

THE SEA-HAWK

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

(Continued From Yesterday.)
CHAPTER XIV.
The Sign.

From behind her lattice, still breathless from the haste she had made, and with her whole Marzak at her side, Fenzle had witnessed that first angry return of the Basha from the house of Sak-el-Bahr.

She had heard him howling for Abdul Mohitir, the leader of his janissaries, and she had seen the hasty mustering of a score of these soldiers in the courtyard, where the ruddy light of torches mingled with the white light of the full moon. She had seen them go hurrying away with Asad at their head, and she had not known whether to weep or to laugh, whether to fear or to rejoice.

"It is done," Marzak had cried exultantly. "The dog hath withstood him and so destroyed himself. There will be an end to Sak-el-Bahr this night." And he had added: "The praise to Allah!"

But from Fenzle came no response to his prayer of thanksgiving. True, Sak-el-Bahr must be destroyed, and by a sword that she herself had forged. Yet was it not inevitable that the stroke which laid him low must wound her on its repercussion? That was the question to which now she sought an answer. For all her eagerness to speed the corsair to his doom, she had not overlooked the circumstance that an inevitable result of this must be Asad's appropriation of that rankish sword which, but for the time it had seemed to her that even this price was worth paying to remove Sak-el-Bahr definitely and finally from her son's path—which shows that, after all, Fenzle's mother was capable of some self-sacrifice. She comforted herself now with the reflection that the influence, whose waning she feared might be occasioned by the introduction of a rival into Asad's harem, would no longer be so vitally necessary to herself and Marzak once Sak-el-Bahr were removed. The rest mattered none so much to her. Yet it mattered something, and the present state of things left her uneasy, her mind a cockpit of emotions. Her grasp could not encompass all her desires at once, it seemed; and whilst she could gloat over the gratification of one, she must bewail the frustration of another. Yet in the main she felt that she should account herself the gainer.

In this state of mind she had waited, scarce heeding the savagely joyous and entirely selfish babblings of her cub, who cared little what might befall his mother as the price of the removal of this hated rival from his path. For him, at least, there was nothing but profit in the business, no cause for anything but satisfaction, and that satisfaction he voiced with a fine contempt for his mother's feelings.

against him, that I may avenge the thwarting of a petty desire?" "Dost thou still say, O my life, that Sak-el-Bahr is the stoutest champion of the prophet's law?" she asked him softly, yet on a note of amazement.

"It is not I that say it, but his deeds," he answered sullenly. "I know of one deed no true-believer could have wrought. If proof were needed of his infidelity he hath now afforded it in taking to himself a Nasrani wife. Is it not written in the book to be read: 'Marry not idolatresses'? Is not that the prophet's law, and hath he not broken it, offending at once against Allah and against thee, O fountain of my soul?" Asad frowned. Here was truth indeed, something that he had entirely overlooked. Yet justice compelled him still to defend Sak-el-Bahr, or else perhaps he but reasoned to prove to himself that the case against the corsair was indeed complete.

"He may have sinned in thoughtlessness," he suggested.

"At that she cried out in admiration of him. "What a fount of mercy and forbearance art thou, O father of Marzak! Thou'rt right as in all things. It was no doubt in thoughtlessness that he offended, but would such thoughtlessness be possible in a true believer—in one worthy to be dubbed 'the champion of the prophet's holy law'?"

It was a shrewd thrust, that pierced the armor of conscience in which he sought to empanoply himself. He sat very thoughtful, scowling darkly at the inky shadow of the wall which the moon was casting. Suddenly he rose.

"By Allah, thou art right!" he cried. "So that he thwarted me and kept that Frankish woman for himself, he cared not how he sinned against the law."

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She glided to her knees and collected her arms about his waist, looking up at him. "Still art thou ever merciful, ever sparing in adverse judgment. Is that all his fault, O Asad?" "All?" he questioned, looking down at her. "What more is there?"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

THE NEBBS



CURLY WOLF.



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hest

Barney Google and Spark Plug



Barney Gets a Ticket to the Hospital.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, May 29.—Hidden tragedies of a great city often lurk in the puzzling "Personals" of New York newspapers. The appeals are cryptic, but they reveal the despair of the lonely, forsaken and lovers.

Nearly every three months for the last 10 years this personal has appeared: "Joe—I never give up hoping. Each night I wait for you at the window. Mary." Joe may be a brother, husband or sweetheart.

Here are three personals that have appeared during the last two weeks:

"L. S.—I paved our wedding ring today to buy baby medicine. A week more and I will disappear forever."

"Tess—Father thinks you are in England. Mail letters to George to be remailed. Don't give up hope. Florrie." No doubt Tess is in prison.

"Alex—Unless you call by telephone Friday morning I can do nothing. We all fan after rain. Sarah."

In the old days before the "personal column" was purged of its underworld taint many criminals kept in touch with each other and hatched their nefarious rascality by code messages. There was a man at police headquarters whose sole job was to decode them.

As a result many crimes were blocked and many criminals trapped by the "Personals." Today when a mysterious message is handed in at newspaper shops it will not be printed until a thorough investigation is made. The information is, of course, kept confidential.

So the "Personal" today may be relied upon. Nearly all strike the note of despair. It is the last resort of the beaten.

An innovation at one of the Four Hundred functions was a lady who wore a muff of real flowers. The muffs are, of course, not lasting, but they are evidently creating a stir. One Fifth Avenue florist announces they will be especially made at prices from \$30 to \$50.

I was lured to one of those cellar French cafes the other day for lunch by a man who knows Paris as well as New York. The place he told me was as French as the Cafe de la Rotonde. I was offered something at first that I ate with somewhat of a relish. The waiter came with another helping. "Will monsieur have some more snails?" he asked. "Non, non," I cried, dropping into my French and crawling right out again. "I should say not." As long as I didn't know they were snails they were excellent, but when I learned it I went through a squeamish meal.

Critics have been dueling with the redoubtable literary twins, Mencken and Nathan, over their new magazine—The American Mercury. One deplores their lack of the messianic complex. He believes they are leaning backward in their desire to give the idea they have no message. Says he: "A magazine, like a murderer, must have a motive." Still it appears that the most widely read magazines in the field are patently without a message. Mencken and Nathan may have found that a great truth is dawning. There are entirely too many Calpurns of Cant.

Speaking of writers and snails, a cafe keeper tells me he educated a number of patrons to a taste for snails by listing them on the menu as "Terrestrial gastropods," and he tacked on a sauce by way of the la method.

A lady whose lips wore the latest shade of scarlet gave a gentleman escort a pecking kiss on the cheek in front of a hotel portico. He wondered why the crowd laughed. He probably learned when he looked in the mirror and saw the imprint of her lips.

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BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



THE HARD-BOILED MR. CANTAB.



Second Honeymoons



ABIE THE AGENT



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield