

THE SEA-HAWK

By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)
Sir Oliver strode the length of the room and back, pulling at his pipe. "All should be well, then, I think," he said at last. "You were best abed to-morrow."

He took up his striped brother in his powerful arms and bore him upstairs as though he were a babe. When he had seen him safely deposited for slumber, he returned below, shut the door to the hall, drew up the great oaken chair to the fire, and sat there far into the night smoking and thinking.
He had said to Lionel that all should be well. All should be well for Lionel. But what of himself with the burden of this secret on his soul? Were the victim another than Rosamund's brother the matter would have plagued him but little. The fact that Godolphin was slain, it must be confessed, was not in itself the source of his apprehension. Godolphin had more than deserved his end and he would have come by it months ago at Sir Oliver's own hand but for the fact that he was Rosamund's brother, as we know. There was the rub, the bitter, cruel rub. Her own brother had fallen by the hand of his. She loved her brother more than any living being next to himself, just as he loved Lionel above any other but herself. The pain that must be hers he knew; he experienced some of it in anticipation, participating in the things that were here he must account in some measure his own. He rose up at last, cursing that wanton at Malpas who had come to bring this fresh and terrible difficulty where already he had to face so but herself. He stood leaning upon the

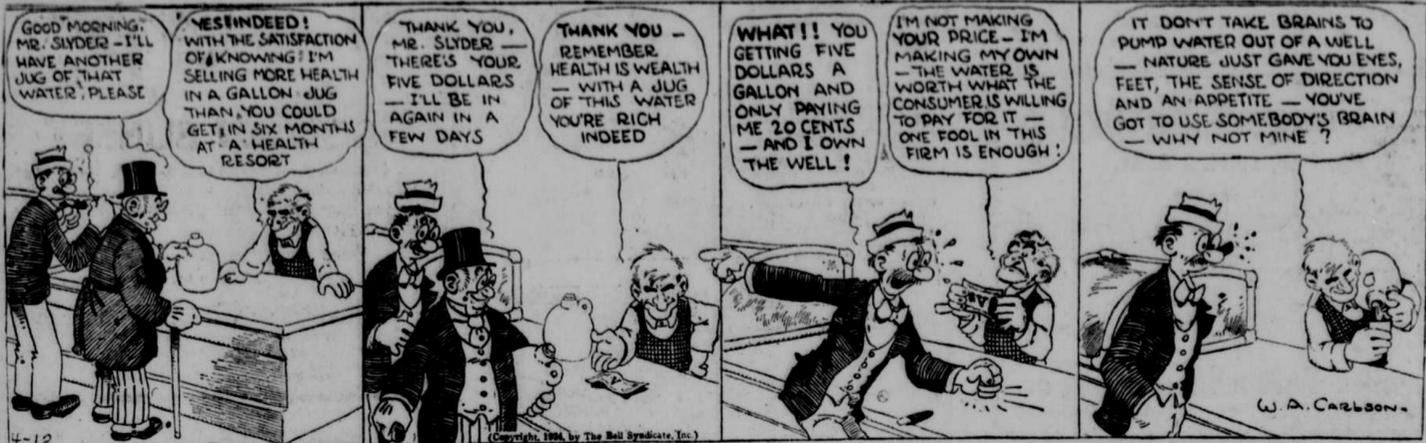
overmantel, his foot upon one of the dogs of the fender, and considered what to do. He must bear his burden in silence, that was all. He must keep this secret even from Rosamund. It sold his heart to think that he must practice this deceit with the mastery of his own strength. The resolve adopted, he took up a tapers and went off to bed.

She continued to regard him with a cold look of loathing, this child that two days ago had lain against his heart gaining up at him in trust and adoration.
"Rosamund!" he cried, and approached her by another step. "Rosamund! I am here to tell you that it is a lie."
"You had best go," she said, and her voice had in it a quality that made him tremble.
"Go!" he echoed stupidly. "You bid me go? You will not hear me?"
"I consented to hear you more than once; refused to hear others who knew better than I, and was heedless of their warnings. There is no more to be said between us. I pray God that they may take and hang you."
He was white to the lips, and for the first time in his life his knees trembled under him.
"They may hang me and welcome since you believe this thing. They could not hurt me more than you are doing, nor by hanging me could they deprive me of aught I value, since your faith in me is a thing to be blown upon by the first rumor of the countryside."
He saw the pale lips twist themselves into a dreadful smile. "There is more than rumor, I think," said she. "There is more than all your lies will ever serve to cloak."
"My lies!" he cried. "Rosamund, I swear to you by my honor that I have had no hand in the slaying of Peter. May God rot me where I stand if this be not true!"
"It seems," said a harsh voice behind him, "that you fear God as little as I might else."
He wheeled sharply to confront Sir John Killigrew, who had entered after him.
"So," he said slowly, and his eyes grew hard and bright as agates, "this is your work." And he waved a hand towards Rosamund. It was plain to what he alluded.
"My work?" quoth Sir John. He closed the door and advanced into the room. "Sir, it seems your audacity, your shamelessness, transcends all bounds. Your..."
"Have done with that," Sir Oliver interrupted him, and spoke his great fist upon the table. He was suddenly swept by a gust of passion, "leave words to fools, Sir John, and criticisms to those that can defend them better."
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS

THE MIDDLEMAN.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

It's More Than the End of the Week to Barney.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



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A FAIR QUESTION

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Herschfeld



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.
New York, April 12.—Eccentric people are not conspicuous in New York. On the little islands of the city, as "nauty" as one pleases and have no fear of ridicule. There is shelter and seclusion for the odd fish, the harmless heretic, the star-struck or those haunted perhaps by a wild skiff of the pipes of Pan.
In smaller towns the "nut" is the butt of jest and sometimes almost scouted, but the overwhelming bigness of New York keeps people from paying any attention to the other fellow's eccentricities. For several years, summer and winter, the "Man in White" strolled up and down Fifth avenue.
His head was bare, his white silk shirt open at the throat and he was costless. Pedestrians rarely turned to look. Overcoat Jim who wears seven overcoats winter and summer and scavenges gutters for pins and cigar snips attracts little attention.
Midgits stroll on Broadway and give a picturesque variety to the crowd but that is all. The Hippodrome elephants and camels taken out for walks do not cause a handful of people to clog at the curb. The actress who used to walk with a fox held by silver leash gave it up. She hoped for puffs of publicity but didn't get a line.
There is a tailor who wears a snow white derby at all times and a young tyrist who dresses in male fashion save for a skirt. Every evening at 7 a venerable man kneels in prayer on the library steps. A florist wears sandals.
Along Millionaire's row every morning a haughty dowager rides in a tiny pony-drawn cart with a uniformed footman squatting grotesquely on the rear step. A manufacturer of perfume rides an old-fashioned high bicycle in Central park almost every afternoon.
Greenwich Village is filled with people who wear their eccentricities gracefully. Short hair, long hair, snooks, tams, women's pipes and a hundred other queer trappings suggest the flame of genius. Almost anywhere else they would be laughed at.
Sometimes the literary game in New York is not so difficult as the popular notion makes it appear. There is a young man who came here unheralded from a small town in Michigan a year ago to tackle fiction. He has sold every story he has written both here and in England and he has just turned 24.
A great editor tells me it is not difficult to find those who can write but extremely difficult to find those with a story to tell. The art of sustaining interest is rarely acquired. It is a gift and very few have it. It is not taught in schools. The same editor tells me some of the best story-tellers of the day use atrociously bad English which has to be corrected in the office.
Another actor whose talents were hidden in obscurity in a foreign language playhouse "ran away with the show" on Broadway in his first appearance as an English actor. His name is Arnold Korff, who opened in the Firanallo Cycle. Three years ago Mr. Korff was in Irving Place taking an obscure part in German plays. Joseph Schildkraut and Jacob Ben-Ami are two others who learned English and became stars.
Several months ago I was driving with a man who had a foolish notion he could beat a Long Island train over a crossing. He did by an eyelash and made my hair raise like a fright wig. I felt that a man who had so little regard for his life should be shunned and I haven't seen him since. But he broke into all the newspaper the other day. He had been appointed on a committee to urge less speeding among motorists.
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