

The Last Voyage of The Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

Author of Bob Hampton of Placer.

Illustrations by Deaborn Melvill

that thick outside you can't see your own nose."

"Then I've been asleep for six hours. Why didn't you call me earlier?"

"Mr. De Nova told me to let you lie, sir; I guess the lady asked him to do it."

I had pulled on my boots, and was standing up, gazing out through the door into the cabin, where Dade still remained, watching to see that I did not go back to sleep again. Suddenly there came a tremendous shock which sent me sprawling forward, and flung Dade headlong against the wall. As I struck the deck a thunderous crash and roar sounded forward; the stern of the vessel seemed to spring upward into the air, sliding us both down against the front of the cabin. Instantly there followed two muffled reports, accompanied by a further up-tilting of the stern. Everything loose came tumbling down upon us, and, as I pulled myself to my knees, I found the deck slanting upward like the steep side of a hill.

"Oh, Lord, sir, what's been done?"

"We've hit something hard; ice, likely. Jump, now, and help me get out the women."

The awful, sickening poise of the stricken boat, swinging stern-up to the motion of the waves, was enough to shatter the courage of any man, and I could read speechless terror in Dade's face. Yet the lad stayed with me, and together we clambered up the incline of the deck, gripping at the table to help us. The door of the after-cabin was either locked or had become stuck; I did not wait to learn which, but burst it open with a swift, heavy kick. The light streamed in upon a scene of chaos—overturned furniture and broken glass. Celeste lay in one corner screaming hysterically; Lady Darlington was upon her knees, holding herself partially erect by clasping the brass rail of the bed. "Quick!" I cried, before either could speak. "Gather up all the warm cloth-



I caught Lady Darlington more closely to me, helping her climb the inverted stairs.

ing you can reach. We must get on deck. Here, let me help you!"

We were scarcely a minute at the task; and the four of us, laden with apparel, slid and scrambled down the slope of cabin floor to the companion-steps. Here I caught Lady Darlington more closely to me, helping her climb the inverted stairs. Her face was pale, her eyes fearless.

"What is it? What has happened?"

"I hardly know myself; only that we have hit something and are badly damaged."

It was like night on deck, the enveloping fog so dense that a human form was indistinguishable five feet away. Fortunately but little wind stirred, and the sea had gone down. I could distinguish De Nova's voice as he sang out a sharp order. I followed my hands, and hailed. A dim smudge leaned over the rail above, and peered down.

"Was zat you, monsieur?"

"Ay, with the women. What is it, De Nova, a total smash?"

"By gar, ou! Ze whole bow cave in; ze deck crush! ze main-hatch; ze after-bulkhead was ze only sing w'at hold us up. Sacre, it not hold long."

I grasped the entire situation instantly, realizing the desperate need of haste, of cool, intelligent command.

"Send a man down here to help Dade tote up provisions. Jump live-

ly, now; get biscuits and canned goods, my lads, and whatever blankets you can find. Hustle for your lives! Now, De Nova, reach over, and help the women up—easy; that's right."

I held tightly to my lady, clinging to the rail, as I crept across. The black, shapeless figures of several men, whose faces I could not distinguish in the gloom, were clambering about the longboat.

"Everything fitted?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What have you got?"

"Oars, mast, canvas, and fresh wa-

tern in the air but the after bulk-head. When that finally gave way the of' books' dropped to Davy Jones. There wasn't a man ahead o' the main-hatch that had a chance even to run for it."

I caught my breath, feeling a shiver shake me.

"I am unable to make out who are on board," I said at last. "Name yourselves, beginning at the bow."

"Jem Cole, sir." It was the voice of the negro.

"Next. Speak up, men!"

"Johnson."

"Kelly."

"McKnight."

"Dade."

"Sanchez."

There was a pause, the last voice sounding just abaft the mast-but.

"Is that all?"

"That's all, sir."

"With De Nova, myself, and the two women it makes the count ten. Well, we sha'n't be crowded for room. This is going to be a hard cruise, lads, but we'll make a stiff fight for it. We're sailors, with a staunch boat under us, and a chance to win out."

There was a faint cheer, rumbling, as if it had caught in their throats, and the negro asked:

"'Tis much of a run is it, boss?"

The breeze perceptibly freshened, but not sufficiently to require any reefing of canvas, and the fog began drifting away like a great white cloud, leaving revealed the vista of cold gray sea stretching about us. Lord, but it did look barren and desolate, that ceaselessly heaving expanse of water, amid which we were but the merest speck, scarcely more important than those floating cakes of ice, tossed by the waves through which we sought passage.

At six o'clock we took careful stock of our supply of provisions, and served out a small ration all around, afterward arranging the several watches for the night and distributing, as equally as possible, the blankets and extra clothing. The wind felt colder, the sea coming up a bit, and Dade and Kelly fixed up a piece of spare canvas at the stern to protect the steersman from the dash of icy spray. De Nova took the tiller, and seeing no signs of a bad night I lay down amidships, though not until I had compelled Lady Darlington to seek rest also. Whether she found it or not I can not say, but I was asleep instantly, and knew nothing until Johnson called me at midnight.

There was no great change in conditions as I stumbled sleepily aft to take the tiller. The boat was sailing free, but with a reef in the mainsail, owing to a marked stiffening of the wind. The intense loneliness of the scene cast an even stronger spell over me now,—those awful wastes of solitude above and below; the far-off steely glitter of stars; the near-by white crested waves; the little, insignificant dot of a boat in which we tossed. I thought upon those leagues upon leagues of barrenness stretching away to the north, east, west, south, the vast fields of ice, the extent of storm-lashed seas, the seeming hopelessness of our efforts at escape, and choked in my throat, my lips pressed tight, my eyes staring blindly out into the smother.

Suddenly the blanket at my feet stirred, and Lady Darlington sat up, her back against the gunwale and face upturned to mine. The cold gleam of the moon revealed her features, clear cut as a cameo, framed by the darkness of her hood. I could distinguish the delicate tracery of her lashes, and, beneath that light, the gray of her eyes appeared black.

"I have been studying your face, Mr. Stephens," she said quietly, "and have read there the helplessness of our situation."

I rallied instantly, endeavoring to speak lightly.

"You translate wrongly. That was only the depression of the scene yonder; the awful loneliness of sea and sky affected my spirits. You should not draw hasty conclusions."

"Nor have I. Even such a sea and sky never gave you that look of despair. I know you too well to believe that. You consider our situation desperate."

I looked at her closely, but it was not fear I saw in the uplifted face.

"It is certainly serious enough," I admitted, believing it useless to attempt any deceit, "but not hopeless. We have a staunch boat under us, sufficient food for all our probable needs, and a favorable wind. While there is life there is hope."

She made a little eloquent gesture of the hands.

"Please do not say that. Those words are always the last effort to bolster up courage. Keep them for the men, but trust me with the exact truth."

"Ask and I will answer."

"What chance have we of rescue?"

I turned my eyes away before venturing to reply, yet I dared not utter an untruth.

"Two: the being picked up by some passing vessel, or the attaining of inhabitable land."

"Are there any vessels in this sea at this season?"

"It is hardly probable there are, unless it should be some whaler blown from her course around the Horn."

"Then our only practical hope lies in reaching land by our own efforts?"

She leaned forward, her hand touching mine as it grasped the tiller, her earnest eyes compelling me to look at her.

"Yes."

"How—how far away is this land?"

I hesitated, actually afraid myself to speak the answer, but her hand-clasp merely tightened.

"Please tell me. I—I wish to know the very worst. Such knowledge will

(To be Continued)

DON'T DO IT--

Don't let our July Clearance Sale go by without getting the benefit. It's just this way—we have often been asked why we do not hold special after-season sales like the big city stores. We have planned to do this the past two summers, but the floods upset our plans. This year we are giving you a real genuine Clearance Sale of dependable merchandise for the same and less than you can buy them at the big city stores.

PLEASE BEAR IN MIND these are not cheap goods we have run in here for the occasion. They are our regular standard lines which we offer you at 20, 30 and even 50 per cent discount. You get a bargain, we get the money and make room for new Fall goods.

Let Us Mention Some Items:

HANDKERCHIEFS 50c! Men's full size, hemstitched, well worth and always sold for 10c.

DRESS SHIRTS 39c! Here we offer you choice of a big line of fine dress shirts that formerly sold at 75c, \$1 and \$1.25. No collars, soft bodies.

BOY'S SHIRTS 23c! This is a good blue chevot; size 4 to 10 years. Less than you can make them.

STRAW HATS 48c! In this lot are hats that sold as high as \$3; others that sold for 75c, \$1 and \$1.25. They are going fast.

MEN'S PANTS \$1.99! These are snapped up like hot cakes. Mostly Dutchess—worth \$2.50, \$3 and \$4. All remnants of good selling lines.

UNDERWEAR 25c! Men's fancy porousweave, in sizes 34 to 46. Full fashioned, double seated drawers.

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Receives Further Details.

William Gilmour is in receipt of a copy of the Des Moines (Ia.) State Capital, containing an extended write-up of the life of his deceased nephew, Lawrence Marshall Byers, which is highly eulogistic of that young man. From the Capital it is learned that an inquest upon Mr. Byers' body to determine the exact cause of his death was to have been held on Saturday, July 10, as suspicions of malpractice existed. The young man was an athlete and his sudden death was somewhat mysterious. The result of the inquest is not yet known. The body was to be shipped to this county on July 16. It was placed in charge of Consul Albert W. Swalm of the United States at Southampton, England. The late Mr. Byers was a member of the Phi Delta Phi college fraternity.

Mr. Gilmour also received a letter from his sister, Mrs. Byers, showing the deep grief which the sudden and unexpected death of her only son had plunged her and Major Byers in. They are quite determined upon the fullest possible investigation of the cause.

A falling tiny nerve—no larger than the finest silken thread—takes from the heart its impulse, its power, its regularity. The Stomach also has its hidden, or inside nerve. It was Dr. Shoop who first told us it was wrong to drug a weak or failing Stomach, Heart or Kidneys. His prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is directed straight for the cause of these ailments—these weak and faltering inside nerves. This, no doubt clearly explains why the Restorative has of late so rapidly in popularity. Druggists say that those who test the Restorative even for a few days soon become fully convinced of its wonderful merit. Anyway, don't drug the organ. Treating the cause of sickness is the only sensible and successful way. Sold by all Dealers.

Glen Perry was among those from the county who visited in the city yesterday and last night.

Installed Their Officers.

The local lodge of the I. O. O. F. last night held their annual installation of officers at their hall. The services followed the ritual and were beautiful and impressive. Immediately following the installation the members sat down to a banquet in the banquet rooms of the order, a lavish feast having been prepared for their consumption, and a general good time had. A number of members were called upon for addresses and several very cheering and instructive speeches were delivered. It was a late hour before the gathering broke up, the evening being one of the most pleasant in the history of the lodge. The officers installed were:

William Holly, noble grand.
Emil Ptak, vice grand.
D. L. Amick, warden.
John Cory, R. S. noble grand.
W. C. Ramsey, L. S. noble grand.
C. A. Johnson, L. S. vice grand.
C. W. Baylor, R. S. vice grand.
John Kirkham, chaplain.
Dave Wahlengren, inside guard.

A book on Rheumatism, by Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis., tells some plain truths, and in plain and practical way. Get this booklet, and a free trial of treatment of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy for some disheartened sufferer in your vicinity. Make a grateful and appreciative friend of some one who is discouraged because of the failures of others to help him. Help me to make this test, and I'll certainly help your suffering friend. All druggists.

Mrs. J. L. Thompson is reported this morning to be considerably improved, and is now getting along toward recovery in good shape. This news is cheering to her friends, who confidently expect to see her soon in full possession of her usual good health.

If you haven't the time to exercise regularly, Doan's Regulets will prevent constipation. They induce a mild, easy, healthful action of the bowels without griping. Ask your druggist for them. 25c.

Kamm Is Released.

The preliminary hearing of Dean Kamm yesterday before County Judge Beeson resulted in that official discharging the defendant from custody. There were a large number of witnesses from Alvo and vicinity present, and the evidence which was heard was almost entirely of the circumstantial sort. Kamm was sworn to have been seen handling the pocketbook which contained the missing \$105, but that was all the direct evidence against him. Circumstances indicated he might have had an opportunity to have handled it, but that was all, and Judge Beeson did not feel warranted in holding the young man for trial. County Attorney Ramsey, who prosecuted the case, expressed himself as satisfied, as the evidence would have made conviction difficult. He stated that the Kamms and others told different stories from what they had told when he was at Alvo investigating the case, which caused a failure to secure the binding over of the defendant. Hon. T. J. Doyle of Lincoln, who defended Kamm, was pleased over the outcome.

Celebrates Birthday by Picnic.

A party of the young lady friends of Miss Anna Hassler are having a birthday picnic this afternoon at the Burlington bridge, the occasion being the thirty-fifth anniversary of the young lady. The party went down prepared to properly observe the occasion with plenty of big baskets of lunch and will enjoy a fine supper in the woods.

Those making up the party are Misses Teresa Hempel, Mary Foster, Mia Gering, Gertrude Beeson, Jennie Robertson, Helen Kline, Madeline Minor, Mae Murphy and Mrs. Kate Minor.

Pain can be easily and quickly stopped. Pink Pain Tablets—Dr. Shoop's—stop Headache womanly pains, anywhere, in 20 minutes sure. Formula on the 25c box. Ask your druggist or doctor about the formula.—Its fine. Sold by all druggists.