

A Romance of the Spanish Main CAPTAIN BLOOD By RAFAEL SABATINI

(Continued from Saturday.)

"You have chosen wisely, sir," she commended him, "however much against your inclinations."

"I owed it to you—or thought I did," he said.

"Your resolve delivered me from a horrible danger," she admitted. "But I do not understand why you should have hesitated when first it was proposed to you. It is an honorable service."

"King James?" he sneered.

"England's," she corrected him in reproof. "The country is all sir; the foreigner naught. King James will pass; England remains, to be honored served by her sons, whatever rancour they may hold against the man who rules her in their time."

"Shrewd advocacy," he approved it.

"You should have spoken to the crew. Do you support now that this honorable service might be rendered by one who was a pirate and a thief?"

"If he . . . needs redeeming. Perhaps . . . he has been judged too harshly."

"Why . . . if ye think that," he said, considering her, an odd hunger in his glance, "life might have its uses, after all, and even the service of King James might become tolerable. If you will go below, and get your gear and your woman, you shall presently be sent aboard one of the ships of the fleet."

She left him, and thereafter, with Wolvestone, leaning upon the rail, he watched the approach of that boat, manned by a dozen sailors, and commanded by a scarlet figure seated stiffly in the stern sheets. The deputy proved to be an officer named Calverley.

His air, as he stepped into the waist of the Arabella, was haughty, truculent and disdainful.

Blood, the king's commission now in his pocket, and Lord Julian standing beside him, waited to receive him, and Captain Calverley was a little taken aback at finding himself confronted by two very different outwardly from anything that he had expected.

"Good-day to you, sir," Blood hailed him pleasantly. "I have the honor to give you welcome aboard the Arabella. My name is Blood—Captain Blood, at your service. You may have heard of me."

"It is your surrender I require, my man, not your impudence," Calverley demanded. Captain Blood appeared surprised, pained. He turned in appeal to Lord Julian.

"Do ye hear that now? And did ye ever hear the like? But what did I tell ye? Ye see, the young gentleman's under a misapprehension, perhaps. Perhaps it'll save broken

bones if your lordship explains just who and what I am."

"I have the honor to inform you, sir," he said stiffly, "that Captain Blood holds a commission in the king's service under the seal of my Lord Sunderland, his majesty's secretary of state."

"And who the devil may you be?"

"You're not very civil, sir, as I have already noticed. My name is Wade—Lord Julian Wade. I am his majesty's envoy to these barbarous parts, and my Lord Sunderland's near kinsman. Colonel Bishop has been notified of my coming."

"I . . . I believe that he has," said Calverley, between doubt and suspicion. "That is, that he has been notified of the coming of Lord Julian Wade. But . . . but . . . aboard this ship . . ."

"Blood will show you his commission, perhaps that will set all doubts at rest," concluded his lordship.

Captain Blood thrust a parchment under Calverley's bulging eyes.

"I must return to Colonel Bishop for my orders," he informed them.

At that moment a lane was opened in the garden's main avenue, and through this came Miss Bishop, followed by her otterown woman. Over his shoulders Captain Blood observed her approach.

"Perhaps, since Colonel Bishop is with you, you will convey his niece to him. Miss Bishop was aboard the Royal Mary and I rescued her, for a quarter of a mile ahead, to starboard, rose the lofty, massive single round tower of the fort, whilst a couple of cables' length astern, and to larboard, rode the six masted war that composed the Jamaica squadron.

On a cane day-bed that had been set for him on the quarterdeck, sheltered from the dazzling, blistering sunshine by an improvised awning of brown sailcloth, lounged Peter Blood.

Things had not sped at all well with him in the past fortnight, since his acceptance of the king's commission. There had been trouble with Bishop from the moment of landing. As Blood and Lord Julian had stepped ashore together they had been met by Colonel Bishop, who took no pains to disguise his chagrin at the turn of events and his determination to change it.

Blood's thoughts were upon this and other things as he lounged there on the day-bed. He had been a prisoner, his ship virtually a unit now in the Jamaica squadron. And when the news of his return to Tortuga and the buccaners who awaited his return, the name of Captain Blood, which had stood so high among the Brethren of the Coast, would become a byword. And for what had he placed himself in this position? For the sake of a girl who avoided him so persistently and intentionally that he must assume that she still regarded him with aversion. Nor was that the worst of it. He was allowed plainly to perceive that it was the graceful, elegant young trifter from St. James, Lord Julian Wade, to whom her every moment was devoted. What chance had he, a desperate adventurer with a record of outlawry, against such a rival as that; a man of parts, moreover, as he was bound to admit?

A boat that had approached unnoticed from the shore came scraping and bumping against the great red hull of the Arabella. Captain Blood rose, tall, active and arrestingly elegant in a scarlet, gold-laced coat that advertised his new position.

"A note for you from the deputy governor," said Jeremy Pitt shortly, as he proffered a folded sheet.

Blood broke the seal and read. "It is a very peremptory summons," he said, and passed the note to his friend.

The young master's gray eyes skimmed it.

"You'll not go?" he said, between question and assertion. "Why did ye let Wolvestone and the others go?" he cried with a touch of bitterness. "You should have seen the danger."

"How could I in honesty have detained them? It was in the bargain. Besides, how could their staying have helped me?" And as Pitt did not answer him, "Ye see?" he said, and shrugged. "It is getting my hat and cane and sword, and go ashore in the cockpit. See it manned for me."

"Ye're going to deliver yourself into Bishop's hands," Pitt warned him.

THE NEBBES

MR. NEBB, MISS NOLAN SAYS SHE SAW A LETTER IN THE FILES FROM A LAWYER SAYING THAT HE'S GOING TO CLOSE THIS PLACE UP

IS THAT SO? DID SHE FINISH THAT NOVEL? SHE MUST BE OUT OF READING MATTER TO GO TO THE FILES

WELL I WANT TO FIND OUT IF IT'S TRUE - I DON'T WANT TO BE OUT OF A POSITION - I WANT SOME NOTICE IF I AM GOING TO BE OUT OF HERE

NOTICE - YOU'LL GET SOME NOTICE - THE SHERIFF WILL GIVE YOU THE SAME NOTICE HE DOES ME

NOW, MISS GLUM, YOU GO RIGHT BACK TO YOUR DESK AND PRETEND YOU'RE WORKING - I'M ALL BOWED DOWN WITH TROUBLE AND GRIEF AND YOU'RE THE LAST STRAW AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CLIMB ON THIS CAMEL'S BACK

SHE'S A MIGHTY GOOD BOOK-KEEPER - SHE KNOWS FIGURES BETTER THAN THE GUY THAT HIRES THE CHORUS FOR THE FOLLIES, BUT SHE PICKED A NICE DAY TO WOP ON ME - A BIRD THAT IS AS FULL OF TROUBLE AS I AM CAN BE INDEPENDENT - MORE OR LESS WON'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hen

Barney Google and Spark Plug

BULLETIN - CITY OF BALTIMORE IS SELECTED BY RACING OFFICIALS FOR SPARKY'S NEXT RACE TO BE HELD OCTOBER 10, 1924

7,500 PURSE TO THE WINNER

ENTRIES TO DATE:

- 1 SPARK PLUG
- 2 3 MILE LINIMENT
- 3 UPPER AND LOWER PLATE
- 4 SATURDAY NIGHT O'BRIEN
- 5 LEWIS COOY'S DELIGHT
- 6 OH, YES!
- 7 PARLOR, BED-ROOM AND SINK
- 8 THE STILL ON THE HILL
- 9 CASTOR OIL GOOSE TALK
- 10 A HUNCHBACK WHO KNOWS SOME DAMES

EVERYBODY'S PUTTING THEIR BUNDLES ON SPARK PLUG TO WIN - AND THEY'RE GIVING BOUQUETS OF TEN TO ONE

SURE, SPARKY'S GONNA WALK AWAY FROM THOSE OTHER HEIFERS -

WELCOME - OPEN YOUR KISSER AND LET PAPA SEE - NELL'S BELLS!! THAT LAYER OF CALCIUM ON THE ROOF OF YOUR BAZOOKA MAKES ME DIZZY - SPARKY, YOU'RE GONNA BE A SICK MULE - YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANGE TO COP THAT \$7,500 ROLL NEXT SATURDAY! BY GOLLY, I GOTTA KEEP HIS CONDITION A SECRET - COME ON, SUNSHINE, WE'LL TOSS HIM ON TO A MATTRESS - I'M GOING OUT AND DO SOME FINANCING!

YEH! I WANNA HIRE A FALSE BEARD FOR THE AFTERNOON

RIGHT UP THE STREET YOU'LL FIND A MAKE-UP SHOP - THEY SAY YOUR HORSE IS GONNA WIN THAT GREAT BARNEY!

HEY! TEN BUCKS TO A HUNDRED THAT SPARK PLUG LOSES!!

WIGS - AA

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

BRINGING UP FATHER

I'LL BET THAT'S THE GANG PHONIN ME - WANTIN' ME TO COME OUT BUT I PROMISED MAGGIE I'D STAY IN SO I'LL NOT ANSWER THE PHONE!

WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?

I SUPPOSE YOU THOUGHT I'D BE OUT BUT I'VE BEEN IN ALL EVENIN'.

DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU'VE NOT BEEN OUT?

SURE DO!

DON'T LIE TO ME - I PHONED HERE THREE TIMES AND GOT NO ANSWER

RATS!!

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Sept. 28.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Early up and out into the city to breakfast and saw Edna Ferber, who has a boyish bob, as she walks nearly all the great ladies of the town. Came Jack Lait and sat with me awhile and found him interesting as ever.

Cast my accounts and found I have gained several pounds since last casting and then to some trouble and worry how to spend it. So with my wife to walk in Central park and found many things unnoticed before.

Among other things a petrified tree and a rock the exact shape of an elephant, next to the Indian cave in the ramble. Too, a clear water spring hard by Grotto bridge, the smallest in the park.

Home and at my staid and found the week fairly pleasant, as all labor should be. So in gay spirits to a party in Greenwich Village, and all wore blue smocks and quaffed hot coffee from tumblers. So home late and to bed.

Hard by St. Paul flower market on Fulton street is the oldest drug store in the city. It is a brick building with iron foot scrapers gracing the doorway. It was here Washington came for his cough mixtures and Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton swapped gossip over the counter. Inside, the blackened beams are fastened with wooden nails. The proprietor with the jaunty name of Tommy Tucker has a show case filled with a bundle of crispy old prescriptions dating ages back. It is a drug store that strangely enough in this age sells nothing but prescription drugs. It does not sell patent nose trams of the day.

In the same neighborhood there is romance to be found along the waterfront not much changed from the days of packets and clipper ships. Instead of the clipper ships, however, are squat market boats filled with food for uptown hotels. But the down at the heel atmosphere of the old slips remains. The streets are cobble and great fetlocked horses pull ponderous drays. In the area is the famous "Five Points" neighborhood which has attained such a lurid reputation for the number of foreigners who try to hide their guilty secrets along its crowded streets.

It is said Scott Fitzgerald and wife recently fled to Europe because friends and mere acquaintances insisted upon making their home at Great Neck a rendezvous—a sort of half-way roadhouse. Ring Lardner, who lives next door, has a property sign which he puts out in his front yard on Saturday and Sunday. The sign reads: "The Lardners are away for the week-end." But it didn't work. The Lardners are now in Europe. Great Neck is the theatrical colony and many of the players leave the theater on Saturday night and have a sort of progressive surprise party among their friends. One of the disadvantages of living in the country around New York is the habit of city residents descending like locusts over the week-end and eating their hosts out of house and home.

This Pullman Porters' club gave a ball the other night in West 53d street. All the porters were in full dress, even to white gloves. But one little illusion about porters was completely shattered. Not a porter there was named George.

Fifth avenue was enlivened by a runaway recently. A shetland pony attached to a dinky child's car decided to emulate Maud S. down the famous street. It ran for three blocks and was stopped by a traffic cop. On the floor was a curly haired girl, sound asleep, oblivious of all excitement.

(Copyright, 1924.)

JERRY ON THE JOB

POOR OLD SAFE - AIN'T NOTHING IN IT BUT DUST!

MIR. FIGSBY SHALL HEAR OF THIS!

MIGOSH! MR. FIGSBY, THE SAFE IS SMOOTER THAN A BASS DRUM AND IT HAS MORE DUST IN IT THAN THE SAHARA DESERT - DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO GET THE BLOTS TO CLEAN IT OUT??

DON'T BE SILLY!

WHAT'S THE SENSE OF CLEANING OUT AN EMPTY SAFE? YOU JUST STEP OUT OF ANY PRIVATE OFFICE WITH YOUR SILLY IDEAS!

BUT, GOSH!! IF SOME SAFE CRACKER BUSTED IN HERE, AND BLOWED THAT CAN OPEN, WE'D BE DISGRACED!!

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"Ye're going to deliver yourself into Bishop's hands," Pitt warned him.

JERRY ON THE JOB

THEY PULL SOME AWFUL OLD ONES IN THAT SHOW - JOKES WITH WHISKERS ON

FOR INSTANCE THEY SPRING THAT ONE ABOUT THE MEANEST MAN WHO WENT OUT IN THE BACK YARD ON CHRISTMAS EVE AND FIRED OFF A SHOT GUN AND THEN WENT IN THE HOUSE AND TOLD HIS KIDS SANTA CLAUS HAD JUST COMMITTED SUICIDE

THAT'S CERTAINLY GETTING 'EM WITH WHISKERS ON EH? WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?

IT'S A NEW ONE TO ME

YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU NEVER HEARD IT?

IT'S NEW TO ME I TELL YOU

WHY THAT'S SO OLD IT'S MOLDY - HONEST DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR IT?

HONEST IN JUN

HEY BILL - HE NEVER HEARD THAT ONE ABOUT THE MEAN MAN AND THE SHOT GUN

MY JAW ACHES

By Briggs

NEATNESS—THAT'S THE THING.

A NIFTICK HIKE THROUGH THE WOODS IS HEALTHY POSITIVEL = I LOVE CLOSE BY NATURE!!

THESE IS SERIOUS LOOKING WOODS = HERE I'M A LITTLE AFRAID!! OY THERE'S ANOTHER HIKER!!!

YES, I'VE HIKED THROUGH HERE BEFORE!!!

TELL ME, PLEASE = ANY SNAKES AROUND HERE???

YES, BIG BLACK SNAKES = BUT THEY'RE NOT POISONOUS!!

IF THEY CAN MAKE YOU JUMP OFF A HIGH CLIFF, THEY DON'T HAVE TO BE POISONOUS!!

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Herschfeld

That Quietest Feeling

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FOR INSTANCE THEY SPRING THAT ONE ABOUT THE MEANEST MAN WHO WENT OUT IN THE BACK YARD ON CHRISTMAS EVE AND FIRED OFF A SHOT GUN AND THEN WENT IN THE HOUSE AND TOLD HIS KIDS SANTA CLAUS HAD JUST COMMITTED SUICIDE

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HONEST IN JUN

HEY BILL - HE NEVER HEARD THAT ONE ABOUT THE MEAN MAN AND THE SHOT GUN

MY JAW ACHES

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT

A NIFTICK HIKE THROUGH THE WOODS IS HEALTHY POSITIVEL = I LOVE CLOSE BY NATURE!!

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TELL ME, PLEASE = ANY SNAKES AROUND HERE???

YES, BIG BLACK SNAKES = BUT THEY'RE NOT POISONOUS!!

IF THEY CAN MAKE YOU JUMP OFF A HIGH CLIFF, THEY DON'T HAVE TO BE POISONOUS!!

Result is the Same.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Herschfeld