

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

The dalal spurred on the Turk. "Will you be beaten then, and by an Israelite?" he asked, and he gave to a perverter of the Scriptures, to an inheritor of the fire, to one of a race that would not bestow on their fellow-men so much as the speck of a date stone? It were a shame upon a true believer."

Urged thus the Turk offered another five phillips, but with obvious reluctance. The Jew, however, entirely unshaken by a trade against him, the like of which he heard a score of times a day in the course of trading, pulled forth a heavy purse from his girdle.

"Here are one hundred phillips," he announced. "T is overmuch. But I offer it."

Ere the dalal's pious and seductive tongue could urge him further the Turk sat down again with a gesture of finality.

"I give him joy of her," said he.

"She is thine, then, O Ibrahim, for one hundred phillips."

The Israelite relinquished the purse to the dalal's white-robed assistants and advanced to receive the girl. The corsairs thrust her forward against him, still vainly battling, and his arms closed about her for a moment.

"Thou has cost me dear, thou daughter of Spain. But I am content. Come." And he made a shift to lead her away. Suddenly, however, fierce as a tiger, she writhed her arms upwards and claved at his face. With a scream of pain he relaxed his hold of her, and in that moment, quick as lightning she plucked the dagger that hung from his girdle so temptingly within her reach.

"Valga me Dios," she cried, and ere a hand could be raised to prevent her she had buried the blade in her lovely breast and sank in a laughing, coughing heap at his feet. A final convulsive heave and she lay quite still, whilst Ibrahim glared down at her with eyes of dismay, and over all the market there hung a hush of sudden awe. Rosamund had risen in her place, and a faint color kindled in her eyes. God had shown her the way through this poor Spanish girl, and assuredly God would give her the means to take it when her own turn came. She felt herself suddenly uplifted and enheartened. Death was a sharp, swift severing. An easy mode of escape from the horror that threatened her, and God in His mercy, she knew, would justify self-murder under such circumstances as were her own and that poor dead Andalusian maid's.

At length Ibrahim roused himself

from his momentary stupor. He stepped deliberately across the body, his face inflamed, and stood to beard the impetuous dalal.

"She is dead!" he bleated. "I am defrauded. Give me back my gold!"

"Are we to give back the price of every slave that dies?" the dalal questioned him.

"But she was not yet delivered to me," raved the Jew. "My hands had not touched her. Give me back my gold!"

"Thou liest, son of a dog," was the answer, dispassionately delivered. "She was thine already. I had pronounced her dead. Hence, since she belongs to thee."

The Jew, his face empurpling, seemed to fight for breath.

"How?" he choked. "Am I to lose a hundred phillips?"

"What is written is written," he replied the serene dalal.

Ibrahim was frothing at the lips, his eyes were blood-injected. "But it was never written that..."

"Peace," said the dalal. "Had it not been written it could not have come to pass. It is the will of Allah! Who dares rebel against it?"

The crowd began to murmur.

"I want my hundred phillips," the Jew insisted, whereupon the murderer swelled into a sudden roar.

"Thou hearest?" said the dalal. "Allah pardon thee, thou art disturbing the peace of this market. Away, ere it be too late!"

"Hence! hence!" roared the crowd, and some advanced threateningly upon the luckless Ibrahim. "Away, thou perverter of Holy Writ! thou filth! thou dog!"

Such was the uproar, such the menace of angry countenances and clenched fists shaken in his very face, that Ibrahim quailed and forgot his loss in fear.

"I go, I go," he said and turned hastily to depart.

But the dalal summoned him back. "Take hence thy property," said he, and pointed to the body. And so Ibrahim was forced to suffer the further mockery of summing his loss to a heap of worthless paper, for which he had paid in lively potent gold.

Yet by the gates he paused again. "I will appeal me to the Basna," he thought. "Asad-ed-din is just, and he will have my money restored to me."

"So he will," said the dalal, "when thou canst restore the dead to life, and he turned to the portly Ayoub, who was plucking at his sleeve. He bent his head to catch the muttered words of Fenshah's wazer. Then, in obedience to them, he ordered Rosamund to be brought forward.

She offered no least resistance, advancing in a singularly lifeless way, like a sleep-walker or one who had been drugged. In the heat and glare of the open market she stood by the dalal's side at the head of the well, whilst he dilated upon her physical merits in that lingua franca which he used since it was current coin among all the assorted races represented there—a language which the knowledge of French had not, her residence in France had taught her she was to her increasing horror and shame able to understand.

The first to make an offer for her was that same portly Moor who had sought to purchase the two Nubians. He rose to scrutinize her closely, and must have been satisfied, for the price he offered was a good one, and he offered it with contemptuous assurance that he would not be outbid.

"One hundred phillips for the milk-faced girl!"

"T is not enough. Consider me the moon-bright loveliness of her face," said the dalal as he moved on. "Chigi yields us fair women, but no woman of Chigi was ever half so fair."

"One hundred and fifty," said the Levantine Turk with a gasp.

"Not yet enough. Behold the stately height which Allah hath vouchsafed her. See the noble carriage of her head, the luster of her eye! By Allah, she is worthy to grace the sultan's own harem."

He said no more than the buyers recognized to be true, and excitement stirred faintly through their usually impassive ranks. A Tagareen Moor named Yusuf offered at once two hundred.

But still the dalal continued to sing his praises. He held up one of his arms for inspection, and she submitted with lowered eyes, and no sign of resentment beyond the slow flush that spread across her face and vanished again.

"Behold me these limbs, smooth as Arabian silk and whiter than ivory. Look at those lips like pomegranate blossoms. The price is now two hundred phillips. What wilt thou give, O Hamael?"

Hamael showed himself angry that his original bid should so speedily have been doubled. "By the Koran, I have purchased three sturdy girls from the sus for less."

"Wouldst thou compare a squat-faced girl from the sus with this narcissus-eyed glory of womanhood?" scoffed the dalal.

"Two hundred and ten, then," was Hamael's sulky grunt.

The watchful Tasmani considered that the time had come to buy her for his lord as he had been bidden.

"Three hundred," he said curtly, to make an end of matter, and—

"Four hundred," instantly piped a shrill voice behind him.

A spin round in his amazement met the leering face of Ayoub. A murmur ran through the ranks of the buyers, the people craned their necks to catch a glimpse of this open-handed purchaser.

Yusuf the Tagareen rose up in a passion. He announced angrily that never again should the dust of the sok of Algiers defile his slippers, that never again would he come there to purchase slaves.

"By the well of Zem-Zem," he swore, "all men are bewitched in this market. Four hundred phillips for a Frankish girl! May Allah increase your wealth, for verily you'll need it." And in his supreme disgust he stalked to the gates, and elbowed his way through the crowd, and so vanished from the sok.

Yet ere he was out of earshot her price had risen further. Whilst Tasmani was recovering from his surprise at the competitor that had suddenly appeared before him, the dalal

had lured an increased offer from the Turk.

"T is a madness," the latter deplored. "But she pleaseth me, and should it seem good to Allah the merciful to lead her into the true faith she may yet become the light of my harem. Four hundred and twenty phillips, then, O dalal, and Allah pardon me my prodigality."

And now such was the general hubbub provoked by these unprecedented

concluded than Tasmani with laconic eloquence rapped out: "Five hundred!"

"Yallah!" cried the Turk, raising his hands to heaven, and "Yallah!" echoed the crowd.

"Five hundred and fifty," shrilled Ayoub's voice above the general din, still unmoved.

"Six hundred," replied Tasmani, still unmoved.

And now such was the general hubbub provoked by these unprecedented

prices that the dalal was forced to raise his voice and cry for silence.

"Eight hundred," snarled Tasmani, showing at last a little heat.

"Nine hundred," replied Ayoub.

Asamanni swung round upon him again, white now with fury. "Is this a jest, O father of wands?" he cried, and excited laughter by the taunt implicit in that appellation.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE NEBBS

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY MAKES A MONKEY OF HIMSELF.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



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



JERRY ON THE JOB

THE YOUNG CONSOLER

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hobar



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New York -- Day by Day --

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, May 17.—Ladies of doubtful virtue are the most frequent visitors to fortune telling salons. Many make semi-weekly visits to learn what the future holds. They realize their world may crumble about them any moment.

They may have to move from the bijou apartment to a hall bedroom and ride on street cars instead of limousines. There is a block on Seventh avenue that is the home of most of the seers. They are mostly large, beefy women given to adorning themselves with jewels.

The wife of a New York banker whose husband discovered she had a purple past was a daily patron of Fortune Telling Row. She knew any day her secret might become known. Stage people are also devoted to the fortune telling art.

The most popular fortune teller charges \$10 a visit. I visited her the other day for a touch of local color. She began by telling me my initials. The hat I had left in the hall bore initials and I am quite certain they were communicated to her in some mysterious way.

The rest of her information was inconsequential and might be applied to any man. She sensed I was a sceptic and it didn't please her at all. She foretold the future with a greasy pack of playing cards. The waiting room was filled with nations.

The most accomplished fortune teller I ever visited was a blind man who held forth in a little alley in London called Haunch-of-Venison Yard. He sat before you and touched the tips of his fingers to your temples.

He told me many things about my life that were true. He tripped up, however, upon my job in life. "You are a singer," he said. Of all things in the world that is one thing I am not. Still he was quite uncanny, despite my conviction it was all guess work.

Milady's shoes are getting gayer each season. They are not only of bright color, but are being adorned with beads and from the buckles a tassel hangs. Another feminine fashion is the monogrammed gown. The monograms are in the waist and are of striking colors.

A correspondent writes me that unless I shun mention of what the men and women are wearing in New York he will refuse to scan my daily admonitions forever. Zip! Goes another reader.

Not to irritate my correspondent, but en passant, the vests for dinner clothes are now being worn in color. Some of Tyrian purple, other of jade green and royal blue.

There is a veteran character actor who walks about town accompanied by a beautiful St. Bernard dog. The actor's sight is becoming very dim and the dog pilots him through the maze of traffic. The other day he was being led across Longacre Square. A policeman stopped them because the dog wasn't muzzled. "If he has to wear a muzzle I'll keep him at home," said the actor, and since that day he has not taken his daily stroll.

The dog, by the way, is being permitted more freedom in the Broadway night restaurants. He used to be barred, but so many theatrical folk own dogs and take them out for the theater dinner that much leniency was lost by barring them.

Fourteenth street, redolent of romance and spiced with high adventure, seems to be donning the winding sheet. There are scores of vacant stores on the thoroughfare that was once the hub of the town—the high spot of theatrical and cafe life. The last shooting gallery there is soon to close.

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Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

