

# The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

Author of Bob Hampton of Placer.

Illustrations by Deaborn Melville

might place all under arrest; besides I—I wanted to nurse you."

"I looked at her, my heart falling, my voice trembling as I spoke."

"But—but are you going to—England?"

"Yes."

"When?"

There was a long pause, in which I heard her rapid breathing.

"They—they tell me I can get passage on an English vessel, the Albatross, within a few days after we reach Buenos Ayres."

Her hand tightened on mine, and she dropped to her knees, her face buried in the coverlet.

I fought the devil in me like a man, my hands clenched, my teeth set fiercely, but it was a while before I could control my voice sufficiently to reply.

She did not lift her head, and as I continued to gaze at her my heart throbbled with a love which became sacrifice.

"Doris," I managed to whisper at last, "whatever you believe to be right I will think right also. Only let me be alone for a little while—just a little while, until I can fight this out and conquer."

She lifted her head, her hand on my hair, her gray eyes looking frankly into mine.

"We were considerably to the west of our course," he said, gravely, "because we had met headwinds and a heavy sea all the way down the coast. It was just at daybreak when we sighted your boat in longitude 78 degrees west and latitude 52 degrees, 17 minutes south. I've been knocking about at sea for 20 years, Mr. Stephens, but I never saw a more pitiful sight than that longboat presented when we got up alongside. The jib held, but the mainmast was in tatters, and for a minute or two I didn't think there was a living soul aboard. There was a man forward lashed down with ropes, dead; a man and a woman were wrapped up in blankets amidships, leaning against each other, their eyes closed. Close up to the stern another woman was lying with her arms about your neck and hiding your face."

"Doris, with her arms about me!" I thought. How well I knew the desperation that could lead her to the embrace she had ever refused me! Marsden went on:

"A big fellow held to the tiller as if he was froze there, but he'd dropped down until his head hung dangling as the boat rocked. There wasn't one of them took any notice of us until we were fairly alongside. Then this big sailor lifted his head and stared dazed like he thought he saw a vision, and when I spoke to him the woman that had her arms about you staggered to her knees and began to cry. Good Lord, sir, but it made my heart ache, and I never saw so much misery in any human face before. Well, we fell to, and got you all on the El Cid, hoisted the whole outfit over the rail, and, barring the dead man, I reckon you're all good for a spell of life yet."

"They told you our story?"

"Yes—most of it, anyway; and I understand all right what it was did you up to. It wasn't hunger or cold, but just the loneliness an' strain."

I looked away from him, out through the open port at the gray vista of sea.

"That was it, Mr. Marsden," I said, my voice shaking to the memory of it. "It was the hell of the great ocean—it broke our hearts."

As the El Cid sped on her way up the Patagonian coast my strength came rapidly back, and I soon found my way on deck, where, wrapped against the chill of the wind, I passed much time talking with Doris, seeing De Nova and Kelly now and then. Celeste was often with us, her eyes roguish as ever, but her face thin and white. Once, when we chanced to be left alone together, I undertook to question the girl.

"What is the matter between you and De Nova, Celeste? Have you two fallen out?"

She tossed her head, flashing her eyes at me.

"I not know we ever fall in," she said, pouting prettily. "He ver' nice for a sailor, but w'y do I want a sailor? I want ze sea no more ever."

"Yes, but De Nova can quit the sea."

"Non, non!" she cried, shaking her head roguishly. "I have a very good time wiz Mons. De Nova! he talk nice, he make love nice—but it is all over now."

"You mean you are going back to Europe?"

She shrugged her shoulders, her teeth gleaming.

"Oui, monsieur; I go wiz madam to London, to Parée; zere I have plaisir."

"But De Nova? How does he take it?"

"Pah! he got over it; I know ze sailor. See, monsieur; w'at I tell you?"

I glanced aft in the direction she pointed. Within the companion stood the debonaire mate, his little black mustaches curled jauntily upward, his

teeth merrily glistening, as he smiled down upon a rosy-cheeked damsel, whom I recognized as the stewardess. My companion patted her little foot on the deck.

"Pah! did I not tell you, monsieur! I know ze sailor."

She swept away with the swift movement of a bird, and I turned my face about to perceive Marsden standing silently beside me. He drew up a deck chair and sat down at my side. His grave face and manner led me to speak first.

"I have been wondering," I said, slowly, "whether you intend to report us as soon as you make land. No doubt you heard the story of the Sea Queen at Valparaiso, and have already guessed us to be the survivors of the crew of that yacht."

"Why, yes," stroking his beard; "we have no doubt as to that. We know little of the affair of the Sea Queen beyond what your man Kelly has told us, as we were up the north coast at the time. However, I do not think there will be anything gained by reporting your rescue immediately, for no one can care particularly about your arrest except possibly a British officer or such. The Chileans are still busy with their war, and the man who owned the yacht being dead—"

"You—you—mean Lord Darlington?"

"Yes; that is what I came here to tell you about. I have been waiting until you were strong enough to hear the story. I thought you were the one who ought to tell her." He paused doubtfully. "I understand she is Lady Darlington?"

"Yes," I answered, my voice trembling in my eagerness to comprehend fully. "But are you sure her husband is dead?"

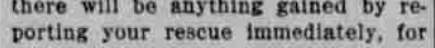
"Regarding that fact there is no possible doubt, Mr. Stephens. We were in port at Valparaiso barely three hours, but long enough to hear a brief account of the affair. It seems Lord Darlington had in some way quarreled with or insulted a Chilean naval officer. This officer being on duty in the grounds of the president the night of the declaration of war, the two met again and renewed their quarrel. The officer was drunk and abusive, and his lordship drew a revolver. They were separated at that time by the guard, but an hour later the Englishman was found beside the fountain of the inner court dead from a knife-thrust in his back. His murderer disappeared instantly and most mysteriously."

"My God!" I exclaimed, dazed with the information. "It must have been Sanchez!"

"It must have been Sanchez," Marsden repeated, soberly. "He was fleeing from the crime when he ran into your party. It was his own haunting conscience that put the idea of the ghosts Kelly tells about into his head. You will tell her the story?"

"Yes," I said, not venturing to look into his face, realizing that he understood.

I sat there, it seemed for hours, endeavoring to muster up courage for my task as I watched, far in the distance, the darkening outlines of Cape Flores. At last I went slowly down the companionway into the cabin.



"But Now We Both Know."

Slowly and falteringly at first, but gaining control of my voice as I proceeded, I told her all, marking the pallor of her cheek, the horror in her eyes. For another age I sat silent, gazing across the deserted cabin out through an open port, afraid to disturb the motionless woman beside me. Finally my fingers, almost unconsciously, crept across the rail of the settee until they touched her own.

"Doris," I whispered, pleadingly, confused by her silence, "is it possible that you already knew this?"

She did not raise her bowed head, but I felt the soft pressure of her hand.

"Yes, Jack, I—I knew," she acknowledged, doubtfully. "Sanchez told me in the boat when he felt himself to be dying. It was then I

(To be Continued)

## Changes Location.

We clip the following from the San Bernardino (Cal.) Daily Sun, which refers to a Plattsmouth boy, and a son of the late Hon. J. M. Patterson, and a brother of Tom and Rea of this city:

"James Patterson, cashier of the First National bank of Cucamonga, has been selected as cashier for the Farmers' Exchange National bank of this city, thus filling the vacancy occasioned by the retirement of J. F. Johnson, Jr., announced in the Sun ten days since. Mr. Patterson and the officers and directors of the Farmers' Exchange bank were in conference yesterday, when final details of the arrangement were consummated and Mr. Patterson went back to Cucamonga last night to file his resignation with the directors of the Cucamonga institution, and to ask that they relieve him as soon as possible, in no event later than September 1.

"Mr. Patterson's family, consisting of his wife and three children, will arrange to make their home in San Bernardino immediately. One of his sons is already here, being employed as bookkeeper for the San Bernardino Hardware company.

"Mr. Patterson is in the prime of life, in his middle forties, and has twenty years of banking experience behind him, ten years of that was spent in his home town of Plattsmouth, Neb., and ten more in the same line of work in California. Not only so, but he comes of a family of bankers, for his father and uncles were in the business in eastern Nebraska when Mr. Patterson himself was playing baseball with the editor of the Sun on the college teams of Iowa and Nebraska. So that he was 'born and bred' to finance, which he took to quite as successfully as athletics in his younger days.

"Mr. Patterson has been with the Cucamonga institution for about three years and one-half. That has been one of the very successful small national banks of the country, and with a capital stock of only \$25,000 and surplus of about \$9,000, it carries total assets of \$163,593, according to the statement of April 23, the latest available to the Sun last night. Mr. Patterson has done all the work in that busy institution, which is something of a hint that he has a capacity for dispatching business."

## Trip Over Iowa.

William Gilmour last Sunday made a little excursion into Iowa which resulted in his meeting with an old friend whom he had not seen since he was a lad. Having business in the northern part of Mills county to attend to he hitched up his Shetlands and drove over there, intending to call upon Otis E. Allis, whom he had not seen since 1854, when the latter was 9 years of age, while Mr. Gilmour was 15. Mr. Allis lives close to the Mills county line, and his postoffice is Council Bluffs. He has the proud distinction, according to Mr. Gilmour, of being the first white male child born in Nebraska, having been born near the present town of Genoa in 1843. His father was a Presbyterian missionary among the Indians, who then inhabited this state, having the Pawnees under his particular care. Mr. Allis is quite proud of the distinction and when he heard of the proposed Pioneers' day at the fall festival in this city, he announced his intention of attending. Mr. Gilmour is quite anxious that an invitation be extended to Mr. Allis by the committee in charge of that day to attend as an honorary guest on the occasion, and has taken the matter up with them with the result that an invitation of this kind is more than probable. Mr. Gilmour drove back home Sunday night after taking supper with his old friend.

## Returns From Furnas County.

Z. W. Shrader of Mt. Pleasant precinct came in this morning on the Burlington from St. Joseph, Mo. He has been spending several days out in Furnas county, where he went to make arrangements for shipping some horses to his farm in Mt. Pleasant precinct. He came back by way of St. Joe. Mr. Shrader states that things in Furnas county are generally in good condition except corn, which is very short and of which there will not be anything like a full crop. Wheat and oats made an abundant yield and helped out considerably on the loss occasioned by the failure of the corn crop. Generally speaking, he considers the people of Furnas county in much better shape than for a number of years past, and considers that they can stand the loss of the corn better this year than in most others. On Sunday night after he left the country there was a heavy rainfall there, some two inches of water falling, which will be an important aid to late crops.

## Shorthorns for Sale.

Three good registered Shorthorn yearling bulls for sale. Also good fresh milk cows. Mark White.

# CARNIVAL PRICES

Will prevail in here from now till close of Carnival week. This is going to be the greatest carnival that ever happened, and these prices are going to be the lowest that ever happened. We have 16 suits left over from our clearance sale, which were brand new this spring and which belong to our QUALITY LINE—the very best clothes we handle. Now if you want to buy them during carnival we will just cut the price square in two—just ONE-HALF Here they are. Lot 3376, two suits in fine Bellamy cassimere, light gray ground with pencil stripe, Three button sackcoat, pointed vest, fine mohair lined, price \$34, carnival price \$12; Lot 1234, four suits in brown velour cassimere with wide shaded stripe with pencil stripe between, made with fancy cuffs and pockets, two button, dip, price \$27, carnival price \$13.50; Lot 3422, three suits in full English cassimere in gray and green mix plaid. This suit is three button straight front sack and has oval patch pockets. It is a suit cut and made for stylish trade. The pants are full peg and have belt loops. The price is \$25 its well worth it—carnival price \$12.50. Lot 3667, four suits in a dark cinnamon ground with broken shaded plaid, a beautiful suit, hard twisted fabric, mohair lining to match, hand tailored throughout, peg trousers, a most stylish suit, price \$26, carnival price \$13; Lot 7954, two suits in light tan chevot goods, very soft and very smooth in finish. Has all the modern improvements, full dip, pointed vest fancy flaps and ultra peg trousers, also has a fine matched silk trimming around edges and around patch pockets, a swell suit for a nobby dresser, price \$27, carnival price \$13.50. Now we have just given you a brief description of these together with the lot number. Call for the lot number and we will show you the identical suit advertised. These prices are bona-fide 1/2 of regular price. You'll find them just as advertised. Watch this space for special carnival bargains at carnival prices.

# C. E. WESCOTT'S SONS

THE HOME OF SATISFACTION

## Council Meeting Tame Affair.

The meeting of the city council last night was a tame and uninteresting affair, little being done outside of routine business and a vigorous fight by Steinkler and Dwyer on the projected ice house of Lorenz Bros., mention of whose application for permission to build same was made in the report of council proceedings two weeks ago.

All the members were present except Schulhof when Mayor Sattler called the council to order. Schulhof is at present traveling in Colorado with his family, enjoying a vacation. The usual routine business of reading the minutes was gone through with, after which a communication from Superintendent of the Lincoln avenue along the shop yards. This is asked so that the company can move its fence out to the walk which they are laying. The new walk is put out in the street several feet from the site of the old one, so as to remove danger of it caving into the creek. The part which the company seeks to have vacated comprises a narrow strip running the length of the walk. On motion the matter went to the judiciary committee to prepare the necessary papers and to investigate the proposal.

The petition of Lorenz Bros. for permission to build a frame ice house covered with corrugated iron in the rear of their market on Sixth street was reported back unfavorably and a war opened on it by Councilmen Dwyer and Steinkler, who did not favor the erection of additional buildings of this nature in the fire limits. After further discussion the matter was referred to the city attorney for an opinion as to the legality of the council's allowing such a building to go up.

The carnival committee presented a communication in which they asked that the use of the streets for the erection of booths, side shows, concessions and the like, be granted them for the five days of the carnival was read, and no serious opposition developed to the request. On motion it was granted and during those days the streets will be subject to the rule of the carnival committee.

Mayor Sattler presented the name of David L. Amick as chief of police to succeed Chief Ben Rainey, and the nomination was confirmed by a vote of 6 to 3. Council Dwyer, Dovey, Weber, Kurtz, Steinkler and Bookmeyer voting aye and Council Neuman, Mendenhall and Reznar nay.

A big batch of street work was ordered in various sections of the city which comprised all the important business of the session.

The following bills were allowed and warrants for the same ordered drawn:

Paul Wohlforth, nozzleman.....	\$ 1.50
Joe Lbershal, nozzleman.....	1.50
B. S. Ramsey, expense.....	10.45
C. L. Martin, livery.....	.50
Platts. Water Co., rent.....	15.00
Platts. Water Co., rent.....	15.85
Platts. Tel. Co., rent.....	1.80
J. V. Egenberger, mdse.....	5.45
Kroehler Bros., mdse.....	36.20
Neb. Tel. Co., toll.....	.15
W. B. Rishel, street work.....	36.00
John Waterman, lumber.....	27.45
F. M. Richey, lumber, etc.....	142.30
J. Hickson, street work.....	11.38
John Geiser, street work.....	7.88
G. F. Scott, street work.....	35.00

## Coroner's Inquest.

Clerk of the Court Robertson this morning received the papers in the matter of the inquest on the body of John Studlar, the Bohemian who was drowned in the Platte river near Louisville, on Sunday, August 15. It will be recalled that Studlar became crazed with the heat on the day in question and leaped into the Platte in an effort to cool off. He sank in the sight of several witnesses and his body was not recovered until several days later, when it was landed near Cedar Creek. He was a foreigner with no relatives in this vicinity. Last Friday Coroner Clements impanelled a jury at Cedar Creek, the members being J. F. Wolf, Con Sears, H. Inhelder, Frank C. Raker, J. J. Schneider and F. F. Sitzman. Several witnesses were examined, among them being T. Sullivan and L. Everett of Louisville, who witnessed the drowning, and William Spencer and D. Barrett of Cedar Creek, who located the body. After hearing the testimony and viewing the body the jury rendered a verdict to the effect that deceased came to his death by accidental drowning in the Platte river while swimming opposite the National Stone company's quarry at Louisville, Neb., on Sunday, August 15, 1909, at about 2 o'clock p. m.

## An Energetic Boy.

A special to the Lincoln Journal from Louisville contains the following: Louis Billings, a 14-year-old bootblack, who makes his living here and goes to school part of the year, was complained against by John Koop for playing his vocation on Sunday. The complaint said that he was violating the Sunday labor law. The case was informally heard by Justice Lewis, who told the boy to go ahead and earn an honest living. Mr. Koop is a painter and prominent in the town. Some feeling is heard against him for taking the matter up against a homeless boy. The above has reference to "Chub" Billings of this city, who does more to assist his mother and family than any boy in Plattsmouth. He makes a practice of attending all the picnics, reunions, etc., applying his avocation of bootblackening, and every cent he earns he brings home to his mother, to assist her. Such a boy deserve more credit than he is apt to receive at the hands of the public. He is a bright lad and with some learning at school will make his way in the world anywhere.

Always up to date with everything and the best that is going the state fair will put on for an evenings entertainment the world's greatest open air exhibition. It is too big for a building or a tent or a roof to cover so it will be out in the open air. Pain's war in the clouds. There will be fighting air ships, aeroplanes, electric bombs, aerial torpedoes. All of this every evening at the fair, in front of the grand stand.

## LOUISVILLE.

(Louisville Courier.)

Charles Pankonin is in Racine, Wis., this week in attendance at a gathering of the implement dealers of the United States.

Mrs. Frank Stander has been very sick for the past week and for a while little hopes were entertained for her recovery.

Mrs. George Frater and daughters, Dulcie and Thelma, returned Sunday from a four week's visit at Independence, Okla., at the home of Mrs. Frater's mother.

Little Herbert Metzgar had the misfortune of breaking his collar bone by a fall about two weeks ago, and it was not discovered by the parents until last Saturday. He is getting along very nicely at present.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Williams entertained a number of their friends at their home in the south part of town last Friday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Ward, who are visiting here from Oklahoma.

Edgar Pankonin was at Omaha Saturday, where he purchased a Brush runabout automobile. When he has pump or windmill repairing to do in the country he is "Johnny on the spot," and gets on the job in short order.

Harry Murray, the young man who tried to pass a worthless check on A. H. Peterson last week, was released by Judge E. G. Lewis Saturday. County Attorney Ramsey thought the evidence against the fellow not sufficient to hold him to the district court.

## Card of Thanks.

For the many kind expressions of sympathy shown during the last illness and death of our beloved brother William Kroehler, we desire to extend our sincere thanks. Especially do we desire to return thanks to the Modern Woodmen and the Fraternal Order of Eagles for their condolences and beautiful floral remembrances as well as other favors extended.

MRS. HERMAN KLEITSCH.  
FRED KROEHLER.  
ED. KROEHLER.  
FRANK KROEHLER.

Served as coffee, the new coffee substitute known to grocers everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee, will trick even a coffee expert. Not a grain of real coffee in it, either. Pure healthful toasted grains, malt, nuts, etc., have been so cleverly blended as to give a wonderfully satisfying coffee taste and flavor. And it is "made in a minute," too. No tedious 20 to 30 minutes boiling. F. S. White.

William Hohlshuh returned last evening from a trip of several weeks to Oklahoma, where he has land to look after. Mr. Hohlshuh reports that there has been a very severe drought in that section, and that corn is badly burned and the crop short. Cotton and small grain has done very well, but the farmers had unfortunately abandoned their cultivation of corn. Owing to the inability to obtain sufficient help for cotton picking and their disinclination to do this work themselves, many of the farmers had turned their cotton land into corn land. Aside from the short corn crop general conditions were good and the country prosperous.