

A Romance of the Spanish Main CAPTAIN BLOOD by RAFAEL SABATINI

(Continued from Yesterday.)

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

At a hundred yards the Arabella's forward guns, which had meanwhile been reloaded, fired again at the Milagrosa, and this time smashed its bowsprit into splinters, so that for a moment it yawned wildly to port. Don Miguel swore profanely, and then, as the helm was put over to swing it back to its course, his own propeller. But the aim was too high, and whilst one of the shots tore through the Arabella's shrouds and scared its mannaunt, the other again went wide. And when the smoke of the discharge had cleared, the English ship was found almost between the Spaniards, its bows in line with theirs and coming steadily on. At last the Arabella was right between the Spanish ships, prow to poop and poop to prow. Don Miguel spoke to the trumpeter, who had mounted the quarterdeck and stood now at the admiral's elbow. The man raised the silver bugle that was to give the signal for the broadsides of both ships. But even as he placed it to his lips, the admiral seized his arm to arrest him. Only then had he perceived what was so obvious—of sea-fighters he had delayed too long and Captain Blood had outmaneuvered him. In attempting to fire now upon the Englishman, the Milagrosa and her consort would also be firing into each other. Too late he ordered his helmsman to put the tiller hard over and swing the ship to larboard, as a preliminary to maneuvering for a less impossible position of attack. At that very moment the Arabella seemed to explode as she swept by. Eighteen guns from each of her masts emptied themselves at the point-blank range into the hull of the two Spanish vessels.

The Milagrosa staggered slowly ahead. Don Miguel was bawling orders wildly, and peering over and anon through the curtain of smoke that was drifting slowly astern, in his anxiety to ascertain how it might have fared with the Hidalgo.

Suddenly, and ghostly at first, through that lifting haze, loomed the outline of a ship, gradually the lines of its red hull became more and more sharply defined as it swept nearer with poles all bare save for the spread canvas on its spinnaker.

Instead of holding her course as Don Miguel had fully expected she would, the Arabella had gone about under cover of the smoke, and sailing now in the same direction as the Milagrosa, was converging sharply

his ship alone in the tepid dusk and the growing golden radiance of the great poop lantern in which a seaman had just lighted the three lamps. About him all was peace. The signs of the day's battle had been effaced. A group of men squatting about the main hatch were drowsily chanting, their hardened features softened, perhaps, by the calm and beauty of the night. Captain Blood did not hear them; he did not hear anything save the echo of those cruel words which had dubbed him thief and pirate. "Thief and pirate!" That he should ever meet Arabella

her ever before him in all those wild years of ill-lustering. Thief and pirate! She had branded him. Thief and pirate! She had branded him, convicted him and sentenced him in that one phrase. He was thief and pirate in her eyes; nothing more, nothing less. What, then, was she? What are those who have no charity?

now justify her. She was aboard his ship, in his power, and he desired her.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Many a spellbinder is under obligations to the reporter who attends to his spelling.—Cleveland Times.

THE NEBBES



OILING THE SKIDS.



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

On The Atlantic, Sept. 24.—There seems to be less drinking on American ships than those of the French and British. Of course, there are a few who stock up in Paris and London for the voyage home and the tick of ice is heard in cocktail shakers before dinner.

Theoretically it is a dry ship but here and there are a few dark spots. Yet there is no midnight roasting in the lounge, and passengers retire early. They are getting all they can out of the voyage in the way of exercise and fresh air.

Across from me, however, was one fellow who had been hitting it up since leaving Cherbourg and his supply ran out. With an aching head and despairing grin he sang out this morning: "Easter and not an egg in the house!" His woe was abject.

The Leviathan is really a floating hotel. So far it hasn't seemed at all like an ocean voyage. The ocean is as flat as a quite mill pond, but there are rumors today that we are to run into a storm before morning. Then pea green becomes the favorite shade in complexion.

Ship newspapers are as dull as a county treasurer's report. Today we read of an uprising in China, a meeting of the reichstag, the marriage of the daughter of a French deputy, Maurice de Chambrun. What most of us want to know is: Has Babe Ruth knocked another one?

It costs \$22,000 a day to run the Leviathan, so an official told me. I understand there is a congressman on board who complains they serve too big helpings of food. A fellow that thrifty would fire off a gun on Christmas morning and tell his children Santa was dead.

It was so warm today the steward opened a cabin port hole. I prefer the heat. There is something melancholy about the incessant switch of the sea. It seems a terrifying thing and to be whispering mockingly of those it has claimed. I could never love oceans. But they are dandy places to throw razor blades.

What the safety razor has done to expose the face of man, artificial silk has done for the legs of women. All the ladies with new Paris gowns who promenade the decks have knee length skirts and hose so sheer that—well, how bright the moon is these evenings.

I am beginning to think of my home town Plattsburg, Mo., is quite a burg. I met two boys from there on the Rue de la Paix and had tea today with Mrs. Willis Wood, whose husband built the Willis Wood theater in Kansas City. She was born and raised in Plattsburg.

I ventured on deck again today with my pet "charley horse" but returned after two swings around the high, low and middle pointing records. In rounding a turn a stiff breeze carried an especially-made-to-head Paris hat to the sharks. I saw it riding maestfully away on the boat swells. There is one comforting thing about losing a hat in the ocean. You can't make yourself ridiculous scrambling after it.

As I write there are indications of running into a storm. The ship is beginning to ride high and sink with that shivering and shaking motion that makes you pine for a lamp post at Forty-second street and Broadway.

Mysterious bells are beginning to ring and there is the noise of closing port holes. And pardon if I seem abrupt. I'm going up on deck. Not frightened. Far from. Just scared stiff.

Two hours later. It was just a slight squall. The sun is out again. The waves have subsided and the bugler is sounding the dinner horn. I don't think the cooks will have much to do tonight.

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Barney Google and Spark Plug



A SLIGHTLY DELAYED VISIT.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



CHARACTER GUARANTEED.



Oh, Man!



ABIE THE AGENT



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

Appearances Are Against Him.