

The Last Voyage of The Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

Author of Bob Hampton of Pacer.

Illustrations by Deaborn Melvill

of the big singer at Rodrigues' at his chest, and Tuttle holding a blue-barreled revolver at his ear. I never beheld an angrier man, but he was helpless as a baby. Assured of the future of the engine room, I mounted the steps and took a hasty survey of both bridge and wheelhouse. They were unoccupied—the vessel was entirely in our possession.

CHAPTER VI.

In Which We Attain the Open Sea.

Our adventure had been successfully accomplished through its first step; now it remained to get safely out to sea. As I turned to retrace my steps to the deck I encountered De Nova coming up.

"Pretty lucky job, monsieur," he said, jocularly. "It was w'at you call ze picnic, I bet. Ze companion was lock' an' ze guard posted. W'at more now for me?"

"Relieve Mr. Tuttle in the engine room. Keep three men below there with you, and arm them as guards. Make the Kanakas do the firing, and hold the engineer to it with a gun at his head. You know enough about a stoke-hole to tell whether things are going right, don't you?"

He nodded, and I could see the gleam of his white teeth.

"Then get your steam up, but don't let those fellows fire so as to drive any flame out of the stack, and watch that Johnny Bull so that he can't put any kinks in the machinery. Don't take your eyes off him. Do you understand the signals?"

"Ay, ay, monsieur."

"Then stand by. We'll tow out at once with the boats, but I want you ready for business the very moment we cast off the lines. Send all the rest of the men on deck and ask Mr. Tuttle to report to me here immediately."

I was not kept waiting. Two men came stumbling up the companionway together. I peered at them, uncertain of their identity in the gloom.

"Is that you, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Yes, sir. This is Johnson, one of the wheelmen; thought you would likely need him, so I brought him along."

"Very good. Johnson, go on up into the wheelhouse and see that all is clear. I'll give you directions later. Mr. Tuttle, we'll tow out until we get the sweep of the sea fairly under our fore foot. Get the lines out to the boats at once, with full crew at the oars. You are to take command, and I shall have to trust you for the course, as we can't risk signaling. I presume you are acquainted with the harbor lights?"

"Been in here eight times in ten years without a pilot."

"Then you ought to know the course, but take no chances; feel your way, only keep the ropes taut. Have you any man fit to take charge of the second boat? I need De Nova below."

"The boatswain, sir; that big fellow with the scar."

"What's his name?"

"Bill Anderson."

"All right; put him in the cutter. Leave me three men on deck, and post the best one of the lot at the stern line ready to cast off. As soon as you get the ropes out I'll slip the anchor-chain, and leave the fukes in the mud. Work lively now; we must be well out at sea before daylight."

He stood leaning against the rail, peering out over the water, his hands shading his eyes.

"Have you spotted any guardboats with your glasses?" he questioned, uneasily.

"Only that one yonder; see, the yellow light just rounding the stem of that big brig. There was a steam-launch out there to the west about 20 minutes ago, but it seems to have disappeared."

"Swallowed up in the fog likely," he admitted, snuffing the air like a pointer dog. "We'll find it banked pretty heavy outside, or I'm a lubber. Well, so much the better for our job. All right, Mr. Stephens, I'm off, and we'll have you in tow in a jiffy. I'll put the nigger at the stern line; he's the best all-round hand on board."

However I may have disliked and distrusted the whalerman he certainly proved himself an able seaman and a smart officer. He comprehended every detail of his work, and held his men to it finely. Within 20 minutes we were in motion, moving slowly, yet steadily, toward the black vacancy outlined by the harbor lights on either hand. There was no disturbing sound to betray progress, the yacht's sharp cut-water cleaving its passage through the liquid with the merest faint ripple, scarcely leaving a gleam of white foam behind, the oars dipping silently, the two lines held taut to the strain. Exultant, I climbed once again to the bridge, gave a few directions to the observant Johnson standing motionless at the wheel, and leaned anxiously over the rail, studying the waterfront through leveled glasses.

It was a barren, deserted waste, except for a deeply laden schooner beat-

ing slowly up along the north shore under closely reefed topsails, and the gleaming lights of a large steamer just beginning to emerge faintly through the curtain of fog a trifle to the left of our course. The towing boats appeared as two insignificant blots on the surface, but that they were making excellent progress was proved by the way we were steadily drawing up toward the outer lights, already shining round and yellow through the increasing haze.

How dark, silent, uncanny the gloom-enshrouded yacht appeared as I leaned over the tarpaulin-protected rail and gazed down on the deserted decks, no movement, no gleam of light anywhere visible. The two masts, for the vessel was schooner-rigged, rose rakishly and with noble sweep into the sky, yet I could trace little of the cordage against the expanse of cloud. They appeared skeleton-like reeds to be broken by a gust of wind. A slight fringe of white water alone marked our progress, while a misty vapor of escaping steam spoke of the chained engine and hissing boilers below. As I rested thus, the watchful Johnson grasping the spokes behind me, the momentous events of the past few hours swept through my mind like fragments of a strange, disconnected dream—my seemingly hopeless plight in Valparaiso; my controversy with Lieut. Sanchez; my brief meeting with the Englishman; the friendly eyes of Doris; the throb of sudden interest aroused by her presence and as quickly lost again; the sudden swinging of the pendulum of Fate; the approach of De Castilla bringing unexpected opportunity for action and escape, and those later events which had so rapidly followed. I struck my hand hard against the iron rail to assure myself I was awake, and to arouse my dormant faculties to action.

"Hold her steady as she is, Johnson," I said, my voice tremulous from sudden awakening. "I'm going down to recall the boats."

"Steady as she is, sir."

In the engine room, two seamen, each grasping a gun, leaned negligently against a bulkhead, while De Nova, bare-headed, his little black mustache clearly outlined against the olive of his cheek, occupied the stool between them. The Kanaka firemen were out of sight, but the red-faced engineer was on his knees tinkering over a refractory bolt with a monkey-wrench. "Everything working all right, Mr. De Nova?" I questioned, quietly.

The eyes of the four men instantly turned toward me, the engineer straightening up, monkey-wrench in hand.

"No troubles here, monsieur," and the mate rose to his feet, his white teeth showing. "Were are we now?"

"Just off the point, with the lighthouse dropping astern, and the swell of the ocean under our forefoot. I am going to call in the boats. Have you plenty of coal?"

"Bunkers all full, monsieur."

"How is your steam?"

He stepped over to the gauge, peering at it across the burly shoulder of the engineer, who still stood staring at me.

"Pretty near up to ze danger mark, monsieur."

"Then stand by for signals."

The engineer came to life as though treated to an electric shock, his fist, still grasping the monkey-wrench, suddenly extended, his red face purpling with passion.

"You damned, bloody pirate!" he yelled, glaring at me savagely. "It's



"You Damned Bloody Pirate!" He Yelled, Glaring at Me Savagely.

hung the whole lot of you will be for this bloody night's work. No, I won't keep still, you moon-faced mulatto. I'm a free-born Briton, an' I'll smash in the heads of some of you yet, an' I'll live to see the rest hung in chains for the bloody pirates you are. Just wait till you're caught, an' then you won't be grinnin' that way at an honest man. Oh, you'll git it all right, my

fine lads. There'll be hell to pay for this job, let me tell you! It's on nothin' you'll be dancin' then, you murderin' spawns o' hell!"

De Nova pressed the barrel of a revolver into the man's neck, with a stern threat and an unpleasant gleaming of white teeth. The sailors remained leaning on their guns, grinning as if in enjoyment of the play.

"Never min' w'at he say, sir," and the mate glanced up toward me, as if in apology. "He bust out zat way ever 'fiv' minutes since we be down here. We have club him, two, t'rea time; but he stick here just ze same, an' run ze engine. Out, out, it just ze way wis ze bull-headed Englisher."

"I see," I acknowledged, drawing back, "only watch that he doesn't kink the machinery."

I was not in the least surprised at discovering one of his nationality in charge of the vessel's engine room, nor was I sorry. He would feel little real interest in the affair, after he once clearly comprehended the situation, while a native Chilean might be impelled by a spirit of patriotism to cause us serious trouble. Englishmen were very frequently met with in foreign engine rooms; this fellow had probably been picked up because of better qualifications than any native applicant; or, indeed, he might have been a member of the original crew of the yacht before it was disposed of to the government. I would have a talk with him later; meanwhile he was certainly in good hands; and I had enough else to attend to. The tow-ropes came in hand over hand, and were coiled dripping on the forecastle deck. At the end of them the two boats emerged from out the fog, and the men tumbled in silently over the rail. I watched from the vantage of the bridge, as the whole crew tumbled onto the falls, distinguishing Tuttle's nasal tones above the incessant shuffling of feet.

"Nor'west by nor', Johnson—now hold her steady, my lad."

I pulled the signal cord, dimly distinguishing the faint responsive tinkle of the bell far beneath. Like a hound suddenly released for the chase, the steamer sprang forward into the fog wreaths and buried her sharp nose in the sea.

CHAPTER VII.

In Which I Suspect Evil.

Early dawn reached us in sodden gray, the sun a shapeless blob of dull red, with no vestige of its golden light forcing passage through those dense clouds of misty vapor closing us in as between curtained walls. The swell of the sea was not heavy, but the pervading gloom gave to the surrounding water a peculiarly sullen appearance, through which we tore, reckless of accident, at full speed. A new hand was at the wheel, Johnson having gone below an hour since, but I still clung to the bridge, my eyes heavy from peering forth into the fog-

bank, my clothing sodden with the constant drip.

Only a few of the men were visible, three or four grouped about the capstan on the forecastle head, and as many more gathered along the lee side of the charthouse. Evidently regular watches were already chosen, and a portion of the crew had been turned in for their trick below. Tuttle himself, clad in wet, glistening oil-skins and looking gaunt and cadaverous, his chin-bard forking straight out over the high collar, was standing aft, beside the fellow who still kept guard over the companion. I moved across to the starboard end of the bridge, and, when he glanced around, made signal for him to join me.

"Not very much chance of any one overhauling us in this fog, Mr. Tuttle," I said, pleasantly. "It would be like hunting a needle in a haystack."

"'Tis as the Lord wills," he returned, rather sourly. "Man proposes, but God disposes. The sun will lift that whole outfit in another hour. How far do you figure we're off shore?"

"Figure it for yourself. We're doing all of 16 knots, and have been for four hours at that speed. With another to be added, even our smoke ought to be below the horizon. We've given them the slip all right, and from now on it's merely a question of steaming to keep ahead. I don't recall anything in the Chilean navy that can overhaul us. What discoveries have you made below?"

He turned his crafty, glittering eyes toward me, twisting the lump of tobacco under his tongue. In some way, beneath the revealing daylight, I became even more distrustful of the man, more conscious of his hypocrisy.

"Not a great deal," his mouth attempting a grin; "except that we've got the crew caged. Everybody was ashore but the harbor watch."

"Then you found the forecastle empty?"

"Nothin' there but dunnage and bilge water; regular sea-parlor, sir."

"And no officer on board?" I asked, scarcely believing it possible.

"None, barring the engineer, so far as I know. The cabin was locked up by your orders, so I let that alone."

"And that, then, is all you have discovered, is it, Mr. Tuttle?"

He shifted his long legs, but made no effort to turn and face me.

"Well, I guess that's about the whole of it," he answered, slowly, as though deliberating over the choice of words. "Only I'm a bit puzzled about some things what don't look just right. We started out, as I understand it, to run off with a Chilean warship named the Esmeralda, a schooner-rigged steam yacht. That was the contract, wasn't it, sir?"

I nodded, gravely, wondering what the man could possibly be driving at.

"That was my understanding," his nasal tone becoming more pronounced and disagreeable. "And somehow

(To Be Continued)

Argo Gets \$200.

The jury in the damage case of Argo vs. McQuinn arrived at a verdict this morning giving the plaintiff Argo damages in the sum of \$200. The case went to the jury last night and they were out all night being unable to arrive at a verdict until this morning. The amount was quite evidently a compromise. It is more than probable the case will be appealed to the Supreme Court. Matthew Gering appeared for the plaintiff and Byron Clark was counsel for the defendant. The case excited a great deal of attention from the vicinity of Union where the parties resided, a large portion of the population being present nearly all week as witnesses.

This case establishes an unique precedent for this section, it being almost the first case in the state where the first twelve men to enter the jury box were accepted as jurors without a question being put to them by either the plaintiff or the defendant. The defendant Matthew McQuinn was asked if the jury was acceptable to him and he answered in the affirmative while the plaintiff did likewise and the twelve men entered upon hearing the testimony at once.

Death of Former Resident.

Word has been received in this city of the death at her home in Plainview of Mrs. Edward Beins, formerly a resident of this city. Mrs. Beins had been suffering from tuberculosis for several years and the end was not unexpected. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Sampson who formerly lived in this city but who are now resident of Chambers, Neb. Mrs. Beins was 25 years of age, and had been a resident of Plainview for the past four years. She leaves surviving her two small sons, Herbert and Leroy. She is also survived by her husband, father, mother and two sisters and three brothers. At the time of her death her husband was present as well as her father and sisters.

Her mother, Mrs. Sampson was unavoidably absent in Oregon and could not arrive in time for the funeral which took place last Tuesday from her late home in Plainview. The remainder of her family except the brothers were present at the services.

Mrs. Beins as well as her husband was very well known in this city and vicinity and she was a most lovable and worthy wife, daughter and sister. To the many sorrowing relatives and friends, the sympathy of all is extended.

Bidding Happy Trip.

Miss Teresa Droegge yesterday afternoon pleasantly entertained a number of friends at her home, the occasion being a farewell party for Miss Irene Hartwick. Miss Hartwick expects to depart very shortly for Chicago. The afternoon was spent in merriment, both vocal and instrumental and various games were indulged in to while away the time until at five o'clock a three course luncheon was served the assemblage. This luncheon was greatly enjoyed by all as it was quite in keeping with Miss Droegge's established reputation as an entertainer. It was a late hour before the guests departed for home after wishing Miss Hartwick a very pleasant trip.

Those present and attending were Misses Hartwick, Anna Wohlfarth, Mary Maguire, Hulda Goos, Julia Janda, Mary McElroy, Clara Goos, Margaret Goos, Teresa Droegge.

Buys New Automobile.

John Gauer, one of the most prominent citizens of the vicinity of Cedar Creek, came in this morning from his farm, his wife and family accompanying him in his new "Mitchell" automobile. Mr. Gauer is an old time friend of the Journal and he did not neglect to call at the office and renew his subscription for the old reliable. He has recently added a fine automobile to his farm equipment, the machine being one of the best in the county and a machine which is handsome to the eye as well as a strong, serviceable machine. He selected it from among a large number of machines and has been pleasantly surprised by finding it just what he wanted. Mr. Gauer is one of the type of men who have made Cass county famous as progressive and up-to-date gentlemen.

Col. Jenkins, one of the best known citizens of the eastern end of the county is spending the day in this city having brought up his family from his home this morning in his fine "Mason" touring car. Col. Jenkins has an elegant machine and one which skims over the roads almost like a bird and he deserves a great deal of pleasure from it. Like many of the other good residents of his vicinity, Col. Jenkins is a good friend of the Journal and the paper is always glad to note his presence and that of his estimable family in the city.



Imperial 3 Hats

New Imperials!

We have just received by express another large shipment of these popular New York hats. They present many new shapes and shades, which are exclusive. The new square top in light tan with wide black silk band, and the new dip Fedora narrow band are popular favorites. The price is \$3 and guaranteed, and you cannot get more style or value for \$1 more.

C. E. Wescott's Sons

"WHERE QUALITY COUNTS."

HONOR FOR MEN OF GETTYSBURG

President Dedicates Monument to Regulars.

ONLY ONE ON THE FIELD.

Memorials of States to Their Fallen Soldiers Receive Formal Addition by the Nation—Daughter of President Unveils the Shaft—Veterans and Army Men in Large Numbers on Historic Pennsylvania Ground.

Gettysburg, Pa., May 31.—Standing near the spot where Lincoln declared that the men who perished at Gettysburg had not died in vain, his successor in office, William H. Taft, today dedicated a monument to the men of the regular army who died that the nation might live.

The monument at Gettysburg, which was unveiled by Miss Helen Taft, the daughter of the president, is the first to be erected to the memory of the Gettysburg martyrs of the regular or-



GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

ganization. Practically all of the states whose sons fought in the battle erected monuments to them on the field which marked the "high tide of the rebellion" long ago. Congress waited forty years to honor the men who represented all the north without distinction of state.

War Department in Charge.

The matter of the dedication of the monument has been in the keeping of the war department, and one of the speakers at today's dedication was Secretary of War Dickinson. A special committee consisting of Assistant Secretary Oliver, Lieutenant General John C. Bates, retired; General J. E. Bell, chief of staff, and Colonel Nicholson, representing the Gettysburg national park commission, has had charge of the monument.

The inscriptions on the four sides of the monument give details of the

losses of the regular artillery, cavalry and infantry in the battle and declare that it was "erected by the congress to commemorate the services of that portion of the Army of the Potomac composed of cavalry, artillery, infantry and engineers of the regular army of the United States in the Gettysburg campaign, June-July, 1863." The monument is a beautiful shaft eighty-five feet high, surrounded at the base by a broad granite terrace. It stands a short distance south of high water mark of the battle.

Efforts had been made to secure the attendance at Gettysburg of as many survivors of the battle as possible, and several of the leading men who helped to make history in and near the little Pennsylvania town were present.

Battlefield Graves Decorated. Pilgrimages are being made to the prominent monuments, which have been adorned with flowers and wreaths. Memorial day is always a great time at Gettysburg, but this year the visit of the president and the army officials and veterans adds much to the solemnity and dignity of the day.

Orders had been issued for the attendance of about 2,000 soldiers of the regular army, including a squadron of the Fifteenth cavalry, at Fort Myer, Va.; a battalion of the Third field artillery, at Fort Myer; the Fifth regiment of infantry, at Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y.; four companies of coast artillery from the artillery district of the Potomac, and four companies of the coast artillery from the artillery district of Delaware and five companies of coast artillery from the artillery district of Baltimore.

Although the spirit of Memorial day, honoring the memory of the men "who died that the nation might live," prevailed in the north today and there were military and civic demonstrations of regard for those who fell in the great struggle, the day had to yield some of its solemnity to the modern cult of outdoor sport. Orations telling of the heroic fighters of old are interrupted nowadays by the crack of the peaceful pistol setting off runners or carmen or other athletic contestants in less earnest strife. The time honored processions of the dwindling ranks of the old vets, re-enforced by the newer veterans of the war with Spain and the younger men of the army and militia, marched again down the streets of our villages and cities and towns, to be followed by the scantily clad athletes who compete, not for the glories of war, but for the prizes of sport. The wreaths covering soldiers' graves mingle with the laurels of the victors in the games.

Chief among today's sporting events are the automobile hill climb up Giant's Despair mountain, near Wilkes-barre, Pa.; the similar event at Bridgeport, Conn.; the annual Harvard-Cornell boat race on Lake Cayuga, N. Y., and the balloon race at St. Louis.

More fittingly honoring the spirit of the day are the closing for the day of the sessions of the United States supreme court and the parades in New York, Chicago and other cities. An annual feature of Memorial day in New York city is the parade of the work horses.

The best is the cheapest, "Acorns" are the best.