

# The Last Voyage of The Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

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Illustrations by Deabora Melvill

realized the desperate nature of this adventure upon which I was so recklessly embarked. Could we once attain the yacht's deck unobserved and make our attack with sufficient swiftness to prevent the discharge of firearms, the rest might be accomplished without great risk of discovery, barring some unexpected mishap. The very audacity of such an attempt was strongly in our favor. If we succeeded in silently warping the Esmeralda beyond range of the guns of the shore batteries all real and immediate danger would be over. Probably not a war vessel in the harbor had steam up, and, if they did, no Chilean warship could hope to overhaul us when once fairly at sea.

I gave the personnel of the crew Tuttle had collected brief consideration. They were no rougher than I should naturally expect men to be who were volunteering for such a task. Besides, Jack ashore and Jack at sea are two widely differing personalities; once sobered and on shipboard, staidened somewhat by the perils of their position, and exhilarated by the promised reward, they would doubtless prove efficient enough. Tuttle might require a lesson in sea etiquette, and, if he did, I felt perfectly confident of my ability to administer it promptly and forcibly. As for De Nova, I had no doubt that he would prove himself a good man. So, altogether, my spirits rose as I thus contemplated a definite plan of action.

The movement on the water was only the merest ripple, with the riding lights of the various ships at anchor reflected back as from a giant mirror. Two vessels, a full-rigged ship and a small schooner, lay close in shore, apparently deserted, their decks gloomy wastes, their bare spars sticking up skeleton-like and ghostly. Farther out, and somewhat to the left, a yellow lantern, perhaps in the bow of a guardboat, bobbed about, zig-zagging here and there like some erratic star. It was some time before I could locate with any certainty the particular vessel I sought. The harbor was littered with sea craft of every description, and my knowledge regarding the Esmeralda was most meager, being merely her point of anchorage, and that she was a large steam-yacht, schooner rigged.

Finally, into the focus of the leveled glasses there crept indistinctly the delicate tracery of her bow, rendered more plainly visible beneath the green radiance of her riding lamp. Lights were showing faintly through several portholes amidships, certain proof that she was not entirely deserted; yet the cabins aft were dark, and the only moving figure I could distinguish with certainty was slowly pacing back and forth along the lee rail of the poop. Suddenly, out from the enveloping smudge, came a shower of sparks and a red glare, and, a moment later, I traced the outlines of a steam launch cleaving the black water. It quickly vanished behind the fog wreaths hanging to seaward, the faint sound of its churning dying away, leaving the silent loneliness behind more solemnly impressive than ever. Only from off the land came echoing the noises of men—the loud vivas, the reiterated boom of explosives, the ceaseless blare of bands.

The scene became oppressive in its barrenness, and I felt the need of movement to overcome its weakening effect upon the nerves. This was to be a night of action, not of dreams, so I groped my uncertain path back along the littered wharf and around the curve of the shore line, beneath the gloomy shadows of coal sheds. Of lights there were comparatively none. If I except the uncertain glimmer of rockets along the water's surface, and I was consequently compelled to feel my way from object to object like a blinded man. Still, the course was sufficiently familiar so that I successfully maintained both footing and direction, finally emerging safely close beside the spot appointed for our rendezvous. There was considerable open space here, the Mercantile Company's sheds standing some 30 feet back of the shore line, and their wharf for the unloading of barges extending more than 50 feet out into the harbor. I could dimly perceive a great crane at the farther extremity, with dangling buckets, outlined against the sky. The night was too dark for me to decipher the face of my watch, yet it could not now be long before the arrival of the men. I crouched down beside a post to await their coming, once again searching the harbor with my night-glasses.

The company at last arrived by twos from out the enveloping gloom, silently grouping themselves amid the shadows. I could distinguish an occasional gruff cough, and the shuffling of feet, but there was no sound of conversation or hilarity. Evidently De Nova had sufficiently sobered them to their duty. At last one man detached himself from among the crowd and moved stealthily forward. I met him at the shore end of the wharf, peered into his face, half-conceal-

beneath the visor of his cap, until I recognized the fellow.

"Crew all here, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, startled by my sudden appearance into courteous response, "but mighty uneasy to be off."

"They shall not be delayed. Get the boats out at once. You are to take charge of the whaleboat and I will accompany De Nova in the cutter. Pull silently to the end of the wharf and lie by there to await instructions. Do your men understand the boats they are assigned to?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Very well, then; get the boats out, and the crews aboard. Not a sound, remember, for there are guards patrolling the harbor."

I must confess this preparatory work was well and smartly accomplished, the men the merest silent shadows as they hauled the two hidden boats forth from concealment and quietly took their assigned places at the oars. Tuttle's crew was first afloat, De Nova experiencing some difficulty from attempting to load too near shore, in somewhat shallow water.

"Drop overboard, two of you, and shove off," I ordered, finally. "Lively now, lads, but no splashing."

The two fellows in the stern lowered themselves into the shallow water, bending down so as to put their shoulders against the planks for a heave. Suddenly, not three feet distant, a smudge of shadow uplifted, and I became conscious of a pallid human face gleaming faintly through the dark. Instantly I leaped toward it, with such force as to send the heavily laden boat swirling forward, the heaving men plunging face downward into the water. There was a startled exclamation in Spanish, a short-arm blow shot into a dimly revealed, half-familiar face, a fierce grip at the throat, and the two of us were on the sand, grappling like wild cats. Out of the water, dripping from their bath, the two seamen came to my aid, and, between us, we pinned the fellow to helpless silence.

"Toss him into the boat," I said, panting from exertion. "He will be safer with us than left ashore." It appeared even darker out on the water than when we looked off upon it from the land, but, with a few cautious strokes, we discovered the smudge which represented Tuttle's whaleboat, and drew up within an oar's length of where he lay waiting.

"Mr. Tuttle," I began, speaking slowly and concisely so that the men in both boats could hear, "this is going to be no boy's play to-night, and I expect implicit obedience to my orders. Do exactly what I tell you and no more. You know the situation of the Esmeralda, and I want you to put your whaleboat in under her bow. If you keep a point east of north you can scarcely miss it. There is a lumping big brigantine anchored 100 feet beyond, with only a single light showing on her foremast. If you come up under her shadow you are not likely to be seen before you drift down against the Esmeralda's cutwater. Make use of the anchor-chain, and get half a dozen men quietly over the fore-castle rail. Don't move from there until you receive some signal from me. Then clap down the fore-castle scuttle, and make straight for the engine room. That will comprise the entire duty of your crew; and, above all things, let it be accomplished silently. Don't permit one of your men to carry a loaded firearm. Use belaying pins, if you need to, or a marlinpike, but no guns. De Nova and I will go in by way of the stern, and we will be responsible for the after-deck and the bridge. Has any one a question to ask?"

There was no response, the only sounds audible being the soft lapping of the water and the deep breathing



The Two of Us Were on the Sand, Grappling Like Wild Cats.

of the men. I could distinguish them leaning eagerly forward, but the faces were undecipherable in the gloom.

"You understand clearly?"

"Ay, ay, Mr. Stephens," and Tuttle's nasal voice had completely lost all its former trace of insolence.

"Then pull away slowly and noiselessly; don't hurry; we'll give you plenty of time to get in. Good-by, and good luck to you."

The balanced oars dipped gently into the water, scarcely rippling it, and the sharp-stemmed whaleboat glided away into the surrounding blackness like a ghost.

"All right now, De Nova," I whispered. "I'll go forward into the bow. Keep her head off about a point and watch out for signals."

We slipped through the water silently, the sound of the dipping oar-blades little more audible than the suppressed breathing of the oarsmen. Confident that if any eyes were watching from the deck they were not likely to be directed astern, we made wide detour, creeping cautiously in beneath the slight bulge of the yacht's side, until the fellow behind me fastened his boathook firmly into the after-chains. Breathlessly we waited listening, but no sound reached us other than the slight hiss of escaping steam.

"Hold hard!" I whispered, the word passing back from man to man. "Two remain with the boat, the rest follow me."

I crept silently up into the chains and peered cautiously over onto the open deck. It was wrapped in darkness and silence, the sole gleam of revealing light coming from out the open main-hatch, and that only the merest glimmer slightly illuminating the ship amidships. There was a lamp alight in the after-cabin, but the shades were drawn so closely I could scarcely perceive its presence. I became aware that De Nova stood beside me.

"There is certainly no watchman aft," I announced, softly, "unless he be found upon the other side of the cabin. Batten down the companionway while I examine the deck. Two of you men come with me."

We dropped over the low rail together, moving silently in our stocking-feet. The roof of the cabin, forming the quarter deck, extended clear to the rail. We groped over this shadowed space as though exploring a cave, encountering nothing except a few camp stools, although my fingers discovered a goodly sized boat swinging from davits across the stern. From the opposite side we could peer forward toward the dim light streaming from out the hatch, the deck being thus fairly revealed as far as the funnel. Beyond all remained black and impenetrable. A man sat upon a bench against the side of the galley, a dull red showing from his pipe bowl. His earliest knowledge of our presence was when the two men closed on his windpipe, and I pressed a revolver muzzle against his cheek.

"Not a sound, Jack," I muttered sternly in Spanish, "or else your life pays for it."

The pipe fell with a click to the deck, the fellow's eyes staring up at us, his opened mouth showing oddly amid a surrounding gray beard. A moment later, securely gagged and bound, we rolled his body close in against the rail.

"I thought I heard a bit of a blow and a yelp on the fo'castle just now, sir," said one of the men, pointing eagerly forward. I stood still, intently listening, starting into the gloom.

"Quiet enough there at present. Probably Mr. Tuttle has been attending to the fo'ward watch. Come on, lads, and we'll join forces with him."

Beyond all doubt the main deck was clear as far as the bridge, and, providing Tuttle's crew had attended to their share of the work, as far as the fo'castle head as well. We advanced cautiously, keeping close within the denser shade along the weather rail, pausing a moment to peer over the edge of the open hatchway into the illuminated space below. Two Kanakas, naked to the waist, their slim, brown bodies glistening, each grasping the handle of a coal scoop, were backed up against a bulkhead conversing, while on a low stool, tipped back to a comfortable angle, his feet on the rounded cross-piece, a pipe in his mouth, his hands buried deep in his pockets, sat a white man, with red face and long, sandy mustaches. His brown overalls and pink undershirt told nothing distinctive, but the uniform cap, pushed well back on his bristling stock of hair, proclaimed him the vessel's engineer. As I drew back from this swift survey, Mr. Tuttle suddenly rounded the end of the chart-house, and, with whispered word of inquiry to one of the men, advanced to meet me.

"Well," I said as soon as certain of his identity, "the after-deck is ours without a blow; what have you discovered forward?"

"Two men were posted on the fo'castle, sir," he returned, the disagreeable nasal tone apparent even in his subdued voice. "We got them both, but Mason was pricked with a knife during the scuffle."

"Did you close the fo'castle?" I questioned briefly.

"All fast, sir, but I doubt if any of the crew are below."

"Well, there are some down in the engine room, and the fellow in charge looks as if he might fight on occasion. Take half a dozen men with you, and jump below. The Kanakas won't make any serious trouble, but you had better clap a gun to the engineer."

I watched them as they swarmed like rats over the hatch-comb and dropped down into the light. There was a scuffling of bodies, a sharp exchange of blows, a yell of alarm from the startled Kanakas, a stout volley of English oaths, and, when the tangle partially cleared away, the engineer was lying flat on his back, the knees

(To be Continued)

## ELMWOOD.

From the Leader-Echo.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brauchman last week.

We are glad to report that Mrs. McLaughlin is steadily improving, being able to sit up at times.

F. A. Raker went to Lincoln yesterday to look at automobiles. He expects to make the purchase of a fine Maxwell car in the near future.

Mrs. John Hayes arrived last week from Pasadena, Calif. She does not enjoy good health on the coast and expresses a desire to return to Cass county to live.

Herman Engleking who had the misfortune to lose the tip of his finger and came near losing the tip of another in a mixup with a corn planter two weeks ago, is doing nicely, and will soon be able to use his hand.

On Tuesday afternoon a kitchen shower was given Miss Ella Bryan at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Clapp. A goodly number of friends were present and an enjoyable time was had by all. Punch and wafers were served after the bride elect had unwrapped her many beautiful and useful presents.

Gust Taubenheim, wife and daughter, of Amherst, Neb., arrived Wednesday for a visit with William Schick and family. Mrs. Taubenheim and Mrs. Schick were schoolmates in Germany, and the two ladies had not seen each other for twenty-eight years. Their meeting was doubtless a joyous one and their visit will be one of much pleasure.

Carl Kiersey jumped in a puddle of water Friday evening, and when he crawled out found that he had amputated the fourth toe of his right foot at the second joint. Maybe he found out before, but however that may have been he wasn't long in making the fact known, and one of our doctors sewed the toe back on. It was hanging by a thin layer of skin on the upper part of the toe.

## UNION.

From the Ledger.

Miss Etna DuBois has been very ill for several days, but is reported to be improving.

Mrs. Will Chneburg arrived on Sunday from Tecumseh, and is visiting her mother, Mrs. Allison, a few miles north of here.

Roy Stine had his left hand very badly injured last Friday while manipulating the loading apparatus at the railroad coal chutes.

Ray Frans departed on Monday for Burlington Junction, Mo., to spend several days at the mineral springs for benefit of his health.

Mrs. G. S. Upton and Mrs. J. T. Reynolds departed last Saturday for Craig, Mo., having been notified of the very serious illness of Joseph Reynolds at that place.

A. D. Hathaway went to Lincoln Sunday morning to see his brother Syl, who was injured by explosion of a cartridge while he was on duty as guard at the penitentiary.

Artie McKean departed Saturday night for Hamburg, Iowa, having received a message stating that his father's death might be expected at any moment. He arrived there too late to see his father alive.

Charles Reinhart of Diller, Neb., was here last week to spend a few days with his friend, Myron Lynde and family. Mr. Reinhart resided in this vicinity about twenty years ago, and enjoyed meeting many of his old acquaintances.

The railroad grading crew that has been working near here several weeks, with A. H. Milby as foreman and A. E. Whitlow as timekeeper, moved to Auburn on Tuesday, where a large amount of work has to be done immediately.

## Stull Gets Verdict.

The jury in the case of Henry Stull vs. the M. P. Railroad Company was out but a short time last evening when they returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$147.98. The plaintiff sued for \$150 loss for destruction of hay by fire set by locomotives of the defendant. Evidently the jury considered his case well brought as they gave him virtually all he asked for, without much dissent.

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.

## LEGAL NOTICE.

To James A. Dycart: A non-resident defendant. You are hereby notified that on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1909, Helena A. Dycart filed a petition against you in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are, First, To obtain a divorce from you on the ground that you have willfully abandoned the plaintiff without good cause for more than two years last, and second, that you have grossly and wantonly failed and neglected to support said plaintiff, and Third, To quiet the title to the Northwest quarter (N. W. 1-4) of Section ten (10), Township ten (10), Range twelve (12) east, in the County of Cass, State of Nebraska, in said plaintiff as against you. You are required to make answer to said petition on or before the 14th day of June, A. D. 1909.

Helena A. Dycart, Plaintiff.  
By Ramsey & Ramsey,  
Her Attorneys.

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For the man who must have a good coat for a small price we offer an extra special value in plain black, all wool; also gray and fancy mixtures at..... \$10 We could say these are \$20 coats at 1/2 price, but they are not. We will say however that they are under priced at \$10 and a bargain for the man who buys them. Ask for the advertised coat.



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"Where Quality Counts."

## HAVE THRILLING EXPERIENCE

### Nebraska City Man Suffers For Two Hours Fear of Death

E. D. Tibbets and Earl Dickson, two Nebraska City decorators and painters had an experience one night last week which they will not forget as long as they live. Neither of them want to pass through a similar experience.

It seems after their day's work at a farm house they had gone to Nebawka to secure some things they needed for their next day's work. They secured the same and started back to the place where they were stopping and thinking it the nearest way they walked down the railway track. They were some distance from town and started to cross a steel cattle guard on the Missouri Pacific railway and when half way over E. D. Tibbets got one of his feet fast between one of the pieces of steel and in surging around to get the imprisoned foot loose he got the other foot caught and here he was fast in a cattle guard in the middle of the track and nothing could release his friend but all in vain and the harder he worked the firmer seemed the grip of the steel guards and the limbs of the imprisoned man began to swell and this not only made it more difficult to release him, but exceedingly painful.

They both worked and talked over the situation and ever now and then they stopped to listen for any train that might be approaching. They had both taken off their coats and laid them down on the track and by them set a can of oil they were carrying and Mr. Dickson was to go up the track and after pouring oil on the two coats was to set them on fire in hopes that the engineer might see the signal in time to stop and then they could secure tools the trainmen to release the imprisoned man. They had nothing with which to work and both worked with their hands until they were cut and bleeding. It was a horrible position to be in for it was near time for the regular train to come down from Lincoln and besides there was no telling when a freight train might put in appearance. Mr. Dickson did not dare leave his friend because of this to go to a farm house which was some distance away fearing that a train might come and its coming without any warning meant instant death. They did everything that was possible for two men to do in such a trying position, praying and many other things.

The labored and tugged away for over one and a half hours and finally by loosening the shoes of the imprisoned man one limb was released and then the other one was released by cutting away the clothing and the shoes and in so doing in the dark cut the flesh in several places. The night was pitch dark and despite the fact that both men yelled themselves hoarse they could not attract the attention of anyone. When Mr. Tibbets was finally released they both were so exhausted they lay down on the wet cold ground for some time before they could regain sufficient strength to get up and resume their journey. Mr. Tibbets was in such bad shape that he had to be assisted to the place where he was stopping and there received medical attention. He secured his shoes the next day.

The gentlemen both say that they never want to go through such a thrilling experience again in their lives and they will not forget the two hours of horror they spent, one dreading to see a train dash up and grind his friend to pieces and the other facing a sure death in case a train did put in appearance. The horror of such a condition can only be realized by one who has been there. It was two long hours and seemed like days to the two gentlemen. Strange that it may seem the train was late that night and to this Mr. Tibbets partly owes his life and to the untiring efforts of his friend, who worked him free from the death trap.—Nebraska City News.

## To Play Ball.

The local baseball team will play their opening game next Saturday afternoon at the Chicago avenue park. Cedar Creek will be their opponents and a red hot game is assured. The local team has been practicing regularly and will make a desperate effort to win the game. Cedar Creek has got a good team, one of the best of the country teams and will make a game fight to win. Manager Warren is sanguine that the locals will be able to down the country boys but they will have to go some to do it and it need surprise no one to have Cedar Creek walk off with the laurels. The game will repay everyone attending and as a matter of encouragement to the local team, a big crowd should be out. It must not be thought that Cedar Creek is a weak team as it is far

from that. In fact, it is one of the strongest country teams in this section of the state and fully capable of sustaining itself against metropolitan teams. Do not fail to lend your presence and encourage the great American game to its fullest extent.

## Elect School Superintendent.

Louisville, Neb., May 25.—Walter Plybon of University Place was elected superintendent of the Louisville schools at a meeting of the board of education held here today. Miss Agnes Kennedy of Murray was elected instructor in the seventh and eighth grades. Superintendent Plybon will receive \$85 a month. He is a graduate of the Nebraska Wesleyan university, having graduated with the class of 1908. During the last year he was superintendent of the schools at Belvidere.