

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)
"Wait," he said. "Thou choose another mark for several reasons. For one, I'll not have thy shaft blundering through by carmen and handily killing one of them. Most of them are slaves specially chosen for their brown, and I cannot spare any. Another reason is that the mark is a foolish one. The shaft is a mere twig, which, maybe, is the reason why thou hast chosen it."

Marzak lowered his bow and Sakrel-Bahr released his arm. They looked at each other, the corsair supremely master of himself and smiling easily, no faintest trace of the terror that was in his soul showing upon his swarthy bearded countenance or in his hard pale eyes.

He pointed up the hillside to the nearest olive tree, a hundred paces distant. "Yonder," he said, "is a man's mark. Put me a shaft through the long branch of that first olive."

Asad and his officers voiced approval.
"A man's mark, indeed," said the Basha, "so that he be a marksman."

But Marzak shrugged his shoulders with make-believe contempt. "I knew he would refuse the mark. I saw it so large a butt that a child could not miss it at this distance."

"If a child could not, then thou shouldst not," said Sakrel-Bahr, who had so placed himself that his body was now between Marzak and the palmetto bala. "Let us see thee hit it, O Marzak!"

And as he spoke he raised his cross-bow, and scarcely seeming to aim, he loosed his shaft. It flashed away to be checked, quivering in the branch he had indicated.

A chorus of applause and admiration greeted the shot, and drew the attention of all the crew to what was toward.

Marzak tightened his lips, realizing how completely he had been outwitted. Why didn't he must now shoot at that mark. The choice had been taken out of his hands by Sakrel-Bahr. He never doubted that he must cover himself with ridicule in the performance, and that there he would be constrained to abandon this pretended match.

"By the Koran," said Biskaine, "thou'lt need all thy skill to equal such a shot, Marzak."

"Was not the mark I chose," replied Marzak sullenly.
"Thou wert the challenger, O Marzak," his father reminded him. "Therefore the choice of mark was his. He chose a man's mark, and by the beard of Mohammed, he showed us a man's shot."

Marzak would have flung the bow from him in that moment, abandoning the method he had chosen to investigate the contents of that suspicious goods of price. Thou lying dog, what was thine aim in this?"

Defiantly Sakrel-Bahr answered him: "She is my wife. It is my right to take her with me where I go." He turned to her, and bade her veil her face, and she immediately obeyed him with fingers that shook a little in her agitation.

"None questions thy right to that," said Asad. "But being resolved to take her with thee, why not take her open poop house, as becomes the wife of Sakrel-Bahr? Why smuggle her aboard in a pannier, and keep her there in secret?"

"And why," added Marzak, "didst thou lie to me when I questioned thee upon her whereabouts?—telling me she was left behind in thy house in Algiers?"

"All this I did," replied Sakrel-Bahr, with a lofty—almost a disdainful—dignity, "because I feared lest I should be prevented from beating her away with me," and his bold glance, beating full upon Asad, drew a wave of color into the gaunt old cheeks.

"What could have caused that fear?" he asked. "Shall I tell thee? Because no man sailing upon such a voyage as this would have desired the company of his new-wedded wife, because no man would take a wife with him upon a raid in which there is peril of life and peril of capture."

"Allah has watched over me his servant in the past," said Sakrel-Bahr, "and I put my trust in him." It was a specious answer. Such words—laying stress upon the vicissitudes Allah sent him—had aforetime served to disarm his enemies. But they served not now. Instead, they did but fan the flames of Asad's wrath.

"Blaspheme not," he croaked, and his tall form quivered with rage, his hollow old face grew vulturine. "She was brought thus aboard in secret out of fear that were her presence known thy true purpose too must stand revealed."

"And whatever that true purpose may have been," put in Marzak, "it was not the task entrusted thee of raiding the Spanish treasure galleys."

"It is what I mean, my son," Asad agreed. Then with a commanding gesture: "Wilt thou tell me without lies what thy purpose was?" he asked.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS

THIS NIGHT WORK ISN'T SO BAD FOR YOU — IF YOU PUT A POROUS PLASTER ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK TO DRAW YOUR CIGAR FOR YOU YOU WOULDN'T BE DOING ANYTHING BUT BREATHING — BUT IF IT WASN'T FOR STATIONARY THINGS LIKE YOU WOULD A SPIDER BUILD ITS NEST?

NEBB & SLIDER SOLD ALL THE BOTTLED WATER THEY HAD IN STOCK SO IT IS NECESSARY TO WORK NIGHTS TO KEEP UP WITH THE RUSH

IM NOT SUPPOSED TO WORK — I TOOK YOU INTO BUSINESS WITH ME JUST LIKE A MAN WOULD BUY A LABOR SAVING MACHINE — YOU'RE MY MACHINE — MY BRAIN IS THE OIL THAT KEEPS YOU RUNNING

YOU'RE THE MOST UNSELFISH MAN IN THE WORLD — YOU GIVE ME YOUR BRAINS AND DONT KEEP ANY FOR YOURSELF



INTO THE NIGHT.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug

SPARKY MAY FEEL ALL CUT UP OVER THIS.

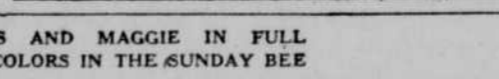
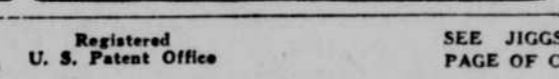
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

ALL THE SAME, I DONT LIKE THE IDEA OF SPARK PLUG RACING A BULL — IT GIVES ME THE HEEBIE JEEBIES WHEN I THINK OF IT, BILL

TAKE HIM ON, BARNEY. SHOW THY SPANISH GUV YOU'RE GAME — GET YOUR HORSE TRAINED UP TO THE MINUTE AND YOU'LL TRIM HIM EVERYBODY IN TOWN'S BETTING ON SPARKY — IT LOOKS LIKE A SETUP TO THE BOYS.

POOR SPARKY! YOU DONT KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST — I DONT SPOSE YOU EVER SAW A BULL. DID YOU? I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GONNA GET THE SHAKES WHEN I TUNE YOU UP WITH THIS COW'S HUSBAND? HUH?

MR. SCHULTZ, DYE MIND IF MY HORSE SHAKES AROUND HERE AWHILE!



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, June 4.—He had lived hard and dangerously and middle age found him burnt out and malleable. His doctor gave him six months when he asked for the truth. Three weeks ago he invited 16 of his friends to his bachelor apartment for dinner.

It was perhaps one of the most lavish dinners ever given in a city where fine feasts are common. The table was a bower of rare delights. The service was gold. There were cocktails, old vintage wine and rare cordials. And especially made \$5 cigars.

At each plate was a souvenir—monogrammed gold cigarette case for the men and diamond studded cigar holders for the ladies. The host sat at the head of the table, his face drawn from ever present pain but apparently enjoying every moment.

When coffee had been served he arose. "This little dinner," he said, "is the nature of a farewell. Each one of you has been a loyal friend in good times and bad. I am contemplating a very long journey. It is quite possible that after tonight I shall see you no more."

"Fortune has been very kind to me. I have received many good cards and a few bad. In any way I have made a mess of my life, yet if I had it to live over again I do not know that I would have it changed. I do not want you, my friends, to think me whining."

"All my life I have tried to be what the world calls a 'good fellow.' There are many who scoff at the term. It might not be much of an ambition, but I found it worth while. So I'm going to ask you to rise and raise your glasses to a good fellow who is going away."

And three mornings later they found him in bed cold in death.

An actor who lives at Freeport, L. I., wound up a rather convivial evening by inviting two other actors at a club to accompany him home. His wife, standing discreetly over his wife's cooking and explained, no matter how late he came home with friends, she was always pleased to get up and fix a meal. The actors demurred, but he coaxed them into going. All the way home he bubbled with praise for his wife.

When the party arrived, he called to his wife: "Get up, dear, I have brought some friends for a bite to eat."

A glowing, kimono clad figure appeared in the doorway. "Where did you pick those bums?" she inquired.

"But my dear—"

"Don't my dear me"—and with that she buried a vase that caught him flush on the jaw and he dropped.

In a few moments he opened one partially glazed eye to his companions and said: "Folky little woman. Always clowning."

A pedestrian on West Forty-second street heard a plink of glass and a zing against his hat. He was passing a golf school and an ambitious pupil had sent a ball driving through the plate glass window in front.

On the Bowery at Delancey street stands a 10-foot granite shaft. It is a memorial erected to the memory of "Little Tim" Sullivan. The Bowery is devoted to the brusque little Irishman who gave his time and money to help the down and outers. Cemetary street, west of the Bowery, was named in honor of "Big Tim" Sullivan's mother. It was the name of the place she came from in Ireland.

Chinatown is soliciting subscriptions for an appropriate memorial to the late "Chuck" Connors. It is planned to have a bronze statue of the former bawdy major wearing his cocked to one side derby and his big pearl buttoned coat. "Chuck" passed away about 10 years ago.

(Copyright 1924.)

BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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

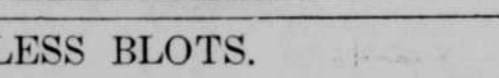
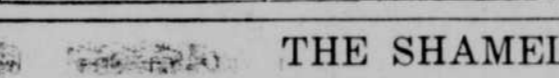
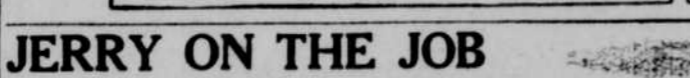
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

YOUR WIFE HIRED ME TO READ TO YOU WHILE SHE IS AWAY. DO YOU HAVE TO READ TO ME HERE

IT DOESN'T MAKE A PARTICLE OF DIFFERENCE TO ME. THAT'S GOOD!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? JUST FOLLOW ME.

NOW GO AHEAD AND READ!



JERRY ON THE JOB

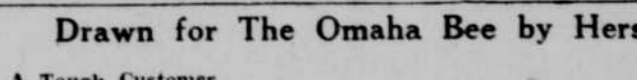
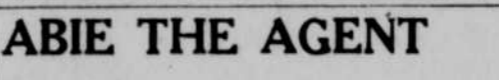
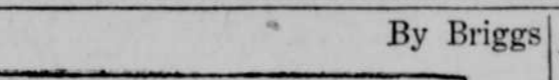
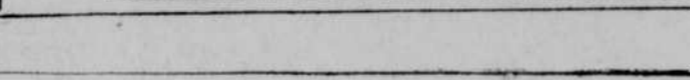
HOW COME YOU 'BLOTS' ARE HERE SO EARLY? WE GUNS ARE ANXIOUS AHEAD OF TIME

WE'VE BEEN HERE 20 MINUTES AND WE'RE PROUD OF IT. AIN'T THAT DISGUSTING???

I HATE THAT IN A MAN.

THEY 'BLOTS' GOT HERE 20 MINUTES AHEAD OF TIME TODAY. WELL, THAT'S SOMETHING IN THEIR FAVOR.

OH SURE — IT WOULD BE IF THEY WERE ASHAMED OF IT.



The Days of Real Sport

By Briggs



THE AVIATORS

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

A Tough Customer.

THE FILET MIGNON IS VERY FINE TODAY. WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY ONE?

DID I SAY NO? — SURE, BRING ME ONE: THEY OUGHT TO BE SWEET FOR TWO DOLLARS!

YES, SIR!!

SAY, DO YOU CALL THIS AN ORDER???

