

A Romance of the Spanish Main CAPTAIN BLOOD By RAFAEL SABATINI

(Continued from Yesterday.)
Chapter XXVIII—Continued.
"You are no longer that," she said, and strove to smile.
"Yet I owe no thanks to you that I am not," he answered. "I think there's no more to be said, unless it be to add the assurance that Lord Julian Wade has also nothing to apprehend from me. That, no doubt, will be the assurance that your peace of mind requires."
"For your own sake—yes. But for your own sake only. I would not have you do anything mean or dishonoring."
"Thief and pirate though I be?"
She clenched her hand, and made a little gesture of despair and impotence.
"Will you never forgive me those words?"
"I'm finding it a trifle hard, I confess. But what does it matter, when all is said?"
Her clear hazel eyes considered him a moment wistfully. Then she put out her hand again.
"I am going, Captain Blood. Since you are so generous to my uncle, I shall be returning to Barbados with him. We are not to meet again—ever. Is it impossible that we should part friends? Once I wronged you, I know. And I have said that I am sorry. Won't you . . . won't you say 'goodbye'?"
He took the hand she proffered. Retaining it, he spoke, his eyes somberly, wistfully considering her.
"You are returning to Barbados?" he said slowly. "Will Lord Julian be going with you?"
"Why do you ask me that?" she confronted him quite fearlessly. "Sure, now, didn't he give you my message, or did he bungle it?"
"No. He didn't bungle it. He gave it me in your own words. It touched me very deeply. It made me see clearly my error and my injustice. I owe it to you that I should say this by way of amend. I judged too harshly where it was a presumption to judge at all."
He was still holding her hand. "And Lord Julian, then?" he asked, his eyes watching her brightly as she sapphire in the copper-colored face.
"Lord Julian will no doubt be going home to England. There is nothing more for him to do out here."
"But didn't he ask you to go with him?"
"He did. I forgive you the impertinence."
A wild hope leaped to life within him.
"And you? Glory be, ye'll not be telling me ye refused to become my lady, when . . ."
"Oh! You are insufferable!" She tore her hand free and backed away from him. "I should not have come."

him, since none deterred him. Bishop expressed himself when presently he had sufficiently recovered.
"This is one more item to the account of that scoundrel Blood," he said through his teeth. "My God, what a reckoning there will be when we meet!"
Major Mallard turned away his face to the door.
"Goodbye!" She was speeding to the door.
He sprang after her, and caught her. Her face flamed, and her eyes stabbed him like daggers. "These are pirate's ways, I think! Release me!"
"Arabella!" he cried on a note of pleading. "Are ye meaning it? Must I release ye? Must I let ye go and never see eyes on ye again? Or will ye stay and make this exile endurable until we can go home together? Och, ye're crying now! What have I said to have ye cry, my dear?"
". . . I thought you'd never say that," she mocked him through her teeth. "There was never, never anybody but you, Peter."
They had, of course, a deal to say thereafter, so much, indeed, that they sat down to say it, whilst time sped on, and Governor Blood forgot the duties of his office. He had reached home at last. His odyssey was ended.
And meanwhile Colonel Bishop's fleet had come to anchor, and the colonel had landed on the mole, a disgruntled man to be disgruntled further yet. He was accompanied ashore by Lord Julian Wade, and a corporal's guard was drawn up to receive him, and in advance of this stood Major Mallard and two others who were unknown to the deputy governor, one slight and elegant, the other big and brawny.
Major Mallard advanced. "Colonel Bishop, I have orders to arrest you. Your sword, sir!"
Bishop stared, emulating. "What the devil? Arrest me, d'ye say. Arrest me?"
"By order of the governor of Jamaica," said the elegant little man behind Major Mallard. Bishop swung to him.
"The governor? You're mad!" He looked from one to the other. "I am the governor."
"You were," said the little man dryly. "But we've changed that in your absence. You're to be abandoned your post without due cause and therefore impeding the settlement over which you had charge. It's a serious matter, Colonel Bishop, as you may find. Considering that you held your office from the government of King James, it is even possible that a charge of treason may be against you. It rests with your successor entirely whether ye're hanged or not."
Bishop rapped out an oath, and then, shaken by a sudden fear: "Who the devil may you be?" he asked.
"I am Lord Willoughby, governor general of his majesty's colonies in the West Indies. You were informed, I think, of my coming."
The remains of Bishop's anger fell from him like a cloak. He broke into a sweat of fear. Behind him Lord Julian looked on, his handsome face suddenly white and drawn.
"But, my lord—" began the colonel.
"Sir, I am not concerned to hear your reasons," his lordship interrupted harshly. "I am on the point of sailing and I have not the time. The governor will hear you and no doubt deal justly by you." He waved to Major Mallard, and Bishop, a crumpled, broken man, allowed himself to be led away.
To Lord Julian, who went with

THE NEBB'S



AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?



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BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



SHY LITTLE GUY



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.
New York, Oct. 8.—In other days in New York the head waiter was a king along Broadway. In reality a glorified serf, people clamored for his dignified aid. There was some thing of magic about his abracadabra. Diners shrank from his frown. All sought his smile.
Now nearly all of the Jules, Alfreds and Charlies are out of jobs. Many had quit posts in hotels to stand at the entrance ropes of the billed resorts. They knew the mellowing influence of illicit beverage sold in these places in increasing size of the tip.
Then padlocks came to the White Way and they stood just as they made many customers stand—outside looking in. More than 20 of the most famous head waiters are gone. A few have returned to Paris and London. Others are trying to adjust themselves to sudden change.
Outside of the big hotels New York is eating in intimate little hideaways where the need is only for two or three waiters. The proprietor greets customers, for he wants to be sure they are "all right" before taking a chance on liquid cheer.
While the head waiter has suffered the ordinary waiter has prospered. He is permitted to wait on more people than he was in old days and consequently he collects more tips. The job isn't so exacting and he doesn't have to remain so much the waiting job in New York was at the old Knickerbocker hotel. The bloods of the town dined there. Sports often after a "killing" gave the head waiter a \$100 bill just to be recognized and fawned over.
Head waiters in those days worked for nothing. Some even paid for the privilege of holding the job. Then came the midnight supper clubs which made the pickings good. But it is all over now. Head waiting is going the way of the horse drawn landau.
The most aptly named district in New York is "Hell's Kitchen." It is, especially at night, a place to hurry through. The pedestrians are furtive and hurried. The curbs are lined with overflowing garbage pails topped with mangey, meowing cats. All the lights are dim and in the pool halls and sawdust coated cafes are wicked, leering faces. The movie theaters specializing in blood and thunder. There is a dreary monotony to the brick houses. Young ruffians stand in groups at street corner. Men and women talk in monosyllables.
There is one mean, ugly and crooked street in Hell's Kitchen that is filled with cheap rooming houses. The lodgers seem to be those battered mercilessly by life and then cast aside. People sit in musty hallways or behind faded blinds. The children do not laugh. They stand about apparently wondering what will happen next. The men are contentless and the women sit about in bare feet. It is a street to forget.
And by way of contrast the brightest and liveliest block in Gotham by my notion is on the west side of Fifth avenue between Forty-second and Forty-third streets at noon. And at night you cannot beat the rumble and glitter of Times Square.
Yet with all the dazzle of the world metropolises—New York, Paris and London, there is one impressive scene that time will not erase. It stands out vividly with cameo like clearness. It was about 20 years ago on a side wheel steamer pulling into the levee at Cincinnati. The city had heated up for the night. Nothing before or since has been so breath taking to me.

Abe Martin



Second Honeymoons



ABIE THE AGENT



THE WHEELMAN NEWS WEEKLY

