

# A Romance of the Spanish Main

## CAPTAIN BLOOD

By RAFAEL SABATINI

(Continued from Yesterday)

### CHAPTER XV—Continued.

It was with this fleet that he carried out the enterprise against Peter Blood's frigate which almost turned the tide against him and delivered him and his men over to the tender mercies of his implacable enemy, Don Miguel de Espinosa, Valdez, the admiral of Spain. Captain Blood had landed in Maracibo and had found the town empty. Too late he learned of the trap. Espinosa had put into the narrow neck of the bay with his ships and had bottled the buccaner in the bay. A sloop, captured by Captain Blood, was loaded with ammunition and powder and was sailed directly at the Spaniard until the grapnels held the two like a vice. Then it was set aflame. The admiral's flagship burst into blaze, and the seamanship and hard fighting with his three ships made Captain Blood master of Maracibo bay. But, when the Spaniards turned tail for shore and he gave chase, the fort which guarded the bay and which had seemed deserted poured down a raking fire upon him and drove him in confusion and despair to take refuge in the town. The Spaniards sought themselves in the fort.

With a devil's luck and clear-headed thinking, Captain Blood feinted with preparations for a land attack after he had managed to acquire a large ransom in gold from the governor of Maracibo, and opening broadside, put the fort flames. Captain Blood sailed for Tortuga. Don Miguel was left to chew the bitter cud of lost opportunity.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### The Milagrosa.

In Tortuga, during the months he spent there waiting for the ships he had captured from the fleet that had gone out to destroy him, he found himself almost an object of worship in the eyes of the wild brethren of the coast, all of whom now clamored for the honor of serving under him. It placed him in rare position of being able to pick and choose the crews for his augmented fleet, and he chose fastidiously. When next he sailed away it was with a fleet of five fine ships in which went something over a thousand men. Thus you behold him not merely famous, but really formidable. Three captured Spanish vessels he had renamed with a certain scholarly humor the *Clotus*, *Lachesis* and *Atropos*, a grimly jocular manner of conveying to the world that he made them the arbiters of the fate of any

"But surely, if this were true, there would have been an end to his piracy by now. If he loved a woman and was betrothed, and was also rich as you say, surely he would have abandoned this desperate life, and—"

"Why, so I thought," his lordship interrupted, "until I had the explanation. D'Ogeron is avaricious for himself and for his child. And as for the girl, I'm told she's a wild piece, fit mate for such a man as Blood. Almost I marvel that he doesn't marry her and take her aroving with him. It would be no new experience for her. And I marvel, too, at Blood's patience. He killed a man to win her."

"He killed a man for her, do you say?" There was horror now in her voice.

"Yes—a French buccaner named Levasseur. He was the girl's lover."

And Blood's associate on a venture, Blood coveted the girl, and killed Levasseur to win her. Pah! It's an unsavory tale, I own. But men live by different codes out in these parts."

"Oh, the thing was done in fair fight, I am told."

"Who told you?"

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Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

### THE NEBBES

I WOULD LIKE TO MEET THE PERSON IN AUTHORITY HERE—I HAVE A BILL

OH YES—YOU WILL FIND HIM IN THAT OFFICE—A RATHER UNDERSIZED INDIVIDUAL—STEP RIGHT IN

I BELIEVE YOU ARE THE PERSON IN AUTHORITY HERE? I HAVE A BILL I WANT TO SEE YOU ABOUT

IM—A ER—MR—SLIDER

MR. SLIDER, I'M MR. HEMP OF THE HEMP DRUG CO. I WANT TO GIVE YOU A CHECK IN FULL FOR OUR ACCOUNT AND I WANT TO TELL YOU WE'RE FINDING A BIG SALE FOR THIS WATER

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO HEAR IT—WE GET THE SAME REPORTS FROM ALL OUR CUSTOMERS—WE HAVE IN THIS WATER THE GREATEST PURVEYOR OF HEALTH EVER DISCOVERED

I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE—THIS TALL MAN WHO USHERED ME INTO THIS OFFICE HASN'T THE PROPER RESPECT FOR HIS EMPLOYER AND SHOULD BE DISCHARGED

OH HE'S A DISTANT RELATIVE OF MY WIFE AND HE'S NOT JUST RIGHT UP HERE—HE HAS FUNNY HALLUCINATIONS—SOME TIMES THINKS HE'S THE PROPRIETOR OF THIS WATER—HE MAKES A PRETTY GOOD JANITOR THOUGH

OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT.

### Barney Google and Spark Plug

WELL, WELL, I DECLINE, MISTAH BARNEY GOOGLE IF AHM NOT MISTAKEN, SUH. AH WAS JUST ON MAH WAY UP TO YO HOTEL.

SUH. AHM FROM TACOMA, SUH. UP IN THE NORTH WEST—RAY NAME IS PRATT.

SUH. SENATOR CALVIN MORGAN PRATT, AH WANT TO FIND OUT IF YE ALL CULD BRING YO HOSS, SPARK! PLUG UP TO TACOMA FO A RACE THIS FALL, SUH.

### Barney's Interest Lies in Another Direction.

ORIGINALY, AHM FROM THE SOUTH, SUH. JUST BELOW THE LINE, SUH. AN AH KNOWS HOW YO ALL FEELS TOWARD THE SOUTH, SUH. AH M SHD GLAD TO MEET YO AN AH HOPE YE WILL LISTEN KINDLY WHEN AH IMPLOE YO ALL TO PAY US A VISIT UP IN TACOMA.

SUH IN 1896 AH WAS ELECTED TO THE STATE SENATE AN AH KNOWS EVERYBODY IN TACOMA BY THEIR BUST NAMES, SUH. MISTAH GOOGLE WITH YO PERMISSION AHM LIKE TO WRITE HOME AN TELL THE FOLKS BACK IN TACOMA WHAT YO ALL PUHPOSE TO DO—WHAT DO YOU SAY, SUH?

AINT THAT WEENIE A WONDER?

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

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### BRINGING UP FATHER

STOP SMOKING THAT HORRID PIPE—THE GUESTS WILL BE ARRIVING ANY MINUTE NOW

YES—ME LOVE

I BROUGHT ALONG MY SAXOPHONE—I THOUGHT YOUR MOTHER MIGHT LIKE TO HAVE ME PLAY

WELL—SHE MIGHT

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!

WHAT EVER YOU DO BUDDY—DON'T LIGHT THAT PIPE IN HERE—I JUST GOT CALLED FER SMOKIN' ONE!

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

Registered U. S. Patent Office

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

### JERRY ON THE JOB

STOP THAT!

QUIT IT—I SAY!

CUT IT OUT!

STOP IT!

HEY—HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO QUIT THAT NOISE?

FOUR—WASNT IT?

ACCURATE INFORMATION.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

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### When a Feller Needs a Friend

NO!

MORAL: NEVER ASK YOUR FATHER FOR A NICKEL ON THE DAY HE PAYS HIS INCOME TAX!

### ABIE THE AGENT

I'M GIVING A PARTY TO MME. HAMMER, THE FAMOUS MODIST, IN HONOR OF HER RETURN FROM EUROPEL TRAVELS—I'M INVITING A FEW GUESTS—WILL YOU COME?

DID I SAY NO? AT YOUR HOUSE HA?

DON'T KEEP BUTTING IN ABE—I'LL SET THE TABLE AND EVERYTHING—WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SWELL PARTIES!!

ALL RIGHT, LENA—DO IT YOUR WAY AND I'LL HELP YOU!

GO NEXT DOOR AND ASK THEM TO LOAN US A DOZEN SPOONS, KNIVES AND FORKS

AIN'T WE GOT ENOUGH SILVERWARE?

NO—I'VE GOT TO SET THE TABLE WITH TWO SPOONS, TWO FORKS AND TWO KNIVES FOR EACH!

I SHOULD SAY NOT—LET THEM BE CAREFUL AND NOT DROP THEM!!

### New York

—Day by Day—

By G. O. MINTRE.

On the Atlantic, Sept. 22—A smooth sea as glass sea and the Levithan rides without a tremor. One must look out a porthole to realize it is moving. It is perhaps the most luxuriously equipped vessel in transatlantic service.

All the servants are American and after 18 days of "parley-voing" it was pleasant to hear a cabin boy's Bowers accent. He is a "dese" and "dese" lad who speaks of the French as "frogs" and the English as "limmers." Our stateroom is on 12 deck—quite away down in the bowels of the ship.

There are two comfortable beds with reading table and lamps and carafes of ice water in brackets within reach. A dressing table with triple mirrors, two cloth closets, one of which has a safe for valuables, if any; a washstand with hot and cold water and a telephone connecting with every office and stateroom on board.

There is a comfortable divan, a cut-glass ceiling light, two electric fans, three comfortable chairs. The bath is comfortable and commodious and has a shower attachment. For the money it offers more than I have received on other ships, but I am not as yet prepared to say it equals the British service.

The British are skilled in the art of efficient service and that to the traveler means more sometimes than sumptuous furnishings. My reason for going into such details is that American ships face the handicap of prohibition on high seas.

As long as they offer first class comforts it seems to me Americans should patronize them. Indeed, it strikes me as a rather patriotic thing to do when possible. Fancy the prince of Wales crossing on an American ship. Yet high officials in America go on British and French boats.

And for fear I might be accused of ballyhooing for a steaming life, I might add that I did not take advantage of the minimum rates usually offered writers, but paid for the full fare demanded of the casual passenger.

The promenade deck today revealed a slice of Broadway. Louis Mann, with the eternal widest collar in captivity, was among the first I greeted. He is returning to take up his usual stand under the canopy of the Astor hotel before beginning a theatrical engagement.

And along in two steamer chairs were Tom Ship and his young bride, who have been honeymooning on the continent for two months. Tom married one of the beautiful Neidig twins of South Dakota. He was all fussed up in tweeds.

It was my luck before leaving Paris to sprinze what ball players call a "charley horse." Too much strolling along the boulevards strained a tendon in the leg. Or should one say "hmb" this season? Constant deck walking is denied me, but occasionally I hobble up to the promenade with a heavy cane. A strained tendon and a strained purse are not comfortable—but Paris is worth it.

It has always been comforting to reach my wife and be referred to as rather spry. So it was disconcerting when an old lady seeing me limp along offered me her chair. I suppose the next thing my wife will be saying, "Lean on me, grandpa."

And, by the way, we are not listed among the passengers. But there is a "Mrs. Strong and Infant," and I wonder if they mean us?

There is also listed the Rev. J. F. McIntyre. When I called at the purser's office for mail or telegrams as required, I saw a Rev. McIntyre. And then he looked at my purple shirt and brushed a rosy red.

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