

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"How?" said Sakr-el-Bahr, and he smiled ever so faintly. "Hast thou not said that this purpose was revealed by what I told thee? I think it is for me to ask thee for some such information. I do assure thee, my lord, that it was no part of my intention to make thee suspicious. But just because I feared lest knowledge of her presence might lead my enemies to suppose what thou art now supposing, and perhaps persuade thee to forget all that I have done for the glory of Islam, I determined to bring her secretly aboard."

"My real aim, since you must know it, was to land her somewhere on the coast of France, whence she might return to her own land, and her own people. That done, she should have set about intercepting the Spanish galleys, and never fear but that by Allah's favor I should have succeeded."

"By the honor of Shaitan," swore Marzak, thrusting himself forward, "he is the very father and mother of lies. Wilt thou explain this desire to be rid of a wife thou hast not wed?"

"Ay," growled Asad. "Canst answer that?"

"Thou shalt hear the truth," said Sakr-el-Bahr. "The praise to Allah!" mocked Marzak.

"But I warn you," the corsair continued, "that you will seem less easy to believe by much than any falsehood I could invent. Years ago in England where I was born I loved this woman and should have taken her to wife. But there were men and circumstances that detained me to her so that she would not wed me, and I went forth with a broken heart in my heart. Last night the love of her which I believed to be dead and turned to loathing, proved to be still a living force. Loving her, I came to thee. I had used her unworthily, and I was urged by a desire above all others to undo the evil I had done."

On that he paused, and after an instant's silence, Asad laughed angrily and contemptuously. "Since when has man expressed his love for a woman by putting her from him?" he asked in a voice of scorn that showed the precise value he set upon such a statement.

"I warned thee it would seem incredible," said Sakr-el-Bahr.

"Is it not plain, O my father, that this marriage of his was no more than a pretence?" cried Marzak.

"As plain as the light of day," replied Asad. "Thy marriage with that

woman made an impious mock of the true faith. It was no marriage. It was a blasphemous pretence, thine only aim to thwart me, abusing my regard for the prophet's holy law, and to set her beyond my reach." He turned to Vitigello, who stood a little behind Sakr-el-Bahr. "Bid thy men put me this traitor into irons," he said.

"Heaven hath guided thee to a wise decision, O my father!" cried Marzak, who, indeed, had shown no sign of only jubilant note that was sounded, his only voice that was raised.

"The decision is more like to guide you both to heaven," replied Sakr-el-Bahr, undaunted. On the instant he had resolved upon his course. "Stay," he said, raising his hand to Vitigello, who, indeed, had shown no sign of stirring. He stepped close up to Asad, and what he said did not go beyond those who stood immediately about the Basha and Rosamund, who strained their ears that she might lose no word of it.

"Do not think, Asad," he said, "that I will submit me like a camel to its burden. Consider thy position well. If I but raise my voice to call my seahawks to me, only Allah can tell how many will be left to obey thee. Darest thou put this matter to the test?" he asked, his countenance grave and solemn, but entirely fearless, as of a man in whom there is no doubt of the issue as it concerns himself.

Asad's eyes glittered dully, his color faded to a deathly ashen hue. "Thou informest me that I have taken gain in a thick voice, his body quivering with anger.

"Ah no, Sakr-el-Bahr interrupted him. "Were a traitor it is I who should have done already, knowing as I do that in any division of our forces, numbers will be heavily on my side. Let then my silence prove my unswerving loyalty. Asad. Let it weigh with thee in considering my conduct, nor permit thyself to be swayed by the tales that are told upon a show in which the dice might be clogged against him.

And there was peace whilst the Basha stood moodily combing his white beard, his glittering eyes sweeping from Oliver to Rosamund and back again. He was weighing what Sakr-el-Bahr had said. He mused, he feared that it might be no more than true, and he realized that if he were to provoke a mutiny here he would be putting all to the test, setting all upon a show in which the dice might be clogged against him.

If Sakr-el-Bahr prevailed, he would prevail not merely aboard this galleon, but throughout Algiers, and Asad would be cast down never to rise again. On the other hand, if he barred his scimitar and called upon the faithful to support him, it might chance that recognizing in him the exalted of Allah to whom their loyalty was due, they would rally to him. He even thought it might be probable. Yet the stake he put upon the board was too vast. The game appalled him, whom nothing yet had appalled, and it scarce needed a muttered caution from Biskaine to determine him to hold his hand.

He looked at Sakr-el-Bahr again, his glance now sullen. "I will consider thy words," he announced in a voice that was unsteady. "I would not be unjust, nor steal my converse by appearances alone. Allah forbid!"

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, June 5.—The editor of a woman's magazine asked me to write an article entitled, "The Fun of Shopping With Your Wife." I add: "Personally I think it is the most tragic experience in life." But he lives in Philadelphia.

The dressmaking establishments of Manhattan—especially those on Fifty-seventh street—are as colorful as the most gorgeous musical revue. Indeed two now offer music as the manikins strut about on the raised platform.

To those of Venetian hearts who worship color there are startling effects—and the manikins, gosh. Ziegfeld never picked fairer. I know of no person who can so successfully appear superior to women of wealth as the saleswomen in these establishments.

I saw one woman, whose name pops daily into society columns admiring herself in a summer coat before a mirror.

"Don't you think I look lovely in this?" she inquired.

"Yes, it is flattering to any one," said the saleswoman and there was something insinuating about her reply. Even the customer winced.

The proprietors are just the type you would expect. One wears ribbon bows instead of cuffs. Their hair is combed to a ball room slither. They flutter about dripping superlative phrases. Every frock is "smart" or "gorgeous."

They are known by their first names—such as Paul or Chester. Most of them have found the profession a paying one. They have created limousines and country estates and entertain lavishly. Six of them have married beauties in their establishments.

The manikins also go in for the single name. Dolores, one of the most famous, became the highest priced show girl in America and later married a nobleman. Others are called Diana, Rosalie, Gwendolyn and Anna.

Tappe, by the way, is one of the most famous of the male milliners. The name sounds French. His real name is Herman Patrick Tappe and he was born and raised in Sidney, O.

It is the custom of New Yorkers to be dogmatic and informative about New York with strangers. It seems a safe attitude to take, yet I believe the people who know New York best are the occasional visitors. The other day a man from Emporia, Kan., took me on a sightseeing excursion encompassing five blocks in which I thought I was extremely familiar. He uncovered many interesting things I knew nothing about.

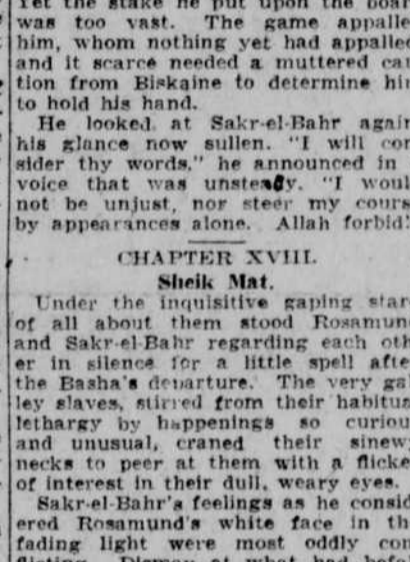
The famous Italian restaurant in Hell's Kitchen where Caruso and other operatic stars used to dine has closed. Without wine the proprietor found he could not make his place pay. It was a hard living neighborhood and was frequented by members of the banditti who cut coarse bread with stilettos, drawn from their shirts. Spaghetti and ravioli were the principle items on the menu. Steaming black coffee was served in glass tumblers and the piece de resistance was a Zucchini—the golden-syrupy and smoking mixture that was strong with the odor of boiling rum.

The nearest to Aladdin's magic palace in Gotham is the Bush Terminal tower on West Forty-second street. At night the lacy minaret flings off a golden aura of light. Above, it creates a purple haze and when the sky is studded with stars pedestrians stand at the library corner and fairly gasp at the beauty of it all.

The ugliest bit of architecture in New York is the Eighth avenue cars. It is a tumble down, gloomy pile of scarred brick. Even the sidewalk has gone to decay.

THE NEBBIS

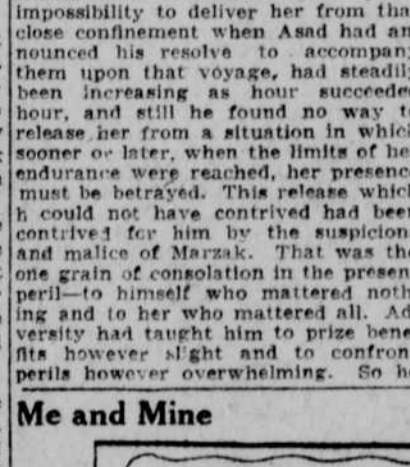
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hugged the present slender benefit, and resolutely braced himself to deal with the situation as he found it, taking the fullest advantage of the hesitancy which his words had sown in the heart of the Basha. He hugged, too, the thought that as things had fallen out, from being oppressor and oppressed, Rosamund and he were become fellows in misfortune, sharing now a common peril. He found it a sweet thought to dwell on. Therefore was it that he faintly smiled as he looked into Rosamund's white face.

That smile evoked from her the question that had been burdening her mind. "What now? What now?" she asked huskily, and held out appealing hands to him.

"Now," said he coolly, "let us be

SYSTEMATIC RUDOLPH.

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