

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an 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, Commander 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. Captain 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 Fitz Tattle laid out the plot, saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tattle 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. Tattle finally squaring the situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tattle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal. De Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tattle was acting as skipper insane because of his queer actions. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He expressed a wish to die in a spasm of religious mania and overcame him. The sailor upon regaining his senses was taken ill. Tattle committed suicide by shooting. Upon the death 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. Tattle was buried in the sea. Lady Darlington pronouncing the service. Stephens awaking from sleep saw the ghost, supposed to be formed the basis for Tattle'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 the engineer McKnight played "ghost" to scare the men into giving up the quest. Stephens announced that the Sea Queen was at the spot where the ghost was supposed to be. The crew was anxious to go on in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered the ghost. Tattle, who had been killed, 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 set out in a life boat. Ten were 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 the fiancée of a man yearning for absent love. She revealed herself as the school chum of Stephens' sister. She expressed a wish to die in the sea rather than face her former friends and go back to the old life. A ship was sighted. The craft proved to be a derelict. They boarded her. She was frozen tight with hundreds of years of ice. The vessel was the Donna Isabel, lost in 1733, 129 years previous. The frozen bodies of the former crew were removed. They read the log of the Isabel, which told how the Spaniards had died from cold, one by one. Lady Darlington sang to prevent the men from becoming moody. The crew commenced the hunt for treasure. They found the iron chest, said to contain a part of 2,000,000 pesos, firmly imbedded in ice. Lady Darlington expressed the belief that it would never benefit the men. The Donna Isabel showed indications of sinking. They prepared to depart with what treasure had been found. The next morning they departed. Stephens went back to try to rescue Cole, a gold-crazed negro, who was hunting treasure in the hold. Stephens plunged into the icy sea a moment before the Donna Isabel sank. His mates rescued him, the negro being lost.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

If anything the women managed to bear up better than the men, but whether this was because of their dispositions, or failure to comprehend fully the desperation of our situation, I am unable to say. Yet outwardly they seemed to retain courage longer. However, their eyes told me plainly enough how heavily the hours rested upon them. I saw comparatively little of Celeste, as she chose a position near the foot of the mast, and remained there much of the time, wrapped warmly in blankets, ministered to by De Nova, who sat beside her. But Doris remained aft with me, resting when I was off duty, but sitting wide awake, her head touching my knee whenever it was my trick at the tiller. It seems a strange thing to say, yet I believe it was the very certainty of death which kept her strong, self-reliant, almost happy. Not for one instant did she consider our final rescue as possible. She lived in her love for me, utterly insensible to the drear surroundings, and merely anxious to prolong our life together. It was a revelation to me of a woman's heart, a woman's constancy. May I never forget the clasp of her hand, the tender lovelight in her gray eyes, the words of faith and hope on her lips, as we sat thus through those long hours battling against the sea, the motionless forms of the blanketed sleepers alone evidencing other human life within the boat. It was her presence, her love, her inspiration, which stiffened me to the continued performance of a labor growing harder with each day.

It became easy to see what this meant to us all. It was neither hunger nor thirst, although I felt it safer to put all upon short rations from the beginning, but rather the awful, continuous strain of hopeless loneliness



She Still Sat at My Knee, Yielding Me New Courage.

In that vast desert of ocean. The contemplation of it maddened us one moment into frenzy, and depressed us the next into profound melancholy. We could not shake it off; awake or in dreams it held us to slavery. Everywhere, everywhere the same eternal swell of the seas, the same eternity of clouded sky, the same dull, dead monotony of scene and motion, hour after hour, day after night. It drove us mad, crushing down upon the brain as though it was a real weight, merciless, agonizing. The air remained frosty, the southwest wind chilling, the spray which slapped into our faces icy cold. Our fingers stiffened with cold, our bodies shook from the chill; only beneath the warmth of the blankets could we find comparative comfort. Hour after hour the men lay, curled up and motionless, only crawling forth reluctantly to take their turn on watch. Our greatest effort was to keep the straining cordage free from ice, and to prevent its formation along the gunwale or at the bows, over which spray dashed in constant shower.

Good God, how those hours dragged, with the same heartless scene without, the same hopeless faces within! Most of us continued to live merely because we could not die. Indifference took the place of hope, and we performed our simple tasks automatically, almost unconsciously. Johnson, De Nova and I took our tricks at the helm, with one man always awake forward to manage the running gear, and only once during those first six days were we compelled to lower our sail or take a reef in the jib.

Then a fierce squall came tearing down upon us from out the northwest, a swift, sharp blow, heralded by a blinding snow flurry which kicked up an ugly sea, lashing us with heavier stinging spray, and coating everything with ice. For seven hours we fought in a blinding smother, every man awake, crouching beneath blankets, the women stowed away under the thwart, and De Nova and I at the tiller, the huge surges pounding against our backs, as we thus kept them from sweeping the laboring boat fore and aft, and swamping her. I never believed we could weather it, the increasing waves tossing us about like a cork, yet, as the dawn broke, we succeeded in breaching to, with the confession of her eyes, and to feel her bend down over me in sudden tenderness! I am not ashamed that the tears dimmed my eyes so I could scarcely see her dear face or that my voice choked so I could do no more than whisper her name. She must

have understood, for her soft hands touched my cheek, and so we rested for a long time, scarcely exchanging a word between us.

It was later that same day, just at the edge of twilight, when Kelly called, "A sail!" pointing eagerly over the port quarter. Then, some upon knees, some standing, we all saw it, a misty, white reflection, showing vague against the darkening horizon. I know not what it really was—a gleam of canvas, a speck of cloud, or the pinnacle of an iceberg—but as we swept toward it, the night dropped down over the waters blotting the last faint vestige from view. Yet we hung on desperately, the man staring into the black void, grumbling and cursing, until the long night wore away with no reward.

That was about the last I recall clearly; afterwards all grew indistinct, commingled, confused. It was like a dream rather than reality. I performed my work as before, the instincts of a seaman leading me rightly, and out of the mist numerous incidents arise to memory proving that I observed and thought. Never can I forget the sight of that narrow boat, tossing about on the crests of great seas, or plunging down into the black hollows; the green water pouring in cataracts over the gunwale; the constant bailing; the wet, soggy blankets; the moaning of wind through the icy cordage; the flapping of the sail; the gray masses of water curling over us in continuous threatening; the awful expanse of ocean revealed by daylight; the black loneliness through which we swept at night. We ceased to talk, to think, even, growing more and more sullen, moody, dull-eyed, cramped of limb and benumbed of brain. We sat silently staring into the smother, forever beholding the mirages of distorted minds. Men would spring to their feet, yelling out some discovery, only to sink back again, with ghastly faces buried in their hands. It was all illusion; the waves, the clouds mocking us, even our voices sounding unnatural, our faces growing unfamiliar.

Only Doris; Doris did not change—not, at least, to my eyes. Ay, she became whiter, weaker, the shadows growing darker beneath her eyes, yet she still sat at my knee, looking up into my face, yielding me new courage out of her heart of hearts. God knows I believe she saved me, saved me from going mad, saved me with the power of her love—held me sane, held me steadfast, when the very soul in me had given way. I think of those other faces now with a shudder. It seems as if all that was human had gone out of us; we were no longer men, only things. We crawled about. We growled rather than used articulate speech, bruised by the constant buffeting of the sea, sore with the smart of salt water, chilled through by the icy wind, we snarled like wild beasts, our eyes bloodshot, our faces haggard and unclean.

I know not how long it endured. I lost all track of day and night. I merely remember this and that out of

the mist, Doris' gray eyes ever upon me, her hand clasping mine; Celeste lying motionless day after day under the blankets; De Nova rocking back and forth, striving to sing, or creeping aft to the tiller, with his body shaking as though he had a palsy; Johnson, never moving, his head sunk into his chest, his gaze out over the bows; McKnight curled up as a dog lies, sometimes cursing fiercely, only to break off and cry like a child. I remember when the boom swung about, pitching Sanchez headlong and breaking his leg; how we pulled it back into position with a sickening snap, binding it there firmly, while beads of perspiration told the Chilean's pain. I recall that other day when Dade suddenly stood up, his eyes staring dully out into the fog-bank which wrapped us about, extended his hands, smiling, and said: "Sure, I'm comin', ol' pal," and stepped overboard. We grabbed for him, but he went down and never came up again. McKnight was the first to speak.

"He had his pockets full o' gold. I saw him takin' it las' night."

There was a fierce storm of oaths, the faces of the men wolfish and savage as they glared down into the water; but Kelly fell on his knees and began to pray.

It almost seems to me that this was the last, though it could not have been. There were hours after that, perhaps even days and nights, when I lived without really knowing that I lived. It was a period of fancies, phantoms, dreams, weird and fantastic, haunting horrors that left all reality blank. I know that Johnson helped me at the tiller while De Nova lay prone in the bottom of the boat, sometimes talking to himself, occasionally lifting his head to peer over the side. What he said had no meaning, just a jumble of French words, and he smiled like that dead Spaniard in the cabin of the Donna Isabel. I know that Sanchez, who had bravely done all he could in spite of his broken leg, fell into the delirium of fever, screamed for hours that he was dying, and had at last to be bound fast in his blankets. I know Kelly came creeping aft with a knife in his hand, imagining he had been robbed, and I had to knock him flat with the tiller-bar, the boat falling off into the trough of the sea and nearly capsizing before I could get her head about again. Doris was bending over Sanchez, who seemed to have an interval of sanity at the moment—that was the last I remember; then, I think, I pitched over against Doris when she came back to me, and everything went dark.

CHAPTER XXX.

In Which We Come to the End.
I was lying between white sheets in a rather wide berth when I came again to consciousness, a yellow glow of sunlight streaming in through an open port, and the clanking sound of machinery in my ears. I closed my eyes again, wearily, my head reeling yet from the delusions of the past. No, this was real—a steamer, rising and falling on the swell, but pushing steadily forward to the rapid revolutions of the screw. I could hear the tramping of feet on deck, even the splash of the sea without. I opened my eyes again, watching a curtain wave to the fresh air rushing in through the port, and then I turned my head on the pillow. Doris sat on a low stool gazing out through the aperture on the sea, her face partially turned away. She looked pale, careworn, her eyes heavy and sad. Suddenly she turned her glance in my direction, and sprang up with a glad cry.

"Oh, Jack, you have been lying there so long unconscious!"
I could only clasp her hands and gaze into the depths of her gray eyes. "I have proved rather a poor specimen of a man, I fear, dear," I confessed at last, ashamed of my weakness. "How long?"

"It is three days since we were brought on board, and we were a day and night in the boat after you lost consciousness."
I endeavored to think it out, to comprehend. She leaned farther over, her lips touching my cheek.

"Don't worry about it, Jack; everything is all right now. Johnson took your place at the tiller, and—and we were picked up."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Recognized Work of Women.
After the Franco-Prussian war, "The Service Cross for Women and Girls" was established in recognition of their aid during the war. The decoration consists of an iron cross encased in silver.

Know When to Stop.
Talking is like playing the harp. There is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibration as in twanging them to bring out the music.—Holmes.

PLEASED TO SEE ABERNATHY

Hearty Greeting Between Roosevelt and the "Wolf Slayer" in New York.

New York—When Theodore Roosevelt arrived in New York after his trip to Africa and his journey through Europe there was none in the great crowd that greeted him whom he was more pleased to see than "Jack" Abernathy of Oklahoma.
"Hello, Jack; you here?" shouted the returned traveler to the man in the sombrero.
"You bet I am, and I'm mighty glad to see you, colonel," replied Abernathy, grasping the former president's hand.



"Jack" Abernathy.

With the big "paw" that has killed many a wolf. Then Marshal Abernathy presented to Colonel Roosevelt his son, nine and six years of age, who rode all the way from Oklahoma to this city on horseback to greet Roosevelt.

Abernathy is the man who can capture and kill a wolf with his bare hands. When Roosevelt visited Oklahoma several years ago Abernathy showed him how the trick is done and the colonel was greatly interested. Roosevelt made Abernathy United States marshal of Oklahoma and the people down there say he is one of the best government officials that part of the country ever has had.

TO BALL IN BABY CARRIAGE

Former American Girl Adds Much Gaiety to a British Dance in Cairo.

Paris.—A young American matron, with the high-sounding English title of the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Ronald French, has covered herself with glory at the annual military ball given by the English garrison at Cairo.

Before her marriage she was Miss Ida Wynne, a daughter of former Postmaster General Wynne, who later was the American consul general in London. Though her maiden name was plain, her face is her fortune, and the prettiest one seen in Egypt for many moons. Mrs. French is clever and original as well as beautiful. She



created a great sensation in Cairo by engaging a stately, handsome and richly garbed Arab to wheel her through the streets in a perambulator and right into the middle of the ballroom. As it was a masquerade ball, Mrs. French was dressed as a baby. When recognized finally by her husband and his fellow officers cheers loud and long went up for the American beauty. The baby clothes in which the Hon. Mrs. French was attired all came from the Rue de la Paix, Paris, where they were on exhibition before being sent to Cairo. The Hon. Mrs. French was pronounced indisputably the belle of this ball.

Her husband is a cousin of General Sir John French, one of the bravest officers the English had in South Africa fighting against the Boers. The Hon. Mrs. French's husband has now been ordered to go to India, whither she, of course, will accompany him.

Kissing Bug, 1910 Model, Arrives. Philadelphia.—While looking for the comet Mrs. George Derham of No. 1835 Broadway, Camden, experienced a stinging sensation on her face, but paid no particular attention to it. A few days later her face began to swell near the left eye. Her husband removed a small bug with the point of a pair of scissors. The claws on the bug resembled the pincers of a crab, and it was taken to the office of Dr. G. E. Kirk, who said it was a good specimen of a "kissing bug."

THE DRAWBACK.



"There are very few women architects."
"No wonder. Women do not relish being called 'designing creatures.'"

BOY TORTURED BY ECZEMA

"When my boy was six years old, he suffered terribly with eczema. He could neither sit still nor lie quietly in bed, for the itching was dreadful. He would irritate spots by scratching with his nails and that only made them worse. A doctor treated him and we tried almost everything, but the eczema seemed to spread. It started in a small place on the lower extremities and spread for two years until it very nearly covered the back part of his leg to the knee.

"Finally I got Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills and gave them according to directions. I used them in the morning and that evening, before I put my boy to bed, I used them again and the improvement even in those few hours was surprising. The inflammation seemed to be so much less. I used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, the same of the Pills and the Soap and my boy was cured. My son is now in his seventeenth year and he has never had a return of the eczema.

"I took care of a friend's child that had eczema on its face and limbs and I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They acted on the child just as they did on my son and it has never returned. I would recommend the Cuticura Remedies to anyone. Mrs. A. J. Cochran, 1823 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 20, 1908."

German Alcohol Still.

An authority on alcohol stills says that there are 20,000 farm stills in operation on as many farms in Germany. The German government permits the farmer to produce a certain amount of grain or potato alcohol, the amount depending upon the size and location of the farm and the annual demand for the product, upon the payment of a reduced revenue tax. Alcohol distilled in excess of the quantity allowed is subject to the higher rate of taxation. Denatured alcohol, however, is not subject to any tax.

Of course it was an old bachelorette who said that women ought to hold their tongues occasionally in order to give their thoughts a chance to catch up.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

To put up with the world humbly is better than to control it; this is the very acme of virtue.—Lamartine.

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

It's the things we don't get that we should sometimes be most thankful for.

Many who used to smoke 10c cigars now buy Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c.

Don't throw kisses, my boy; deliver them in person.



The best medicine to safeguard your health is the Bitters. Its merit has been thoroughly proven during the past 57 years. Try a bottle for Poor Appetite, Gas on Stomach, Cramps and Diarrhoea.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief--Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Fully vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver.
Stop other doses distant ones indicate—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price
GENUINE must bear signature
Brewster