

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Oliver advanced, none hindering until, with his hands still plighted behind him he stood towering there above his brother, so tall that his turban brushed the low ceiling of the cabin. His countenance was stern and grim.

"What is it that you ask me to forgive?" he asked.

Lionel struggled to answer, and sank back again into Sir John's arms, fighting for breath; there was a trace of blood-stained foam about his lips.

"Speak Oh, speak in God's name!" Rosamund exhorted him from the other side, and her voice was faint with agony.

He looked at her and smiled faintly. "Never fear," he whispered, "I shall speak. God has spared me to this end. Take your arms from me, Killigrew. I am the . . . the vilest of men. It . . . it was I who killed Peter Godolphin."

"My God!" cried Sir John, whilst Sir Henry drew a sharp breath of dismay and realization.

"Ah, but that is not my sin," Lionel continued. "There was no sin in that. We fought, and in self-defense I slew him—fighting fair. My sin came afterwards. When suspicion fell on Oliver, I nourished it . . . Oliver knew the deed was mine, and kept silent that he might screen me. I feared the truth might become known for all that . . . and I was jealous of him, and . . . and I had him kidnaped to be sold."

His falling voice trailed away into silence. A cough shook him, and the faint crimson foam on his lips was increased. But he rallied again, and lay there panting, his fingers plucking at the coverlet.

"Tell them," said Rosamund, who in her desperate fight for Sir Oliver's life kept her mind cool and steady and directed towards essentials, "tell them the name of the man you hired to kidnap him."

"Jasper Leigh, the skipper of the Swallow," he answered, whereupon she flashed upon Lord Henry a look that contained a gleam of triumph for all that her face was ashen and her lips trembled.

Then she turned again to the dying man, relentlessly almost in her determination to extract all vital truth from him ere he fell silent.

"Tell them," she bade him, "under what circumstances Sir Oliver sent you last night to the Silver Heron."

"Nay, there is no need to harass him," Lord Henry interposed. "He has said enough already. May God forgive us our blindness, Killigrew."

Sir John bowed his head in silence over Lionel.

"Is it you, Sir John?" whispered the dying man. "What? Still there? Ha!" he seemed to laugh faintly, then checked. "I am going . . . he muttered, and again his voice grew stronger, obeying the last flicker of his shrinking will. "Noli! I am going! . . . all that I could. Give me . . . give me thy hand!" Groaning he put forth his right.

"I should have given it you ere this but that my wrists are bound," cried Oliver in a sudden frenzy. And then exerting that colossal strength of his, he suddenly snapped the cords that plighted him as if they had been threads. He caught his brother's extended hand, and dropped upon his knees beside him. "Lionel . . . Boy!" he cried. It was as if all that had befallen in the last five years had been wiped out of existence. His fierce, relentless hatred of his half-brother, his burning sense of wrong, his parching thirst for vengeance, became on the instant all dead, buried and forgotten. More, it was as if that moment was again the weak, comely, beloved brother whom he had cherished and screened and guarded, and for whom when the day came he had sacrificed his god name, and the woman he loved, and placed his life itself in jeopardy.

"Lionel, boy!" was all that for a moment he could say. Then: "Poor lad! Poor lad!" he added. "Temptation was too strong for thee." And reaching forth he took the other white hand that lay beyond the couch, and so held both tight-clasped within his own.

From one of the ports a ray of sunshine was creeping upwards towards the dying man's face. But the radiance that now overspread it was from an inward source. Feebly he returned the clasp of his brother's hands.

"Oliver, Oliver!" he whispered. "There is none like thee! I ever knew thee as noble as I was base. Have I said enough to make you safe? Say that he will be safe now," he appealed to the others, "that no . . ."

"He will be safe," said Lord Henry stoutly. "My word on it."

"It is well. The past is past. The future is in your hands, Oliver. God's blessing on't." He seemed to collapse, to rally yet again. He smiled pensively, his mind already wandering. "That was a long swim last night—the longest I ever swam. From Penarrow to Trefusis—a fine long swim. But you were with me, Neil. Had my strength given out . . . I could have depended on you. I am still chill from it, for it was cold . . . cold . . . ough." He shuddered, and lay still.

Gently Sir John lowered him to his couch. Beyond it Rosamund fell upon her knees and covered her face, whilst by Sir John's side Oliver continued to kneel, clasping in his own his brother's chilling hands.

There ensued a long spell of silence. Then with a heavy sigh Sir Oliver folded Lionel's hands across his breast and slowly, heavily rose to his feet. The others seemed to take this for a signal. It was as if they had waited in mute and still out of deference to Oliver. Lord Henry moved softly around to Rosamund and touched her lightly upon the shoulder. She rose and went out in the wake of the

others, Lord Henry following her, and none remaining but the surgeon. Outside in the sunshine they checked. Sir John stood with bent head and hunched shoulders, his eyes upon the white deck. Timidly almost—a thing never seen before in this bold man—he looked at Sir Oliver.

"He was my brother," replied Sir Oliver solemnly. "God rest him!" Sir John, resolved, drew himself up into an attitude preparatory to receiving with dignity a rebuff should it be administered him.

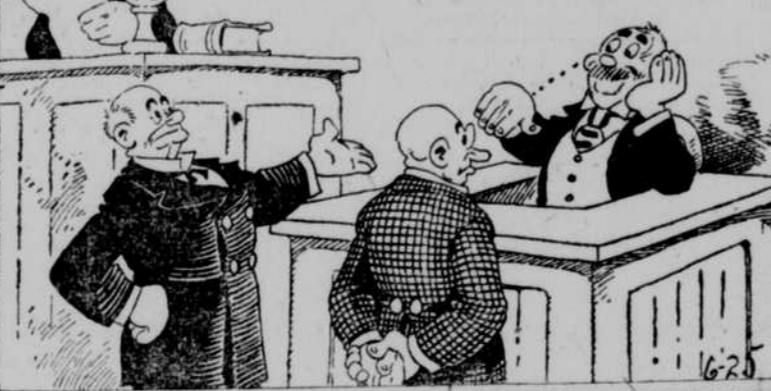
"Can you find it in your generosity, sir, to forgive me?" he asked, and his air was almost one of challenge. Silently Sir Oliver held out his hand. Sir John fell upon it almost in eagerness.

"We are like to be neighbors again," he said, "and I give you my word I shall strive to be a more neighborly one than in the past." "Then, sir," said Sir John, looking from Sir John to John Henry, "I am to understand that I am no longer a prisoner."

"You need not hesitate to return with us to England, Sir Oliver," replied his lordship. "The queen shall plead his lordship. The queen shall plead his lordship, and we have Jasper Leigh to confirm it if need be, and I will go warrantly for your complete reinstatement. Count me your friend, Sir Oliver, I beg." And he, too, held out his hand. Then, turning to the others: "Come, sir," he said. "We have duties elsewhere. I think." They tramped away, leaving Oliver and Rosamund alone. The twins looked long each at the other. There was so much to say, so much to ask, so much to explain, that neither knew with what words to begin. Then Rosamund suddenly came up to him, holding out her hands. "Oh, my dear!" she said, and that, after all, summed up a deal.

THE NEBBIS

THIS IS THE THIRD DAY SETH NEBB HAS BEEN ON THE STAND AND FROM THE TESTIMONY IT LOOKS BAD FOR HIS COUSIN RUDDOLPH. ATT. NIBLICK FOR THE PLAINTIFF: IF THE JURY FINDS THAT YOU ARE THE LEGAL MURDERER YOU ARE WILLING TO RECOMPENSE YOUR COUSIN RUDDOLPH FOR THE MONEY SPENT ON THE ESTATE. ANSWER: I CERTAINLY AM. ATT. NIBLICK: THAT'S ALL. ATT. NIBLICK FOR THE DEFENDANT: BEFORE WE START WITH THE CROSS EXAMINATION I WILL ASK THE WITNESS TO PULL OUT HIS COAT SLEEVE AND GET THE REST OF THE TESTIMONY FROM MEMORY.



NITRO NIBLICK.

Q. WHEN DID YOU DISCOVER YOUR GREAT LOVE FOR NORTHVILLE AND YOUR LATE AUNT? AFTER RUDDOLPH NEBB DISCOVERED — AND BY HIS GENIUS AND BUSINESS ABILITY FOUND A PROFITABLE MARKET FOR THIS ALL CURING WATER I A. NO — JUST AS SOON AS I WAS FINANCIALLY ABLE TO RETIRE AND HAD WOUND UP MY INTERESTS IN AFRICA. Q. IN ALL THE TIME THAT YOU WERE AWAY DID YOU CONTRIBUTE ONE CENT TO THE SUPPORT OF YOUR AUNT? A. NO. Q. ISN'T IT TRUE THAT THIS CORRESPONDENCE WAS BROUGHT ABOUT BY A LETTER TO OPHELIA NEBB SAYING HER NEPHEW WAS IN TROUBLE AND NEEDED MONEY? A. I BELIEVE IT WAS.



Q. WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE WAS THIS NEPHEW IN? A. FINANCIAL. Q. ISN'T IT TRUE HE WAS HELD FOR A BOARD BILL WHICH HIS AUNT OPHELIA PAID BY PLACING A MORTGAGE ON HER HOME? A. I WAS SICK AND COULDN'T PAY IT AT THE TIME. Q. I ARRANGED FOR THE SENDING OF THIS MONEY FOR OPHELIA NEBB AND I WAS GIVEN TO UNDERSTAND THAT HER NEPHEW WAS BUSILY ENGAGED SOFTENING ROCKS WITH A HAMMER WHILE WAITING FOR THIS MONEY? AT THIS POINT ATT. NIBLICK OBJECTED TO THIS LINE OF QUESTIONING. OBJECTION SUSTAINED BY THE JUDGE.



ATTORNEY NIBLICK FINISHED HIS CROSS EXAMINATION BEFORE COURT JURY. HE ATTACKED THE WITNESS BITTERLY WITHOUT ANY SEEMING ADVANTAGE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug



BARNEY ISN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES.



10:00 A.M.: BARNEY GOOGLE DEPOSITS GOOD SAMARITAN'S CHECK FOR FIFTY SMACKS AND NOW HAS \$7.80 TO HIS CREDIT - \$62.20 MORE IS NEEDED TO ENTER THE T-BONE STAKES.

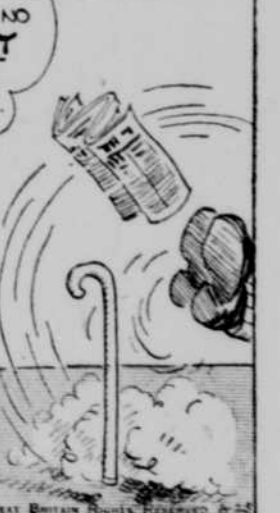
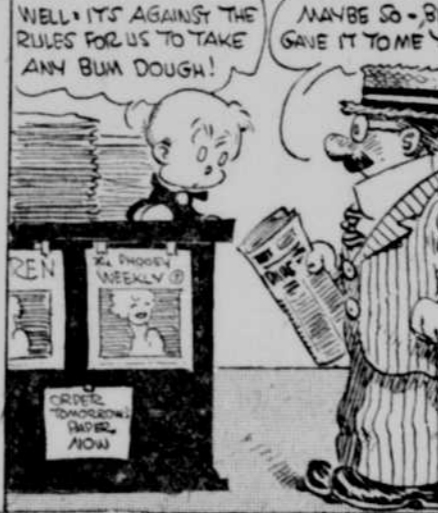
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

BRINGING UP FATHER



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

JERRY ON THE JOB



RULES IS RULES.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

Abe Martin



We don't look for much reform as long as sensible people are outnumbered ten to one. Miss Pearl Moots had her hair undermined t' day.

INDIAN WAR VETERAN DIES

Sidney, Neb., June 24.—Hugh McFadden, one of the early pioneers of Nebraska, died in Roseburg, Ore., June 16. Mr. McFadden was a veteran of the civil and Indian wars and fought against the Indians with the famous "Buffalo Bill." He is survived by his widow, six daughters and one son. Burial was in Sidney, Neb.

Me and Mine

I'VE GOT IT STRAIGHT FROM THE FRONT THAT THE MAN WHO'LL LEAD THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET IS NO OTHER THAN OLD TRUBY-SELLERS HIMSELF.

LISTEN—I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT THE NOMINEE IS JASON SMART. THEY'VE SETTLED ON HIM AS THE BIG SURPRISE. DON'T SAY I TOLD YOU—

WHY IF THEY PUT UP SELLERS COULDGE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE— THEY WANT ME TO RUN HIS CAMPAIGN. OF COURSE I'LL GET EITHER A CABINET JOB OR AN AMBASSADORSHIP.

OF ALL THE BLOW-HARDS THAT BOY BEATS 'EM ALL I'M A FOOL TO STAND AND LISTEN TO HIS CHATTER.

JIM WOULDN'T BE A BAD GUY IF IT WASN'T FOR HIS CONSTANT WINDJAMMING—

MAKING A GREAT RUN— HE HAS ALL THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A GREAT LEADER— HE'S A PERSONAL FRIEND OF MINE AND NATURALLY HE'D TAKE CARE OF ME IF ELECTED.

The other day I talked over the radio from Aeolian hall. As a speaker I am the w. w.—world's worst. Yet they had an idea that is excellent. I didn't know I was talking for other ears. I sat in a room and had a talk with the director. "I am ready," I finally told him. "You're through," he said. He had broadcast our ordinary casual conversation—announcing me before I entered the room. I didn't know what I said but whatever it was was far better than a set speech.

A famous New York neurologist says nothing makes for peace and repose like having a swimming gold fish in the room. He says it induces thought and contemplation.

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



By Briggs

One Lesson Was Enough.

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