

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, an 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 Darlington, a navy officer, confronted Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He declined that night the *Emerald*, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a party of crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the *Emerald*, 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 ladyship. 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 1733. He had found it frozen in a huge mass 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 squaring 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 200 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's 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 ordered to go on in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered them in a flat fight. Lady Darlington thanked him. The *Sea Queen* started northward. Stephens was wrecked in fog. Stephens, De Nova, Lady Darlington and her maid being among those to set out in a life boat. Stephens was rescued. Stephens saw only one chance in a thousand for life. Lady Darlington confessed her love to Stephens and he did likewise. Lady Darlington told her life story; how she had been bartered for a title, her yearning for Stephens' love, her rescue of herself as the school chum of Stephens' sister. She expressed a wish to die in the sea rather than face her former captor. She went back to the ship with her sister. The craft proved to be a derelict. They boarded her. She was frozen tight with hundreds of years of ice. Stephens and the *Donna Isabel*, lost in 1733, 125 years previous. The frozen bodies of the former crew were removed. Stephens learned the log of the *Isabel*, which told how the Spaniards had died from cold, one by one. Lady Darlington sang to praise the men from becoming moody. The crew commenced the hunt for treasure. They found the iron chest, said to contain a part of 3,000,000 pesos, firmly imbedded in ice. Lady Darlington expressed the belief that it would never benefit the men, for she said the *Isabel* would never reach port. The men got a hut for gold. Stephens quelled it by whipping one. The *Donna Isabel* showed indications of sailing. They prepared to depart with what treasure had been found.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

The negro Cole acted as though he had lost his mind, entirely, and after studying him awhile I concluded to let him do as he pleased. He ate breakfast with the rest of us, but without speaking, and afterward, when we left the table, picked up the cleaver and made directly for the lazarette. I called to him, but he merely rolled his eyes up at me from the blackness below and disappeared, the icy water slushing underfoot. We soon heard him vigorously slashing away at the ice, muttering constantly to himself. I went part way down the ladder, with a candle in my hand, whence I could see him tolling away at the end of the hole the men had excavated in the ice, though he paid no attention to my call. The water was fully six inches deep over the lazarette deck, splashing back and forth as the vessel rolled, and I could see drops of seawater squeezing in through the sides of her and dripping steadily down. There was nothing to do but leave the fellow alone, so after telling Dade to look down the ladder once in a while and keep an eye on him I joined the others on deck.

"Gone clear nutty," commented McKnight, tapping his head. "The very sight of them yellow boys was too much for him."

"I only hope it wasn't my blow," I said soberly.

"Blow—hell! Why, that crack never hurt his skull. Mr. Stephens. The fellow was plumb crazy as soon as the box was open. He never thought there was so much money in the world. Why, you ought to 'a' heard him tell of the junk he was goin' to buy when he got his share back to the States. Oh, he'll come out of his dream all right if we only let him alone for a day or so."

So we left him down there alone, pegging away in the dark. He came up, however, at the call for dinner, eating away heartily without uttering



With All My Strength I Flung Myself Forth—Straight Out into the Sea.

a word and going back to his solitary labor, paying not the slightest heed to any of us. When night came I compelled him to remove his icy trousers and boots and lie down in one of the bunks. When I looked in a few minutes later he was sound asleep.

That the wreck was slowly settling down under us was beyond doubt, and laden with ice as she was the sudden hull would probably drop at last like a stone. The thickening sky to the southward made me exceedingly anxious; and just before dark we talked the conditions over together, each man having his say. The decision was to remain on board, all alike believing the *Donna Isabel* would keep afloat several days yet, unless the weather became serious. Everything was made ready, however, for a hasty escape, and a deck-watch set.

Doris passed the greater part of my watch on deck with me, and as Kelly was on the poop we were the nearest to being alone together we had ever been. It was an exceedingly dark night, but still an awful sense of loneliness brooding over the black waters, the canvas forward flapping mournfully, the huge rudder continually creaking to the slap of the waves, and a faint gurgle of water sounding from below. The dreariness of it affected us both, in spite of an effort at cheerfulness; besides, we had little to talk about except our perilous situation. Yet there was an acute pleasure in thus being together, and so she lingered on beside me, her eyes wandering from my face out into the gloom, much of the time silent, yet content. Finally, after urging her to go in out of the chill, I took a turn forward, even clambering up the ice hummock to the fore peak, and testing the rise of water with a measuring rod. As I returned aft, where Kelly was slapping himself to keep warm, a light flaky snow began falling and soon powdered the decks.

I did not undress, but flung myself on the couch in the main cabin after replenishing the fire, and lay there some time, staring up at the smoky deck-beams, listening to the slush of water in the lazarette, half-frightened by the suddenness of the hulk's rolling. Yet my conviction that she would keep afloat for hours yet finally lulled me to sleep.

De Nova woke me with a fierce grip on the shoulder, and I started up, noting the gray dawn on the front windows, and reading the truth in his face before he uttered a word.

"Is she going?"

"Out, out; by gar, she sink quick!"

"Call all hands; get the boat clear and ready to swing. I'll bring the women."

The men were tumbling out as I pounded on the after state-room door. A glance through the stern-port brought my heart into my throat, the crests of the pursuing waves were so close. Knowing that both women would be fully dressed, I flung open the door and began hastily gathering up their belongings. Within a brief minute we were outside on the deck. A single glance told us there was no

time to waste. The sea ran somewhat heavier, yet with a regular swell, the *Donna Isabel* reeling and staggering like a drunken man. The vessel had sunk so deeply that her main-chains dipped, while her list permitted the water free entrance through the gap in the port bulwarks, and flooded the deck. There was a desperation to her mad wallowing which made me think each plunge would prove her last. I swung Doris into the stern of the long-boat, bidding her hold tight.

"Now jump, men—lively, or she'll go down under us! De Nova, Johnson, tumble in and handle the ropes; Sanchez, fend off, and have an oar ready. Now, then, tall on the rest of you, and let her go—easy, there, easy! Slide down the line everybody, and cast off—oars, men, oars, or she'll swamp us."

The dip of the chains missed us by the barest inch; then we swung clear, tossed high on the creamy crest of a huge roller, which enabled us to look straight down on the sloping deck.

"Is every one here?" I asked.

"All but Jim Cole, sir."

"Cole, where is he?"

It was Johnson who answered.

"Well, all I know about it is, I hauled him out of the bunk, and shook him wide awake. Then I left him to go out and rout out Kelly. That's the last I saw of him, sir, but it's a sure thing he ain't here."

De Nova had hold of the tiller, and I sprang forward, pushing past Sanchez, who was in the bow.

"Lay her nose close in where I can jump for the chains," I ordered sharply. "We can't leave Cole behind to drown."

It was a bit of a ticklish job the way the sea was running, and that lumping wreck sagging under, but the mate knew his trade, and as the boat rose high on the swell, I leaped and hung on, my feet dangling in the froth. As the sudden hull swung reeling over I clambered up, and dropped to the deck. The missing negro was nowhere in sight. I leaned over, staring down at the bobbing boat being hurled back by the rebound of the surge, yet seeing only the white face of Doris upturned appealingly toward me.

"Pull out, boys; strong, now! Give her plenty of room so she won't suck you down when she drops. I've got to try the cabin."

I got at that far. I even got fairly within the door, and my ears caught the dull, muffled sounds of blows between decks. My God! the fellow had actually gone over into that icy hold to dig for gold! As I stood there, trembling, wondering if I could dare the passage, I felt a sudden quiver of the deck, heard a sharp, ripping sound forward, a yell of mingled voices, and turned and ran for the rail. With all my strength I flung myself forth—straight out into the gray sea. I went down, down, down, feeling as if the very life was being sucked out of me, every muscle paralyzed by the icy coldness of the water. As I came up, gasping, struggling, scarce able to move a cramped limb, the suction caught me, dragging me back and down again. I battled against it like

a madman, every instant an agony; and then, all at once, I found the crest and breathed in the welcome air, my stiffened limbs moving mechanically, my brain throbbing with pain. I could see nothing until a huge roller flung me upward, buffeting my face with icy spray, and there, below in the hollow, tossed the long-boat, every pallid face staring up at me. I saw them frantically back water, as the great surge hurled me down headlong. I was beside them; they clutched at me and missed. The stern, swung suddenly about by the blow of the sea, loomed over me, and then my fingers gripped a dripping oar-blade. God knows how I ever clung to it, wrenched by that sea—how the strength remained in my numbed hands; but some one twisted a boathook in the collar of my jacket, and so they hauled me, dripping and half-conscious, over the gunwale. I saw Doris. I looked into her eyes. I felt her bare hands on my wet cheek. I think it was the simple touch of her that gave me back life and comprehension of my condition. I endeavored weakly to lift my head, fighting against the awful numbness that held me prostrate. Everything seemed a dream, yet in that dream I heard De Nova's voice:

"Take him forward here, dam' quick. Strip ze wet clothes off, or he freeze dead. By gar, jump you, Kelly, an' get blanket room' him!"

I hardly know what they did, for I scarcely retained sufficient life to realize that I was still alive; but, when I was fairly warm beneath a pile of blankets, I saw Doris sitting where she could look down into my face, and the men busy stepping the mast and getting up sail. I pushed my hand out from under the covers and found hers.

"Don't cry, little girl," I whispered tenderly; "it is all right now."

She bent down, her cheek pressed against mine, unable to speak.

"Did—the *Donna Isabel* go down?" I asked, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, and—and it nearly caught us," her voice sobbing, as the memory of it all came back. "I—I saw you jump, and then there was nothing—nothing but the sea. Oh! how did God ever save you—ever bring you back to me?"

I could only press her hand under the warmth of the blankets, still feeling it difficult to breathe.

"Did—did you see Cole?" she questioned at last, more calmly.

"No, but I heard him: he was down in the lazarette, chopping at the ice, poor devil."

I felt her shiver; then she lifted her head, looking forth over the sea.

"To the very end the dead are doomed to guard that gold," she said soberly. "I wish we had none of it aboard." I lay watching the delicate profile of her face, happy, yet with a little of foreboding.

"Lift me up a little, dear, until I can look about."

She did so with much gentleness, and I leaned against the gunwale. It was a raw, cloudy morning, sea and sky the same dull, dreary expanse of gray, with nothing anywhere to relieve the awful loneliness of water on which we tossed. Our eyes met and our handclasp tightened.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In Which We Fight Death.

I remember distinctly enough the first six days of that boat voyage; it seems as if every detail was burned upon my brain with fire. I see the faces of the men constantly becoming more haggard and hopeless as they stared, dull-eyed and aimlessly, out over the endless waste of water to the dun sky. We were so tired of it; it had grown so hateful in its pitiless vacancy, its dull, dreary void. It seemed to me that with every recurring dawn those within the boat appeared older, grayer, more deeply lined; their exposed flesh caked more heavily with the salt spray; their limbs cramped from confinement and cold; their eyes lusterless and heavy with despair. They conversed with some effort at cheerfulness at first, figuring on the speed with which we sailed, dividing up the treasure, counting the gold pieces, and speculating upon their probable value. But depression followed swiftly as day merged into day, with only that same desert of tumbling waters stretching about us, that same wild sky overhead. Finally the growling voices ceased entirely, the fellows becoming moody and sullen, scarcely answering even when addressed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Teast.

To Eve, who, recognizing the value of a higher education, secured it for herself and her descendants, while Adam thought only of tickling his palate.—Life.

ESCAPED INDIAN MASSACRE

Col. Warner Lewis of Missouri Only Survivor of Butchery by Osages in '63.

Montgomery City, Mo.—Through a mere incident it develops that Col. Warner Lewis, prominent attorney of this city, father of Robert Lewis, Republican candidate for governor in 1896, is the erstwhile "unknown" confederate soldier who escaped the bloody conflict with the Osage Indians in 1863. In that fight 16 comrades were killed, scalped and their heads cut off.

There were only 18 in the company and it was thought that all were killed, but there were two survivors, Colonel Lewis and John Lafferty, who met death shortly after his escape.

Colonel Lewis gives the following account of the battle:

"Yes, it is true that I am the only survivor of that awful battle. I have



Col. Warner Lewis.

Just told a few friends of my remarkable experience and escape, but it has not reached the public until now, nearly a half century after.

"The story comes to the surface through a magazine article published in Oklahoma, which it seems is gathered from some Indians who have heard of the massacre. This magazine story, telling of the death of these confederates, says:

"Down on the sandbar in the Osage country in a space of some four rods square, were found the almost nude bodies of the dead confederates. Their heads, besides being scalped, had been, according to the Osage custom, severed from their bodies. Afterward their heads were all collected, some being at a considerable distance from their remains, and, being placed with their bodies, they were all buried."

"Leading from these dead bodies were the footprints of two men walking side by side and close together, as if one might have been supporting the other. It is probable that these two men were shot while in the water attempting to cross a stream near by and it is also probable that they made good their escape."

"You see, this magazine writer comes pretty near guessing correctly when he says that it is possible that two of this fatal company made their escape. Myself and John Lafferty were the lucky ones, but Lafferty was killed before the war closed."

BARNES, CHICAGO CAPITALIST

Head of Illinois Voters' League, Who Filled Charges Against Lorimer, Former Pastor.

Chicago.—Clifford W. Barnes, president of the Illinois Voters' League, who, acting as a citizen, laid formal charges of bribery in the election of William Lorimer before the United States senate, is a Chicago capitalist whose home is in Lake Forest. He has taken an active interest in legislative affairs and social questions for several years.

Born in Corry, Pa., in 1864, he was graduated from Yale and then took the degree of master of arts at the



Clifford W. Barnes.

University of Chicago. He has been a pastor and social settlement worker and general secretary of the Religious Association of America. From 1900 to 1905 he was professor of sociology in Illinois college.

Why Should Indians Swear? Some writer says Indians don't swear. Why should they? They do not have to look their wives up, they do not have to endure rotten telephone service, they do not have to hang on the car straps, they do not sit behind vast millinery creations at the theater and few of them have to work.—Houston Post.

THIRD OPERATION PREVENTED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill.—"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I was so sick that two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation. I had already had two operations, and they wanted me to go through a third one. I suffered day and night from inflammation and a small tumor, and never thought of seeing a well day again. A friend told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her, and I tried it, and after the third bottle was cured."—Mrs. ALYENA SPERLING, 1408 Clybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill.

If you are ill do not drag along at home or in your place of employment until an operation is necessary, but build up the feminine system, and remove the cause of those distressing aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Work While You Sleep

Millions of people have CAS-CARETS do Health work for them. If you have never tried this great health maker—Get a 10c box—and you will never use any other bowel medicine.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

Conquests. "I have been engaged several times," boasted the first summer girl, "to mes whose names I did not know."

"That's nothing," retorted the second summer girl. "I engaged myself last season to a stranger who wis wagged his proposal from a passing yacht."

ROUTT COUNTY, COLORADO, LAND BOOM PREDICTED.

Keen observers predict a big boom in property in Wantland, Colorado, the new town which is being built in the center of the Little Snake River Valley in Routt County, Colorado. A big irrigation system is being built to irrigate 60,000 acres of very fine land surrounding Wantland. The land is being sold by the State of Colorado for 50 cents per acre, under the Carey Act, and water rights cost \$35.00 an acre, in ten year payments. Sugar factories, flour mills, canneries, etc., are among the possible industries to be located at Wantland. Full information can be obtained from the Routt County Colonization Company, 1734 Welton St., Denver, Colo.

Hard Task, Indeed! Little Helen was at the seaside with her aunt, and in the house where they were staying was a telephone. One day she heard her mother talking from the city, and she was so terrified that she burst into tears.

"Oh, auntie, auntie!" she sobbed. "How shall we ever get mamma out of that little hole!"

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes, Cures, and Your Druggists Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The Gentle Game. Knicker—Did he set foot where man never trod before? Hocker—Yes, he kicked another player on the skull.

Lewis' Single Binder, straight 5c—many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars.

Men who remain neutral in times of public danger are enemies to their country.—Advertiser.

Dr. Pierre's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, may granules, easy to take as candy.

Some animals multiply rapidly and some snakes are adders.

