

# THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

And so, indeed, it was, creeping up slowly under that faint breeze, her tall bulk loomed now above them, her prow plowing slowly forward at an acute angle to the prow of the galleon. Another moment and she was alongside, and with a swing and clank and a yell of triumph the English seamen lining her bulwarks her grappling irons swung down to seize the corsair ship at prow and stern and waist. Scarce had they fastened, that a score of men in breastplates and morions poured over her side, to alight upon the prow of the galleon, and not even the fear of the lantern held above the powder barrel could not restrain the corsairs from giving these hardy boarders the reception they reserved for all intruders. In an instant the fighting platform on the prow was become a raging, seething hell of battle luridly illumined by the ruddy glow from the lights aboard the Silver Heron. Foremost among those who had leaped down had been Lionel and Sir John Killigrew. Foremost among those to receive them had been Jasper Leigh, who had passed his sword through Lionel's body even as Lionel leaped down to rest upon the deck, and before the battle was joined.

A dozen others went down on either side before Sak-el-Bahr's ringing voice could quell the fighting, before his command to them to hear him was obeyed.

"Hold there!" he had belloved to his sea-hawks, using the lingua franca. "Back, and leave this to me. I will rid you of these foes." Then in English he had summoned his countrymen also to desist. "Sir John Killigrew" he called in a loud voice. "Hold your hand until you have heard me! Call your men back and let me have heard me, I say, then break our will."

Sir John, perceiving him by the mainmast with Rosamund at his side, and leaping at the most inevitable exclusion that he meant to threaten her life, perhaps to destroy her if they continued their strife, flung himself before his men, to check them.

"This almost as suddenly as it had been joined the combat paused.

"What have you to say you renegade?" Sir John demanded.

"This, Sir John, that unless you order your men back aboard your ship, and make oath to desist from this encounter, I'll take you straight down to hell with us at once. I'll leave this lantern into the powder here, and we sink and you come down with us held by your own grappling hooks.

Obey me and you shall have all that you have come to seek aboard this vessel. Mistress Rosamund shall be delivered up to you."

Sir John glowered upon him a moment from the poop, considering. Then—

"Though not prepared to make terms with you," he announced, "yet I will accept the conditions you impose, but only provided that I have all indeed that I am come to seek. There is aboard this galleon an infamous renegade hoodlum whom I am bound by my knightly oath to take and hang. He, too, must be delivered up to me. His name was Oliver Tressilian."

Instantly, unhesitatingly, came the answer:

"Him, too, will I surrender to you upon your sworn oath that you will then depart and do here no further hurt."

Rosamund caught her breath, and clutched Sak-el-Bahr's arm, the arm that held the lantern. "It was a cruel mistress," he bade her sharply, "or you will destroy us all."

"Better that!" she answered him.

And then Sir John pledged him his word that upon his own surrender and that of Rosamund he would withdraw and offer hurt to any there.

Sak-el-Bahr turned to his waiting messengers and briefly told them what the terms he had made.

He called upon Asad to pledge his word that these terms would be respected, and no blood shed on his behalf, and Asad answered him, voicing the anger of all against him for his betrayal.

"Since he wants thee that he may have thee, he may have thee and so spare us the trouble, for 'tis no less than thy treachery deserves from us."

"Thus, then, I surrender," he announced to Sir John, and flung the lantern overboard.

One voice only was raised in his defense, and that voice was Rosamund's. But even that voice failed, conquered by weary nature. This last blow following upon all that lately had endured bereft her of all strength. Half swooning she collapsed against Sak-el-Bahr even as Sir John and a handful of his followers leaped down to deliver her and make fast their prisoner.

The corsairs stood looking on in silence; the loyalty to their great captain, which would have made them spend their last drop of blood in his defense, was quenched by his own act of treachery which had brought the English ship upon them. Yet when they saw him pinned and hoisted to the deck of the Silver Heron, there was a sudden momentary reaction in their ranks. Scimitars were waved aloft, and cries of menace burst forth. If he had betrayed them, yet he had so contrived that they should not suffer by that betrayal. And that was worthy of the Sak-el-Bahr they knew and loved, so worthy that their love and loyalty leaped full-armed again upon the instant.

But the voice of Asad called upon them to bear in mind what in their hearts they knew, and since the voice of Asad alone might not have sufficed to quell that sudden spark of revolt, there came down to them the voice of Sak-el-Bahr himself issuing his command.

"Remember and respect the terms I have made for you! Mektul! May Allah guard and prosper you!"

A wall was his reply, and with that wall ringing in his ears to assure him that he did not pass unloved, he was hurried below to prepare him for his end.

The ropes of the grappels were cut, and slowly the galleon passed away into the night, leaving the galley to replace what slaves had been maimed in the encounter and to head back for Algiers, abandoning the expedition against the argosy of Spain.

Under the awning upon the poop Asad now sat like a man who has awakened from an evil dream. He covered his head and wept for one who had been as a son to him, and whom through his madness he had lost. He cursed all women, and he cursed destiny—but the bitterest curse of all was for himself.

In the pale dawn they flung the dead overboard and washed the decks, nor did they notice that a man was missing in token that the English captain, or else his followers, had not kept strictly to the letter of the bond.

They returned in mourning to Algiers—mourning not for the Spanish argosy which had been allowed to go her way unmolested, but for the stoutest captain that ever bared his scimitar in the service of Islam. The story of how he came to be delivered up was never clearly told; none dared clearly tell it, for none who had participated in the deed but took shame in it thereafter, however clear it might be that Sak-el-Bahr had brought it all upon himself. But, at least, it was understood that he had not fallen in battle, and hence it was assumed that he was still alive. Upon that presumption there was built up a sort of legend that he would one day come back, and redeemed captives returning a half-century later.

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, June 17.—Manhattan pigs queer pranks on some of its adapted idealists. There are hundreds of young girls who hide themselves away in attic studios and become poseurs instead of workers. They succeed in making art "arty" and that is all.

Their enthusiasm for ordinary life has cooled. They seek to float on a higher plane. They write senseless poetry and paint hopeless pictures and appear bowed down with responsibility. Their studios are musty, shadowy places that satisfy the thirst for atmosphere.

The candies are in bottles. In a corner a hanging censor with coiling smoke. And behind it a brass idol. Their attire smacks of Baghdad—bangles of barbarism and jingling bands about wrists and ankles. Dirt and dust are swept into corners.

The girls sleep until late afternoon and breakfast on a cup of tea and a cigaret. They yawn at vaudeville and the movies but thrill to some trifling concrete with a Greenwich village post. What little they pick up financially is doing hosiery and underwear ads.

When they appear in tea rooms at night they wear smocks and sandals and horn rimmed glasses. And spurn familiarity with the crass world about them—unless someone wants to pay their check. The chief aim in life is to get away from conventions.

It has been two centuries since Pope warned of the danger of a little knowledge, but they have failed to heed it. If they marry they insist it be a trial affair and that they cling to maiden names. The husband must telephone before coming around to call.

In contrast to the dross are the bright shop girls of Gotham—girls whose eyes are alive with happiness. They are smartly dressed and vivacious. They have bank accounts, and live in smart bijou apartments. Hundreds branch out into business for themselves each year.

A famous English comedian came to New York recently to join a revue. He came without a contract, and when he arrived the producer was out of town. He was turned over to the stage manager whose knowledge of English talent was zero.

"What do you do, hoof or shout?" he asked the comedian—meaning did he sing or dance. The comedian replied he didn't expect to do either for him and walked out. He went across the street and was engaged by another revue producer and has become the bright particular star of the production.

There is a well known song writer who is given to alcoholic lapses. Recently he went off on a two weeks' jamboree. His wife trailed him from place to place but he feared not to escape from her for he feared not only her tongue but trusty wallop. At the end of his spree he screwed up his courage and decided to go home. He approached his apartment in genuine fear and when his wife answered the push of the bell he had his hat in his hand.

"Welcome!" he said meekly, "will it burn when I sit down in the chair?"

The highest priced illustrator for magazines in America is Dean Cornwell. He came to New York from Chicago. Cornwell is in his early thirties—a slight, blonde young fellow who has none of the sophisticated poses that sometimes afflict lesser lights. He has a studio on Central Park South.

Now and then the blattancy of a New York night is obliterated by the white enchanter—fog. Cafes and theaters suffer great losses. The New Yorker seems to fear the mystic mist that springs from the sea. It is a city that cries for light.

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related how in Algiers to that day the coming of Sak-el-Bahr was still confidently expected and looked for by all true Muslimmen.

CHAPTER XXIII  
The Heathen Creed.

Sak-el-Bahr was shut up in a black hole in the forecastle of the Silver Heron to await the dawn and to spend

the time in making his soul. No words had passed between him and Sir John since his surrender. With wrists pinned behind him, he had been hoisted aboard the English ship and in the waist of her he had stood for a moment face to face with an old acquaintance—our chronicler, Lord Henry Goade. I imagine the florid

countenance of the queen's lieutenant wearing a preternaturally grave expression, his eyes forbidding as they rested upon the renegade. I know— from Lord Henry's own pen—that no word had passed between them during those brief moments before Sak-el-Bahr was hurried away by his guards to be flung into those dark, cramped quarters reeking of tar and bilge. For a long hour he lay where he

had fallen, believing himself alone; and time and place would no doubt conduce to philosophical reflection upon his condition. I like to think that he found that when all was considered, he had little with which to reproach himself. If he had done evil he had made ample amends. It can scarcely be pretended that he had betrayed those loyal Muslimmen following. For a long hour he lay where he

he added that he himself had paid the price of that betrayal. Rosamund was safe, Lionel would meet the justice due to him, and as for himself, being as good as dead already, he was worth little thought. He must have derived some measure of content from the reflection that he was spending his life to the very best advantage. Ruined it had been long since. True, but for his ill-starred expedi-

tion of vengeance he might long have continued to wage war as a corsair; might even have risen to the proud Muslim eminence of the Bashalik of Algiers and become a feudatory prince of the grand Turk. But for one who was born a Christian gentleman that would have been an unworthy way to have ended his days. The present was the better course.

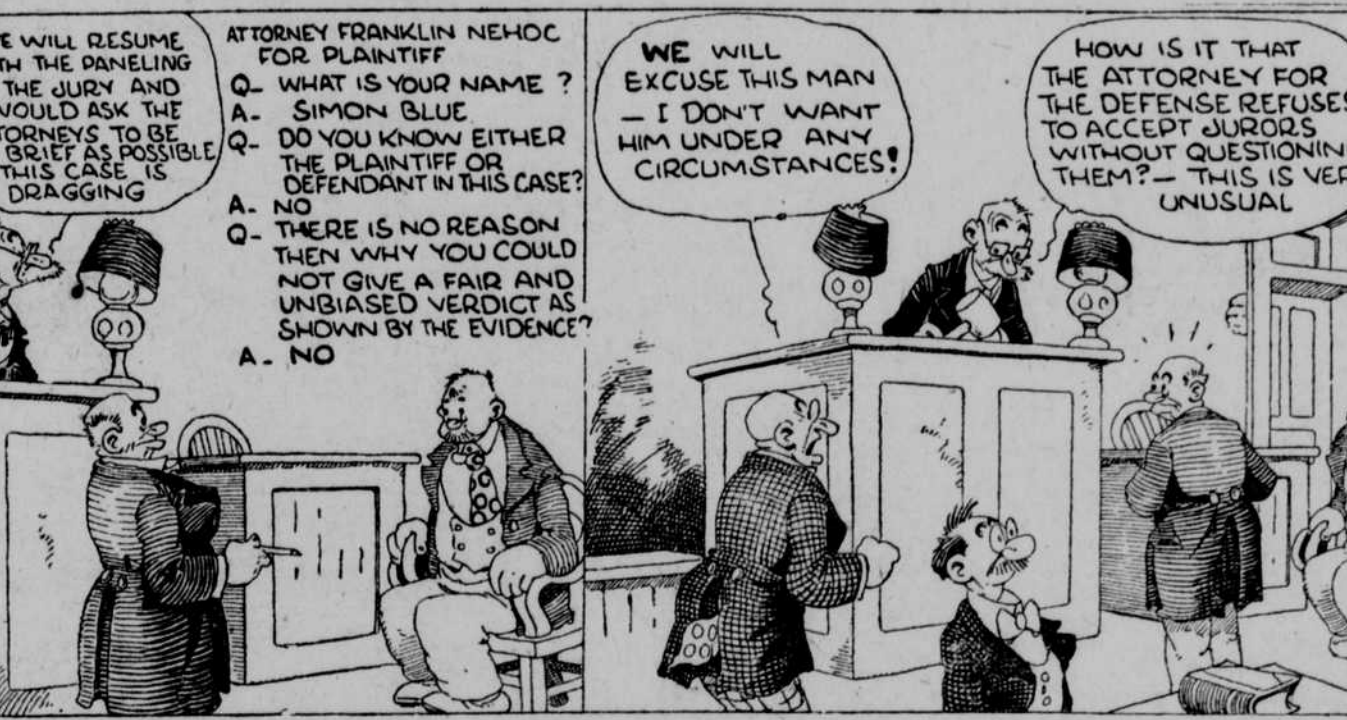
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## THE NEBBES

SECOND DAY OF THE TRIAL  
NEBB VS. NEBB  
JUDGE HOSEA BLUE AND ATTORNEY HORATIO NIBLICK HAVE NUMEROUS VERBAL ALTERCATIONS  
NIBLICK IS IN HIGH FAVOR WITH THE JUDGE



## WATCH YOUR STEP.



## Barney Google and Spark Plug



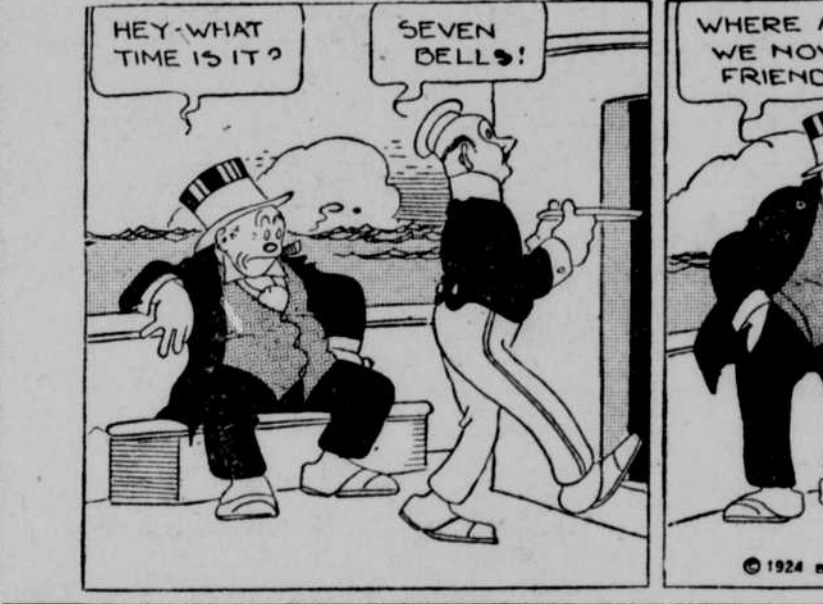
## SPARKY DOES HIS BIT.



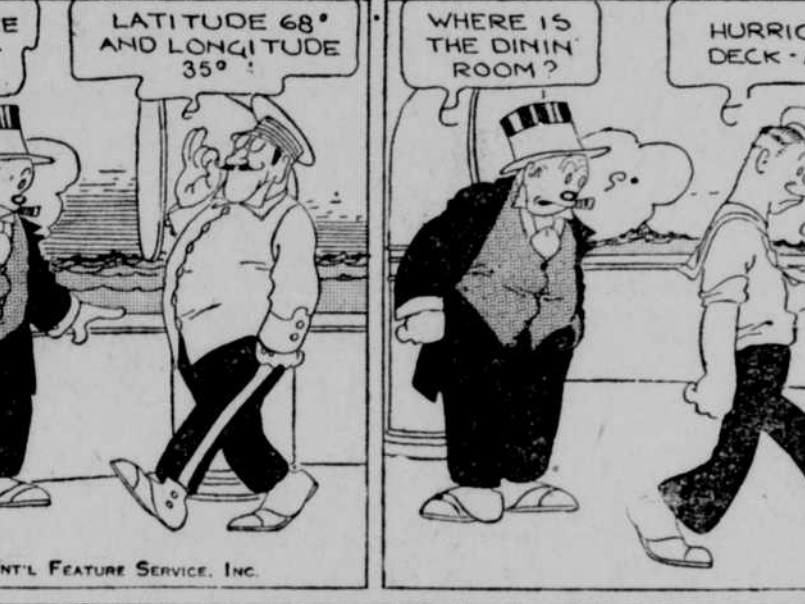
## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS COMING.



## That Guiltiest Feeling



## ABIE THE AGENT



## Only One Impression.

