

# The Last Voyage of The Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

Author of Bob Hampton of Placer.

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Ze long-boat is built to hold 25 peoples, an' w'y only ten. Zen w'y not take ze go! It eat no'ting, it drink no'ting, an' if it weight too much, zen w'e 'row it overboard. But w'y not try carry it, ze hundred 'tousand dollar?"

There was no good reason why we shouldn't; besides, the very possibility of preserving even that share of the treasure would prove an inspiration to the men. I looked about into their anxious faces, feeling myself some measure of their excitement.

"That will be all right, lads," I said gladly. "You've earned it fair enough, and we'll start with it anyhow. Take the stuff out of the chest and tie it up in blankets. Then we can stow it away evenly so as to keep the boat balanced. But," I added, as the memory of what Doris had said came to me, "I think it only fair to tell you that I'm sure there is bad luck in every peso of it."

The men gave my croaking prophecy no second thought, but went trotting aft, chattering together like a parcel of boys.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### In Which the Donna Isabel Goes Down

The following night and day passed quietly enough, the weather holding clear, but with a mist slowly gathering in the south that seemed to threaten change. I observed just before sunset that this fog had so thickened and spread as to obscure nearly a third of the sky, and yet there was no veering of the wind or noticeable increase in the roll of the sea. The bulk was sinking, yet so slowly that we were only certain of the fact through constant measurements and the sight of water seeping in through the numerous cracks revealed by the disappearing ice. It was a situation to get upon the nerves, yet I do not remember that it occasioned any great change in the routine of our life on board.

The negro Cole acted as though he had lost his mind, entirely, and after studying him awhile I concluded to let him do as he pleased. He ate breakfast with the rest of us, but without speaking, and afterward, when we left the table, picked up the cleaver and made directly for the lazarette. I called to him, but he merely rolled his eyes up at me from the blackness below and disappeared, the icy water slushing underfoot. We soon heard him vigorously slashing away at the ice, muttering constantly to himself. I went part way down the ladder, with a candle in my hand, whence I could see him toiling away at the end of the hole. The men had excavated in the ice, though he paid no attention to my call. The water was fully six inches deep over the lazarette deck, splashing back and forth as the vessel rolled, and I could see drops of seawater squeezing in through the sides of her and dripping steadily down. There was nothing to do but leave the fellow alone, so after telling Dade to look down the ladder once in a while and keep an eye on him I joined the others on deck.

"Gone clear nutty," commented McKnight, tapping his head. "The very sight of them yellow boys was too much for him."

"I only hope it wasn't my blow," I said soberly.

"Blow—hell! Why, that crack never hurt his skull, Mr. Stephens. The fellow was plumb crazy as soon as the box was open. He never thought there was so much money in the world. Why, you ought to 'a' heard him tell of the junk he was goin' to buy when he got his share back to the States. Oh, he'll come out of his dream all right if we only let him alone for a day or so."

So we left him down there alone, pegging away in the dark. He came up, however, at the call for dinner, eating away heartily without uttering a word and going back to his solitary labor, paying not the slightest heed to any of us. When night came I compelled him to remove his icy trousers and boots and lie down in one of the bunks. When I looked in a few minutes later he was sound asleep.

That the wreck was slowly settling down under us was beyond doubt, and laden with ice as she was the sudden hull would probably drop at last like a stone. The thickening sky to the southward made me exceedingly anxious; and just before dark we talked the conditions over together, each man having his say. The decision was to remain on board, all alike believing the Donna Isabel would keep afloat several days yet, unless the weather became serious. Everything was made ready, however, for a hasty escape, and a deck-watch set.

Doris passed the greater part of my watch on deck with me, and as Kelly was on the poop we were the nearest to being alone together we had ever been. It was an exceedingly dark night, but still an awful sense of loneliness brooding over the black waters, the canvas forward flapping mournfully, the huge rudder continually

creaking to the slap of the waves, and a faint gurgle of water sounding from below. The dreariness of it affected us both, in spite of an effort at cheerfulness; besides, we had little to talk about except our perilous situation. Yet there was an acute pleasure in thus being together, and so she lingered on beside me, her eyes wandering from my face out into the gloom, much of the time silent, yet content. Finally, after urging her to go in out of the chill, I took a turn forward, even clambering up the ice hummock to the fore peak, and testing the rise of water with a measuring rod. As I returned aft, where Kelly was slapping himself to get warm, a light flaky snow began falling and soon powdered the decks.

I did not undress, but flung myself on the couch in the main cabin after replenishing the fire, and lay there some time, staring up at the smoky deck-beams, listening to the slush of water in the lazarette, half-frightened by the suddenness of the hull's rolling. Yet my conviction that she would keep afloat for hours yet finally lulled me to sleep.

De Nova woke me with a fierce grip on the shoulder, and I started up, noting the gray dawn on the front windows, and reading the truth in his face before he uttered a word.

"Is she going?"

"Oul, Oul; by gar, she sink quick!"

"Call all hands; get the boat clear and ready to swing. I'll bring the women."

"The men were tumbling out as I

pounded on the after state-room door.

A glance through the stern-ports

brought my heart into my throat, the

crests of the pursuing waves were so

close. Knowing that both women

would be fully dressed, I flung open

the door and began hastily gathering

up their belongings. Within a brief

minute we were outside on the deck.

A single glance told us there was no

time to waste. The sea ran somewhat

heavier, yet with a regular swell, the

Donna Isabel reeling and staggering

like a drunken man. The vessel had

sunk so deeply that her main-chains

dipped, while her list permitted the

water free entrance through the gap in

the port bulwarks, and flooded the

deck. There was a desperation to her

mad wallowing which made me think

each plunge would prove her last. I

swung Doris into the stern of the long-

boat, bidding her hold tight.

"Now jump, men—lively, or she'll

go down under us! De Nova, John-

son, tumble in and handle the ropes;

Sanchez, fend off, and have an oar

ready. Now, then, tail on the rest of

you, and let her go—easy, there, easy!

Slide down the line everybody, and

cast off—oars, men, oars, or she'll

swamp us."

The dip of the chains missed us by

the barest inch; then we swung clear,

tossed high on the creamy crest of a

huge roller, which enabled us to look

straight down on the sloping deck.

"Is every one here?" I asked.

"All but Jem Cole, sir."

"Cole, where is he?"

It was Johnson who answered.

"Well, all I know about it is, I

hailed him out of the bunk, and shook

him wide awake. Then I left him to

go out and rout out Kelly. That's the

last I saw of him, sir, but it's a sure

thing he ain't here."

De Nova had hold of the tiller, and

I sprang forward, pushing past San-

chez. "We can't leave Cole behind to

drown."

It was a bit of a ticklish job the way

the sea was running, and that jumping

wreck sagging under, but the mate

knew his trade, and, as the boat rose

high on the swell, I leaped and hung

on, my feet dangling in the froth. As

the golden hull swung reeling over I

clambered up, and dropped to the

deck. The missing negro was nowhere

in sight. I leaned over, staring down

at the bobbing boat being hurled back

by the rebound of the surge, yet see-

ing only the white face of Doris up-

turned appealingly toward me.

"Pull out, boys; strong, now! Give

her plenty of room so she won't suck

you down when she drops. I've got

to try the cabin."

I got aft that far. I even got fairly

within the door, and my ears caught

the dull, muffled sounds of blows be-

tween decks. My God! the fellow had

actually gone back into that icy hold

to dig for gold! As I stood there, trem-

bling, wondering if I could dare the

passage, I felt a sudden quiver of the

deck, heard a sharp, ripping sound

forward, a yell of mingled voices, and

turned and ran for the rail. With all

my strength I flung myself forth—

straight out into the gray sea. I went

down, down, down, feeling as if the

very life was being sucked out of me,

every muscle paralyzed by the icy

coldness of the water. As I came up,

gasping, struggling, scarce able to

move a cramped limb, the suction

caught me, dragging me back and

down again. I battled against it like

a madman, every instant an agony;

(To be Continued)

## REASONS FOR GOOD ROADS

### Farmers Are the Ones Mostly Interested in the Subject

The subject of good roads is gradually increasing in importance in the mind of the farmer. He is beginning to find out as he pulls his heavy load along the bad roads that he is wasting a mighty sight of valuable time, and naturally takes to thinking how he can improve his transportation problem and bring it down to a point of efficiency as compared with the present method of harvesting grain over the much slower processes of a few years ago. All his machinery has been improved wonderfully, and the work of the farm has been greatly lessened thereby, but it takes him just as long to get to market with his grain at a time of year when he wants to market at high prices, as it did ten or fifteen years ago. The Interstate Commerce commission has been giving some attention to the question of bad roads, and it has found that the average haul from farm to market is nine and a fraction miles. Put the cost from hauling at say \$2.00 a ton for the nine miles, and estimate on the basis of what the railroads haul in the way of produce annually, which the commission says is 265,000,000 tons annually, and you will find the cost of hauling the produce from farm to market is a round half billion dollars yearly. Half that cost is absolute waste, and solely owing to bad roads. Think of it! Two hundred and fifty million dollars a year wasted on bad roads, which the farmer and the consumer jointly pay. Are you interested?

The American farmer pays 23 cents a ton for hauling over his roads,

while the European farmer pays only 7 to 9 cents. It costs 3.5 cents per bushel to haul wheat from New York to Liverpool. The cost of hauling a bushel of wheat from farm to market, 94 miles, is 5.11 cents. Do good roads concern you?

It is estimated conservatively that the American farmers have an expense bill annually of a billion dollars a year against bad roads, and figuring on a basis of 80,000,000 population, this a tax of \$12.50 a year on which every man, woman and child pays for bad roads. That yearly waste of money would build 200,000 miles of macadam roads every year. Think of what might be done in 10 years if we appropriated this waste toward the building of fine roadways.

Not only is there a saving in money values on produce of the farm, but the building of good roads increase farm lands in value, for whenever good roads have been built, land has increased from \$2 to \$9 an acre. In Jackson county, Alabama, a bond issue of \$250,000 built 125 miles of macadam road. The selling price of the land was \$6 to \$15 before the roads were built, and on completion the values went up from \$15 to \$25.

No one is so much interested in the road proposition as the farmer. He is losing money which the bad roads cause. It is for the farmer to study this question seriously and take up the fight for good roads vigorously if he wants to add to his cash balance, besides the peace and comfort and happiness which fine road ways would bring to him and his family.

### Paid Into the State Treasury.

Secretary of State Junkin has turned over to Deputy State Treasurer Brian, \$70,000 in fees received from the reorganized Missouri Pacific Railway company in payment of the charges for filing articles of incorporation on a capital stock of \$240,000,000. As the company had years ago paid a fee on \$100,000,000 of capital stock in this state, the secretary allowed the company to deduct the fee for that amount and accepted payment on \$140,000,000. Yet the company is not satisfied and it attempted to pay \$31,405 of the \$70,000 under protest. As the money is now in the state treasury, the company may "protest" all it cares to. The money cannot be refunded except by an act of the legislature appropriating the money to the Missouri Pacific. The secretary of state kindly allowed the company the privilege of bringing suit to recover any money it feels that it has parted with illegally. He gave this permission in a receipt given to the officers of the company. Under the constitution, the state can be sued and can sue under provisions made by the legislature. The legislature has provided that the state may sue and be sued in the district courts in the matter of claims against the state which have previously been presented to the state auditor and disallowed; in the matter of claims that may be by either house of the legislature referred to the courts in the matter of all set offs, counter claims, claims for damages, liquidator or unliquidated, on the part of the state, against any person making a claim against the state, or against the person in whose favor such claims arose.

A peculiarity in connection with the payment of the fee by the Missouri Pacific is the fact that at least one member of the railway commission that authorized the Missouri Pacific to issue \$33,000,000 of capital stock believed the total capital stock of the company was being reduced to that amount, when as a matter of fact, the articles of incorporation filed with the secretary of state shows that the total capital stock of the consolidated companies making the Missouri Pacific company is \$240,000,000.—State Journal.

### There Is No Frost.

"The warm weather of the last few days has pulled all the frost out of the ground in our section of the country," said Charles Richey of Louisville, Neb., who was in Omaha Friday. "We have been somewhat worried about it for some time, but I guess there is no doubt now that the frost is all out of the ground." "Louisville has become quite a rendezvous for Omaha people since the bridge across the Platte was completed. We have recently done some further work and it is all in good shape. Automobileists have

learned that the bridge makes a saving of many miles on a trip to Lincoln or any other part of that country and are making good use of it."—Omaha Bee.

### Still a Boasting.

Another party of boosters for the Merchants' Carnival started out this morning, loaded to the muzzle with printing matter. Everyone of the party is a booster within himself, and if the carnival is not a grand success, it will be no fault of the party that was out yesterday nor the one that left here this morning. The party yesterday started in the morning at 8 o'clock, making the towns of Mynard, Murray, Union, Nehawka, Avoca, Weeping Water, Manly, Louisville and Cedar Creek and returned about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, well pleased with the reception they received at all these points.

Two autos conveyed the party this morning, were engineered by Chas. Warner and Ed. Barker. The Warner car contained the following gentlemen: E. H. Wescott, John Neimet, J. P. Falter and B. A. McElwain. The Parmele car the following: Chas. Grimes, H. A. Schneider and F. E. Schlater. The following towns will be made: Murdock, Greenwood, Havelock, Alvo, Eagle, Elmwood and Wabash. The trip is a more lengthy one than that of yesterday, and it will probably be night ere their return. This manner of boosting but simply demonstrates the enthusiasm that exists among our people in their efforts to make the Merchants' Carnival one of the grandest and most successful in the history of Cass county.

### A Related Item.

The following item has escaped previous mention. Will Sitzman, who lives south of town, brought his family in Sunday afternoon to take the afternoon train for Omaha. He was driving a single horse, and as he was returning home on Lincoln avenue, the animal got the lines under its tail, and Will reached over the dashboard to relieve it. When the horse blazed away and let him have one in the forehead, an another one on his arm. Will got unbalanced and fell out of the vehicle, and the horse made for home without further damage. Will looks a little disfigured but still survives the accident, the Journal is pleased to note.

Captain G. W. Morrison and wife of the Salvation Army, who have been holding meetings in this city for a week past, departed this morning for Ashland, where Mrs. Morrison takes charge of the children's home of the army for a short time. She had the misfortune to be ill since last Wednesday and was unable to take part in the meetings here.

## PAY DAY SPECIALS

For the remainder of the week we will offer the following Clearance Prices which should be examined by every shopper:

HANDKERCHIEFS—White, wide hem-stitched, full size..... 5c  
SHIRTS—Two shades of Tan, Negligee, cuffs attached, full size... 69c  
SHIRTS—Black and white stripe, blue check chevot, and lighter colors..... 39c  
SOX—Brown, white heel and toe, automatic top..... 88c  
PANTS—Two lots—to close—all pants \$1.75 to \$2.50..... \$1.39  
all pants \$2.00 to \$4.00..... \$1.39  
CHILDREN'S HOSE—A few pairs of medium sizes only, worth 25 to 35 cents..... \$1.99-2.49  
BOYS SUITS—Sizes 12 to 15, worth up to \$6.50; go at..... \$1.99-2.49  
MEN'S SUITS—Remaining ones put into 4 lots, \$7.90-9.90-11.90-13.90

**All Good Goods;  
Good and Cheap**

## C. E. Wescott's Sons

THE HOME OF SATISFACTION

### Local Events.

William R. Murray, the well known citizen of Mynard, is looking after business matters in the city today, coming in this morning.

Ex-Treasurer W. D. Wheeler was detained in the city over night on account of some business matters he was compelled to look after.

John Campbell of Union spent a few hours in the city this morning, coming up on the early train and returning on the morning M. P. train.

Philip H. Melsinger, the well known and popular Eight Mile Grove precinct farmer, is in the city today looking after business matters.

Mark White of Rock Bluff is attending to business today in the city and will be a passenger for Omaha this afternoon on a like mission.

Mark Furlong, one of the good farmers from Rock Bluff, is looking after business matters in the city today, coming up from his home this morning.

A. F. Hedengren, master carpenter of the Burlington, spent the night in the city after looking over some of the company work in progress near here.

Adam Kaffenberger, a well known and popular farmer from west of the city, is attending to business matters in this city today, driving in from his farm this morning.

Colonel J. H. Thrasher was a passenger for Omaha on the morning train, having a deal involving vast interests on hand to look after there today.

A. Ibsen, roadmaster of the Burlington, is among those who spent last evening in the city after looking over the Burlington's track work in this vicinity.

Miss Josephine Clifford, who has been spending a day making a visit in the city with her mother and brother, returned to Omaha this morning on the early train.

D. W. Foster came up last evening from his home at Union for an over night's visit with his daughter, and this morning was an Omaha-bound passenger on the Burlington.

Mrs. Val Burkel is attending to business matters in Omaha today, going there this morning on the early train.

Mrs. A. L. Anderson was a passenger for Omaha this morning on the early train, going up to visit with her folks.

Mrs. Pat Egan is among those spending today in Omaha, having gone to that city this morning on the early train.

Virgil M. Mullis, daughter Amy and son Harold are spending the day in Omaha, being passengers on the morning train for that city.

Mrs. Martha Baumeister is visiting in Lincoln today, being a passenger for that city this morning on the early train.

Mrs. P. A. McCrary and family are spending the day in Omaha, being passengers on the early train for that city this morning.

Mrs. Davisson and family departed this morning for Sterling, Neb., where she will make a visit with her parents for several days.

William Hogabone, mayor of La Platte, who has been ill for some time suffering from the effects of a bad fall from the Platte river bridge, is in the city today attending to business matters.

J. J. O'Neill and wife of Denver, Colo., who have been visiting in the city with the parents of the former, departed this morning for their home. They spent a very pleasant week in the city and greatly enjoyed their visit.

Mrs. Charles Renner and Mrs. Jacob Renner and family of near Nehawka were passengers for Omaha this morning, where they will spend the day. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Renner came up from their home this morning to make this trip to the metropolis.

George P. Melsinger, Democratic candidate for county commissioner, and one of the best citizens of Cass county, is attending to business today in the city and meeting his many friends. Reports from every part of the county indicate that Mr. Melsinger is going to make a splendid race for commissioner and win handsly, as he should.

## ATTENTION FARMERS!

Let us show you our line of Hay Tools. We are sole agents for Star, Loudon and Ney Hay Tools and can compete with anybody, no matter where located, on prices. Let us show you the

### London Hay Fork Returner

and snatch pulley, which saves you almost half the time and labor necessary in unloading hay in a barn at an expense of less than \$5.00. Once used it will never be discarded. Also mower sickles and sections of all standard makes.

## JOHN BAUER,

Plattsmouth, : : : Nebraska.