THE SEA-HAWK

By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

CHAPTER IV.

The parson had notions of riding after Sir Oliver, and begged Master Baine to join him. But the justice looked down his long nose and opined that no good purpose was to be served; that Tressilians were ever wild and bloody men; and that an angry Tressilian was a thing to be avoided. Sir Andrew, who was far from valorous, thought there might be wisdom in the justice's words, and remembered that he had troubles enough of his own with a forward wife without taking up the burdens of others. Master Godolphin and Sir Oliver, between them, quoth the justice, had got up this storm of theirs. A God's name let them settle it, and if in the settling they should cut each other's throats haply the countryside would be well rid of a brace of turbulent fellows. The pedler deemed them a couple of madmen, whose ways were beyond the understanding of a sober citizen. The others—the fishermen and the rustics—had not the means to follow even had they had the will.

They dispersed to put abroad the news of that short furious quarrel and to prophesy that blood would be let in the adjusting of it. This prognostication they based entirely upon their knowledge of the short Tressilian way. But it was a matter in which they were entirely wrong. It is true that Sir Oliver went galloping along that road that follows the Penryn river and that he pounded over the bridge in the town of Penryn in Master Godolphin's wake with murder in his heart. Men who saw him riding wildly thus with the red wheal across his white furious face said that he looked a very devil.

He crossed the bridge at Penryn a half-hour after sunset, as dusk was closing into night, and it may be the sharp, frosty air had a hand in the cooling of his blood. For as he reached the river's eastern bank he slackened his breakneck pace, even as he slackened the angry galloping of his thoughts. The memory of that oath he had sworn three months ago to Rosamund smote him like a physical blow. It checked his purpose, and, reflecting this, his pace fell to an amble. He shivered to think how near he had gone to wrecking all the happiness that lay ahead of him. What was a boy's whip-lash, that his resentment of it should set all his future life in jeopardy? Even though men should call him a coward for submitting to it and leaving the insult unavenged, what should that matter? Moreover, upon the body of him who did so proclaim him he could brand the lie of a charge so foolish. Sir Oliver raised his eyes to the deep sapphire dome of heaven where an odd star was glittering frostily, and thanked God from a swelling heart that he had not overtaken Peter Godolphin whilst his madness was upon him.

A mile or so below Penryn he turned up the road that ran down to the ferry there, and took his way home over the shoulder of the hill with a slack rein. It was not his usual way. He was wont ever to go round by Trefusis Point that he might take a glimpse at the walls of the house that harbored Rosamund and a glance at the window of her bower. But tonight he thought the shorter road over the hill would be the safer way. If he went by Godolphin Court he might chance to meet Peter again, and his past anger warned him against courting such a meeting, warned him to avoid it lest evil should betide. Indeed, so imperious was the warning, and such were his fears of himself after what had just passed, that he resolved to leave Penarrow on the next day. Whither he would go he did not then determine. He might repair to London, and he might even go upon another cruise—an idea which he had lately dismissed under Rosamund's earnest intercession. But it was imperative that he should quit the neighborhood, and place a distance between Peter Godolphin and himself until such time as he might take Rosamund to wife. Eight months or so of exile; but what matter? Better so than that he should be driven into some deep that would compel him to spend his whole lifetime apart from her. He would write, and she would understand and approve when he told her what had passed that day.

The resolve was firmly implanted in him by the time he had reached Penarrow, and he felt himself uplifted by it and by the promise it afforded him that thus his future happiness would be assured.

Himself he stabled his horse; for of the two grooms he kept, one had by his leave set out yesterday to spend Christmas in Devon with his parents, the other had taken a chill and had been ordered to bed that very day by Sir Oliver, who was considerate with those that served him.

In the dining room he found supper spread, and a great log fire blazed in the enormous cowled fireplace, diffusing a pleasant warmth through the vast room and flickering ruddily upon the trophies of weapons that adorned the walls, upon the tapestries and the portraits of dead Tressilians. Hearing his step, old Nicholas entered bearing a great candlebranch which he set upon the table.

"You 'm late, Sir Oliver," said the servant, "and Master Lionel bain't home yet neither."

Sir Oliver grunted and scowled as he crunched a log and set it sizzling under his wet heel. He thought of Malpas and cursed Lionel's folly, as, without a word, he loosed his cloak and flung it on an oaken coffer by the wall where already he had cast his hat. Then he sat down, and Nicholas came forward to draw off his boots.

When that was done and the old servant stood up again, Sir Oliver shortly bade him to serve supper.

"Master Lionel cannot be long now," said he. "And give me to drink, Nick. 'T is what I most require."

"I've brewed ee a posset o' canary sack," announced Nicholas; "there'm no better supping o' a frosty winter's night, Sir Oliver."

He departed to return presently with a black jack that was steaming fragrantly. He found his master still in the same attitude, staring at the fire, and frowning darkly. Sir Oliver's thoughts were still of his brother and Malpas, and so insistent were they that his own concerns were for the moment quite neglected; he was considering whether it was not his duty, after all, to attempt a word of remonstrance. At length he rose with a sigh and got to table. There he bethought him of his sick groom, and asked Nicholas of him. Nicholas reported the fellow to be much as he had been, whereupon Sir Oliver took up a cup and brimmed it with the steaming posset.

"Take him that," he said. "There's no better medicine for such an ailment."

Outside fell a clatter of hoofs.

"Here be Master Lionel at last," said the servant.

"No doubt," agreed Sir Oliver. "No need to stay for him. Here is all he needs. Carry that to Tom ere it cools."

It was his object to procure the servant's absence when Lionel should arrive, resolved as he was to greet him with a sound rating for his folly. Reflection had brought him the assurance that this was become his duty in view of his projected absence from Penarrow; and in his brother's interest he was determined not to spare him.

He took a deep draught of the posset, and as he set it down he heard Lionel's step without. Then the door was flung open, and his brother stood on the threshold a moment at gaze.

Sir Oliver looked round with a scowl, the well-considered reproof already on his lips.

"So . . ." he began and got no further. The sight that met his eyes drove the ready words from his lips and mind; instead it was with a sharp gasp of dismay that he came immediately to his feet. "Lionel!"

Lionel lurched in, closed the door, and shot home one of its bolts. Then he leaned against it, facing his brother again. He was deathly pale, with great dark stains under his eyes; his ungloved right hand was pressed to his side, and the fingers of it were all smeared with blood that was still ozzing and dripping from between them. Over his yellow doublet on the right side there was a spreading dark stain whose nature did not intrigue Sir Oliver a moment.

"My God!" he cried, and ran to his brother. "What's happened, Lal? Who has done this?"

"Peter Godolphin," came the answer from lips that writhed in a curious smile.

Never a word said Sir Oliver, but he set his teeth and clenched his hands until the nails cut into his palms. Then he put an arm about this lad he loved above all save one in the whole world, and with anguish in his mind he supported him forward to the fire. There Lionel dropped to the chair that Sir Oliver had lately occupied.

"What is your hurt, lad? Has it gone deep?" he asked, in terror almost.

"'Tis naught—a flesh wound; but I have lost a mort of blood. I thought I should have been drained or ever I got me home."

With fearful speed Sir Oliver drew his dagger and ripped away doublet, vest and shirt, laying bare the lad's white flesh. A moment's examination, and he breathed more freely.

"Art a very babe, Lal," he cried in his relief. "To ride without thought to stanch so simple a wound, and so lose all this blood—bad Tressilian blood though it be." He laughed in the immensity of his reaction from that momentary terror. "Stay thou there whilst I call Nick to help us dress this scratch."

"No, no!" There was note of sudden fear in the lad's voice, and his hand clutched at his brother's sleeve. "Nick must not know. None must know, or I am undone else."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS

OH, LOOK WHO'S HERE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug

Barney Suddenly Loses All Interest in Waiting.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

(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

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JERRY ON THE JOB

THE SHRINKING VIOLETS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

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Second Honeymoon

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

A Customer Is a Customer.

New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, April 10.—There are times when a stroll in New York offers all the thrills of the first circus side show. One sees strange touches of the oddments and remainders of life as well as the flashes of vivid colorings.

In one block there was a pony being led by a midget puffing at a big pipe. Behind him was another pony led by a Syrian dwarf with rings in his ears. Around the corner two men were brushing the silken cot of a white camel used in a vaudeville act.

In Times square—this is the same stroll—five men were carrying a huge wedding cake on a curtained litter with shafts. In a drug store window a one-armed man was demonstrating the merits of a patent slip-on necktie.

Up in front of the Astor a man on stilts 10 feet high was parading with a quick lunch banner fore and aft. And in a doorway near the Globe theater a pavement hawker was swallowing a sword to attract a crowd for his sale of silk socks.

At the entrance of a subway kiosk at Fiftieth street a crowd had collected to guess under which shell the pea rested. In the lobby of the Winter Garden a man was auctioning off his fur coat to the highest bidder so he could go home to his father's funeral.

In the fifteenth floor of a window in a Columbus circle skyscraper one strap holding a cleaner had slipped from the hook and he was dangling helplessly by the other and shouting for someone to come to his rescue. He was saved.

This, of course, was an unusual day. There are other times when one may walk for hours and see nothing that could not be seen in any city of average size. Yet the fact that these high lights are noticeable now and then is what makes the metropolis so interesting.

A former society woman who struck the shoals of bankruptcy is recouping her fortune by making candy and selling it for $3 a pound. She knows one of Manhattan's little secrets. The higher the price the bigger the sale among those who want to appear swank.

There is a rather stiff appearing banker in New York who takes a month off each year to mingle in Bohemia. He enjoys the easy camaraderies and the lack of conventions. His world is one where he has to assume a frozen face and say "No" with a click for many hours a day. He poses as an artist.

On Ninth avenue there is a shop that specializes in "Rented Flowers for Funerals." The flowerss are artificial and are loaned out for a consideration to those who wish to make it appear the last sad rites have brought many fine tributes. The funeral in the tenement district is symbolized by an odd vanity. The bereaved want to impress the neighbor with many floral offerings.

Franklin P. Adams, the columnist, set out some time ago to write a novel. He is used to fashioning the closely clipped and pungent paragraph and incidents to which other novels devoted pages. He found he could only devote a line of so. After many despairing days he found a novel packed into the personal columns of a newspaper. Here it is:

Evelyn D.—Please come home or write. My fault.—Alex D.

Alex D.—Nothing to write; working.—Evelyn D.

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