

The Last Voyage of The Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

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coasting the last lingering glances below, where the weird flame of the candle flickered yellow, the blows of the cleaver echoed sharply as they clustered about the stove, welcoming the warmth of it. It had been frigid below decks, although we had been scarcely conscious of it in our excitement. But now we stood shivering, gazing into each others' faces and actually afraid to talk lest the whole occurrence should prove a dream from which a chance word might awaken us. Three million pesos—here, actually here; almost within reach of our hands; they were digging for them just below; even then, in the silence, we could hear the faint echo of blows being struck against the ice. Three million pesos!—and it was all ours, our very own—to divide, to spend, to do with exactly as we pleased. We had dreamed about all this before, on the decks of the ill-fated Sea Queen, but now we sought to grasp it as an actual existing fact, and our minds seemed paralyzed by the knowledge. I even forgot that Doris was present until she touched me gently on the shoulder, and I looked down into her questioning eyes.

"Do you not know what we have just discovered below?" I asked, still tingling to the marrow of it. "The treasure, the Spanish treasure!"

"Oh, yes," but the soft voice seemed tinged with sadness. "Yet it does not greatly interest me. Money seems so little here, so utterly valueless."

The simple words, the tone of their utterance brought me to myself as though I had received an electric shock. She was still smiling, yet all at once I noticed how white her face was, how dark the shadows beneath her eyes. The lure of the gold vanished from my mind, as if some wizard's wand had waved it away. I thought of the treacherous sea without, the life and death struggle before us, those dreary leagues separating us from hope. My hands clasped hers, the expression of love in my eyes brightening her face instantly.

"That is so much better, Jack," she said tenderly. "I knew it was only the madness of a moment which caused you to forget. Come out on deck with me until you lose all memory of it—until I bring you back to real life again."

"I do not need it, sweetheart," and I bent low, looking into her eyes. "The fever has left my blood. I hardly know how it ever laid such hold upon me, but the thought of all that wealth below drove me as mad as the others. You see how much I need you."

"Oh, no; you would have recovered without my help, although it might have required more time to complete a cure. But I fear there is no hope for the men."

"I certainly shall not spare you to minister to them."

She laughed, her happiness of disposition returning.

"That would be useless; they are of different stamp. The fever for sudden wealth is in the blood of all of us. See how excited Celeste is. Perhaps if I had ever experienced poverty I might be crazed also. But it is so foolish here—here, and she swept her hands about in comprehensive gesture, "when we know it can be ours only for a day, or at most a week."

"But we have not given up hope."

"Why should we? The Donna Isabel seems stanch beneath us."

"Even in case of that miracle I want nothing to do with this treasure," she said gravely. "It seems to me, Jack, there must be a curse upon that gold below. It will never do good to any human being. It was stolen by the sword, won for Spain by the shedding of blood, and has since cursed this ship and all who sailed in her. The living and the dead guarded it, and now we have come into its evil clutch. It is not superstition but faith which makes me say this—the Donna Isabel will never make port; that gold below will never do a soul on board anything but harm. I wish it could be left where it is, buried in the ice."

"At such a suggestion the men would mutiny."

"I suppose so," she acknowledged sadly, "and the end will be the same in either case. But I want you to be different. Let them build their air castles; but do you come out on deck with me, where the sea and sky will give us other thoughts."

Comprehending only vaguely what she meant, yet beneath the witching spell of her presence I went gladly enough, forgetting utterly that useless treasure imbedded in the ice below.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In Which the Treasure Causes Trouble

But the men did not forget, or cease in their eager efforts to rescue that frozen gold from the grasp of the ice. By this time, thoroughly convinced myself that our final preservation of this wealth would prove impossible, I was still far from devoid of interest in its recovery, and consequently made no effort to interrupt the work

being carried on between decks. It was better that the men be busy and their minds occupied than to have them roaming aimlessly about the decks in discontent, now that the ship and weather gave us little occasion for concern. Here they vigorously plied the cleaver, working in relays of two hours each, during the remainder of the day and night. After breakfast had been served we all of us went below to unite our strength in hauling forth the loosened box from the ice cavity.

We accomplished this by resorting to block and tackle, and even then experienced no small difficulty in dragging it away from the ice grip. Under the dim candlelight it appeared a fair-sized sea-chest, constructed of some heavy, dark wood, and bound securely by metal bands, with a cumbersome lock. A considerable quantity of water from somewhere continued to seep down into the lazarette, making the floor an icy puddle, and so we tailed on to the ropes again, and hoisted the chest up through the trap-door out upon the cabin deck. I could find no keys in any of the state-rooms, and we must have been half an hour breaking the rusty lock and prying open the lid, the only sounds audible the blows struck and the heavy breathing of the men. Finally we wrenched apart the last band, and our eager eyes beheld the revealed contents—pieces of eight, yellow and level to the top! There was a wild yell, a fierce scramble, the crazed men digging their fingers into the coins, handing them, fondling them, laughing and crying like children in their excitement, and cursing each other as they struggled for a chance at the box. For the moment, staring down at the dull glow of the metal, I even lost control of myself, scarcely aware of the mad uproar. It was actually there—there before me! That old Spanish record had all been true; here, and beneath that ice between decks lay the remainder—three million pesos! Here was the wealth of a king; here, almost within reach of our hands, and it was all ours—ours, if we could only bring it forth to where it possessed value.

If we only could! The thought struck me like a blow. I knew the truth, the truth. There was not one chance in a thousand—not one. I made no effort to deceive myself. The men, even the mate, blinded by the gold—just had ignored facts plain as day to me—the terrible listing of the ship to port, the constant seeping of water into the hold, the increasing soddiness of the staggering hull—all these combined to tell the story—that the Donna Isabel was doomed. No power of men, situated as we were, could ever save her. The protecting ice-sheath, by help of which she had drifted ghost-like out of the Antarctic, pounded by the fierce seas, loosened by the milder air of more northern latitudes, had already commenced to flake off, and the invading water was discovering crevices everywhere along her ancient seams. We had come to the gold; we had discovered it; it was ours. But we could only gaze on it, and give it back to the ocean in exchange for our lives. I straightened up, my lips compressed, and looked beyond the struggling figures of the men into Doris' questioning gray eyes. Father of Mercy, I possessed something worth more than money—the love of a woman! Ay, but what of the men? What of the men? It would be cutting their hearts out; yet it must be done—done, if necessary, with all the brutality of a slave driver. She had said this treasure was a curse, a legacy of crime and death, a prize for dead men. Not while I retained mind and body to battle should it cost our lives. I pushed De Nova backward, and planted myself across the open chest, scowling into the uplifted, angry faces.

"That's enough, men. This is part of the treasure all right, but there is no occasion for you to go crazy over it. Put those coins back—do you hear, McKnight?—put them back, and we'll shut down the lid. They're nice to look at, and dream over, but that's about all the good we'll ever get of them. Were there any signs of others down there in the ice, Johnson?"

"No, sir, but they'll be there."

"Oh, yes, no doubt they'll be there, but the only way we could ever get them out would be to run this hooker ashore in some mild climate and let the ice melt. It's plain enough to see what has happened. The Donna Isabel sailed in ballast, these chests being about the only cargo she carried. They shifted in the heavy seas, and the Lord only knows where they are now. Anyway, they are safe beyond the reach of your ice cleaver."

They stared into each others' faces, the disagreeable truth slowly penetrating their minds. Kelly spoke, his voice trembling:

"Then why the hell, sir, couldn't we do just what you said?"

"What! run her ashore?—simply because, my lad, that shore happens to be a thousand miles away, and I doubt

The impression that Fleet was a

(To be Continued)

A FINAL CLEARANCE

\$7.90 This price embraces all single suits left from lines that sold regularly for \$10, \$12, \$12.50 and \$13.50, including fancy gray mixtures, browns, tans, olive and blacks. These suits are going fast. Don't wait too long.

OUR July Clearance Sale has been an unqualified success: 1st because it has enabled you to buy at the height of the season good dependable merchandise at a big saving. 2nd because it has enabled us to convert remaining lots of Summer merchandise into new Fall goods. This is good

\$9.90 At this price you will find suits that sold formerly at \$15, \$16 and 18 in nearly all shades, including a few blue serges. A mighty good chance to buy a mighty good suit at a mighty low price.

business—both for you and us. There are a few things remaining which we have determined to make a FINAL CLEARANCE OF. Perhaps they're just the very things you want and your size. If they are we advise you to buy them at these final clearance prices. Note the four prices of suits on the four corners of this ad. You have never had an opportunity to buy such good clothes as these at such low prices. This final clearance must be complete—the price surgery has been pitiless. Everything that pertains to warm weather is marked for quick or final sale. UNDERWEAR—men's and boy's 19c. HOSIERY—men's 5, 8 and 19c; boy's fine stocking 16c. SHIRTS—men's with or without collar, for dress or work 39c. Boy's waists 16c; boy's shirts 23c. A

\$11.90 This price cut reaches into our higher grade lines that sold at \$17, \$18, \$20 and a few as high as \$22. The patterns in this line are beautiful and the price cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

fine lot of rompers at 39c; children's wash suits with knicker pants 49c; boy's knee pants 26c; men's suspenders, new and fresh, 19c; men's wash ties 12c; a new sample line of Summer silk ties, 75c values at 39c; men's pants, all that's left, put into two lots at \$1.39 and \$1.99; boy's and children's all wool knee pant suits, sizes 4 to 16 at \$1.38, \$1.99 and \$2.49. These prices are FOR CASH ONLY!

\$13.90 This is the last line to go into the sale. It includes some of our finest quality clothes; better than which there are none. If you intend to wear clothes henceforth you cannot well afford to miss this extraordinary bargain opportunity.

C. E. Wescott's Sons

THE HOME OF SATISFACTION.

Fleet Was Stewed.

Yesterday afternoon one Fleet Wilson, claiming to hail from the benighted state of Iowa, where prohibition prevails, loaded himself up with a vile brand of red-eye or white lie, or something similar, and started out to see what kind of a demon of destruction he could make out of himself. He eventually fell afoul of Sheriff Quinton and landed in a noisome cell, but before he did this he had him some sport and put the neighborhood of Bach's store on Lincoln avenue in some stew. Fleet wandered out into that section after getting tanked and concluded he would take possession of Mr. Bach's house. The owner was down town at his business, but Mr. Herring was working about the place. Fleet was possessed of a strength which impelled him to almost bite wire nails in two, and when he found the door to Mr. Bach's castle closed he proceeded to break it down, using much force and violence in doing so. Mr. Herring did not consider that he was called upon to dispute the premises with Fleet, but sent word to Mr. Bach that some maniac or jagiac was making his house look like a domicile of a robber baron in the middle ages, whereat Mr. Bach waxed wroth and hurried to the premises, invading them in pursuit of Fleet. The latter at once about faced and pursued Mr. Bach from his own household, announcing sanguinary intentions toward him if he could get his talons on him. They erupted from the door like cannon shots with Bach leading by a scant length. Herring now discovered that the physiocological moment had arrived and when Fleet fell over a saw horse, Herring leaped upon him and held him until Mr. Bach made his getaway. Herring then came to the city and notified Sheriff Quinton that Fleet was spreading terror and other things over the Fifth ward and wanted him suppressed. The sheriff got into Mr. Bach's buggy and they drove with all speed to the scene of the rioting. They met Fleet on his way to the city and when he espied Mr. Bach in the buggy he leaped from the sidewalk and started toward him, using several adjectives of considerable strength, also vowing he intended to separate Mr. Bach from his spirit, or words to that effect. Sheriff Quinton promptly intervened and sought to check Fleet in his wild career. Fleet didn't agree on this and the sheriff had to finally twist him up some and root him in the ground before he collapsed and let him lift him into the buggy and bring him to goal. He revived later on at the jail and made the night hideous with his howlings, keeping them up until midnight, or later.

maimic is said to be quite erroneous by the sheriff, who states he was sim-stewed to a frazzle, as the poet has phrased it, and full of blue fire and brimstone. He indulged in one of these exuberances last Saturday and Sunday, sleeping off the effects in the park to the disgust of every one living within several blocks of that place. He will receive a sample of equal and exact justice this afternoon, when Judge Archer will impale the culprit with one of his baleful glances and a large sized fine.

A High Compliment.

Some time since the publishers of the Burr McIntosh Monthly, a publication devoted to high art studies and the stage, inaugurated a contest for fine work in kodak pictures. Miss Etha Crabill of this city entered a number of pictures in the contest, hoping that the work might receive favorable consideration, yet hardly daring to believe that it would be selected as among the kodak followers and entries from all parts of the United States were made. In the due course of time Miss Crabill received her pictures back with a brief acknowledgment of them. Later came a notice from the magazine that her work had been selected for favorable mention, or what is called by them honorable mention. This is confined to just ten entries, and in view of the many thousands submitted the distinction can be appreciated. Next month Miss Crabill's work appears in their publication, together with an interesting comment upon it. Her many friends here are glad of the appreciation shown her. She had long been noted locally for the excellence of her work, and it is pleasant to know art critics now appreciate it.

Will Open Office in Lincoln.

Pool & Colbert, the energetic and successful real estate men of Weeping Water, have opened an office in the Burr block, 116 North Twelfth street, Lincoln, Neb. Messrs. Pool and Colbert have demonstrated to a dead moral certainty that they do the business, and the reason is, they represent the finest lands in the country, and do not misrepresent the quality of these lands in the least. They go to Lincoln simply for convenience, and will still keep an office at Weeping Water. Mr. Colbert will remove to Lincoln and have charge of the office at the capital. They are certainly the live real estate men of southeast Nebraska.

D. B. Smith and wife were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will join their daughters, who are camping at Y. M. C. A. park at North Omaha for several days. They will enjoy a brief outing with them.

A Happy Grandpa.

On our trip to Manley last week we noticed that our good friend, John Tighe, was in an unusually good humor, and wore a smile on his countenance that time only will remove. We wondered why this was, when he up and told us that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cowen were the happy parents of a 9-pound son, born at the home of Grandpa and Grandma Tighe, Tuesday, July 27. Mrs. Cowen was formerly Miss Bessie Tighe, and was at the home of her parents when the little stranger made his appearance. Mr. and Mrs. Cowen live in South Dakota, and Grandpa and Grandma Tighe are so proud of the little grandson that it is extremely doubtful whether they will be willing to part with him when Mrs. Cowen departs for her home. The Journal extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Cowen, and also to Grandpa and Grandma Tighe.

The Austins' Excellent Turn.

Prof. H. S. Austin and Mrs. Austin have an excellent turn on at the Parmele, the fore part of the week doing an "Indian-Esquimo" love song on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights. They appear in costume and make a number not only pretty, but effective. The scene has a Rocky mountain setting, the Indian, Reindeer, coming out from among the rocks in the mountains, making the scene a realistic one. The opportunity to see this should not be passed by, as Prof. Austin has spared no pains to make this a great production. A number of theater parties are formed for this evening in honor of Prof. and Mrs. Austin.

The Sixty-Ninth Milestone.

Yesterday Colonel J. H. Thrasher celebrated his sixty-ninth anniversary and received the congratulations of a great many friends on his passing another milestone. For his years the colonel bears himself splendidly, and does not seem to be anywhere near as old as the count actually shows. He was about his business as usual yesterday, the weight of an added year falling to show in his conduct or in the sprightliness with which he got about. It is the wish of his many friends that he will be with us to celebrate a great many more birthdays and that this happy smile may linger for a long time to come.

H. H. Gerbeling, manager of the Farmers' elevator at Wabaash, came in last evening to transact some important business, returning home this morning. While here, Mr. Gerbeling gave the Journal a pleasant call, and we were pleased that he did so.

A Very Fine Rain.

One of the finest rains to fall in this section for a long time fell this morning. About 5 o'clock it commenced raining, and for upwards of three quarters of an hour a good, drenching downpour prevailed. The rain was quite timely and covered much of the county which escaped the rain of last week. Farmers coming in from the vicinity of the city report the rain as having been of immense benefit to corn, and most of them express the belief that the crop is assured. The rain fell very largely over the county and came from up the Platte valley. Will not particularly needed it helped a great deal and was opportune. Small grain is well out of the way, wheat being practically all in the stack or shock, while oats generally are harvested. A few fields of the latter remain uncut, but not enough to figure largely in the total. The weather today has been warm and showers are prevailing in the neighborhood, just the weather needed for a bumper corn crop.

In From Cedar Creek.

C. E. Metzger drove down from Cedar Creek yesterday in his new Mitchell automobile, making the trip in nice time. The machine is a good one and is giving good service, satisfying Mr. Metzger in every way. A number of Mitchell machines have been in use throughout the county for some time, and in every instance they have given their owners satisfaction. It was this record which caused Mr. Metzger to invest in one of them, and he now adds his praise to the machine. He was accompanied on his trip by Henry Leuchtweis. They returned to their homes last evening after finishing their business in the city.

A Fine Baby Boy.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Emil A. Wurl, a baby boy. The stork yesterday waited upon the Wurl household and left a fine, bouncing boy to add to the joys of the household. Both mother and son are doing nicely, while the father is simply super-fine. Emil yesterday had one of those smiles which the poet has referred to as "won't come off," and was plainly the best pleased man in the city.

Judge Travis departed this morning for Waukeeny, Kas., where he has some farm land and a great, big wheat crop to look after. Judge Travis reports that all the advice he has from his farm is to the effect that both the wheat and corn crops are bumper ones, and that the best returns ever had in that state are in sight. He will be gone several days.