

The Last Voyage of The Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

Author of Bob Hampton of Placer.

Illustrations by Deaborn Melvill

gloved hand sweeping a semicircle in our front, "I have just taken an observation, and this is latitude 66° 17' south and longitude 110° 30' west. Send your sharpest-eyed lookout to the foretop-sail yard with these glasses. Then call all hands."

He went down the bridge stairs as though shot from a gun, and a moment later a young seaman named Symes was swiftly footing the ratlines, their coating of ice breaking under his tread and rattling on the deck below. The men swarmed out from the forecastle and up the main hatch, ranging themselves about the foot of the foremast, watching me eagerly, and occasionally peering up at Symes, now well above the cross-trees.

"Lads," I cried, bending over the rail of the bridge, and starting down in to their upturned faces "I've just figured out our position, and this is the spot we've been hunting after in these seas. I've sent Symes aloft to look out for Tuttle's island. If there's any land in sight, well and good; we'll have a try for looting the Donna Isabel of those Spanish pesos. But if not, then we'll call it a wild goose chase, and the Sea Queen points her nose north."

There was a faint, half-hearted attempt at a cheer, which ended in a muttering of oaths and a shuffling of feet on the icy planks. The glances of the fellows turned upward toward Symes, now securely posted on the foretop-sail yard, the glasses to his eyes. One or two among them, including Anderson, clambered to the top of the forecastle where they could see ahead.

"How the hell," the latter yelled suddenly from that point of vantage, "do we know this is the place, and that you ain't foolin' us just to get back?"

The crowd turned their eyes on me, and I heard a growl of approval.

"Principally because I say so, Anderson. The chart, with our course pricked on it day by day, is yonder A the chart-house. And my figures are there also for this day's reckoning."

"But we don't any of us know anything about that!"

"True enough, but there happens to be one on board who can figure it out for you if you doubt my word. Lady Darlington can do it."

The rising medley of growling voices ceased almost instantly, and if I had felt any question as to what her ladyship would do it was immediately silenced. She slipped to the rail of the stairs, her hood thrown back, her hair blowing in the wind.

"I believe thoroughly in Mr. Stephens," she said, clearly, "but it is true that I know something of navigation, and if you really doubt his statement, I will figure it out for you."

"Now you hear that, lads," my voice ringing out stern over the hubbub. "You'll believe this lady if her results are the same as mine. Now stop your growling."

I hollowed my hands for a hail aloft.

"What do you pick up, Symes?" His words came back in a thread of sound as he looked down upon us from his bobbing perch.

"Not very much, sir, except water. There's a hell of a big field of ice out yonder," pointing with one hand, the other gripping the spar, "but it's mostly flat, an' all glistenin' with snow. There's maybe a dozen bergs ahead an' off the port quarter, mostly medium size, but with the devil of a big fellow a point or so to the north."

"Any land?"

"Not a sign, sir, unless that's it I take for a big berg. The shadows look dark enough for rock."

"Ease her off two points, wheel-man."

"Two points it is, sir." We stood there, silent and motionless, waiting anxiously, the men ranged along the rail, with their eyes all turned forward. I rang for full speed, and the Sea Queen fairly leaped ahead through the icy smother, flinging clouds of white spray over the heedless figures. Within ten minutes we began to perceive the huge mass we were approaching from the deck, and never before had my eyes looked upon so gigantic and majestic a mountain of ice. It was one immense bluff towering into the upper air, being fully 200 feet high, and not less than 1,200 feet in length, with vast glittering pinnacles rising still farther into the sky, its entire front a sheer precipice, gleaming in cold blue, with hardly a darker shadow anywhere to yield relief to the eye. We rounded its eastern edge so closely one could have tossed a biscuit from the foreyard against its smooth front, the swell of its motion tossing the darling yacht like an eggshell. Symes clung to his perch aloft with the grip of a monkey, swinging back and forth to the wild sway of the spar. Suddenly he yelled:

"There's wind comin' from the southwest, sir."

"Heads up!"

"Looks to be a stiff breeze, an'

it's bringing more snow."

"Lay down from aloft."

I sprang over to consult the binnacle-card, and then cast one swift, comprehending glance at the thickening gloom in the southwest. Beyond doubt the change had come.

"Give her two more points north, wheel-man; keep her head nor'east by nor—steady so. Mr. De Nova, send another man up here to the wheel. All hands now; stow everything; tall on to those gaskets lively, my lads; we're in for a blow, and a run for our lives."

To my amazement scarcely a man among them stirred, the eyes of the majority turning toward Anderson. Evidently there was an understanding between them; they intended to revolt and had chosen him their leader. He stood just in front of the forecastle, a lumping big figure in his heavy clothes, his coarse face and ugly jaw showing beneath a fur cap.

"What yer turnin' north for in such a hurry, Mr. Stephens?" he growled, hoarsely. "It's not by vote o' the crew, an' we're the ones that's got their say of it on this voyage. We're for keepin' along this line o' latitude for a day or so anyhow. Tuttle might 'a' got his fingers tangled an' missed a few leagues. Anyhow, we want the lady to give us her reckoning first."

I felt the hot blood leap to my face, and my teeth clenched as I leaned over the rail gazing down at him.

"Lads," I said, striving to master myself, "I've put you exactly where I promised I would; I've shown you all that was here. You can see for yourselves what will happen if we hold on any longer. The wind has swept around; it is going to bring that whole pack of ice down on us. We've got to run for it, or be crushed. Now what I want to know is, are you with me, or with Bill Anderson?"

They held off muttering, yet casting uneasy glances over the rail. Anderson stamped angrily on the deck.

"Oh, to hell with yer fine words," he said, grimly. "What if the wind has changed a bit? Can't we beat off the foe under steam the same as we did before? We're sailor-men, and not afraid of a rough sea. For one, I'm damned if I leave that gold to rot here without huntin' for it."

Words were clearly useless, and I ripped back my heavy coat, dragging off my gloves, all patience exhausted.

"Come on, De Nova," I exclaimed, "you've got sense enough to realize what this means."

I was over the rail with a leap, fronting them on the deck. Almost to my surprise the creole landed beside me, and without a word we struck out at the heads in our front. It was a fierce mix-up for a minute, yet only a man or two stood with Anderson, the suddenness of our assault taking all the fight out of most of them. I struck Big Bill twice squarely in the face, driving him back against the steps leading to the forecastle deck; over these he fell sprawling, his head thumping the plank. The next instant I had De Nova's antagonists in the rear, and together we laid them out against the rail, and none too gently. The mate's smile had become ugly, and he would have leaped into the sea of the bunch, but I caught his arm.

"They've had enough," I said, breathing hard. "Go back on the bridge, De Nova. Now, you lads, get busy. If one of you soldiers, or talks back to me again, he'll go to his bunk for the rest of this voyage. Get up, Anderson, and stop that growling! You fellows may as well learn first as last that I

am commanding the Sea Queen, and that we are homeward bound."

Within the space of five minutes I had the whole gang at it, a profane, shuffling crew enough, yet carrying out my orders after a fashion, and sufficiently cowed to be obedient. At last I dispatched the starboard watch below, and leaving De Nova in charge of the bridge, started back to the companion. To my surprise Lady Darlington, muffled to the eyes, still stood, half protected, in the open door of the chart-house.

"What in the world are you doing here in all this snow and blow?" I questioned.

"Waiting for you," she explained, her eyes glowing. "I could not go to the cabin until I knew you had really won. Is it true that we are homeward bound?"

"Yes," I answered, not altogether happy over her evident pleasure. "The Sea Queen has attained her farthest southing. Are you glad?"

"Glad! He, gloved hands brought mine. In all my life I never happier."

These impulsive words, natural as they were, nevertheless hurt me, and perhaps my face exhibited it. Her eyes fell.

"You cannot know how much I have suffered on this voyage," she said, regretfully. "I'm a woman could. My heart cries out for relief, but it is not because I wish to lose any friendship formed on board."

"Yet that is what being homeward bound must inevitably mean."

Her long lashes were uplifted, disclosing the depths of those gray eyes. "Not with me, Mr. Stephens; I am not a woman to forge!"

CHAPTER XX.

In Which the Yacht Meets Disaster.

I have been endeavoring to recall in sequence the occurrences of the three days and nights following our turning northward, but it is all chaos, vague, confused—an expanse of sleepless hours, raging seas, snow, sleet, and ice, in the midst of which we battled for life in as desperately terrific a fight as men ever waged against nature. I can see and feel it all clearly enough, yet the incidents are so commingled that the separate days and nights appear one continuous event, without beginning or end. I hear the ceaseless howl of the wind, the growl of grinding ice, the smiting of tons of water, the threshing of loosened canvas, the rattle of blocks aloft, the thousand noises emitted by the struggling fabric under foot. I see the swirl of snow; the crested seas, boiling in madness; the gleam of pursuing ice-fields; the towering pinnacles of giant bergs overhanging our mast-heads; the flying clouds, and the settling down about us of the ghostly frost fog. I feel the wild plunge down into the hollow; the sickening, staggering effort to climb up; the dizzy balancing upon the crest, and that awful drop again into the hell below!

No man on board will ever know how we made it; how we ever found passage through those wind-lashed channels; how we ever kept upright under the pounding of that sea; how the Sea Queen ever shook her trembling decks free from the tons of ice and water, and rose staggering to the crest. Once our engines broke, and for two hours we rolled helplessly, while McKnight and the Chilean tinkered at the damaged machinery, and the great waves buried us, and smashed the charthouse into fragments. Once the rudder-chains became fouled with ice, and we swung into the trough of the sea hurled overboard. Gustafson, shrieking wildly for help, went with the litter, while his mates bore Symes below groaning from a broken leg.

Merciful heavens, how that ice came down, pursuing us like the very Fiend! Once it pressed so closely against our quarter that the sea, rebounding from off its front, boarded us, sweeping aft in a vast wall. It caught Dade opening the companion door, hurled him smothering backward and flooded the cabin a foot deep in icy water. Yet we held to it, our eyes aching, our limbs frozen, our olfactory organs with ice, the exposed flesh of our faces one festering frostbite, bruised by the shocks, half dead from fatigue, dizzy from the battle. But it was no seamanship which saved us; it was a merciful Providence, for at times the smother was so thick we ran into it blindly, not daring to broach to with all that ice after us, driven by the wind, and not knowing what was ten yards ahead, or ten yards behind.

During all that time I scarcely left the deck, although De Nova served his watch on the bridge in the flying spray. Dade fed me as best he could, and what brief snatches of sleep I caught were on the divan in the cabin, my icy clothes drying on my body. I saw nothing of the women; there was no time, no opportunity. I doubt if either could have kept upright amid the awful pitching of the yacht, for I was obliged myself to creep from one hand-grasp to another. So I saw nothing of the ladies, but Dade succeeded in taking them food—cold provender, for the galley was wave-lashed, the cook driven below—although how the lad ever managed it is a mystery, and he reported that Celeste clung to her bunk, sick and frightened, but that Lady Darlington was about and dressed whenever he went in.

Some time during the third day the wind had blown itself out, or else we had been driven beyond the sweep of it. Anyhow, it died down into faint

puffs, but the sea remained heavy, the fog thickening as the gale ceased. This curtain, coupled with the sparse light there was, left the decks so dark that we attempted little clearing up, merely pointing the yacht's nose more directly northward at half-speed, trusting the Almighty to furnish us with clear water. Indeed, there was nothing else to do with that ice-pack back of us, and the fierce seas pounding our poop. Besides, I had come to the end of my endurance, and when De Nova came limping forward, hanging to the life-line, to take his watch, I crept below more dead than alive, and clawed my way across the cabin. Lady Darlington stood braced in her doorway, yet for the life of me I could not speak, although I tried—my head nodded on my shoulders, and I fell forward across my bunk, asleep before I even struck the mattress. Dade said she made him pull off my boots and loosen my muffer, standing over him until it was done.

It was not sleep—it was more like death, for I never stirred or knew anything. I lay exactly as I fell, utterly insensible to either noise or motion. It was Dade's vigorous shaking that finally aroused me, nor did he desist until he had me sitting up in the bunk, my eyes wide open.

"What time is it, Dade?"

"Two o'clock, sir."

"Morning?"

"No, sir, afternoon; but the fog is

(To be Continued)

July Clearance!

Here's a chance to buy Clothes at home, that are dependable and that you know are good, for the same or less than the big city stores offer them.

It is our purpose during July to clear our shelves of all broken lots of Summer merchandise, right now in the season when you can use it. We consider this is good business and a method used by the best stores in the country. We have been deterred from putting it in practice the past two years by the floods, which up-set our plans. This year we intend to make a clean sweep of everything that is not contract goods, and if you will test the sincerity of our price reductions, you will be much the gainer. There will be no juggling, no trickery, but a genuine slashing of prices. Everybody can buy at the same low prices. No favorites, no discrimination.

We will sell some things $\frac{1}{2}$ less, some things $\frac{1}{4}$ less, some things $\frac{1}{3}$ less than the regular price. These will be bonafide reductions. We don't intend to resort to any circus bill advertising, but we do intend to sell all broken lots of merchandise VERY CHEAP. The goods themselves and the prices we will make will talk louder than anything we can say.

Watch this space for further announcements of particular lots. Also watch our windows for evidences of these bargains.

REMEMBER THESE PRICES ARE STRICTLY FOR CASH—NO CASH REGISTER COUPONS GIVEN.

C. E. Wescott's Sons

"Where Quality Counts."

Cupid in a Print Shop.

Robert and Thomas Bates of the Plattsmouth Journal have finally induced two young ladies to share their trials and tribulations and be taught the Missouri language. Both of the young men are good boys and have the credit of getting out one of the brightest papers in the county, and trusts that the ladies who have had the courage to undertake the task of guiding them through life may find it a pleasant undertaking. —Nebraska City News.

Robert and Thomas Bates of the Plattsmouth Journal could no longer stand the strain of lonesomeness and in the endeavor to alleviate their suffering they captured a couple of young ladies, Miss Kittle Smith and Martha Rupley, and hid themselves to Council Bluffs on last Tuesday, where the question was settled by the bonds of matrimony. Messrs. Bates are industrious young men and are conducting one of the best papers in the county. The young couples have our best wishes for a bright and happy journey on the sea of life.—Nebraska Register.

The cunning little elf Cupid has been cutting up all sorts of capers in the office of the Daily Journal over at Plattsmouth, claiming three victims all in one day. It appears that a portion of the Journal force took a day off last Tuesday and went to Council Bluffs with matrimonial intentions. Robert A. Bates, owner of the Journal and formerly in the newspaper business at Glenwood and Silver City, was married to Miss Martha Rupley, for several years a bookkeeper in the Journal office. Thomas B. Bates, a brother, was married to Miss Kittle May Smith of Omaha. The Bates boys and their father are wide-awake newspaper men and are making a great success of the Journal. The Tribune extends best wishes.—Glenwood (Ia.) Tribune.

Robert Bates, publisher of the Plattsmouth Journal, and his brother Tom, who has been identified with the Journal for several years, were both married at Council Bluffs on Tuesday of last week, the former to Miss Mattie Rupley of Plattsmouth and Tom to Miss Kittle May Smith of Omaha. The writer is personally acquainted with all the contracting parties excepting the last named bride, and extends congratulations and best wishes to both couples. The Bates boys have made the Journal the best paper, daily and weekly, ever published in Plattsmouth, and are hustlers as well as gentlemen.—Red Oak (Ia.) Express.

Mrs. Petha Maybee was a messenger at noon for Bellevue, Neb., where she will visit with relatives.

The River Stationary.

The rise in the Missouri river which has been on for several days, came to a halt last night and this morning the river is stationary. It will probably commence to fall again today, and it is not expected that it will rise again this summer. A cessation of rains in the valley is the cause of the stop in the rise and a period of dry weather now will result in the river getting back to normal. A heavy rain at Sioux City and vicinity yesterday caused a big flood in that town and the surrounding country, but it will not be of sufficient volume to affect the river here. Sioux City reports today indicate very heavy property loss, although no lives were reported lost. Telegraph reports indicate the tributaries of the Missouri are on the fall, and this is an additional indication that no high water will be had. The floods in Missouri and Kansas are now practically over, although in the immediate vicinity of St. Joseph the water is still high and continuing to do damage. A return to normal conditions is looked for in a few days. Farmers in this vicinity will hail the dry weather with pleasure, as it will enable Nebraska to harvest the greatest wheat crop it has ever had and will help make corn. The latter crop with favorable weather will be a bumper this year.

Death of William Loughridge.

Death last Saturday night claimed William Loughridge, an old and esteemed citizen of this county living near Murray. Mr. Loughridge has been an inhabitant of this county for many years, and was a man highly respected by a wide circle of acquaintances throughout this section. A man of unimpeachable character, the soul of honor and of the highest integrity, his death is a distinct loss to the community. A further account of his life will appear in the Journal Thursday next.

The funeral services will be held from his late residence in Murray tomorrow (Tuesday) afternoon at 1 o'clock, burial being made at Oak Hill cemetery in this city.

D. of H. Social.

The ladies belonging to the Cedar Creek Degree of Honor Lodge will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Will Seybert at Cullen, Thursday, July 15, all day. Many agreeable surprises are in store for those who attend. Bring your friends and enjoy a day of rest and amusement in the country.

Repair Shop.

I am now prepared to do all kinds of repairing, such as furniture, stoves, gasline stoves cleaned, lawn mowers sharpened, etc. Shop at Eighth street and Chicago avenue.

A. Hawrick.

Woodmen to Build New Home.

The Modern Woodmen building on the south side of Main street will be in sight in the near future, grading having been started the first of the week. A great deal of the work is to be done by members of the order, and "the boys" are taking hold with the true fraternal spirit to get the lots in true shape for masons to begin their work. The building will be a two-story brick, 45x70 feet, the upper portion to be fitted for lodge purposes and the lower part for rent as store rooms.—Union Ledger.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF REGINA WOLF, DECEASED: The cause comes on for hearing upon the petition of J. V. Gashberger, administrator of the estate of Regina Wolf, deceased, praying for license to sell:

Beginning at a point Forty-one (41) rods North of the center of Section Thirteen (13) in Township Twelve (12) North, Range Thirteen (13) East, running thence West Eighty (80) rods; thence North Eleven (11) rods; thence east Eighty (80) rods; thence south Eleven (11) rods to the place of beginning, being the North Half of Lots Thirteen (13) and Fifty-three (53) in said section, Township and Range, as now shown on the plats of irregular tracts of said County.

The undivided one-half (1-2) of Lots Ten (10) and Eleven (11) in Block Thirteen (13) in Duke's addition to the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, except the right of way of the Omaha Southern Railway over and across said Lots.

The undivided one-half (1-2) of the following tract of land to-wit: Beginning at a point Thirty (30) rods North of the center of Section Thirteen (13) Township Twelve (12) North, Range Thirteen (13) East, thence running west Eighty (80) rods, thence north Eleven (11) rods; thence east Eighty (80) rods; thence South Eleven (11) rods to the place of beginning, being the south half of Lots Thirteen (13) and Fifty-three (53) in said Section, Township and Range, as shown by the irregular tracts in said County, except the right of way of the Omaha Southern Railway across the same.

Or sufficient amount thereof to bring the sum of \$350.00 for the payment of debts allowed against said estate of the cost of administration and in addition thereto the costs of this proceeding, there not being any personal property to pay the said debts and expenses.

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before me at Chambers at my office in the Court House in the City of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on the 24th day of July, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day to show cause why a license should not be granted to said administrator to sell the above real estate of said deceased, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay said debts and expenses.

Dated this 7th day of June, 1909.
Harvey D. Traylor,
Judge of the District Court.
D. O. Dwyer,
Attorney.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF SALE issued by James Robertson, clerk of the District Court within and for Cass County, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the

24th day of July, A. D., 1909

at ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the south door of the court house, in said county, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following real estate to-wit: Lot No. fourteen (14) in block four (4) in the village of Murray, Cass County, Nebraska. The same being first open and taken as the property of Julia F. Queen and Albert Queen, defendant, to satisfy a judgment of said court recovered by Peter Campbell, administrator of the estate of Thomas I. Campbell, deceased plaintiff, against said defendants.

Plattsmouth, Nebraska, June 13th, A. D., 1909.
C. D. GUNTON,
Sheriff Cass County, Nebraska.