

# THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

What Lionel lacked of his brother's keen intelligence he made up for in cunning. He realized that although at some future time it was possible that Helston and Truon and the Truon estate property there might come to suffer as a consequence of the devaluation of the land as matters were advantageously situated, yet that could not be in his own lifetime, and meanwhile he must earn in return Sir John's support for his suit of Rosamund Godolphin and thus had the Godolphin estate merged with his own. This certain immediate gain was to Master Lionel well worth the other future possible loss.

It must not, however, be supposed that Lionel's cunning had therefore forward run a smooth and easy course. The mistress of Godolphin Court showed him no favor, and it was mainly that she might abstract herself from the importunities of his suit that she had sought and obtained Sir John Killigrew's permission to accompany the latter's sister to France when she went there with her husband, and was appointed English ambassador to the Louvre. Sir John's authority as her guardian had come into force with the decease of her brother.

Master Lionel moped awhile in her absence; but cheered by Sir John's assurance that in the end he should prevail, he quitted Cornwall in his turn and went forth to see the world. His appointment in London about the court, where, however, he seems to have prospered little, and then he crossed to France to pay his devotions to the lady of his longings.

In his constant humbleness with which he made his suit, the obvious intensity of his devotion, began at last to wear away that gentleman's opposition, as dripping water wears away a stone. Yet she could not bring herself to forget that he was Sir Oliver's brother—the brother of the man she had loved, and the brother of the man who had killed her own brother. Between them stood, then, two things; the ghost of that old love of hers and the blood of Peter Godolphin.

Of this she reminded Sir John on his return to Cornwall after an absence of some two years, urging these matters as reasons why an alliance between herself and Lionel Truon should be impossible.

Sir John did not at all agree with her.

"My dear," he said, "there is your future to be thought of. You are now of full age and mistress of your own actions. Yet it is not well for a woman and a gentleman to dwell alone. As long as I live, or as long as I remain in England, all will be well. You may continue indefinitely your residence here at Arwenack, and you have been wise, I think, in quit-

ting the loneliness of Godolphin Court. Yet consider that time passes may be yours again when it is not here.

"I should prefer that loneliness to the company you would thrust upon me," she answered him.

"Ungracious attitude for that lady's burning devotion, for his patience, his gentleness, and all the rest," he replied.

"He is Oliver Truon's brother," she replied.

"He has not suffered enough for that already? Is there to be no end to the price that he must pay for his brother's sins? Besides, consider that when all is said they are not even brothers. They are but half-brothers."

"Yet too closely kin," she said. "If you must have me wed I beg you'll find me another husband, and expediently considered no husband could be better than the one he had chosen for me. He pointed out the contingency of the two estates, and how nice and advantageous a thing it would be to merge these two into one.

He was persistent, and his persistence was increased when he came to conceive his notion to take the sea again. His conscience would not permit him to leave anchor until he had bestowed her safely in wedlock. Lionel, too, was persistent, in a quiet, almost self-effacing way that never set a strain upon her patience, and was therefore the more difficult to combat.

In the end she gave way under the pressure of these men's wills, and did so with the best grace she could summon, resolved to drive from her heart and mind the one real obstacle of which, for very shame, she had made no mention to Sir John. The fact is that in spite of all, her love for Sir Oliver was not dead. It was stricken down, it is true, until she herself failed to recognize it for what it really was. But she caught herself thinking of him frequently and wistfully; she found herself comparing him with his brother, and for all that she had hidden Sir John had her some other hand than Lionel. She knew full well that any suitor brought before her must be submitted to that same comparison to his inevitable undoing. All this she hid from her mother, but it was in vain that she lashed her mind with the reminder that Sir Oliver was Peter's murderer. As time went on she found herself actually making excuses for her sometime lover, she would admit that Peter had driven him to the step, that for her sake Sir Oliver had suffered insult upon insult from Peter, until, being a human, the cup of his endurance had overflowed in the end, and weary of submitting to the other's blows he had risen up in his anger and smitten in his turn.

She would scorn herself for such thoughts as these, yet she could not dismiss them. In act she could be strong—as witness how she had dealt with that letter which Oliver sent her out of Barbary by the hand of Pitt—but her thoughts she could not govern, and her thoughts were full often traitors to her will. There were longings in her heart for Oliver which she could not stifle, and there was even the hope that he would one day return, although she realized that from such a return she might look for nothing.

When Sir John finally slew the hope of that return he did a wiser thing than he conceived. Never since Oliver's disappearance had they heard any news of him until Pitt came to Arwenack with that letter and his story. They had heard, as had all the world, of the corsair Sakhel-Bahr, but they had been far indeed from connecting him with Oliver Truon. Now that his identity was established by Pitt's testimony, it was an easy matter to induce the courts to account him dead and to give Lionel the coveted inheritance.

This to Rosamund was a small matter. But a great one was that Sir Oliver was dead at law, and must be so in fact, should he ever again set foot in England. It extinguished finally that curiously hopeless and almost subconscious hope of hers that one day he would return.

Her betrothal was made public, and she proved if not an ardently loving, at least a docile and gentle mistress to Lionel. He was content. He could ask no more in reason at the moment, and he was buoyed up by every lover's confidence that given opportunity and time he could find a way to awaken a response. And it must be confessed that already during their betrothal he gave some proof of his reason for his confidence, she had been lonely, and he dispelled her loneliness by his complete surrender of himself to her; his restraint and his cautious, almost insidious creeping along a path which a more clumsy fellow would have taken at a dash made companionship possible between them and very sweet to her. Upon this foundation her affection began gradually to rise, and set them together and such excellent friends, Sir John congratulated himself upon

## THE NEBBES

CONTEST CLOSES TODAY FOR THE BEST NAME FOR THE NEBB HEALTH WATER - WINNER'S NAME WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN ABOUT THREE WEEKS

SLIDER CO. WE RENTED THE LOFT AND THERE'S THE SIGN - NOW FOR A FLOCK OF GOOD CUSTOMERS AND COME ON CUSTOMERS!

LOOK AT THE SIGN THAT SHOULD PUT UP AND I'LL GET ME PAINTED MY NAME WITH PAINT THAT WILL FADE OUT IN A FEW DAYS

IF THAT TIGER KEEPS ON TRYING TO PUT IT OVER ON ME THIS FIGHT WILL BE THROUGH BEFORE IT STARTS!

DON'T I TELL YOU WHEN WE WENT INTO THIS BUSINESS IT WAS TO BE A FIFTY-FIFTY DISPOSITION - IF I GIFT SO SO ON EVERYTHING LIKE I DO ON THIS SIGN YOU'LL GET THE PRINCIPAL AND I'LL GET THE INTEREST - I NEVER MET SAW A GUY THAT HAD TO WALK ON HIS TIPS TO GET FROM LEAVING OUT THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS THAT WASN'T ALWAYS TRYING TO BE THE BIGGEST GUY IN EVERYTHING!

NEBB'S SLIDER CO.

Copyright, 1924, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

## THE STORM SIGN.

SLIDER CO. WE RENTED THE LOFT AND THERE'S THE SIGN - NOW FOR A FLOCK OF GOOD CUSTOMERS AND COME ON CUSTOMERS!

LOOK AT THE SIGN THAT SHOULD PUT UP AND I'LL GET ME PAINTED MY NAME WITH PAINT THAT WILL FADE OUT IN A FEW DAYS

IF THAT TIGER KEEPS ON TRYING TO PUT IT OVER ON ME THIS FIGHT WILL BE THROUGH BEFORE IT STARTS!

DON'T I TELL YOU WHEN WE WENT INTO THIS BUSINESS IT WAS TO BE A FIFTY-FIFTY DISPOSITION - IF I GIFT SO SO ON EVERYTHING LIKE I DO ON THIS SIGN YOU'LL GET THE PRINCIPAL AND I'LL GET THE INTEREST - I NEVER MET SAW A GUY THAT HAD TO WALK ON HIS TIPS TO GET FROM LEAVING OUT THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS THAT WASN'T ALWAYS TRYING TO BE THE BIGGEST GUY IN EVERYTHING!

NEBB'S SLIDER CO.

Copyright, 1924, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

THIS SCOTCHMAN! MACTAVISH! HIS HORSE 'HOOT-MON'!

WHAT ABOUT 'EM? WHEN ARE YOU TWO FELLERS GONNA GET TOGETHER?

I'M TELLING YOU, GEORGE. THE WHOLE WORKS IS DRIVING ME COO-OO-OO! I SAW DOC RODGERS THIS MORNING AND HE SAID I HAD ABOUT TWO WEEKS TO LIVE - THE HERBIE JERRIES IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT I GOT!

NELL'S BELLS!! GET OFFA THAT ANIMAL'S BACK -

GET OFF!

AHM TUAININ HIM FO HIS WACE AGIN HOOT-MON BOSS.

HOOT-MON! HOOT-MON! HOOT-MON!!! MY BRAIN IS ON A MERRY GO-ROUND!! YES, YES - SPARK PLUG MUST 'TRAIN - HE MUST BEAT THE SCOTCH HORSE.

FROM NOW ON MY BABY GETS A BAG-PIPE INSTEAD OF AN OAT BAG.

SPARK PLUG

Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

THIS COUNTRY LIFE IS IDEAL!

IS IT!

THERE'S ONE THING ON A FARM THAT A PERSON COULD WISH FOR!

COME HERE!

DON'T YOU LIKE IT HERE?

OH, SURE!

Copyright, 1924, by Int'l. Feature Service, Inc.

## JERRY ON THE JOB

I WANT TO GET A TICKET TO 'NEW MONA' - ALSO A BIT OF INFORMATION ABOUT THE TOWN.

STEP INSIDE AND I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.

WELL - HERE'S THE TICKET - NOW WHAT ELSE?

I WANT TO KNOW ONE THING -

DO Y'HAFTA SEE A DOCTOR BEFORE YOU GET A DRINK IN 'NEW MONA'?

NO.

AFTER

COUNT YOUR CHANGE BEFORE YOU GET 'TRAINING.

THIS MEANS YOU.

Copyright, 1924, by Int'l. Feature Service, Inc.

## ABIE THE AGENT

RAYMOND CAN YOU LET ME HAVE A LITTLE POCKET MONEY - I HAVEN'T A CENT!

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU NEED MONEY - I PAY ALL THE BILLS.

I DON'T LIKE TO GO AROUND THE HOTEL WITHOUT A CENT - LOOSEN UP.

I JUST GAVE YOU SOME MONEY A FEW WEEKS AGO.

OTHER WOMEN HAVE AN ALLOWANCE - EVERY TIME I NEED A CHANGE I HAVE TO HAVE A SCENE LIKE THIS.

YOU'RE TREATED BETTER THAN MOST WOMEN - I'M GIVING YOU A SWELL TRIP.

SMALL BUMMER YOU!! BECAUSE A FELLER IS WAITING FOR ME TO GIVE HIM ONE OF MY CIGARS? BUMMER YOU!!

I WANT TO REPORT THAT MILTON WAS SHOWING OUR BOOKS TO STRANGERS!!

I'LL COME RIGHT DOWN TO THE OFFICE AND I'LL GIVE HIM GOOD!

YOU PHOOGY LITTLE NO GOOD YOU - SHOWING OUR BOOKS TO STRANGERS ROTTEN BUMMER YOU!!!

HONEST, I DIDN'T DO IT!!!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT - I'M STILL SORE ABOUT THE CIGARS!!!

SOCIETY ITEMS - MR. AND MRS. J. RAYMOND FISH RETURNED YESTERDAY FROM A TOUR OF THE EAST AND SOUTH. THEY REPORT A MOST ENJOYABLE TIME. MR. FISH WILL RESUME BUSINESS ACTIVITIES AT ONCE.

Copyright, 1924, by H. T. Yule, Inc.

## New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. MINTRE.

New York, May 1.—The kindest people to be found anywhere are among those who essay small character parts on the stage. They are mostly old and gentle souls whose illusions have gone with the years, but they have not allowed life to embitter them.

The old character actor or actress is most always one who has hugged the big dream. When the magnificent opus burst with a bang they carried on. Their existence is a constant trimming of sails for bad weather. Engagements are few and far between.

They live in dreary rooms on shabby streets fringed the Rialto. The agency ante-room fill with them, where they sit about curled up like frozen leaves—hoping for the magic change that rarely ever comes.

The women are silver haired and wear dowdy bonnets and trailing black skirts. They are drag figures on the White Way backdrop—giving no impress of personality, yet presenting some intangible expression of pathetic resignation.

The men are stooped and wear clothes a little too giddy for mature years. They smoke pipes and talk of their younger brothers who are successful. Character folk have entirely outgrown the petty jealousies that afflict those of their world who have achieved.

The character folk represent the grey mist that the spotlight can never banish in the stage world. Wherever you find a successful actor or actress you will always find the character people bringing little bouquets of faded flowers or offering words of cheer.

A part with a line or two is all they ask. Top salary for them is \$70 a week, but the majority receive \$50 and this must be buttered over the many thin weeks "at liberty."

An East Side pants maker who has become quite a figure in the movie producing world was recently selecting a chief for his scenario staff. The producer insisted that the successful applicant must be a college graduate. He looked with favor upon one applicant and asked if he had had a college education. He received an affirmative reply.

"Show your diploma," demanded the producer. The applicant tried to explain it was not customary for college graduates to carry diplomas around with them.

"Well then," demanded the producer with a slight sneer, "say me a big word!"

Greenwich Village is the only place in New York where one may see a Sunday afternoon hair cut. After prowling about the village one wonders why there is any need of barbers at all. The explanation of the afternoon hair cut on Sunday is that no one in the village arises until noon at the earliest and so barbers do not open their shops until that time.

Cases for women suddenly became scarce. Six months ago Fifth Avenue was filled with ladies who carried canes and a few who carried swagger sticks. A lady cane shop opened as a tribute to the new fashion. It was not the fad of the flapper who flits lightly from one fashion fable to another but of the stylish debutante and even the middle-aged. No one seems to know why the craze was so short-lived.

I hope in the same manner the bell-shaped trousers for men will die at a gasp. They are ballooning more each week and the young gobs from the navy with their wide ones are really amateurish.

Copyright, 1924.

## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

## Sparky Gets Some New Training Equipment.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

## JERRY ON THE JOB

## ABIE THE AGENT

## Second Honeymoons