

The Last Voyage of The Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

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Illustrations by Deaborn Melvi

casting the last lingering glances below, where the weird flame of the candle flickered yellow, the blows of the cleaver echoing sharply as they clustered about the stove, welcoming the warmth of it. It had been frigid below decks, although we had been scarcely conscious of it in our excitement. But now we stood shivering, gazing into each others' faces and actually afraid to talk lest the whole occurrence should prove a dream from which a chance word might awaken us. Three million pesos—here, actually here; almost within reach of our hands; they were digging for them just below; even then, in the silence, we could hear the faint echo of blows being struck against the ice. Three million pesos!—and it was all ours, our very own—to divide, to spend, to do with exactly as we pleased. We had dreamed about all this before, on the decks of the ill-fated Sea Queen, but now we sought to grasp it as an actual existing fact, and our minds seemed paralyzed by the knowledge. I even forgot that Doris was present until she touched me gently on the shoulder, and I looked down into her questioning eyes.

"Do you not know what we have just discovered below?" I asked, still tingling to the marrow of it. "The treasure, the Spanish treasure!"

"Oh, yes," but the soft voice seemed tinged with sadness. "Yet it does not greatly interest me. Money seems so little here, so utterly valueless."

The simple words, the tone of their utterance brought me to myself as though I had received an electric shock. She was still smiling, yet all at once I noticed how white her face was, how dark the shadows beneath her eyes. The lure of the gold vanished from my mind, as if some wizard's wand had waved it away. I thought of the treacherous sea without, the life and death struggle before us, those dreary leagues separating us from hope. My hands clasped hers, the expression of love in my eyes brightening her face instantly.

"That is so much better, Jack," she said tenderly. "I knew it was only the madness of a moment which caused you to forget. Come out on deck with me until you lose all memory of it—until I bring you back to real life again."

"I do not need it, sweetheart," and I bent low, looking into her eyes. "The fever has left my blood. I hardly know how it ever laid such hold upon me, but the thought of all that wealth below drove me as mad as the others. You see how much I need you."

"Oh, no; you would have recovered without my help, although it might have required more time to complete a cure. But I fear there is no hope for the men."

"I certainly shall not spare you to minister to them."

She laughed, her happiness of disposition returning.

"That would be useless; they are of different stamp. The fever for sudden wealth is in the blood of all of us. See how excited Celeste is. Perhaps if I had ever experienced poverty I might be crazed also. But it is so foolish here—here," and she swept her hands about in comprehensive gesture, "when we know it can be ours only for a day, or at most a week."

"But we have not given up hope," I protested. "Why should we? The Donna Isabel seems stanch beneath us."

"Even in case of that miracle I want nothing to do with this treasure," she said gravely. "It seems to me, Jack, there must be a curse upon that gold below. It will never do good to any human being. It was stolen by the sword, won for Spain by the shedding of blood, and has since cursed this ship and all who sailed in her. The living and the dead guarded it, and now we have come into its evil clutch. It is not superstition but faith which makes me say this—the Donna Isabel will never make port; that gold below will never do a soul on board anything but harm. I wish it could be left where it is, buried in the ice."

"At such a suggestion the men would mutiny."

"I suppose so," she acknowledged sadly, "and the end will be the same in either case. But I want you to be different. Let them build their air castles; but do you come out on deck with me, where the sea and sky will give us other thoughts."

Comprehending only vaguely what she meant, yet beneath the witching spell of her presence I went gladly enough, forgetting utterly that useless treasure imbedded in the ice below.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In Which the Treasure Causes Trouble

But the men did not forget, or cease in their eager efforts to rescue that frozen gold from the grasp of the ice. By this time, thoroughly convinced myself that our final preservation of this wealth would prove impossible, I was still far from devoid of interest in its recovery, and consequently made no effort to interrupt the work

being carried on between decks. It was better that the men be busy and their minds occupied than to have them roaming aimlessly about the decks in discontent, now that the ship and weather gave us little occasion for concern. Here they vigorously plied the cleaver, working in relays of two hours each, during the remainder of the day and night. After breakfast had been served we all of us went below to unite our strength in hauling forth the loosened box from the ice cavity.

We accomplished this by resorting to block and tackle, and even then experienced no small difficulty in dragging it away from the ice grip. Under the dim candlelight it appeared a fair-sized sea-chest, constructed of some heavy, dark wood, and bound securely by metal bands, with a cumbersome lock. A considerable quantity of wa-

ter from somewhere continued to seep down into the lazarette, making the floor an icy puddle, and so we talked on to the ropes again, and hoisted the chest up through the trap-door out upon the cabin deck. I could find no keys in any of the state-rooms, and we must have been half an hour breaking the rusty lock and prying open the lid, the only sounds audible the blows struck and the heavy breathing of the men. Finally we wrenched apart the last band, and our eager eyes beheld the revealed contents—pieces of eight, yellow and level to the top! There was a wild yell, a fierce scramble, the crazed men digging their fingers into the coins, handling them, fondling them, laughing and crying like children in their excitement, and cursing each other as they struggled for a chance at the box. For the moment, staring down at the dull glow of the metal, I even lost control of myself, scarcely aware of the mad uproar. It was actually there—there before me! That old Spanish record had all been true; here, and beneath that ice between decks lay the remainder—three million pesos! Here was the wealth of a king; here, almost within reach of our hands, and it was all ours, if we could only bring it forth to where it possessed value.

If we only could! The thought struck me like a blow. I knew the truth, the truth. There was not one chance in a thousand—not one. I made no effort to deceive myself. The men, even the mate, blinded by the gold-just had ignored facts plain as day to me—the terrible listing of the ship to port, the constant seeping of water into the hold, the increasing soddenness of the staggering hull—all these combined to tell the story—that the Donna Isabel was doomed. No power of men, situated as we were, could ever save her. The protecting ice-sheath, by help of which she had drifted ghost-like out of the Antarctic, pounded by the fierce seas, loosened by the milder air of more northern latitudes, had already commenced to flake off, and the invading water was discovering crevices everywhere along her ancient seams. We had come to the gold; we had discovered it; it was ours. But we could only gaze on it, and give it back to the ocean in exchange for our lives. I straightened up, my lips compressed, and looked beyond the struggling figures of the men into Doris' questioning gray eyes. Father of Mercy, I possessed something worth more than money—the love of a woman! Ay, but what of the men? What of the men? It would be cutting their hearts out; yet it must be done—done, if necessary, with all the brutality of a slave driver. She had said this treasure was a curse, a legacy of crime and death, a prize for dead men. Not while I retained mind and body to battle should it cost our lives. I pushed De Nova backward, and planted myself across the open chest, scowling into the uplifted, angry faces.

"That's enough, men. This is part of the treasure all right, but there is no occasion for you to go crazy over it. Put those coins back—do you hear, McKnight?—put them back, and we'll shut down the lid. They're nice to look at, and dream over, but that's about all the good we'll ever get of them. Were there any signs of others down there in the ice, Johnson?"

"No, sir, but they'll be there."

"Oh, yes, no doubt they'll be there, but the only way we could ever get them out would be to run this hooker ashore in some mild climate and let the ice melt. It's plain enough to see what has happened. The Donna Isabel sailed in ballast, these chests being about the only cargo she carried. They shifted in the heavy seas, and the Lord only knows where they are now. Anyway, they are safe beyond the reach of your ice cleaver."

They stared into each others' faces, the disagreeable truth slowly penetrating their minds. Kelly spoke, his voice trembling:

"Then why the hell, sir, couldn't we do just what you said?"

"What! run her ashore?—simply because, my lad, that shore happens to be a thousand miles away, and I doubt

(To be Continued)

GIVES LIFE BLOOD TO SAVE SISTER

Charles N. Sullivan Undergoes Heroic Operation at Omaha

A remarkable case of transfusion of blood was performed yesterday at one of the Omaha hospitals when Charles N. Sullivan was operated on and a pint or more of blood taken from him to his sister, Mrs. Alice Towle. The operation is what is considered a most remarkable one in medical annals. Mrs. Towle has been very ill for sometime past and her life has been despaired of for several days. In accordance with the opinion of the physicians, her parents and relatives were summoned to her bedside several days since in expectancy of the untoward event. She has throughout the trying ordeal exhibited the utmost endurance and has stoutly maintained that she would recover.

Yesterday her condition became very alarming and the end seemed very near. The attending physicians at once decided that an operation of the most delicate nature would be necessary in order to save her life and that an injection of blood would have to take place to revive her falling energies. With only one chance facing them, the physicians decided that blood must be injected from her brother Charles N. Sullivan into her. An incision was made in his wrist for several inches in length bar-

ing an artery. A corresponding incision was made in Mrs. Towle's wrist and a vein was opened. The artery in her brother's wrist was also severed and the vein inserted into the artery. The latter working like a pump forced the blood from the brother to the sister and soon the cheeks of the young woman changed from pallor and whiteness to a rosy pink, and as the process proceeded the full bloom of new found life mantled her in its folds.

After a pint or so of the precious life blood had been transferred, the vein was withdrawn and re-united with the broken end as was the artery and the operation was over. The marvelous effects of the transfusion was soon apparent. Mrs. Towle revived at once and soon was as lively as ever. Mr. Sullivan suffered but little from the effects, although the loss of so much blood naturally weakened him a great deal.

Mrs. Towle is reported as getting along famously after the transfusion and the physicians who entertained virtually no hope of her recovery before the operation now express the utmost confidence in the ultimate outcome. They consider the operation a marvelous one and are more than pleased with the success attending it.

APPOINTS COMMITTEE

To Have Charge of the Various Days at the Fall Festival

A meeting of the executive committee of the Merchants' Carnival was held last evening at the office of Register of Deeds Schneider, who is chairman of the committee. The committee were all there with the exception of Frank E. Schlatter, who was out of the city, and they took the preliminary steps toward perfecting plans for the big doings. Arrangements were made to turn Pioneer day, as the Old Settlers' day will be known, over to R. B. Windham, who will be chief in charge of the day and select his own committee.

The scope of Live Stock day is to be enlarged so as to include a display of all agricultural products, and this is to be placed under Quartus Parmele with a vice chairman to be selected by himself and a committee of his own appointing later.

Sports and games will be under D. C. Morgan, who also will select his own committee and arrange his own program.

Merchants' day will be under a competent head and a program suitable to the day will be determined on.

Musical day will be cut out owing to an apparent feeling that it is a class day and not one which the entire run of the people would enjoy. In its stead Merchants' day will be had, at which the merchants will be asked to decorate their stores, make bargains and invite visitors. It ought to be a success.

Burlington day will doubtless be the biggest day of the week, coming as it does on Labor day, when the shops are closed and helped as it will be by the Burlington shop management. A parade is to be featured if the plans go through as figured on, and the afternoon will also have special attractions.

Every day will be a big day—that is true. Free attractions are already pouring in, offers to show during the week and there will be no trouble in securing them. A balloon ascension will be on the program for every day and a baseball game will also take place during the afternoon of each day, at which the people will see the best teams in eastern Nebraska and western Iowa.

These are merely the forerunners of the big, good things to be had. At last night's meeting a committee of three members of the fire department were present and proposed to the committee to add a hub and hub horse cart race for a prize, and also a nozzle fight between two companies for a like consideration. These two suggestions were enthusiastically received and the committee recommended them to the consideration of the sports committee. The fire department committee was headed by Victor Anderson, who acted as spokesman and included Chief Koubek and O. C. Hudson.

The meeting was a good one and shows that the committee is alive

and doing its share toward making the first annual event a big success. Mr. Schneider acted as chairman of the meeting and Mr. C. W. Baylor as secretary.

Elmwood Has Boosters.

A copy of the thirtieth anniversary edition of the Plattsmouth, Neb., Journal of July 1, accompanied by a seventy-five-page souvenir program of the Elmwood chautauquus, formed a neat surprise at the Sun office one day this week, and the cause of this surprise was none other than Louis W. Roettger, formerly of New Bremen, but now one of the leading business men of the hustling Nebraska town. The Journal contains a complete write-up of all the towns in Cass county, Neb., among which Elmwood is the second largest, having a population of 1,000. It makes favorable mention of the Elmwood chautauquus, which is now in its third year, and contains excellent cuts of buildings, etc. Among the latter is a two-column cut of Mr. Roettger's residence and a four-column cut of the interior of Louis F. Langhorst's department store. Both Mr. Roettger and Mr. Langhorst are on the board of managers of the Elmwood chautauquus. Mr. Roettger being assistant secretary, and both of these old New Bremen boys are doing their share in boosting the town of their adoption.—New Bremen (O.) Sun.

A Pleasant Surprise.

A scene of much merriment and gaiety was the home of Martin Steppat, in this city, on Wednesday evening, August 4, when the many friends of his daughter, Miss Anna, assembled to give her a very pleasant and agreeable surprise. It was Miss Anna's sixteenth birthday, and she was highly gratified to know that her many friends remembered her on that occasion. She soon recovered from the shock of the surprise and proceeded to make her many guests feel that they were more than welcome.

The evening was spent in many games, and music, both vocal and instrumental, made the event more than pleasant to all assembled. Later a delicious and appetizing luncheon was served, which all enjoyed hugely. After this the guests departed for their several homes, having had a most delightful evening. They extended to Miss Anna their best wishes and their hopes that she would enjoy many more anniversaries. In addition they gave Miss Steppat many very handsome and expensive presents, which she will always treasure in remembrance of the happy event.

Those attending included Misses Mady Meyers of Omaha, Anna B. Deutsch, Helen Trillity, Laura and Matilda Meisinger, Freda Wohlfarth, Tillie and Minna Ploeger, Grace and Ella Nolting, Anna Steppat; Messrs. Frank E. Lorenz, Eddie Steppat, Albert Timmis, Leonard Meisinger, Fritz Siemoneit, Willie Nolting; Messrs. and Mesdames Philip A. Meisinger, Frank H. Steppat, August Steppat, Fred W. Nolting, John Kafenberg, Adolph Wesche, Martin Steppat. ONE WHO WAS THERE.

FINAL CLEARANCE PRICES!

Boy's Knee Pants, wool, not cotton, out of our regular 50 and 75c lines, mostly sizes 10 to 16.....\$.44

Also Boy's Wash Pants......26

Boy's Wool Suits—good reliable suits out of our regular \$2.50 and \$3.50 lines 1.39

Also a few Boy's Wash Suits left at... .49

Boy's Wool Suits, out of our \$3.75, \$4 and \$4.50 lines..... 1.99

Boy's Fine Wool and Worsted Suits, out of our \$5 and \$6 lines to close.... 2.49

Some of these have two pairs of pants; some of them have double seat and knee pants. All of them are marvelous values at the price.

Want to say to you that if you miss these bargains in boy's suits you are missing the biggest chance of saving money on boy's clothes ever offered you. We are making a clean sweep of our boy's department, preparatory to the big new line we have bought for Fall. We are selling these goods just as advertised. The prices are unbelievable, but you will find them exactly as stated.

Men's Suits -- Just Four Prices:

\$7.90, \$9.90, \$11.90, \$13.90

Understand these are not cheap shoddy goods that were bought for special sale business, but dependable goods left over from our regular standard stock. You can afford to buy these suits and lay them away till you need them at a great saving. Notice four of these suits in our corner window. Better still, come in and we will show them to you.

Men's Shirts, for Dress or Work, 39c!

This line of shirts has been a marvel at this price. They are all full cut, well made, good patterns, and shirts you will pay 50, 60 and 75c for elsewhere. Some of them have soft collars, some have neck bands and starched cuffs. As long as they last 39c.

The Last Call on Pants!

\$1.39 and \$1.99

We have closed down so close on these sale pants that we have put what's left in two lots at two low prices to close, \$1.39 and \$1.99. If you can find your size you'd better buy.

There are still some other small lots of big bargains, which you ought to take advantage of at these final clearing prices. They are going fast.

No cash register tickets and no charging on sale goods.

C. E. WESCOTT'S SONS

THE HOME OF SATISFACTION.

Kill Some of Them.

The attention of the police is respectfully invited to the alarming prevalence of dogs in the city. They simply are over-running the town, and complaints are being heard from all quarters of their depredations. Several parties have been badly scared or bitten by them and still the city authorities make no effort to suppress them. They make the nights hideous with their howlings and barkings, and the people are taking the law into their own hands, as is evidenced by the fusillade which was opened on them from several quarters last night. The Journal protests against the public streets being made a playground for these animals, and especially against it being used for the purpose of pulling off dog fights. During the last three evenings at least a half a dozen fights have taken place on the streets, and most of the idlers have greatly enjoyed them, much to the disgust of respectable people. In addition to this there is grave danger to small children, and even grown persons from their attacks. If Mayor

Sattler and his police force want to do a real public service they should start a war on the dogs. If nothing is done the public will take some steps to protect itself and administer speedy justice without regard to law, and it will be pretty near justified.

Loses Eye.

Last week a little son of Ernest Handrock, living in the north part of town, had the misfortune while running after a chicken to fall into a bush, running a twig into his eye. He was hurried to a doctor and was somewhat eased of the intense pain which he suffered. It was thought that he was getting well, but instead his eye was gradually growing worse until the first of the week, when he was taken to Lincoln to a specialist. It has since been learned with regret that the little fellow has lost his eye and that he may lose the other.—Eagle Beacon.

Shorthorns for Sale.

Three good registered Shorthorn yearling bulls for sale. Also good fresh milk cows. Mark White.