

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF "DAB HAMILTON OF FLORISSA, ETC."

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. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot, saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the Donna Isabel was lost in 1533. He had found it frozen in a huge case of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tuttle finally seizing the situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal. De Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tuttle, now acting as skipper, insane because of his queer actions. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a spasm of religious mania and overcame him. The sailor upon regaining his senses was taken ill. Tuttle committed suicide by shooting. Upon vote of the crew Stephens assumed the leadership and the men decided to continue the treasure hunt, the islands being supposed to be only 30 miles distant. Tuttle was buried in the sea. Lady Darlington pronouncing the service. Stephens awaking from sleep saw the ghost, supposed to have formed the basis for Tuttle's religious mania. Upon advice of Lady Darlington, Stephens started to probe the ghost. He came upon Lieut. Sanchez, the drunken officer he had humbled in Chile. He found that at Sanchez' inspiration, Engineer McKnight played "ghost" to scare the men into giving up the quest. Stephens announced that the Sea Queen was at the spot where Tuttle's quest was supposed to be. The crew was anxious to go on in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered them in a fist fight. Lady Darlington thanked him. The Sea Queen started northward. She was wrecked in a fog. Stephens, De Nova, Lady Darlington and her maid being among those to escape in a life boat. Ten were rescued. Stephens saw only one chance in a thousand for life. Lady Darlington, her maid, her love to Stephens and he did likewise. Lady Darlington told her life story, how she had been captured for a time by her friends and go back to the old life. A ship was sighted. The craft proved to be a derelict. They boarded her. She was a schooner with hundreds of years of life. The vessel was the Donna Isabel, lost in 1533, 125 years previous. The frozen bodies of the former crew were removed.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

When the dishes had finally been removed I gave the men permission to smoke, went back to the after stateroom, and brought forth the log-book, which we made an effort to decipher. It was roughly written and by a number of different hands, and between us our knowledge of early Spanish script was barely sufficient to enable us to read a portion of it. The earlier entries made by the captain, although badly faded, were legible enough, bringing the story of the voyage down to the latter part of July, and recounting a series of severe gales, involving the loss of several members of the crew. Then a new hand took up the pen, "Balaza, first officer," the captain having been killed by a falling spar; for a week or ten days the tale was of fierce struggles in the ice-pack, and a steady drift to the southward. Others followed—"Alcassar, second officer," "Salvatore, government agent," every line the record of new disaster, gales, wrecked rigging and death. They were locked in beyond all hope early in August, vast hummocks overhanging the deck, the forecastle sealed by ice, the cold so deadly the red-hot stove scarcely kept the numbing chill from the cabin, the doors and windows of which they had covered with blankets. Not a day passed but that they carried out their dead upon the ice, leaving them beyond sight of the deck. The names were all written down. There came a time when the survivors were too few and weak even for that service; when they could do nothing but cower within the cabin and cast dice to settle on who should go down into the icy hold and bring up the fuel which alone kept life in them. They drank and played cards; they quarreled, forgetting everything human and reverting to brutes. The child of Senora Alcatraz died; the next day the mother went quietly to sleep, never to wake again. They did not even know when her final breath came. She was the last of the women. The boatswain, Pedro Reo, passed away that same night, sitting on the deck; and there was left only Salvatore, who had gone mad, a seaman named Juan Ruiz, and a passenger, Antonio Saltere. It was the latter who wrote the final entry, September 11, 1753: "I touched Ruiz just now, he was stone cold; there is only Salvatore left, grinning at me across the table; the last



"Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me, Over Life's Tempestuous Sea."

candle is going out, too, and I haven't strength to go after more. Jesus, mercy!" It ended in the blank page. "Doris, sweetheart," I whispered, my words barely audible to her alone, "this will drive us all mad unless we can do something to bring back faith and hope. I beg of you to sing to us, sing to us here."

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Uplifting waves before me roll,
Hiding rock, and treacherous shoal,
Chart and compass come from Thee;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

While I live I remember the wondrous change in her face as she sang—the effect pictured in those faces watching her.

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will,
When Thou sayest to them: "Be still,"
Wondrous Sovereign of the Sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

She straightened, her fine eyes darkening, and I noticed Johnson leaning forward, clenching the table with his hand.

When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
"Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

In the intense silence that followed she crossed to where I sat, placed one hand upon my shoulder, and bent down until her cheek pressed my sleeve. One by one the men fled gravely out into the darkness of the deck, leaving us there alone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In Which We Find Treasure.
We began to dream of treasure as soon as the fierce winds ceased and the waves fell. The lust for wealth, partially blunted by the requirements of hardship and peril, revived within us the instant nature granted a temporary respite. The memory of the three million pesos that might be stowed away below began to haunt our imaginations, and the story of it found utterance on our lips. The negro blurted it forth, his eyes rolling, and De Nova came direct to me, asking, in behalf of the men, the privilege of making search. There was no excuse for refusal, even had I desired to find one, as the decks were cleared of the debris left by the storm, and the Donna Isabel rode her course

easily to a lashed helm. Leaving Dade above to keep a watchful eye on the weather, I willingly led the others into the steward's pantry, where we pried open the door leading down into the lazarette.

That same intense cold of the Antarctic smote us the moment the creaking hinges yielded, and we stood peering down through the aperture. We waited impatiently for the first frigid breath to escape, huddled about the stove in the cabin, and recalling various sea tales of treasure seeking, which only served to whet our appetite for the coming adventure. Now and then I lifted my eyes, meeting Doris' questioning glance, and assured that I understood her mood.

At last, but well wrapped in our mufflers and bearing a candle aloft to cast its flickering yellow light through the pitchy darkness, we ventured below, scrambling down the short ladder. Cole held the gim, his black face shining, the whites of his eyes conspicuous as he stared eagerly about. We found innumerable boxes and barrels, crates, bottles and wicker flasks, some open, the packing straw strewn about, others tightly nailed, piled everywhere, evidence that the galleon had been amply provisioned for a long voyage, and that her crew had never perished of starvation. It had been the cold, the loneliness, the awful agony of their hopeless condition that had left the Donna Isabel a charnel ship. We handled this collection rapidly, contenting ourselves with merely testing the weight of each package, quickly convinced that none was heavy enough to conceal precious metal. This job must have occupied more than an hour, handicapped as we were by the poor light, and several times I glanced through the open trap overhead to observe the faces of the women framed there as they watched us silently. Once Dade stared down, bringing word the sky was thickening in the west, and lingering to observe our operations until I had to order him back upon deck.

A solid, nail-studded, oaken door appeared in the forward bulkhead, and so soon as we had succeeded in handling every article stored within the lazarette, I had a passage cleared to it, the men working with feverish impatience. When finally reached, the door was locked and seemingly as solid as the bulkhead itself, nor did a search of the after staterooms reveal any keys. No doubt they were in Salvatore's pocket, many a league astern. But Kelly and McKnight brought down the cleaver and an iron bar, and proceeded to burst it open, the rest of us crowding about, too cold and excited to keep still, but very confident the treasure awaited us within. My own heart beat fiercely with anticipation, and I heard De Nova swearing in French, quite unable to control himself. It seemed to me that door would never yield; but at last Johnson managed to get a purchase low down, and with Cole heaving at his side, they fairly tore the wood asunder. Through the considerable opening thus made there burst a torrent of icy water into our very faces, extinguishing the light,

and sending us stumbling backward to the ladder, up which we swarmed almost in panic. Anything unexpected in that ghost-ship made cowards of us all, and we fought our way forth into the daylight in a suddenness of terror almost ludicrous, swearing and clawing at each other like madmen.

It required another hour for the deluge of water to drain away through the deck, after which we ventured below again, the relighted candle revealing slush-ice everywhere, with a considerable trickle still gurgling through the hole in the door. However, we had an opening to work at, and soon succeeded in tearing most of the obstruction away piecemeal, only to be confronted by a solid barrier of glittering ice fully five feet thick, leaving a space at the top of the door barely sufficient for a man's body to pass through. De Nova, cursing as if he had gone crazy, hoisted me to the top of it, where I clung precariously, holding the sputtering candle aloft, and peering about over the gleaming surface and through into the black shadows. Good Lord, but it was cold, repellent, frightful! The beams supporting the deck, huge, black timbers, were within easy reach of my hand, and forward the spectral glow of daylight streamed in through the rift in the deck-planks above. But from one bulging side to the other extended this solid mass of ice, the congealed drating of a century of waves that had dashed their salt spray down the opening ripped by the wrecked mainmast. No wonder the old hulk hung sodden with all that load below!

I crawled forward as far as the silvery butt of the mainmast whence I could look up through the splintered deck to the narrow strip of sky overhead. There was a bulkhead forward, but the ice extended solidly to the wood. I could hear the ceaseless swell of the sea pounding against the sides, the groaning of timbers, the flapping of the jib's canvas, and realized more than ever before the sickening, sodden roll of the laden hull. The level surface of the ice told plainly enough its story of formation; when all that water came through, the vessel had been upon an even keel, imbedded firmly, no doubt, in the ice-pack. I crept back as cautiously as I had advanced, the rolling of the wreck rendering the slippery surface dangerous to travel over. The men watched me anxiously as I slid down into the lazarette.

"What did you find, sir?"
"Nothing except ice, solid ice clear to the forward bulkhead. It looks as though we had reached the end of our treasure-hunt, my lads."
There was a sullen growl of profanity, McKnight viciously slashing at the ice-front with his cleaver. Twice he struck, with no other object except the venting of his ungovernable anger, his forehead beaded, the great muscles of his arms standing out like whiplords. A considerable chunk scaled off, falling thumping to the deck, and causing him to spring backward to escape injury. As if maddened by this, he drove in the blade of the ax again—it clanged against metal! We all heard it; we all witnessed the rebound.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stork Day.

At Haslach, in the Kinzig valley, in Germany, February 22 is a holiday and has been observed as one for hundreds of years. Once upon a time, the story teller who explains its origin begins. Haslach was overrun with snakes, and no one knew how to drive them out. One day a great flock of storks appeared, and they were the saviors of the place. In recognition of this deliverance from the pest, which occurred on February 2, the day has been kept sacred and is known as "Stork day." An appointed official known as the "Stork Father" parades the streets, followed by as many children as care to join the procession. He wears his "Sunday clothes" and a high hat, decorated with two stuffed storks. Stops are made by this procession at houses along the line and the children receive gifts of sweets and small coins, every householder feeling pleased to show his gratitude to the stork.

Puzzle for Cupid.

A young man named Jamie had been calling quite often where there were two sisters of nearly the same age. It was a sort of joke to the girls as to which was the attraction, as he invariably asked for both and divided his attention impartially. One evening when he called only one of the girls was at home—by arrangement—but, as usual, he asked her to sing, as they were all fond of music. In a spirit of mischief she sang, "Take Me, Jamie, Dear," which left him rather breathless, but smiling. A little later the other sister came in, bright and be- witching, and upon being requested to sing she sat down at the piano willingly and sang, "If Jamie Asks Me to Marry Him What Shall I Say?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

TO CLEAN WITH GASOLINE

Delicate Fabrics May Be Easily
Rejuvenated in Very Simple
Method.

Chiffon ruchings, which are soiled but not crushed, can be rejuvenated by shaking them in clear gasoline and then drying them in the sunshine and air. Small articles, such as fancy neckwear in general, which must be treated gently, can be put into a fruit jar nearly filled with gasoline. Using a rubber ring, screw the top on tightly. Let the articles soak for some time, and then shake them vigorously. Rinse in the same manner in clear gasoline. Dry in the sunshine and air. Coat collars can often be cleaned by wetting a cloth in gasoline and then rubbing the soiled part. Occasionally, if the fabric will warrant it, and is very much soiled, I have used an old toothbrush for this purpose, instead of the cloth. Neckties cannot always be cleaned by the simple rubbing process. If that is so, try using a brush dipped in gasoline, to scrub the very soiled parts. Satin, of course, does not permit of this treatment. Grease spots can be removed by rubbing the spot with a good white soap, after the article has been soaked in gasoline. Rub hard and rinse thoroughly. Gasoline in which soap has been used cannot be used a second time. White kid gloves, as everyone knows, can be successfully cleaned in gasoline, and almost everyone has her own special method. Colored gloves do not clean well as a rule. It is best not to try them.—Woman's Home Companion.

TO SAVE THE TEA TOWELS

When Not Used as Lifters They Will
Last Three Times as
Long.

Tea towels would last three times as long and look much whiter and neater during their lifetime if they were not used as lifters.
"Pernicious, slovenly habit!" says the neat housekeeper. Perhaps, but one that is common practise while utensils are hot and fingers sensitive. One housekeeper has broken her maids of this habit by providing them with a lifter that is always in evidence when it is needed.
She makes an eight-inch square of several thicknesses of old tea towel- ing, in which she slips a layer of asbestos paper or a thickness of canvas. The edges are turned in, stitched, and to one corner is fastened a long tape with buttonhole at each end.
By means of buttonhole, the holder can be fastened to button of apron band and the lifter kept in apron pocket until needed.

Candied Pineapple Strips.

"Candied pineapple strips are delicious and are easily prepared," says Sally Sanders in Woman's Home Companion. "The fruit is first peeled, then cut in strips two inches long, half an inch wide and about a quarter of an inch thick. Measure the fruit and add half the quantity of granulated sugar, and let it stand until the sugar is dissolved, which may be nearly twenty-four hours. Drain off the juice and boil it five minutes, then add the fruit and cook for three or four minutes; drain the pineapple and spread on a platter to dry. The process may be hastened by putting the platter in the sun, the warming-closet, or even on the top of a radiator. The fruit should be turned once and then rolled in fine granulated sugar. The process is a much more lengthy one than that required for the fruit peel, but a few pieces put in each box makes a delicious addition."

Featherlight Waffles.

The following recipe cannot be surpassed either for excellence or economy. The quantity of cornmeal used is so small that it does not give the taste of cornmeal but imparts a delicate, nutty flavor which is lacking where it is not used: Break two eggs in a round bottom bowl and beat well. Pour over them two cups of sour milk (or buttermilk), add one-fourth cup cornmeal, two cups flour, one teaspoon sugar, one teaspoon salt, one full tablespoonful butter, one level tablespoonful lard (lard and butter should be melted), and one scant teaspoon of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of warm water. Stir the mixture well.

Yorkshire Pudding.

A good Yorkshire pudding will need two eggs, two cupfuls of milk, six tablespoonfuls of flour, one saltspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift the flour into a basin with the salt, stir in the milk gradually, beat up the eggs and add them to the batter when quite smooth. Allow this to stand for two hours; add the baking powder and pour into a baking dish with some melted drippings; bake half an hour. Baste frequently with some of the meat fat. When ready cut the pudding in squares and serve it around the roast.

Vinegar Sauce.

One and one-half cups sugar, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour in a little water, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, a little grated nutmeg and a pinch of salt. Pour over this mixture one and one-half pints boiling water and boil ten minutes; just before taking from the stove add a dessertspoonful of butter.

To Boil Eggs.

Most persons prefer their eggs boiled medium. That is, boiled for three minutes. If you prefer them very soft, for two or 2½ minutes. If hard, boil for four minutes or more. Water should be at the boiling point.

GNAT CAUSES PELLAGRA.

Committee on Disease in Europe Says
Corn is Not to Blame.

London, May 14.—Dr. Sambon, a member of the Field committee which has been investigating the disease pellagra, telegraphs from Rome that the committee has definitely proved that maize or Indian corn is not the cause of pellagra.
The committee finds that the parasite conveyor of the disease is the "mullum repans," a species of biting gnat.

A Wonder Worker.

Sapleigh—Ah, speaking of electricity, that makes me think—
Miss Keene—Really, Mr. Sapleigh! Isn't it remarkable what electricity can do!

Made His Reputation.

Harker—That fellow Bilkins is an enthusiast, isn't he?
Parker—That's what! You know he likes to speak of himself as a sportsman?
Harker—Yes.
Parker—Well, the only thing he ever did in that line was to go on a wild goose chase three years ago.

Reasoning of Youthful Mind.

A schoolmistress whose hair was of the blackest hue, was one day giving a lesson on a coal mine to a class in Suffolk, England. To make the lesson interesting as possible she went on to say she had herself been in a coal mine. A little lad put up his hand, and when pointed to said: "Please, teacher, is that what made your hair so black?"

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm sell the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 4th day of December, A. D. 1908.
A. W. GLEASON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

The Business Instinct.

An English farmer, taking his little son with him, was going to the polling station to give his vote. On the way he met a friend on the same errand, and the two entered into conversation. After an excited and heated argument about the budget they came to blows. The poor lad was much frightened, and, seeing that his father was getting the worst of it suddenly called out to him: "Hit him in the watch, father; that'll cost him something!"

A Horse Lover.

James R. Keene, who is noted not less as a horseman than as a financier, said at a luncheon at his Cedarhurst residence:
"My love of horses has been a great comfort to me all my life. I have always kept my horses in their place though. I haven't allowed them to interfere with my business."
"Some men carry their love of horses altogether too far. Such a one was a young father who stood, with his fair wife, before the crib of their first born.
"Isn't he wonderful?" the young mother cried. "Did you ever see any thing like him at twenty-six months?"
"Maternal love is all very well," the father retorted, impatiently, "but please don't try to compare it with a two-year-old thoroughbred."

Good Work Proceeds Slowly.

At the present rate of increase nearly forty-five years must elapse before sufficient hospital accommodations to provide for all the indigent consumptives in the United States will be provided, declares the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Although over 7,000 beds in hospitals, sanatoria, camps and wards for tubercular patients were established last year, there are fully 300,000 indigent consumptives who ought to be placed in such institutions and a total of only 22,720 beds in the entire country. On May 1, 1909, there were 15,244 beds for consumptives and 294 institutions. The annual report of the national association shows an increase of 99 institutions and 7,500 beds.

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