

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Here is a noble twin," the dala announced, "strong of muscle and long of limb, as all may see, whom it were a shameful thing to separate. Who needs such a pair for strong labor let him say what he will give. He set out on a slow circuit of the well, the corsairs urging the two slaves to follow him that all buyers might see and inspect them. In the foremost ranks of the crowd near the gate stood Ali, sent thither by Ottomani to purchase a score of stout fellows to make up the contingent of the gallease of Sakr-el-Bahr. He had been strictly enjoined to buy naught but the stoutest of the market could afford—with one exception. Aboard that gallease they wanted no weaklings who would trouble the boatswain with their swoonings. Ali announced his business forthwith.

"I need such tall fellows for the oars of Sakr-el-Bahr," said he with loud importance, thus drawing upon himself the eyes of the assembly, and turning himself in the admiral's direction. "Two hundred and twenty is now the price, O Ali! By the Koran, they are worth three hundred at the least. Will you say three hundred and another twenty?"

"Two hundred and thirty," was the answer.

Back to the Moor went the dala. "Two hundred and thirty," he offered, O Hamet. Thou wilt give another twenty?"

"Not I, by Allah!" said Hamet, and resumed his seat. "Let him have them."

"Another ten philips?" pleaded the dala.

"Not another asper."

"They are thine, then, O Ali, for two hundred and thirty. Give thanks to Allah for so good a bargain."

The Nubians were surrendered to Ali's followers, whilst the dala's two assistants advanced to settle accounts with the corsair.

"Wait, wait," said he, "is not the name of Sakr-el-Bahr good warranty?"

"The inviolable law is that the purchase money be paid ere a slave leaves the market, O valiant Ali."

"It shall be observed," was the impatient answer, "and I will pay before they leave. But I want other yet, and we will make one account and it please thee. That fellow yonder now. I have orders to buy him for my captain." And he indicated Lionel, who stood at Rosamund's side, the very incarnation of usefulness and debility.

Contemptuous surprise flickered an instant in the eyes of the dala. But this he made haste to dissemble.

"Bring forth that yellow-haired infidel," he commanded.

The corsair laid hands on Lionel. He made a vain attempt to struggle, but it was observed that the woman leaned over to him and said something quickly, whereupon he suffered himself to be dragged limply forth into the full view of all the market.

"Post want him for the car, Ali?" cried Ayoub-el-Samin across the quadrangle, a jest this that evoked a general laugh.

"What else?" quoth Ali. "He should be cheap at least." The dala in an affection of surprise. "Nay, now. 'Tis a comely fellow and a young one. What wilt thou give, now? a hundred philips?"

"A hundred philips!" cried Ali derisively. "A hundred philips for that skinned of bones! Ma'ah'Allah! Five philips is my price, O dala!"

Again laughter cracked through the mob. But the dala stiffened with increasing dignity. Some of that laughter seemed to touch himself, and he was not a person to be made the butt of mirth.

"'Tis a jest, my master," said he, with a forgiving yet contemptuous wave. "Behold how sound he is." He signed to one of the corsairs, and Lionel's doublet was slit from neck to girdle and wrenched away from his body, leaving him naked to the waist, and displaying better proportions than might have been expected. In a passion at that indignity Lionel, written in the grip of his fists, until one of the corsairs struck him a light blow with a whip in earnest of what to expect if he continued to be troublesome. "Consider him now," quoth Ali, "and behold how sound he is. See how excellent are his teeth." He seized Lionel's head and forced the jaws apart.

"Ay," said Ali, "but consider me those lean shanks and that woman's arm."

"'Tis a fault the car will mend," the dala insisted.

"You silly blackmoors!" burst from Lionel in a sob of rage.

"He is muttering curses in his infidel tongue," said Ali. "His temper is none too good, you see. I have said five philips. I'll say no more."

With a shrug the dala began his circuit of the well, the corsairs thrusting Lionel after him. Here one rose to handle him, there another, but none seemed disposed to purchase.

"Five philips is the foolish price offered me for this fine young Frank," cried the dala. "Wilt not true believer pay ten for such a slave? Wilt not thou, O Ayoub? Thou, Hamet—ten philips?"

But one after another those to whom he was offered shook their heads. The haggardness of Lionel's face was too unappealing. They had seen slaves with that look before, and experience told them that no good was ever to be done with such fellows. Moreover, though shapely, his muscles were too slight. Of what looked a slave who must be hardened and nourished into strength, and who might very well die in the process. Even at the philips he would be dear. So the disgusted dala came back to Ali.

"He is thine, then, for five philips—Allah pardon thy avarice."

And then, before Ali could bid for another of the slaves he desired to acquire, a tall, elderly Jew, dressed in black doublet and hose like a Castilian gentleman, with a ruffle at his

puddy gnome, Buck and wing dancers doing a little practicing. Efficiency schools. There are too many go-getters and not enough loafers. I'll head any movement for more play and less work.

A theatrical producer rebukes those who inscribe "Personal" on envelopes addressed to him. His letter-heads bear this warning: "To insure prompt attention do not mark letters 'Personal.'" I can understand his feelings. I always shy at envelopes marked "Important." The writers usually want something.

Laura Jean Libbey resides in a quiet street in Brooklyn and is still an occasional contributor to magazines. She is past 60, but retains a youthful sprightliness. Miss Libbey has written more than 100 novels dealing with love and passion.

Down in the Chelsea district there is a restaurant that is hidden to the casual eye among embattlements of huge, ugly factory buildings. It is the rendezvous of safe blowers. A wizened dwarf admits only those known to be right. The proprietor is a one-eyed man with a scarred forehead who has spent many years in prison. It is the roughest looking crew in New York that gathers about the bare table tops. The police know about it, but it remains unmolested unless a call has been sent out for some one of its habitués. The bill of fare consists solely of Irish stew and coffee.

A negro in Harlem who had been refused admission to an apartment house tenanted by whites bought the building for \$200,000 and moved in. This follows another story that has been current in New York for many months. It concerns the alleged infatuation of a millionaire, now in a sanitarium, for the star of a "high yaller" midnight supper club revue. When she was unable to rent an apartment in a Park avenue apartment house, it is said the millionaire bought the building for her.

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THE NEBBS



THE STENO.



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BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



COMPLETING THE LIST.



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MCINTYRE.

New York, May 16.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: High noon in the West Forties. Colorful crowds. Pompous. Swagger and blatant. Flushed youth. Middle-aged dreamers. Gold and sex. And a blind beggar taps his uncertain way. The movie agencies along Forty-sixth street. All jammed. Hoping and hoping for studios to open. Hundreds of Main Street girls facing starvation or surrender. What a world! Toto, the clown. The wistful expression of one who has pursued his dreams. Why are all clowns so sad looking?

The Algonquin intellectuals. Thinking up wise-cracks. The satirical columnist of a gossip weekly. Wears a black flowing tie and is usually well oiled. A gray-haired woman with bobbed hair and a fapper-tam. Be your age, dearie, be your age!

The Swift walkers. Swift eaters. And swift sleepers. And dreamers walking to the stars. Broadway again. Always alluring. The highway of sham and the true mother of Main street. Nothing stands still. Everything is quick or dead. Tantrums and fanfaras.

The clatter of Child's and the hubbub of the Astor's hunting grill, where the movie magnates lunch. A policeman walking unsteadily. Benny Leonard. Suave air and vascinated hair. Wide wing collars and freshly laundered spats. A pink knobbed cane.

The jaunty subway kiosks of Times Square. Leading to mysterious tunnels, labyrinthine aisles and stately marble corridors. A rush through blackness—swift and eerie. And all for a nickel. No wonder such a city grips you and holds you eternally in its spell.

Abe Erlanger. Resembles a shrewd

Barney Google and Spark Plug BARNEY'S BETTER POSTED NOW HIMSELF.



BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



COMPLETING THE LIST.



Second Honeymoons



ABIE THE AGENT



PERSONAL MENTION

MR AND MRS MARVIN TITUS RETURNED TO THEIR HOME ON WEST ELM STREET YESTERDAY AFTER A DELIGHTFUL TRIP TO THE EASTERN RESORTS. MR TITUS WAS CALLED BACK ON URGENT BUSINESS HE SAID.