

# THE SEA-HAWK

By Rafael Sabatini.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)  
 "I am no man's lackey," answered the other hotly, resenting the imputation—and resenting it the more because of the truth in it.  
 "To call me a pirate is to say a foolish thing. Hawkins with whom I sailed has also received the accolade of scuttled ships and the price of slaves captured in Africa and sold to the plantations, rich as the vampire is glutted—with the blood of dead men."  
 "These Sir John say that?" asked Sir Oliver in a soft deadly voice.  
 "I say it."  
 "I heard you; but I am asking where you heard that pretty lesson. Is Sir John your protector?" He is.  
 "Rich with the fruits of thieving upon the seas, rich with the treasures of scuttled ships and the price of slaves captured in Africa and sold to the plantations, rich as the vampire is glutted—with the blood of dead men."  
 "These Sir John say that?" asked Sir Oliver in a soft deadly voice.  
 "I say it."  
 "I heard you; but I am asking where you heard that pretty lesson. Is Sir John your protector?" He is.  
 "Rich with the fruits of thieving upon the seas, rich with the treasures

of scuttled ships and the price of slaves captured in Africa and sold to the plantations, rich as the vampire is glutted—with the blood of dead men."  
 "These Sir John say that?" asked Sir Oliver in a soft deadly voice.  
 "I say it."  
 "I heard you; but I am asking where you heard that pretty lesson. Is Sir John your protector?" He is.  
 "Rich with the fruits of thieving upon the seas, rich with the treasures

with him. Meanwhile let me disclose to you the pure and disinterested source of Sir John's ransom. You shall see what an upright and honest gentleman is Sir John, who was your father's friend and has been your guardian."  
 "I'll not listen to what you say of him."  
 "Nay, but you shall, in return for having made me listen to what he

says of me. Sir John desires to obtain a license to build at the mouth of the Fal. He hopes to see a town spring up about the haven there under the shadow of his own manor of Arwenack. He represents himself as not only disinterested and all concerned for the prosperity of the country, and he neglects to mention that the land is his own and that of his

family which he is concerned to foster. We met in London by a fortunate chance while Sir John was about this business at the court. Now it happens that I, too, have interests in Truro and Penryn; but, unlike Sir John, I am honest in the matter, and proclaim it. If any growth should take place about Smithick it follows from its more advantageous situation that Truro and Penryn must suffer, and that suits me as little as the other matter would suit Sir John. I told him so, for I can be blunt, and I told the queen in the form of a counterpetition to Sir John's. He shrugged. The moment was propitious to me. I was one of the seamen who had helped to conquer the unconquerable Armada of King Philip. I was therefore not to be denied, and Sir John was sent home as empty-handed as he went to court. I marvel that he hates me? Knowing him for what he is, I marvel that he dares me pirate and worse? It is natural enough so to misrepresent my doings upon the sea, since it is those doings that have afforded me the power to hurt his profit. He has chosen the weapons of calumny for this combat, but those weapons are not mine, as I shall show him this very day. If you do not credit what I say, come with me and be present at the little talk I hope to have with that curmudgeon, Lord Godolphin. "You forget," said Master Godolphin, "that I, too, have interests in the neighborhood of Smithick, and that you are hurting those."  
 "Sober!" cried Sir Oliver. "Now at last the sun of truth peeps forth from all this cloud of righteous indignation at my bad Tressilian blood and pirate's ways! You told me but a trafficker. Now see what a fool am I to have believed you sincere, and to have stood here in talk with you as with an honest man. His voice swelled and his lip curled in a contempt that struck the other like a blow. "I swear I had not wasted breath with you, had I known you for so mean and pitiful a fellow."  
 "These words..." began Master Godolphin, drawing himself up very stiffly.  
 "Are a deal less than your deserts," cut in the other, and he raised his voice to call—"Nick!"  
 "You shall answer to them," snapped his visitor.  
 "I am answering now," was the stern answer. "To come here and prate to me of my dead father's disolute and of an ancient quarrel between him and yours, to boast of my trumped-up course of piracy and my own ways of life as a just cause why I may not need your scouter, and to rear your consoling in your mind, the real spur to your hostility is no more than the matter of some few paltry pounds a year that I hinder you from pocketing. A God's name, get you gone."  
 Nick entered at that moment.  
 "You shall hear from me again, Sir Oliver," said the other, white with anger. "You shall account to me for these words."  
 "I do not fight with... with hucksters," flashed Sir Oliver. "It's your date call me that!"  
 "Indeed, it is to discredit an honorable class, I confess it, Nick, the door for Master Godolphin."

"There will be trouble, Oliver."  
 "So there will—for him. If a man must be sailing of me this I am a pirate, a slave-dealer, a murderer, a man who knows what else, he must be ready for the consequences. But you are late, Lal. Where have you been?"  
 "I rode as far as Malpas."  
 "As far as Malpas?" Sir Oliver's eyes narrowed, as was the trick with him. "I hear it whispered what must not draw you further, he said; and weary, hey. You go too much to Malpas."  
 "How?" quoth Lionel a trifle coldly.  
 "I mean that you are your father's son. Remember it, and strive to follow in his ways lest they bring you to his own end. I have just been reminded of these predictions of his good Master Peter. Go not over often to Malpas, I say. So more. But the arm which he flung about the younger brother's shoulders and the warmth of his embrace made resentment of his warning quite impossible. When he was gone, Lionel sat down to dine, with Nick to wait on him. He ate not little, and never addressed the old servant in the course of that brief repast. He was very pensive. In thought he followed his brother on the evening visit of his to Arwenack. Killigrew was no babe, but a man of his hands, a soldier and a seaman. If any harm should come to Oliver... He trembled at the thought; and then almost despite him his mind ran on to calculate the consequences to himself. His fortunes would be in a very different case, he reflected. In a sort of horror, he sought to put so detestable a reflection from his mind; but it returned insistently. It would not be denied. It forced him to a consideration of his own circumstances.  
 Last that he had he owed to his brother's bounty. That disolute father of theirs had died as such men commonly die, leading behind him heavily encumbered estates and many debts; the very house of Penryn was mortgaged, and the moneys raised on it had been drunk, or gambled, or spent on one or another of Ralph Tressilian's rash projects.  
 Oliver had sold some little property near Helston, inherited from his mother; he had sunk the money into a venture upon the Spanish Main. It had fitted out and manned a ship, and had sailed with Hawkins upon one of those ventures, which Sir John Killigrew was perfectly entitled to account to his brother. He had returned with enough plunder in specie and gems to disencumber the Tressilian patrimony. He had sailed again and returned with still more. And meanwhile, Lionel had remained at home taking his ease. He loved his ease. His nature was inherently indolent, and he had tested extravagance and tastes that usually go with indolence.  
 (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## THE NEBBS

## ANANIAS II.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



## Barney Google and Spark Plug

This Ritzy Traveling Is Telling on Barney.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



## 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

LITTLE CONSOLER.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



## Second Honeymoon

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



## New York -- Day by Day --

By O. O. M'INTYRE.  
 New York, April 4.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: Fifty-avenue suitcases. No to wear mannequin's promenade. Here's where producers hunt for beautiful show girls. And where most of the fine frocks and hats are made.  
 Smart ladies in riding togs waiting under the porte cochere for mounts. Lazy and languid women with wolf-hounds and snarling Fokker Fawn while I titter behind my fan! But there's a man with pink spats.  
 Marked down permanent waves. The Floradora apartments. Who remembers when they used to call the bicycle a safety? A narrow cobble-street. Rich in color and lawfulness. The swan lake in Central park. Where young city lovers go to look at the moon. O, to be young again.  
 Now for a top seat on a bus. The fellow next to me has a suspicious bulging suitcase. The meeting man Forty-second street. A stenographer weeping at a second story window. Poor girl!  
 The travel bureaus on the lower avenue. Displaying posters of palm trees. Turquoise skies. Pink coral reefs. Frivolous romances head about cartwheeling. Jane Costello enjoying a brisk walk. At least I suppose she's enjoying it. A shop that sells books and dogs. Both fine friends.  
 Enough of the bus. Too chilly up here. The old Flatiron building looks tarnished. The queer haunts of West Twenty-third street. An East Indian physiognomist. Spook parlors—where you learn your departed grandmother plays a tamborine. A Swedish alchemist.  
 Lafayette street. (We are here!) Mail trucks that kill and maim. Sidewalk card writers. Old women with withered lips. In no city are the aged so neglected as here. Pushcart men in constant dread of the police. A hot dog station. The walk is over. Woof! Woof!  
 In one of the midnight supper clubs where at intervals the lights are turned very low patrons enjoyed something in startling effects the other night. A woman in a glittering black dress was dancing when the lights were dimmed. Suddenly her curly black hair seemed to glow with a phosphoric iridescence. It was a sort of greenish, silvery halo—weld and rather breathtaking. She proved to be the proprietress of a celebrated beauty parlor who is trying to introduce a new fashion. The effect was brought about by a lotion containing some luminous property.  
 Light pea green cloth is the prevailing shade of suiting for men this spring. Green hats, too, are to be the cat's meow. For those who wish to further in the one-tone idea there are green shirts with collars to match, green ties, green socks and black shoes with green cloth tops. An ocean voyage might furnish the pea green complexion to complete the color scheme.  
 "Why don't you stop trying to be funny," writes one who signs himself Enthusiastic Reader, and adds "you are only interesting when you use your power of description." That may be true, E. R., and thanks for the trade last, but we were funny this morning—at least to our wife—when we missed the breakfast table chair and were brought for a moment to two unshelled soft boiled eggs in our hair.  
 Being Scotch, however, I managed to salvage something out of the wreckage. After the breakfast table calamity I went to the bathroom and with what remained of the eggs in the hair had a most excellent egg shampoo. The barber charges 75 cents for that.  
 New York in a few years will rival the hanging gardens of Babylon. All high buildings in the future must have terraced lawns, and obligatorily by the zoning law. These levels are being filled with open air gardens, theaters, concert halls and churches.  
 (Copyright, 1924.)