

A Romance of the Spanish Main CAPTAIN BLOOD By RAFAEL SABATINI

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Summoned to wait on him, Captain Blood repaired to the Castle of Petit Goave, where the interview was to take place. The baron, a tall, hawk-faced man of forty, very cold and distant in manner, measured Captain Blood with an eye of obvious disapproval. Of Hapthorpe, Yerville and Wolverstone, who stood ranged behind their captain, he took no heed whatever. M. de Cussy offered Captain Blood a chair.

"A moment, M. de Cussy. I do not think M. le Baron has observed that I am not alone. Let me present to you, sir, my companions: Captain Hapthorpe of the Elizabeth, Captain Wolverstone of the Atropos and Captain Yerville of the Lachrye."

The baron stared hard and haughtily at Captain Blood. His manner implied plainly that he despised them and that he desired them at once to understand it. It had a curious effect upon Captain Blood. It awoke the devil in it, and it awoke, at the same time, his self-respect, which of late had been slumbering. A sudden shame of his disordered, ill-kempt appearance made him perhaps the more defiant. He waved his captains to the chairs that stood about the table, and he kept the baron waiting.

"They obeyed him, Wolverstone with a grin that was full of understanding. Haughtier grew the stare of M. de Rivalro. He did the only thing remaining to mark a distinction between himself and them. He put on his hat."

"You're very wise now," said Blood amiably. "I feel the draught myself." And he covered himself with his plumed cap. "Shall we come to business?"

Within an hour the water casks at last replenished and stowed aboard, the Arabella and the Elizabeth put to sea upon that angry chase.

"What now, Peter?" cried the young Jeremy Pitt. "Lord, man, what is there here to fret you? Surely 'tisn't the thought of Rivalro!"

"No," said Blood thickly. "And for once he was communicative. It may well be that he must vent the thing that oppressed him or he'd be driven mad by it. And Pitt, after all, was his friend and loved him, and so, a proper man for confidences. But if she knew! If she knew! Oh God! I had thought to have done with piracy; thought to have done with it forever. Yet here I have been committed by this scoundrel to the worst piracy that ever I was guilty of. Think of Cartagena! Think of the hell those devils will be making of it now! And I must have that on my soul!"

Setting a course for Hispaniola, since they judged that thither must Rivalro go to refit before attempting to cross to France, the Arabella and

the Elizabeth plowed briskly northward with a moderately favorable wind for two days and nights without ever catching a glimpse of their quarry. The third dawn brought with it a haze which circumscribed their range of vision to something between two and three miles, and deepened their growing vexation and their apprehension that M. de Rivalro might escape them altogether.

They had Jamaica on their leeward beam some thirty miles to westward, and, indeed, away to the northwest, faintly visible as a bank of clouds, appeared the great ridge of the Blue Mountains whose peaks were thrust into the clear upper air above the low-lying haze. The wind was westerly, and it bore to their ears a booming sound which in less experienced ears might have passed for the breaking of surf upon a lee shore.

"Guns!" said Pitt, who stood with Blood upon the quarter-deck. Blood nodded, listening.

"Ten miles away, perhaps fifteen—somewhere off Port Royal, I should judge," Pitt added, then he looked at his captain. "Does it concern us?" he asked.

"Guns off Port Royal, I should think should argue a stop at work. I think it may concern us. Anyway, we'll stand in to investigate."

Close-hauled they tacked weather, guided by the sound of coming guns, an hour, perhaps. Then, as telescope to his eye, Blood raked the haze, the guns abruptly ceased. They held their course, nevertheless, with an anxious scanning the sea ahead. And presently an object loomed into view, which soon defined itself for a great ship on fire. As the Arabella with the Elizabeth following closely raced nearer on their northwesterly tack, the outlines of the blazing vessel grew clearer.

"An English ship!" he cried.

He scanned the seas for the conqueror in the battle of which this grim evidence was added to that of the hour, perhaps, and then, at last, as they drew closer to the doomed vessel, they made out the shadowy outlines of three tall ships, some three or four miles away, standing toward Port Royal. Pitt, who through the telescope was examining the receding squadron, observed things appearing only to the eye of the trained mariner, and made the incredible announcement that the largest of these three vessels was Rivalro's Victorieuse. They look on sail and hoist to they came up with the drifting boats, laden to capacity with survivors.

CHAPTER XXVI THE SERVICE OF KING WILLIAM

One of the boats bumped alongside the Arabella, and up the entrance ladder came first a slight, spruce little gentleman in a coat of mulberry satin lined with gold, whose wined, yellow, fishy face was framed in a heavy black periwig. His modish and costly apparel had no wise suffered by the adventure through which he had passed, and he carried himself with the easy assurance of a man of rank. He was closely followed by one who in every particular, save that of age, was the physical opposite, corpulent in a brawny, vigorous way, with a full, round, weather-beaten face whose mouth was humorous and whose eyes were blue and twinkling.

As the little man stepped from the ladder into the waist, whither Captain Blood had gone to receive him, his sharp, ferret-like eyes swept the uncounted ranks of the assembled crew of the Arabella.

"And where the devil may I be now?" he demanded irritably. "Are you English, or what the devil are you?"

"Myself, I have the honor to be Irish, sir. My name is Blood—Captain Peter Blood, and this is my ship the Arabella, all very much at your service."

"Blood!" shrieked the little man. "O 'Stiod! A pirate! He swung to the Colossus who followed him—"A damned pirate, van der Kuylen. Rend my vitals, but we're come from Scylla to Charybdis."

"So?" said the other gutturally, and again, "So?" Then the humor of it took him, and he yielded to it.

"Damm! What's to laugh at, you porpoise?" spluttered mulberry coat. "A fine tale this'll make at home! Admiral van der Kuylen first loses his feet in the night, then has his flagship fired under him by a French squadron, and ends all by being captured by a pirate. I'm glad you find it matter for laughter. Since for my sins I happen to be with you, I'm damned if I do."

"There's a misapprehension, if I may make so bold as to point it out," put in Blood quietly. "You are not strutting, gentlemen; you are rescued. When you realize it, perhaps it will occur to you to acknowledge the hospitality I am offering you. It may be poor, but it is the best at my disposal."

"Damm! Do you permit yourself to be ironical?" he disapproved him. "I am Lord Wilmot, King William's

governor general of the West Indies, and this is Admiral van der Kuylen, commander of his majesty's West Indian fleet, at present mislaid somewhere in this damned Caribbean Sea."

"King William?" quoth Blood. "And who may be King William, and of what may he be king?"

"I am alluding to his majesty, King William III—William of Orange—who, with Queen Mary, has been ruling England for two months and more."

"I've mean, sir, that they've roused themselves at home, and kicked out that scoundrel James and his gang of ruffians?"

"Siff! Hadn't you heard? Where the devil have you been at all?"

Briefly he gave an account. After that, with renewed assurances that aboard his ship they should be honorably entertained, Captain Blood led

the governor general and the admiral to his cabin, what time the work of rescue went on.

"Go home, if you will," said his lordship when comfortable. Here is a great chance for you, since you declare yourself sick of piracy. Should you choose to serve King William out

here during this war, your knowledge of the West Indies should render you a very valuable servant to his majesty's government, which you would not find ungrateful. You should consider it. Damm, sir, I repeat: it is a great chance you are given."

Pitt came in to report that the

work of rescue was at an end, and the men picked up—some forty-five in all—safe aboard the two hibernian ships. He asked for orders. Blood rose.

(To Be Continued Monday.)
See Want Ads Produce Results.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess
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THE NEBBES

THE ATTORNEY FOR THE CREDITORS OF NEBB & SLIDER GAVE THEM TEN DAYS IN WHICH TO PAY THEIR BILLS OR HE WOULD SIG THE SHERIFF ON THEM SO HE MAY POP IN MOST ANY DAY NOW

HERE'S ANOTHER BUNCH OF MAIL. MR NEBB - IF IT KEEPS ON COMING LIKE THIS I'LL HAVE TO START DRINKING THIS WATER TO GIVE ME STRENGTH TO CARRY IT

IT MAKES THE WEAK STRONG AND THE STRONG AMBITIOUS - THE WEARY AND TIRED ENERGETIC. IT'S THE GREATEST WATER IN THE WORLD AND THE PUBLIC MUST HAVE IT

HERE'S ANOTHER BATCH OF ORDERS. BOYS - GET THE LONG SHIPMENTS OUT FIRST AND LET'S REMEMBER OUR MOTTO "ORDERS SHIPPED THE SAME DAY AS RECEIVED"

GEE YOU LOOK UNCOMFORTABLE - DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD GET A BETTER DAY'S SLEEP IN A BED? IF THIS RUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF BUSINESS DISTURBS YOU I'LL CLOSE UP FOR THE DAY

DON'T BOTHER ME - GO AHEAD AND WORK YOUR FOOL HEAD OFF - IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! I'M WILLING TO WORK FOR NEBB & SLIDER BUT WHEN I WORK FOR THE SHERIFF I'M GOING TO WEAR A STAR!

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W. A. CARLSON.

OH, WELL, TOMORROW'LL BE ANOTHER DAY

Barney Google and Spark Plug

WELL, HERE IT IS, THE DAY OF THE BALTICORE - CLASSIC - 2 O'CLOCK - THE HORSES ARE JUST ABOUT STAGGERING OUT OF THE Paddock - I CAN SEE 'EM NOW, SPARKY, CASTOR OIL COCKTAIL AND ALL THE REST OF 'EM - YES - I CAN EVEN SEE MY CREDITORS, MARCHING UP AN DOWN AGAIN TO GET THEIR PEEPER'S ON ME - AND JUST WAITING FOR SPARKY TO WIN SO THEY CAN POUNCE DOWN ON MY PURSE OF 7,500 BUCKS AND TEAR IT APART -

OH, MY!

THEY'VE GOT A HUMPTY DUMPTY SYSTEM IN THIS COUNTRY - AS SOON AS A GUY GETS A WAD HE'S GOTTA FORK IT OVER TO SOME WHO LOANED HIM MONEY!

Ho mmm

SPARK PLUG GOES TO SLEEP AT THE POST

BOSS, SPARKY DOESN'T LOSE BALTIMORE DABBY -

OH, YES!

10-4

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DE BECK

OH WHAT'S THE USE.

BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GOLLY I'M IN A FINE FIX - THE AUTO IS OUT OF COMMISSION - THE TELEPHONE IS BROKEN AND I CAN'T GET DOWN TOWN WITH THIS BUM FOOT!

IS IT BAD NEWS, BOSS?

SAY, JAMMO - COME AROUND TO THE FRONT DOOR!

HERE'S TEN DOLLARS - ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW MY ORDERS -

WHO DO I HAVE TO KILL?

TURN ON THE NEXT CORNER AN' KEEP GOIN' UNTIL YOU COME TO DINTY MOORES

10-4

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 (Copyright 1924)

JERRY ON THE JOB

I GUESS YOU KNOW THIS IS THE COAL SEASON - AND I JUST GOT A BILL FROM ALEX HARRIS FOR \$1000!

WHAT'SAMATTER? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU JUST BEEN RUN OVER!

OH BOY - ELEVEN GRAND!!! THAT'S A BILL AND NOT MAYBE!

HEY - MR. F. I GOT A PLOT!

LIGHTENING THE BURDEN

NOW DON'TCHA GET OUR COAL OFF ABOUT NINE DIFFERENT PEOPLE?

WHAT FOR? THE COAL WE GET NOW IS SATISFACTORY.

YEAH - BUT IT WOULD MAKE THE BILLS SMALLER.

10-4

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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1924)

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Oct. 3.—In one midnight club two young women in décolleté gowns were carried out in the arms of their male escorts. They were pale and unconscious from over indulgence. The jazz band boomed with extra fervor to distract attention. The head waiter smiled.

Only a slight ripple of excitement resulted. New York is growing used to café swooning. It is a nightly thing in those haunts where lethal libations are served as liquor. Several jazz joints have nurses in the ante-rooms.

One old rounder described café liquor in explaining to his wife why he reached home at dawn. "The whiskey was so young," he said, "I had to sit up all night and rock it before taking a chance." The heedlessness of New Yorkers in drinking anything but before them is astonishing.

Nobody asks or apparently cares what the brand is. If a quart of whiskey is served it is placed in a bottle that formerly contained gin-gerale or table water. It may be made of shallic, vitriol and varnish, but the café public pays \$20 a bottle without question.

There is another story of a fellow in his cups who was told that a new brand of Broadway whiskey was being made from sawdust. "Fine," he cried. "I'm going right home now and drink the leg of a kitchen chair."

A chemist bet a friend he could not get one drink of unadulterated whiskey in 10 places his friend would select. They went from place to place and surreptitiously took samples back to the chemist's laboratory.

The chemist won. Each sample contained some sort of poison that if taken in big doses would have resulted in death. That is the way Broadwayites are laughing at prohibition and as is usual Broadway has the last laugh.

She is a woman in mid thirties. Cultured and beautiful. At the age of 8 in Switzerland she was given a little toy bear. It was her constant companion wherever she went and years did not destroy her love for the toy. If the night grew chilly Bruno was wrapped in a shawl. She confessed her love for the toy was one of the contributing factors in a divorce from her husband. Today the bear is worn and frayed by constant handling. A button eye is gone. Recently a new maid tossed the toy in a refuse box. It was carried away. Frantic searches and the offer of a big reward did not restore it.

Perhaps most of us might venture a tentative giggle at the lady's silly attitude toward a toy. And yet very few of us haven't some inanimate thing associated with past memories to which we cleave. I have a buck-eye plucked from an Ohio tree too many years ago to recall. It is a relic of the old swimmin' hole days, stone bruises and barn brigandage. It would grieve me to lose it.

A revue has a scene showing the window and revolving door entrance to a smart Fifth avenue dress making shop. A chorus of shabbily dressed girls parade into the door and come out the other side in smart Rue de la Paix frocks while a comedian sings "In they go and out they come while some boob pays the bill."

One of those quick blondes of Broadway was seated in a side street cafe when her escort asked if she wanted a drink.

"Sure," she chirped.

"Waiter," said the escort, "bring the lady a glass of water."

"I'm thirsty not dotty," was the quick retort.

Friend Husband vs. Friend Wife

THERE'S BILL AND JIM AND TOMMY AND CLARENCE ON THE THIRD TEE

OH LOOK DEARIE DIDN'T DO THAT ONE GOOD!

OH THAT'S A DANDY ONE DEARIE

THERE'S JACK AND KILLY AND ARTHUR AND DENNY

OH DEARIE I'M SO SORRY I DIDN'T HURT YOU DEARIE?

THERE'S HARRY AND CLIFF AND PETE AND BILL

OH DEARIE LOOK SMACK IN I THINK I DID PRETTY WELL CONSIDERING

THERE'S CHRIS AND LOUIE AND AL AND BEN.

OH AREN'T YOU THE SMART OLD THING - YOURS WENT IN YOU

THERE'S WALTER AND CHARLIE AND OSCAR AND ERNIE

I HAD A TEN - WHAT DID YOU HAVE DEARIE?

FOUR DEARIE

THERE'S HENRY AND RAY AND GEORGE

WHAT'S THE PANIC, ABE?

A FELLER PAID HIS LUNCH CHECK WITH THIS HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL - AND I'M AFRAID IT'S NO GOOD! WILL YOU LOOK AT IT!

I REALLY CAN'T TELL (WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT'S PHONY?)

BECAUSE THE FELLOW DIDN'T COUNT HIS CHANGE!

Friend Husband vs. Friend Wife

Friend Husband vs. Friend Wife

ABIE THE AGENT

Something to Worry About.

ABIE THE AGENT

ABIE THE AGENT

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By Briggs

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