

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

(Continued from Saturday)

"I am negligent of your lordship's concerns in my consideration of my own. You'll have to observe that I am at Port Royal?"

"At Port Royal?" The little man squirmed wrathfully on his seat. Wrathfully and at length he informed Blood that he had put into Port Royal last evening into his deputy governor absent. "He had gone on some wildgoose chase to Tortuga after buccaneers, taking the whole of the fleet with him."

"Is Rivalro aware of this?" Blood cried sharply.

It was the Dutch admiral who answered him. "Would he go there if he were not?" M. de Rivalro he take some of our men prisoners. Perhaps they will tell him. Perhaps he will make dem tell. It is a great obdurdinity."

"Perhaps it will be best," M. de Rivalro took up a paper. "Before going further, I have a matter which you are admitting you to one-fifth of the prizes taken."

"That is a matter between yourself and M. de Cussy, my general."

"Oh, no. It is a matter between myself and you."

"Your pardon, my general. The articles are signed. So far as we are concerned, the matter is closed."

"But non de Dieu! It is your concern, I suppose, that we cannot award you more than one-tenth share."

"You are quite certain of that, M. le Baron; that you cannot?"

"I am quite certain that I will not."

"In that case," said Blood, "it but remains for me to present my little account for our disbursement, and to fix the sum at which we should be compensated for our loss of time and demerit in coming hither. That settled, we can part friends, M. le Baron. No harm has been done."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Is it possible that I am an officer?" My French, perhaps, is not of the purest, but—

"Oh, your French is fluent enough, too fluent at moments, if I may permit myself the observation. Now, look you here, M. le Baron, you have accepted service of the king of France, you and your men. The first obligation of an officer in audience, as you appear to be doing, my allies in the enterprises I have in view, but my subordinates. In me you behold a commander to lead you, not a companion or an equal."

"Oh, be sure that I understand," Captain Blood laughed. He was recovering his normal self amazingly by the inspiring stimulus of conflict. The only thing that marred his enjoyment was the reflection that

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Oct. 5.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys. Up betimes and off with my wife, poor wretch, to purchase a chaise-longue, nor do I understand why they no longer call it a sofa, albeit I held my tongue.

Thence to an inn and sat about with Sammie Elythe, Mark Sullivan and Fred C. Kelly, the scribblers, and drank an orange drink, very tasty, and we talked of convention reporting and I averred the best bit was written by Alfred Segal of Cincinnati a few months ago.

Through the town and idled in front of a window, casting covetous eyes on a fine walking stick, and while trying to make up a vacillating mind a man came along and bought it and so all the way home glum at my indecision.

In the evening with Meredith Nicholson to see the antics of the Four Marx Brothers and then to an inn filled with stale tobacco smoke and nondescript groups. So to bed.

The matrimonial agency papers have more circulation in New York than in all the rest of the country combined. The reason, of course, is the loneliness New York imposes. Immigrant men and women are the most likely prospects. A very small percentage of these marriages turn out happily. As a rule, both prospective bride and groom are schemers.

Broadway is harking to a new oasis on West Forty-sixth street. The front is one of those innocent looking pretty shops. The window is filled with the frosted bits in many colors. Back of a screen near the kitchen door is a trap door that opens to push button signals. One walks down a flight of stairs into what looks like a weroom for crockery and canned goods. Another door opens to certain raps and one steps into a magnificent bar. Four drink mixers are on duty—serving everything from beer to rare cordials.

He is a trembling old man with a thin stubble of white beard and a face gnarled by the snow of many winters. Along by the library wall on Forty-second street he makes his "pitch," selling 10-cent microscopes. He shows gaping crowds wistling things in water and crawling things in dried prunes. His voice is only a whisper, but he tries patiently to carry on. A little boy stepped up to the stand and asked to see. He adjusted the microscope to the lad's eye and told him of the things he beheld so largely magnified. The child dug down in his rompers and brought out a little purse from which he extracted a lone dime. He held it out to the old man.

"No, son," he said, "keep your dime. Take one as a gift." The boy romped away with awkward thanks. And the old man mumbled: "I once had five little fellows like that. I wonder where they are now?"

A natty fashion of the Bowery of 30 years ago has been revived by the 5 o'clock strollers on Fifth avenue. The cane is now carried by the ferule end with the head or crook hanging down. Richard Harding Davis, who used to prowl about the Bowery and was known there as "Dickie," brought the fad to that section.

"Dickie" Davis was known as a silk stocking journalist, yet he was an intimate of the late Steve Brodie and Chuck Connors. He did not let a week go by without dropping into Steve's famous old saloon. Brodie always referred to him as "the square dude."

an enterprise of a purely buccaneering character; whilst I, the buccaneer, am urging one that is more concerned with the upbuilding of the honor of France. You perceive how droll it is."

"M. le Baron," cried Rivalro in a thick voice, "it seems that I must again remind you that I am your superior officer."

"My superior officer! You! Why, you are just a common pirate!" M. le Baron, I have the honor to wish you good-day."

He stalked out, and his three captains, although they thought him mad, rolled after him in loyal silence. They made up an imposing fleet, led by M. de Rivalro's flagship, the

## THE NEBBES

THE TEN DAYS GIVEN NEBB & SLIDER TO RAISE THE MONEY TO PAY THEIR BILLS ARE NOW UP. AND THEY ARE GETTING READY TO MOVE.

THIS PLACE IS LIABLE TO CHANGE HANDS ANY MINUTE NOW - THANKS TO YOU I'LL GET MY PERSONAL BELONGINGS TOGETHER.

THAT'S ABOUT ALL YOU BROUGHT IN SO YOU WON'T BE OUT MUCH.

I'M TAKING A LOT MORE OUT THAN I BROUGHT IN - PLENTY OF GRIEF AND HUMILIATION - THE EXPERIENCE I GOT THROUGH BEING HOOKED UP WITH A DARN FOOL WILL MORE THAN OFFSET IT THOUGH. WITH THIS EXPERIENCE I OUGHT TO HAVE A MARVELOUS FUTURE.

I AT LEAST GOT MY STORE LEFT - I WASN'T FOOLISH ENOUGH TO PUT ALL MY EGGS IN ONE BASKET - THAT'S MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR SOME PEOPLE - AND THE NEXT PERSON THAT COMES INTO MY STORE WITH ANY PARTNERSHIP PROPOSITIONS AND GETS OUT ALIVE IT'S BECAUSE I'M SO MAD I CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT.

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Victorieuse, a mighty vessel of eighty guns. Each of the four other French ships was at least as powerful as Blood's Arabella, which was of forty guns. Followed the lesser buccaneer vessels, the Elizabeth, Lachesis and Atropos, and a dozen frigates laden with stores, besides canoes and small craft in tow.

## THIS WAY OUT.

Having crossed the Caribbean in the teeth of contrary winds, it was not until the early days of April that the French fleet hove in sight of Cartagena, and M. Rivalro summoned a council aboard his flagship to determine the method of assault.

"It is of importance, messieurs," he told them, "that we take the city by surprise, not only before it can put itself into a state of defense; but before it can remove its treasures inland. I propose to land a force sufficient to achieve this to the north of the city tonight after dark."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

CHAPTER XXIV. CARTEGENA.

## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

W.A. CARLSON.

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

WHAT'S THIS NOISE I HEAR ABOUT YOU AND YOUR TRIBE GOING TO EUROPE AS A BUNCH OF STEWAWAYS - ARE YOU DIZZY? AFTER THREE DAYS ON THE OCEAN YOU'LL HAVE ABOUT AS MUCH FUN AS ONE REEL COMEDIES.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WILLIE - I'M AT THE END OF MY ROPE - MAYBE SPARKY CAN HORN IN A FEW RACES AND PULL ME OUT OF THE DEEP - I'M TELLING YOU MY MIND IS MADE UP AND JUST AS SOON AS I SEE A GOOD SHIP PARKED I START KISSING PEOPLE GOOD BYE.

MISTAN GOOGLE, AHM AB-SO-LUTE AGIN DIS STON'EM WAY BUSINESS YES, SUH!

DRY UP - WE CAN STAND HIDING AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS - WHEN WE GET TO EUROPE ALL WE GOTTA DO IS TO BRUSH OURSELVES OFF AND DO OUR STUFF.

AM WE LEAVING NOW, BOSS?

NO! AS STEWAWAYS WE NEED A FEW DAYS' REHEARSAL!

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## IN TRAINING FOR A NEW TRIP.

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

## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeek

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## BRINGING UP FATHER

IS THAT SO - I DON'T SMOKE ANY MORE THAN YOU DO - ANY I KIN STOP ANY TIME I LIKE, DUGAN.

I'LL JUST BET YOU A THOUSAND I KIN QUIT SMOKIN' LONGER THAN YOU KIN - WELL, GO AN' SIGN PAPERS RIGHT NOW AT DINTY'S.

THIS WILL BE EASY FER ME TO WIN.

THROW AWAY YOUR CIGAR - YOU'RE SIGNIN' THE PAPER.

I KNOW I'LL WIN.

I HATE TO TAKE A THOUSAND AWAY FROM DUGAN BUT I MUST WIN AS I NEED THE MONEY.

RATS - IF I HAD KNOWN THAT AFFAIR WUZ ON TONIGHT I'D NEVER TAKEN HIS BET!

MOONEY'S GRAND SMOKER TONIGHT AT STOGIES HALL. ADMISSION ONE DOLLAR.

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## JERRY ON THE JOB

THAT FIGSBY BURNS ME UP! I TOOK HIM OUT OF THE GITTER AND GAVE HIM A JOB!! I MADE HIM WHAT HE IS TODAY - THAT'S WHAT I DO - I MADE HIM!

DON'T I KNOW IT?

OB-OY - WANT TELL I TELL THAT TO MR FIGSBY.

GET A LOAD OF THIS MR FIGSBY - I JUST SEEN MR GINNEY AND - OH THE THINGS HE SAID.

HE CLAIMS HE MADE YOU WHAT YOU ARE TODAY.

THAT'S RIGHT - HE DID.

AND I'VE NEVER REPROACHED HIM ONCE.

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## THE SILENT SUFFERS.

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT

Lucky He Wasn't in a Hurry.

IT'S FINE MATERIAL, THAT SUIT.

WILL IT HOLD GOOD THE PRESS??

HE AIN'T DEALING WITH A DUMMER - HE'LL GET THIS RIGHT BACK!!

ANYTHING WRONG?

COULDN'T YOU SEE - IN ONE DAY, LOOK HOW IT'S ALREADY BAGGY BY THE KNEES.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!!

I GOT IT SIMPLY WALKING - NOT RUNNING!!

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## It Happens in the Best Regulated Families

IS THAT CLOCK RIGHT?

THAT CLOCK IS RUN DOWN, YOU OUGHT T SET IT.

JOHN WHAT TIME HAVE YOU?

MY WATCH IS IN THE REPAIR SHOP DAD.

MARY HAVE YOU THE CORRECT TIME? MY WATCH IS BEING FIXED.

WHY DID THAT OLD WATCH OF MINE HAVEN'T BEEN RUNNING FOR YEARS?

HASN'T ANY BODY IN THIS HOUSE GOT A WATCH THAT'LL GO? I'LL BET I'M LATE TO THE OFFICE.

THAT D---D ANTIQUE NEVER HAS RUN.

GOOD MORNING NICK - IS IT VERY EARLY? WHAT TIME IS IT?

GOOT MORN' - IT ISS TWO HOURS YET BEFORE WORK.

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