMISE TO LAND YOU IN JAIL TEN MINUTES AFTER YOU



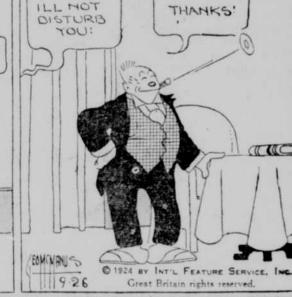
BRINGING UP FATHER

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus









JERRY ON THE JOB

CRIMINAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban









throughout. It is just as good as How to Start the Day Wrong

He found the captain pacing the

"What's this?" snapped Blood.
"I desire, sir, that we be friends, "That's mighty condescending of

Lord Julian ignored the obvious

"Oh, and why, if you please?"
"For speaking to him as you did."

"I usually call things by thei

"Do you? Stab me! I shouldn't boast of it. It argues either extreme

youth or extreme foolishness. So does the display of ingratitude."

A faint color stirred in her cheeks "It is news to me that ingratitude is

Uh!" His lordship shuddered, "And to a damned colonial planter!" He

checked abruptly. "I beg your par don, Miss Bishop. For the mo

"You were carried away by your

heat in defense of this . . . sea robber." Miss Bishop's scorn was almost

His lordship stared at her again

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield





The Real Swell Places in Town.