

# THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

## CHAPTER VI The Convert.

That tale of Othman's being borne anon to Fenzileh by her son was gall and wormwood to her jealous soul. Evil enough to know that Sakr-el-Bahr was returned in spite of the fervent prayers of his foundering which she had addressed both to the God of her forefathers and to the God of her adoption. But that he should have returned in triumph bringing with him heavy spoils that must exalt him further in the affection of Asad and the esteem of the people was bitter-ness indeed. And she should have struck, hereafter even of the power to curse him.

Anon, when her mind recovered from the shock she turned to the conviction of what at first had seemed a trivial detail in Othman's tale as reported by Marzak.

"It is most singularly odd that he should have undertaken that long voyage to England to wrest thence just those two captives; that being there he should not have raided in true corsair fashion and packed his ship with slaves. Most singularly odd!"

They were alone behind the green lattices through which filtered the perfumes of the garden and the throbbing of a nightingale's love laden with the tale of its love for the rose. Fenzileh reclined upon a divan that was spread with silken Turkish carpets, and one of her gold-embroidered slippers hung from her henna-stained toes. Her lovely arms were raised to support her head, and she stared up at the lamp of many colors that hung from the fretted ceiling.

Marzak paced the length of the chamber back and forth, and there was silence save for the soft swish of his slippers along the floor.

"Well," she asked him impatiently at last. "Does it not seem odd to thee?"

"Odd, indeed, O my mother," the youth replied, coming to a halt before her.

"And canst think of naught that was the cause of it?"

"The cause of it?" she cried impatiently. "Canst do naught but stare? Am I the mother of a fool? Will thou sip and gape and trifle away thy days whilst that dog-descended Frank tramples thee underfoot, using thee but as a stepping-stone to the power that should be thine own? And that be so, Marzak, I would thou hadst been strangled in my womb!"

He recoiled before the Italian fury of her, was duly resentful even, suspecting that in such words from a woman, were she 20 times his mother, there was something dishonoring to his manhood.

"What can I do?" he cried.

"Dost ask me? Art thou not a man to think and act? I tell thee that misbegotten son of a Christian and a Jew will trample thee in the dust. He is greedy as the locust, wily as the serpent, and ferocious as the panther. By Allah! I would I had never borne a son. Rather might I have pointed at me the finger of scorn and call me mother of the wind than that I should have brought forth a man who knows not how to be a man."

"Show me the way," he cried. "Set me a task; tell me what to do and do it."

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thou shalt not find me lacking, O my mother. Until thou spare me these insults, or I come no more to thee."

At this request the strange woman heaved herself up from her soft couch. She ran to him and flung her arms about his neck, set her cheek against his own. Not 18 years in the Bashah's harem had stifled the European mother in her, the passionate Sicilian woman, fierce as a tiger in her maternal love.

"O my child, my lovely boy," she almost sobbed. "It is my fear for thee that makes me harsh. If I am angry it is but my love that speaks, my rage for thee to see another come usurping the place beside thy father that should be thine. Ah! but we will prevail, sweetest mine. I shall find a way to return that offer of the dungheap whence it sprang. Trust me, O Marzak! Thy father comes. Away! Leave me alone with him."

She was wise in that, for she knew that alone Asad was more easily controlled by her, since the pride was which must compel him to turn and rend her did she speak so before others. Marzak vanished behind the screen of fretted sandalwood that masked one doorway even as Asad disappeared in the other.

He came forward smiling, his slender brown fingers combing his long beard, his white djellaba trailing behind him along the ground.

"Thou hast heard, not a doubt, O Fenzileh," said he. Art thou answered enough?"

She sank down again upon her cushions and idly considered herself in a steel mirror set in silver.

"Answered?" she echoed lazily, with infinite scorn and a hint of rippling contemptuous laughter running through the words. "Answered indeed. Sakr-el-Bahr risks the lives of 200 children of Islam and a ship that being taken was become the property of the state upon a voyage to England that has no other end but the capturing of two slaves—two slaves, when, had his purpose been sincere, it might have been 200."

"Ha! And is that all that thou hast heard?" he asked her mocking in his turn.

"All that signifies," she replied, still mirroring herself. "I heard as a matter of lesser import that on his return, meeting fortuitously a French ship that chanced to be richly laden, he seized it in thy name."

"What else?" She lowered the mirror, and her bold, insistent eyes met his own quite fearlessly. "Thou it not tell me that it was any part of his design when he went forth?"

He frowned; his head sank slowly in thought. Observing the advantage gained she thrust it home.

"It was a lucky wind that blew that Dutchman into his path, and luckier still her being so richly laden that he may dazzle thine eyes with the sight of gold and gems, and so blind thee to the real purpose of his voyage."

"What is his real purpose?" he asked dully.

She smiled a smile of infinite knowledge to hide her utter ignorance, her inability to supply even a reason that should wear in air of truth.

"Dost ask me, O perspicuous Asad? Are not thine eyes as sharp, thy wits as keen at least as mine, that what is clear to me should be hidden from thee? Or hath this Sakr-el-Bahr bewitched thee with enchantments of Baby?"

He strode to her and caught her wrist in a cruelly rough grip of his sinewy old hand.

"His purpose, thou jade! Pour out the fulness of thy mind. Speak!"

She sat up, flushed and defiant.

"I will not speak," said she.

"Thou wilt not? Now, by the Head of Allah! dost dare to stand before my face and defy me, thy Lord? Al! have thee whipped, Fenzileh! I have been too tender of thee these many years—so tender that thou hast forgot the rods that await the disobedient wife. Speak then ere thy flesh be bruised or speak thereafter, at thy pleasure."

"I will not," she repeated. "Though I be flung to the hooks, not another word will I say of Sakr-el-Bahr. Shall I unveil the truth to be scorned and scorned and dubbed a liar and the mother of lies? Then abruptly changing she fell to weeping. "O source of my life," she cried to him, "how cruelly unjust to me thou art! She was groveling now, a thing of supple grace, her lovely arms entwining his knees. "When my love for thee met me to utter what I see, I earn but thy anger, which is more than I can endure. I swoon beneath the weight of it."

He flung her off impatiently.

could have been half so insidious as her suggestion that there was a reason, it gave him something vague and intangible to consider. Something that he could not repel since it had no substance he could grapple with. Impatiently he awaited the morning and the coming of Sakr-el-Bahr himself, but he no longer awaited it with the ardent wholehearted eagerness as of a father awaiting the coming of a beloved son.

Sakr-el-Bahr himself paced the poop deck of the corack and watched the lights perish one by one in the little town that straggled up the hillside before him. The moon came up and bathed it in a white hard light, throwing sharp inky shadows of rustling date palm and spearlike minaret, and flinging shafts of silver athwart the peaceful bay.

His wound was healed and he was fully himself once more. Two days ago he had come on deck for the first time since the fight with the Dutchman, and he had spent there the greater portion of the time since then. Once only had he visited his captives. He had risen from his couch to repair straight to the cabin in the poop where Rosamund was confined. He had found her pale

and very wistful, but with her courage entirely unbroken. The Godolphins were a stiff-necked race, and Rosamund bore in her frail body the spirit of a man. She looked up when he entered, started a little in surprise to see him at last, for it was the first time he had been before her since he had carried her off from Arwenack some four weeks ago. To the expressions of regret—and

they were sincere, for already he repented him his unpremeditated act so far as she was concerned—she returned no slightest answer, gave no sign indeed that she heard a word of it. Baffled, he stood gnawing his lip a moment, and gradually, unreasonably perhaps, anger welled up from his heart. He turned and went out again. Next he had visited his brother, to consider in silence a moment

the haggard, wild-eyed, unshorn wretch who shrank and covered before him in the consciousness of guilt. At last he returned to the deck, and there, as I have said, he spent the greater portion of the last three days of that strange voyage, reclining for the most part in the sun and gathering strength from its ardor. (To be Continued Tomorrow.)

## THE NEBBES

THE WINNER OF THE CONTEST FOR THE BEST NAME FOR THE WONDER WATER WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS



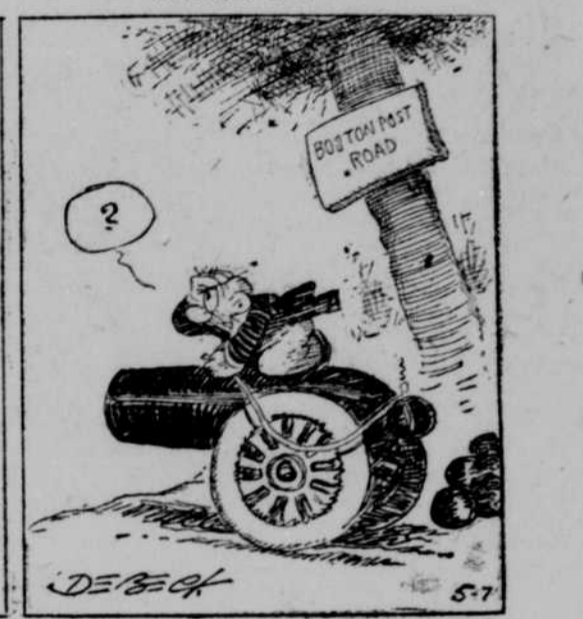
## THE TOILERS.



## Barney Google and Spark Plug

## BARNEY WANTS JUST ONE SHOT.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1924)

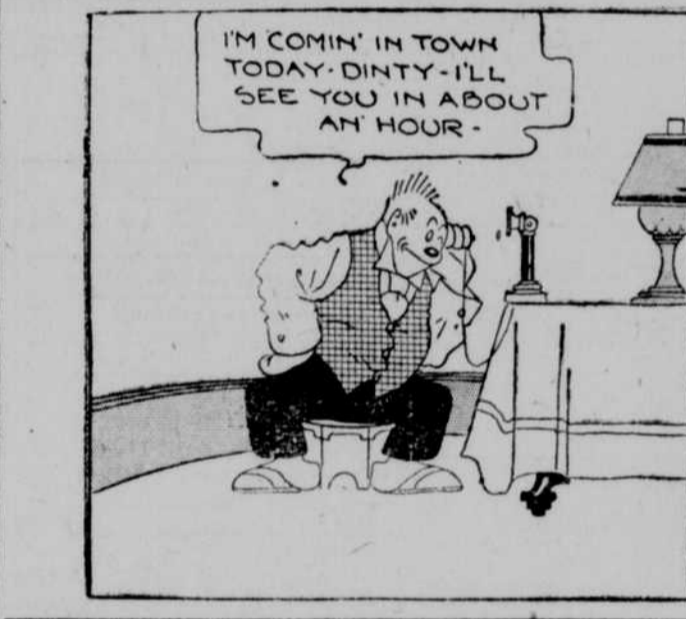


## BRINGING UP FATHER

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

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## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, May 7.—Gotham swings sluggishly up from its deep pool of sleep. It hasn't the steatotic snap of Paris or the boisterous rumble of London upon awakening. It seems uncertain whether to rise or to dream on.

The first show of life is in the subterranean depths of the subway when the army of cleaning women are rushed downtown to polish marble floors and marble halls in great skyscrapers. They are old, rheumatic and toothless.

They must arise at 3 in the morning and their day is done when the office buildings open. Shortly before dawn Fifth avenue is dotted with the men who polish the big brass signs. Then come the window washers with their tiny ladders.

Broadway at 7 o'clock in the morning is as quiet as a churchyard. The only show of life is among the newspaper carriers. The pot begins to bubble around 8 and 9, when the stenographers begin to arrive. Broadway may be said to be awake.

Fifth avenue sleeps longer. The big stores and smart shops do not show any signs of activity until 9:30. At 10 merchants and brokers are bowing to their work. The high peak of life on the avenue is around the luncheon hour at 1 o'clock.

The stranger who is used to "early to bed and early to rise" and perhaps other funny sayings—is surprised to find New York so deserted in the early hours just as he is surprised at the flurry of life after midnight.

New York's flair for late sleeping is illustrated by the story of chorus girl who got an extra part in the movies. She had to be at the Fort Lee studios at 8 and had to leave her hotel at 8. "I wonder," she asked the clerk, "if the subways are running this early?"

In a Broadway barber shop window is a sign which reads: "Shaving in Silence." The barbers are instructed not to talk except when they are spoken to.

There is a young New York lady who writes short stories dealing with red corpsed men with primeval instincts—men of unwholeness who thrill to the comic throbs and treat their ladies rough. Recently she married. I rather expected her man to be a swash-buckler with broad shoulders—hit bit of breath from the "great open places." Instead he is a typical fop with a tiny wisp of mustache, pale blue eyes, spats, monocle and a drawing "My word!" He paints china for recreation.

In the shrill babble of the cafe luncheon crowds there is always the bass clef of pathos. Despite the feigned gaiety there is the impression that most of the lunchers are seeking relief from unpeppable boredom. The wine of life has soured and existence is flat. Yet they seek some relief in fugitive cocktails and red tongued gossip. There are women tired of their husbands and men tired of their women. After lunch they drift away to wait for another hour of rejuvenation—the afternoon tea.

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## The Days of Real Sport



## ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

A Shore Dinner Is His Diet.

