

# THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

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## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurance agent and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her.

## CHAPTER III.

In Which Opportunity Comes.  
A period of decided depression followed, the earlier vision of youth fading swiftly as I realized what the message of this card plainly meant, and contemplated the social gulf yawning between myself and this woman of the English aristocracy. A cat may look at a king, and a South American adventurer might venture to gaze admiringly upon this beautiful gentlewoman, yet vaulting ambition should have a care lest it overstep itself. Oh, well, it was not much I had to overcome—merely an impression, a fugitive admiration which would early perish, for it was hardly probable we should ever meet again, in spite of his lordship's stiff invitation, and her exceeding warm glance secretly seconding it.



"Sangre de Cristo! But We Will Show Them What War Means!"

I smiled grimly at thought of so insane a dream of love at such a time and place. Here was I, alone, unable to change my environment, every movement bringing new danger, almost certain of early detection, the result imprisonment or death; yet turning aside to quarrel with one only too glad to denounce me should he discover the truth, and totally forgetting every caution in sudden admiration for a girl never seen before, probably never to be seen again. But a smile can leave a deeper wound than a sword, and my mind would recur, in spite of other intervening thoughts, to the pleasant mystery behind her gracious words and actions. I was thus lingering over the nuts and wine, dreaming a fool's dream, and idly wondering at the cause of that endless racket in the streets below, with the chorus of vivas arising from the crowded plaza, when the open window facing my table became suddenly darkened by a bulky figure. Before I could push back my chair, the unwelcome intruder on my privacy was politely bowing before me, one hand pressed upon his heart.

Ited by his troubled face caused me to smile again. "So, senior, to you it was all fun," he said, gravely, gestulating with vigor. "But I appreciate the danger, the peril of discovery. Everywhere lurk the spies, and what I have to say is not for other ears. Senior, I have addressed you as the Senior West, for so I was bidden; but the man I really seek is not in truth of any such name," his voice sinking to the merest whisper, as he leaned impressively toward me across the table. "It is Senior Estevan."

I crossed my legs in apparently careless indifference, my fingers resting on the butt of the revolver in my pocket, undecided yet whether this was to be war or peace, but prepared for a bold play in either case. "I am Jack Stephens; so you may proceed, senior." "Ah! 'Tis as I was told!" his face brightening instantly, his hands delving within an inside pocket of his coat. "This card—see; it is written in the English—it will tell you if I am trusted, if I be all right. You know the handwriting, senior, the man who wrote it?"

I accepted the bit of pasteboard curiously. It was the business card of a well-known sugar firm, and I ran my eyes hastily over the few lines dimly traced on the back: "Bearer is all he represents himself to be; you may do business with him safely—G. P. L." I glanced upward at the anxious face of the man opposite; he was evidently tingling with excitement. "You know him, senior? You know the handwriting? You believe him? What is it he says? I read not the English."

"Yes; we are acquainted. He is George Loring, a friend of mine. He says you are what you represent yourself to be, and that I may transact business with you in perfect safety. Now, then, what are you—an agent of the police?" He shrugged his broad shoulders, spreading his hands deprecatingly. "No, no; Cleo, no! Does he not tell you my name?" I shook my head negatively, my interest already deepened.

"No! He was most cautious. It was best so; but now I tell you, and you believe." Again he leaned forward, his voice sinking to a mere whisper. "I am Don Emilio de Castilla."

"What you recognize it not? Carabela! then I shall show you, senior. You read Spanish, si? This will tell you I speak with the authority of my nation. See—I am admiral of the Peruvian navy. I have the power, the right, the authority, to say what I now speak to you. You believe that, senior?" "Yes," I replied, soberly, by now fully awakened to the fact that this was to be no ordinary meeting. "I believe all you say; more, now I remember your name, Don Emilio; but what are you doing here? What is it you desire of me?" "You know now, You know now what all this means?" he questioned, pointing with trembling finger toward the window. Before I could answer he burst forth vehemently: "It is war, senior; war, disgracefully declared this very day between Chile and my country—the pigs! the cowards! the bulls!" He sprang to his feet as if razzed with sudden excitement, and began pacing the room, waving his

hands with wild gesticulations. "They think to fright us, senior, but they will learn a lesson. We will fight, senior; fight to the knife. It will not be vivas they will shout—these Chilean dogs—when the Peruvians come to their country. Then they will be begging on their knees for mercy. Sangre de Cristo! but we will show them what war means!"

I watched him earnestly, already beginning dimly to perceive in all this possible opening for my own escape. "War?" I repeated. "And declared to-day? It has come suddenly, although I am aware there have been months of controversy. Did Peru expect such a result? Is she prepared?" He paused in his nervous walk, his hands outspread on the table, his dark eye glowing into mine. "Both yes and no, senior. We knew well that nothing save war could ever wipe out the Chilean insults to our country. Yet we hoped for more time in which to prepare. Cleo! it is not lack of men—no! no! the army is strong, valiant, senior; it will fight to the death. But the navy! Dios! Dios! we have not the ships, senior. They come not yet, those we have bought in Europe. 'Tis that which has brought me here in disguise to Valparaiso; 'tis that which brings me now to you."

I watched him closely without venturing response, and he sank into a chair, his elbows on the table. "Si, now I explain it all to you," his voice falling so low I could scarcely follow. "We know for two weeks past war was to come. We have only a few warships, one, two, three; not enough to fight Chile, or even guard our own coast. We have the men sufficient, but not the ships, senior. What could I do? I, the admiral? There was but one hope—the audacity of surprise. They must be taken from the enemy; we must strike the first blow, and at the very heart of the Chilean navy. I come here incognito; I come before war has been declared; I study and observe. To a brave man chances for action come, senior, and so I found what I sought. You know about the Esmeralda, senior?"

I sat up suddenly in my chair, gripping my cigar between my teeth. "An interesting Runaway." "I read a piece in your paper about an automobile that ran away with a man's mother-in-law," a correspondent writes the Adams (Ga.) Enterprise, "and I'm interested in that automobile, and would like to know the name and price of it, or if the owner would part with it for an extra consideration." The only objection to the story is that it doesn't go far enough," it says "the automobile ran away with her, but doesn't say what happened—whether the runaway was fatal, or the automobile changed its mind and turned 'round and came back to where it started from. Can you throw any more light on the subject, and, by so doing, oblige a constant reader and old subscriber?" "On the Levant." "Lemme tell yer some'n. When Ah calls or nigger's bluff his chest caves in!" "Huh! When er rousterbout tries ter call mah bluff Ah'm stone deaf! Ah can't heah a word yer say!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"The Esmeralda! You mean that steam yacht the Chilean government purchased from Brazil?" "Si, his eyes glowing eagerly; 'you are a sailor, and so would know of her. She is beautiful, strong, swift, a most dangerous vessel if well handled. Have you ever seen her, senior?" "Only through field-glasses from the balcony of the hotel. She rode at anchor well off the government mole in the roosted the last I remember." He clasped his fingers on my arm, leaning eagerly forward until his face was pressed close to mine.

"She lies there yet, senior, but only for to-night—Dios de Dios! only for to-night! To-morrow they warp her in beside the quay, her crew comes aboard, her armament, her provisions, and she is made ready for sea. Holy mother, such a chance, and only for to-night! Think of it, senior, and wonder no longer if I seemed crazed. She lies out there now in the darkness, swinging to a single anchor chain, her steam up, the nearest battery a quarter of a mile away, and not a half dozen men aboard her. It is as a gift of heaven. Yet, sangre de Cristo! he who should lead the venture lies derelict from fever. Was there ever such cursed luck before! He gripped his head between his two hands, but I was already upon my feet, my mind instantly grasping the situation.

"Don Emilio," I exclaimed, eagerly, gripping his shoulder, and compelling him to look up, "let me understand this clearly. You had perfected plans to capture and run off this Esmeralda the moment war was formally declared? You have organized a crew for the work, and they are waiting the word here now in Valparaiso? Their leader is suddenly stricken ill, and you have no one capable of taking his place—is that why you have come to me?" "Si, si, senior."

"How did you learn about me?" "From Senior Loring. He has lived in Peru. I have known him long." "But you must have other officers in your party; what of them?" He spread his hands in a gesture of utter helplessness. "Senior, I brought with me only one. It was not safe to bring more. Besides, what need? This Valparaiso is a great seaport; here we may always find the scum of the seven seas; here ever are plenty of men glad enough to fight and plunder—'tis their trade. Cleo! we could enroll 100 devils in an hour along the waterfront, hell-hounds of the ocean, caring nothing for the flag above them in the pay bag."

"True; and you have them ready at hand. Where are they?" "At the wine shop of Rodriguez beyond the plaza. You know the place?" I nodded, my memory instantly recalling the foul den. "How many?" "Twenty—it is enough for a surprise, if not a sea-rat, senior." "But they are under officers?" "Of their own kind, yes, but not of our navy. The first officer is a Yankee whaleman; the second I know not what, only he is a deep-water sailor."

"I see," I acknowledged, taking a long breath, yet continuing to stare at him. "What you need is some one able to command such an outfit, one who can operate a steamship." "Like a flash the official envelope came forth again. "Si, si, and you can do that, senior. I know; I have been told. You hate this Chile; you fight her already in the hills; you hide here now for your life. I come to give you a chance to get away free. But I do not stop even with that; no, no, my country, not stop with that! See! here I possess the commission, all signed and sealed by my government, of a captain in the Peruvian navy. Only the name left blank for me to write in. I write in your name; that makes you an officer of the Peruvian navy. See you what it means? Chile dare not touch you except as prisoner of war. Is that not right, senior? But I do not stop even with that—no, no! When the Esmeralda comes safely to Peru, the government pays you five thousand American dollars in gold. I pledge you that. Emilio de Castilla, admiral." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A LITTLE COLD.

He caught a little cold— That was all. So the neighbors sadly said, As they gathered round his bed. When they heard that he was dead. He caught a little cold— That was all. (Puck.)

Neglect of a cough or cold often leads to serious trouble. To break up a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virginia Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. Take a teaspoonful every four hours. You can buy these at any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle.

### Tuberculosis Death Rates.

The death rate from tuberculosis among men employed in occupations exposed to municipal and general organic or street dust is higher than among other employed males, according to a recent bulletin of the bureau of labor of the department of commerce and labor. The percentage of deaths from consumption among males exposed to organic dust is 23, while the percentage for all males in the registration area is 14.8. The percentage of deaths from tuberculosis among workers exposed to metal dust is very much higher.

### Where Is Bessie Hartman?

Rosanna and Bessie Hartman lived with their mother at Chapman, Nebr., in 1901, the year that their father was killed by a falling tree at Anada, Mo. Their mother, an invalid, being unable to care for them, the girls were sent to Omaha to school, being housed and mothered by a Mrs. Smith. Finally, in 1903, Bessie, the younger of the two, was taken in charge by the Nebraska Children's Home society, who refused to tell her married sister, Rosanna, where she is. Bessie became of age last February. If she will send her address to P. O. Box 598, Omaha, Nebr., it will be forwarded to her sister Rosanna, who is now Mrs. Geo. Duerr.

### Temperamental Toilet Table.

A very aged Englishman many years ago gave this advice to his daughter in a letter as to what a lady's dressing table should contain: "The best beautifier a young lady can use is good humor. The best renovator of the face is the best eyewash; the best wash for the face is the best gargar for the voice is cheerfulness; the best wash for smoothing wrinkles is contentment; the best cure for deafness is attention; the best mirror is reflection, and the whitest powder is innocence."

### Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of **CASSTORIA**, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. St. John*. Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Provided for Newsboys. Mrs. William Waldorf Astor provided in her will that the newsboys of New York should have a Thanksgiving dinner, as they have had at the expense of the Astor family for half a century. This year at least 2,000 newsboys were on hand, the afternoon papers having suspended work, thus giving the little fellows a holiday.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case that can be cured by **Dr. H. H. St. John's Catarrh Cure**. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. **WALTON, KIMMEL & MARVIN**. **Hall's Catarrh Cure** is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by all Druggists. Price 75 cents per bottle. Make Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Restained by Politeness.

"Prisoner, have you any reasons to present why the sentence of the court should not be pronounced upon you?" "No, your honor. I feel as if I should like to say a few words about the defense my lawyer put up for me, but there are ladies present; you can go ahead with the sentence, your honor."

### This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, cure Feverishness, Colic, Stomach, Teething Disorders, Regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. They break up colic in 24 hours. Pleasant to take, and harmless as milk. They never fail. At all Druggists. 5c. Sample mailed free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### Quick as Wink.

If your eye aches with a smarting, burning sensation use **PETTIT'S EYE SALVE**. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Remember that a sound argument doesn't mean loud talk.

### AT LAST.

Mme. X., the fencing master's wife, finds some pins long enough for her hat.



### A Pessimistic View.

Among the patients in certain hospitals of Harrisburg there was recently one disposed to take a dark view of his chances for recovery. "Cheer up, old man!" admonished the youthful medic attached to the ward wherein the patient lay. "Your symptoms are identical with those of my own case four years ago. I was just as sick as you are. Look at me now!" The patient ran his eyes over the physician's stalwart frame. "What doctor did you have?" he finally asked, feebly.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

### Where Are Harry and Isabella Allen?

Harry is now aged 20 years, and his sister, Isabella, aged 18 years. The children were taken in charge by the Nebraska Children's Home society in 1897 from Grand Island, following the death of the father, Silas Allen. The mother is now in Oklahoma, and is distracted because she cannot locate her children, whom she has not seen since they were taken by superintendent of the society twelve years ago, who now refuses to tell their mother where they are. If the children will address P. O. Box 598, Omaha, Nebr., giving their own address, it will be sent to their mother.

### Her Mistake.

A lady overtook a little girl of her acquaintance on her way to school. "Do you like decimals, my dear?" she asked. Now the little girl had not gone very far in her arithmetic and she was unfamiliar with the word decimals. She shrank from acknowledging her ignorance, so, after a minute, she stammered: "Yes, I like them pretty well, but not as well as peaches."

### One Idea of Economy.

"What do you mean when you tell the people they ought to economize?" "I mean," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "that they ought to go slow in patronizing most business enterprises in order that they may have more money to spend with mine."—Washington Star.

### HEAD, BACK AND LEGS ACHE?

ACHE ALL OVER? That's sure with chills! That is LA TROUPE'S BRONCHO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to cure a Cold in one Day. 25c.

### Smokers also like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its purity. It is never doped, only tobacco in its natural state. There's a difference between dignity and pomposity, but some people don't seem to be able to realize it.

### Look at the Clutch

If your eye aches with a smarting, burning sensation use **PETTIT'S EYE SALVE**. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

### National Cream Separator

The clutch always grips with the start of the crank—no slipping—and it doesn't break down in less than 1000 revolutions. A single little spring near the clutch on the shaft—where you can get at it—does the work on the clutch. Only a Single Little Spring. No Hard Lifting. Lightest Handling. Easiest Cleared. Cheapest. Cleanest.

### TRIED REMEDY FOR THE GRIP.

### PE-RU-N FOR COUGHS, COLDS

### WESTERN CANADA

"The greatest need of this country (United States) is to develop its resources and to utilize the surplus of its people and produce. The development of the West is the greatest need of the world."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

### WARD'S WESTERN CANADA

Upwards of 125 Million Bushels of Wheat were harvested in 1906. A woman of the three prairie provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will be awarded \$25,000 per acre. From home-made flour, and all the adjoining pre-occupied districts, the wheat crop is estimated to be 125,000,000 bushels. The wheat crop is the backbone of the West. The wheat crop is the backbone of the West. The wheat crop is the backbone of the West.

### Make the Liver Do its Duty

Five times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. **GENUINE** must bear signature: *Dr. Wood*

### PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Changes and beautifies the hair. Cleanses and restores the scalp. Never fails to restore the hair to its youthful growth. Guaranteed. Sold by all Druggists.

### A Clean Face Will be a Habit

**NO STROPPING NO HONING** **Gillette** KNOWN THE WORLD OVER. **PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D.C. Sole Licensee. **HOUSEKEEPERS** Beware! If without false economy, they also get good income. Address: Franklin Street, Canal St., New York.

### WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is a pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

### Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst of cases. It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. There's no secrecy. It will bear examination. No alcohol and no habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.—take the advice received and be well.

### Look at the Clutch

If your eye aches with a smarting, burning sensation use **PETTIT'S EYE SALVE**. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

### HAIR BALSAM

Changes and beautifies the hair. Cleanses and restores the scalp. Never fails to restore the hair to its youthful growth. Guaranteed. Sold by all Druggists.

### Buy and Know Paxton's Gas Coffee

Positively the best you can get for the price in the world. The "Favorite of the West" for 25 years with sales of over One Million Pounds a year. Means customer confidence in quality and price. A heavy, yet smooth, mellow drink with all the natural flavor and aroma. **IN 2 LB. RED CANS, 25c PER LB.** Ask your grocer for it, and give it a trial

### PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more pure brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One tin makes color all shades. They do in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without mangle. Write for free booklet—how to dye. **MADE IN U.S.A.**