

# THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARTRIDGE  
AUTHOR OF "THE MOUNTAIN OF PLACER," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of Juan Stephens, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was discovered by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At his light his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by the Admiral of the Peruvian navy and Stephens, told him that what had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, should be captured.

## CHAPTER III—Continued.

I walked the floor twice from wall to wall, thinking swiftly, the sudden cigar clinched tightly between my teeth. I could perceive no reason why the deed might not be accomplished if luck favored, and I was sufficiently young so that the danger rather appealed than repelled. Suddenly I wheeled and faced him, still seated at the table.

"You may fill out the blank, señor," I announced, quietly. "I will try a throw of the dice."

## CHAPTER IV.

### In Which I Meet My Crew.

The polite hotel clerk halted me as I passed his desk on the way out with information that a drunken naval officer—evidently Sanchez—had been there twice already seeking me, had also asked for Lord Darlington, and would return again at ten o'clock. I thanked him, smiling to myself, wondering if the English nobleman was to be challenged also, and promptly disappeared into the night without. The unfortunate affair with the aggrieved lieutenant had become a small matter no longer troubling me.

I have wandered by night through most of the suburbs of the world, knowing well the streets and dark places of Port Said, Melbourne and Calcutta, but I doubt if even the unspeakable orient can equal for dirt, squalor, crime and peril those narrow, crooked alleyways where sailors most do congregate against the Valparaiso waterfront. Here gather in bawling the scum of the South seas, and here flourish their parasites. Any night a trip alone through those foul lanes is of the kind to test strong nerves; but on this special occasion, the way filled with pandemonium and drunkenness, the entire city a riot of noisy violence, the populace aroused to drive hate toward all foreigners, the passage was one of constantly recurring danger. The street lights, few and far between, were mere blotches of color winking feebly at the surrounding darkness, the rough cobblestone pavement underfoot was irregular and deceitful, while drunken crowds, either quarrelsome or mauling affectionately, surged aimlessly about, pestilential and yelling with Latin fervor. However, I knew the way well, and kept myself hidden from observation by hovering close beneath the protecting shadows of the buildings, drawing well back into doorway to permit the noisier parties of revelers to pass, and then hurrying forward along the deserted streets. I stumbled over the body of more than one drunken man, while sounds of quarreling were borne to me through the open door of every low taproom I passed. The scum of Valparaiso had come to the top, the fires of hell burning fiercely.

Pedro Rodriguez' den stood somewhat back from the narrow lane it fronted, flanked and concealed by taller buildings on either side. It was a ranshaekie, wooden affair, sagging badly at one corner, the half dozen steps leading to the open door being only dimly lighted. As it was a well-known resort, frequented almost entirely by foreign seamen who would scarcely be safe on the streets such a night as this, it was no surprise to discover the taproom densely crowded with sailor-men, and to distinguish a voice singing lustily in vigorous English, to an accompaniment of glasses pounding upon the rough tables. Indeed, a wild, hilarious mob greeted me loudly as I pressed aside the heavy curtain and stepped within. I cast a quick, comprehensive glance over the faces, upturned through the overlapping heads—Swedes and Finns from the North sea, Dutchmen of the Baltic, hairy Englishmen from the channel, Tankards of the West Atlantic, sea-combers from out of the South seas, with here and there a negro or brown-faced Kanaka to add to the variety. Faith, it was a choice collection, as though the wide waters of the world had been skimmed to bring together that rare crew of beauties. Perched high upon a table, his long legs encased in sea boots, seated astride a chair, sat the singer, his nose of coarse red hair standing erect, his jaw that of a bulldog, the scar of a recent knife wound showing ghastly across one cheek, his blue shirt open at the throat to reveal a hairy chest; beneath thatched brows his eyes glared and gleamed in a ferocious attempt at good humor.

"Sing, ye bullies!" he roared, after one inquiring glance toward me, bringing his heavy glass down on the back of the chair. "Lay it out for the gent, what has just come callin' on ye. Tune up, ye sea dogs. I'm no opera artist here to entertain ye. Give us a swing to the chorus now, or I'll sing this mug into yer bloomin' faces. Lift the tune, my hearties, and show the dagoes outside what ye can do. Now at it!"



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Tuttle wheeled and stared, his jaw working savagely.

The captain's bride was fair to see;  
Singing hard, she smiled at me.  
Singing hard, she smiled at me.

"Oh, to hell with that sorter love-sick stuff," cried a protesting voice, hoarse-ly. "That's no good sailor song, Bill. Give us something to start our pipes."

The giant in the chair scowled.  
"Ye're a lot o' dubs, an' not fit sail-or-men," he retorted, savagely, draining his glass; "but I've got a chorus ye'll sing or fight me, an' dam' if I care much which. Now take a grip at this."

A mighty man was Pat McCann,  
Who sailed upon the sea;  
Within his hold he hid the gold,  
He stole in Barbaree.

The men he mute,  
He had the loot,  
He found in Barbaree.

"They were still at it, the motley, mongrel crew, their hoarse, drink-thickened voices roaring out lines full of the fierce swing of the deep sea, their glasses pounding in unison on the tables, as I pushed my way through them up to the sloopy bar, and faced the fellow standing behind."

"Is there a Yankee whalerman here by the name of Tuttle?" I asked.

He stared at me, his eyes squinting, while the wild chorus began to die away like a clock run down.

"Bill, whar's Cap Tuttle?" he called out finally. "Here's a cove wants him."

The red-headed giant, perched aloft on the chair, flung one hand indifferently across his shoulder toward the rear of the room.

"Come on again, mates," he roared. "Another drink, and another song. Spit it out this time—'Swing hard! Bend low!'"

"He's yonder in the back room; through that door, mate," said the bartender, shortly. "Better not tread on any of the lads' feet goin' in, unless maybe ye're here to-night huntin' trouble. They're just 'bout drunk enough now to be ready to start a row."

I picked my way with caution, the fierce ill of that devil's chorus stunning my ears, the hairy faces confronting me scowlingly suggestive of any crime. Saint Andrew! I thought soberly, if this was still the day of pirates here was a brood ready for hatching. With a feeling of positive relief I pressed open the heavy wooden door, stepped within and closed it carefully behind me. So tightly fitting and solid the wood it instantly shut out completely the mad riot of the barroom. It was like coming into a new world. Two men sat alone at a small, round table smoking, between them a short-necked black bottle with glasses, and a scattered deck of greasy cards. The one nearest where I stood, tall, long-limbed, angular, his face thin and made to appear more so from a sandy chin-whisker, had his knee swung over the arm of his chair, a bald spot on the top of his head shining conspicuously beneath the rays of the lamp. His companion was considerably younger, somewhat trim of build, with black, curling hair, and small mustaches curled upward at the tips. He was of a complexion to make me think him either a creole or quadroon, but with smiling lips and a light in his merry eyes bespeaking a temperament of good humor.

"Capt. Eli Tuttle?" I questioned doubtfully.

The older man slowly deposited his feet on the floor and stood up. He was a trifle round-shouldered, attired in a black frock coat which dangled to the knees, and his eyes of cold gray narrowed into mere slits as he inspected me with undisguised suspicion.

"The spirit which for 70 years hath

made answer to that cartily name still abideth within this fleshly body," he responded solemnly, in a voice seemingly from the very pit of his stomach. "I am still permitted to sail the seas, thus known to the children of men, awaiting in patience the hour of translation."

To be greeted thus in such a spot stunned me for the instant, my cheeks flushing as I read undisguised amusement in the upturned face of the creole. My teeth shut together hard.

"You are Eli Tuttle, then, formerly master of the whaling bark 'Betsy'?"

"Even so, young man," his lean face perfectly emotionless, his long fingers outspread flat on the table. "Eli Tuttle of New Bedford, once the chief of sinners, but now communing with the higher life of the spirit world. Associate me not with yonder ungodly crew, blind to the truth of the beyond," and he snapped his fingers softly toward the closed door. "In this world saints and sinners meet indeed mingle bodily, yet not in any communion of spirit. It was for peaceful meditation that friend De Nova and I deserted yonder scene of revelry and sought this secluded spot. Truly the good book saith that where one or two are gathered together in his name there is he also in the midst of them."

The creole laughed outright, smiting the table smartly with his palm.

"Sit down, mate!" he exclaimed, generally, kicking up a chair. "After you know zis of hypocrite as well as I do, his communion viz spirits won't bozzer you much. Help yourself to drink, an' wash the taste out of your mouth."

Tuttle wheeled about and stared at his companion, his thin jaw working savagely; but the creole went on rolling a cigarette indifferently between his brown fingers, his white teeth gleaming. I remained standing, my hand on the back of the chair, intently studying the pair.

"I come directly from Don Castillo," I said, quietly, facing the Yankee, and determined to get down to business, "and desire to speak with you alone."

His glinting eyes narrowed perceptibly, and his jaws crunched down upon the tobacco in his cheek.

"This safe enough with him," he acknowledged rather ungraciously, his voice becoming nasal as he pointed his chin-beard toward the other. "De Nova is second officer."

I drew back the chair and sat down.

realizing that I now possessed the attention of both.

"I have been appointed to assume Capt. Castelar's duties," I announced quietly. "Do either of you care to examine my papers?"

Tuttle spat silently into the sawdust, while De Nova exhibited his white teeth in a grin. The eyes of the two men met.

"I rather guess your papers won't cut much ice in this yere affair," returned the former with deliberate insolence, "being as how we don't either of us give a tinker's dam fer Peru, if it you'll pardon my sayin' so plainly."

His mask had disappeared as by magic, and I realized instantly the real nature of the man.

"You mean no enlistment has been made, either by you, or the men under you?"

"That's just about the size of it, mister," his tone full of unconcealed contempt, his leg flung once again over the arm of the chair. "We agreed to do this one particular job fer a certain consideration, but we're none of us Peruvian sailor-men, and consequently don't give a hang for your papers. Ain't that about it, De Nova?"

The creole nodded, still smiling pleasantly, the blue smoke curling lazily up from the end of his cigarette. Evidently the two were actively engaged in taking my measure, and this was to be a case of man against man, rather than the exercise of any delegated authority. I might as well throw my commission into the fire for any real value it possessed here. All right; I had met and attended to their kind before.

"I am delighted to understand the situation so clearly and quickly," I said, sharply, throwing a note of authority into my voice and manner. "It simplifies my task. Now listen to me, Mr. Tuttle," giving him his formal title, "and you likewise, De Nova. I probably care as little for those papers as either of you, but nevertheless, I am in command. Do you both clearly comprehend that?—I am in command! It will be just as well for you not to attempt any horse-play. I am no dago sea-officer, but a North American sailor, and I didn't come crawling into my first ship through a cabin window. I've tamed mutinous crews before now, and when I'm up against sea-seum I can hit as hard as the next fellow. If either of you desire to test my qualities as a buccomate, I'm here to accommodate you."

Neither answered, but I read their conclusion in their eyes.

"That's all I need to say now," I went on. "It's up to you to fish or cut bait. You fellows have nothing to gain by opposing me, and I hope you possess sense enough to know it. De Nova, where have I ever met you before?"

The creole's face instantly brightened again, his white teeth gleaming under the black moustache.

"So monsieur remember," he lisped gently, leaning forward on the table. "I thought maybe you forget altogether 'bout zat time. But I know you at once w'en you come in. It make me laugh to see zis Yankee try bait you like you was a dago steamboat. Bah, I know you all right for sailor-man; I know you do business."

"But I am unable to place you."

"No, not yet; maybe you will w'en I say more." He spoke rapidly, gesticulating with excitement. "It was a little ship off Hatteras; ze storm five days, an' all wreck. It was a steamer, white, wis red stacks, zat took off ze crew, an' it was hell of a job. Zat was ze story, monsieur; I was mate of ze Cymbeline."

I knew him then instantly, my memory picturing anew the cold, gray dawn, the green, angry seas, the helpless, sodden hulk heaving sickeningly to its death, and those water-drenched forms we hauled over the sinking rick into our tossing boat. I held forth my hand, and his brown fingers, hard as iron, closed over it in a grip to be felt.

"Sure, it's come back, mate," I said. "I rather guess I can count on you."

His dark eyes met mine in frank honesty.

"Running arms for the Cuban revolutionists then, weren't you?" I asked, indifferently. "Why not?"

He shrugged his shoulders, glancing across at Tuttle, and fingering his moustache.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Hints For Hostess

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS  
for Those Planning Seasonable Entertainments

### Wooden Wedding Suggestions.

A request comes for suggestions for a wooden wedding, which is the fifth anniversary. The invitations may be written or printed upon birch bark, or on imitation wood paper, giving the date of original wedding and the day and date of proposed celebration. For a table centerpiece a large canoe of birch bark would be charming filled with violets or other small flowers; smaller canoes could be used to hold salted nuts and as place cards, too, with the guest's name written on the side in fancy lettering. A wooden chopping bowl, filled with fruit and flowers, could be utilized as a centerpiece if the canoe is not obtainable. Little wooden dishes that come for dolls make fine individual nut or bon-bon holders. Place cards may also be made from squares of birch bark. If a carpenter is accessible get him to make some nice long curly shavings to use as festoons about the rooms. For amusement, try a nail-popping contest for the girls and a whittling contest for the men, or let all dress dolls made from clothebins. Fill a small tub with sawdust and make a "pie" out of which the guests may draw tiny wooden boxes filled with wedding cake.

One of the "stunts" at a wooden wedding celebration was to gather the guests in one room in two long lines. Lights were extinguished and wooden articles in common, everyday use were passed from hand to hand down the line. After each one had held and felt of all the articles, the lights were turned on, and the one writing out the most complete list from memory received a prize.

### A Spoon Shower.

A young girl who was to marry a man not blessed with a great store of this world's goods was the recipient of this novel and acceptable shower. The girls, 12 in number, contributed the price of a dozen spoons. Each one was done separately in tissue paper and put in a lovely pie made in shape of a wedding bell; a white satin ribbon ran to each place. When the bride pulled her ribbon a spoon bearing this jingle was forthcoming:

One spoon for two,  
Oh! what fun!  
But then, you see,  
You two are one.

The rest of the girls each drew a spoon, and exclaimed as they just matched the one drawn by the bride-elf that they must all go to her. The refreshments were a little out of the ordinary, so I'll tell about them. First, shrimp salad served in heart-shaped cases, with coffee and nut sandwiches

mixed with mayonnaise dressing. Then a delicious tutti-frutti in bell-shaped molds.

### After-Dinner Tricks.

A stunt which is new and amusing and never fails to make fun, is a trick in balancing. Have the one who tries the thing, measure exactly three times the length of his own foot out from the wall of the room, then stand with heels together facing the wall, then stoop forward until the top of his head touches the wall. Then place a light stool or tabouret, about 20 inches in height, between him and the wall. The trick is to hold the tabouret off the floor and at the same time lift the head from the wall. A woman generally succeeds in doing this with comparative ease, but for some reason the trick is not so easy for a man. So ask a woman to do it first, then it is very funny to see the man fail.

### A Measuring Contest.

Ask the guests to state what they think is the height of a man's silk hat by indicating on the wall the height. Take a record of each guest, then bring in a hat and see how far short most of the guesses are. A hat box candy box may be awarded for a prize to the one who comes the nearest.

MADAME MERRI.



Silk blouses are severe. The sleeves are flat, with little or no fullness.

Flat jet ornaments, as well as those of metal, are frequently used as trimmings.

The vogue for gilt is now at its height and silver trimming is also in demand.

Tasseled ornaments and fringe vie with each other for chief favor in trimming.

Except when the brim is turned over in front, very little of the hair is shown.

Some of the new bracelets encircle the wrist and end in a tiny jeweled bow-knot.

Coats are a bit closer than the half fitting ones of the past season and skirts are usually plaited.

A fetching suit was of canard blue homespun, with the jacket, sleeves and hem outlined with a fine band of skunk fur—which, by the way, is the leading fur of the season for every day wear.

## Party Dresses



Three dainty little dresses are shown here that can well be made up at home with little cost.

The first is in pale blue soft satin and chiffon. The empire bodice is covered with puffed chiffon in front; the back is of satin plain. The zouave fronts of wide lace, are connected in front under a rosette. The zouave and upper part of sleeves are braided with narrow Russian braid. The skirt is gathered to the bodice back and front, the space being filled in with gauged chiffon.

Materials required: Three yards satin 42 inches wide, one yard chiffon, two and one-half yards lace.

The center costume is in soft pink velveteen; the bodice is laid in plaits

on a lining and is finished at the top by a shaped band that is braided; the yoke is of piece lace. The skirt is set in plaits and piped to the bodice.

Materials required: Five yards velveteen 24 inches wide.

For the other dress a soft spotted silk in white is used; it is a princess gown with flounces at edge which is headed by a crosswise strip of silk, gathered at each edge with narrow outstanding frill; the same trimming forms a point on the bodice back and front, the space being filled in with gauged chiffon.

Materials required: Six yards silk 22 inches wide.

## MOIRE AGAIN IS TO THE FORE

Material is Being Used for Coats and Costumes of All Sorts and Descriptions.

Moire is once more in favor. While stiff for whole dresses it is much liked for coats to be worn with cloth and cashmere one piece frocks, and for long evening coats and capes.

The new moire is not the stand-by itself silk of other days, but is soft and supple to fall in soft folds, though with more body than crepes and mesallines. There is one variety called mouseline moire.

Where one has a one-piece house frock that she would like to make useful for receptions and calling on friends these moire coats in a harmonizing tone will be most useful. To take away any hint of patch work, a little of the moire can be introduced as trimming on the gown.

When the silk is used for an evening coat it must naturally be lined and interlined for warmth. The fur lining from an old coat might be utilized.

When black moire is chosen for such a coat its somber look can be relieved by touches of colored embroidery on the collar, in such artistic tones as citron, Japanese blue, or Indian red.

## TO DARN A GLOVE FINGER

Use of Boy's Marble Will Help to Make the Work Easy and Fair to Look Upon.

If you want to mend a glove finger in a hurry and have no special darning handy, use a boy's marble to slip under the hole. These come in different sizes and make a small, neat darn easy.

Rips should be mended on the outside, in a thread as much like that used in stitching as may be. Strive to imitate the seam sewing.

Tears in the material may be over-cast in tiny stitches on the wrong side, or if they are jagged the edge should be buttonholed and the space filled with other rows of the buttonholing. Always use a fine needle in glove mending, as a heavy one weakens the aid.

## SOILS OF NEBRASKA

CHANGES EFFECTED BY CULTIVATION OF THE SAME.

## EXPERIMENT STATION BULLETIN

Results of the Analyses of Many Samples of Nebraska Soil Taken at Different Depths.

The Nebraska Experiment Station has just issued Bulletin No. 111, entitled, "Changes in the Composition of the Loess Soils of Nebraska Caused by Cultivation."

The bulletin is issued as a preliminary answer to the often asked question: "To what extent has the fertility of the soil of Nebraska been depleted and what will be the result of the continuance of the present methods of farming?" The analyses reported in the bulletin indicate wherein the chief changes in composition have taken place during the past thirty to fifty years of cultivation and also wherein the most rapid changes of the future are to be expected.

The term "loess," while still more or less unfamiliar to the farmers, will gradually become well known to them, as it is the name of the deep, uniform, stone-free, heavy loam soil which covers nearly all the southeastern half of the state.

The bulletin gives the results of the analyses of many samples of soil taken at different depths from the surface inch to the sixth foot. It also shows the composition of the surface soil of prairie fields compared with that of adjacent low cultivated fields the history of which is known.

It would appear from the analyses that the only form of plant food that has as yet shown a diminution sufficient to be detected by chemical analysis is nitrogen. The only important soil constituents, whether used as plant food or not, that have declined appreciably after thirty to fifty years of cultivation, are the nitrogen and the organic matter. These two constituents fall and rise together. They decrease rapidly in amount from the surface downward. Accordingly the washing away or blowing away of the surface soil will make the soil poorer in these constituents. The greatest losses in the past have been caused by washing or blowing. The content of the other forms of plant food is rather higher in the subsoil than in the surface soil and, accordingly, is not injuriously affected by the removal of surface soil.

To maintain the supply of nitrogen and organic matter, it will be necessary to prevent the removal of surface soil by wind or water in so far as possible. Further, the burning of straw and stalks should be avoided and all barnyard manure should be returned to the land. Even if these precautions be observed there will be a steady decline in the cultivated fields unless legumes (clover or alfalfa) be grown or the produce of other fields be fed and the manure applied. By growing clover or alfalfa the nitrogen and organic matter may be increased at the same time that a profitable crop is obtained.

Residents of Nebraska whose names are not on the Station mailing list may obtain this bulletin free of cost by applying to

E. A. BURNETT, Director,  
Agricultural Experiment Station,  
Lincoln, Neb.

### Prof. Wilson Strikes a Warning Note.

In a talk before the freshman H. H. Wilson of the University of Nebraska Law college faculty declared that large cities in which universities are located are a menace to the education of the young Americans who attend those institutions; that they offer too many sources of amusement and entertainment which enervate and enfeeble the young blood. The large city offers too many pleasures for consistent study by the college students who live in it; the small town gives the best college atmosphere, and as a result produces the best college graduates.

### Big Day for Treasury.

More money was paid into the state treasury recently than on any one day so far as the office force remembers. According to Mr. Forbes, bookkeeper, it was the banner day in the history of the treasury. The total amount collected was \$101,483.86.

### Object to Grain Rates.

The Omaha grain exchange has filed a complaint against the Union Pacific and the Burlington railroads, with the State Railway commission, alleging discrimination in grain rates in favor of Kansas City.

The ice crop is fine everywhere in the state and much of it is being gathered.

### Pardons by Governor.

During the past year Governor Shallenberger has issued pardons or commutations to seven convicts in the state penitentiary. This is the smallest number of convicts that has been let out in one year by any executive of the state within ten years at least.

The governor has adopted the policy of assisting upon the county attorney and district judge who tries the convict endorsing the application for pardon or commutation, and also that there shall be some new condition arising which would justify clemency.

### Injunction Applied For.

Attorney General Thompson applied to the supreme court for an injunction against the Burlington and Union Pacific railroads to stop the sale of liquor on buffet cars while their trains are passing through Nebraska. The petition prepared by Mr. Thompson sets out that the sale is illegal, because the roads have not taken out licenses in the counties through which their trains pass. The case is started at the instance of the state railway commission who are the complainants and who will prosecute.

## No Compromise With Truth

Absolute Sincerity in All Things  
Marks Men of Standing.

Sincerity is made up of two words—sine and cere—sine, without, and cere, wax; without wax. And it means absolutely pure, transparent.

The human mind is constructed for truth telling. This is its normal condition, and under the exercise of true living and true thinking the character becomes strong and robust.

Wholeness, completeness, comes into the life from truth, from sincerity; but the moment we attempt to twist the mind into expressing deceit it becomes abnormal and works all sorts of harm to the character.

I have in mind a very brilliant writer who exchanges his talent for cash in political campaigns. He has written some of the best campaign

documents for all political parties, but the lack of sincerity in his character so discounts his personality and ability that he has no standing as a man. He is recognized as a brilliant writer, but as a man totally without convictions.

There is something in the mind itself which thrives upon sincerity and which protests against all that is false, against all sham. Nothing ever quite satisfies this longing but absolute truth. The mind quickly becomes sickly and weak when forced to express what is false.—Orison Swett Marden, in Success Magazine.

### The Time to Boast.

A great French chef used to say to those customers who praised his dinners: "Never boast of having dined well till the next day."