

# THE SEA-HAWK

By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued from Saturday.)

"Yes, you talk like a man of blood. You come hectoring it here in the night of sorrow and murder..."

"Have done, I say, or murder there will be!" His voice was a roar, his eyes terrible. And said man though the John was a scoundrel, instantly the Oliver had conquered himself again. He swung to Rosamund. "An, forgive me!" he pleaded. "I am mad—startled with anguish at the thing I am doing. I have not loved your brother."

It is true. But as I swore to you, so have I done. I have taken blows from him and smiled, but yesterday in a pub he gave me a kick on the nose, and I will bear the mark. The man who says I was not justified in having killed him for it is a liar and a hypocrite. Yet the thought of you Rosamund, the thought that he was your brother suffered to a certain degree in which he left me. And now that by some grim mischance he has met his death, my conscience for all my mistakes, for all my thoughts for you is that I am charged with slaying him, and that you believe this charge."

"She has no choice," rasped Kill. "She must choose between you and me. You believe it, mark you for a fool and a fool's counsel is a rotten staff to lean upon at any time. Why don't you 'mercy' assume that I desired to take satisfaction for the affront he had put upon me; do you know a little of men, and of me of all men, that you suppose I should go about my vengeance in this indecorous fashion to set a hangman's nose about any neck? A fine vengeance that, as God lives. Was it so I dealt with you, Sir John, when you permitted your tongue to wag too freely as you have yourself confessed? Heaven's light, man, take a proper view, consider was this matter likely I take it you are a more foregone antagonist than was ever poor Peter Godolphin, yet when I sought satisfaction for you I sought it loudly and openly, as is my way. When we measured swords in your park at Arwenack we did so before witnesses in proper form, that the survivor might not be troubled with the justice. You know me well, and what matter of man I am with my weapons. Should I not have done this like by Peter if I had sought his life? Should I not have sought it openly in the same open fashion, and so killed him at my pleasure and leisure, and without risk or reproach from any?"

"Sir John was stricken thoughtful here was logic hard and clear as ice, and the knight of Arwenack was no fool. But whilst he stood frowning and perplexed at the end of that long tirade it was Rosamund who gave Sir Oliver his answer. "You ran no risk of reproach from any, do you say?" He turned and was abashed. He knew the thought that was running in her mind. "You mean," he said slowly, gently, his accents charged with reproachful incredulity, "that I am so base and false that I could in this fashion do what I dare not for your sake do openly? It is what you mean, Rosamund! I burn with shame for you that you can think such thoughts of one whom... whom you professed to love."

Her coldness fell from her. Under the lash of his bitter, half-sarcastic accents, her anger mounted, whirling for a moment even her anguish in her brother's death. "You false deceiver!" she cried. "There are those who heard you vow his death. Your very words have been reported to me. And from where he lay they found a trail of blood upon the snow that ran to your own door. Will you still lie?" They saw the color leave his face. They saw his arms drop limply to his sides and his eyes dilated with obvious sudden fear. "A... a trail of blood?" he faltered stupidly.

"Yes, answer that," cut in Sir John, fetters suddenly from out his doubts by that reminder. Sir Oliver turned upon Killgrew again. The knight's words restored to him the courage of which Rosamund had bereft him. With a man he could fight with a man there was no need to mince his words. "I cannot answer it," he said, but very firmly, in a tone that brushed aside all implications. "If you say it was so, so it must have been. Yet when all is said, what does it prove? Does it set it beyond doubt that it was I who killed him? Does it justify the woman who loved me to believe me a murderer, and something worse?" He paused, and looked at her again, a world of reproach in his glance. She had sunk to a chair, and rocked there, her fingers locking and interlocking her face a mask of pain unutterable. "Can you suggest what else it proves, sir?" quoth Sir John, and there was doubt in his voice, and Sir Oliver caught the note of it, and a sob broke from him. "O God of pity!" he cried out. "There is doubt in your voice, and there is none in hers. You were my enemy once, and she since been in a mistrustful truce with me, yet you can doubt that I did this thing. But she... she who loved me has no room for any doubts, and she has said, 'the thing you have done has broken quite my heart. Yet knowing all the taunts by which you were brought to such a end I could have forgiven it. I think, even though I could no longer be your wife; I could have forgiven it, I say, but for the baseness of your present denial.'"

He looked at her, white-faced an instant, then turned on his heel and made for the door. There he paused. "Your meaning is quite plain," said he. "Is it your wish that I shall take my trial for this deed?" He laughed. "Who will accuse me to the justices? Will you, Sir John?" "If Mistress Rosamund so desires me," replied the knight. "Ha! Be it so. But do not think I am the man to suffer myself to be sent to the gallows upon such paltry evidence as satisfies that lady. If any accuser comes to beat of a trail of blood reaching to my door, and of certain words I spoke yesterday in anger, I will take my trial—but it shall be trial by battle upon the body of my accuser. That is my right, and I will have every ounce of it. Do you doubt how God will pronounce upon me and such an one. If I am guilty of this thing may He wither my arm when I enter the lists?"

"Myself I will accuse you," came Rosamund's dull voice. "And if you will, you may claim your rights against me, and butcher me as you butchered him."

He returned home with hell in his heart. He knew not what the future might hold in store for him, but such was his resentment against Rosamund that there was no room in his soul for despair. They should not hang him. He would fight them tooth and claw, and yet Lionel should not suffer. He would take care of that. And then the thought of Lionel changed his mood a little. How easily could he have shattered their accusation, how easily have brought her to her proud knees imploring pardon of him! Yet he feared lest that word must jeopardize his brother.

In the calm, still watches of that night, as he lay sleepless upon his bed and saw things without heart, he reviewed all the evidence that had led her to her conclusions, and he was forced to confess that she was in some measure justified. Her resentment played its part in her cruel belief that it was by his hand Peter Godolphin had fallen. It must almost seem to her that in a sense she had been a party to his murder by the bounding course to which she had kept in loving the man her brother hated.

He saw it now, and was more merciful in judging her. She had been more than human if she had not felt as he now saw that she must feel, and since reactions are to be measured by the mental exaltations from which they spring, so was it but natural that now she must hate her brotherly whom she had loved with all her heart.

It was a heavy cross to bear. Yet for Lionel's sake he must bear it. He must not be sacrificed to his egoism for a deed that in Lionel he could not account other than justified. He was base indeed did he so much as contemplate such a way of escape of the

Back to my lodgings for breakfast and sat awhile with my wife and talked of the days she wore pigtail and spring-heeled shoes and of my moon-calf love when I threatened to swallow a poison if I could not carry her back from school.

So to luncheon with William Johnston, the taylor writer, and his whisk club but tarried briefly, all sorts of card games boring me beyond all else. News this day of the fine new boy baby at Ray Long's home and he as proud as a cockatrice.

In the evening Tommie Thompson and Mistress Zach, newly come from Japan, to dinner and fine vittles, if I do make so bold to say, and all very merry with this, that and the other. So to bed.

There is always fascination in Fourteenth street's penny arcade district. It is the last stand of the peep-shows that used to thrill seasoned theatergoers who now yawn through the first act and leave at the end of the second. There are scores of penny arcades in the five blocks east of Broadway. The men are in rather frayed clothes and the girls attempt the gaudy display of the peep-shows that used to thrill seasoned theatergoers who now yawn through the first act and leave at the end of the second.

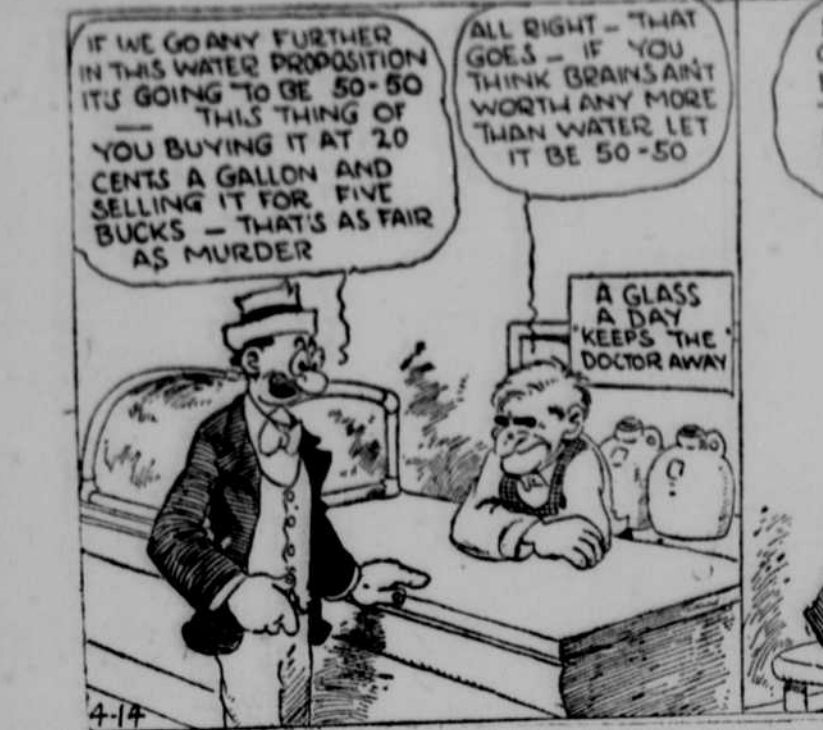
The mechanical witch that drops the fortune card. The turn-the-crank peep show revealing The Morning Bath and The Girls and the Burglar. The speller is there to tell of the dime museum wonders beyond—the bearded lady, the glass eared, the rubber skin man and the midget queen.

Liquor smuggling is dangerous in more ways than one. A visitor to one of New York's big hotels brought several crates of whisky from Canada. He invited some cronies in to celebrate. Some sort of chemical contact with the rubber produced a poison that made all ill. He sent for a bellboy to empty the stuff. The lad was an embryo bootlegger, and, smelling the odor of whisky, bottled it and peddled it to other patrons. Twelve other guests were made ill and so far it has cost the hotel about \$6,000 in hushing up matters.

East Africa, through a Broadway play, has given a new name to the Broadway gold digger. It is known as "Mamapalava." The siren down in the lonely veldt is called by that term. It is a hybrid word of curious mixture—a combination of "mama" and "palaver" meaning a lot of baby talk. The sensuous enchantress in a drama is called a "mamapalava." Broadway took it up and now it is the term almost exclusively bestowed upon those who "dig."

New York is a city of walkers. Most of the population at heart is country-footed, but they must confine their strolls to pavements. There are some 200 walking clubs in the city and the members of each devote an hour or so a day to walking.

## THE NEBBES



## FIFTY-FIFTY



## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



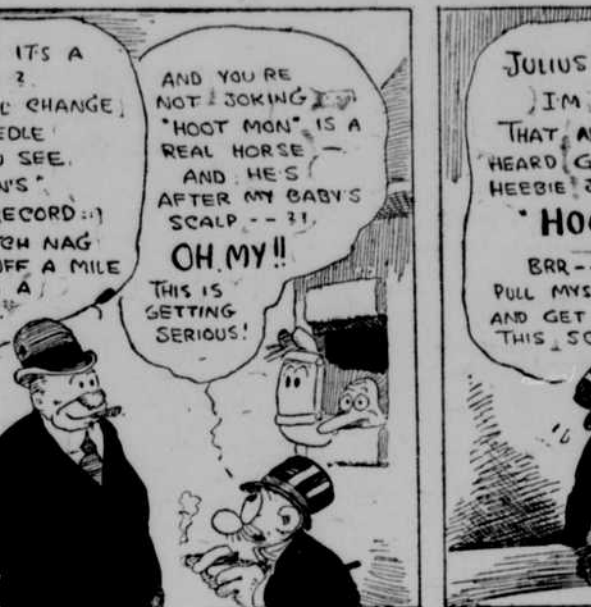
## To OUR READERS

WE WILL GIVE TO THE BOY OR GIRL - LADY OR GENTLEMAN WHO SENDS IN THE BEST NAME FOR THIS WONDERFUL WATER A \$150.00 WATCH CONTEST CLOSES MAY 1ST ADDRESS LETTER TO RUDY NEBB CARE OF THIS PAPER

## Barney Google and Spark Plug



## BARNEY IS WORRIED NOW



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



## BRINGING UP FATHER



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



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## MEETING EACH OTHER HALF WAY



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



## How to Start the Day Wrong



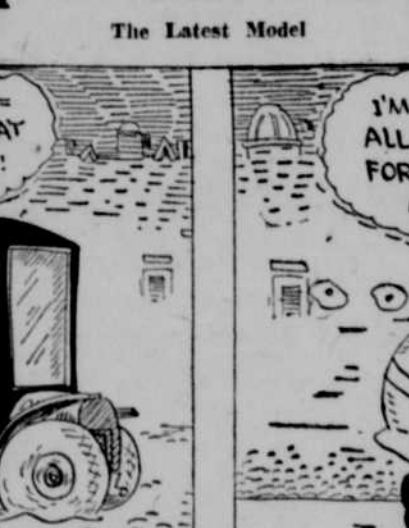
## By Briggs



## ABIE THE AGENT



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



## LISTEN - MY ROOMERS ARE COMPLAINING YOU MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE - SOME OF 'EM HAFTA SLEEP LATE



## AND SO THE DAY WAS, FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES, SUNK.



## SAY-Y-Y CROSS-PATCH - HOW COME YOU GET THE IDEA IN YOUR PAN YOU CAN YAP AT ME LIKE THAT - I? YOU TREAT ME LIKE A LADY OR ONE OF US GETS THE AIR GITME?



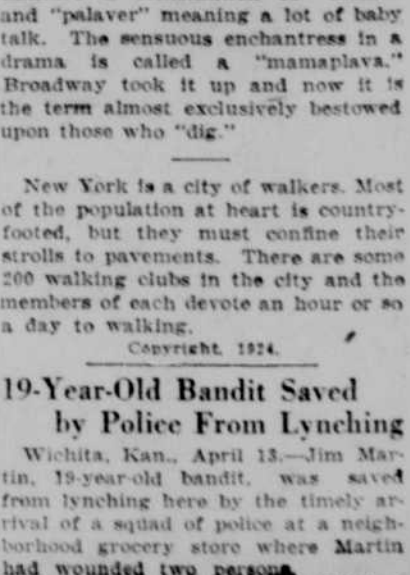
## I DON'T SEE YOU DRIVING YOUR FLUVER COUPE AROUND ANY MORE!



## AND YOU WON'T NEIDER!!



## NO - I PUT ON A FEW KNOBS AND MADE A RADIO SET OF IT!!



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