

"I promise," he answered her. And

the most disquieting news from the old world.

The megalomania of Louis XIV had set Europe in a blaze of war. The French legionaries were ravaging the

Rhine provinces, and Spain had joined the nations leagued to defend

themselves from the wild ambitions of the king of France. And there

Weeks passed, and every ship from

To a kinsman of Sunderland's this

"He desired," he said at last, "to give you a message that should prove to you that there is still something "He said that!" she cried. "He did left in him of the unfortunate gentleman that...that...for which once you knew him. It is not easy.

Stab me, it is not. He was a man looked out across the glittering warmen described well. Stab me, it is not. He was a man who deserved well. And amongst us we have marred his chances: your uncle, because he could not forget his rancour; you, because . . . because having told him that in the king's service he would find his redemption of what was past, you would not afterwards admit to him that he was so redeemed. And, this, although concern to rescue you was the chief motive of his embracing that same service."

She had turned her shoulder to him so that he should not see her face. His lordship's unusual nervousness was steadily increasing. "He will be taken and destroyed. And the fault is mine—mine!"

"You have no cause for shame,"

ousness was steadily increasing. "He thought, then—so he told me—that my presence here had contributed to his inability to redeem himself in your sight; and unless he were so rehis inability to redeem nimet. It still count on me to do what man your sight; and unless he were so redeemed, then was redemption nothing."

"He thought that you had contribute the sudden eager hopefulness. "You prom-

'Aye, and he said so in terms which "Aye, and he said so in terms which told me something that I hope above all things, and yet dare not be to efor, God knows, I am no coxcomb, Arabella. He said . . I had gone aboard his ship to demand the instant and a surrendered to him—"Arabella," he said very gently, "there is still this other matter upon which you have not answered me. This matter that aboard his ship to definite the hashed at me. Colonel Bishop should be a hostage for his safety. By rashly venturing aboard his shop, I afforded . . . that . . . that you are not indifventuring aboard his shop, I afforded him in my own person yet another ferent to me." He saw the fair face Rishop, Vat he had a second change color and grown that the same that the same that he had been seen to be saw the fair face change color and grown that the same Bishop. Yet he bade me depart; not from the fear of consequences, for he is above fear, nor from any personal esteem for me whom he confessed that he had come to find detestable; and this for the very reason that made him concerned for my safety."

"I do not understand," she said, as he paused. "Is not that a contradiction in itself?"

more.

"Indifferent to you?" said she. "Why, no. We have been good friends; we shall continue so, I hope, my lord."

"Friends! Good friends?" He was between dismay and bitterness. "It is not your friendship only that I are the paused. "Is not that a contradiction in itself?" Yet he bade me depart; not more

he paused. "Is not that a contradiction in itself?"

"It seems so only. The fact is, Arabella, this unfortunate man has the ... the temerity to love you."

She cried out at last, and clutched her breast, whose calm was suddenly disturbed. "Go on," she bade him. "Well, then: he saw in me one who made it impossible that he should win you—so he said. Therefore he could with satisfaction have killed ms. But because my death might cause you pain, because your happoiness was the thing above all things he desired, he surrendered that part

Arabella. You heard what I said, what I reported. You will not say that Peter Blood was wrong?"

Gently she sought to disengage her hand, the trouble in her face increasing. A moment he resisted; then, realizing what he did, he set her free. "Arabella!" he cried on a note of sudden pain.

"I have friendship for you, my lord. But only friendship."

"Is it Peter Blood?" she echoed. "I do not know," she said, faltering a little.

When the Jamaica fleet put to sea poiness was the thing above all things he desired, he surrendered that part of his guarantee of safety which my person afforded him. If his departure should be hindered, and I should lose my life in what might follow, there was the risk that . . . that you might mourn me. Because of that he bade me leave his ship, and had me put ashore." She looked at him with the most disquieting news from the the most disquieting news from the

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE. was worse than this: there were ru-New York, Oct. 1.—Monk McGlone, mors of civil war in England, where

whose powerful right kept Essex street merchants terrorized for several years, has left the East Side had been invited to come over. for the suburban peace of a small Jersey town. He has deserted the home brought additional news. Wilscent of garbage for the scent of liam had crossed to England, and in

musk.

Reporters found him out where the pavement ends in a romantic ivy clay cottage spraying the lawn. On the porch was a frail wisp of a girl, whose fingers were busily applying the needle to some embroidery work. "She followed by letters from King Wildone it!" said McGlone a little sheep-liam's secretary of state informing Colonel Bishop that there was war

McGlone was raised in the beery with France, and that in view of its wilderness of East Side dives that cater to all the vices of men. He cater to all the vices of men. He limits in the person of Lord Wilman a graphile in the person of Lord Wilman and the cater to the limits in the person of Lord Wilman and the cater to all the vices of men. was a gorilla in size, more than six loughby, and that with him came a feet tall with oak-like arms and legs.

He began early to work on docks and miral van der Kuylen to reenforce then went around the Horn on wind the Jamaica fleet against eventuali

Ashore he sought the fleshpots, and found that a man who could use his fists could live without toil. He way at first a saloon bouncer and then drifted naturally through prowess to himself, did not know what it might man to him. But he are very total the saloon bouncer and then drifted naturally through prowess to himself, did not know what it might man to him. But he are very total the saloon beautiful to the saloon bouncer and then the saloon bouncer and then the saloon bouncer and the saloon bounc

gang leadership. And then he met her. Love at first sight—the sort of thing the poets blab about.

She was one of the undernourished "little mothers" whose parents worked all day and left her to take worked all day and left her to take care of her younger brothers and sisters. One day McGlone was surrounded by rival gangsters. He was alone, but gave a savage guttural warwhoop and plunged in.

him in danger of being retired, was anxious to enjoy the advantages of having a man of Lord Julian's eminence for his relative.

"There is one obstacle in our path," said his lordship, "Captain Blood. The girl is in love with him."

"The brazen baggage! By God! I'll

When a patrol wagon backed up bring her to her senses." and they took him away she ran up "Don't be a fool, Bishop. Listen, to him and gave him a faded flower. man. She has a constant mind. As Three weeks later he was out of jail long as Blood lives she will wait for and hunting for her. He found her him." and the romance in sordid settings began. McGlone went to work in a she will come to her silly senses."

chain grocery store. bring him back to leadership. "Loco about a skirt," they jeered. And Mc Glone with a menacing leer admitted it was true and what were they going to do about it? Wisely they let him alone. And so they were married.

Prohibition has snuffed out many of the picturesque little clubs of Manhattan. The latest to expire was The Cloister. It was frequented by artists and writers and occupied the top floor of an old house in West Eleventh street. The walls were decorated by the members. Only ale

No doubt it is just as well these clubs expired, for their closing shows that the members were drawn there by the false fellowship of liquor. Still their atmosphere was more elevating and stimulating than the hole in the wall cafes where the same clubmen go now to drink poisonous hootch.

was served.

There is one of these little cafes, however, where no liquor is served and which smacks of the old days. It is run by a plump little French woman and her two waiters, Jean and Gaston. She makes a specialty of crayfish bisque and stewed eels. Through a glass oval in the kitchen door one may see the fat and benignant cook in immaculate white cap and coat, and there is the smell of onions and herbs and the fragrance of sauces. There are no chair tables but benches where patrons sit and play cards and dominos. And a few play cubito. It is about the last of the old cafes with French flavor and if it were not for the French neighborhood where it is situated it

would wither and perish. And there is a ticket speculator who hawks his wares in front of Broadway playhouses who owns three restaurants. He made the money Sypping the public, and although he has it profitably invested he remains B "spec.

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and a secretary and a second in the secretary section and the second in the second in

Bishop warmed to a sort of en-siasm. "This war with France removes all restrictions in the matter of Tortuga. We are free to invest

"Now you begin to show intelligence," Lord Julian commended him. "That is the first essential step."
"And here is our chance to take "And here is our chance to take to railed two to ra "Ah!" said Lord Julian, and he pulled thoughtfully at his lip. Bishop laughed coarsely.
"We'll hunt this rascal in his lair, —taking every ship of the fleet, and "Taid French Hispaniola.

"CHAPTER XXII.

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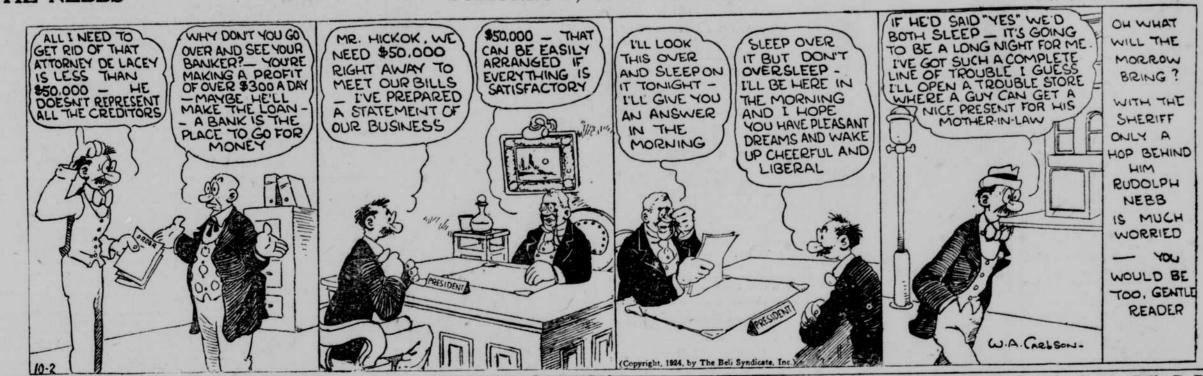
THE SERVICE OF KING LOUIS. Meanwhile, some three months be-lim.

"Meanwhile, some three months be-lim."

"The said Lord Julian, and he gales, and two days ahead of the winter gales, and two days ahead of the manufacture of the Lesser Antilles, and some seventh and been separated in that gales, and two days ahead of the winter gales, and two days ahead of the manufacture of the Lesser Antilles, and some seventh and been separated in that gales, and two days ahead of the winter gales, and two days ahead of the gales, and two days ahead of the particular gales, and two days ahead of the winter gales, and two

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

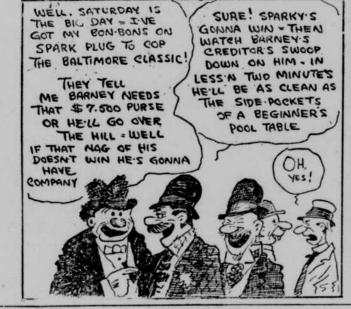
THE NEBBS TOMORROW, RAIN OR SHINE?



Barney Google and Spark Plug

SPARKY OBJECTS TO FASTING.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



MY BROWNIEVED BABY - YOUR PAPA JUST LAMPED THOSE OTHER DOGS YOU'RE UP AGAINST ON SATURDAY AND YOU'RE GONNA WIN IF YOU HAD YOUR HIND LEGS IN A SLING WE WIN A PURSE OF 7.500 SMACKERS - HARD EARNED MONEY : AND THEY RE GONNA MAIL THE BUNDLE BEFORE WE GET A CHANCE TO KISS IT





BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

BY GOLLY THIS

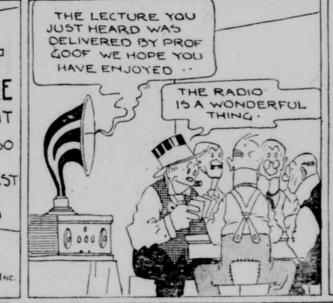
IS LUCK · DINTY

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



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JERRY ON THE JOB

OH, THAT BOSS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban











By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield





