

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

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Faith, you explain yourself after a fashion," said he. "But, since it was more or less in your service that I donned the king's coat, you should suffer it to cover the thief and pirate."

She shrugged and turned aside. In some resentment and some regret, fearing to betray the latter, she took refuge in the former. "I do my best," said she.

"So that ye can be charitable in some ways?" He laughed softly. "Glory be, now, I should be thankful for so much. Maybe I'm presumptuous. But I can't forget that when I was no better than a scullion in your uncle's household in Barbados, ye used me with a certain kindness."

"Why not? In those days you had some claim upon my kindness. You were just an unfortunate gentleman then."

"And what else would you be calling me now?"

"Hardly unfortunate. We have heard of your good fortune on the seas; how your luck has passed into a byword. And we have heard other things of your good fortune in other directions."

She spoke hastily, the thought of Mademoiselle d'Ogeron in her mind. And instantly she recalled the words she had said. But Peter Blood wept them lightly aside, reading into them none of her meaning, as she feared he would.

"Aye, a deal of lies, that's a doubt, as I could prove to you."

"I cannot think why you should trouble to put yourself on your defense," she discouraged him.

"So that ye may think less badly of me than you do?"

"What I think of you can be a very little matter to you, sir."

"Can you say that now? Can ye say that, beholding me in this livery of a service I despise? Didn't ye tell me that I might redeem the past? It's little enough I am concerned to redeem the past save only in your eyes. In my own I've done nothing at all that I am ashamed of, considering the provocation received."

"I—I can't think why you should speak to me like this," she said, with less than her earlier assurance.

"Ah, now, can't ye, indeed?" he cried. "Sure, then, I'll be telling ye."

"Oh, please!" There was real alarm in her voice. "I realize fully what you did, and I realize that perjury, at least, you may have been urged by

ye none the less, and I give you my word of honor that I'll shoot ye dead upon the very provocation, whether that provocation is yours or another's. And now, ye greasy hangman, step out as brisk and lively as ye can, and behave as naturally as ye may, or it's the black stream of Cocytus ye'll be contemplating." Arm in arm they passed through the house and down the garden, where Arabella lingered, awaiting Peter Blood's return. She

was convinced now that she had done him a monstrous injustice. Therefore she lingered there in the garden, awaiting his return that she might make amends. And when at last he came, it was in company—unusually close and intimate company—with her uncle. In vexation she realized that explanations must be postponed. He passed, with his companion, from that fragrant garden into the courtyard of the fort. Here the com-

mandant, who had been instructed to hold himself in readiness with the necessary men against the need to effect the arrest of Captain Blood, was amazed by the curious spectacle of the deputy governor of Jamaica strolling forth arm in arm and apparently on the friendliest terms with the intended prisoner. For as they went, Blood was chatting and laughing briskly.

## THE NEBBBS

RUMORS ARE AFLOAT THAT THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF NEBB AND SLIDER IS A LITTLE BIT SHOP WORN—THUS THE VISIT OF THE MERCANTILE AGENCY MAN

MY CARD - MR. NEBB I BELIEVE? I REPRESENT G.R. GUNN COMPANY - I'D LIKE TO GET SOME INFORMATION REGARDING YOUR FINANCIAL STANDING

WELL, CERTAINLY! CERTAINLY!

WE'RE DOING A NICE BUSINESS - I OWN THE ESTATE THAT THIS WATER COMES FROM AND WE'RE INCORPORATED FOR A HALF MILLION DOLLARS

ALL PAID IN?

"ALL PAID OUT" - WE'RE NOT ASKING FOR ANY CREDIT - WE HAVE TOO MUCH ALREADY

YOU WON'T FIND MY PARTNER VERY MODEST - I CAUGHT HIM BRAGGING TO THE TAX ASSESSOR THE OTHER DAY - YOU COME BACK IN A FEW DAYS - THIS PLACE IS LIABLE TO CHANGE HANDS - AND YOU'LL GET MUCH BETTER INFORMATION

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEALTH PRODUCER

W.A. CARLSON

## JUST A TRUTHFUL KID.

EXTRA! SPARK PLUG BIG FAVORITE IN THE BALTIMORE CLASSIC TO BE HELD NEXT SATURDAY

TWO THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY, INCLUDING LIMA, CHICAGO, ARE FLOCKING TO BALTIMORE TO WITNESS BIG EVENTS

ALREADY THE HOTELS ARE FILLED TO CAPACITY, MANY NEW YORKERS FROM BARNEY'S HOME TOWN BEING NUMBERED AMONG THE ARRIVALS

OH, YES!

MISTAH GOOGLE DEVS A PARTY OF GENTS 'FOM NEW YORK DOWN BELOW DOT CWAVE YG COMPANY

AHHH SOME OF MY ADMIRERS - LOVERS OF HORSES! WANT TIL I BRUSH UP A BIT - THEN I'LL RECEIVE 'EM

BELIEVE ME, IT SEEMS GOOD TO BE POPULAR AGAIN! EVERYONE KNOWS I'M DOWN TO MY LAST JIM AND STILL I'M SOUGHT AFTER - SHOW THE GENTLEMEN UP, SUNSHINE - THEN YOU BEAT IT -

YAS SUH

YOU DUMB! HOW ABOUT THE NEXT INSTALLMENT ON THAT SUIT OF CLOTHES YOU BOUGHT FROM ME - HUH!

WHERE'S THAT WATCH OF YOURS YOU WERE GONNA GIVE ME FOR SECURITY ON THAT \$30 SUCKS I LOANED YOU?

QUACIOUS!

YEH! AND WHEN SPARK PLUG WINS THE RACE NEXT SATURDAY WE'LL GET OUR HOOKS ON THAT \$7,500 PURSE!

## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

CHAPTER XX. Hostages.

Peter Blood made his way through the house to the wide piazza behind it, in whose hands were Colonel Bishop and my Lord Julian Wade.

"I have sent for you, Captain Blood, because of certain news that has just reached me," the deputy governor said. "I am informed that yesterday evening a frigate left the harbor having on board your associate Wolverstone and a hundred men of the hundred and fifty that were serving under you. His lordship and I shall be glad to have your explanation of how you can permit that departure."

"Permit?" quoth Blood. "I ordered it."

"Swounds! Whither has Wolverstone gone?"

"To Tortuga. He's gone with a message to the others commanding the other four ships of the fleet that is awaiting me there, telling them what's happened and why they are no longer to expect me."

"You hear that, my lord? Deliberately he has let Wolverstone loose upon the seas again—Wolverstone, the worst of all that gang of pirates after himself. It's treason! It's matter for a court-martial."

"Will you cease your blather of treason and court-martials? Blood put on his hat and sat down unbidden. "I have sent Wolverstone to inform Hapthorpe and Christian and Yberville and the rest of my lads to quit piracy or sail out of the Barbudean sea. That's what I've done."

Colonel Bishop beheld his protest, but Lord Julian was more conciliatory.

"It is possible," Lord Julian admitted, "that my Lord Sunderland will be satisfied, provided that the solution is as you promise. Speaking on behalf of my Lord Sunderland, I am content to await the result of your experiment."

"Are you, indeed?" Bishop roared.

"Well, then, I am not."

"Before you go," said Bishop, "and to save you from any idle rashness, I'll tell you that the harbor master and the commandant have their orders. You don't leave Port Royal, my fine gallows bird. Damme, I mean to provide you with permanent roomings here, in Execution Dock. You do not leave this house." He took a step in the direction of the doorway, and raised his voice. "Ho there . . ."

Captain Blood's right hand had re-emerged from the breast of his doublet, bringing with a long pistol with silver mountings richly chased, which he leveled within a foot of the deputy governor's head.

"Don't stir from where you are, my lord, or there may be an accident."

And my lord, who had been moving to Bishop's assistance, stood instantly arrested. The deputy governor was swaying on unsteady legs. Peter Blood considered him with a grimace that increased his panic.

"I marvel that I don't pistol you without more ado, ye fat blackguard. Be good enough to give me your arm, Colonel Bishop. Come, come, man, your arm."

Bishop obeyed. Captain Blood tucked his left arm through the deputy governor's proffered right. Then he thrust his own right hand with its pistol back into the breast of his doublet.

"Though invisible, it's aiming at

## A BARE EXISTENCE FOR BARNEY.

BRINGING UP FATHER

I'VE GOT AN IDEA - I'LL PRETEND I'M SICK - THEN MAGGIE'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE OPERA ALONE - I'LL SNEAK OUT AFTER SHE'S GONE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I'M SICK, MAGGIE - I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE OPERA ALONE - IT'S TOO BAD

NOW WHAT IS SHE GONNA DO?

I WOULDN'T THINK OF LEAVING YOU ALONE WHILE YOU ARE SICK - I'LL PHONE AN CANCEL THE TICKETS - WE CAN GO TOMORROW NIGHT

JUST CALL IF YOU WANT ME -

NOW I'VE GOT TO STAY IN AN' GO TO THE OPERA TOMORROW BAW!!!

## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Sept. 29.—Gotham is filled with men who ride on the crest of the wave for awhile—and then disappear. They sink. Nobody hears of them again except for a hurriedly scribbled note or a telephone call for a quick loan.

From the pleasant purl of Fifth Avenue they drift to the hifalumpin' jangle of Avenue A. They seem to have expressed their accumulative ability in one shot. And then they wait around for something to happen, believing that it was genius, not accident, that brought a taste of fortune.

One may comb the east side streets and find scores of men side propped out in cafes for money-making prowess. Some were on the right side of the market in a sky-rocketing break and others had a single idea that brought quick and profitable returns.

When the tide turns they lose courage. And then just wait. They can't face the ordeal of beginning over again. A wise old Wall street financier declares he never knew a failure who didn't remind himself with the false courage of "something is bound to happen."

New York is one place in the world where something doesn't happen without effort. The modus operandi of the town is action. You see it expressed everywhere in darting taxis, brisk delivery wagons, racing limousines and hurrying pedestrians.

It is not a skidding highway to success. It is a long, rocky and uphill road. I can count the men of my acquaintance who five years ago were ensconced in fine apartments. They made it fast and they spent it faster and today in hall bedrooms they await a turn of fickle fortune.

Sudden wealth followed by sudden poverty is one of the most tragic things in life. Most of these men will tell you they had observed ordinary thrift to tide them over lean days they would have been easily able to stem the tide when the bad breaks came.

Incidentally, there is one man who cut quite a wide swath on Broadway seven or eight years ago on the proceeds of a stock promotion scheme that came perilously near landing the promoters in Atlanta. Today he operates a callopie on one of those advertising motor wagons.

It was in the shop window of one of those lingerie shops filled with intimate things people lately talk about openly. A bashful pair of young lovers drifted along from window to window. They came to it. Each looked and hurriedly turned their heads away. "Fifty to one shot they were not born and raised in New York," said a hardened old cynic who watched them.

Which reminds me that until I came to New York I had never seen a woman smoke a cigaret in a public cafe. Dining alone one night a woman across from me touched off a match and lighted one. After awhile it went out. There were no more matches on the table. She looked appealingly around. No one offered to help in the dilemma. Finally in desperation I offered aid and in my nervousness touched off some fringe that hung from her hat. There was a sputter and there seemed only one thing to do and that was a dash of cold water on her. I have always thought it would have made good motion picture material for the country cousin and the city gal. In the movies perhaps I would have married the girl, but the best I got was her murmured indignation to the waiter who came bustling up. As I recall she said I was an "awkward fool."

In my dancing school days I was not considered awkward, but quite graceful. Mary Henking and I won a sponge cake for waiting through a circle of egg shells without touching one. There was always dissatisfaction among some at the verdict. An aunt of mine was one of the judges.

## Abe Martin

A REAL SWEATIN' FARMER, ONE THAT'S FOLLERED 'EM PLOW!

What's th' world comin' to? Mrs. Lufe Bud has received a letter from a storekeeper demandin' I know why she hadn' charged anything durin' th' month of August. We've noticed another thing about a Ford driver—no matter what sort of a crash he gets into he never gets out 't see what th' damage is.

## JERRY ON THE JOB

YOU LOOK GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT, MR. GINNEY - AND SPEAKING OF FOOD REMINDS ME THAT I'M HERE ON A LITTLE MATTER OF IMPORTANCE!!

BEFORE YOU GO," said Bishop, "and to save you from any idle rashness, I'll tell you that the harbor master and the commandant have their orders. You don't leave Port Royal, my fine gallows bird. Damme, I mean to provide you with permanent roomings here, in Execution Dock. You do not leave this house." He took a step in the direction of the doorway, and raised his voice. "Ho there . . ."

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## AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

WE'RE GONNA GIVE A LITTLE BANQUET THAT'S GONNA BE A KNOCKOUT!

THAT'S FINE!

AND WE'RE GONNA INVITE THE BLOTS, AND MISS O'SAY, AND MR. FIGSBY, AND THE REST OF THE HELP WILL BE THERE TO ENJOY THE FEAST!!

AND I KINDA THINK THEY WANT YOU TO COME, TOO!!!

## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

## When a Feller Needs a Friend

HAIR BOBBED

EYEBROWS MADE BEAUTIFUL

ROUGE POWDER LIPSTICKS COSMETICS

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## By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

I'LL SHOW HIM A GOOD TIME HERE THEN I'LL TALK ORDERS WITH HIM!!

WHERE TO NOW?

THESE MIRRORS - I LOVE TO LOOK IN THEM - COME ON, SIGMUND

DID YOU TAKE SIGMUND OUT THE OTHER DAY??

I TOOK HIM TO AN AMUSEMENT PARK AND THEN LEFT HIM FLAT!!

DIDN'T YOU TALK ORDERS??

I'M AFRAID TO DO BUSINESS WITH ANY FELLER THAT LOOKS GOOD IN ONE OF THESE CROOKED MIRRORS!!

## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

It's Really Vice Versa.