

# THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Lionel stared at him in profound amazement. "Do you mock me?" he asked at length.

"Why should I mock you on such a matter?"

"Is it not to mock me to suggest a way for my deliverance?"

Sak-el-Bahr laughed, and he mocked now in earnest. He set his left foot upon the rower's stretcher, and leaned forward and down his elbow upon his raised knee so that his face was close to Lionel's.

"For your deliverance?" said he. "God's life! Lionel, you must know ever one that could take in naught but your own self. It is that that has made a villain of you. Your deliverance, God's wounds! Is there none but yourself who'd be so foolish as to ask me to swim to Sir John's ship and bear him word of the presence here of his galleasses and that Rosamund is aboard it? It is for her that I am concerned, and so little for you that should you chance to be drowned in the attempt my only regret will be that the message was not delivered. Will you undertake that swim? It is your one sole chance short of death itself of escaping from the rowers' bench. Will you go?"

"But how?" demanded Lionel, still mistrusting him.

"Will you go?" his brother insisted.

"Afford me the means and I will," was the answer.

"Very well," Sak-el-Bahr leaned nearer still. "Naturally it will be supposed by all who are watching us that I am going you to desperation. Act then, your part. Up, and attempt to strike me. Then when I return the blow—and I shall strike heavily that no make-believe may be suspected—collapse on your own pretending to swoon. Leave the rest to me. Now," he added sharply, and on the word rose with a final laugh of derision as if to take his departure.

But Lionel was quick to follow the instructions. He leaped up in his bonds, and reaching out as far as they would permit him, he struck Sak-el-Bahr heavily upon the face. On his side, too, there was to be no make-believe apparent. That done he sank down with a clank of shackles to the bench again, whilst every one of his fellow slaves that faced his way looked on with fearful eyes.

Sak-el-Bahr was seen to reel under the blow, and instantly a commotion on board. Biskaine leaped to his feet with a half cry of astonishment; even Asad's eyes kindled with interest at so unusual a sight as that of a galley slave attacking a corsair. Then with a snarl of anger, the snarl of an enraged beast almost, Sak-el-Bahr's great arm was swung aloft and his fist descended like a hammer upon Lionel's head.

Lionel sank forward under the blow, his senses swimming. Sak-el-Bahr's arm swung up a second time. "Thou dost!" he roared, and then checked, perceiving that Lionel appeared to have swooned.

He turned and belittled for Vigittello and his mates in voice that was hoarse with passion. Vigittello came at a run, a couple of his men at his heels.

"Unshackle me this corsair, and leave it overboard," was the harsh order. "Let that serve as an example to the others. Let them learn thus the price of mutiny in their lousy traps. You hear?"

Away sped a man for hammer and chisel. His returned with them at once. Four sharp metallic blows rang out, and Lionel was dragged forth from his place to the gangway deck. Here he revived, and screamed for mercy as though he were to be drowned in earnest.

Biskaine chuckled under the awning. Asad looked on approvingly. Rosamund drew back, shuddering, choking, and near to fainting from sheer horror.

She, too, Lionel borne struggling in the arms of the boatswain's men to the starboard quarter, and flung over the side with no more compunction or care than had he been so much rubbish. She heard the final scream of terror with which he vanished, the splash of his fall, and then in the ensuing silence the laugh of Sak-el-Bahr.

For a spell she stood there with horror and loathing of that renegade corsair in her soul. Her mind was bewildered, and all that she could gather was the firm conviction that hitherto he had cheated her; he had lied when he swore that his aim was to effect her deliverance. It was not in such a nature to know a gentle mood of penitence for a wrong done. What might be his purpose she could not yet perceive, but that it was an evil one she never doubted, for no purpose of his could be aught but evil. So overwrought was she now that she forgot all Lionel's sins, and found her heart filled with compassion for him, buried in that brutal fashion to his death.

And then, quite suddenly a shout rang out from the forecastle.

"Where's 'where'?" he cried, and sprang to the bulwarks.

"Yonder!" A man was pointing. Others had joined him and were peering through the gathering gloom at the moving object that was Lionel's head and the faintly visible swirl of water about it which indicated that he swam.

"Out to sea!" cried Sak-el-Bahr. "He'll not swim far in any case. But we will shorten his road for him." He snatched a cross-bow from the rack about the mainmast, fitted a shaft to it and took aim.

On the point of loosing the bolt he paused.

"Marzak!" he called. "Here, thou prince of marksmen, is a butt for thee?"

"Come now," cried Sak-el-Bahr. "Take up thy bow much longer," put in Asad, "he will be beyond thine aim. Already he is scarcely visible."

"The more difficult a butt, then," answered Sak-el-Bahr, who was but delaying to gain time. "The keener test. A hundred phillips, Marzak, that thou'll not hit me that head in three shots, and that I'll sink him at the first! Will'take the wager?"

"The unbeliever is forever peeping forth from thee," was Marzak's dignified reply. "Games of chance are forbidden by the prophet."

"Make haste, man!" cried Asad. "Already I can scarce discern him. Loose thy quarrel."

"Pooh," was the disdainful answer. "A fair mark still for such an eye as mine. I never miss—not even in the mark."

"Vain boaster," said Marzak. "Am I not?" Sak-el-Bahr loosed his shaft at last into the gloom, and peered after it following its flight, which was wide of the direction of the swimmer's head. "A hit!" he cried brazenly. "He's gone!"

"I think I see him still," said one. "Thine eyes deceive thee in this light. No man was ever known to swim with an arrow through his brain."

"Ay," put in Jasper, who stood behind Sak-el-Bahr. "He has vanished."

"It is too dark to see," said Vigittello.

And then Asad turned from the vessel's side. "Well, well—shot or drowned, he's gone," he said, and there the matter ended.

Sak-el-Bahr replaced the cross-bow in the rack and came slowly up to the poop.

In the gloom he found himself confronted by Rosamund's white face between the two dusky countenances of his Nubians. She drew back before him as he approached, and he, intent upon imparting his news to her, followed her within the poop-house and bade Ablad bring lights.

When these had kindled they faced each other, and he perceived her profound agitation and guessed the cause of it. Suddenly she broke into speech.

"You beast! You devil!" she panted. "God will punish you! I shall spend my every breath in praying Him to punish you as you deserve. You murderer! You hound! And I like a poor simpliciton was heading your false words. I was believing you sincere in your repentance of the wrong you have done me. But now you have shown me..."

"How have I hurt you in what I have done to Lionel?" he cut in, a little amazed by so much vehemence.

"Hurt me!" she cried, and on the words grew cold and calm again with a very scorn. "I thank God it is beyond your power to hurt me. And I thank you for correcting my foolish misconception of you, my belief in your pitiful pretence that it was your aim to save me. I would not accept salvation at your murderer's hands. Though, indeed, I shall not be put to it. Rather," she pursued, a little wildly now in her deep mortification, "are you like to sacrifice me to your own vile ends, whatever they may be. But I shall thwart you, heaven helping me. Be sure I shall not want courage for that." And with a shuddering moan she covered her face, and stood swaying there before him.

He looked on with a faint, bitter smile, understanding her mood just as he understood her dark threat of thwarting him.

"I came," he said quietly, "to bring you the assurance that he has got safely away, and to tell you upon what manner of errand I have sent him."

Something compelling in his voice, the easy assurance with which he spoke, drew her to start at him again. "I mean Lionel, of course," he said, in answer to her questioning glance. "That scene between us—the blow and the swoon and the rest of it—was all make-believe. So afterwards the shooting. My challenge to Mar-

zak was a ruse to gain time—to avoid shooting in the dusk that none could say whether it was still there or not. My shaft went wide of him, as I intended. He is swimming round the head with my message to Sir John Killigrew. He was a strong swimmer in the old days, and should easily reach his goal. That is what I came to tell you."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

## THE NEBBS

## HOW THE OLD PLACE HAS CHANGED.

**THE NAME SELECTED FOR THE WONDER WATER IS NOXAGE**

THIS NAME WAS SUGGESTED BY TWO READERS

SO F. E. GEELE YARMOUTH NOVA SCOTIA BOX 278 AND ALEXANDER ROSS 2518 BELVEDERE OAKLAND CAL.

BOTH WIN \$150.00 WATCHES

THE PLACE LOOKS VERY NICE—UNDER MY SUPERVISION YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT THE TRANSFORMATION—AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LOSE THE PLACE EITHER!

LOOK AT THE PLACE—ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL? IF YOU HAD LEFT IT AS IT WAS AND DIDN'T ADVERTISE THE HEALTH VALUE OF THE WATER THIS RELATIVE WOULD STILL BE ROAMING THE WIDE WORLD WITH NO THOUGHT OF NORTHVILLE

GOOD MORNING, COUNSELOR—I JUST GOT A DRINK BY PERMISSION OF THE NEW OWNER SETH NEBB—I ASKED HIM IF HE WAS GOING TO HIRE YOU—HE SAID "NO"—HE HAD A CHIMPANZEE AND A RAM GOAT AND THAT'S ENOUGH FOR SUCH A SMALL ESTATE

YOU BETTER BRUSH THE DUST OFF YOUR LAW BOOKS AND READ UP A LITTLE BECAUSE WHEN THAT CITY LAWYER GETS THROUGH THE TOWN'S GOING TO TAKE YOUR DIPLOMA AWAY FROM YOU

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

## THIS IS NOTHING TO MAKE LIGHT OF.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

WELL I'M CLEANED AGAIN! THAT RACE YESTERDAY WAS A PASSPORT TO THE POORHOUSE—

YOUR FAULT, TOO! I'VE A GOOD NOTION TO SMACK YOU DOWN— GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!

I GOTTA HOCK SOMETHING ??????

HOW MUCH FOR THESE PLUMES, UNCLE?

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, June 12.—The Riatio dubs it Chorine Court. It is a block on West Forty-seventh street between Broadway and Sixth avenue, that houses hundreds of New York chorus girls. The block is the comb of a monstrous beehive riddled with tiny cells and filled with paint, powder—and honey.

The street is dotted with about 15 small hotels—most of them shabby, dimly lit and not inclined to questioning. All about bloom beauty parlors, quick lunch emporiums, upstairs millinery shops and down stairs modiste salons. It is attuned to vanity.

Just now the Riatio is in the throes of a summer slump. And Chorine Court arouses from sluggish sleep at 3 in the afternoon instead of noon. The pavements fill with the hastily dressed airing white kyooodles. Mazie, Daisy and Pearl are greeting life with a yawn.

Around 3 o'clock faces are unpowdered and unroughed. It is not until around 4 that curls glisten from the iron of beauty shops and cheeks and lips acquire the artificial scarlet. They are preparing for the evening and Chorine Court takes on a bird-like swiftness.

It is a jaunty crew—these blithe young ladies who form the hoopla of Gotham's merry merry. They have put their hearts to the burlesque and if they fail to make them they are not inclined to moan and fold their hands. They face genteel starvation gracefully and with a laugh.

Chorine Court is a world of youth unchaperoned. Yet at times they seem more fortunate toward life than their more fortunate flapper sisters who chase new fox trot steps and laugie with desire. They are tucked in some dark corner of the tea room.

There are approximately 8,000 chorus girls in New York. At least 80 per cent of them have married unhappily. The remaining percentage are those who expected big careers on the stage but found they could not make the grade.

Talent oozes from odd places. An ad in a New York theatrical paper reads: "A1 baritone, double Trombone, desires permanent location. A No. 1 furrure man. Kansas Licensed embalmer and professional piano tuner. A. F. & A. M. Eric N. Petersen, Sylvan Grove, Kan."

There is another specialist also who modestly heralds himself as follows: "Trap drummer, joke maker, cornet and sither. Can fill in as wuck and wing or female impersonations. Only season engagement will be considered."

The woman of the future is going to be bald. Eighteen coiffure specialists agree on this. They declare bobbed hair has resulted in a tight style of millinery that is fatal to the roots of the hair. All ready they say thousands of New York women are taking scalp treatments for falling hair. Still nearly all continue to bob the hair—youth and old.

Great wealth's nonchalance leaves me quite flabbergasted. I was in a club the other day when a member received a sudden summons to sail for Europe in a week. He went to the telephone and called up his tailor. "I want a dozen suits in a week—six business suits, two evening suits, three golf suits and a cutaway," he ordered. He left the entire selection to his tailor. He then called up his valet and told him to arrange for a royal suite on a liner and to attend to his packing and returned to his bridge. It was all as simple as though he had received a message inviting him out to lunch.

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## BRINGING UP FATHER

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

NOW IF YOU STAY RIGHT THERE AN' DON'T SNOORE TOO LOUD—MAGGIE WON'T KNOW YOU ARE IN THE HOUSE.

SHE'S IN THE NEXT ROOM—SO BE QUIET!

PRETTY LITTLE SPARROW TWEET—TWEET!

I DON'T BLAME YOU—BUT NOW WE'LL BOTH GET THROWN OUT—

O—U!

## JERRY ON THE JOB

## ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

WHEN A GENT'S LATE HE'S LATE AND IT DOESN'T HELP MATTERS ANY TO GALLOP— THAT'S MY MOTTO.

HEY!! COME BACK HERE!!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME WE BEGIN WORK HERE?

NOT EXACTLY.

THEY'RE ALWAYS AT IT WHEN I GET HERE.

## That Guiltiest Feeling

## ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

SEE THAT BIG STOUT MAN OVER THERE IN A CHECK SUIT— WITH A BEARD— RED FACE—?

YES—WHO IS IT?

WHY THAT'S SENATOR GASSY— HE'S PROBABLY GOING TO BE THE NOMINEE OF THE CONVENTION— I KNOW HIS NAME WELL— I KNOW YOU?

I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM

HOWDY DO SENATOR— I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY FRIEND MR. BOZO— WELL HOW'S EVERYTHING SENATOR?

UMPP UMPP

POSITIVE— I AIN'T NO IDLE REMAINDER WHILE BUSINESS IS SLACK, I'LL GO AROUND AND SELL THOSE CLOCKS FOR SIGMUND

TAKE THIS ALONG AS A SAMPLE TO SHOW MAKE A HOUSE TO HOUSE CANVASS

LEAVE IT TO ME— I'LL GET ORDERS!

I DON'T SEEM TO RECALL YOUR NAME

WHY—UH JACKSON

I'VE SOME VERY IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO

MY STARS HOW CORDIAL YOUR FRIEND WAS!! YES—INDEED— YOU'RE JUST LIKE LITTLE PALS TOGETHER

WHY HE NOW WE'RE ALL RIGHT THAT'S JUST HIS WAY— HE'S ALL RIGHT

NOW, NOW I'LL TRY MY LUCK WITH CUSTOMER NUMBER ONE!!

WELL— AND WHAT DO YOU WANT???

EH, EH— WHAT'S THE RIGHT TIME PLEASE???