

The Last Voyage of The Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

Author of Bob Hampton of Placer.

Illustrations by Deabora Melvi

That same intense cold of the Antarctic smote us the moment the creaking hinges yielded, and we stood peering down through the aperture. We waited impatiently for the first frigid breath to escape, huddled about the stove in the cabin, and recalling various sea tales of treasure seeking, which only served to whet our appetite for the coming adventure. Now and then I lifted my eyes, meeting Doris' questioning glance, and assured that I understood her mood.

At last, but well wrapped in our mufflers and bearing a candle aloft to cast its flickering yellow light through the pitchy darkness, we ventured below, scrambling down the short ladder. Cole held the grim, his black face shining, the whites of his eyes conspicuous as he stared eagerly about. We found innumerable boxes and barrels, crates, bottles and wicker flasks, some open, the packing straw strewn about, others tightly nailed, piled everywhere, evidence that the galleon had been amply provisioned for a long voyage, and that her crew had never perished of starvation. It had been the cold, the loneliness, the awful agony of their hopeless condition that had left the Donna Isabel a charnel ship. We handled this collection rapidly, contenting ourselves with merely testing the weight of each package, quickly convinced that none was heavy enough to conceal precious metal. This job must have occupied more than an hour, handicapped as we were by the poor light, and several times I glanced through the open trap overhead to observe the faces of the women framed there as they watched us silently. Once Dadé stared down, bringing word the sky was thickening

peering about over the gleaming surface and through into the black shadows. Good Lord, but it was cold, repellent, frightful! The beams supporting the deck, huge, black timbers were within easy reach of my hand, and forward the spectral glow of daylight streamed in through the rift in the deck-planks above. But from one bulging side to the other extended this solid mass of ice, the congealed draining of a century of waves that had dashed their salt spray down the opening ripped by the wrecked mainmast. No wonder the old hulk hung sodden with all that load below!

I crawled forward as far as the silvery butt of the mainmast whence I could look up through the splintered deck to the narrow strip of sky overhead. There was a bulkhead forward, but the ice extended solidly to the wood. I could hear the ceaseless swell of the sea pounding against the sides, the groaning of timbers, the flapping of the jib's canvas, and realized more than ever before the sickening, sodden roll of the laden hull. The level surface of the ice told plainly enough its story of formation; when all that water came through, the vessel had been upon an even keel, imbedded firmly, no doubt, in the ice-pack. I crept back as cautiously as I had advanced, the rolling of the wreck rendering the slippery surface dangerous to travel over. The men watched me anxiously as I slid down into the lazarette.

"What did you find, sir?"

"Nothing except ice, solid ice clear to the forward bulkhead. It looks as though we had reached the end of our treasure-hunt, my lads."

There was a sullen growl of profanity, McKnight viciously slashing at the ice-front with his cleaver. Twice he struck, with no other object except the venting of his ungovernable anger, his forehead beaded, the great muscles of his arms standing out like whipcords. A considerable chunk scaled off, falling thumping to the deck, and causing him to spring backward to escape injury. As if maddened by this, he drove in the blade of the ax again—it clanged against metal! We all heard it; we all witnessed the rebound.

"By God, mates, there's one of 'em, anyhow!" roared a voice, hoarse from exploding excitement. But I was already upon my knees, feeling blindly into the ice cavity.

They came howling about me like so many wolves, eager to see with their own eyes, but I crowded them back, snatching the candle from De Nova's fingers and throwing the flickering light down level with the deck. "It's a brass-bound chest, men," I cried, straightening up and facing them. "But it is going to require some hard digging to get it out. About all I can see is the handle of it."

I never comprehended before how the passion and lust for gold can express itself upon men's faces. Tense, motionless, breathing heavily, their features drawn, their eyes gleaming feverishly in the yellow flame, they stared at me and then at that ice-front, demented and speechless. No one thought of where we were—castaways, our lives the sport of winds and waves, a sodden wreck under us, our nearest port a thousand miles away across a stormy sea; all we realized at that moment was that there, just before us, under that mantle of ice, lay buried three million pesos. God! the collar of my jacket seemed choking me; I breathed as if a man's fingers clutched my throat, and I saw McKnight's burly form shaking as if he had an ague fit. Three million pesos! The hot blood rushed to my head, a lava stream, and De Nova's face, white as chalk behind his little black mustaches, seemed dancing before me ghostlike. Damn him! the fellow made me think of Salvatore, the man who, just above, frozen and dead, had guarded this treasure for 126 years. I cast the suggestion aside with a curse and a laugh, grasping Kelly by the shoulder to steady myself—to realize these were real men, this task before us real work. It was like coming forth from under an anaesthetic, leaving me weak as a child, yet with brain and faculties aroused to action. Johnson thrust forward the cleaver.

"Let me get in there, sir; I'm the man for a cuttin' job."

I stepped aside, and the broad blade fell slashing against the front of the ice.

"Only two of you men can work here at once," I put in hastily. "Hold on, Johnson, until we get this ship shape. An axman, with a helper to haul back the ice out of the way, is all we need. Any more would only be in the way; besides, some of us ought to be on deck. It is going to require hours, maybe days, to get that chest out, and meanwhile we must sail this vessel and keep her from sliding up the thing to do is to arrange reiays and keep at it steady. Johnson, you and Kelly go to work first. The rest of us will climb up into the cabin, and figure it out."

They went along with me up the ladder as though they were prisoners.

(To be Continued)

The Last Days

of the busiest July we have ever had will be money saving days for you if you will visit this store. The time to strike is when the iron is hot—it's hot right now in here. Better come now. Next week may be too late. Here are some of the snaps left at the present writing:

- A few—very few men's hose..... 5c
- A limited number of the fine brown hose..... 8c
- A good assortment fancy hose from our 25 and 35c lines that we are closing at..... 19c
- A few boy's shirts in sizes six to ten..... 23c
- A few boy's waists in sizes four to eight..... 16c
- About two dozen boy's Black Cat hose in the 25, 35 and 40c grade, sizes five to eight, at... 16c
- A few rompers left in sizes three to six..... 39c
- Only about ten wash suits left, size three to six... 49c
- A limited number of those fine men's night gowns, sizes only 14, 15 and few 16, at.... 54c
- About 18 shirts left of the soft collar attached, in the 75c and \$1.00 grade, sizes 15 and 15½... 54c
- Look in our west window for what's left of the big seller in soft shirts for men at..... 39c
- Three dozen of those 4-in-hand wash ties left 12c

Sizes 38, 42 and 44 shirts and 32, 36, 40 and 42 drawers left of a big line of men's Summer underwear, that we are closing at..... 25c

A new line of long narrow silk 4-in-hand, for the narrow collars that we selling at..... 29c

A few, very few men's straw hats that were 75c \$1.00 and \$1.50, closing at 25 and..... 48c

The boy's knee pant wool suits at \$1.39, \$1.99, \$2.49 to clean up our entire stock are the best bargain ever offered in Plattsmouth. Look in our corner window. We are especially strong in sizes 13, 14, 15 and 16.

The men's pants at \$1.45, \$1.99 and \$2.48 have literally melted away. A few snaps left. They may be your size. Better come and see.

The prices we have made on men's suits, \$7.90, \$9.90 and \$11.90, are cleaning us up fast on Summer suits. We have added one more line at \$13.90, which takes in all remnants of our finest lines.

You can't make money faster than by buying these standard goods at these clearance prices. Bring this ad with you and you will find everything just as advertised. Remember these prices are for cash.

C. E. Wescott's Sons

"Where Quality Counts,"—The Home of Satisfaction.

VENERABLE FRIEND LAID TO FINAL REST

Citizens Pay Last Tribute to the Late Conrad Heisel

The funeral of the late Conrad Heisel was held yesterday from his late residence in the Second ward, on Washington avenue. This sad occasion was marked with the attendance of a great number of the old friends and townsmen of the deceased, all of whom were anxious to make their deep sorrow at the loss of so fine a man and citizen known. Mr. Heisel had lived for so many years in this community that almost every man, woman and child knew him and loved him. To all of these he was much as one of their own families, and they will all miss his familiar face upon the streets and about his mills. Mr. Heisel was one of the men who numbered his friends in this city by the hundred. In all the long years which he had lived here he had given to his business the strictest of attention and by his untiring fidelity to it he had made it one of the best of the city's industries. In so doing he had had occasion to meet with every business man in the community and with every one of them he had had business dealings. It is something to be able to look back over a career of fifty-two years in a community, all them marked with daily business matters, and to say that every one whom he has met was a friend and gave their highest esteem and praise to he who has passed. Yet, that is the record of the late Mr. Heisel. He left behind him none but friends and neighbors who respected him for his unflinching integrity and his upright business methods.

The services yesterday were conducted by Rev. Bruechert of Omaha, who delivered a very fine sermon, touching upon the many splendid attributes of the aged pioneer. The sermon was delivered in German, the native tongue of the deceased, and the many German citizens who attended the services pronounced his eulogy of the deceased as a most magnificent one. He reviewed the simple, upright and moral life which deceased had led during the long years he had lived, the high Christian qualities he had displayed throughout his long career in this community and the many excellent traits which had characterized his whole life, pronouncing them the true attributes of a just and noble man. To the many aged pioneer friends who heard these words they brought tears—tears of regret at the final parting of so good a citizen. A quartette composed of Mrs. J. W. Gamble, Miss Estelle Baird,

Mr. George Farley and Mr. B. A. McElwain, members of the Presbyterian choir, sang a number of selections which the deceased had so well loved to hear in his lifetime, concluding with the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," a song which had been one of his favorites. His aged and venerable friend, Conrad Schlater, who had known him for more than fifty years and who loved him as a brother, also sang the beautiful solo, "Face to Face," he having been requested by the family of deceased to do so. Mr. Schlater was very much affected at the sad parting and his aged voice quivered with emotion as he sang the words of this melody. Despite his age Mr. Schlater sang remarkably well and the tones of his voice are as silvery as of old.

At the conclusion of the services, the funeral cortege wended its way to Oak Hill cemetery, where the casket was deposited in the grave. The last services at the grave were performed by the pall bearers, Messrs. John, Martin and Frank Buttery, H. M. Soennichsen, W. J. White and Jacob Tritsch, all of whom had been lifelong friends of deceased.

In connection with the late Mr. Heisel, the Journal has been kindly shown a copy of the Plattsmouth Jeffersonian, published in this city on May 8, 1858, bearing the advertisement of Heisel & Kroth, who advertised that they were prepared to operate a flour mill, opening on Sept. 10, 1857. This paper, which is the oldest printed in this city now in existence, is owned by Mrs. M. E. Buttery of this city, and is a valued relic of frontier and pioneer days. The advertisement reads unique to modern eyes and describes the fitting up of the saw mill and its conversion into a grist mill. The paper is volume 1, No. 41, and it contains the earliest and most authentic record of Mr. Heisel's embarkment in business here.

Continued the Case.

The case of H. M. Soennichsen vs. the C. B. & Q. Railroad company, involving the value of goods, wares and merchandise destroyed last March in the fire which burned the freight depot of that company, was to have been heard today before Justice Archer, but was continued for thirty days on application of the defendant. The company does not see how it can try said case without certain evidence which it expects to procure, and hence the delay.

With the Sick.

The condition of Mrs. Lydia Newland is reported this morning as being very grave. She passed a very bad night, failing to get any rest to speak of, and having several sinking spells in which her life was despaired of. This morning very little improvement was noticeable and her children have all been summoned to her bedside. Despite the desperate nature of her illness hope is still entertained by her friends that she may rally and recover.

No word has been received for several days from Mrs. A. Hawrick at the hospital in Chicago, Ill., and her condition is getting along all right and expects to have definite information today. Her many friends trust his faith is not misplaced and that she will soon be able to return to her home a well woman.

Mrs. Dr. W. B. Elster this morning received a telephone message announcing that her sister, Mrs. Alice Towle of South Omaha, had been taken violently ill once more and that she had been taken to a hospital for another operation. This is sad news to Mr. Towle's myriad of friends in the city, all of whom had hoped that her favorable condition would continue, and that no further trouble would be experienced. They surely hope that her present trouble passes away and she soon recovers.

Little change has taken place in the condition of Frank Svoboda. He is very low and suffers considerably on account of the heat. Owing to his long confinement to the bed, he is very weak and to rally is a very difficult matter. It is hoped that he shows signs of improvement soon and that he may eventually recover.

From Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Osborne there is little change to be recorded in their condition. It is believed they will rally soon and regain their usual good health. As is the case with others, the continued hot weather works against them and a change to cooler weather would be much appreciated by them. Their friends, however, expect and believe they will soon experience a turn for the better and recover.

Henry Stedyke, mention of whose attack of sunstroke was made in yesterday's Journal, is getting along very nicely and is able to be out and about, but he is taking good care of himself and avoiding the sun's rays as much as possible. It is believed he will get along all right in the future.

Very little change is manifested in the condition of Mrs. Lillian K. Hassa at the hospital in Omaha. She is in rather bad shape, but there is a liability of a turn for the better at any time. This is what her friends hope for anyway.

Ferdinand Hennings, one of Eight Mile Grove's fine citizens, is spending the day in the city looking after business matters and meeting his friends.

The Late Waverly A. Barnhart.

Mention was made yesterday of the death of Waverly A. Barnhart, for many years a resident of this city, and well and favorably known here. The funeral of Mr. Barnhart takes place this afternoon at 2 o'clock from his late residence, the services being conducted by Rev. Luther Moore of the Christian church.

Mr. Barnhart was born on February 10, 1867, in Washington county, Ohio, near the city of Marietta, and at the time of his death was aged 42 years 5 months and 19 days. He came to Nebraska at an early age and with his parents settled in this city. Here he received his education, having attended the public schools in this city for a number of years. In 1904 he was united in marriage to Miss Alle Fry, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas T. Fry. Of this union one son, William B. Barnhart, was the issue. Together with the widow he survives his father. In addition Mr. Barnhart is survived by his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Barnhart; four sisters, Mrs. E. E. Monroe of Pacific Junction, Ia.; Mrs. Clara E. Morris, Hyattsville, Wyo.; Mrs. J. T. DeHart of Benkleman, Neb., and Miss Lucy A. Barnhart of this city, and three brothers, Earl E. and Samuel E. Barnhart of Hyattsville, Wyo., and Martin A. Barnhart of Baker, Wash.

The sympathy of many friends goes out to the sorrowing parents, brothers and sisters, and the family of deceased. A patient, gentle man Mr. Barnhart met death with resignation and with true Christian spirit.

Bail is Given.

John C. Clarence, last Thursday afternoon, gave bail as required by the supreme court, in the sum of \$15,000 pending his appeal to that court. The bond, which is signed by his father, John Clarence, and Simon Gruber, was approved by the clerk of the court and Clarence was given his liberty by Sheriff Quinton, in whose custody he had been since the motion to a new trial was overruled. He was well pleased to get out into the open air once more, and departed for his home near Union with alacrity. The case will not be up for hearing in the supreme court for several months, at least.

Louis Martin, who is farming the Schlechtmeier place, four miles north of Nehawka, drove in this morning to look after some business matters in the city. Mr. Martin states that the rainfall in Murray and towards Nehawka was much heavier than in this city and vicinity, and it seemed to get heavier the farther south it was. A mile and a half north of Murray the fall commenced to lighten up and in this city it was noticeably lighter than at that point. Mr. Martin formerly resided in this city and is well known here.



They Came Howling About Me Like So Many Wolves, Eager to See.

in the west, and lingering to observe our operations until I had to order him back upon deck.

A solid, nail-studded, oaken door appeared in the forward bulkhead, and so soon as we had succeeded in handling every article stored within the lazarette, I had a passage cleared to it, the men working with feverish impatience. When finally reached, the door was locked and seemingly as solid as the bulkhead itself, nor did a search of the after state-rooms reveal any keys. No doubt they were in Salvatore's pocket, many a league astern. But Kelly and McKnight brought down the cleaver and an iron bar, and proceeded to burst it open, the rest of us crowding about, too cold and excited to keep still, but very confident the treasure awaited us within. My own heart beat fiercely with anticipation, and I heard De Nova swearing in French, quite unable to control himself. It seemed to me that door would never yield; but at last Johnson managed to get a purchase low down, and with Cole heaving at his side, they fairly tore the wood asunder. Through the considerable opening thus made there burst a torrent of icy water into our very faces, extinguishing the light, and sending us stumbling backward to the ladder, up which we swarmed almost in panic. Anything unexpected in

that ghost-ship made cowards of us all, and we fought our way forth into the daylight in a suddenness of terror almost ludicrous, swearing and clawing at each other like madmen.

It required another hour for the deluge of water to drain away through the deck, after which we ventured below again, the re-lighted candle revealing slush-ice everywhere, with a considerable trickle still gurgling through the hole in the door. However, we had an opening to work at, and soon succeeded in tearing most of the obstruction away piecemeal, only to be confronted by a solid barrier of glittering ice fully five feet thick, leaving a space at the top of the door barely sufficient for a man's body to pass through. De Nova, cursing as if he had gone crazy, hoisted me to the top of it, where I clung precariously, holding the sputtering candle aloft, and