

The Last Voyage of The Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

Author of Bob Hampton of Placer.

Illustrations by Deaborn Melville

educated man, an' seemed to like to hear me talk, an' among other sea yarns I happened to tell him this one. He seemed mighty interested, although he wasn't never given to seafarin', an' asked me a whole pile o' fool questions. Finally he wanted to meet me again alone the next day.

"Well, havin' nothin' better to do, I was there when he came, an' he showed up with a queer-lookin' big ol' book, the cover half ripped off, under his arm. Then he made me tell him that yarn over again, and describe the ship jest exactly as I remembered it. Then, when I'd got through, an' told him everything I could dig out o' my memory, he opened up that book o' his on the table, an' damme, sir, if he didn't show me a picture of that same ol' hooker, plain as life, only everything was trim an' shipshape on board, with the masts up an' the sails drawn. The name was printed underneath, too—Donna Isabel, Cadiz.

"That book he showed me was printed in Spanish—not just like what you see to-day, sir, but the letterin' all rough, as though it had been cut out o' wood, but the fellow showed me the date when it was printed, an' it read 'Seville, 1779,' plain enough. Francisco wrote out in English what he said was printed there about this Donna Isabel; an' there it is, sir, in his own handwritin'.

He took the paper out of his inner coat pocket and spread it open on the table before us. De Nova and Anderson leaned forward eagerly to look at it, but Tuttle shoved it along toward me.

"Read it out loud, sir," he said, his voice trembling. The writing was not clear, and I held it up to the light.

"Galleon Donna Isabel, ship-rigged, 950 tons, Amador, Master, built 1730, home port Cadiz. Sailed Guayaquil for Valencia, June 11, 1753; crew numbered 32, passengers 17, including five women; carried treasure, in gold ingots and pieces of eight, valued at 3,000,000 pesos, consigned by Candamo, presidente, to department of the west, receipted for by Salvatore, government agent. Spoken by ship Conquistador, Sanchez, master, July 16, 1753, 80 degrees 20 minutes west and 47 degrees 15 minutes south; all well lost at sea; no report."

I put down the paper, and looked across at Tuttle; he sat motionless, his head in his hands. I confess the tale had affected me strangely, and I could not doubt that the man honestly believed every word he had uttered. Yet it was far too marvelous ever to be true; too impossible; too wildly romantic. It must have been a hallucination, an optical illusion born from a mirage of fog and sun in those frozen seas. Over 3,000,000 pesos, locked within the eternal ice for 126 years! Over 3,000,000 pesos, guarded by the dead for a century amid that grim desolation of crested sea! God! it was simply unthinkable, and I even ventured to smile at the credulity of the men about me; yet I did it with set jaws and lips parched and dry. What if it was all true? I felt the blood boiling up through my veins, every extremity tingling with the fever of it. Over 3,000,000 pesos! Merciful mother! it was the ransom of a king; it was the temptation of hell! I know not how I controlled my voice so as to question calmly, for, even as I first spoke, I noticed how my hands trembled where they rested on the outspread map.

"Is that all?"

Tuttle nodded his head, uplifting his eyes questioningly to mine.

"That's the whole of it, sir. What do you think?"

"That's more than I know, Mr. Tuttle. Perhaps you dreamed, perhaps Francisco lied. I should have liked to see that book."

I bent lower over the chart, staring at the red cross.

"What was it you men wanted me for?"

"To operate the steamer, sir; the rest of us aboard only understand sailin' vessels."

"Yes, of course; but why did you happen to choose a steamer for the job? There were plenty of sailing craft lying in the harbor easier to steal than this yacht."

"Very true, but it happened to be steam power we wanted. Here is about how we figured it, sir. First place, we had to get away quickly out of those portions of the sea where they'd be most likely to hunt for us. We're outlaws, an' every ship sailin' under a flag is an enemy. Well, sir, what chance would a sailin' vessel have in such a chase? We needed somethin' that would show 'em a clean pair o' heels—somethin' that would give 'em a run for their money. That's what this yacht can do; she's pokin' it now at sixteen."

"Yes; you've got the advantage," I confessed, "so long as your coal lasts. But you can't put in anywhere for a new supply—what then?"

He turned partially about, and winked at De Nova; the fellow grinned back at him, but burst in eagerly:

"Oh, we're not quite so green as all zat, Mons. Stephens, an' I t'ink we got zat 'ting plan' out jus' 'bout right. We steam so till we get maybe far 'nough south w'ere zey quit look for us. How it be 130 degrees west an' 40 degrees south? Nobody t'ink we go zere—non, non. We got coal plenty for zat, an' zen have bunch left. I know; I try it. No more need push her elser after we leave ze Fernandez—we be well ahead zen. Zen we rig up ze schooner sails, an' make ze next t'ousan' mile w'out burn' a poun'. You see how it do? Ze danjaire was not, for in zat ocean we meet nosing but maybe ze whale ship."

"You understand what he means, sir?" went on Tuttle, as the creole paused for breath. "Once well ahead we can fall back on canvas, and save the coal. But we'll need the steam power down there to hold her off an' on by the island while we do the job. It's a mighty nasty bit o' water, an' a sailin' vessel is apt to get pinched in the ice. But with a steamer we can hold her to it, however the wind blows."

I looked at the fellow with greater respect. Evidently he had considered



every angle of the desperate game he was playing.

"Your scheme certainly sounds reasonable enough," I admitted, almost reluctantly. "And the chances are you will get there all right. But suppose you do; suppose you discover this mysterious island; suppose you find there the galleon as you say; suppose you even succeed in getting aboard, and into possession of the treasure—what then? Don't you know you're bound to be caught the minute you come out of the Antarctic into any ocean patrolled by the fleets of the world? You have committed piracy—a crime against the nations—and the civilized world will unite to hunt you down."

"That's another reason why we had to have a steamer," he explained, calmly. "You just remarked that they'd be lookin' for the Sea Queen to come back. Well, let 'em look; they won't never see her, sir. Once we get that gold under hatches, an' back as far as that rock they call Dougherty Island—an' that's only a run o' maybe 500 miles—I'll engage to make over this here Sea Queen so that her own captain wouldn't know her 50 feet away. How? I'd strip the engines out o' her, h'ist the stack overboard, tear down the bridge an' wheelhouse, rig her as a barkentine, change every line o' paint fore an' aft, an' then wreck her somewhere along the east Patagonian coast, or maybe the Falklands. It would be nothin' but a bloomin' whaler gone ashore, an' afore anybody finds out different, we'll be scattered to hell an' back."

I was obliged to acknowledge to myself that it was not an impossible plan. Eliminating the chance of accident or some unusually bad luck, success appeared not only possible, but probable.

"Did you think all that out yourself, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Well, Francisco suggested considerable, but we did it together."

"Where is he? on board?"

The mate laughed, his eyes expressive of contempt.

"Not much, he hadn't the nerve. He's a schemer all right, but a blame' coward."

"But suppose he gets to talking back there in Valparaiso?"

It was big Bill Anderson who answered me, disgusted with our long controversy.

"Oh, to hell wid Francisco! he broke in, gruffly. "It's wat you're goin' to do we want to know. Francisco'll hold his gaff well enough. He expects a bit of the swag, an', besides,

CHAPTER XI.

In Which I Explain to Her Ladyship.

I gazed directly into his bullying eyes with a depth of contempt I made no slightest effort to disguise. Then I arose deliberately to my feet.

"Anderson, pluck that knife out and put it back in your belt."

"I'm damned if—"

"Do as I say quick, you surly brute," I interrupted, sternly. "Not another word. I'm in command here yet, and you'll obey orders, or I'll make you."

He understood I meant it, with his innate cowardice plainly apparent, yet did not yield until Tuttle interfered with a sarcastic laugh.

"The captain isn't exactly the sort to be handled in that kind o' way, Bill," he said, smoothly. "He's a deep-water sailor, not a land-shark, but I guess he's likely ready enough by this time to say what he's willin' to do."

The entire situation seemed to unroll before me like a panorama as I stood there, hastily making up my mind for action. I was afloat on the high seas, absolutely powerless to resist the set purpose of these men surrounding me, all rendered desperate by greed. Much as I despised Anderson, I comprehended that his throat was no idle one; nor did I possess a single comrade on board who would stand at my back. I was utterly alone; nay, worse even than alone—with two women dependent upon me. If I outwardly agreed with these rascals, and thus retained semblance of command over them, I might possibly preserve all our lives; I could, at least for the present, protect the women from insult, perhaps from danger.

"Well, Mr. Tuttle," I said, quietly, "I may as well return you my answer one time as another. I don't give a tinker's damn for Anderson's threats, and I don't altogether put much faith in your yarn. But perhaps it's worth taking a chance at. What is to be my authority on board, providing I agree to go with you?"

"You're the captain."

"Absolutely in command?"

He shifted about, appearing a trifle disconcerted under my rapid questioning.

"Well, yes; in everything concernin' the discipline an' sailin' of the yacht," he explained. "There won't be no fuss about that job, sir. But we ain't a regular article crew, bein' that we're all here on shares in the enterprise, an' so, as regards the purpose of the voyage, it'll have to be decided by majority vote. However, that don't need make no trouble."

"What is to be my share if you find the treasure?"

He thrust his head out of the window nearest him, looking up and down the deck; then he leaned across the table toward me, lowering his voice until it was little more than whisper.

"You get one-fifth, sir; the four of us here get one-fifth each; the other fifth is to be divided among the crew. Ain't that fair enough, sir?"

"It would appear so; yet there is still another matter of some importance to be decided first. There are two women on board; how about them?"

"What! The vibrant excitement of his high-pitched nasal voice was echoed by the others.

"This steam-yacht we have stolen was the property of the earl of Darlington," I explained. "Lady Darlington and her maid are still on board, in the cabin aft."

This unexpected and undesirable information seemed fairly to stun the fellows, their eyes meeting blankly. I heard Bill Anderson swear.

"The question is, how can we best dispose of them? This is no excursion for ladies, no pleasure trip of any kind, we've started on. Shall we hail some passing vessel and trans-ship them, or shall we run in to Juan Fernandez and put them both safely ashore?"

None of the three men ventured to glance toward me, and for a long moment no answering voice spoke. Then Tuttle gave oily utterance to words of compromise.

"Blame if this don't sort o' knock me all out, sir," he acknowledged. "I don't exactly cotton to either of those ideas of yours, an' I don't know what is best. I guess I'll have to talk it over with my mates here first, but you can tell them ladies that we'll get 'em out somehow before we turn south. Anyhow, they don't need to worry none 'bout bein' ill-treated. Then I take it, sir, that you mean to sail with us?"

"There doesn't appear to be anything else I can do."

"You're about right there. Well, let's shake hands on it."

I did so, deliberately ignoring both the others, and feeling my flesh twitch when I touched his flabby palm. Tuttle chewed savagely on the tobacco in his cheek.

"Damn the women!" he commented in sudden anger. "Better give the crew their breakfast, Anderson. Mr. Stephens, I've sent Dade into the cabin to attend things aft. He'll make a good hand at that sort o' job."

We passed out together into the bright sunlight on deck, and I remained in silence for a moment beside the rail, gazing forth across the

(To be Continued)

I let him know what was comin' to him if he let his tongue wag. I had him right, let me tell ye. An', damme, Mr. Stephens," the bully in him breaking all bounds, "if it ain't comin' the same way to any other duffer who goes back on us this trip. That's what talks!" He jerked his sheath-knife from his belt, and, with one fierce lunge, drove it half to the hilt into the table, his brute eyes scowling threateningly into mine.

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The Rebekahs Meet.

The annual convention of the Daughters of Rebekah for the third district was held at Nehawka, Wednesday, June 9th. A correspondent of the News furnishes the following:

All lodges in the district were represented but two. Last president of the state, Mrs. Anna B. Crawford, of Lincoln, gave an excellent address in the afternoon and conducted a question box. A good program was given during the afternoon in which many excellent papers were read.

At 7 o'clock a fine banquet was served to a large crowd. Mrs. C. F. Sturms was toastmistress and was an ideal one. Several witty toasts were given and others full of good thoughts. During the evening the initiatory work was conferred on six candidates by the Nehawka degree staff, who put on the work in a most perfect manner in every particular. Officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows:

President—Mrs. Bertha Hunter, Syracuse.

Vice Pres.—Miss Julia Nutzmoo, Avoca.

Warden—Mrs. C. F. Sturms, Nehawka.

Secretary—Mrs. Cushing, Syracuse.

Treasurer—Mrs. Dora Gruenzel, Nebraska City.

The entire convention was a complete success, and much credit is due the Nehawka Rebekahs for the delightful manner in which they entertained their visitors.

Those in attendance from Nebraska City were Mr. and Mrs. E. Gruenzel, Mrs. L. W. Clark and Miss Edna Potts.—Nebraska City News.

Receives Sad News.

W. K. Fox today received through C. C. Wescott, secretary of the County Sunday School Association, the sad intelligence of the death last Saturday of his uncle Prof. E. A. Fox at Louisville, Ky.

Prof. Fox, at the time of his death was General Secretary of the Kentucky State Sunday School Association and editor of the Sunday School Reporter, one of the most widely known and most influential church papers in the United States. He died last Saturday after an illness covering a period of two weeks.

At one time he was principal of the Paducah, Ky., high schools and had attained considerable prominence as an educator of marked ability. He visited in this city some six years ago when he met many residents who remember him quite well. He also was a fellow traveller with James Stander when he made his trip to Rome and the Holy Land. The news of his death reached Mr. Wescott through the General Secretary of the Sunday School Association for Nebraska and it gave no details as to the cause of his demise.

Mr. Fox was greatly shocked at the news which came so suddenly and unexpectedly. In his deep sorrow over the loss of this most estimable man, he has the sincere consolation and sympathy of all.

A Car Load of Automobiles.

The other day we picked up a paper published down in southwest Kansas and read a notice that the local hardware merchant was bringing in a car load of automobiles to sell to the inhabitants.

It sounds queer. We were at that town when nearly every man was carrying a mortgage, and the ones that weren't mortgaged were in that fix because they hadn't anything to mortgage. If some man had commenced to talk about paying out from \$1,200 to \$2,500 for an automobile the probate judge would have said, "This is where I get busy. That man needs investigating as to his sanity."

Of course there probably would have been no trouble of that sort because no manufacturer of devil wagons would have thought for a minute that anybody in that town was able to buy one. But 6-cent cattle and 6-cent hogs and the spread of alfalfa has put a lot of Kansas men on easy street and when the average Kansas man has the money he is not a tight wad. If he grips a dollar hard it is because he doesn't know just when or where he is going to get another dollar.—Topeka Mail and Breeze.

Farmers Need Sunshine.

John Kraeger, the prominent farmer from west of the city came in this morning to attend to business with our merchants. Mr. Kraeger states that the farmers are needing sunshine and warm weather very badly and that the crops are suffering for warm weather very badly and that the crops are suffering quite a good deal by the continued wet and cool weather.

There has been more rain than needed and hot, dry weather for a few days would accomplish a world of good. Small grain is threatened with rust on account of the bad wet weather.

Mrs. A. F. Seybert of Cullom came down this morning on the Schuyler train for a day's visit in the city with friends.

New Neckwear

We have just received our third Spring shipment of the very latest things in Neckwear, including new effects in tiger stripes, Persian patterns, light grounds of pearl and soft shades of olive and brown with contrast figures. Reversible, loose end and narrow 4-in-hands. Also medium and wide end club ties, and some beautiful designs in light weight rumchunda handkerchief ties.

A special line of new stripes and spots in silks and washable ties which we are now offering **25c** at.....

A new stock of new stocks 50c. See our west window.

C. E. Wescott's Sons

"WHERE QUALITY COUNTS."

THE NEBRASKA TELEPHONE COMPANY TO RAISE THEIR RATES AT PLATTSMOUTH

No Change to be Made in The Plattsouth Telephone Company Rates.

NO MORE 50c PER MONTH BELL TELEPHONES

The following letter has just been received from the Nebraska State Railway Commission by General Manager Pollock of the Plattsouth Telephone Company stating that the Nebraska Telephone Company will on July 1st, 1909, discontinue the 50 cent per month rate for residence telephones at Plattsouth, and raise their telephone rates to the new schedule filed with the Railway Commission, as shown by the following letter:

Lincoln, June 9, 1909.
Mr. T. H. Pollock,
General Manager, Plattsouth Telephone Co.,
Plattsouth, Nebraska.

Dear Sir:—
Referring to your favor of the 25th ult., in regard to rates charged by the Nebraska Telephone Company for its Plattsouth exchange:

Since our letter of the 1st inst. was written, giving you a copy of the rates of file at that time, the Nebraska Telephone Company has applied for authority to make the following changes in its rates:

Metallic Circuit.
Individual line, business, reduce from \$36 to \$30 per year.
Individual line, residence, reduce from \$24 to \$18 per year and to eliminate all grounded circuit and special rates now in effect at said exchange; also for authority to establish the following new rates:

Metallic Circuit.
2-party line, business, \$24.00
2-party line, residence, 15.00
4-party line, residence, 12.00

As it appeared to the Commission that these rates, in no case, cut below the rates charged by the competing company at Plattsouth, application was granted, the new rates to become effective on and after July 1, 1909. This for your information.

Very truly yours,
Clark Perkins,
Secretary.

The Plattsouth Telephone Company started in business in Plattsouth, Nebraska, in 1899 when the "Bell" Company was charging \$4 per month for a business telephone and \$3 per month for a residence telephone for an exchange of 26 subscribers. The Plattsouth Telephone Co. established a rate of \$2 per month for business and \$1.00 per month for residence.

The Plattsouth Telephone Company own and operate over 3,000 telephones now owing nine exchanges and five toll stations in Cass county, so that it is possible to reach nearly every farmer, business man and telephone user in Cass county over the Plattsouth Telephone Company's lines.

The "Bell" Company own and operate only one exchange in Cass county, the one at Plattsouth with about 100 subscribers.

The Plattsouth Telephone Company operate 600 telephones on the Plattsouth exchange, which is being rebuilt and made an all-class plant which will insure first-class service. The capacity of the Exchange is being increased so that within the next two week it will be possible to supply a telephone to every resident in Plattsouth on short notice.

The long distance service over the Independent or Plattsouth Telephone Company's lines is all that could be desired, having first-class copper long distance lines to all points within 500 miles. Fine service to Omaha, Lincoln, Council Bluffs, St. Joe, Kansas City, Des Moines and all intermediate points.

The Journal believes it is the duty of every citizen of Plattsouth to stand by The Plattsouth Telephone Co., as it is the company that has brought down telephone rates to reasonable place. The Journal has made inquiry of the Plattsouth Telephone Co., and find that no change in rates will be made, the old rates of \$2.00 per month for business phones and \$1.00 per month for residence phones will prevail.

At Atlantic City.
Through an oversight the department of Dr. T. P. Livingston to attend the meeting of the American Medical Association at Atlantic City, N. J. on Friday last was not noticed. Dr. Livingston is a delegate to the meeting which is one of the most important to be held by the medical profession in the country. It will last several days after which he expects to put in some time in visiting the principal cities of the east including Washington, Philadelphia, New York and other points of interest. He will also pay a visit to his birthplace, Dingman's Ferry, Pa., where he spent a portion of his childhood. It will be several weeks before he returns to the city.

New National Bank.
Dispatches from Washington announce that the Plattsouth State Bank of this city has been granted permission to convert itself into a national bank under the title of the Plattsouth National Bank with a capital stock of \$50,000. This leaves but one state bank in the city—The Bank of Cass County. So far as heard from there is no intimation of a change in its form of organization.