

A Romance of the Spanish Main CAPTAIN BLOOD

By RAFAEL SABATINI

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"He desired," he said at last, "to give you a message that should prove to you that there is still something left in him of the unfortunate gentleman that . . . for which once you knew him. It is not easy. Stab me, it is not. He is a man who deserved well, and among us we have marred his chances; your uncle, because he could not forget his rancor; you, because . . . because having told me of the king's service he would find his redemption of what was past, you would not afterwards admit to him that he was so redeemed. And this, although my concern to rescue you was the chief motive of my embracing that same service."

She had turned her shoulder to him so that he should not see her face. His lordship's unusual nervousness was steadily increasing. He thought, then—so he told me—that my presence here had contributed to his inability to redeem himself in your sight; and unless he were so redeemed, then was redemption nothing."

"He thought that you had contributed?" she echoed.

"Aye, and he said so in terms which told me something that I hope above all things, and yet dare not believe for, God knows, I am no coxcomb, Arabella. I had gone to demand the instant surrender of your uncle. He laughed at me. Colonel Bishop should be a hostage for his safety. I afforded him in my own person yet another hostage as valuable at least as Colonel Bishop. Yet he bade me depart; not from the fear of consequences, for he is above fear, nor from any personal esteem for me whom he confessed that he had come to find detestable; and this for the reason that made him concerned for my safety."

"I do not understand," she said, as he paused, "is not that a contradiction in itself?"

"It seems so only. The fact is, Arabella, this unfortunate man has the temerity to love you."

She cried out at that, and clutched her breast, whose calm was suddenly disturbed. "Go on," she bade him.

"Well, then, he saw in me one who made it impossible that he should win you—so he said. Therefore he could with satisfaction have killed me. But because my death might cause you pain because your happiness was the thing above all things he desired, he surrendered that part of his guarantee of safety which my person afforded him. If his death should be hindered, and I should lose my life in what might follow, there was the risk that . . . that you might mourn me. Because of that he bade me leave his ship, and had me put ashore." She looked at him with

"Now you begin to show intelligence," Lord Julian commended him. "That is the first essential step."

"And here is our chance to take it," Bishop warned to a sort of enthusiasm. "This war with France removes all restrictions in the matter of Tortuga. We are free to invest

it in the service of the crown. A victory there and we establish ourselves in the favor of this new government."

"Ah!" said Lord Julian, and he pulled thoughtfully at his lip. Bishop laughed coarsely.

"We'll hunt this rascal in his lair,

right under the beard of the king of France, and we'll take him this time if we reduce Tortuga to a heap of ashes."

On this expedition they sailed two days later—which would be some three months after Blood's departure—taking every ship of the fleet, and several lesser vessels as auxiliaries. To Arabella and the world in general it was given out that they were going to raid French Hispaniola.

CHAPTER XXII.
THE SERVICE OF KING LOUIS.
Meanwhile, some three months before Colonel Bishop set out to reduce Tortuga, Captain Blood, bearing hell in his soul, had blown into its rocky harbor ahead of the winter gales, and two days ahead of the frigate in which Wolverstone had sailed from Port Royal a day before

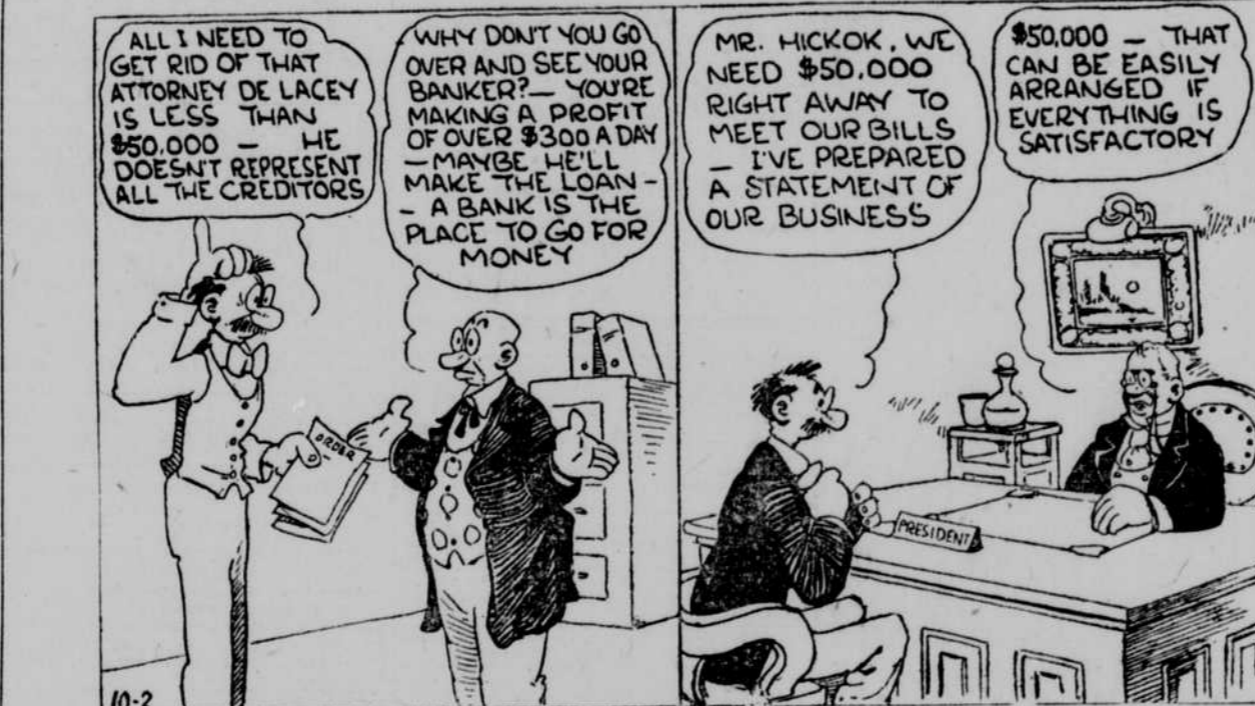
him.

In that snug anchorage he found his fleet awaiting him—the four ships which had been separated in that gale off the Lesser Antilles, and some seven hundred men composing their crews.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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THE NEBBES



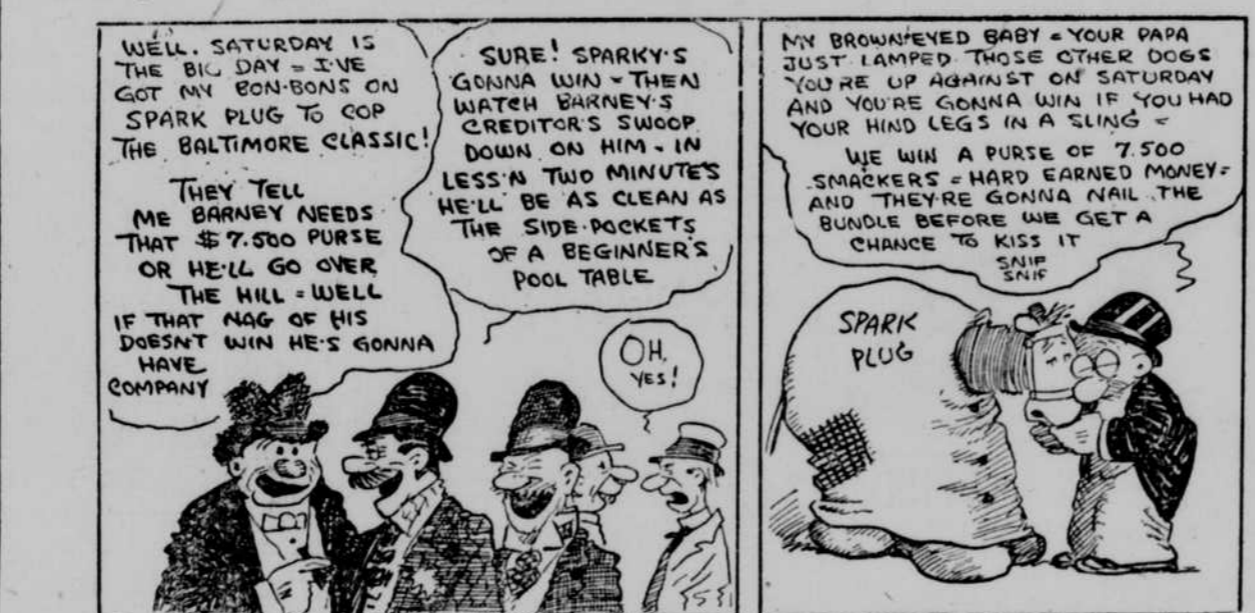
TOMORROW, RAIN OR SHINE?



Barney Google and Spark Plug

SPARKY OBJECTS TO FASTING.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck
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BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus
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New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MCINTYRE.

New York, Oct. 1. - Frank McGlone, whose powerful right kept Essex street merchants terrorized for several years, has left the East Side for the suburban peace of a small Jersey town. He has deserted the scent of garbage for the scent of musk.

Reporters found him out where the pavement ends in a romantic ivy clay cottage spraying the lawn. On the porch was a frail wisp of a girl, whose fingers were busily applying the needle to some embroidery work. "She done it!" said McGlone a little sheepishly.

McGlone was raised in the beery wilderness of East Side dives that cater to all the vices of men. He was a gorilla in size, more than six feet tall with oak-like arms and legs. He began early to work on docks and then went around the Horn on windjammers.

Ashore he sought the fleshpots, and found that a man who could use his fists could live without toil. He was at first a saloon bouncer and then drifted naturally through provost to gang leadership. And then he met her. Love at first sight—the sort of thing the poets blab about.

She was one of the undernourished "little mothers" whose parents worked all day and left her to take care of her younger brothers and sisters. One day McGlone was surrounded by rival gangsters. He was alone, but gave a savage guttural warwhoop and plunged in.

When a patrol wagon backed up and they took him away she ran up to him and gave him a faded flower. Three weeks later he was out of jail and hunting for her. He found her and the romance in sordid settings began. McGlone went to work in a chain grocery store.

His gang mocked him and tried to bring him back to leadership. "Love about a skirt," they jeered. And McGlone with a menacing leer admitted it was true and what were they going to do about it? Wisely they let him alone. And so they were married.

Prohibition has snuffed out many of the picturesque little clubs of Manhattan. The latest to expire was The Cloister. It was frequented by artists and writers and occupied the top floor of an old house at West Eleventh street. The walls were decorated by the members. Only ale was served.

No doubt it is just as well these clubs expired, for their closing shows that the members were drawn there by the false fellowship of liquor. Still their atmosphere was more elevating and stimulating than the hole in the wall cafes where the same clubmen go now to drink poisonous hooch.

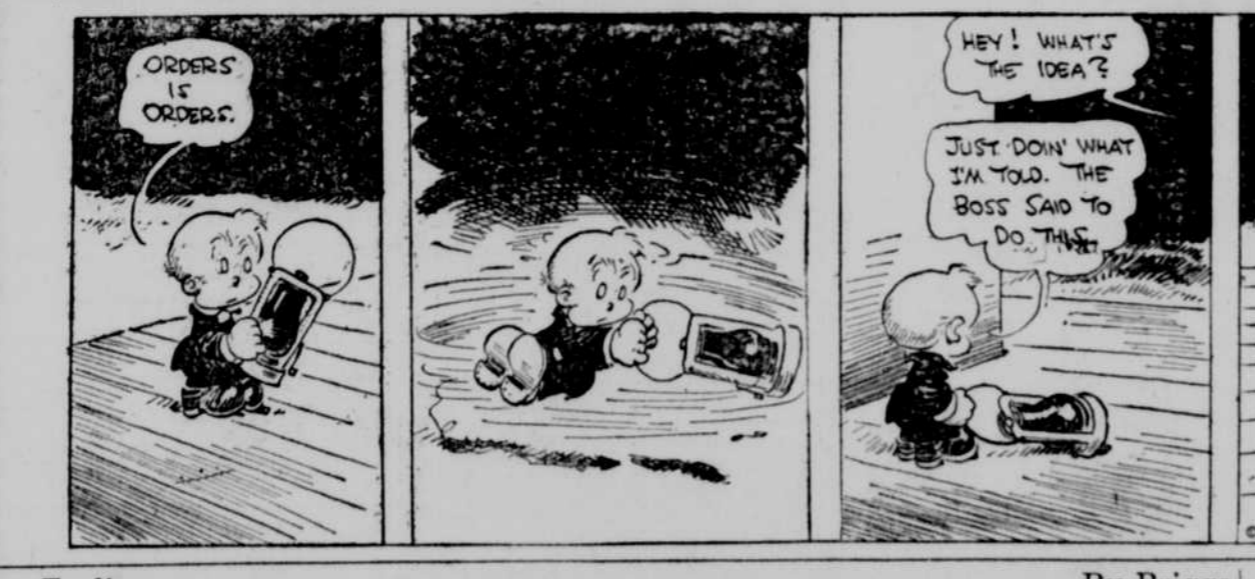
There is one of these little cafes, however, where no liquor is served and which smacks of the old days. It is run by a plump little French woman and her two waiters, Jean and Gaston. She makes a specialty of crayfish bisque and stewed eels. Through a glass oval in the kitchen door one may see the fat and benign cook in immaculate white cap and coat, and there is the smell of onions and herbs and the fragrance of sauces. There are no chair tables but benches where patrons sit and play cards and dominos. And a few play cubito. It is about the last of the old cafes with French flavor and it were not for the French neighborhood where it is situated it would wither and perish.

And there is a ticket speculator who hawks his wares in front of Broadway playhouses who owns three restaurants. He made the money supplying the public, and although he has it probably invested he remains

JERRY ON THE JOB

OH, THAT BOSS.

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Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

He Believes in Signs.
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



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