

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF BOB HAMPTON OF GLACIER, ETC.

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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 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.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

I walked the floor twice from wall to wall, thinking swiftly, the sudden cigar clinched tightly between my teeth. I could perceive no reason why the deed might not be accomplished if luck favored, and I was sufficiently young so that the danger rather appealed than repelled. Suddenly I wheeled and faced him, still seated at the table.

"You may fill out the blank, señor," I announced, quietly. "I will try a throw of the dice."

CHAPTER IV.

In Which I Meet My Crew.

The polite hotel clerk halted me as I passed his desk on the way out with information that a drunken naval officer—evidently Sanchez—had been there twice already seeking me, had also asked for Lord Darlington, and would return again at ten o'clock. I thanked him, smiling to myself, wondering if the English nobleman was to be challenged also, and promptly disappeared into the night without. The unfortunate affair with the aggrieved lieutenant had become a small matter no longer troubling me.

I have wandered by night through most of the seaports of the world, knowing well the intricacies and dark places of Port Said, Melbourne and Calcutta, but I doubt if even the un-speakable orient can equal for dirt, squalor, crime and peril those narrow, crooked alleyways where sailors most do congregate against the Valparaiso waterfront. Here gather in brawling rioting the scum of the South seas, and here flourish their parasites. Any night a trip alone through those foul lanes is of the kind to test strong nerves; but on this special occasion, the way filled with pandemonium and drunkenness, the entire city a riot of noisy violence, the populace aroused to fierce hate toward all foreigners, the passage was one of constantly recurring danger. The street lights, few and far between, were mere blotches of color winking feebly at the surrounding darkness, the rough cobblestone pavement underfoot was irregular and deceitful, while drunken crowds, either quarrelsome or maulingly affectionate, surged aimlessly about, gesticulating and yelling with Latin fervor. However, I knew the way well, and kept myself hidden from observation by hovering close beneath the protecting shadows of the buildings, drawing well back within doorways to permit the noisier parties of revelers to pass, and then hurrying forward along the deserted streets. I stumbled over the body of more than one drunken man, while sounds of quarreling were borne to me through the open door of every low taproom I passed. The scum of Valparaiso had come to the top, the fires of hell burning fiercely.

Pedro Rodriguez' den stood somewhat back from the narrow lane it fronted, flanked and concealed by taller buildings on either side. It was a ramshackle, wooden affair, sagging sadly at one corner, the half dozen steps leading to the open door being only dimly lighted. As it was a well-known resort, frequented almost entirely by foreign seamen who would scarcely be safe on the streets such a night as this, it was no surprise to discover the taproom densely crowded with sailor-men, and to distinguish a voice singing lustily in vigorous English, to an accompaniment of glasses pounding upon the rough tables. Indeed, a wild, hilarious mob greeted me loudly as I pressed aside the heavy curtain and stepped within. I cast a quick, comprehensive glance over the faces, upturned through the enveloping haze—Swedes and Finns from the North sea, Dutchmen of the Baltic, hairy Englishmen from the channel, Yankees of the West Atlantic, beach-combers from out of the South seas, with here and there a negro or brown-faced Kanaka to add to the variety. Faith, it was a choice collection, as though the wide waters of the world had been skimmed to bring together that rare crew of beauties. Perched high upon a table, his long legs encased in sea boots, seated astride a chair, sat the singer; his mop of coarse red hair standing erect, his jaw that of a bulldog, the scar of a recent knife wound showing ghastly across one cheek, his blue shirt open



Tuttle wheeled and stared, his jaw working savagely.

at the throat to reveal a hairy chest; beneath thatched brows his eyes gleamed and gleamed in a ferocious attempt at good humor.

"Sing, ye bullies!" he roared, after one inquiring glance toward me, bringing his heavy glass down on the back of the chair. "Lay it out fer the gent, what has just come callin' on ye. Tune up, ye sea dogs. I'm no hopera barstid here to entertain ye. Give us a swing to the chorus now, or I'll shy this mug into yer bloomin' faces. Lift the tune, my hearties, and show the daogoes outside what ye can do. Now at it:

The captain's bride was fair to see:
Swing hard! bend low!
She mocked at him; she smiled at me;
Swing hard! bend low!
"Oh, to hell wid that sorter love-sick stuff," cried a protesting voice, hoarse-ly. "That's no good sailor song, Bill. Give us somethin' to start our pipes."

The giant in the chair scowled.

"Ye're a lot o' dubs, an' not fit sail-or-men," he retorted, savagely, draining his glass; "but I've got a chorus ye'll sing or fight me, an' dam' if I care much which. Now take a grip at this:

A mighty man was Pat McCann,
Who sailed upon the sea;
Within his hold he hid the gold,
He stole in Barbaree.

In Barbaree, in Barbaree
The men, he mutie,
He has the loot,
He found in Barbaree.

They were still at it, the motley, mongrel crew, their hoarse, drink-thickened voices roaring out lines full of the fierce swing of the deep sea, their glasses pounding in unison on the tables, as I pushed my way through them up to the sloopy bar and faced the fellow standing behind.

"Is there a Yankee whaleman here by the name of Tuttle?" I asked.

He stared at me, his eyes squinting, while the wild chorus began to die away like a clock run down.

"Bill, whar's Cap' Tut'?" he called out finally. "Here's a cove wants him."

The red-headed giant, perched aloft on the chair, flung one hand indifferently across his shoulder toward the rear of the room.

"Come on again, mates," he roared. "Another drink, and another song. Spit it out this time—'Swing hard! Bend low!'"

"He's yonder in the back room; through that door, mate," said the bartender, shortly. "Better not tread on any of the lads' feet goin' in, unless maybe ye're here to-night huntin' trouble. They're just 'bout drunk enough now to be ready to start a row."

I picked my way with caution, the fierce hit of that devil's chorus stunning my ears, the hairy faces confronting me scowlingly suggestive of any crime. Saint Andrew! I thought soberly, if this was still the day of pirates here was a brood ready for hatching. With a feeling of positive relief I pressed open the heavy wooden door, stepped within and closed it carefully behind me. So tightly fitting and solid the wood it instantly shut out completely the mad riot of the

barroom. It was like coming into a new world. Two men sat alone at a small, round table smoking, between them a short-necked black bottle with glasses, and a scattered deck of greasy cards. The one nearest where I stood, tall, long-limbed, angular, his face thin and made to appear more so from a sandy chin-whisker, had his knees swung over the arm of his chair, a bald spot on the top of his head shining conspicuously beneath the rays of the lamp. His companion was considerably younger, somewhat trim of build, with black, curling hair, and small mustaches curled upward at the tips. He was of a complexion to make me think him either a creole or quadroon, but with smiling lips and a light in his merry eyes bespeaking a temperament of good humor.

"Capt. Eli Tuttle?" I questioned, doubtfully.

The older man slowly deposited his feet on the floor and stood up. He was a trifle round-shouldered, attired in a black frock coat which dangled to the knees, and his eyes of cold gray narrowed into mere slits as he inspected me with undisguised suspicion.

"The spirit which for 70 years hath made answer to that earthly name still abideth within this fleshy body," he responded solemnly, in a voice seemingly from the very pit of his stomach. "I am still permitted to sail the seas, thus known to the children of men, awaiting in patience the hour of translation."

To be greeted thus in such a spot stunned me for the instant, my cheeks flushing as I read undisguised amusement in the upturned face of the creole. My teeth shut together hard.

"You are Eli Tuttle, then, formerly master of the whaling bark Betsy?"

"Even so, young man," his lean face perfectly emotionless, his long fingers outspread flat on the table. "Eli Tuttle of New Bedford, once the chief of sinners, but now communing with the higher life of the spirit world. Associate me not with yonder ungodly crew, blind to the truth of the beyond," and he snapped his fingers softly toward the closed door. "In this world saints and sinners must indeed mingle bodily, yet not in any communion of spirit. It was for peaceful meditation that friend De Nova and I deserted yonder scene of revelry and sought this secluded spot. Truly the good book saith that where one or two are gathered together in his name there is he also in the midst of them."

The creole laughed outright, smiting the table smartly with his palm.

"Sit down, mate!" he exclaimed, genially, kicking up a chair. "After you know zis ol' hypocrite as well as I do, his communion viz spirits won't vuzzer you much. Help yourself to drink, an' wash the taste out you mouth."

Tuttle wheeled about and stared at his companion, his thin jaw working savagely; but the creole went on rolling a cigarette indifferently between his brown fingers, his white teeth

gleaming. I remained standing, my hand on the back of the chair, intently studying the pair.

"I come directly from Don Castillo," I said, quietly, facing the Yankee, and determined to get down to business, "and desire to speak with you alone."

His glittering eyes narrowed perceptibly, and his jaws crunched down upon the tobacco in his cheek.

"'Tis safe enough with him," he acknowledged rather ungraciously, his voice becoming nasal as he pointed his chin toward the other. "De Nova is second officer."

I drew back the chair and sat down, realizing that I now possessed the attention of both.

"I have been appointed to assume Capt. Castelar's duties," I announced quietly. "Do either of you care to examine my papers?"

Tuttle spat silently into the sawdust, while De Nova exhibited his white teeth in a grin. The eyes of the two men met.

"I rather guess your papers won't cut much ice in this yere affair," returned the former with deliberate insolence, "being as how we don't either of us give a tinker's dam' fer Peru, if you'll pardon my sayin' so plainly."

His mask had disappeared as by magic, and I realized instantly the real nature of the man.

"You mean no enlistment has been made, either by you, or the men under you?"

"That's just about the size of it, mister," his tone full of unconcealed contempt, his leg flung once again over the arm of the chair. "We agreed to do this one particular job fer a certain consideration, but we're none of us Peruvian sailor-men, and consequently don't give a hang for your papers. Ain't that about it, De Nova?"

The creole nodded, still smiling pleasantly, the blue smoke curling lazily up from the end of his cigarette. Evidently the two were actively engaged in taking my measure, and this was to be a case of man against man, rather than the exercise of any delegated authority. I might as well throw my commission into the fire for any real value it possessed here. All right, I had met and attended to their kind before.

"I am delighted to understand the situation so clearly and quickly," I said, sharply, throwing a note of authority into my voice and manner. "It simplifies my task. Now listen to me, Mr. Tuttle," giving him his formal title, "and you likewise, De Nova. I probably care as little for those papers as either of you, but, nevertheless, I am in command. Do you both clearly comprehend that?—I am in command! It will be just as well for you not to attempt any horse-play. I am no dago sea-officer, but a North American sailor, and I didn't come crawling into my first ship through a cabin window. I've tamed mutinous crews before now, and when I'm up against sea-scum I can hit as hard as the next fellow. If either of you desire to test my qualities as a bucko-mate, I'm here to accommodate you."

Neither answered, but I read their conclusion in their eyes.

"That's all I need to say now," I went on. "It's up to you to fish or cut bait. You fellows have nothing to gain by opposing me, and I hope you possess sense enough to know it. De Nova, where have I ever met you before?"

The creole's face instantly brightened again, his white teeth gleaming under the black mustache.

"So monsieur remember," he flapped gently, leaning forward on the table. "I thought maybe you forget altogether 'bout zat time. But I know you at once w'en you come in. It make me laugh to see zis Yankee try bait you like you was a dago steamboat. Bah, I know you all right for sailor-man; I know you do business."

"But I am unable to place you."

"No, not yet; maybe you will w'en I say more." He spoke rapidly, gesticulating with excitement. "It was a little ship off Hatteras; ze storm five days, an' all wreck. It was a steamer, w'ite, wiss red stacks, zat took off ze crew, an' it was hell of a job. Zat waz ze story, monsieur; I was mate of ze Cymbeline."

I knew him then instantly, my memory picturing anew the cold, gray dawn, the green, angry seas, the helpless, sodden hulk heaving sickeningly to its death, and those water-drenched forms we hauled over the sinking rail into our tossing boat. I held forth my hand, and his brown fingers, hard as iron, closed over it in a grip to be felt.

"Sure, it's come back, mate," I said. "I rather guess I can count on you."

His dark eyes met mine in frank honesty.

"Running arms for the Cuban revolutionists then, weren't you?" I asked, indifferently. "What since?"

He shrugged his shoulders, glancing across at Tuttle, and fingering his mustache.

"Fair, Fat and Tide-ye." A Kanaka sat on the bench at Atlantic City watching a fair and fat bather disporting herself in the surf. He knew nothing of tides, and he did not notice that each succeeding wave came a little closer to his feet. At last an extra big wave washed over his shoe tops.

"Hey, there!" he yelled at the fair, fat bather. "Quit yer jumpin' up and down! Dye want to drown me?"—Everybody's Magazine.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is destroyed forever, you cannot hear. It is not cured by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Much sickness starts with weak stomach, and consequent poor, impoverished blood. Nervous and pale people lack good, rich, red blood. Their stomachs need invigorating for, after all, a man can be no stronger than his stomach.

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COUNTRY AWAKE TO DANGER

Immense Amount of Money Spent Last Year in Fight Against Tuberculosis.

A report issued recently by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis shows that for the treatment of tuberculous patients in sanatoria and hospitals \$5,292,289.77 was expended during the year 1909. The anti-tuberculosis associations spent \$975,889.56, the tuberculosis dispensaries and clinics \$640,474.64, and the various municipalities, for special tuberculosis work, spent \$1,111,967.53. The anti-tuberculosis associations distributed the most literature, spreading far and wide 8,400,000 copies of circulars, pamphlets and printed matter for the purpose of educating the public about consumption. The health departments of the different cities also distributed more than 1,056,000 copies, which, with the work done by state departments of health, brings the number of pieces distributed during the year well over 10,000,000. The largest number of patients treated during the year was by the dispensaries, where 61,586 patients were given free treatment and advice. The sanatoria and hospitals treated 37,758 patients, while anti-tuberculosis associations assisted 16,968.

The Kind Caddie.

"Once in a game," said the golfer, "I had the good fortune to be six holes up on my opponent by the time the eighth hole was reached. At the eighth green something went wrong with our reckoning of the strokes and I claimed that I had won that hole, too, while my opponent claimed that it was halved. After a mild dispute I yielded."

"But as I moved on with my caddie I couldn't help grumbling:

"Well, you know, Joseph, I gave in; but I still think I won that hole after all."

"The boy, with a frown, turned shocked and reproving eyes on me. Disgusted with my greed for holes, he whispered hurriedly, so that my opponent should not overhear:

"Shut up, can't you? Do ye want to break the man's heart?"

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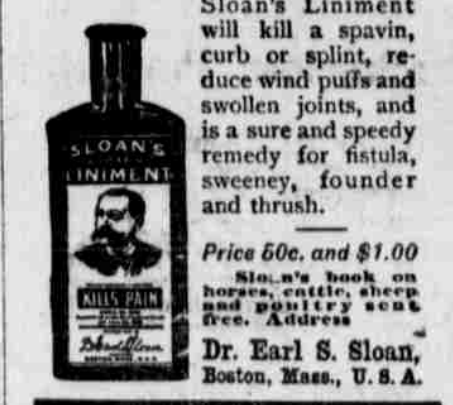
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Here's the Proof.

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