

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

For a long spell she continued to stare at him in silence. Then she asked at last, in a small voice, "You are speaking the truth?"

He shrugged. "You will have a difficulty in perceiving the object I might serve by falsehood."

She sat down suddenly upon the divan. It was almost as if she collapsed beneath the weight of her own thoughts. She fell to weeping softly.

"And you believe that you..."

"Just so," he grimly interrupted. "You always did believe the best of me."

And on that he turned and went out abruptly.

CHAPTER XXI.

He departed from her presence with bitterness in his heart, leaving a profound contrition in her own. The sense of this last injustice to him so overwhelmed her that it became a gauge by which she measured that other earlier wrong he had suffered at her hands. Perhaps her overwrought mind falsified the perspective, exaggerating until it seemed to her that all the suffering and evil with which this chronicle has been concerned were the direct fruits of her own sin of unfaith.

Since sincere contrition must of necessity bring forth an ardent desire to atone, so was it now with her. Had he not refrained from departing so abruptly he would have had her on her knees, imploring for pardon for all the wrongs which her thoughts had done him, proclaiming her own utter unworthiness and baseness. But since his righteous resentment had driven him from her presence she could but sit and brood upon it all, considering the words in which to frame her plea for forgiveness when next he should return.

But the hours sped, and there was no sign of him. And then, almost with a shock of dread came the thought that ere long perhaps Sir John Killigrew's ship would be upon them. In her distraught state of mind she had scarcely pondered that contingency. Now that it occurred to her all her concern was for the result of it to Sir Oliver. Would there be fighting, and would he perhaps perish in that conflict at the hands either of the English or of the corsairs whom for her sake he had betrayed, perhaps without ever hearing her confession of penitence, without speaking those words of forgiveness of which her soul stood in such thirsty need?

It would be towards midnight when she was unable longer to bear the suspense of it, she rose and softly made her way to the entrance. Very quietly she lifted the curtain, and in the act of stepping forth almost stumbled over a body that lay across the threshold.

She drew back with a startled gasp, then stooped to look, and by the faint rays of the lantern on the mainmast and poop-rail she recognized Sir Oliver, and saw that he slept. She never heeded the two Nubians immovable as statues who kept guard. She continued to bend over him, and then gradually and very softly sank down on her knees beside him. There were tears in her eyes—tears wrung from her by a tender emotion of wonder and gratitude at so much fidelity. She did not know that he had slept that last night. But it was enough for her to find him now. It moved her oddly, profoundly, that this man whom she had ever mistrusted and misjudged should even when he slept make of his body a barrier for her greater security and protection.

A sob escaped her, and at the sound, so lightly and vigilantly did he take his rest, he came instantly if silently to a sitting attitude; and so they looked into each other's eyes, his swarthy, bearded hawk face on a level with her white gleaming countenance.

"What is it?" he whispered.

She drew back instantly, taken with sudden panic at that question. Then recovering, and seeking woman-like to evade and dissemble the thing she was come to do, now that the chance of doing it was afforded her, she said, "Do you think," she faltered, "that Lionel will have reached Sir John's ship?"

He flashed a glance in the direction of the divan under the awning where the Basha slept. There all was still. Besides, the question had been asked in English. He rose and held out a hand to help her to enter the poop-house, and followed her within.

"Anxiety keeps you wakeful?" he said, half-question, half-assertion.

"Indeed," she replied.

"There is scarce the need," he assured her. "Sir John will not be like to stir until dead of night, that he may make sure of taking us unawares. I have little doubt that Lionel would reach him. It is none so long a swim. Indeed, once outside the cave he could take to the land until he was abreast of the ship. Never doubt he will have done his errand."

She sat down, her glance avoiding his; but the light falling on her face showed him traces there of recent tears.

"There will be fighting when Sir John arrives?" she asked him presently.

"Like enough. But what can it avail? We shall be caught—as was said today—in just such a trap as that in which Andrea Doria caught Dragut at Jerba, saving the whilst the wily Dragut found a way on for his galleys, here none is possible. Courage, then, for the hour of your deliverance is surely at hand." He hesitated, and then a softer voice humbly almost, "It is my prayer," he added, "that heretofore in happy future these last few weeks shall come to seem no more than an evil dream to you."

To that prayer she offered no response. She sat bemused, her brow wrinkled.

"You need have no fear," he assured her. "I shall take all precautions for you. You shall remain here until all is over and the entrance will be guarded by a few whom I can trust."

"You mistake me," she replied, and looked up at him suddenly. "Do you suppose my fears are for myself?" She paused again, and then abruptly asked him, "What will befall you?"

"I thank you for the thought," he replied gravely. "No doubt I shall meet with my deserts. Let it but come swiftly when it comes."

"Ah, no, no," she cried. "Not that! And rose in her sudden agitation.

"What else remains?" he asked, and smiled. "What better fate could any one desire me?"

"You shall live to return to England," she surprised him by exclaiming. "The truth must prevail, and justice be done you."

He looked at her with so fierce and searching a gaze that she averted her eyes. Then he laughed shortly.

"There's but one form of justice I can look for in England," said he. "It is a justice administered in hemp. Believe me, mistress, I am grown too notorious for mercy. Best end it here tonight. Besides," he added, and his mockery fell from him, his tone became gloomy, "think you of my own act of treachery to these men of mine, who whatever they may be, have followed me into a score of perils and but today have shown their love and loyalty to me to be greater than their devotion to the Basha himself. I shall have delivered them to the sword. Could I survive with honor? They may be but poor heathens to you and yours, but to me they are my gallant followers, and I were a dog indeed did I survive the death to which I have doomed them."

As she listened and gathered from his words the apprehension of a thing that had hitherto escaped her, her eyes drew wide in sudden horror.

He looked at her with so fierce and searching a gaze that she averted her eyes. Then he laughed shortly.

"Is that to be the cost of my deliverance?" she asked him fearfully.

"I trust not," he replied. "I have something in mind that will perhaps avoid it."

"And save your own life as well?" she asked him quickly.

"Why waste a thought upon so poor a thing? My life was forfeit already. If I go back to Algiers you will assuredly hang me. Asad will see to it, and not all my sea-hawks could save me from my fate."

She sank down again upon the divan, and set her rocking her arms in a gesture of hopeless distress.

"I see," she said. "I see. I am bringing this fate upon you. When you sent Lionel upon that errand you voluntarily offered up your life to restore me to my own people. You had no right to do this without first consulting me. You had no right to suppose I would be a party to such a thing. I will not accept the sacrifice. I will not, Sir Oliver."

"Indeed, you have no choice, thank God!" he answered her. "But you are astray in your conclusions. It is I alone who have brought this fate upon myself. It is the very proper fruit of my insensate deed. It recalls upon me as all evil must upon him that does it." He shrugged his shoulders as if to dismiss the matter. Then in a changed voice, a voice singularly timid, soft and gentle, "It were perhaps too much to ask," said he, "that you should forgive me all the suffering I have brought you?"

"I think," she answered him, "that it is for me to beg forgiveness of you."

"Of me?"

"For my unfaith, which has been the source of all. For my readiness to believe evil of you five years ago, for having burnt unread your letter and the proof of your innocence that accompanied it."

"He smiled upon her very kindly. "I think you said your instinct guided you. Even though I had not done the thing imputed to me, your instinct

know me for evil, and your instinct was right, for evil I am—I must be. These are your own words. But do not think that I mock you with them. I have come to recognize their truth." She stretched out her hands to him. "If... if I were to say that I have come to realize the falsehood of all that..."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

ON THE BILL FILED AND THE AFFIDAVIT PRESENTED BY THE COMPLAINANT THE INJUNCTION STANDS UNTIL DATE OF TRIAL WHICH I SHALL SET FOR JUNE 16TH 1924 - IT WOULD BE UNFAIR TO KEEP THE ATTORNEY FOR THE COMPLAINANT IN THIS CITY LONGER THAN NECESSARY AS HIS TIME IS VALUABLE AND I KNOW THAT HORATIO NEBB FOR THE DEFENDANT CAN BE READY AS HE LOST HIS JOB WHEN THE INJUNCTION WAS ISSUED

THE NEBBS

RUDY'S NOW GOT A GOOD NAME FOR THE WONDER WATER

NOXAGE SUGGESTED BY F. E. GEELE YARMOUTH AND NOVA SCOTIA ALEXANDER ROSS OAKLAND CAL.

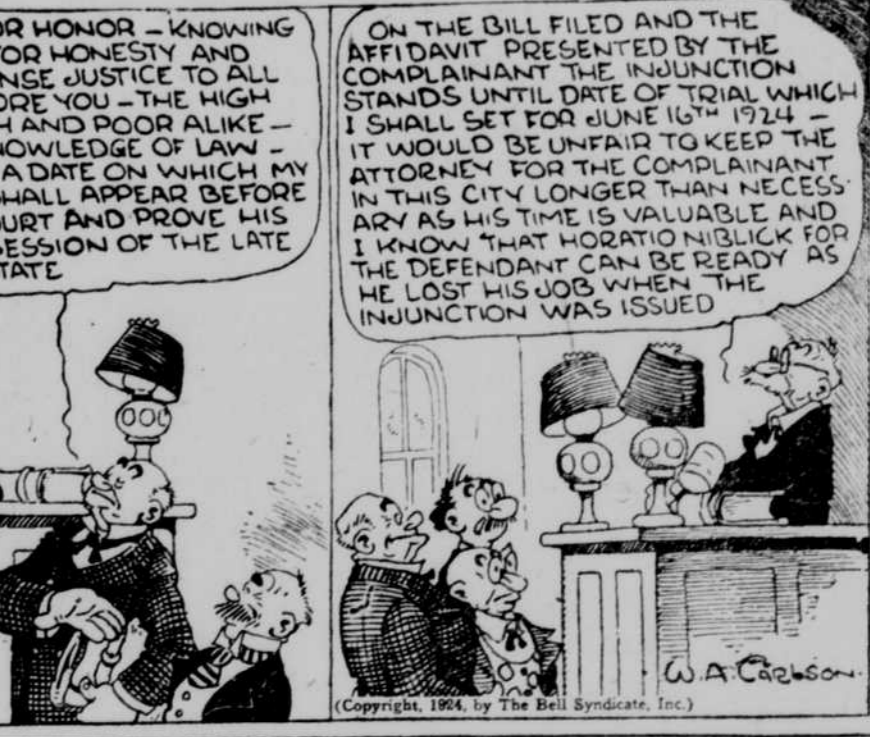
BUT WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO HIM IF SETH NEBB PUTS HIM OUT OF THE WATER BUSINESS?

6-13



JUDGE HOSEA BLUE.

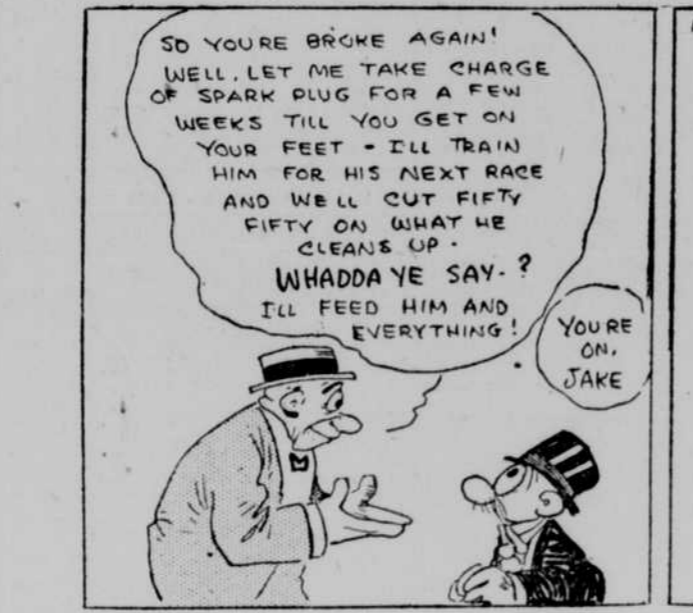
IF IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR - KNOWING YOUR REPUTATION FOR HONESTY AND ANXIETY TO DISPENSE JUSTICE TO ALL WHO APPEAR BEFORE YOU - THE HIGH AND LOW - THE RICH AND POOR ALIKE - AND YOUR KEEN KNOWLEDGE OF LAW - I ASK THAT YOU SET A DATE ON WHICH MY CLIENT SETH NEBB SHALL APPEAR BEFORE THIS HONORABLE COURT AND PROVE HIS RIGHT TO THE POSSESSION OF THE LATE OPHELIA NEBB'S ESTATE



Barney Google and Spark Plug

It Certainly Looks Like Sparky's Run His Last Race.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, June 13.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: The farthest north in swank—as white limousine and white uniformed chauffeur. The buzz of the tea rooms. Haughty peacocks doing their strut. James Montgomery Flagg. And his wide wing collar. Only one in town wider and that's Louis Mann's. Tail coats and top hats. A new theater in futurist design—arcs, waves, spirals, parabolas. A ballet dance teacher with the flaming red beard of a Norse Viking.

Crowds awaiting a prize fight gone. The moulting of the park. Caps and sweaters. And unshaven chins. A pie wagon upsets in the crush. A millinery store run by Paul and Chester. And each wears a blue velvet coat. Mercy me!

The gossiping crowd in front of the Flairs. I've no time for idle twitting. Quinn Martin, the critic, has his name in electric lights over the Winter Garden. A house with a sign on the door knob: "Lock changed—Don't Try to Come in." Some husband getting his.

Lovers strolling toward the park. Dusk is dancing down the lane. How shall I left. For, instance—the smell of frying onions. A string of brook trout. Wonder if a Childs window juggler ever eats his own batter cakes.

A textile district. Swarthy faces. Groups that labiate in many tongues. Backs bent over whirring machines. Red checked foreign girls. Who age rapidly. Yiddish extras. Sweet potatoes on sticks. Parboiled pumpkin seeds. And candy paste. Fifth avenue asphalt. As clean as a gnawed bone.

The whirl of a Broadway night. Hundreds of musicians going to orchestra pits. I always feel sorry for the fellows who have to carry French horns. After all playing a piccolo has its compensation. Still and all I'd rather beat the bass drum. Boom, boom, boom!

Down on East Seventeenth street there is an announcement on a door that a bankruptcy petition has been filed against the Bullet-Proof Vest corporation. One newspaper headlines it "Bang! Bang!" Strangely enough the concern did a good business for awhile. More people than one might imagine wanted the protection of a bullet-proof vest. Customers here, a last Side were all customers. But in the final analysis the market was limited. All those who felt the need of bullet-proof protection seem to have been supplied and so the concern had to quit.

When Blide Dudley was running a country paper in Kansas he received the following scornful letter from a subscriber: "I don't know whether I am a subscriber to your paper or not, but if I am, please stop it."

Yetta Levinson, the belle of Grand street, has left the East Side for one of the exclusive avenue dressmaking places—the kind that are known as maison something or other. Here, in gorgeous robes, she will parade for prospective customers. Here, a three years from Russia she became a saleswoman in a Grand street store and later manager of the dressmaking department. Her beauty spread up town and she was offered \$150 a week to become one of the chief manikins.

I have an office in the Times Square district that I visit perhaps three or four times a year. The last time I was there the young lady in charge asked me who I desired to see. I told her no one and departed. I don't want to get too familiar around there. Some day it might get the idea I should do a little work.

(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



JERRY ON THE JOB

TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS ONE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Second Honeyoons

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

