

A Romance of the Spanish Main CAPTAIN BLOOD By RAFAEL SABATINI

Chapter XVII—Continued.

He laughed softly, feeling, 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 sob 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 that had so completely escaped the buccaner. 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 that meeting had wrought in each. The lady had been monotonously unkind to the captain. It was a very foolish attitude for a lady in her circumstances to adopt towards a man in Blood's position. He could not imagine Miss Bishop as normally foolish. Yet, in spite of her rudeness, in spite of the fact that she was the niece of a man whom Blood must regard as his enemy, Miss Bishop and her 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 lieutenant, both of whom had 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 additional information from Miss 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 For this he must wait until Pitt and Wolverstone should have withdrawn.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 with a question:

"Mr. Pitt, she asked, "were you not one of those who escaped from Barbados with Captain Blood?"

"I was, too, was one of your uncle's slaves."

"Did you ever sail with a French man named Cahusac?"

"Cahusac?" Pitt laughed. The name evoked a ridiculous memory. "Aye, he was with us at Maracaibo."

"And another Frenchman named Levasseur?"

"Aye, Cahusac was Levasseur's lieutenant, until he died."

"And who died?"

"Levasseur. He was killed on one of the Virgin Islands two years ago."

"Who killed him?"

"Captain Blood killed him."

"Why?"

"They quarreled," he said shortly.

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

On the Atlantic, Sept. 25.—This morning I accompanied the captain to the living inferno—the engine room. The men work there in four-hour shifts on account of the terrific heat. After a minute I was wringing wet with perspiration.

Then there was a visit to the steerage, 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 boat. 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 handball, an opponent swung for the ball, missed and landed kepiak on my right eye. From the way it felt I imagine he swung from the ankle and no doubt by night I will have a perfectly "moused" optic. I'm the type likely to drown in a bathtub in mid-ocean.

With a strained tendon and a black eye I'm going to be much explaining to do in New York. I might explain 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 creak of doom. Tomorrow is the last day on the Leviathan and the service has been excellent throughout. It is just as good as that 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 is 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 smugled 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 October.

Knowledge 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 "skit" and "itch."

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 quarters, but a fellow with a monocle could have a lot of fun.

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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 bribes into betraying those who trust me to hunt their brethren—the Brethren of the Coast? D'ye think I could take a commission of King James? I tell you I wouldn't be selling my hands with it—thief and pirate's hands though they be. Thief and pirate is what you heard Miss Bishop call me today—a thing of scorn, an outcast. And who made me that? Who made me thief and pirate? D'ye dream, man, what it is to be a slave? But there! I grow hot for nothing at all. I explain myself, I think, and God knows, it is not my custom. I am grateful to you, Lord Julian, for your kindly intentions. I am so. But ye'll understand, perhaps. Ye look as if ye might."

Lord Julian stood a moment, watching the tall figure as it moved away towards the taffrail. Then letting his arms fall helplessly to his sides in dejection, he departed.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Touch of Variety.

"How do you like the new parking regulations?"

"They put a little variety into the situation," answered Mr. Chuggins. "They give you a chance to get arrested for standing still as well as for speeding."—Washington Star.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Heas

THE NEBBS



Barney Google and Spark Plug



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JERRY ON THE JOB



CRIMINAL EXTRAVAGANCE



ABIE THE AGENT



How to Start the Day Wrong



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