

THE SEA-HAWK

By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued from Sunday.)
His eyes of loneliness, of utter desolation overwhelmed him. Then slowly his narrow countenance was thrown back, his great head, and his

shoulder, gleaming eyes fastened upon Captain Leigh, who started now upon the sea, about was quickly moving him and waiting patiently until he should recover the will which the revelation had bestowed.
"Master Leigh," said he, "what is your price to carry me home again to England?"
"Why, Sir Oliver," said he, "I think the price I was paid to carry you

"Mischief, man! To you?" But the low, hoarse, hoarse, "You're right, you're right, I think I've found it in this matter, or if I think I've found it in my mind for such petty reasons, I'll be the truth, the absolute will be the better away of his anger against Leigh that he could give no thought to this man's share in the adventure.
"Mischief, man! To you?" But the low, hoarse, hoarse, "You're right, you're right, I think I've found it in this matter, or if I think I've found it in my mind for such petty reasons, I'll be the truth, the absolute will be the better away of his anger against Leigh that he could give no thought to this man's share in the adventure.

ward, again across the bows of the Swallow.
"It is a great invitation to look at the ship's interior," said he.
The skipper started in his face. "She has a longer range than most Spanish," said he. "But I'll not waste powder yet for all that. We've had to search a long time, and I'm sure she's been spoken for by a third or fourth class." There was a splintering crash overhead followed by a rough and a loud as the bullet struck the mainmast, and the ship in its fall stretched a couple of men in death. Captain Leigh was killed, it seemed. Yet Captain Leigh did nothing in a hurry.
"How dare he roared to the gunner who swung his history at that moment in preparation.
She was losing way as a result of that curtailing of her mainmast, and the skipper came on swiftly now. At last the skipper accounted her near enough, and gave the word with an oath. The Swallow fired her first and last shot in that encounter. After the descending thunder of the shot through the cloud of suffocating smoke, Sir Oliver saw the high forecastle of the Spaniard rent open.
Master Leigh was cursing his gunner for having aimed too high. Then he signaled to the mate to fire the culverin of which he had charge. That second shot was to be the signal for the whole broadside from the main-deck below. But the Spaniard anticipated them. Even as the skipper of the Swallow signaled the white side of the Spaniard burst into flame and smoke.
The Swallow staggered under the blow, recovered an instant, then heeled ominously to leeward.
"Hell!" roared Leigh. "She's bigging!" and Sir Oliver saw the Spaniard standing off again, as if satisfied with what she had done. The mate's gun was never fired, nor was the broadside from below. Indeed that sudden list had set the muzzle-pointing below to the sea, within three minutes if they were on a level with the water. The Swallow had received her death blow, and she was settling down.
"How dare he could do no further harm, the Spaniard luffed and holed to, awaiting the obvious result and intent upon picking up what slaves she could to man the galleys of his Catholic majesty on the Mediterranean.
Thus the fate intended Sir Oliver by Lionel was to be fulfilled, and it was to be shared by Master Leigh himself, which had not been at all in that fatal fellow's reckoning.
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS

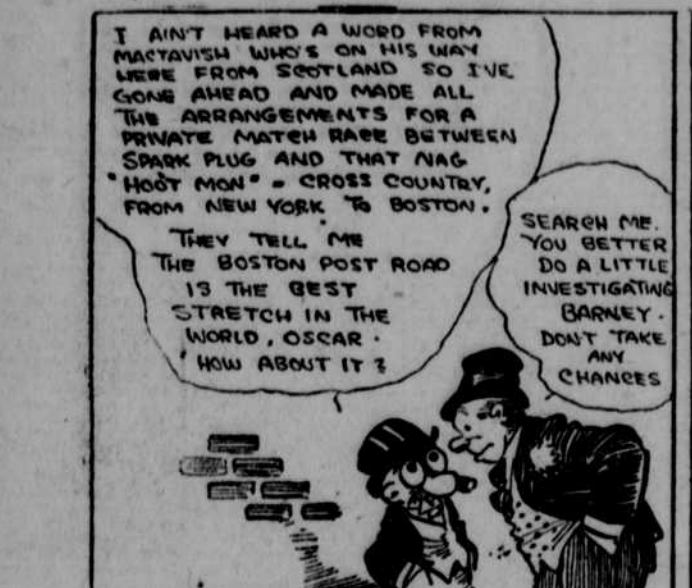
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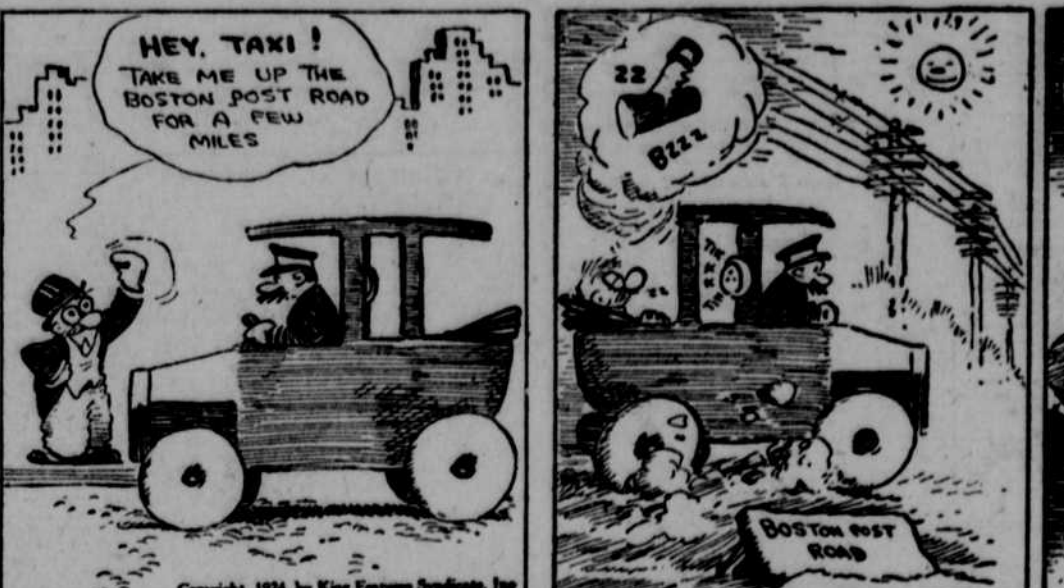
THE PHILANTHROPIST

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess
"Will you give me your word for that?"
"My word? Phoo! man! I have given it already. I swear that you shall be paid the sum I've named the moment you set me ashore again in England. Is that enough for you? Then out me these bonds, and let us make an end of my present condition."
"Fifth, I am glad to deal with an

Barney Google and Spark Plug



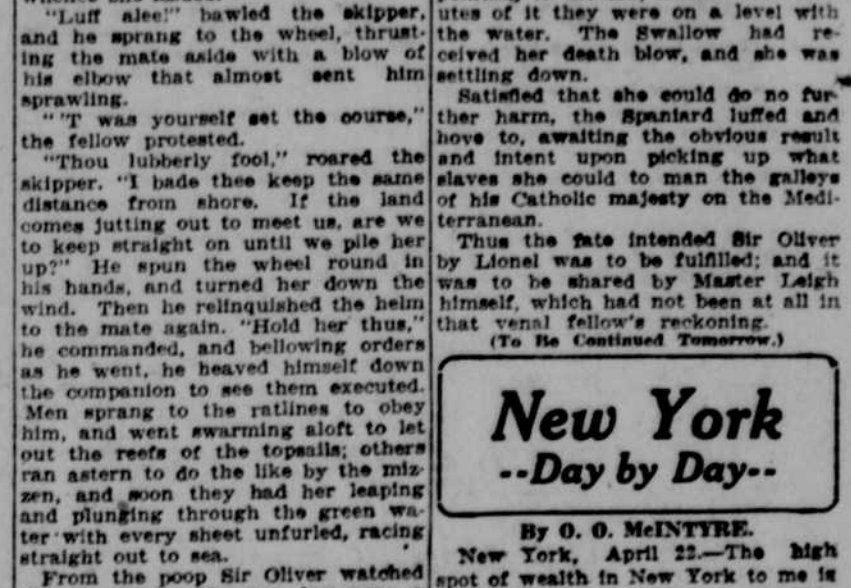
Barney Didn't Mean to Carry the Investigation so Far.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



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BRINGING UP FATHER



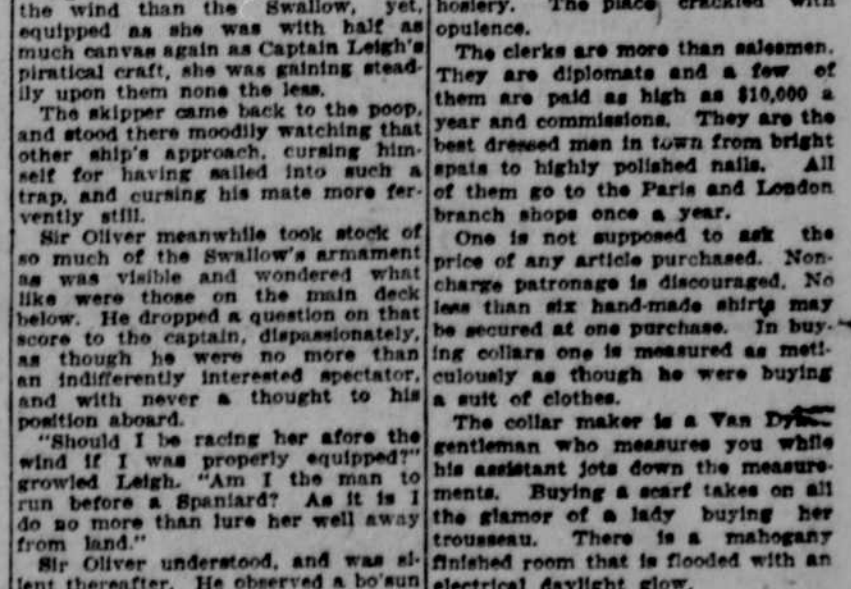
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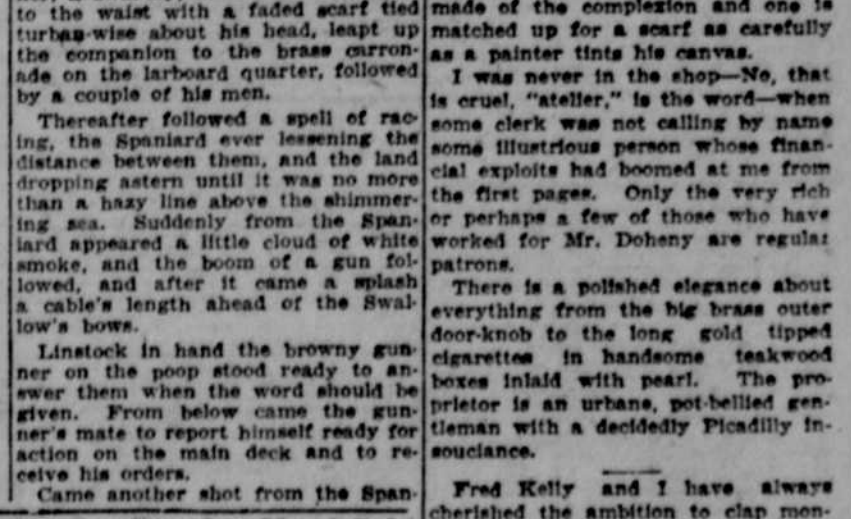
THE SPEED LIMIT



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

