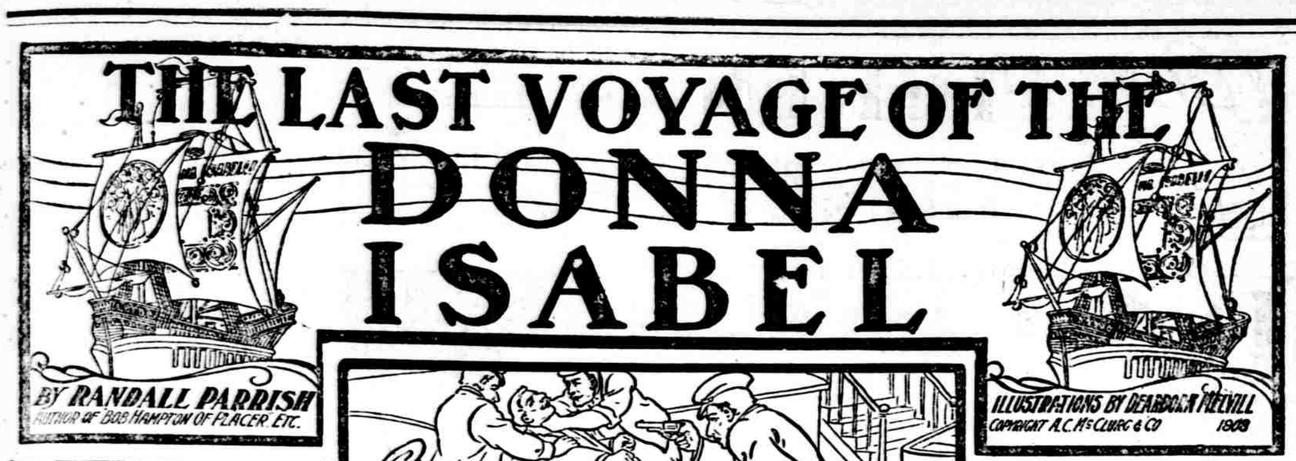
THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL



BY RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN FIELVILL
COPYRIGHT A.C. McCLURG & CO 1909

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 insurrectionist 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 Admiral of the Peruvian navy confronted Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Sacre! it has been as ze devil drove," easily. "Ze last was sandalwood in ze South seas. I care little, so ze pay be good."

"Then we'll get down to facts," and I sat back in the chair fronting the two of them. "Mr. Tuttle, how many men have you enlisted for this affair?"

"Twenty."

"Those fellows out yonder?" and I nodded toward the closed door. He exhibited his yellow teeth, his eyes narrowing.

"They'll be about all ye'll want to tackle, I guess," he volunteered, with some assumption of cheerfulness, "unless maybe you decide to turn this expedition into piracy, an' give 'em half the spoils. They're that sort, all right."

I straightened back in my chair, my jaws set hard, my gaze endeavoring vainly to catch and hold his shifty eye.

"Mr. Tuttle," I said, sternly, "as I understand matters I am captain this cruise, and you're mate. Whenever I desire your advice I'll probably ask for it. Just at present please confine yourself to my questions. What crew have you?"

The expression of his face was angry enough, yet he evidently thought best to answer civilly.

"First and second officers, boatswain and gunner, five coal-heavers, the rest seamen."

"Nationality?"

"Every mongrel race under the sky."

"You have no engineer?"

"Couldn't pick up any; however, there's one on board, and, no doubt, we can persuade him to stick to the job."

The man's manner and tone remained surly and insolent, but I gripped my indignation and held back the hot words burning my tongue. It was necessary that I make the best of it now, but after we were once safely at sea I intended very shortly to take the measure of this Yankee whaleman. My eyes wandered toward the olive-tinted face of De Nova, barely visible through the enveloping smoke of his cigarette. The latter nodded cheerfully, as though he interpreted my thought.

"Oh, ze men was all right, monsieur," he put in, smilingly. "Maybee a bit rough, but, sacre, w'at would you?" his shoulders rising to the question. "Mr. Tuttle he grumble, but it was all bark. I know him, an' I razzer have him so zan hear him talk to ze spirits; w'en he do zat, it make me sick, by gar!"

"You blaspheming, mongrel infidel," the whaleman's nasal voice rising shrill with anger. "I don't have to count beads in order to lift my soul to the other world."

"There is liable to be fighting enough before morning," I interposed, sharply, fearing a quarrel, "without comrades falling out about their belief. Leave that for lubbers ashore to argue over. Now tell me what arrangements have been made for boarding the Esmeralda?"

Tuttle spat into the sawdust, his gaze still on De Nova.

"Two boats concealed beneath the piling of the Mercantile Company's coal wharf; a whaleboat and a cutter."

"Any arms?"

"A dozen rifles, six in each boat."

I arose to my feet, glancing at my watch in the dim light. He had not given me the customary "sir" in any of his replies, yet I ignored the omission, willing for the time being to sink formality for the sake of action.

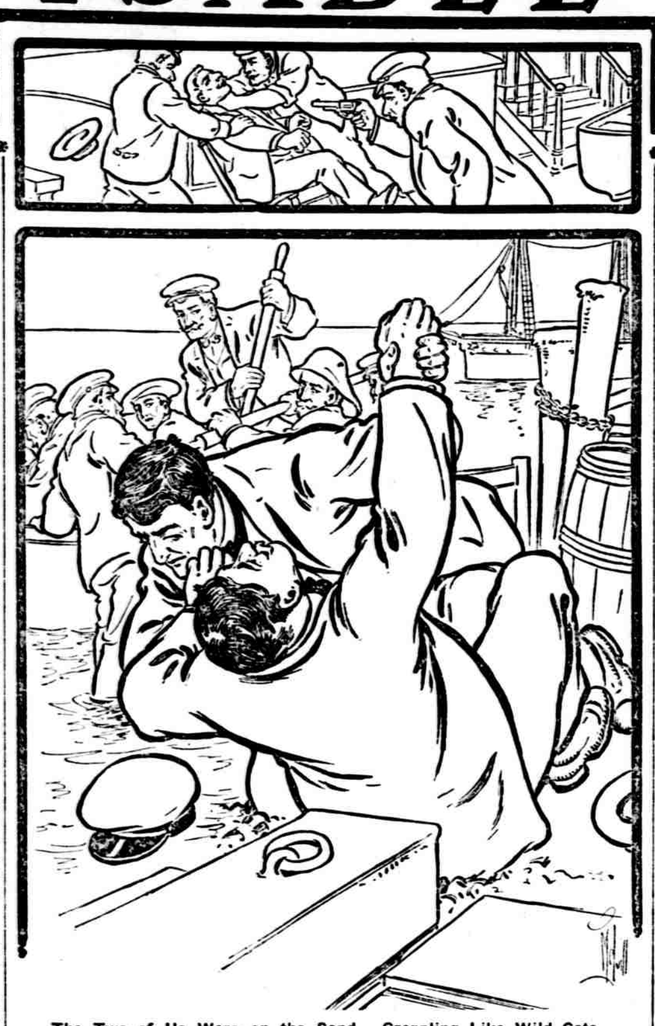
"Very well, Mr. Tuttle. Have your men there in an hour from now. They had better travel in parties of two; and see that they start out sober. You understand these orders clearly, I hope, sir—have them there in an hour, sober. De Nova, you must know how to bring sailor-men to their senses; get busy with that gang. Now work rapidly and quickly, both of you, for if we get caught, this is likely to be a hanging matter for all of us."

I stared at the two of them for just an instant—De Nova on his feet, Tuttle leaning forward in his chair—and stepped forth into the outer room, closing the door behind me. A drunken yell greeted my re-entrance into the boisterous crowd, but ignoring everything, glancing neither to right nor left, I picked my way through the motley gathering out into the welcome blackness of the night.

CHAPTER V.

In Which We Gain the Deck.

I paused a moment amid the dense shadows to reflect more carefully upon some of the details of our night's work. For the first time I clearly realized the desperate nature of this adventure upon which I was so recklessly embarked. Could we once attain the yacht's deck unobserved and make our attack with sufficient swiftness to prevent the discharge of firearms, the rest might be accomplished without great risk of discovery, barring some unexpected mishap. The very audacity of such an attempt was strongly in our favor. If we succeeded in silently warping the Esmeralda beyond range of the guns of the shore batteries all real and immediate danger would be over. Probably not a war vessel in the harbor had steam up, and, if they did, no Chilean warship could hope to overhaul us when once fairly at sea.



The Two of Us Were on the Sand, Grappling Like Wild Cats.

I gave the personnel of the crew Tuttle had collected brief consideration. They were no rougher than I should naturally expect men to be who were volunteering for such a task. Besides, Jack ashore and Jack at sea are two widely differing personalities; once sobered and on shipboard, steadied somewhat by the perils of their position, and exhilarated by the promised reward, they would doubtless prove efficient enough. Tuttle might require a lesson in sea etiquette, and, if he did, I felt perfectly confident of my ability to administer it promptly and forcibly. As for De Nova, I had no doubt that he would prove himself a good man. So, altogether, my spirits rose as I thus contemplated a definite plan of action.

The movement on the water was only the merest ripple, with the riding lights of the various ships at anchor reflected back as from a giant mirror. Two vessels, a full-rigged ship and a small schooner, lay close in shore, apparently deserted, their decks gloomy wastes, their bare spars sticking up skeleton-like and ghostly. Farther out, and somewhat to the left, a yellow lantern, perhaps in the bow of a guardboat, bobbed about, zig-zagging here and there like some erratic star. It was some time before I could locate with any certainty the particular vessel I sought. The harbor was littered with sea craft of every description, and my knowledge regarding the Esmeralda was most meager, being merely her point of anchorage, and that she was a large steam-yacht, schooner rigged.

Finally, into the focus of the leveled glasses there crept indistinctly the delicate tracery of her bow, rendered more plainly visible beneath the green radiance of her riding lamp. Lights were showing faintly through several portholes amidships, certain proof that she was not entirely deserted; yet the cabins aft were dark, and the only moving figure I could distinguish with certainty was slowly pacing back and forth along the lee rail of the poop. Suddenly, out from the enveloping smudge, came a shower of sparks and a red glare, and, a moment later, I traced the outlines of a steam launch cleaving the black water. It quickly vanished behind the fog wreaths hanging to seaward, the faint sound of its churning dying away, leaving the silent loneliness behind more solemnly impressive than ever. Only from off the land came echoing the noises of men—the loud vivas, the reiterated boom of explosives, the ceaseless blare of bands.

The scene became oppressive in its barrenness, and I felt the need of movement to overcome its weakening effect upon the nerves. This was to be a night of action, not of dreams, so I groped my uncertain path back along the littered wharf and around the curve of the shore line, beneath the gloomy shadows of coal sheds. Of lights there were comparatively none, if I except the uncertain glimmer of rockets along the water's surface, and I was consequently compelled to feel my way from object to object like a blinded man. Still, the course was sufficiently familiar so that I successfully maintained both footing and direction, finally emerging safely close beside the spot appointed for our rendezvous. There was considerable open space here, the Mercantile Company's sheds standing some 30 feet back of the shore line, and their wharf for the unloading of barges extending more than 50 feet out into the harbor. I could dimly perceive a great crane at the farther extremity, with dangling buckets, outlined against the sky. The night was too dark for me to decipher the face of my watch, yet it could not now be long before the arrival of the men. I crouched down beside a post to await their coming, once again searching the harbor with my night-glasses.

The company at last arrived by twos from out the enveloping gloom, silently grouping themselves amid the shadows. I could distinguish an occasional gruff cough, and the shuffling of feet, but there was no sound of conversation or hilarity. Evidently De Nova had sufficiently sobered them to their duty. At last one man detached himself from among the crowd and moved stealthily forward. I met him at the shore end of the wharf, peered into his face, half-concealed beneath the visor of his cap, until I recognized the fellow.

"Crew all here, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, startled by my sudden appearance into courteous response, "but mighty uneasy to be off."

"They shall not be delayed. Get the boats out at once. You are to take charge of the whaleboat and I will accompany De Nova in the cutter. Pull silently to the end of the wharf and lie by there to await instructions. Do your men understand the boats they are assigned to?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Very well, then; get the boats out, and the crews aboard. Not a sound, remember, for there are guards patrolling the harbor."

I must confess this preparatory work was well and smartly accomplished, the men the merest silent shadows as they hauled the two hidden boats forth from concealment and quietly took their assigned places at the oars. Tuttle's crew was first afloat, De Nova experiencing some difficulty from attempting to load too near shore, in somewhat shallow water.

"Drop overboard, two of you, and shove off," I ordered, finally. "Lively now, lads, but no splashing."

The two fellows in the stern lowered themselves into the shallow water, bending down so as to put their shoulders against the planks for a heave. Suddenly, not three feet distant, a smudge of shadow uplifted, and I became conscious of a pallid human face gleaming faintly through the dark. Instantly I leaped toward it, with such force as to send the heavily laden boat swirling forward, the heaving men plunging face downward into the water. There was a startled exclamation in Spanish, a short-arm blow shot into a dimly revealed, half-familiar face, a fierce grip at the throat, and the two of us were on the sand, grappling like wild cats. Out of the water, dripping from their bath, the two seamen came to my aid, and, between us, we pinned the fellow to helpless silence.

"Toss him into the boat," I said, panting from exertion. "He will be safer with us than left ashore."

It appeared even darker out on the water than when we looked off upon it from the land, but, with a few cautious strokes, we discovered the smudge which represented Tuttle's whaleboat, and drew up within an oar's length of where he lay waiting.

"Mr. Tuttle," I began, speaking slowly and concisely so that the men in both boats could hear, "this is going to be no boy's play to-night, and I expect implicit obedience to my orders. Do exactly what I tell you and no more. You know the situation of the Esmeralda, and I want you to put your whaleboat in under her bow. If you keep a point east of north you can scarcely miss it. There is a lumping big brigantine anchored 100 feet beyond, with only a single light showing on her foremast. If you come up under her shadow you are not likely to be seen before you drift down against the Esmeralda's cutwater. Make use of the anchor-chain, and get half a dozen men quietly over the forecastle rail. Don't move from there until you receive some signal from me. Then clap down the forecastle scuttle, and make straight for the engine room. That will comprise the entire duty of your crew; and, above all things, let it be accomplished silently. Don't permit one of your men to carry a loaded firearm. Use belaying pins, if you need to, or a marlinspike, but no guns. De Nova and I will go in by way of the stern, and we will be responsible for the after-deck and the bridge. Has any one a question to ask?"

There was no response, the only sounds audible being the soft lapping of the water and the deep breathing of the men. I could distinguish them leaning eagerly forward, but the faces were undecipherable in the gloom.

"You understand clearly?"

"Ay, ay, Mr. Stephens," and Tuttle's nasal voice had completely lost all its former trace of insolence.

"Then pull away slowly and noiselessly; don't hurry; we'll give you plenty of time to get in. Good-by, and good luck to you."

The balanced oars dipped gently into the water, scarcely rippling it, and the sharp-stemmed whaleboat glided away into the surrounding blackness like a ghost.

"All right now, De Nova," I whispered. "I'll go forward into the bow. Keep her head off about a point and watch out for signals."

We slipped through the water silently, the sound of the dipping oar-blades little more audible than the suppressed breathing of the oarsmen. Confident that if any eyes were watching from the deck they were not likely to be directed astern, we made wide detour, creeping cautiously in beneath the slight bulge of the yacht's side, until the fellow behind me fastened his boathook firmly into the after-chains. Breathlessly we waited listening, but no sound reached us other than the slight hiss of escaping steam.

"Hold hard!" I whispered, the word passing back from man to man. "Two remain with the boat, the rest follow me."

I crept silently up into the chains and peered cautiously over onto the open deck. It was wrapped in darkness and silence, the sole gleam of revealing light coming from out the open main-hatch, and that only the merest glimmer slightly illuminating the ship amidships. There was a lamp alight in the after-cabin, but the shades were drawn so closely I could scarcely perceive its presence. I became aware that De Nova stood beside me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gave Birth to Mice in Trap

Male Parent's Devotion Rewarded by Freedom of Brood.

A Manayunk woman, going to her mouse trap the other morning, found a mouse in it, with six little mice as well.

They had, of course, been born after their mother's capture—an amazing thing. But more amazing still was the fact that they lay in a small round nest like a bird's, a nest made of bits of paper, thread, straw and shreds of linen and flannel.

The woman, instead of drowning forthwith the mother and her brood, retired, and from the next room watched the trap secretly. Her watch soon was rewarded. Another mouse trotted up with great caution, thrust a straw through the bars, and, a few moments later returned with a shred of pink calico. The captive mother, with these contributions, proceeded to complete her nest.

This incident so moved the woman that on retiring that night she put a handsome piece of cheese in the trap and opened the tiny door. When she came down in the morning mother and young and cheese were gone—the nest alone remained to witness to the truth of her tale.

To Remove a Felon.

The following clipped from the London Lancet is a relief from bone felon: "As soon as the disease is felt put directly over the spot a fly blister about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time, directly under the surface of the blister, may be seen the felon, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet."

A GOOD COUGH MIXTURE.

Simple Home-Made Remedy That Is Free from Opiates and Harmful Drugs.

An effective remedy that will usually break up a cold in twenty-four hours, is easily made by mixing together in a large bottle two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. This mixture will cure any cough that is curable, and is not expensive as it makes enough to last the average family an entire year. Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only in the laboratories of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.

PATIENCE UNREWARDED.

"Are there any fish in the lake here?"

"I dunno! This is only the second day I've been fishing here!

Rich Territory Opened up.

The development of the Brazilian Amazon valley must in time amount to untold wealth. In the states of Para and the Amazonas and the federal territory of Acre there are near the water's edge 10,000,000 rubber-bearing trees of the Hevea variety. These trees if properly tapped will live indefinitely and steadily increase their yield. The state of Para is considerably larger than Texas, and much of it will grow excellent cotton.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

He Was an Old Hand.

"Do not anger me!" she said, sternly.

"How am I to know when you are angry?" he asked.

"I always stamp my feet," she answered.

"Impossible," he said. "There isn't room for a stamp on either of them!"

That fetched her.—Lippincott's.

Period of Joy for Casey.

Casey's wife was at the hospital, where she had undergone a very serious operation a few days before.

Mrs. Kelley called to inquire as to Mrs. Casey's condition.

"Is she restin' quietly?" Mrs. Kelley asked.

"No, but I am," said Casey.

Easily Distinguished.

"This," remarked Mr. Cane, "is my photograph with my two French poodles. You recognize me?"

"I think so," said Miss Softee. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

That's the Question.

Wife—You were late last night.

Hub—Beg pardon, my dear. As I came in the front door the clock struck 11.

Wife—But what time did you arrive at the head of the stairs?

In Demand.

"That's a very popular man."

"Yes; he'll listen to the details of your summer trip without insisting on telling you about his own."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wise but by his own wisdom.—Montaigne.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Enthusiasm is the poultice men apply of their scars.

Answer This Question

When shown positive and reliable proof that a certain remedy had cured numerous cases of female ills, wouldn't any sensible woman conclude that the same remedy would also benefit her if suffering with the same trouble?

Here are two letters which prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fitchville, Ohio.—"My daughter was all run down, suffered from pains in her side, head and limbs, and could walk but a short distance at a time. She came very near having nervous prostration, had begun to cough a good deal, and seemed melancholy by spells. She tried two doctors but got little help. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier and Liver Pills she has improved so much that she feels and looks like another girl."—Mrs. C. Cole, Fitchville, Ohio.

Irasburg, Vermont.—"I feel it my duty to say a few words in praise of your medicine. When I began taking it I had been very sick with kidney and bladder troubles and nervous prostration. I am now taking the sixth bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and find myself greatly improved. My friends who call to see me have noticed a great change."—Mrs. A. H. Sanborn, Irasburg, Vermont.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the letters are published without their permission, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

What more proof can any one ask?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

THE Famous Rayo Lamp

Once a Rayo user always one

The RAYO LAMP is a high-grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp at any price. The Burner, the Wick, the Chimney-Holder—all are vital things in a lamp; these parts of the RAYO LAMP are perfectly constructed and there is nothing known in the art of lamp-making that could add to the value of the RAYO as a light-giving device. Suitable for any room in any house. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest Agency of the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

"California Now or Never!"

If ever you wished for a home in California send for free information about the greatest irrigation, colonizing and home-making enterprise ever undertaken. In addition to their great success in irrigating 400,000 acres in the Twin Falls Country, Idaho, the Kuhns are irrigating 250,000 acres in the Sacramento Valley. Send names of friends. Easy terms to settlers. We want you. Send 10c for 48-page book in colors. H. L. Hollister, Dept. K, 205 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books Free. Highest references. Best results.

PATENT Book and Advice FREE. Evans, Fenwick & Lawrence, Washington, D.C. Est. 49 yrs. Best references.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. They may bring you wealth. 64-page Book Free. Est. 1890. Fitzgerald & Co., Pat. Attys., Box K, Washington, D.C.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 4–1910.

WESTERN CANADA

What Prof. Shaw, the Well-Known Agriculturist, Says About It:

"I would sooner raise cattle in Western Canada than in the corn belt of the United States. Feed is cheaper and climate better for the purpose. Your market will improve faster than your farmers will produce the supplies. Wheat can be grown up to the 60th parallel 150 miles north of the International boundary. Your vacant land will be taken at a rate beyond present conception. We have enough people in the United States alone who want homes to take up this land."

70,000 Americans will enter and make their homes in Western Canada this year.

1909 produced another large crop of wheat, oats and barley, in addition to which the cattle exports was an immense item.

Cattle raising, dairying, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Free homestead and pre-emption areas, as well as lands held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions.

Adaptable soil, healthful climate, splendid schools and churches, and good railways.

For settlers' rates, descriptive literature "Last Best West," how to reach the country and other particulars, write to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent.

W. V. BENNETT
Room 4 Bee Bldg. Omaha, Neb.
(Use address nearest you.) (2)

When He Courted You

He didn't complain if you were a little despondent or irritable at times. Now he does. He's the same man. He didn't understand then. He doesn't now. Then he thought it was caprice and liked it. Now he thinks it is caprice and doesn't like it. But now he's busy getting money.

If he realized the full truth he would be more than anxious to have the wife he loves take the right remedy to restore her to true womanly health. Most men don't know that when a woman is weak, nervous, irritable and despondent, there is invariably something radically wrong with the delicate feminine organs with which her entire physique is in sensitive sympathy.

There is one, and just one remedy, tried and proven, that will put things right when the feminine organism is weak or diseased. It is

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This medicine restores perfect health to the weakened organs, and makes them strong.

It makes wifehood happy, and motherhood easy. It makes child-birth short and almost painless. It helps to make real "new women." An honest druggist won't urge upon you a substitute.

This "Favorite Prescription" is a pure glyceric extract of native medicinal roots and contains no alcohol, injurious or habit-forming drugs. A full list of its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper and attested as full and correct under oath.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Easy to take as candy.

WHAT'S Your Health Worth?

You start sickness by mistreating nature and it generally shows first in the bowels and liver. A 10c box (week's treatment) of CASCARETS will help nature help you. They will do more—using them regularly as you need them—than any medicine on Earth. Get a box today; take a CASCARET tonight. Better in the morning. It's the result that makes millions take them. 881

CUT THIS OUT, mail it with your address to Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill., and receive a handsome souvenir gold Bon Bon FREE.

An Ideal Present
NO STROPPING NO HONING
Gillette
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.