

THE SEA-HAWK

A Fortnightly First National Picture. Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"You speak of mercy and vengeance in a breath, Sir John? She was growing calm, her agitation was quieting and a grim sternness was replacing it.

"He made a gesture of impatience. 'What good purpose could it serve to take him to England?' he demanded. 'There he must stand his trial, and the issue is foregone. It were unnecessary to torture him.'

"The issue may be none so foregone as you suppose," she replied. Sir John took a turn in the cabin, his wits all confused. It was preposterous that he should stand and argue upon such a matter with Rosa and a grim sternness was replacing it.

"If he so urges it, we'll not deny him," he said at last, deeming it best to humor her. "We'll take him back to England if he demands it, and let him stand his trial there. But Oliver Tressilian must make any such demand."

"He passed before her, and held out his hands in entreaty. 'Come, Rosamund, my dear! You are distraught. I am indeed distraught, Sir John,' she answered, and took the hands that she extended. 'Oh, have pity!'

"What pity can I show you child? You have not to name . . . 'It is not pity for me, but pity for him that I beseech of you.'

"For him?" he cried, frowning again. "For Oliver Tressilian?"

"He dropped her hands and stood away. 'God's light!' he swore. 'You sue for pity for Oliver Tressilian, for that renegade, that incarnate devil! Oh, you are mad!' he stormed. 'Mad!' said he flung away from her, whirling his arms.

"I love him," she said simply. That answer smote him instantly still. Under the shock of a revelation he stood and stared at her again, his jaw fallen.

"You love him?" he said at last, his low breath. "You love him? You love a man who is a pirate, a renegade, the abductor of yourself and of Lionel, the man who murdered your brother?"

"He did not. 'She was fierce in her denial of it. 'I have learned the truth of that matter.'

"From his lips, I suppose," said Sir John, and he was unable to repress a sneer. "And you believed him?"

"Had I not believed him I should not have married him." "Married him?" Sudden horror

came now to temper his bewilderment. Was there to be no end to these astounding revelations? Had they reached the climax yet, he wondered, or was there still more to come? "You married that infamous villain?" he asked, and his voice was expressionless.

"I did—in Algiers on the night we landed there."

"He stood gaping at her whilst a man might count to a dozen, and then abruptly he exploded. 'It is enough!' he roared, shaking a clenched fist at the low ceiling of the cabin. 'It is enough, as God's my witness, if there were no other reason to hang him, that would be reason and to spare. You may look to me to make an end of this infamous marriage within the hour.'

"Ah, if you will but listen to me!" he pleaded.

"Listen to you?" He paused by the door to which he had stepped in his fury. Intent upon giving the word that there and then should make an end of the marriage, he turned to look at her before him, announce his fate to him and see it executed on the spot. 'Listen to you?' he repeated, scorn and anger blazing in his eyes.

"I have heard more than enough already."

"It was the Killigrew way, Lord Henry Goode assures us, pausing here at long length for one of those digressions into the history of families whose members chance to impinge upon his chronicle. 'They were,' he says, 'never an impetuous, short-tempered man of peripatetic, upright enough so far as their judgment carried them, but hampered by a lack of penetration in that direction.'

Sir John, as much in his earlier acquaintance with the Tressilians as in this present hour, certainly appears to justify his lordship of that criticism. There were a score of questions a man of perspicacity would now have asked, not one of which appears to have occurred to the knight of Arwenack. If anything arrested him upon the cabin's threshold, delayed him in the execution of the thing he had resolved upon, no doubt it was sheer curiosity as to what further extravagance Rosamund might yet have it in her mind to utter.

"This man has suffered," she told him, and was not put off by the hard laugh with which he mocked that statement. 'God alone knows what he has suffered in body and in soul for sins he never committed, much of that suffering came to him through me. I know today that he did not murder Peter. I know that but for a disloyal act of mine he would be in a position incontestably to prove it without the aid of any man. I know that he was carried off, kidnaped before ever he could clear himself of the accusation, and that as a consequence no life remains to him but the life of a renegade which he chose. Mine was the chief fault. And I must make amends. Spare him to me! If you love me . . .'

But he had heard enough. His jaw-face was flushed to a flaming purple.

"Not another word!" he blazed at her. 'It is because I am a lover of love and pity you from my heart—that I will not listen. It seems I must save you not only from that knave, but from yourself, I were false to my duty to fail to tell you of that suffering which he has endured, dead father and murdered brother aside. Anon, you shall thank me, Rosamund.' And again he turned to depart.

"Thank you?" she cried in a ringing voice. 'I shall curse you. All my life I shall loathe and hate you, hold you in my horror for a murderer if you do this thing. You fool! Can you not see? You fool!'

He recoiled. Being a man of position and importance, quick, fearless and vindictive of temperament—and also, it would seem, extremely fortunate—he had never happened to him in all his life to be so uncompromisingly and frankly judged.

"Pish!" he said, between anger and pity, 'you are mad, stark mad! Your mind's unshaken, your vision's all distorted. This fiend incarnate is become a poor victim of the evil of others, and I am become a murderer in your sight—a murderer and a fool to God's life! Bah! Anon when you are restored, when you are restored, I pray that things may once again assume their proper aspect.'

He turned, all aquiver still with indignation, and was barely in time to avoid being struck by the door which opened suddenly from without.

Lord Henry Goode, dressed—as he tells us—entirely in black, and with his gold chain of office—an ominous sign could they have read it—upon his broad chest stood in the doorway, silhouetted sharply against the flood of morning sunlight at his back. His benign face would, no doubt, be extremely grave to match the suit he had put on, but his expression will have lightened somewhat when his glance fell upon Rosamund standing there by the table's edge.

"I was overjoyed," he writes, "to find her so far recovered, and seeming so much herself again, and I expressed my satisfaction."

"She were better dead," snapped

Sir John, two hectic spots burning still in his sallow cheeks. "She is discomposed, quite." "It happens," he added soberly, "that we may require your testimony in this grave matter that is toward." He turned to Sir John. "I have hidden them bring up the prisoner for sentence. Is the ordeal too much for you, Rosamund?" "Indeed, no, my lord," she replied

readily. "I welcome it." And then back her head as one who braces herself for a trial of endurance. "No, no," cut in Sir John, protesting fiercely. "Do not heed her, Harry. She . . ."

"Considering," she interrupted, "that the chief count against the prisoner must concern his . . . his dealings with myself, surely the matter is one upon which I should be heard."

"Surely, indeed," Lord Henry agreed, a little bewildered, he confessed, "always provided you are certain it will not overtax your endurance and distress you overmuch. We could perhaps dispense with your testimony."

"In that, my lord, I assure you of that you are mistaken," she answered. "You cannot dispense with it." "Be it so, then," said Sir John grimly, and he strode back to the table, prepared to take his place there. Lord Henry's twinkling blue eyes were still considering Rosamund somewhat searchingly, his fingers fidgeting thoughtfully at his short tuft of ash-colored hair. Then he turned to the door. "Come in, gentle men," he said, "and bid them bring up the prisoner."

THE NEBBES

YESTERDAY THE ATTORNEYS FINISHED THEIR OPENING ADDRESSES TO THE JURORS AND NOW THE FIRST WITNESS THE PLAINTIFF SETH NEBB IS ON THE STAND

FIRST WITNESS—SETH NEBB—BEING QUESTIONED BY ATT. FRANKLIN NEHOC
Q—WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
A—SETH NEBB
Q—WHERE WERE YOU BORN?
A—IN THIS CITY—NORTHVILLE
Q—WHAT WAS YOUR RELATIONSHIP TO THE LATE OPHELIA NEBB?
A—NEPHEW
Q—HOW OLD ARE YOU?
A—62 LAST APRIL
Q—HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN AWAY FROM NORTHVILLE?
A—NEARLY 30 YEARS

Q—TELL THE JURY AS BRIEFLY AS POSSIBLE WHERE YOU'VE BEEN AND HOW EMPLOYED SINCE YOU LEFT NORTHVILLE UNTIL YOUR RETURN.
A—I LEFT NORTHVILLE EARLY IN APRIL 1915 JOINED A CIRCUUS AND WAS WITH THEM FOR ABOUT THREE YEARS WHEN I SHIPPED IN A TRAMP SAILING VESSEL AS ORDINARY SEAMAN—I LEFT THE BOAT AT CAPE TOWN, AFRICA—LIVED IN AFRICA FOR NEARLY FORTY YEARS—IN PRETORIA AND SALISBURY AND ZANZIBAR—ZANZIBAR THERE'S A CITY!

I OBJECT—YOUR HONOR—THIS IS IRRELEVANT! THIS HAS NO BEARING ON THIS CASE—HE IS HERE TO PROVE HIS TITLE IN THIS ESTATE—NOT TO RELATE HIS TRAVELS!
OBJECTION OVERULED! THIS MAY NOT BE EVIDENCE BUT I'M INTERESTED

YOU MAY PROCEED MR. NEBB—I'VE NEVER TRAVELED AND I'M MUCH INTERESTED IN PLACES LIKE AFRICA—YOU AINT GOT ANY SOUVENIR POSTALS OR KODAK PICTURES IN YOUR POCKET HAVE YOU?

Barney Google and Spark Plug

Yes, It's an Ill Wind That Blows No Good.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

BANK BOOK Barney Google DEPOSITS

50	300
50	800
30	3800

WELL WITH THAT 30 BUCKS I MADE YESTERDAY SUELLS MY BANK ACCOUNT TO \$ 3800. MANBE, I CAN CLEAN UP 2 BONES TODAY AND MAKE AT AN EVEN 40 THEN ILL JUST NEED \$1100 FOR SPARKY'S ENTRY FEE IN THE T-BONE STAKES.



BANK BOOK Barney Google DEPOSITS

30	300
50	800
30	3800
2	400

New York --Day by Day--

By G. O. MINTYRE.

New York, June 20.—Thoughts while strolling around New York. Broadway's noon hour rush. News, notes and jazz. Crooks and crusaders. Dead heads and poets. Weird rocco phrases. Ladies to whom men are as minutes. The unceasing drone of folly. Lavish and lethal.

How the Claridge has changed. New York's most typical cosmopolitan. Carl Kitcher. Meet taxis. A famous thief chaser. Long, lean and sardonic. Twice the underworld sent out word to "get" him. Vaudeville folk snatching hurried breakfasts.

A touch of back home—gingham frocks. The two blind brothers who sell flowers. White tiled cafeterias. As bright as a searchlight. Julius Tannen in white fannels. New summer shows with dancing girls. Wonder how I'd look in a Palm Beach suit?

There's Richard Le Gallienne. The blast of heat from subway gratings. And the sweaty street gamins fishing in them for lost coins. The lippy cry of the yep wagon barkers. "Going out—fast car to Coney and Chinatown." The patient women decoys sitting inside knitting.

Brown's old chop house. With its ancient theater programs, auto-graphed pictures of stars and staid lined walls. Billy Guard of the Met. Hamilton and his impeccable Van Dyke. The old store that has been having a "Closing Out Fire Sale" for 15 years.

Another metropolitan wonder—a horse. Shining Greely Square. Old apple women resting from their long journeys through office buildings. The venerable Waldorf carrying a caller who looks like Chauncey Depew. The after lunch lull in Fifth avenue.

Strolling garment workers. Yiddish extras. A parrot escapes from a bird store. And a cordon of police are called. New York is the most curious minded city in the world. What goes unnoticed on Main street creates wild excitement here.

One of the expert hair bobbers on Fifth avenue has a trained nubber in attendance. Half of the women who come to him to have their hair bobbed for the first time have uncontrollable bursts of grief and hysteria. The first few snips of the scissors generally cause the emotional outburst. As he takes his snips he says "Grit, grit, grit." Many women have fainted at the sudden realization their "crowning glory" was being uncrowned. One woman rushed out of his shop one day as he had half finished his work and became so hysterical an ambulance had to be called.

Theater ticket sellers they are known as "walk-aways." They are the people who walk away leaving change. The sum total of this negligible amounts to thousands of dollars yearly. When Broadway gives a benefit for Nellie Revell the theater treasurers decided to give one day's receipts of the "walk-aways" to her. It amounted to nearly \$400. Men leave more change than women. Many of the theater owners send the "walk-away" money to various actor funds.

Almost anyone can have a luncheon dinner in his honor in New York. There are at least five persons who has the idea he is popular enough for a public tribute. At one dinner given recently it was discovered that only 10 of the 150 guests knew the notish guest of the evening. They paid \$20 a plate merely to bask in his presence.

At a dinner given on lower Fifth avenue the other evening the host used a jade service. Under each plate was an electric light that gave brilliance to the beauty of the stone. It is said the dinner cost \$500 a plate, which is up to the moment the most expensive meal ever served in New York.

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

QUITE AN IMPROVEMENT.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Second Honeymoons

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

