

The Last Voyage of The Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

Author of Bob Hampton of Placer.

Illustrations by Deaborn Melville

with that. See! here I possess the commission, all signed and sealed by my government, of a captain in the Peruvian navy. Only is the name left blank for me to write in. I write in your name; that makes you an officer of the Peruvian navy. See you what it means? Chile dare not touch you except as prisoner of war. Is that not right, senior? But I not stop even with that—no, no! When the Esmeralda comes safely to Peru, the government pays you five thousand American dollars in gold. I pledge you that, I, Emilio de Castillo, admiral."

I walked the floor twice from wall to wall, thinking swiftly, the sudden clear 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, senior," 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 aggressive 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 unspeakable orient can equal for dirt, squalor, crime and peril those narrow, crooked alleyways where sailors most do congregate against the Valparaiso water-front. Here gather in bestial 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 quarrelling 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 at the throat to reveal a hairy chest; beneath thatched brows his eyes glistened and gleamed in a ferocious attempt at good humor.

"Slog, ye bulldog!" 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 hartist 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 dagoes 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, hoarsely. "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 mute,
He has the loot,
He found in Barbaree.

They were still at it, the motley, mongrel crew, their hoarse, drunk-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 lilt of that devil's chorus stinging 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 I fled 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 boozer you much. Help yourself to drink, an' wash the taste out your 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 glinting 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-beard 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 for 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 lisped gently, leaning forward on the table. "I thought maybe you forget altogether 'bout zat time. But I know you at once when 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 when I say more." He spoke rapidly, gesticulating with excitement. "It was a little ship ol' 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 was 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.

"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. "Maybe 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 razer 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 heads 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

(To be Continued)



The Consideration Paramount In Buying

is, first of all, reliability. **Dutchess Trousers** are made of the best cloths, carefully selected from the most reliable mills. They are made in a large, sanitary factory by expert operatives. The thoroughness of the manufacturing system enables the makers to offer the unusual warranty of

10 Cents a Button;
\$1.00 a Rip.

Prices \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$4, and \$5

We have the new tongueless belt for men. Can be adjusted to 1/4 of an inch variation. 30, 35 and 38.

C. E. Wescott's Sons
"Where Quality Counts."

An Enjoyable Event.

The Ladies' Aid society of Myriad entertained the Ladies' Missionary society of Liberty at the hospitable home of Mrs. Charles Spangler, near Murray, last Wednesday afternoon, May 19.

Social conversation held sway during the greater part of the afternoon. Misses Gertrude Cole, Mae Barker and Eva Porter furnished several instrumental selections, and Miss Barker also gave a reading, all of which was greatly enjoyed by those present.

An elegant two course luncheon was served and as the sun neared the horizon the ladies departed for their homes all voting the Aid Society in general and Mrs. Spangler in particular, a splendid hostess.

Those who enjoyed this glorious occasion were Mrs. Albert Wettenkamp, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. McCoy, Mrs. Propst, Mrs. Lahr, Mrs. Marler, Mrs. Luke Wiles, Mrs. Ed. Spangler, Mrs. Fred Spangler, Mrs. Will Stokes, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Peter Perry, Mrs. Steve Barker, Mrs. Verner Perry, Mrs. Earle Cole, Mrs. Glen Va lery, Mrs. Sporer, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Virgen, Mrs. Lloyd Gapon, Mrs. Osral Virgen, Mrs. John Spangler, Mrs. Charles Spangler, Mrs. Charles Perry, Mrs. Oscar Gapon, Mrs. Wilbur Cole, Mrs. Joe Cook, Mrs. Frank Young, Mrs. W. D. Wheeler, Mrs. Albert Wheeler, Misses Mae Barker, Lizzie Spangler, Eva Porter, Gertrude Cole, Glenna Barker and Lizzie Wheeler.

A Nervous Man.

The modern style of life created the nervous man. He cannot stay for a long while in one place, cannot attend to business properly, cannot eat or sleep, hates society and amusements. His nerves are exhausted and need new food. The simplest and best way to feed the nerves is to compel the digestive organs to accept and digest enough nutritious food. Give the patient Triner's American Elixir of Bitter Wine, regularly for some time, to stimulate the appetite. As soon as this is done the digestive organs will resume their work, new blood will result from the assimilation of food and this new blood will distribute the food to every particle of the human body. The nerves will become strong. Use this remedy in all forms of nervousness and in disturbances of the digestion. At drug stores. Jos. Trinner, 616-622 S. Ashland avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Knights Templar last evening held the installation of officers at their lodge room in the Masonic building, the following being the officers installed, viz:

Justus G. Richey, Eminent Commander.

D. Cook, Generalissimo.

Dr. T. P. Livingston, Captain General.

James Robertson, Senior Warden.

W. L. Pickett, Junior Warden.

George W. Thomas, Warden.

John C. Paterson, Recorder.

Canon H. B. Burgess, Prelate.

Alfred W. White, Treasurer.

Fred T. Ramge, Standard Bearer.

Dr. L. F. Cummins, Sword Bearer.

John Bauer, Jr., Sentinel.

Homer Crippen of LaPlatte came over this morning from his home to do some shopping in the city, returning on the mail train at noon. Mr. Crippen is a son of R. Crippen, the well known citizen of LaPlatte and has lived in this vicinity practically all his life. He is a fine young man and one of the best citizens of Sarpy county.

Flag Anniversary.

The American Flag Association has issued its annual reminder that Monday, June 14, will be the anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the flag of the United States—the 132nd anniversary.

It renews its request that by proclamation of governor and mayor, through action by newspapers, school boards, societies and individuals the day be marked by general display of the national ensign.

It will recall to the mature the obligations of loyalty and arouse in the young the idea that the flag is a symbol which demand the return of faith, devotion and sacrifice for its guarantees of liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Fly the flag on June 14.

Everyone is invited to the ice cream and box social at Watson Long's three miles west of Myriad, Saturday evening, May 29.

Will Go To Texas.

At a meeting of the two other clubs interested in lands in the Bermuda colony near San Antonio, Texas, last night, two delegates were chosen who will go to Texas next month to inspect the lands and secure deeds for their purchasers. The delegates chosen were Dr. E. W. Cook and Hon. W. C. Ramsey. In company with Messrs J. E. McDaniel and Dr. W. B. Elster, they will leave here June 15th and spend several days inspecting the property and noting the progress which has been made toward getting it in cultivation. The trip will be a delightful one and one well worth the making and the gentlemen will see some mighty fine country stretched out under the southern sun.

The Ladies Aid Society of Eight Mile Grove will have an ice cream and box social on Watson Long's Lawn, Saturday evening, May 29. Everyone invited.

A Feeling of Pride.

A great feeling of pride because of the achievements of the times in which we live, comes to the man, who, having passed through the pioneer days of this country with all their inconveniences, stands now on our depot platform and beholds the great transcontinental passenger trains passing through on their way to the Pacific coast cities, or returning from those cities, like winged messengers from our distant and mysterious lands. From the ox team of '49 to the modern electric-lighter, steam-heated, vestibuled trains, is a marvelous advance so marvelous as to almost stagger the human mind.

Mail Order Houses Raise Prices.

An employe of an exchange, who during the last four years has worked on the making of catalogues for the city mail order houses, is authority for the statement that there has been a systematic and steady increase in the price of articles each year. This, he says, is made possible by patrons of mail order houses "getting the habit" and keep blindly on never noticing the advance. Get down your old catalogue and see for yourself whether or not this is true. If it is true, ponder. Maybe you are being skinned and you don't know it.