

# A Romance of the Spanish Main CAPTAIN BLOOD

By RAFAEL SABATINI

(Continued from yesterday.)  
CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE SERVICE OF KING JAMES.

Miss Arabella Bishop was aroused very early on the following morning by the brazen voice of a bugle in the ship's battery. In his cabin Lord Julian was already astir and hurriedly dressing. All about him in the waist where all last night had been so peaceful, there was a frenziedly active bustle of some three-score men. By the rail, immediately above and behind Lord Julian, stood Captain Blood in altercation with a one-eyed giant, whose head was swathed in a red cotton kerchief, whose blue shirt hung open at the waist. As his lordship, moving forward, revealed himself, their voices ceased, and Blood turned to greet him.

"Good morning to you," he said, and added: "I've blundered badly, so I have. I should have known better than to come so close to Jamaica by night. But I was in haste to land you. Come up here. I have something to show you."

Wondering, Lord Julian mounted the companion, as he was hidden. Standing beside Captain Blood, he looked astern, following the indication of the captain's hand, and cried in amazement. There, not more than three miles away, was land—an uneven wall of vivid green that filled the western horizon. And a couple of miles this side of it, hearing after them, came speeding three great white ships.

Wolverstone looked down sardonically upon Lord Julian. "So that you're like to be in no other sea fight afore ye've done wi' ships, my lord."

"That's a point we were just arguing," said Blood. "So that you're in no case to fight against such odds."

"The odds be damned!" Wolverstone thrust his heavy jaw heavier at Maracibo; yet we won out and took three ships. They was heavier yesterday when we engaged Don Miguel."

"Aye—but those were Spaniards. And what better are these?—Are ye afraid of a lubberly Barbados planter? What'er else you, Peter? I've never known ye scared afore."

A gun boomed out behind them. "That'll be the signal to lie to," said Blood. In the same listless voice, he fetched a sigh.

Wolverstone squared himself before his captain.

"Oh, but—by your leave," his lordship intervened, "surely there is nothing to be apprehended from Colonel Bishop. Considering the service you have rendered to his niece and to me, I assure you that my word counts for something in England."

"Oh, aye—in England. But this

ain't England, damme," Wolverstone laughed.

Came the roar of a second gun, and a round shot splashed the water less than half a cable's length astern. Blood leaned over the rail to speak to the fair young man immediately below him by the helmsman at the wheel.

"Bid them take in sail, Jeremy," he said quietly. "We lie to." But Wolverstone interposed again.

"Hold there a moment, Jeremy!" he roared. "Wait! Captain and loyal follower faced, their glances met, sudden defiance braving dull anger, surprise and pain.

"There is no question," said Blood, "of surrender for any man aboard save only myself. If Bishop can report to England that I am taken and hanged, he will magnify himself and rancour against me. I'll send him a message offering to surrender aboard his ship, taking myself and only Lord Julian with me, but only on condition that the Arabella is allowed to proceed unharmed. It's a bargain that he'll accept, if I know him at all."

"Ye're surely daft even to think of it, Peter!"

"Not so daft as you when you talk of fighting with me. Before we've run another half-mile we shall be within range."

Wolverstone swore elaborately, then suddenly checked, but of his single eye he had espied a trim figure in gray silk that was ascending the companion. So he crossed had they been that they had not seen Miss Bishop come from the door of the passage leading to the cabin. And there was something else that those three men on the poop and Pitt immediately below them, had also seen. Some moments ago Ogle, followed by the main body of his gun-deck crew, had emerged from the booby hatch, to call into the muttering, angrily vehement talk with those who, abandoning the gun-tackles upon which they were laboring, had come to crowd about him.

Even now Blood had no eyes for that. He turned to look at Miss Bishop, op, marveling a little, after the manner in which yesterday she had avoided him, that she should now venture upon the quarter-deck. Her presence at this moment, and considering the nature of his altercation with Wolverstone, was embarrassing. Captain Blood bared his head and bowed silently in a greeting which she returned composedly and formally.

"What is happening, Lord Julian?" she inquired.

"As if to answer her a third gun spoke from the ships."

"They are ships of the Jamaica fleet," his lordship answered her.

Before more could be added, to Ogle, who came bounding up to board Blood, and to the men bounding after him, his wake. Blood confronted him.

"What's this?" the captain demanded sharply. "Your station is on the gun-deck. Why have you left it?"

"Captain," Ogle said, and as he spoke he pointed to the pursuing ships. "Colonel Bishop holds us. We're in no case able to run or fight."

"Ogle," said he, in a voice cold and sharp as steel, "your station is on the gun-deck. You'll return to it at once, and take your crew with you, or else."

"Threats will not serve, captain."

Captain Blood's hand closed over the butt of one of the pistols slung before him.

"Nor will that serve you," Ogle warned him, still more fiercely. "The men are of my thinking, and they'll have their way."

"You come to give advice, then, do you?" quoted Blood, relenting nothing of his sternness.

"That's it, captain, advice. That girl, there, he flung out a bare arm to point to her. "Bishop's girl, the governor of Jamaica's niece. . . . We want her as a hostage for our safety."

"Aye!" roared in chorus the buccanniers below.

"It's a providence having her aboard; a providence. Heave to, captain, and signal them to send a boat, and assure themselves that Miss Bishop is here. Then let them know that if they attempt to hinder our sailing hence, we'll hang the doxy first and fight for it after. That'll cool Colonel Bishop's heat, maybe."

"And maybe it won't," Slow and mocking came Wolverstone's voice to answer the other's confident excitement, and as he spoke he advanced to Blood's side, an unexpected ally. "If ye're counting on pulling Bishop's heartstrings, ye're a bigger fool, Ogle, than I've always thought you was. We've got to fight, my lads."

"How can we fight, man?" Ogle stormed at him.

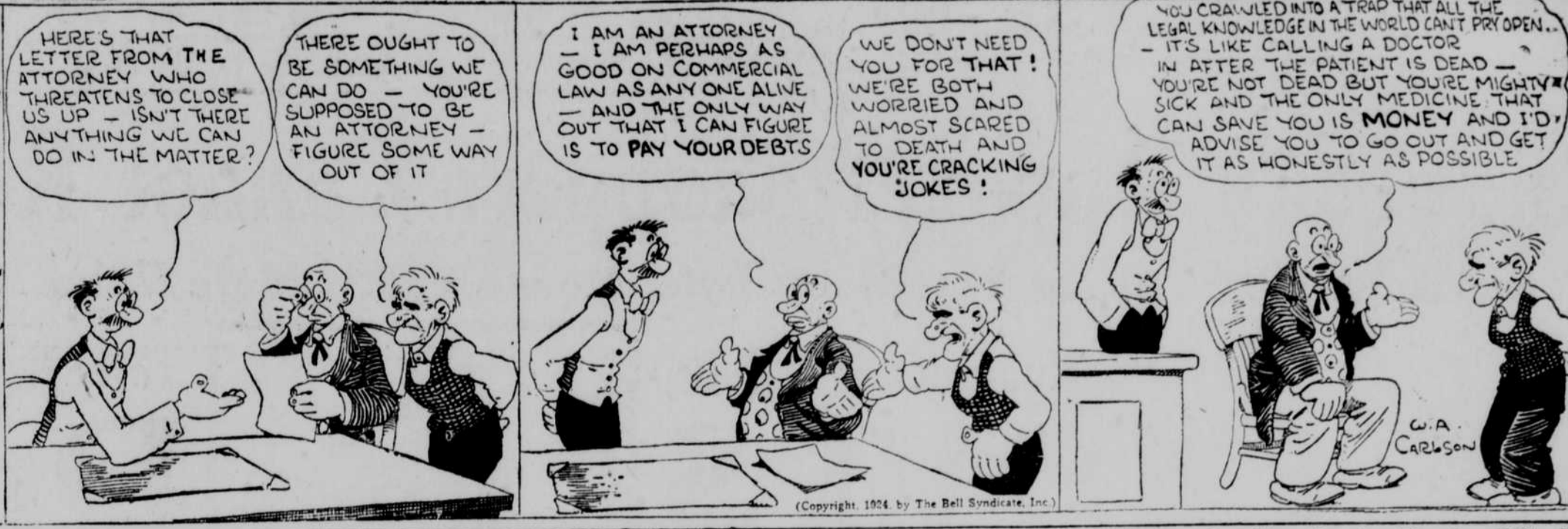
Then louder than before roared a gun away to leeward.

"Ogle, ye are within range," cried Blood.

"Wait!" Blood bade him, interrupting, and he set a restraining hand upon the gunner's arm. "There is, I think, a better way. Mine is—the safe and easy way. Put the helm

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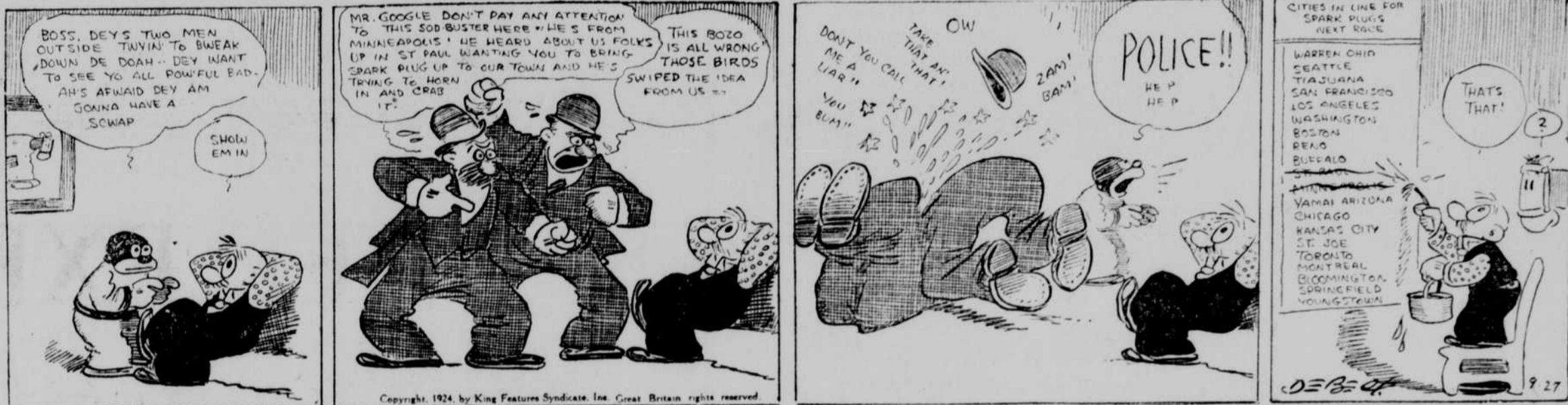
PAGE A LITTLE SUNSHINE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

### Barney Google and Spark Plug

Barney Gives the Two Rivals a Fifty-Fifty Break.

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### New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

On the Atlantic, Sept. 26.—We are to be at Quarantine this evening and wait for the tide to steam up to the pier in the North river in the morning. Trunks are packed. Servants have been tipped. The journey is over.

Tomorrow we breakfast in New York. The best part of a long journey is the first day's return. And to grab George Cohan's stuff—there's no flag like our own. Compared to the poverty and degradation one sees in Europe, America appears like a bright, fresh, newly-minted coin.

Mine has been solely a pleasure jaunt and even if I were able I made no study of the political or economic destiny of Europe. I do know that Americans are the only people who have money over there. We are prosperous. They are wondering what next and are banking on us.

The most pathetic people in all Europe are the Russians. In a little cafe run by Russian refugees in Paris I saw a former prince playing a violin and a princess doing a native dance. A cousin of the late czar is a match seller along the Rue St. Honore.

Fanny Hurst tells me she went to Europe to stay eight months. She came back in eight weeks. She saw Russia as "a half mad, stupid, dying beast." Visitors to Berlin are returning disgusted. France seems to be the only country showing progress.

A few moments ago there was the cry of "Land." Many voyagers receive the biggest thrill of the trip in scanning the horizon with binoculars to see land ahead.

I'm fairly broadminded, but it didn't heighten my respect for American lawmakers, to see a United States congressman acting as auctioneer for the auction pools in the lounge as one did on this boat. Auction pool is a hazardous form of gambling.

Last night we had dinner with Col. Daniel Roundtree of Atlanta, a fine gentleman who retains the grace and charm of the old south. He was on the Olympic coming over and we have many mutual friends but did not meet until the return trip. The Colonel is the sort of man, I imagine, who if hard-pressed, could mix a most elegant mint julep.

My official sweetheart of the trip, Miss Nancy Blair, aged 4, has deserted me for a handsomer man. Her fickleness was evidenced today when walking with me she suddenly bounded away into his arms and I have not seen her since.

The sensible traveler is lugged lightly. Packing and unpacking are the greatest nuisances in traveling. On my next journey I intend to take a day suit and dinner suit. This is all any man needs for a two months' trip.

Old Jimmy is a steward on the Leviathan. He has a great shock of white hair and has traveled the seven seas for 42 years. He accompanied Mark Twain to Australia and has a number of letters from the famous humorist. He has tried to give up the sea several times but always goes back. He explains it by saying he feels like a fish out of water on land.

There is a Spanish bull fighter aboard. He is quite a Valentino among the ladies. He has massive shoulders and a romantic head but extremely unromantic heart. He is about as bow-legged as any man I ever saw. He might stop bulls but he could never stop sheep.

The vacation is ended. And so, as Samuel Peppy might say, back to my staid.

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### What Golf Does to Some of Us

By Briggs

### ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

Anything to Make a Dollar.

