

The Last Voyage of The Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

Author of Bob Hampton of Placer.

Illustrations by Deaborn Melvill

threateningly. "I'm ready to brain the first man who attempts to touch me."

Tuttle stopped, his jaw working savagely, his eyes on mine.

"Will you promise to keep quiet, sir, an' let us get away out o' this?"

"Damn you, no!" stubbornly, all my senses leaving me at sight of his hateful face. "I'll speak that ship yonder if I have to fight the crew of you single-handed."

"Then fight, you cockerel, an' be damned to you!" roared Anderson; and he pressed past the two of them and sprang at me.

It was hot, swift work, while it lasted. I struck twice, laying open the big brute's scalp, and dropping him so his head hung dangling down over the deck, his body huddled against the rail. I aimed to do as well by Tuttle, but the descending pin landed on his uplifted arm, and, before I could draw back for another blow, the fellow at the wheel released the spokes and jumped at my back, throttling me with his hands as the weight of his body crushed me to the planks. Grasping the rail I half tore myself loose, rising to one knee, and struck him twice madly in the face; but others of the crew came tumbling on top of us, pinning me helplessly down. It was all the work of a breathless moment, and as I lay there, the knee of a negro crunching into my chest, I saw De Nova spring to the wheel and whirl it hard down, while Tuttle, his left arm dangling, his teeth set from pain, began jangling the bells in the engine-room. Scarcely had the echo reached us when a strange voice hailed sharply from out the dense fog:

"Steamer, ahoy! What vessel is that?"

Tuttle's nasal voice answered:

"Steam yacht Cormorant, Panama to Easter Island, for pleasure. Who are you?"

"H. M. S. Victory, on cruise. Stand by, while we send a boat."

A deep oath sprang to Tuttle's lips, his fingers convulsively gripping the rail. Then he appeared to rally, the very intensity of his fear making a new man out of him.

"Lively, lads, clear the deck," he commanded, harshly. "Here, one of you take the wheel. Now, De Nova, bundle that fighting fool down into the chart-house, and stand over him with a gun. Two of you fellows carry the boat-swing into the fo'castle; lively, now."

They were certainly expeditious enough in my case, dragging me bumping down the steps, and flinging me in between table and bench with a violence that made me groan. I caught the glimmer of a steel barrel in De Nova's hand as he drew close the sliding door.

"It was not nice sing to do, Mons. Stephens," he said, not ill-naturedly, "but, by gar, out ze farsity row it was going to be done, for I shoot ze pistol very good."

"That's all right, De Nova," I replied, realizing my complete defeat and holding no personal grudge against him. "I don't blame you. I've made my play, and have had enough. May I sit up?"

He nodded carelessly, dropping the revolver back into his jacket pocket, yet with his black eyes fastened shrewdly on my face.

"'Tis ze bes' way to talk, monsieur," pausing to listen to the mingled sounds without. "Sacre, I wonder w'at ze devil was up now!"

We both sat, breathing hard from our late exertions, listening anxiously, yet with vastly differing emotions, hope animating me that this was to prove a capture, or, at least, that some chance discovery by the officer visiting us would result in the release of the women below. But De Nova was in an agony of apprehension, the full peril of his position clear before him. We heard the bare feet of the hurrying sailors patter along the deck, the strident voice of Tuttle issuing a few final commands, and the faint sound of oars in the water alongside. The officer came slowly up the ladder, and my heart sank as I heard him laugh carelessly to the mate's greeting. I could distinguish the sound of his voice, but not the words uttered, and in some way it impressed me with the thought that the fellow was young, a midshipman, possibly, who would prove more putty under Tuttle's expert handling. The two went down the companion-steps together in apparently amiable conversation, and we could hear the low murmur of voices as the crew hung over the rail jostling with the men-o-war's men in the boat below. My eyes met De Nova's in the semi-darkness, and he grinned, showing his teeth.

"Nossing ver' dangerous, monsieur," he said, easily. "Ze ol' fox he fool zat kid."

I attempted no response, my mind already sufficiently heavy from apprehension. Oh, for just a word, merely an opportunity to cry out our story before it was forever too late! De Nova must have felt the struggle within me, for he stretched his legs across the

narrow passage leading to the door, and I saw his hand thrust into his coat pocket. Underneath his genial veneer he was one to act upon occasion, absolutely careless of the result. So I waited in silence, my teeth set hard, my hands clenched, as the last vestige of hope oozed slowly out of me. They were scarcely ten minutes below, coming up chatting in rare good fellowship, the officer clinging to the rail, his feet on the ladder, while he completed some story he had been relating with much gusto. Then we heard plainly the dip of oars, growing gradually fainter in the distance, feet pattered on the deck planks, Tuttle's voice sounded from the bridge, and the vessel began throbbing to the steady chug of the screws. We were safely under way again, pressing our sharp bow into the fog-bank. Unable to control my weakness, I buried my face in my hands.

I do not know how long we sat there motionless, De Nova staring blankly at the vapor sweeping past the window, and I with head lowered in depression. It was Tuttle himself, with one arm in an improvised sling, who slid open the door of the chart-house and looked in upon us.

"This is your watch yet, De Nova," he said, shortly, "and I need to doctor up my arm a bit. You're a dam' hard hitter, Mr. Stephens," no trace of anger in his voice, "but that's about the last chance you'll have to kick up a shindy on this vessel. You'll go below, sir, an' stay there, unless we happen to need you."

I stepped forth onto the open deck in obedience to his gesture.

"Then I am no longer even in pretended command, but merely your prisoner."

"Call it whatever suits you best," he returned, grimly. "The result will be the same in any case. Well, De Nova, what are you waitin' for?"

"I sink maybe you say w'at was it ze navy man wanted?"

Tuttle's solemn countenance broke into the semblance of a grin.

"Plug tobacco," he announced, sucking his lips with sensual enjoyment of the joke. "Gave me the scare of my life, but that's all it amounted to. Been out cruisin' for three months, an' the crew ready to mutiny for smokin' and chewin'. Nice, sociable little chap they sent over, too."

As I sank down into the recesses of a cushioned chair in the cabin, my spirits at lowest ebb, I glanced up at the telltale compass—we were already headed due south.

CHAPTER XIII.

In Which We Sail Due South.

Those days and nights following, while serving to bear us continually deeper into the immense expanse of water that concealed the mystery awaiting us in the great South sea, contained little of incident directly relating to this narrative. Day following day that same wide circle of the sky came down to unite with the circle of the waters. It was almost as though we remained motionless, "a painted ship upon a painted ocean"; only the figures on the paper, the pins on the chart, the sharp stem cleaving the waves asunder, and the oily wake astern leaving us aware of steady progression through this trackless desert of the sea.

We passed somewhat to the westward of Juan Fernandez, so far out that only with a glass from the foretop could the distant peaks be dimly deciphered in blue, misty blots against the sky. Already Tuttle had banked the fires, and spread the Sea Queen's canvas, reaching to the westward to get the most possible out of the fresh breeze. The Sea Queen changed motive power and appearance as if by magic, the square yards hiding the jauntness of her keel, and concealing the rake of her masts, the white sails billowing out before the wind, sending her swooping forward through the water like a great bird, leaning over until at times her lee rail was all awash with white foam and her forward decks glistening with spume.

Tuttle drove her recklessly, holding on in spite of crackling wood and sails threatening to tear loose from the bolt-eyes, taking shrewd advantage of each slant of wind, and lowering canvas only when danger was deadly. He had come into his own, he was at home, and the rejuvenated Sea Queen leaped forward at his will, as though endowed with fresh life. He seemed to understand her moods, her caprices, as though he had sailed her in every sea, and I watched him test her, loosening a rope here, tightening another there, striving to discover her good and bad qualities, until my admiration for his seamanship almost overbalanced my growing detestation of him otherwise.

Lady Darlington became positively afraid of him, dreading his approach, shrinking from his address, yet not daring to withdraw wholly from his presence. His sole topic of conversation

was psychometry, and every time she endeavored to lead him to some more pleasant subject he would return with dogmatic persistence to that one rather dismal theme. His blatant self-conceit saved him from realizing her utter weariness, and he never seemed to tire of his own unctuous, nasal tones. Heavens, but the fellow was an insufferable bore. Celeste would slip away unobserved, but her mistress and myself had no means of escape. I remained quietly below for three days, and even then was not released by any formal word of mouth. I simply became so tired of the senseless imprisonment that I mounted to the deck, taking Lady Darlington with me, determined to be confined to the cabin no longer except by physical force. De Nova was upon the bridge when we

emerged from the companion, but he merely glanced at us curiously. Tuttle, coming aft a little later, retained sense enough to remain silent. The three days passed below had thrown me much into the society of both mistress and maid, although the frank intimacy of that first conversation with Lady Darlington was never resumed. There seemed an intangible barrier of reserve between us, although we talked freely enough regarding our situation, the peculiarities of Tuttle, and the constantly changing wonders of the deep. It was as if neither of us quite dared to probe beneath the surface, opening up once more the depths each endeavored to conceal; rather were we content to drift as the tide ran.

I saw comparatively little of De Nova, the second officer, during this period, and gained an impression that he was endeavoring to avoid meeting me. Yet I ran across him twice in company with Celeste, once in the cabin, and again in the narrow deck space overhanging the stern, and began to hope vaguely that the girl was winning him over to our interests. With the others I sought to approach I made no progress. McKnight seldom showed his nose above deck, and then only to smoke in sullen silence, seated gloomily on the edge of the main hatch or to the lee of the chart-house. Olsen was undoubtedly honest enough, yet without intelligence, his eyes those of a faithful dog. The Chilean, a smooth-faced young fellow wonderfully deficient in chin, I learned had been assigned as assistant to the cook, and was thus kept too busy inside the galley even to be approached. Indeed, so far I had not seen his face on board the ship.

CHAPTER XIV.

In Which De Nova Speaks.

What now occurred came upon us with such suddenness that I find it difficult to relate the incidents in detail. We must have been below the fiftieth degree of south latitude, and about 135 degrees west, with the wind strong and occasionally puffing up into squalls, bearing flakes of snow which stung exposed flesh and left a thin mantle of white along the decks. It was Tuttle's watch below, and as I paused in the protection of the companionway looking forward, while I got my pipe going, I could see De Nova on the bridge, wrapped up like a mummy, and crouching well down behind the tarpaulins. All about was a wild sea scene, never to be looked upon amid any other stretch of waters on the globe—a dull, dead picture of utter desolation, of madly racing waves, of green, sullen sea, of pale blue sky, the very frost in the air apparent; a cold, drear expanse of monotonous distance wherever the eye looked—a desert of water below, a void of air above. Big Bill Anderson, his head still bound up where I had cracked him, slouched in the doorway of the chart-house, staring aft, and a moment later De Nova came lumbering down the steps from the bridge and spoke with him for some earnestly. The boatswain finally went forward, clinging to a lifeline to keep footing on the slippery deck, and the second officer clawed along the weather-rail until he reached the companion.

"I would like to have talk w'iz you, Mons. Stephens," he said, quite respectfully, swaying to the wild leaps of the vessel. "Maybe if we go to ze lee of ze cabin here we'll be out of ze win'."

I followed him in silence, wondering what could be coming now, yet ready enough to take advantage of any opportunity which might present itself. De Nova braced his back against the rail, his cap drawn so low that I could perceive little of his face but the glitter of black eyes.

"We're a little bit bozzered w'at to (To be Continued)

STOCKMEN FOR DUTY ON HIDES

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Convention at Alliance Adopts Only One Resolution.

OLD OFFICERS ARE RE-ELECTED

R. M. Hampton Again Chosen President of Nebraska Stock Growers' Association—Mayor Dahlman of Omaha Delivers Address, in Which He Recalls Days When He Rode the Range—Address by T. B. McPherson.

Alliance, Neb., June 19.—The closing day of the Nebraska Stock Growers' association was given over to sports and games and a typical western celebration, interspersed with a modern innovation of automobile racing.

The business session began with an address by T. B. McPherson of South Omaha. He was followed by Mayor James C. Dahlman of Omaha on the subject, "Early Days on the Range." He recalled many of his experiences as a cowboy, when, where Alliance now stands, was simply "eminent domain," or in a word, the range. He emphasized the fact that he was known as the cowboy mayor and he was willing that name should remain with him, for it was a glory and an honor.

R. M. Hampton was re-elected as president, as were the balance of the officers, E. M. Searles, Jr., of Lincoln winning out against several competitors, who certainly made the contest an interesting one.

The following and only resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, Legislation of great importance is being enacted by the present congress in the matter of tariff legislation, and

"Whereas, It is contemplated by some representatives and senators to place hides on the free list to the great financial hurt of those engaged in the live stock industry; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we, the members of the Nebraska Live Stock Growers' association, in convention assembled, do hereby petition our representatives and senators in Washington to use all lawful and honorable means to prevent the placing of the same thereon; be it further

"Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be immediately wired our representatives in congress as well as copies furnished the press and that individual members exercise every effort to this end at once."

P. E. O. ELECTS OFFICERS

Mrs. Myron L. Grimes of Blue Hill Is Chosen President.

Beatrice, Neb., June 19.—The P. E. O. state convention closed by the election of the following officers: President, Mrs. Myron L. Grimes of Blue Hill; first vice president, Mrs. Ellington C. Britt of McCook; second vice president, Mrs. Hattie M. Clearman of Minden; recording secretary, Mrs. Helen Koehler of Hastings; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Gertrude M. Thomas of Seward; treasurer, Mrs. Helen M. Drake of Beatrice; organizer, Mrs. Clara Wilson of Omaha.

The convention voted to hold the next meeting at Edgar.

M'FARLAND IS ELECTED

Des Moines Man Heads Consolidated Telephone Companies.

Omaha, June 19.—Casper E. Yost returned from Minneapolis, where he attended an important convention of the Bell companies doing business west of the Mississippi river. He states that George E. McFarland of Des Moines, general manager of the Iowa Bell company, was elected general manager of the consolidated Iowa and Nebraska companies, with headquarters in Omaha.

Found Dead at Gibson.

Omaha, June 19.—Jacob Havel, twenty-six years of age, who lived with his widowed mother, Mrs. Jennie Havel, at First and Spring streets, Gibson, and who disappeared in an angry mood last Sunday morning and could not be located, was found dead, lying in a large patch of weeds near the Burlington station at Gibson.

Silver Jubilee of Father McDonald.

Hastings, Neb., June 19.—The silver jubilee of the priesthood of the Very Rev. William M. McDonald, rector of St. Cecilia's Catholic church, was publicly celebrated by clergymen, laymen and friends in the opera house. Although the event was arranged by members of his church, it was largely non-sectarian in spirit.

South Omahans Call on Governor.

Lincoln, June 19.—P. J. Barrett, J. J. Gillen, city clerk, and Dr. Mullen of South Omaha conferred with Governor Shallenberger about the appointment of two members of the South Omaha fire and police board that are to be made next month.

Guy C. Barton at Rest.

Omaha, June 19.—With the simple funeral and burial service of the Episcopal church, read in the presence of only the family and relatives, the body of Guy C. Barton, who died Wednesday, was laid at rest at Forest Lawn.

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INTERESTING EVENT

Memorial in Honor of Miss Jennie Cassidy Late of Louisville, Ky.

The flower mission department of the W. C. T. U. held a very enjoyable meeting at the home of Mrs. Chas. Troop yesterday afternoon.

This is an annual meeting held as a memorial to Miss Jennie Cassidy, of Louisville, Ky., who organized this department. Miss Cassidy, a beautiful and cultured woman, was stricken at the age of 20 with an incurable malady. She was bedridden for over thirty years and never drew a breath free from pain, yet her love and sympathy went out over the whole world and her work for other unfortunates would put to shame that of hundreds of well women. The children of Louisville erect a monument to her memory and the W. C. T. U. all over the world are trying to emulate her divine christian charity to the unfortunates within our gates.

A good program was given including readings from our talented and generous young girls, and papers read by the older members on the topic of the meeting. One great pleasure was that of having several ladies from Louisville: Mesdames Miller, Bryan, Urnin, Mayfield, Noyes, Stander, Miss Edith Shryock, and also Mrs. Hugh Selver of Oklahoma, who gave a good talk on the city of El Reno before and after prohibition. She is filled with enthusiasm over the bright prospects for her state. The president of Louisville (Mrs. Miles) is a fine talker and said she would always regret that she waited to be fifty years old before joining the W. C. T. U. and getting a chance to make a speech any time she wanted to. Mrs. Irwin is the leader of the L. T. L. at Louisville and is brimfull of enthusiasm over the work and the teaching of the young folks.

Twenty-five were present at this meeting and about 2,000 flowers distributed and yet some places had to be left for another day. The work is growing and much good will result. It was decided to hold the county convention in this city next month, and all are invited to help make it a success. Mrs. Troop was assisted by Mrs. L. A. Moore in serving refreshments and the flower mission was voted the best of all.

Read This.

Five acres, 6 room cottage, fruit, and well located, can be bought for \$1,050. A \$1,500 property for \$700. A \$1,600 property for \$800. A five room cottage close in \$400. A \$1,250 property for \$850.

To exchange for Plattsouth property—80 acres in Kansas; 160 acres in Minnesota, 160 acres in Loup county, Neb., all improved; also 470 acres ranch land in Garfield county. A number of cottages to sell on monthly payments.

Windham Investment Co.

Granted Divorce.

Judge H. D. Travis at chambers today heard the divorce case of Helen A. Dysart vs. James A. Dysart. This case is one in which the plaintiff after reciting their marriage on May 16, 1893, alleged desertion and non-support from December 19, 1906. The defendant made no appearance but defaulted. The court found the allegations of the petition to be true and that the plaintiff was a bona fide resident of Nebraska for more than two years past; also, that the parties were married as set forth in the petition and that defendant on December 19, 1906, willfully and wantonly abandoned the plaintiff and has failed to support her ever since. The court also found that a certain piece of real estate near Union which stood in the name of "Lena" A. Dysart in reality was the property of the plaintiff and quieted the title to the same in her. Messrs. Ramsey & Ramsey represented the plaintiff. By a curious coincidence Judge B. S. Ramsey who appeared as the attorney of Mrs. Dysart, married the couple while he was judge of this county. The ceremony was performed at the court house in the county judge's office in the presence of the late James M. Patterson and Mr. Charles W. Sherman now of Oregon, who acted as witnesses.

A Farewell Surprise.

The pleasant home of Mrs. Short rang with merriment yesterday afternoon from 3 to 6. The occasion was in the nature of a farewell surprise for Miss Mary Filbin, who has been making her home with her aunt in this city and attending school for the past year. So her school mates gathered at the Short home and most agreeably surprised her. Miss Filbin leaves for her home at Hartwell, Neb., tomorrow morning.

For a time the little folks indulged in childish games, in which each guest entered into with much interest and enthusiasm.

At an appropriate hour the guests were invited to the dining room where delicious refreshments were served which all enjoyed.

Later, after expressing their regrets at having to lose their friend from their midst, they departed for their homes, having had a fine time.

Those who enjoyed this occasion were Misses Albin and Rosa Jirousek, Janda, Sophia and Josephine Ulrich, Caroline Schuldee, Mary Skounal, Lillian Hartwick, Helen and Agnes Pitak.

Miss Filbin was the recipient of many pretty gifts which will assist her in remembering her friends of this city.

Alfalfa Seed.

I have a number of bushels of alfalfa seed for sale. Anyone wishing same will find it at my farm.

Z. W. Shrader.

Short-horns for Sale.

Three good registered Short-horn yearling bulls for sale. Also good fresh milk cows.

Mark White.