

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Let me hear my mother's name but once again on thy four tongue, and I'll have it ripped out by the roots. Her memory, I thank God, is far above the insults of such a crawling thing as you. Nonetheless, take care not to speak of the only woman whose name I reverence."

And then, turning at bay, as even the rat will do, Lionel sprang upon him, with clawing hands outstretched to reach his throat. But Sakrel-Bahr caught him in a grip that bent him howling to his knees.

"You find me strong, eh?" he gibed. "It matters not whether I am strong, for six endless months I toiled at the oar of a galley, and you'll understand that it was that turned my body into iron and robbed me of a soul."

He flung him off, and sent him crashing into the rosebush and the lattice over which it rambled.

"You realize it?" From a tone of suppressed fury his voice rose suddenly to a roar. "You shall. For that error which was mine, your contriving shall now be yours until you die."

He paused, but Lionel made no attempt to avail himself of this. His courage all gone out of him again, as suddenly as it had flickered up, he covered where he had been flung.

"Before you go there is something else," Sakrel-Bahr resumed, "something for which I have had you brought hither tonight."

"Not content with having delivered me to all this, not content with having branded me a murderer, destroyed my good name, lashed my possessions and driven me into the very path of hell, you must further set about usurping my place in the false heart of this woman I once loved."

"I hope," he went on reflectively, "that in your own poor way you love her, too, Lionel. Thus to the torment that awaits your body shall be added torment for your treacherous soul—such torture of mind as only the damned may know. To that end have I brought you hither. That you may realize something of what is in store for this woman at my hands; that you may take the thought of it with you to be to your mind worse than

the boatwain's lash to your pampered body," he snarled Lionel. "O, you fend out of hell!"

"If you will manufacture devils; little teard of a brother, do not unbrand them for being devils when next you meet them."

"Give him no heed, Lionel!" said Rosamund. "I shall prove him as much a boaster as he has proved himself a villain. Never think that he will be able to work his evil will."

"It is you are the boaster there," said Sakrel-Bahr. "And for the rest, I am what you and he, between you, have made me."

"Did we make you liar and coward?"—for that is what you are indeed," she answered.

"Coward?" he echoed in genuine surprise. "It will be some lie that he has told you with the others. In what, pray, was I ever coward?"

"In what? In this that you do now; in this taunting and torturing of two helpless beings in your power."

"I speak not of what I am," he replied, "for I have told you that I am what you have made me. I speak of what I was. I speak of the past."

She looked at him and she seemed to measure him with her unwavering glance.

"You speak of the past?" she echoed. "You speak of the past and to me? You dare?"

"It is that we might speak of it together that I have fetched you all the way from England; that I have had may tell you things I was a fool to have kept from you five years ago; that we may resume a conversation which you interrupted when you dismissed me."

"I did you a monstrous injury, no doubt," she answered him, with bitter irony. "I was surely wanting in consideration. It would have become me better to have smiled and fawned upon my brother's murderer."

"I swore to you, then, that I was not his murderer," he reminded her in a voice that shook.

"I did you a monstrous injury, no doubt," she answered him, with bitter irony. "I was surely wanting in consideration. It would have become me better to have smiled and fawned upon my brother's murderer."

"I swore to you, then, that I was not his murderer," he reminded her in a voice that shook.

"And I answered you that you lied," she retorted, "for that blind willfulness I have been punished, as perhaps I deserved to be."

"Lies—all lies!" she stormed. "Those ways of mine—and God knows they were none so wild, when all is said—I abandoned when I came to love you. No lover since the world began was ever so cleansed, so purified, so sanctified by love as was I."

"Spare me this at least!" she cried on a note of loathing.

"Spare you?" he echoed. "What shall I spare you?"

"The shame of it all; the shame that is ever mine in the reflection that for a season I believed I loved you."

He smiled. "If you can still feel shame, it shall overwhelm you ere I have done. For you shall hear me out. Here there are none to interrupt you, none to thwart my sovereign will. Reflect then, and remember. Remember what a pride you took in the change you had wrought in me. Your vanity welcomed that flattery, that tribute to the power of your beauty. Yet, all in a moment, upon the paltriest grounds, you believed me the murderer of your brother."

"The paltriest grounds!" she cried, protesting almost despite herself.

"So paltry that the justices of Turro would not move against me."

"Because, she cut in, "they accounted that you had been sufficient provoked. Because you had not sworn to them as you swore to me that no provocation should ever drive you to raise your hand against my brother. Because they did not realize how false and how forsworn you were."

He considered her a moment. Then he took a turn on the terrace, Lionel crouching ever by the rose tree was almost entirely forgotten by him now.

"God give me patience with you!" he said at length. "I need it. For I desire you to understand many things this night. I mean you to see how just is my resentment; how just the punishment that is to overtake you for what you have made of my life and perhaps of my hereafter. Justice Baine and another who is dead, knew me for innocent."

"They knew you for innocent?" There was scornful amazement in her tone. "Were they not witnesses of the quarrel betwixt you and Peter and of your oath that you would kill him?"

"That was an oath sworn in the heat of anger. Afterwards I was thought me that he was your brother."

"Afterwards," said she. "After you had murdered him?"

"I say again," Oliver replied calmly, "that I did not do this thing."

"And I say again that you lie."

He considered her for a long moment; then he laughed. "Have you ever," he asked, "known a man to lie without some purpose? Men lie

for the sake of profit, they lie out of cowardice or malice, or else because they are vain and vulgar boasters. I know of no other causes that will drive a man to falsehood, save that—ah, yes!—and he flashed a sidelong glance at Lionel—"save that sometimes a man will lie to shield another out of self-sacrifice. There you have all the spurs that urge a man to falsehood. Can any of these be urging

me tonight? Reflect! Ask yourself what purpose I could serve by lying to you now. Consider further that I have come to loathe you for your unfaith; that I desire naught so much as to punish you for that and for all its bitter consequences to me; that I have brought you hither to exact payment from you to the uttermost farthing. What end then can I serve by falsehood? Can any of these be urging

"All this being so, what end could you serve by truth?" she countered. "To make you realize to the full the injustice that you did. To make you understand the wrongs for which you are called to pay. To prevent you from conceiving yourself a martyr; to make you perceive in all its deadly bitterness that what now comes to you is the inevitable fruit of your own faithlessness."

"Sir Oliver, do you think me a fool?" she asked him.

"Madam, I do—and worse," he answered.

"Ay, that is clear," she agreed scornfully, "since even now you waste breath in attempting to persuade me against my reason. But words will not blot out facts. And though you talk from now till the day of judgment no word of yours can efface

those bloodstains in the snow that formed a trail from that poor murdered body to your own door; no word of yours can extinguish the memory of the hatred between him and you, and of your own threat to kill him; nor can it stifle the recollection of the public voice demanding your punishment. You dare to take such a tone. You dare to take such a tone as you are taking with me? You dare here under heaven to stand and

lie to me that you may give a false gloss to the villainy of your present deed—for that is the purpose of your falsehood, since you asked me what purpose there could be for it. What had you to set against all that, to convince me that your hands were clean, to induce me to keep the truth which—God forgive me!—I had plighted to you?"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

WANTED A PUMP.

LET'S SEE WHAT HORATIO NIBLICK HAS TO SAY TO DEAR MR. NEBB:— WHEN I TOOK THE COMMISSION AS CUSTODIAN OF YOUR ESTATE AND MADE THE NOMINAL FEE OF \$10 A WEEK— I THOUGHT THE DUTIES WERE LOOKING AFTER YOUR ESTATE DURING THE PERIOD OF RECONSTRUCTION AND TAKING CARE OF SUCH LEGAL MATTERS THAT MIGHT ARISE— I DIDN'T KNOW IT TOOK WITH IT THE PUMPING AND SHIPPING OF WATER— I'M NOT COMPLAINING ABOUT THE COMPENSATION BUT THE PRESENT METHOD OF TAKING WATER FROM THE WELL IS OLDER THAN THE PYRAMIDS— THE BUCKET ONLY HOLDS A GALLON— THE BARRELS HOLD 50 GALLONS— SO IT TAKES 50 DIPS TO FILL A BARREL. MY BACK IS NEARLY BROKE AND MY HANDS ALL BLISTERED AND UNLESS YOU WILL SUPPLY A GASOLINE PUMP I GUESS YOU WILL HAVE TO MAKE DIFFERENT HUMAN ARRANGEMENTS— YOUR OBLIGED SERVANT HORATIO NIBLICK

I'LL GET FAITHFUL NIBLICK A GASOLINE PUMP— I'M THE ONLY GUY THAT EVER PUT BLISTERS ON A LAWYER'S HANDS! MOST OF THEM SIT AROUND THEIR OFFICE AND WHEN THEY GET A CASE THEY GET A BOOK AND READ THE LAW ON IT AND THEN GO TO COURT AND TELL THE JUDGE— HE AIN'T GOT TIME TO READ IT HIMSELF

BE PATIENT— WE'LL ANNOUNCE THE WINNER OF THE 'BEST NAME FOR THE WATER CONTEST AS SOON AS WE CAN— WE'VE STILL GOT A LOT OF LETTERS TO GO THROUGH— WE'RE NOT GOING TO OVERLOOK ONE— Rudy Niblick

THAT'S ALL WE HAVE FOR YOU PERSONALLY— THE REST ARE FOR NEBB & SLYDER

THAT'S FROM MY ATTORNEY AT NORTHVILLE

Barney Google and Spark Plug

IT LOOKS HOPELESS TO BARNEY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

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

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IM THE SPONSOR OF THE BIG BARNEY GOOGLE DERBY A WEEK FROM SATURDAY— WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE SITUATION BROTHER?

DON'T BOTHER ME.

EVERYONE GIVES ME THE RUN-AROUND— TEDDY HAYES, MILS GRANLUND, BEN FRANK, ALFRED BLOCK— JOSEPH GINSBERG— THE WHOLE GANG— IF THE BARNEY GOOGLE DERBY IS A FLOP MY REPUTATION IS RUINED.

GO WAY— I DON'T KNOW NUTTIN ABOUT DOIBIES.

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS

BRINGING UP FATHER

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JERRY ON THE JOB

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