

# THE SEA-HAWK

A Thrilling First National Picture. Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)  
CHAPTER XI.  
The Truth.  
The sun was dipping swiftly to the world's rim when Sakr-el-Bahr with his Nubians and his little retinue of corsairs came to the gates of that white house of his on its little eminence outside the Zed-el-Queb, and beyond the walls of the city.

When Rosamund and Lionel, brought in the wake of the corsair, found themselves in the spacious courtyard beyond the dark and narrow entrance, the blue of the sky contained but the paling embers of the dying day, and suddenly, sharply upon the evening stillness, came a muffled voice calling the faithful unto prayer.

Slaves fetched water from the fountain that played in the middle of the quadrangle and tossed aloft a slender silvery spear of water to break into a myriad gems and so shower down into the broad marble basin. Sakr-el-Bahr washed, as did his followers, and then he went down upon the praying mat that had been set for him, whilst his corsairs detached their cloaks and spread them upon the ground to serve them in like stead.

The Nubians turned the two slaves about, lest their glances should defile the orisons of the faithful, and when the green gate that led into the garden whence were wafted on the cooling air the perfumes of jessamine and lavender. Through the gateway of the gate they might have caught a glimpse of the color there, and they might have seen the slaves arrested by the Persian water wheel at which they have been toiling and clanking until the call to pray had come to strike them into statures.

Sakr-el-Bahr rose from his devotions, uttered a sharp word of command, and entered the house. The Nubians followed him, urging their captives before them up the narrow stairs, and so brought them out upon the terrace on the eastward side, which in eastern houses is devoted to the women, but which no woman's foot had ever trodden since this house had been tenanted by Sakr-el-Bahr the witless.

This terrace, which was surrounded by a parapet some four feet high, commanded a view of the city straggling up the hillside to the eastward from the harbor and of the island at the end of the mole which had been so laboriously built by the labor of Christian slaves from the stones of the ruined fortress of the Pagan King Kheyr-ed-Din Barbarossa had wrested from the Spaniards. The deepening

shroud of evening was now upon all transmuting white and yellow walls alike to a pearly grayness. To westward stretched the fragrant gardens of the house, where the doves were murmuring fondly among the mulberries and lotus trees. Beyond it a valley wound its way beneath the shallow hills, and from a pool fringed with sedges and bullrushes above which a great stork was majestically sailing came the harsh croak of frogs.

An awning supported upon two gigantic spears hung out from the southern wall of the terrace which rose to twice the height of that forming the parapet on its other three sides. Under this was a divan and silken cushions, and near it a small Moorish table of ebony inlaid with mother of pearl and gold. Over the opposite parapet, where a lattice had been set, rioted a trailing rose-tree charged with blood-red blossoms, though now their colors were merged into the all-encompassing grayness.

Here Lionel and Rosamund looked at each other in the dim light, their faces gleaming ghostly each to each, whilst the Nubians stood like twin statues by the door that opened from the staircase.

The man groaned, and clasped his hands before him. The doublet which had been torn from him in the sok had since been restored and repaired by the humilation of a palm-leaf cord. But he was woefully bedraggled. Yet his thoughts, if his first words are to be taken as an indication of them, were for Rosamund's condition rather than his own.

"O God, that you should be subjected to this!" he cried. "That you should have suffered what you have suffered! The humiliation of it, the barbarous cruelty! Oh!" He covered his haggard face with his hands.

She touched him gently on the arm. "What I have suffered is but a little thing," she said, and her voice was wonderfully steady and soothing. Have I not said that these Godolphins were brave folk? Even their women were held to have something of the male spirit in their breasts; and to this none can doubt that Rosamund now bore witness. "Do not pity me, Lionel, for my sufferings are at an end, or very nearly." She smiled strangely, the smile of exultation that you may see upon the martyr's face in the hour of doom.

"How?" quoth he, in faint surprise.

"How?" she echoed. "Is there not always a way to thrust aside life's burden when it grows too heavy— heavier than God would have us bear?"

His only answer was a groan. Indeed, he had done little but groan in all the hours they had spent together since they were brought ashore from the carack; and had the season permitted her so much reflection, she might have considered that she had found him singularly wanting during those hours of stress when a man of worth would have made some effort, however desperate, to enhearten her rather than rattle upon his own plight.

Slaves entered bearing four enormous torches, which they set in iron sconces protruding from the wall of the house. Thence they shed a lurid glow upon the terrace. The slaves departed again, and presently, in the black gap of the doorway between the Nubians, a third figure appeared unheralded. It was Sakr-el-Bahr.

He stood a moment at gaze, his attitude haughty, his face expressionless; then slowly he advanced. He was dressed in a short white caftan that descended to his knees, and was caught about his waist in a shimmering girdle of gold that quivered like fire in the blow of the torches as he moved. His arms from the elbow and his legs from the knee were bare, and his feet were shod with gold-enriddled red Turkish slippers. He wore a white turban decked by a plume of osprey attached by a jeweled clasp.

He signed to the Nubians and they vanished silently, leaving him alone with his captives.

He bowed to Rosamund. "This, mistress," he said, "is to be your domain henceforth, which is to treat you more as wife than as slave. For it is to Muslim wives that the house-tops in Barbary are allotted. I hope you like it."

Lionel staring at him out of a white face, his conscience bidding him fear the very worst, his imagination painting a thousand horrid fates for him shrunk back before his half-brother, who scarce appeared to notice him just then.

But Rosamund confronted him, drawn to the full of her splendid height, and if her face was pale, yet it was as composed and calm as his own; if her bosom rose and fell to betray her agitation, yet her glance was contemptuous and defiant, her voice calm and steady, when she answered him with the question:

"What is your intent with me?"

"My intent," said he, with a little twisted smile. "Yet for all that he believed he hated her and sought to hurt, to humble and to crush her, he could not stifle his admiration of her spirit's gallantry in such an hour as this.

From behind the hills peeped the edge of the moon—a sickle of burnished copper.

"My intent is not for you to question," he replied. "There was a time, Rosamund, when in all the world you had no slave more utter than was I. Yourself in your heartlessness, and in your lack of faith, you broke the golden fetters of that servitude. You'll find it less easy to break the shackles I now impose upon you."

She smiled her scorn and quiet confidence. He stepped close to her. "You are my slave, do you understand?—bought in the market place as I might buy me a mule, a goat, or a camel—and belonging to me body and soul. You are my property, my thing, my chattel, to use or abuse, to cherish or break as suits my whim without a will that is not my will, holding your very life at my good pleasure."

She recoiled a step before a dull hatred that throbbed in his words, before the evil mockery of his swarthy bearded face.

"You beast!" she gasped.

"So now you understand the bondage into which you are come in exchange for the bondage which is your own wantonness you dissolved."

"May God forgive you," she panted. "I thank you for that prayer," said he. "May God forgive you no less." And then from the background came an inarticulate sound, a strangled, snarling sob from Lionel.

Sakr-el-Bahr turned slowly. He eyed the fellow a moment in silence, then he laughed.

"Ha! My sometime brother. A pretty fellow, as God lives, is it not? Consider him, Rosamund. Behold how gallantly misfortune is borne by this pillar of manhood upon which you would have leaned, by this stalwart husband of your choice. Look at him! Look at this dear brother of mine."

Under the lash of that mocking tongue Lionel's mood was stung to anger where before it had held naught but fear.

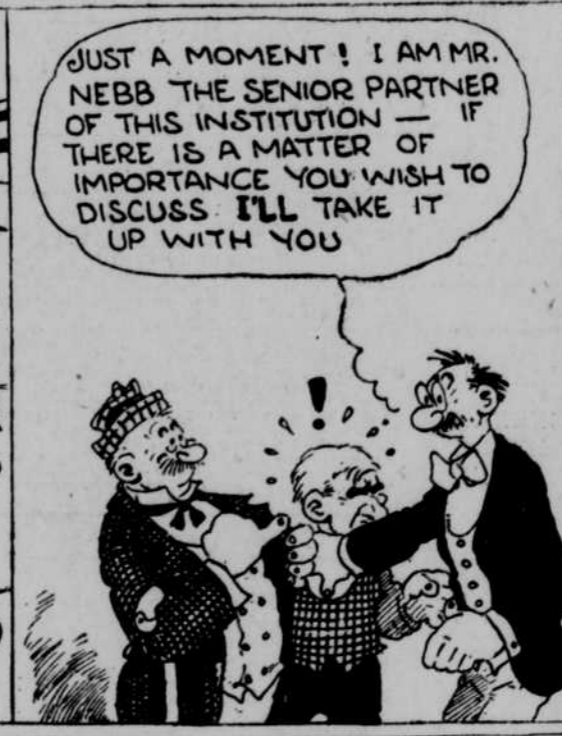
"You are no brother of mine," he retorted fiercely. "Your mother was a woman who betrayed my father." Sakr-el-Bahr quivered a moment as if he had been struck. Yet he controlled himself.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

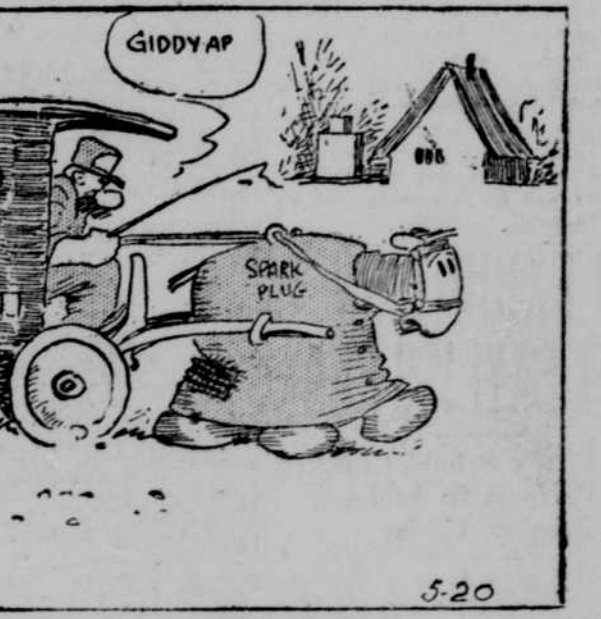
Just now the kettle could not be blamed for calling the Teapot black—New Orleans States

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

## THE NEBB



## Barney Google and Spark Plug



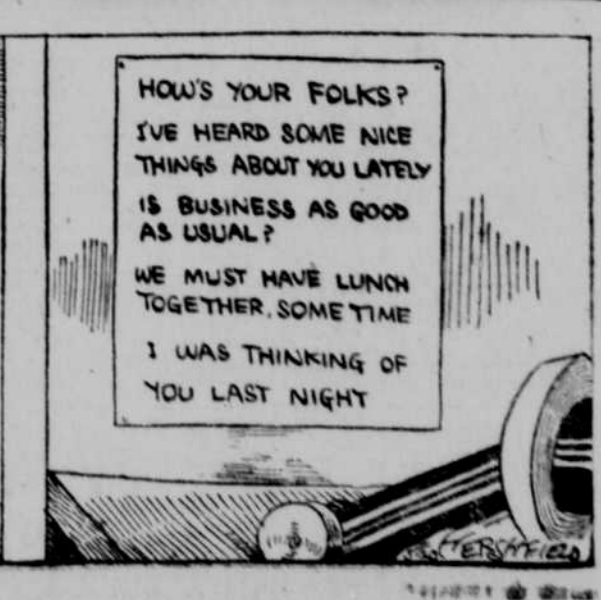
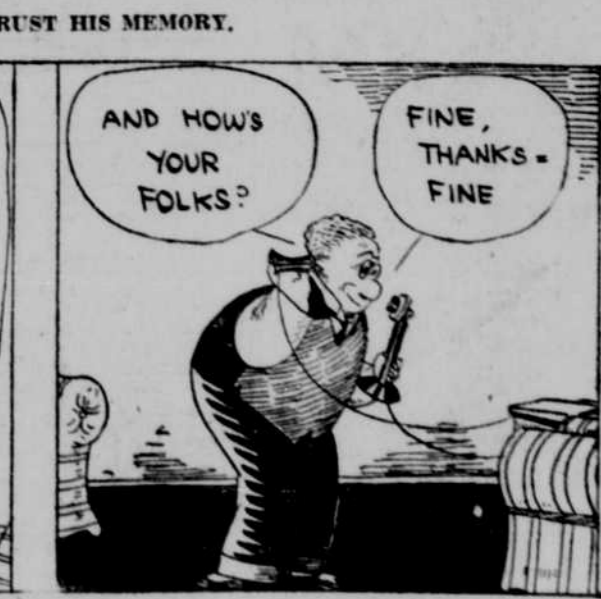
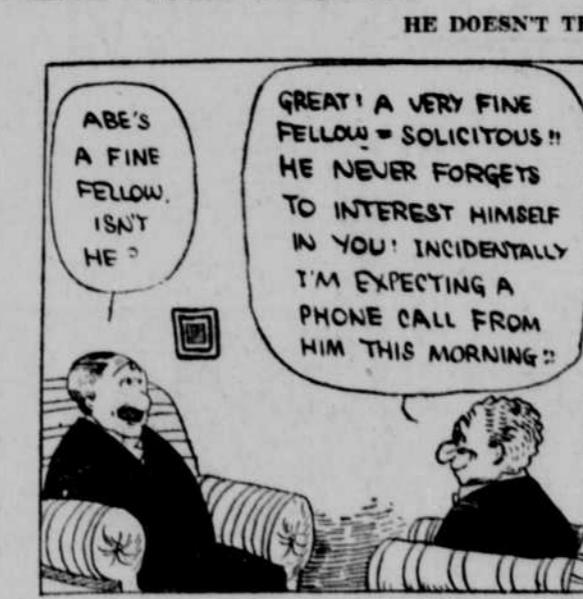
## BRINGING UP FATHER



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## There's at Least One on Every Golf Course



## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.  
New York, May 20.—New Yorkers are always expressing a yearning for wide open spaces where men are men and the plumbing is terrible. A few more years and they are going to pack the kitbag and be off. If all went who announce their plan to do so the island would be deserted.

It is considered smart to hold New York lightly in contempt. "A big city but cold-hearted" that is the lament. It is one libel on New York that should be debunked. The chillest greetings from strangers I ever received were in small towns and the so-called open spaces.

I have lied in wide places in the road, villages where the trains stopped only on signal, fair sized cities, large cities and New York—and for sympathy, charity and the friendly hand clasp when it is needed my vote goes to Manhattan island.

It is the friendliest place I know toward the stranger. It has enough faults, but a lack of friendliness is not one of them. When a man is completely broke I know of no place where he will be so well received as New York. I know this from actual experience.

It will rush and jostle you about, step on your toes and kick your shins, but when the S. O. S. of distress goes up New York will always pause in its rush to extend the friendly hand. It is the most benevolent city in the world in a pinch.

To lady in distress or a gentleman on his uppers New York shows the heart and soul of a Vere de Vere. The other night in front of a small hotel in the Forties a man reeled across the sidewalk and slumped down against an iron spiked fence that guarded a cellarway.

He had been worried by bad liquor and there was a frightful gash across his temple. He was semi-conscious. New York was on its way to the theater. It stopped. A woman used a fine scarf to stanch the flow of blood. Another went after a pitcher of water.

Still another woman in expensive gown pillowed his head on her wrap. He was a down and outer but I counted five persons who tucked bills in his coat pocket before a clanging ambulance came and carried him him away.

Alexander Wolcott, dramatic critic, appeared in a benefit performance along with many of the prominent stage stars recently. A group of actors who had felt the wrath of Mr. Wolcott's pen were down front and when the dramatic critic appeared they hissed. Mr. Wolcott referred to it in his review of the benefit performance in this fashion: "The acoustics of the theater are peculiar, and when the curtain rose the proper tribute from a doubtless impressed audience was so contorted by some aural illusion that to those of us on the stage it sounded absurdly like hissing."

Twenty years ago the side of the Hotel Aster was decupied by brown-stone rooming houses. The locality was moribund and the liveliest feature was a livery stable. In those days the old Broadway theater was considered too far uptown and when Charles Frohman built the Empire below Forty-second street it was called "Frohman's Folly." There was scarcely an electric sign in Times Square and newspapers were writing editorials saying that the district should be better lighted. Gunmen went on forays there and foot-pads were busy.

The course of eating has also gone northward. All the fine restaurants clustered about Twenty-third street. Now the best of them are in the Fifties.

Nellie Revell continues to retain her sense of humor despite her long invalidism. She remarks that it used to be the fashion to go through dirt to get oil and now we go through oil to get dirt.

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## SPARKY'S BACK IN HARNESS.



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

## ABIE THE AGENT

