

The Last Voyage of The Donna Isabel

By Randall Parrish

Author of Bob Hampton of Placer.

Illustrations by Deaborn Melvil

sun grew barely visible through a rain in the dun clouds, with the mists again spread, and the longboat leaping to the foaming summits. Oh, but it was worth all suffering just to read the confession of her eyes, and to feel her bend down over me in sudden tenderness! I am not ashamed that the tears dimmed my eyes so I could scarcely see her dear face or that my voice choked so I could do no more than whisper her name. She must have understood, for her soft hands touched my cheek, and so we rested for a long time, scarcely exchanging a word between us.

It was later that same day, just at the edge of twilight, when Kelly called, "A sail!" pointing eagerly out over the port quarter. Then, some upon knees, some standing, we all saw it, a misty, white reflection, showing vague against the darkening horizon. I know not what it really was—a gleam of canvas, a speck of cloud, or the pinnacle of an iceberg—but as we swept toward it, the night dropped down over the waters blotting the last faint vestige from view. Yet we hung on desperately, the man starting out into the black void, grumbling and cursing, until the long night wore away with no reward.

That was about the last I recall clearly; afterwards all grew indistinct, commingled, confused. It was like a dream rather than reality. I performed my work as before, the instincts of a seaman leading me rightly, and out of the mist numerous incidents arise to memory proving that I observed and thought. Never can I forget the sight of that narrow boat, tossing about on the crests of great seas, or plunging down into the black hollows; the green water pouring in cataracts over the gunwale; the constant bell; the wet, soggy blankets; the moaning of wind through the icy cordage; the flapping of the sail; the gray masses of water curling over us in continuous threatening; the awful expanse of ocean revealed by daylight; the black loneliness through which we swept at night. We ceased to talk, to think, even, growing more and more sullen, moody, dull-eyed, cramped of limb and benumbed of brain. We sat silently staring into the smother, forever beholding the mirages of distorted minds. Men would spring to their feet, yelling out some discovery, only to sink back again, with ghastly faces buried in their hands. It was all illusion; the waves, the clouds mocking us, even our voices sounding unnatural, our faces growing unfamiliar.

Only Doris; Doris did not change—not, at least, to my eyes. Ay, she became whiter, weaker, the shadows growing darker beneath her eyes, yet she still sat at my knee, looking up into my face, yielding me new courage out of her heart of hearts. God knows I believe she saved me, saved me from going mad, saved me with the power of her love—held me sane, held me steadfast, when the very soul in me had given way. I think of those other faces now with a shudder. It seems as if all that was human had gone out of us; we were no longer men, only things. We crawled about. We growled rather than used articulate speech, bruised by the constant buffeting of the sea, sore with the smart of salt water, chilled through



We Were No Longer Men, Only Things.

by the icy wind, we snarled like wild beasts, our eyes bloodshot, our faces haggard and unclean.

I know not how long it endured. I lost all track of day and night. I merely remember this and that out of the mist, Doris' gray eyes ever upon me, her hand clasping mine; Celeste lying motionless day after day under the blankets; De Nova rocking back and forth, striving to sing, or creeping aft to the tiller, with his body shaking as though he had a palsy; Johnson, never moving, his head sunk into his chest, his gaze out over the bows; McKnight curled up as a dog lies, sometimes cursing fiercely, only to break

off and cry like a child. I remember when the boom swung about, pitching Sanchez headlong and breaking his leg; how we pulled it back into position with a sickening snap, binding it there firmly, while beads of perspiration told the Chilean's pain. I recall that other day when Dade suddenly stood up, his eyes staring dully out into the fog-bank which wrapped us about, extended his hands, smiling, and said: "Sure, I'm comin', ol' pal," and stepped overboard. We grabbed for him, but he went down and never came up again. McKnight was the first to speak.

"He had his pockets full o' gold. I saw him takin' it las' night."

It almost seems to me that this was the last, though it could not have been. There were hours after that, perhaps even days and nights, when I lived without really knowing that I lived. It was a period of fancies, phantoms, dreams, weird and fantastic, haunting horrors that left all reality blank. I know that Johnson helped me at the tiller while De Nova lay prone in the bottom of the boat, sometimes talking to himself, occasionally lifting his head to peer over the side. What he said had no meaning, just a jumble of French words, and he smiled like that dead Spaniard in the cabin of the Donna Isabel. I know that Sanchez, who had bravely done all he could in spite of his broken leg, fell into the delirium of fever, screamed for hours that he was dying, and had at last to be bound fast in his blankets. I know Kelly came creeping aft with a knife in his hand, imagining he had been robbed, and I had to knock him flat with the tiller-bar, the boat falling off into the trough of the sea and nearly capsizing before I could get her head back again. Doris was bending over Sanchez, who seemed to have an interval of sanity at the moment—that was the last I remember; then, I think, I pitched over against Doris when she came back to me, and everything went dark.

CHAPTER XXX.

In Which We Come to the End.

I was lying between white sheets in a rather wide berth when I came again to consciousness, a yellow glow of sunlight streaming in through an open port, and the clanking sound of machinery in my ears. I closed my eyes again, wearily, my head reeling yet from the delusions of the past. No, this was real—a steamer, rising and falling on the swell, but pushing steadily forward to the rapid revolutions of the screw. I could hear the tramping of feet on deck, even the splash of the sea without. I opened my eyes again, watching a curtain wave to the fresh air rushing in through the port, and then I turned my head on the pillow. Doris sat on a low stool gazing out through the aperture on the sea, her face partially turned away. She looked pale, careworn, her eyes heavy and sad. Suddenly she turned her glance in my direction, and sprang up with a glad cry.

"Oh, Jack, you have been lying there so long unconscious!"

I could only clasp her hands and gaze into the depths of her gray eyes.

"I have proved rather a poor specimen of a man, I fear, dear," I confessed at last, ashamed of my weakness. "How long?"

"It is three days since we were brought on board, and we were a day and night in the boat after you lost consciousness."

I endeavored to think it out, to comprehend. She leaned farther over, her lips touching my cheek.

"Don't worry about it, Jack; everything is all right now. Johnson took your place at the tiller, and—and we were picked up."

"What vessel is this?"

"The El Cid, Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres—a coast-trader."

"And the others? Do they live?"

"All but Sanchez; he died the night after our rescue. Kelly is half-crazed yet, but they think he will get over it. De Nova was very badly frozen, but Celeste was out on deck yesterday."

I lay there looking at her, striving valiantly to put all these horrors away, and to face the present and the future. My handclasp tightened, for I could no longer keep back the one question which trembled on my lips.

"But you, Doris, you! Do you still mean what you said yonder? Are we only saved to lose each other? Have you heard? Do you know anything of him?"

The red blood flooded the pale cheeks; the long lashes veiling the gray eyes.

"Oh, not now; don't speak of that now."

"But I must, I cannot wait in suspense," I insisted, lifting myself on the pillow. "You have heard—tell me."

"I—I have been a coward," she faltered. "I—I have not asked; I have not even told my name to those on board. I was afraid the knowledge

(To be Continued)

Splendid Artistic Work.

In the windows of the second store room south of the postoffice are exhibited some fine specimens of the art work of Miss Ellen Windham, the talented daughter of Hon. R. B. Windham of this city, which will repay looking at. Miss Windham is home for the summer and is engaged in teaching charcoal, pencil, pastel, oil and water-color painting and lettering, and if the specimens shown of her handiwork are any criterion, those desiring instruction need look no further.

Miss Windham took her preliminary studies in art in this city, Mrs. M. Howland having given her instructions for more than a year and laying the foundation for the present high character of work. Later she took the art course in the school connected with the Wesleyan university at Lincoln. Finishing this course, Miss Windham took up a course at the Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago, considered one of the most thorough and practical schools of art in the country, and she is home now after this course. Her work in this course has consisted of still life, sketches from living subjects, design, lettering, life class and mechanical drawing and commercial drawing, a list of classes comprising a vast range of subjects.

In these several classes Miss Windham has ranked very high and her work has been commended by her instructors and superior teachers as remarkably good. The specimens which are on exhibition in the Riley block windows amply verify the high standing given her by the school. One of her works, the hyacinth, a charcoal drawing of wonderful naturalness and life-likeness was selected as the best in the school, and was sent to St. Louis for the annual spring exhibition of the work of art schools of the country, carrying away high honors in this competition. This one specimen of work alone stamps Miss Windham as possessed of the true artistic instinct.

In pencil work, she also ranked very high and her instructors showered unstinted praise upon the character which she developed in this line. As a pencil artist she more than maintains the splendid promise she made in other lines.

The pastel work which is exhibited in the windows is made from life and the several figures stand forth with a resemblance to nature, striking and effective. One can discern that the work was done with the living figure posing before the artist, as every touch of human life is drawn in the picture, and so drawn that one cannot but know it is taken from a live subject.

In oil, Miss Windham has but repeated the triumphs of the other classes. The several pictures betray the artistic touch throughout, and the colors are blended with the eye of the master. The head of the girl with the straw between her lips is a particularly good example of what she can do in this line.

In water colors, a number of excellent drawings are on exhibition, all made with the same technique which so delights the eye in her other classes.

Plattsmouth as a whole should well be proud of Miss Windham and her work. She has every promise of becoming a truly great artist and there seems to be no room to doubt but that some day specimens of her work will hang upon the walls of the world's great galleries, an unfading source of delight to the eye and a splendid tribute to the skill of the artist.

Firemen Out Last Night.

A small number of firemen participated in the practice with the cart last night for the hose race during the carnival. Unless some more enthusiasm is displayed and more members show an interest in the proceedings, it is the intention of Chief Koubek to call off the practice altogether, and it may be the committee will rescind their action in giving a prize for this race. If the department does not want the race the committee can use the money to advantage elsewhere. It is to be hoped that the members display more interest and that they turn out in large numbers at the next practice and show they intend to put up a race worth the seeing. A good hose race where water is thrown is worth looking at and the boys have all the material to give it with. Let a little more ginger be displayed and let the boys turn out and work themselves into shape for a real display. The exhibition given last evening was good, especially so, considering the small number, and gives promise of better to follow.

Nebraska City Special.

On August 23, to take care of the band, baseball team and others returning from Nebraska City chautauque, the Missouri Pacific railway will operate a special train, leaving Nebraska City at 10 p. m., making all intermediate points to Ft. Crook.

Some of the Attractions.

The committee to secure the free attractions for the big fall festival have concluded arrangements for several of the biggest and best drawing cards for the affair. They have secured a balloon ascension and parachute leap as one of the drawing cards, and it will be a winner. From an astounding height the aeronaut will leap out into the air and float gracefully to earth—a splendid tribute to daring and nerve and an act always thrilling to the audience, whether it be composed of old or young. The big balloon ascension takes place every day, and in itself is enough to pay traveling miles to see.

Another great attraction will be an aerial act by the best artists in the profession. Acts clever and unique will be given in mid-air, many feet from terra firma. Acts which will astound and enthuse the auditors. Acts which will rank among the greatest ever given on the bars. Regular performances of these thrillers will take place every day during the great festival, and they will serve well to entertain the myriad of visitors within our gates. These people are among the best ever seen in the city in their particular line, and are what is known as headliners on the vaudeville circuits during the winter.

Yet another attraction will be a daring slack wire act. Suspended many feet above the street level on a slender string of steel, the performer will give many thrilling feats of skill and agility, which will cause the blood to flow faster in the veins and the heart to leap with apprehension as the wonderful feats of the artist unfold. In the night performance, balls of living fire will be devoured while the walker skips nimbly across the street on his high elevated wire. Other marvelous and astounding feats will be given, all of which will be new and novel, and of the nature which all want to see.

There are many others equally as thrilling, daring and novel as these and well worth attending from miles around. These are all assured and are but forecasters of what can be expected on every day. They warrant you a day of delight and gaiety on the outside with great numbers of special attractions on the inside of the city of white tents, which will spring up on every hand.

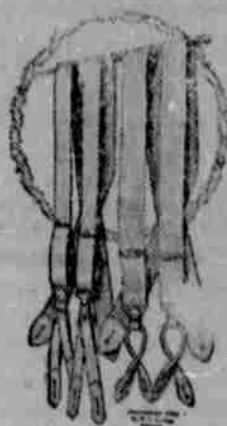
A Pathetic and Pitiful Scene.

Judge Beeson yesterday afternoon heard the complaint of County Attorney Ramsey against Ray and Goldie Anton, children of Carl and Dell Anton, and decided to appoint the Nebraska Children's Home society of Omaha as guardian for them. In pursuance of this order the children were ordered taken from the parents and committed to the care of the society. The father was not present at the hearing, report having it that he was in Omaha. The mother was in attendance, and after the decision of the court she created a pathetic and pitiful scene, lamenting the loss of her babes. It was impossible to sooth her, as she refused all efforts toward comforting her. She wandered out on the street crying and lamenting in a most heart-rending manner. Later she went to her home, where kind neighbors did what they could to restore her to calmness and quietude.

The hearing developed that the case was a most pathetic one, and one in which there was small choice for the authorities. The family had been having a very hard time, and the children were insufficiently clothed and without food for days at a time. The mother was ill, and in no condition to care for the two little unfortunates, while the father had left them to shift for themselves. It was sought to have the mother enter the county farm at least until she was in better health, but this she resolutely refused to do. It is reported that she wants to go home to her parents; who are said to live in Colorado, and this may be the outcome of her plight. The children will be placed in good homes if the places can be obtained for them by the society, and if this cannot be done they will be taken to the Home for the Friendless at Milford. Under the pitiful conditions of the case, this is the best action for both parents and children. With the passing of the hysteria with which the mother was afflicted, she will doubtless realize this.

Mrs. A. D. Asch and mother, Mrs. G. M. Wiley, from Murray, was in the city yesterday afternoon attending to some business matters, and while here they called at the Journal office and Mrs. Asch added her name to the list of subscribers to the paper. They are both well known people in this county, having lived here for many years. Mrs. Wiley being the widow of the well known Dr. Wiley and a Nebraska pioneer. They were very welcome visitors and the Journal hopes to go to their home for many years to come.

Take off your coat and look in the glass at that old pair of suspenders you have on.



Probabilities are you have worn them all through the sweaty, hot dirty weather until the rubber is about gone and the beauty certainly gone. Perhaps the buckles or the ends are broken or worn out—Better get a new pair—you'll feel so much fresher and look so much better, especially if you go about town with your coat off. Now we've got something special for you in suspenders. We just cleaned up a line of handsome 50c lises from an eastern factory at a price which enables us to sell them to you and make a small profit on them at 28c. They come in light and dark patterns, with leather ends and non-rustible trimmings. They are the same suspenders you have been paying 50c for, and in the face of an advance in rubber you'd better buy all you can stand of these at 28c and put a pair on each pair of pants. You'll save time and money by so doing.

Say, that Merchants Carnival is going to be great—isn't it?

C. E. Wescott's Sons

The Home of Satisfaction.

JUDGE PEMBERTON DECIDES CASE

Clark vs. Fleishman Case Results in Big Victory for the Plaintiff, Miss Clark

In district court yesterday Clerk Robertson received the written decision of Judge L. M. Pemberton of Beatrice, in the case of Clark vs. Fleishman et al. Judge Pemberton heard this case several weeks ago, sitting in place of Judge Travis, who was disqualified from hearing the same. He found the issues in the case in favor of the plaintiff, giving her the land in dispute and judgment for the use thereof for \$1,576.25.

The case has been pending in court for several years. The facts as shown in the trial seem to be about as follows: A number of years ago John W. Clark and Thos. M. Howard were in partnership in Weeping Water, doing a real estate and loan business. While this partnership was in existence Clark secured assignment of some school land located immediately adjacent to the town of Elmwood. This assignment was taken in his own name and not in the name of the partnership. Later Clark died and his brother, Thomas K. Clark, was appointed as his administrator. Thos. K. Clark, as administrator, sold to Howard what purported to be John W. Clark's interest in this land, without, however, securing an order of the district court to sell the same and presumably relying upon his powers as administrator to make the deed good. Later on Thomas K. Clark and Howard formed a partnership similar to that which existed between John W. Clark and Howard, and in the due course of forming this partnership, this piece of land was conveyed by Howard to the new partnership. Fleishman now enters on the scene, buying this piece of property from the partnership of Thomas K. Clark and Thos. M. Howard. Several years after this Fleishman, who is a rich man, sought to secure a loan on this property and submitted the abstract conveying it to a loan company. The company discovered the flaw in the title and declined the loan. An offer was then made by the Fleishmans to Miss Ethel Clark, daughter and heir of John W. Clark for \$25 for a deed to the property, which would cure the defect. She counseled with her uncle, Byron Clark, who advised her to make a deed if they paid her several hundred dollars. This the Fleishmans declined to do and the matter hung in the air until Miss

Clark asked her uncle to investigate the matter for her. He concluded that the title had never been in the partnership, but was John W. Clark's personal property, and so advised her. A suit in ejectment was commenced by Miss Clark and again an effort was made to settle the case. This time Miss Clark asked \$500 for a deed, which the Fleishmans declined. The case was tried first before Judge Beeson, who found for the defendants, the Fleishmans. On appeal to the supreme court the case was reversed and remanded for a new trial. Another attempt was made to settle the case, and this time Miss Clark wanted \$1,000 in settlement. Again the Fleishmans declined the offer and the trial was had before Judge Pemberton as set forth in the commencement. The result of the trial is a sweeping victory for Miss Clark.

Judge Pemberton finds for the plaintiff on both causes of action and against the equitable defense which the defendants set up in their answer. The court found that the plaintiff had a legal estate in and was entitled to the immediate possession of the real property described in the petition, and that the defendants unlawfully keep the plaintiff out of the same and have so kept her out of said possession for the period of eight and one-sixth years. He finds that the reasonable value of this possession is the sum of \$193.50 per year, or a total of \$1,576.25.

The judgment of the court is that the plaintiff recover from the defendants the west half of the northeast quarter of section 16, town 10, range 10, Cass county, Nebraska, except the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter, and also \$1,576.25 damages and costs of suit. The usual forty days in which to prepare and serve a bill of exceptions is given the defendants, as well as their objections and exceptions.

The land in controversy comprises eighty acres of the finest land in Cass county. It lies northwest of the Elmwood townsite, being immediately adjacent to and adjoining the town. The Missouri Pacific railway runs through the piece, but regardless of this it is considered a fine piece of property. Byron Clark appeared for his niece, Miss Clark, the plaintiff, while A. N. Sullivan represented the defendants.

Carnival Headquarters.

Free rest room in the big tent by the court house. The Christian church tent, in which the White and Tuckerman meeting will be conducted, beginning September 15, has been accepted by the management of the carnival as a rest room, etc. In order to provide for the greatest comfort of the people the various organizations of the church named will have charge of concessions as follows:

1. Check stand for wraps, parcels, lunch baskets, etc.
2. Ice cream stand.

Hot coffee and sandwiches.

Free seats provided for rest and eating lunches. Women with children especially welcome.

J. J. Lewis of Villisca, Ia., Mrs. R. L. Jones and Mrs. Brooks of Kansas City, Mo., all of whom have been visiting with J. D. Lewis and family, and F. M. Young, Sr., and family, near Murray, departed this morning for Villisca, Ia. J. D. Lewis and son E. W. accompanied them to that point and will make a visit there, later going to Maitland and Kansas City, Mo., for a further visit with relatives.