

# A Romance of the Spanish Main CAPTAIN BLOOD By RAFAEL SABATINI

"CAPTAIN BLOOD," a Vitaphone picture with J. Warren Kerrigan in the title role, is an adaptation of this thrilling novel.

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Peter Blood, a young Irish physician, has taken up residence in Bridgewater, after years spent in the wars on the continent. Chance had sent him as a youth graduating from Trinity College, Dublin, to take service with the Dutch, who were then at war with France. He had a pre-dilection for the sea and served under the famous de Ruyter. The forces of the Duke of Monmouth had come to battle at Oughterby's farm. Blood knew of the impending engagement between the rebels and the royalists but he had remained indifferent, although he had seen the landing of the foolish peasant. He went early to bed and awoke to the rumbling of cannon. At dawn he was awakened by Jeremiah Pitt, the rebel commander, who summons him to go to the aid of Lord Gildoy, a follower of Monmouth, who had been wounded and had taken shelter in the home of a yeoman, Baynes. Blood dresses and providing himself with a kit of surgeon's instruments, mounts behind Pitt and rides to the house of Baynes. Peter Blood had set out upon his Odyssey.

(Continued From Yesterday.)  
**CHAPTER II.**  
**KIRKE'S DRAGOONS.**  
Oglethorpe's farm stood a mile or so to the south of Bridgewater on the right bank of the river. On the



The Arrest of Peter Blood.

bridge, as they had been riding out of Bridgewater, they had met a vanguard of fugitives from the field of battle; hoarse voices cried a warning that merciless pursuit was not far behind. But as Pitt's direction was a southward one, bringing them ever nearer to Feversham's headquarters, they were presently clear of that human flotilla and jettison of the battle.

In the spacious, stone-flagged hall, the doctor found Lord Gildoy stretched on a cane day-bed in care

England, not Tangiers. The gentleman is in sore case. He may not be moved without peril to his life."  
"Captain Hobart was amused."  
"Do you think it to benefit his health we're taking him? There's galloping being planted along the road from Weston to Bridgewater, and he'll serve for one of them as well as another. Colonel Kirke'll learn these nonconforming oafs something they'll not forget in generations."  
"You're hanging men without trial? Faith, then, 's mistake I am. We're in Tangiers, after all, it seems, where your regiment belongs."  
The captain considered him with a kindling eye and soldier recognized soldier.

"Who the hell may you be?" he exploded.

"My name is Blood, sir—Peter Blood, at your service."  
"Aye—aye! Codsol! That's the name. You were in French service once, were you not? Five years ago, or more, you were in Tangiers."  
"That is so. I knew your colonel."  
"Faith, you may be renewing the acquaintance." The captain laughed unpleasantly. "What brings you here, sir?"

"This wounded gentleman, I was fetched to attend him. I am a physician."  
"A doctor—you?" Scorn of that lie—as he conceived it—rang in the heavy, hectoring voice. Mr. Blood's smile annoyed him.  
"I am a physician practicing my calling in the town of Bridgewater."  
"Which you reached by way of Lyme Regis in the following of your bastard duke?"

It was Mr. Blood's turn to sneer. "If your wit were as big as your voice, my dear, it's the great man you'd be by this. It'll be remembered, captain, that Lord Gildoy will have friends and relatives on the Tory side, who'll have something to say to Colonel Kirke if his 'brishship should be handled like a common felon. You'll go warily, captain, or, as I've said, it's a halter for your neck you'll be weaving this morning."

As his lordship was carried out, the captain became brisk. Mr. Blood saw no profit to himself in lingering. "By your leave, it's a very good day I'll be wishing you," said he. "By a my word, you'll remain awhile," the captain ordered him. Mr. Blood shrugged, and sat down. The captain opened the press, took the huddled inmate by the collar of

his doublet, and lugged him out into the open.

"Faith, ye've said it, Captain. This is Viscount Pitt, first cousin to Sir Thomas Vernon, who's married to that shut Moll Kirke, sister to your own colonel, and sometime lady-in-waiting upon King James' queen."

Both the captain and his prisoner gasped. But whereas thereafter young Pitt discreetly held his peace, the captain rapped out a nasty oath.

"Fetch him along to Bridgewater. And make fast that fellow also," he pointed to Baynes. "We'll show him what it means to harbor and comfort rebels. And take this fellow with

you." He pointed to Mr. Blood. "Faith it will suit me very well," said he. "For Bridgewater is my destination."

"Your destination there will be the gall."

"Ah, bah! Ye're surely joking!"

"There's a gallows for you if you prefer it. It's merely a question of now or later."

Rude hands seized Mr. Blood. Pinning him to the ground, they tied his wrists behind his back, then roughly pulled him to his feet again. The soldiers trailed off by the door leading to the interior. Mr. Blood was thrust by his guards into the courtyard, where Pitt and Baynes already waited. There were sounds of rending timbers, the shouts and laughter of brutal men; finally above all other sounds came the piercing screams of a woman in acutest agony.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

of Mr. Baynes and her comely daughter. Mr. Blood knelt to his task. He was still intent upon it a half-hour later when the dragoons invaded the homestead. His lordship showed considerable alarm, and the battle-stained Jeremiah Pitt sped to cover in a clothes-press. Baynes was uneasy and his wife and daughter trembled.

"Why, what's to fear?" Mr. Blood reassured them. "It's a Christian country; this, and Christian men do not make war upon the wounded, nor upon those who harbor them."

And then they came rattling and clanking into the stone-flagged hall—a round dozen jack-booted, lobster-crowned troopers of the Tangiers regiment, led by a sturdy black-browed fellow with a deal of gold lace about the breast of his coat. The captain stamped forward to the day-bed, and scowled down upon the grey-faced sufferer.

"A damned rebel, and that's enough for me. Out with him my lads."

Mr. Blood got between the daybed and the troopers.

"In the name of humanity, sir!" said he, on a note of anger. "This is

the young rebel.

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## THE NEBBES



## LITTLE MISS MUFFET.



## Barney Google and Spark Plug

YES, SOME VICES ARE SO DECEIVING.

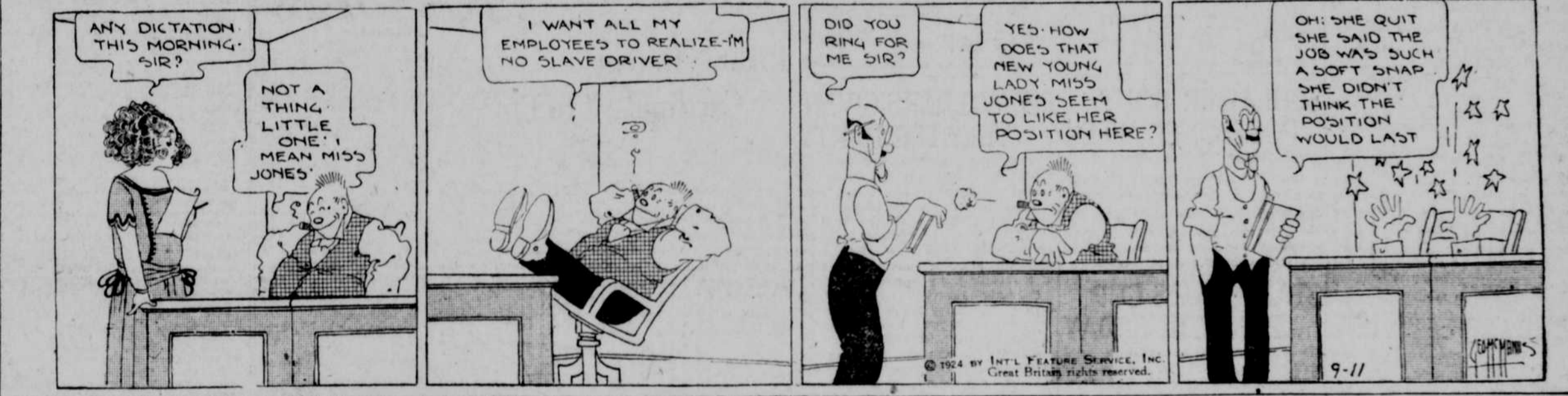
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## Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

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## New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

Paris, Sept. 10.—The average tourist selects out of Paris what is least Parisian for his sight seeing. Paris to him is the Champs Elysees and the shops of the Rue de Rivoli. These are no more the real Paris than Broadway is New York today. I prowled about in the Latin Quarter. I drove over the one of the comic little open faced carriages with a driver who must have been 80. He was just as comic as his vehicle in his patent leather high hat, green coat and bright yellow bow tie.

I walked into the queer little streets that the ordinary visitor does not see—the subtle, evasive and hidden Paris. It was lunch hour and the old houses Mama and Papa were having their loaf of bread and jug of wine—lunching as is the custom in the bedroom.

Youngsters in black snoods and wooden shoes gaily shooed on the sidewalks. I toiled up the many deep stone steps that lead one into the sordidly picturesque. There were painters at the dusty attic windows, sculptors on the roof tops and virtuoso wailing violin bows.

This is the drab section from which blossoms more poetry and romance than any other piece in the world. People know how to live here in squalor. It is not the squalor of the New York tenements. It is the squalor of men and women who are ready to starve for ideals.

And what a contrast to our Greenwich Village with its jitney cabs and artificial poses! Even old men and women who have faded have not lost the joie de vivre. It is a quality common to all. It is a survival of youth that refreshes the spirit.

In the Latin Quarter one finds great friendliness. I put in at a two-table sidewalk cafe for a light refreshment. Across from me was a pale faced youth in the black and white hat and flowing tie of the quarter. He is a poet and rather hesitantly showed me a slight volume of verse he had written and published himself. Here was a cheviot in an un-universals age. He would accept no payment for his volume nor would he permit me to pay for his pint bottle of mild wine. A dreamer knocking his head against the stars and I left him heavily depressed.

Back at my hotel I was pleasantly surprised by the beaming and cherubic face of R. M. Brinkerhoff, the newspaper artist and magazine illustrator. Many years ago Brink, I. T. Webster, Ray John and I occupied a walk-up Harlem flat. We cut our own hair, wore each other's neckties and cooked and ate in a kitchenette living in Paris and putting on culture. I am for high ideals in Art—but a little Montmartre after dark. Later we were joined by Hamer Croly, a fellow Missourian, who wrote "West of the Water Tower." Croly also is living in Paris for a time. As he appears Croly's new book "E. F. D. No. 3" has probably been released. It is another farm novel and as Croly says "opens in the bog lot and ends in the snow; the big emotional snowing where the mules run off with the new Studebaker wagon."

The scene is laid on the old Croly home farm in Nordaway county where he was born. He says it will probably be the only money ever made out of the farm. Croly, Brink and I repaired to a Cafe de la Paix sidewalk table and annoyed a number of placid Parisians with our conversational folly and high jinks. It is always warming to meet old friends so far from home.

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