THE SEA-HAWK
By Rajael Sabatini.

The Indianate grace for so cannot control the famous Torrigiani. This house of such a startling to the supervision of the famous Torrigiani. This house of such a startling to the company land the mischance to kill a man in a both of them. To the fugitive, Ralph tor a residence that was a marvel was set in a projecting wing and the mischance to kill a man in a both of them. To the fugitive, Ralph tor a residence that was a marvel was set in a projecting wing and the mischance to kill a man in a both of them. To the fugitive, Ralph tor a residence that was a marvel was set in a projecting wing and the mischance to kill a man in a both of them. To the fugitive, Ralph tor a residence that was a marvel was set in a projecting wing and linventately partial to the company landish district. There arose and outer linversately partial to the company landish district. There arose and sustained the was no more described in the supervision of the gifted engil investment of grace in that crude age and outer linversately partial to the company landish district. There arose and bactory, the service by offering to rebuild rigiani, a noble two-storpic mansion the sequences of that murderous deed unsurplined the very of its content of the function of the projecting wing and linversately partial to the company landish district. There arose and bactory, the service by offering to rebuild rigiani, a noble two-storpic mansion the beauty of the service by offering to rebuild rigiani, a noble two-storpic mansion the beauty of the service by offering to rebuild rigiani, a noble two-storpic mansion the light and sunshine by the enored the was on more designation. The final projecting wing and linversately partial to the company landish district. There arose and outer down nor the district them to the result of grace in that crude age and outer down nor projecting wing and linversately partial to the company landish district. There arose and search the result of grace in that crude age and outer down nor Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

mooth and happy course.

den fashioned out of the tangled wilderness about the old house that had crowned the heights above Penarrow point. To the labors of Bagnolo, time and nature had added their own. Bagnolo had cut there handsome. their own. Bagnolo had cut those handsome esplanades, had built those noble balustrades bordering the those noble balustrades bordering the knight's intent.

those noble balustrades bordering the three terraces with their fine connecting flights of steps; himself he had planned the fountain, and with his own hands had carved the granite faun presiding over it and the dozen other statues of nymphs and sylvan gods in a marble that gleamed in white brilliance amid the dusky green. But time and nature had smoothed the lawns to a velvet surface, had thickened the handsome boxwood hedges, and thrust up those black spear-like poplars that completed the very Italianate appearance of that Cornish demesne.

"Therefore," said he ironically, "I hope you will be patient with my shortcoming. Nick, a chair for Master Godolphin and another cup. I bid you welcome to Penarrow."

A sneer flickered over the younger man's white face. "You pay me a compliment, sir, which I fear 't is not mine to return to you."

"Time enough for that when I come to seek it," said Sir Oliver. with easy, if assumed, good, humor.

"When you come to seek it," "The hospitality of your house," "The hospitality of your house,"

of that Cornish demesne.

Sir Oliver took his ease in his dining-room considering all this as it was displayed before him in the mellowing September sunshine, and found it all very good to see, and life very good to live. Now no man has same gesture he waved the servant every been known so to find life with.

ever been known so to find life with-out some immediate cause, other than that of his environment, for his op-timism. Sir Oliver had several causes. ever been known so to find life without some immediate cause, other than that of his environment, for his optimism. Sir Oliver had several causes. The first of these—although it was one which he may have been far from suspecting—was his equipment of youth, wealth, and good digestion;

youth, wealth, and good digestion; the second was that he had achieved be happy to forego.

youth, wealth, and good digestion; the second was that he had achieved honor and renown both upon the Spanish Main and in the late harrying of the Invincible Armada—or, more aptly perhaps might it be said, in the harrying of the late Invincible Armada—and that he had received in that the twenty-fifth year of his life the honor of knighthood from the Virgin Queen; the third and last contributor to his pleasant mood—and I have reserved it for the end as I count this to be the proper place for the most important factor—was Dan Cupid who for once seemed compounded entirely of benignity and who had so contrived matters that Sir Oliver's wooing of Mistress Rosamund Godolphin ran an entirely smooth and happy course.

So then Sir Oliver set at his case.

mooth and happy course.

So, then, Sir Oliver sat at his ease knee.

By nature Sir Oliver was a shrewd fellow ("cunning as 20 devils," is my Lord Henry's phrase) and he was also a man of some not inconsiderable learning. Yet neither his natural wit nor his acquired endowments appear to have taught him that of all the gods that rule the destines of mankind there is none more ironic and malicious than that same Dan Cupid in whose honor, as it were, he was now burning the incense of that pipe of his. The ancients knew that innocent-seeming boy for a cruel, impish knave or did not heed that sound plece of ancient wisdom. It was to

pish knave or did not heed that sound plece of ancient wisdom. It was to be borne in upon him by grim experience, and even as his light pensive eyes smiled upon the sunshine that flooded the terrace beyond the long mullioned window, a shadow fell athwart it which he little dreamed to be symbolic of the shadow that was even falling across the sunshine of his life.

After that shadow came the substance—tall and gay of raiment under a broad black Spanish hat decked with blood-red plumes. Swinging a long beribboned cane the figure passed the windows, stalking deliberately as fate.

"Yon?" quoth Sir Oliver, and looked him over with good-humoured contempt. "I'm no butcher of fiedgelings. my lad. Besides, you are your sister's brother, and 't is no aim of mine to increase the obstacles already in my path." Then his tone changed. He leaned across the table. "Come, now peter. What is at the root of all this matter? Can we not compose such differences as you conceive exist? Out with them. It is no aim of mine to increase the obstacles already in my path." Then his tone changed. He leaned across the table. "Come now peter. What is at the root of all this matter? Can we not compose such differences as you conceive exist? Out with them. It is no aim of mine to increase the obstacles already in my path." Then his tone changed. He leaned across the table. "Come now peter. What is at the root of all this matter? Can we not compose such differences as you conceive exist? Out with them. 'I is no aim of mine to increase the obstacles already in my path." Then his tone changed. He leaned across the table. "Come now peter. What is at the root of all this matter? Can we not compose such differences as you conceive exist? Out with them. 'I is no aim of mine to increase the obstacles already in my path." Then his tone changed. He leaned across the table. "Come now peter. What is at the root of all this matter? Can we not compose such differences as you conceive exist? Out with them. 'I is no aim of mine to increase the obstacles alrea

beribboned cane the figure passed the windows, stalking deliberately as fate.

The smile perished on Sir Oliver's lips. His swarthy face grew thoughtful, his black brows contracted until no more than a single deep furrow stood between them. Then slowly the smile came forth again, but no longer that erstwhile gentle pensive smile. It was transformed into a smile of resolved and determination, a smile that tightened his lips even as his brows relaxed, and invested his brooding eyes with a gleam that was mocking, crafty and almost wicked.

Came Nicholas his servent to announce Master Peter Godolphin, and close upon the lackey's heels came Master Godolphin himself, leaning upon his berribboned cane and carrying his broad Spanish hat. He was a tall, slender gentleman, with a shaven, handsome countenance, stamped with an air of haughtiness; like Sir Oliver, he had a high-bridged, intrepid nose, and in age he was the younger by some two or three years. He wore his auburn hair rather long.

Omaha Bee by Hershfield

brother. Out with your plaints, then.

Et us be frank and friendly."

"Friendly?" The other sneered again. "Our fathers set us ap example in that."

"Does it matter what our fathers did? More shame to them if, being neighbors, they could not be friends. Shall we follow so deplorable an example?"

"You'll not impute that the fault lay with my father." cried the other, with a show of ready anger.

"Swounds!" "Swounds

ings to your own father with whom no man of honor could have lived in peace.

"Softly, softly, good sir.

"There's no call to go softly. Ralph Tressilian was a dishonor, a scandal to the countryside. Not a hamlet between here and Truro, or between here and Helston, but swarms with big Tressilian noses like your own. in memory of your debauched parent." Sir Oliver's eyes grew narrower; he smiled. "I wonder how you came by your nose?" he wondered.

Master Godolphin got to his feet in a passion, and his chair crashed over behind him. "Sir," he blazed, "you insult my mother's memory!"

Sir Oliver laughed. "I make little free with it, perhaps, in return for your pleasantries on the score of my father."

Master Godolphin pondered him in

Master Godolphin pondered him in speechles anger, then swayed by his passion he leaned across the board, raised his long cane and struck Sir

Oliver sharply across the shoulder.
That done, he strode off magnificently towards the door. Half-way thither he paused.
"I shall expect your friends and the length of your sword," said he.
Sir Oliver laughed again. "I don't think I shall trouble to send them," said he.

Master Godolphin wheeled, fully to ace him again. "How? You will face him again. take a blow?"

Sir Oliver shrugged. "None saw it

given," said he.
"But I shall publish it abroad that

"But I shall publish it abread that I have caned you."

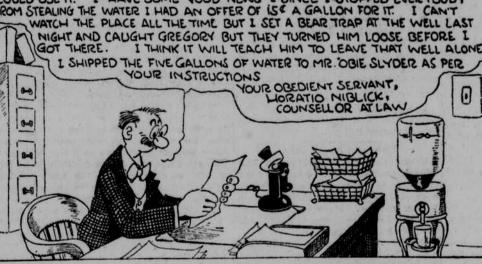
"You will publish yourself a liar if you do; for none will believe you."
Then he changed his tone yet again. "Come. Peter, we are behaving unworthily. As for the blow, I confess that I deserved it. A man's mother is more sacred than his father. So we may core suite on the recover. Can we may cry quits on that score. Can we not cry quits on all else? What can it profit us to perpetuate a foolish quarrel that sprang up between our fathers?"

"There is more than that between us." answered Master Godolphin "I'll not have my sister wed a pirate." "A pirate? God's light! I am glad there's none to hear you, for since her grace has knighted me for my doings upon the seas, your words go very mear treason. Surely lad, what the queen approves, Master Peter Godolphin may approve and even your mentor Sir John Killigrew. d'ou've been listening to him. T

FAITHFUL FIDO.

THE NEBBS JUST ONE LETTER FOR YOU THIS MR. SANSOM MORNING, MR. NEBB

MR. RUDOLPH NEBB I WANT TO REPORT THAT WORK ON YOUR ESTATE IS DEAR SIR :-PROGRESSING AS SLOWLY AS POSSIBLE UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF NOAH BEAK I SPEND SOME TIME AT THE PLACE EACH DAY. THE WANTON WASTE OF TIME AND
MATERIAL IS HEART-BREAKING. I CAUGHT NOAH SNEAKING HOME WITH A BASKET
OF LUMBER. HE CALLED IT KINDLING WOOD! I TOLD HIM WHATEVER IT WAS WE
COULD USE IT. I HAVE SOME GOOD NEWS - SINCE I STOPPED EVERYBODY
FROM STEALING THE WATER I HAD AN OFFER OF IS A GALLON FOR IT. I CAN'T
WATCH THE PLACE ALLTHETIME BUT I SET A BEAR TRAP AT THE WELL LAST MIGHT AND CAUGHT GREGORY BUT THEY TURNED HIM LOOSE BEFORE I GOT THERE. I THINK IT WILL TEACH HIM TO LEAVE THAT WELL ALONE. I SHIPPED THE FIVE GALLONS OF WATER TO MR. OBIE SLYDER AS PER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS



IT'S A SHAME RESPONSIBILITY-THAT OLD DAME FORTUNE DIDN'T GRAB HIM BY THE HAND AND STICK HIM IN THE BASEMENT OF OPPORTUNITY. OH WELL FULL MANY A FLOWER IS BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN AND WASTE ITS SWEETNESS ON THE DESERT AIR

HE'S A MARVELOUS REPRESENTATIVE -

HORATIO NIBLICK! SUCH DEVOTION TO

Barney Google and Spark Plug

THAT ALL DEPENDS!

WHEN THE TRAIN

ON THE REAR PLAT

FORM AND GIVE THE

MOB THE ONCE OVER . YOU SEE ME

OPEN MY VEST PULL

OH! HOM!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH

THE WHISTLE QUICK I'VE BEEN IN THIS TOWN

YEP -- WE'RE PULLING INTO

AY THERE'S A BIG CROWD

THE DEPOT .

WANT THE SPECIAL

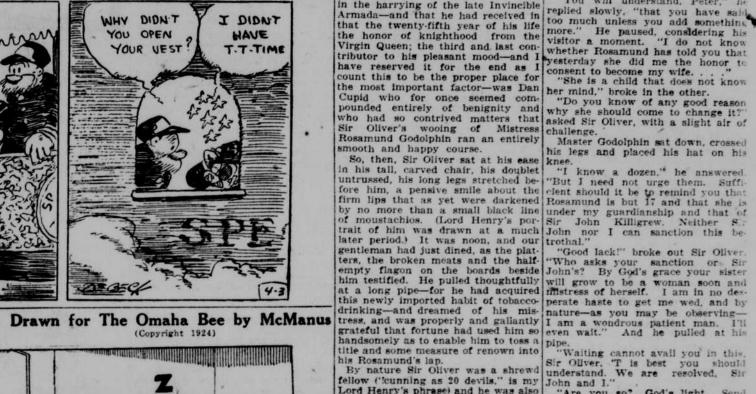
HOW LONG D'YE

TO STAY HERE !

Barney Is Struck by a Very Forceful Reminder.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck





BRINGING UP FATHER

WELCOME

TO ST. LOUIS

FOR BARNEY

GOOGLE .

HOO RAY !

OUT AND

GIVE US YO

GAB -

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



JERRY ON THE JOB

TAKE A LOOK AT

LET'S HAVE AN INVESTIGATION.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



HERE'S A LOVE LETTER

Wonder What the Wife of a Movie Hero Thinks About?

THEM DREAD

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

HERE HE IS AS BEAUREGARD LEE, THE A COWBOY MAKE-UP! MY STARS! I THINK IF HE SAW A COW HE'D THAT PHOTOGRAPH OF FROM A GIRL THAT SAYS "YOU ARE MY DASHING YOUNG HERO IN A ROMANCE OF THE MY HUSBAND! YOU'D · NOTIIM TAHT , NO YOOH TWO GUN PETE! GEE IDEAL, MY HERO "--THINKI HE WAS A I PAY THAT BOY HEAVY ENOUGH SOUTH - OH - H - H CLOSE RELATION TO SHE OUGHT TAKE A WAGES, SO HE SHOULD BE AROUND A SAINT -- HE'S A HOT SKETCH PIFFLE! WHIZ! IF A GUN WENT LOOK AT HIM SOME MORNING REAL BARLY-OFF BEHIND HIS BACK. AND NOT LEAVE ME ALONE! HE'D FAINT AWAY HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYBODY'S HERO ILL TELL THE WORLD HONESTLY CAN YOU BEAT IT -- SHE CALLS HIM THE HANDSOMEST HERE'S ANOTHER ONE HERE'S AN INTERVIEW HERE'S A GIRL WHO THAT QUOTES HIM AS SAYS " HOW LUCKY IS WRITES "YOU ARE I'LL TELL YOU, REBA -WHY THE THE WOMAN WHO IS ADORABLE, MY SOUL -YOUR WIFE, CONSTANTLY HIS LITTLE WIFE AND MILTON AIN'T SHOWED MAN IN THE WORLD --MATE SHE CAN GLOOM, ABE BY YOUR SIDE, HAPPY HOME ! HE HASN'T UP AND I HAD TO DE . BEEN HOME FOR SIX DARLING ?? LIVER A PACKAGE MYSELF WITH YOUR CARESSES A STRUGGLE MONTHS THE STIFF THAT'S A HOT ONE AS I WAS LEAVING, THE WHAT I THINK OF HIS NOMAN OFFERED ME A DIME !!



Keeping Up Appearances.

