

The Last Voyage of The Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

Author of Bob Hampton of Placer.

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"Dede?"

"It might be—certainly some one who sought in that way to terrorize officers and crew, and thus compel them to turn back. Whoever it was, he killed Mr. Tuttle, and now seeks to accomplish the same end with you. What are you going to do?"

"Trace him down. The last time the fellow went directly from here to the forecastle. There must be a passageway from stem to stern."

She caught me as I turned, her gray eyes wide with apprehension.

"You will take me with you?"

"That will be impossible, Lady Darlington. I know nothing regarding this passage amidships, but it must surely lead through the coal bunkers and the engine room."

"But—but I cannot let you go alone," utterly forgetting to conceal her agitation. "Truly, I could not bear to do it. Whoever this man may be he will become desperate when cornered. Your very life will be in danger."

"And you really care?" my hand clasping hers, my eyes eagerly searching the gray depths.

"Yes, I care," making no effort to free herself; "why should I not? Think what our condition would be if you were not on board. Yet that is not all; I care because I value your life, your friendship. Little as I can do, let me, at least, be near you."

"You are near me," said I, utterly forgetful of circumstances in the sudden rush of passion, "always near me, because my thoughts are with you, my sole purpose in life to serve you."

The gray eyes fell instantly; the clasping hand was withdrawn and pressed to her forehead.

"I—I will try to do as you wish," she faltered, "but are you armed?"

"Not now, but I will get a revolver from my stateroom. First, let me help you to your cabin."

She permitted my guidance without a word of protest, only glancing once up into my face as she put a question.

"You will return here? you will let me know at once what you discover? Promise me this."

"I promise; and more, I will pledge myself to be cautious, so do not worry."

I procured my revolver, turned the light low once more in the main cabin, and then stole silently into the narrow passageway leading forward. There was no light in the pantry, but the faint reflection from the cabin enabled me to distinguish the more prominent outlines. A form lay outstretched on a locker, and I bent over it silently. It was Dede, curled up on his side and sound asleep. There was no doubt about the reality of his slumber; the fellow was not shamming, and I drew back, leaving him undisturbed. The alley-way leading forward was extremely narrow, yet of a height sufficient to afford comparatively easy passage had it only been lighted. Suddenly a faint glow appeared ahead, and a moment later I slipped cautiously through a small bulkhead door standing ajar, into a low, square room, containing six bunks arranged in tiers of two. A slush lamp swung from a blackened beam, and various articles of wearing apparel dangled from hooks. I peered into the bunks, discovering three occupied, the unconscious sleepers being Cooky, the smooth-faced Chilean, and the gunner, a Swede named Gustafson. None awoke under my scrutiny, although the Chilean was talking in his sleep and thrashing his arms about as if in nightmare. I bent down, looking at him more closely, attracted by something oddly familiar in the upturned features. By all the gods, the fellow was Lieut. Juan Sanchez, his long mustaches shaven, and looking ten years younger! It was so odd a thing, this sudden renewal of a controversy originating thousands of leagues away, that I nearly laughed outright, forgetting for the instant the serious purpose bringing me there.

Yet this surprising discovery of Sanchez aboard seemed of comparatively little importance, and was as quickly dismissed. The narrow bulkhead door leading forward was tightly closed, and in that dim light I had to hunt for it, so perfectly was it fitted into place. When discovered, however, it proved to be unfastened, and I stepped forth into an emptied coal bunker, whence I could look straight forward along the glowing boilers into the engine room. I advanced carefully along the slight open space until I came upon the squad of firemen and big Bill Anderson. The latter shaded his eyes, staring at me as though he mistook me for another ghost, but I took the initiative.

"I have been investigating the arrangement of things below, Anderson," I said, in explanation; "rather odd way in which the yacht is cut up. Did you know there was a passage leading all the way aft?"

The boatswain shook his head, too surely naturally to answer.

"Well, possibly you know whether or not a similar passage leads forward into the forecastle?"

"There's a bulkhead door over there," he returned, indicating by a gesture a spot concealed by the donkey pump, "but I don't know where it goes, only it's dark as hell."

"It comes out under the forecastle, sir," broke in a coal heaver named Davis. "Leastwise there's a trap in the deck there, with a ladder leading down."

"I'll finish the trip through, then, for I like to know what is under my feet when I command a vessel. Where is the engineer, Anderson?"

He waved his big hairy hand in the direction of the boilers.

"Went to his bunk to lie down for an hour; he was about all in."

"Are you capable of standing watch alone in an engine room?"

The fellow grinned, his bulldog jaw protruding.

"Well, I've had to do it on this trip whether I'm capable or not. That fellow can't stand it in here night and day without no rest. I know how to start an' stop her, an' watch the water gauge. If anything else goes wrong he's easy enough called."

So it was McKnight who was playing the antics of a ghost on board; McKnight who had discovered that unusual passageway through the bulkheads; McKnight who had conceived the idea that in this manner he could frighten us into turning back. Well, truly, I did not altogether blame the man, and now that my own fear of the supernatural was allayed, did not feel any desire to punish him severely. Still, his masquerade must stop before he thoroughly demoralized the crew, frightening them beyond all my power of control.

I discovered the door concealed behind the donkey engine, left it slightly ajar behind me, and stepped forward into the black passage. I had groped along to the very foot of the ladder, feeling nothing but bare walls, and hearing no sound except the slush of bilge water, when suddenly an articulate cry sounded almost directly above; something, a hatch cover possibly, seemed to settle into place, and the ladder shook under my hand. I drew back a step, permitting the fellow to come down until he reached the floor. My eyes, accustomed to the gloom, enabled me to dimly perceive his shape. It was no more than a formless smudge he made, but I struck straight for what seemed to be the head, and landed with a force that dropped him like a log. In an instant I was on top, clasping the canvas sheet he wore tightly about his arms, and throttling him against the deck. He fought like a wild bull for a moment, thoroughly frightened and whimpering, dazed by the suddenness of attack, yet following the animal instinct of a struggle for life.

"Damn you, McKnight, lie still!" I panted. "I've got you, and you might just as well take your medicine, my man. Yes, that's a gun you feel, and I know how to use it. So you're the ghost of the Sea Queen, are you? I guess you know what this means if I turn you over to those fellows, don't you?"

He groaned, and I ventured to release my grip on his throat, flinging back the canvas from his head.

"Sit up, well, I'll tell you, McKnight—you would probably go overboard to feed the fishes. Do you recognize me?"

"Yes, sir," managing to find his voice for the first time. "You're Mr. Stephens."

"Right you are, and you can bless your lucky stars that I am the one who caught you. What started you at this trick?"

"It was the Chilean, sir, Sanchez; he said we could scare the whole outfit."

do any of the ghost play—

What the man? In truth there was little I dared to do under the circumstances.

"Now see here, McKnight," I said, soberly, "you quit this thing for good and all; if there is any more ghost walking done on the Sea Queen I'll turn you and Sanchez over to the men. Besides, there's no use resorting again to that sort of trick, for we're about at the end of our cruise."

"You mean we're going to turn north?"

"Yes. Now if I let you go will you behave yourself?"

He promised with an eager earnestness that went far toward convincing me I had not only conquered the man, but won his friendship as well.

"Then wait here, McKnight, until I can pass back alone through the engine room. In ten minutes you slip through, and let this end it. Shake hands, my man."

He gave me a grip I felt, and so I left him, a mere shadow in the black passage.

Lady Darlington stood within the door of her cabin waiting for me, her face brightening as I emerged through the pantry door.

"Who was it?"

"McKnight; I caught him in the very act, but shall keep it from the crew. There will be no repetition of this affair, I am sure, for now we are homeward bound."

How quickly her gray eyes lighted up, her hands instantly clasping mine.

"Homeward bound, Mr. Stephens! Have we already attained the spot sought in this sea? Was there nothing discovered there as a reward for all this long voyage?"

"No, we are not yet there, but I have determined upon turning back. I can not take you any farther into danger."

"But why? why? Is the peril so terribly desperate? How much farther south must we go?"

"With fair luck, the wind holding as it is, we might attain the position to-morrow. 'Tis not a long run; but, Lady Darlington, I am afraid to risk it. The slightest alant of wind will bring the ice crashing down upon us. We are under Damocles' sword, suspended by a hair. This is the beginning of winter in these latitudes—of fierce gales from the south sweeping across leagues of frozen waters. We have been wonderfully fortunate thus far, yet, a single day, ay, a single hour, might seal our fate, hemming us in beyond any possibility of escape. I might take the chance if we were all mere adventurers on board, but I dare not trifle any longer with your life."

She stood swaying slightly, her hands now grasping the top of the place, her lips white and motionless. I could plainly distinguish her rapid breathing. Suddenly her expression of doubt changed.

"I—I am not that kind of a coward, Mr. Stephens. You—you owe it to those men to push on, now we are so near their goal. You have pledged them your word, and—and I want you to keep it."

The companion-door slid back, and a man came heavily down the steps. As he caught sight of us he pulled off his cap awkwardly.

"Mr. De Nova sent me to call you, sir," he said. "It's four bells."

CHAPTER XIX.

In Which We Attain 66° 17' South.

When morning arrived the Sea Queen was plunging through an angry sea, in the midst of a raging snow storm which effectually concealed all our immediate surroundings. With vivid remembrance of those vast ice fields lying off our starboard quarter, and the certainty that numerous bergs were drifting not far ahead, we were compelled to slow down our engines, feeling a way cautiously through the white fog. The ice-cakes buffeting our bows, and scraping along the sides, were a constant menace, requiring men to fend them off so as to keep rudder and screw uninjured; the mainsail had broken loose from its gaskets, and, frozen stiff as the heavy canvas was, proved difficult to secure; while the ice on our forward deck had accumulated to such a thickness as to be weighing us down by the head, and had to be chopped loose and flung overboard in great blocks.

It was not far from noon when the heavy snow-clouds broke and went scurrying away like a flock of birds, leaving the wide sweep of waters clear to our view, with a yellow sun hanging cold in the pale blue of the sky.

I hardly knew where we were, not feeling at all certain about the extent of our drift during the past 24 hours, and so hastily brought my instruments on deck and shot the sun, stepping into the chart house to figure out our position. The result sent a sudden thrill of exultation through me.

"We have attained the spot!" I exclaimed, as I glanced up, and saw her gazing in at me through the open door. "Now we will ascertain the truth of Tuttle's vision."

"The spot? Do you mean this is the point of sea we have been seeking?"

"Ay! and now, thank God! we can head the other way."

I sprang eagerly past her, clinging to a lifeline so as to keep my feet on the deck, too thoroughly excited by my discovery to remain any longer in idleness.

"Johnson, run below, and call Mr. De Nova. Have him turn out at once."

I watched the fellow slide to the companion, and made my own way to the bridge, sweeping my glasses anxiously about the clearing horizon. Within a minute De Nova had joined me, his eyes still heavy from sleep.

"Mr. De Nova," I said, rapidly, my

(To be Continued)

ENDEAVORERS IN BIG CONVENTION

Twenty-five Thousand Meeting in St. Paul.

LEADING MEN WILL SPEAK.

William J. Bryan, Governor Johnson, George Nicholls, Member of Parliament; Dr. Clark, Founder of the Movement, and Others on the Program—More Than Three Million Religious Workers Represented.

St. Paul, July 7.—By far the largest convention in the twenty-eight years of history of the Christian Endeavor movement and one of the greatest gatherings of religious folk ever held in the United States is the convention of Endeavorers which began in this city today. Every state and territory of the Union and many foreign countries are represented among the 25,000 visitors to St. Paul. The city is filled to overflowing with the delegates to



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

the convention and other visitors, and those who failed to secure accommodations in advance are housed in a tent city, near the new capitol. The convention will last until July 12.

On the program are representatives from Mexico, Alaska, China, Japan, Wales, England, Germany and many other foreign countries, while Canada, from far St. John's to northernmost Saskatchewan and western British Columbia, is represented by hundreds of delegates. The membership of the society represented at the convention now exceeds 3,500,000.

Prominent Men to Speak.

The program is the strongest ever presented at an international Christian Endeavor convention. Among the leading speakers are the Rev. Francis E. Clark, father of the Christian Endeavor movement; the Hon. William J. Bryan, Governor John A. Johnson, Senator Beveridge of Indiana, the Hon. George Nicholls, member of parliament, London, who came from England to attend the convention, as well as many leading pastors and missionaries from all parts of the world. Practically every prominent person connected with the society is in St. Paul.

There will be a monster parade and great patriotic service at the capitol as one feature of the convention. The educational exhibit of progress along civic, social and religious lines, with lectures by experts, is one of the most valuable features. This is held in the Armory, the second largest hall in the city. The central meetings of the convention will be held in the new Auditorium, seating over 10,000.

Some of the Convention Features.

Some of the spectacular features of the convention are quite out of the ordinary. Twenty thousand Endeavorers will join at one time in a trolley ride to principal parks and points of interest. The same number will join in an evening song service on the steps of the new state capitol. A chorus of 700 trained voices will lead all the singing and will be directed by the most famous Endeavor chorus leaders in the world. There will be an international campfire, with speakers from every country in the world where Christian missions have made progress.

LIBEL COMMISSION IN PARIS

Will Try to Obtain Evidence in Panama Case Against World.

Paris, July 7.—Henry A. Wise, United States district attorney at New York, and Stuart McNamara, assistant United States attorney for the District of Columbia, who were sent here as a special commission to obtain testimony in the Panama libel case, have reached Paris, but can do nothing until the arrival of DeLaney Nicoll and John D. Lindsay, counsel for the Press Publishing company, publishers of the New York World. The prospect of the commission's obtaining much information is anything but bright, as the path is blocked by numerous obstacles. The consent of the French government has not yet been obtained.

Persian Rebels to Take Capital.

London, July 7.—According to a special dispatch received here from Teheran, that city is completely invested by Persian revolutionary forces, who are expected to attack at any moment.

Holeproof Hose



are the ORIGINAL GUARANTEE HOSE, although there are more than a hundred imitations, yet their quality is never equalled. Why not buy the best—they cost no more.

MEN'S—\$1.50 per box of 6 pairs, guaranteed 6 months. In all the latest summer colors.

WOMEN'S—\$2.00 per box of 6 pairs, guaranteed six months, double garter top. Blacks and tans.

BOY'S—\$3.00 per box of 6 pairs, guaranteed 6 months; black only. Just think of it—a boy's hose guaranteed. This is a boon to mothers.

C. E. Wescott's Sons

"Where Quality Counts."

We are Agents for the Nancy Hanks Suspenders. Ask to see them.

SENATE ADOPTS TAX AMENDMENT

Will Submit Question of Income Tax to the States.

FINAL VOTE IS UNANIMOUS.

Senator Bailey's Amendment Modifying the Brown Measure is Voted Down—Customs Court Feature is Accepted Without Division—More Accomplished in Senate Than at Any Time This Session.

Washington, July 6.—The senate devoted the day to the consideration of the administrative provisions of the tariff bill and to the Brown resolution providing for the submission of the question of an income tax to the legislatures of the various states. The best fight of the day was made by Senator Rayner against the customs court feature of the administrative amendment. The provision occupied the attention for about three hours and ultimately was accepted without division. The proposed court is to consist of five members and it is intended to supersede the United States circuit courts in customs matters.

Not since the tariff bill has come into the senate has so much been accomplished within a day. Attention was given to the drawback feature to the bill, relative to which the finance committee made no recommendation beyond striking out the house provision, which would have the effect of throwing the whole question into conference. In the senate, however, several amendments were made, some of which were submitted at Senator McCumber's instance to satisfy the grain producers of the northwest. A number of other minor additions were also made and all the administration features disposed of.

The income tax resolution of Senator Brown (Neb.) was adopted. The resolution submits to the legislatures of the states an amendment to the national constitution providing that "the congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from what ever source derived, without apportionment among the several states and without regard to any census or enumeration." There was three hours of debate over this measure, the principal contest being over an amendment by Senator Bailey submitting the amendment to conventions in the states instead of the various state legislatures. The amendment was defeated, the division being largely along party lines. The Brown amendment was adopted unanimously.

Cigar Men Win Point.

Cigar manufacturers who were given a hearing by the subcommittee on finance succeeded in defeating the proposed increase from \$3 to \$3.60 a thousand in the internal revenue tax on cigars. The subcommittee, however, voted to recommend increases on practically all other forms of manu-

Mistakes Acid for Whisky; Die.

Salisbury, N. C., July 6.—Mistaking a carbolic acid bottle for one containing whisky, L. D. O'Kelley, a policeman, drank of the contents and died within forty minutes.

CHAMPLAIN IS HONORED

Governor Hughes Tells of Objects of Tercentenary Celebration.

Port Henry, N. Y., July 6.—At historical old Crown Point, where three centuries ago Samuel de Champlain, with his Algonquin allies, engaged in battle against the Iroquois, a struggle which has been described as one of the cardinal events in American history, there were begun week-long ceremonies in celebration of the tercentenary of Champlain's discovery of the magnificent lake that bears his name.

Within the inclosure marked by majestic ruins of old Fort St. Frederic and in the presence of a holiday throng, Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York sketched briefly the objects of the celebration. Historical addresses were delivered by former Mayor Seth Low of New York and Judge Albert C. Barnes of Chicago. Clinton Scoullard of Clinton, N. Y., read an original poem.

The occasion took on a dual character, in that it celebrated the 300th anniversary of the discovery of the lake and the 133d anniversary of the independence of the United States.

Mrs. De Nole a Native of Iowa.

Seattle, Wash., July 6.—Counsel for Mrs. Vera De Nole, the wealthy woman who arrived recently from Hong Kong and who is held in the immigrant detention penitentiary for investigation on the charge that she is an alien and lacking the qualifications to enter this country, said that she is a native of Iowa, where she lived until seventeen years old. She said that she formerly lived at Long Branch, N. J., where she has relatives and that senators and congressmen will be called upon for testimony in the hearing.

IF SICK--WHY PAY

Unless Health First Returns.

Here is what should and can be done! Now you would not willingly pay for food that was worthless—would you? Then why pay for medicine until that medicine first proves to you its actual worth? Positively knowing what Dr. Shoop's Restorative can do for the sick, I say to all "don't pay unless health first returns." And I back my Restorative with a signed and sealed 30 day "No help, No pay" contract.

I positively pledge to the sick everywhere that "Dr. Shoop's Restorative is absolutely free if it fails." Let others do the same—or else pass their possessions by. If you need more strength, more vitality, more vigor or more vim, use my Restorative a few days and note the immediate improvement. When the stomach, heart, or kidneys go wrong, then test Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I do not dose the stomach nor stimulate the heart or kidneys, for that is wrong. You may get away that mistaken idea in medicine. The books below will best tell you how I am succeeding.

These books also tell of a tiny hidden "inside nerve," no longer than a silk thread. They tell how that nerve, until it fails, actually gives to the heart its power, its tone, its never-ending action or impulse.

These books will open up new and helpful ideas to those who are not well. They tell how the stomach, and kidneys each have their "inside" or power nerves. They tell how the Restorative was especially made to reach and revitalize those power or "inside" nerves. All of these facts tell why I am able to say, "It is free if it fails."

This is why I say "take no chance on a medicine whose maker dare not back it just as I do by this remarkable offer."

So write me today for the order. I have appointed honest and responsible distributors in nearly every community to issue my medicines to the sick.

But write me first for the order. All druggists sell Dr. Shoop's Restorative, but all are not authorized to give the 30 day test. So drop me a line please, and thus save disappointment and delay. Tell me also what book you need.

A postal will do. Besides, you are free to consult me as you would your home physician. My advice and the book below are yours—and without cost.

Perhaps a word or two from me will clear up some serious ailment. I have helped thousands upon thousands by my private prescription or personal advice plan. My best effort is surely worth your simple request. So write now while you have it fresh in mind, for tomorrow never comes. Dr. Shoop, Box 12, Racine, Wis.

Which Book Shall I Send You?
No. 1 On Dyspepsia No. 4 For Women
No. 2 On the Heart No. 5 For Men
No. 3 On the Kidneys No. 6 On Rheumatism.