

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF "DASH HAWKINS OF FLORIDA, ETC."

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, an American, a Massachusetts man, who is interested in the operation of a small steamer in Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in the operation of a small steamer in Valparaiso, Chile, he is interested in the operation of a small steamer in Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in the operation of a small steamer in Valparaiso, Chile, he is interested in the operation of a small steamer in Valparaiso, Chile.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The change in the man speaking held me breathless; his cant, his usually effeminate method of utterance had turned into an earnestness full of fascination.

"Well, that was about all, sir," his voice falling back into commonplace. "In two hours we were out of sight, an' I feelin' our way through a blinding snow squall. But it was such a run thing, discoverin' them islands out there all uncharted, with that queer boat ship perchin' on 'em, that I wrote down the latitude an' longitude an' the hooker's name in my log-book. We was about three weeks makin' the West Falklands, where I shipped a few more hands, an' then bore away north for home."

He drew a plug of tobacco from out his coat-pocket, cut off what he needed, and stowed it away in his cheek. He ran his fingers through his thin hair, and resumed:

"About 18 months later I was back with the 'Petsy in the South Pacific. One night, with the moon shinin' an' hardly a ripple anywhere, my mate ran her nose onto a rock, a couple of hundred miles south of Easter Island, an' in less than 20 minutes the bark had come down like a stone. We made Easter Island in the boats without much trouble, but it wasn't so easy to get away. I had six weeks of it before I got a chance, an' then I shipped afore the mast on a sandal-wood trader. De Nova here was mate, an' finally, huntin' goods to peddle among the islanders, we sailed into Valparaiso, an' the most of us shipped out. Well, by that time I wasn't thinkin' very often about that ice-ship down in the Antarctic; I was hustlin' for some sort of berth to take me back to the States. But one night, down in Rodriguez' back room, where I hung out, I got to talkin' with a gambler named Francisco—the same smooth chook who introduced himself as De Castillo to you, sir. He was an educated man, an' seemed to like to hear me talk, an' among other sea yarns I happened to tell him this one. He wasn't never given to scuffarin', an' he asked me a whole pile of fool questions. Finally he wanted to meet me again at the next day."

"Well, havin' nothin' better to do, I was there when he came, an' he showed up with a queer lookin', big, old book, the cover half ripped off, under his arm. Then he made me tell him that yarn over again, and describe the ship just exactly as I remembered it. Then, when I got through, an' told him everything I could do out of my memory, he opened up that book of his on the table, an' damme, sir, if he didn't show me a picture of that same of hooker, plain as 'fo', only everything was trim an' shipshape on board, with the masts up an' the sails drawn. The name was printed underneath, too—Donna Isabel, O. S. S."

"That book he showed me was printed in Spanish—not just like what you see today, sir, but the letterin' all rough, as though it had been cut out of wood, but the fellow showed me the date when it was printed, an' it read 'Salle, 1778,' plain enough. Francisco wrote out in English what he said was printed there about this Donna Isabel, an' there it is, sir, in his own handwritin'."

He took the paper out of his inner coat pocket and spread it open on the table before us. De Nova and Anderson leaned forward eagerly to look at it, but Tuttle showed it along toward me.

"Read it out loud, sir," he said, his voice trembling. The writing was not clear, and I held it up to the light.

"Garcia Donna Isabel, ship-rigged, 560 tons, Amador, Master, built 1730, home port Cadix. Sailed Guayaquil for Valparaiso, June 11, 1733; crew numbered 22, passengers 17, including five women, carried treasure, in gold ingots, pieces of silver, valued at 3,000,000 pesos, consigned by Captain-mo, president, to department of the west, receipted for by Salvadoro, government agent. Spoken by ship Comandador, Sanchez, master, July 16, 1733, 80 degrees 20 minutes west and 47 degrees 15 minutes south; all well. Lost at sea; no report."

I put down the paper, and looked across at Tuttle; he sat motionless, his head in his hands. I confess the tale had affected me strangely, and I could not doubt that the man honestly believed every word he had uttered. Yet it was far too marvelous ever to



He Drove His Sheath Knife Half to the Hilt into the Table.

be true; too impossible; too wildly romantic. It must have been a hallucination, an optical illusion born from a mirage of fog and sun in those frozen seas. Over 3,000,000 pesos, locked within the eternal ice for 126 years! Over 3,000,000 pesos, guarded by the dead for a century amid that grim desolation of crested sea! God! It was simply unthinkable, and I even ventured to smile at the credulity of the men about me; yet I did it with set jaws and lips parched and dry. What if it was all true? I felt the blood boiling up through my veins, every extremity tingling with the fever of it. Over 3,000,000 pesos! Merciful mother! It was the ransom of a king; it was the temptation of hell! I know not how I controlled my voice so as to question calmly, for even as I first spoke, I noticed how my hands trembled where they rested on the outspread map.

"Is that all?" Tuttle nodded his head, lifting his eyes questioning to mine.

"That's the whole of it, sir. What do you think?"

"That's more than I know, Mr. Tuttle. Perhaps you dreamed, perhaps Francisco lied. I should have liked to see that book."

I bent lower over the chart, staring at the red cross.

"What was it you men wanted me for?"

"To operate the steamer, sir; the rest of us aboard only understand sailin' vessels."

"Yes, of course; but why did you happen to choose a steamer for the job? There were plenty of sailing craft lying in the harbor easier to steal than this yacht."

"Very true, but it happened to be steam power we wanted. Here is about how we figured it, sir. First place, we had to get away quickly out of those portions of the sea where they'd be most likely to hunt for us. We're outlaws, an' every ship sailin' under a flag is an enemy. Well, sir, what chance would a sailin' vessel have in such a chase? We needed something that would show 'em a clean pair o' heels—something that would give 'em a run for their money. That's what this yacht can do; she's pokin' it now at sixteen."

"Yes; you've got the advantage," I confessed, "so long as your coal lasts. But you can't put in anywhere for a new supply—what then?"

He turned partially about, and winked at De Nova; the fellow grinned back at him, but burst in eagerly:

"Oh, we're not quite so green as all that, Mons. Stephens, an' I tink we got zis 'ting plan' out jus' 'bout right. We steam so till we've got maybe far 'nough south w'ere zey quit look for us. How is it 130 degrees west an' 40 degrees south? Nobody tink we go zare—non, non. We got coal plenty for zat, an' zen have bunch left. I know; I try it. No more need push her eizer after we leave ze Fernandez—we be well ahead zen. Zen we rig up ze schooner sails, an' make ze next 'ousan' mile wizout burn a pound. You see how it do? Ze danjare was not, for in zat ocean we meet noosin' but maybe ze whale ship."

"You understand what he means, sir," went on Tuttle, as the creole paused for breath. "Once well ahead we can fall back on canvas, and save the coal. But we'll need the steam power down there to hold her off an' on by the island while we do the job. It's a mighty nasty bit o' water, an' a sailin' vessel is apt to get pinched in the ice. But with a steamer we can hold her to it, however the wind blows."



It was big Bill Anderson who answered me, disgusted with our long controversy.

"Oh, to hell wid Francisco!" he broke in, gruffly. "It's w'at you're goin' to do we want to know. Francisco'll hold his gaff well enough. He expects a bit of the swag, an', besides, I let him know what was comin' to him if he let his tongue wag. I had him right, let me tell ye, an', damme, Mr. Stephens, the bully in him breaking all bounds, 'if it ain't comin' the same way to any other duffer who goes back on us this trip. That's w'at talks!" He jerked his sheath-knife from his belt, and with one fierce lunge, drove it half to the hilt into the table, his brute eyes scowling threateningly into mine.

CHAPTER XI.

In Which I Explain to Her Ladyship.

I gazed directly into his bullying eyes with a depth of contempt I made no slightest effort to disguise. Then I arose deliberately to my feet.

"Anderson, pluck that knife out and put it back in your belt."

"I'm damned if—"

"Do as I say quick, you surly brute," I interrupted, sternly. "Not another word. I'm in command here yet, and you'll obey orders, or I'll make you."

He understood I meant it, with his innate cowardice plainly apparent, yet did not yield until Tuttle interfered with a sarcastic laugh.

"The captain isn't exactly the sort to be handled in that kind of way, Bill," he said, smoothly. "He's a deep-water sailor, not a land-shark, but I guess he's likely ready enough by this time to say w'at he's willin' to do."

The entire situation seemed to unravel before me like a panorama as I stood there, hastily making up my mind for action. I was afloat on the high seas, absolutely powerless to resist the set purpose of these men surrounding me, all rendered desperate by greed. Much as I despised Anderson, I comprehended that his threat was no idle one; nor did I possess a single comrade on board who would stand at my back. I was utterly alone; nay, worse even than alone—with two women dependent upon me. If I outwardly agreed with these rascals, and thus retained semblance of command over them, I might possibly preserve all our lives; I could, at least for the present, protect the women from insult, perhaps from danger.

"I may as well return you my answer one time as another. I don't give a tinker's damn for Anderson's threats, and I don't altogether put racy—a crime against the nations—and the civilized world will unite to hunt you down."

"That's another reason why we had to have a steamer," he explained, calmly. "You just remarked that they'd be lookin' for the Sea Queen to come back. Well, let 'em look; they won't never see her, sir. Once we get that gold under hatches, an' back as far as that rock they call Dougherty Island—an' that's only a run o' maybe 500 miles—I'll engage to make over this here Sea Queen so that her own captain wouldn't know her 50 engines out o' her, h'ist the stack overboard, tear down the bridge an' wheel-house, rig her as a barkentine, change every line o' paint fore an' aft, an' then wreck her somewhere along the east Patagonian coast, or maybe the Falklands. It would be nothin' but a bloomin' whaler gone ashore, an' afore anybody finds out different, we'll be scattered to hell an' back."

I was obliged to acknowledge to myself that it was not an impossible plan. Eliminating the chance of accident or some unusually bad luck, success appeared not only possible, but probable.

"Did you think all that out yourself, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Well, Francisco suggested considerable, but we did it together."

"Where is he?" on board?"

The mate laughed, his eyes expressive of contempt.

"He's a schemer all right, but a blame coward."

"But suppose he gets to talking back there in Valparaiso?"

"I gazed when I thought of the vast ill-looking faces I had seen in the jungles, and in apology for myself, I said:

"But you have not seen us in our own country, where there is no malaria, and where we are not yellow and green."

He quietly asked what color we were in our own country, to which I promptly replied, "Pink and white."

Looking at me steadily for a moment, he remarked:

"Mr. Milligan, if I should see you in your own country I don't believe I should know you."—Youth's Companion.

True and False Friendship.

False friendship is like the ivy, which decays and ruins the wall it embraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports.—Burton.

Not a Dealer in Flattery

African Native Gave Straight Answer to Straight Question.

The negroes of Africa are simple and direct in speech. It never occurs to them, writes Mr. R. H. Milligan in "The Jungle Folk in Africa," that the purpose of language is to conceal thought, and to commiserate the African for his color is a waste of sympathy. In illustration of this Mr. Milligan gives an amusing conversation with one of his pupils.

One day, when I was talking to Bodeji, something in the course of the conversation prompted me to ask him whether he would like to be a white man. He replied respectfully but emphatically in the negative. I wished to know his reason. He hesitated to tell me; but I was insistent, and at last he replied:

"Well, we think we are better-lookin'."

LAST OF THE WYANDOTTES

Miss Lydia Conley Pleads with Supreme Court for Peace for Her Ancestors.

Kansas City, Kas.—Lydia Conley, last of the once powerful Wyandottes, has returned from her trip to Washington full of hope that the supreme court of the United States will let the ashes of her forefathers lie in peace.

The little cemetery on Minnesota avenue, the main business street of this city, lies almost hidden between the big buildings that border it on either side. The hum of traffic rattles



through the busy thoroughfare. The artery of the hustling city throbs all about the spot where the ashes of the old chiefs lie.

Miss Conley, who has just pleaded the cause of her ancestors before the highest court of the land, believes that they will be left in peace.

The city seeks to condemn the old cemetery and turn it into a park. Miss Conley, who, with her sisters, armed with rifles, once defended the old cemetery against city intrusion, is a lawyer. The city has carried its case clear up to the supreme court. Miss Conley has fought successfully thus far to prevent molestation of her ancestors.

She is a quiet little woman, without the least facial characteristic of her Indian forebears, but they do say her address stirred the great judges deeply, and she clings to the belief that, at any rate while she lives, the old Huron warriors will be allowed to slumber in peace.

JILTED, LIVES AS HERMIT

Andrew Johnson, University Graduate and Once a Great Musician Has Romantic Career.

Worcester, Mass.—Jilted by the daughter of a rich banker in Sweden nearly half a century ago, Andrew P. Johnson, university graduate doctor of medicine, musician of national reputation and teacher of recognized ability in his country, lost interest in life and became a hermit.

Wandering over his native country in sorrow, he gradually descended the social scale and came to America 20 years ago a physical and mental wreck. For 20 years he has lived the life of a hermit, amid squalor, in a small isolated shack on the Worcester and Auburn line, about two miles below Quinsigamond village.

He has been known for many years as "the crazy hermit," and has sought solitude and silence. He seldom visited the small Swedish settlement of Quinsigamond, and then only to beg food and clothes from the merchants with whom he was acquainted.

His only worship during all these years has been the memory of pretty Mary Olson, who jilted him in Moine-



Andrew P. Johnson.

baka Buck, Sweden, when he was a popular young organist, with a position in the State Church, at Karlstad.

Such has been his physical and mental condition this winter that the officials of Worcester and Auburn took charge of him, and he is now in the Worcester city hospital for treatment.

Immense Blasting Operation.

To get rock for the Morena dam in southern California, one of the biggest blasting operations on record has just been successfully carried out. Describing this feat, the Engineering Record says that a tunnel 125 feet long was first driven into the face of the granite. In this chamber was placed 38,950 pounds of powder and dynamite. This was exploded by electric fuses and dislodged 120,000 cubic yards of rock.

No Doubt About It.

Blowhard had just finished reading a strange occurrence.

"Why do you look so surprised?" he queried of his one-man audience. "Don't you believe it?"

"Yes, that's the trouble," rejoined the other. "I happen to know that it's true."

Treble Surprised.

"Do you know anything about this reported double of Mr. Juggers?"

"Not a single thing."

NEBRASKA NEWS AND NOTES.

Items of Interest Taken From Here and There Over the State.

A paving campaign is to be inaugurated in Kearney.

Mrs. Cleveland, who died at Lyons last week was 99 years old.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson of Beatrice last week celebrated her 94th birthday.

Odd Fellows of Nebraska City are arranging a rally and class initiation March 1.

February 12 was observed by the Bartlett state bank by a big reception and "feed" in observance of the fourth anniversary of the institution.

Floyd Saxon, a young farmer east of Union, Cass county, had his left hand badly mutilated by the bursting of a wood saw.

Some disease much resembling pinkeye is affecting the whole herd of horses belonging to Mr. McCartney, a farmer near Lyons and there is apprehension that it may spread.

A great many farmers in Johnson county are holding public sales and will move to South Dakota, Scotts Bluff county and other sections. Land is too high priced in that section of the state to make it profitable to rent and farm.

Hides valued at \$1,000 were stolen from the fur house of W. R. Adams in Fremont by thieves who broke into the building, by taking out a window pane. Most of the hides stolen were in packages. It is believed the goods were taken out of town.

The remains of Miss Maria Hoover, who died in New York City, were taken to the old home at Brownsville for burial. Miss Hoover was one of the leading members of a choir in one of the leading churches in New York City at the time of her death.

Engineer George Humberger of the Burlington, was severely scalded by steam near Washington, Kas. The engine had jumped the track, and it was while working under his engine that an exhaust was turned on accidentally striking him on the head and neck.

Clarence Edwards, aged about 30 years, was arrested at Benkelman for alleged assault on two little children, one his niece, aged 7 years, and the other a step-niece, aged 6 years. He will be tried at the next term of court. Meantime he is admitted to bail on a \$6,000 bond.

Many farmers in Buffalo county are now busy picking the last year's crop of corn, which they were unable to do earlier on account of the heavy snow. Some fields will scarcely be husked before the stalk-cutter is put at work clearing the ground for the crop expected in 1910.

The matter of arranging for the Northeast Nebraska G. A. R. reunion was taken up by a mass meeting of the business men of Lynch. It was decided to leave nothing undone that will insure a great success of the day as far as Lynch is concerned. The reunion will take place in August.

The Woman's Institute association is the name of the new woman's organization in Laurel, which starts out with fifty members. It is an offshoot of the Farmer's institutes for men and at its monthly meetings papers will be read and discussion had upon topics of interest to the home-maker.

Evansville (Ind.) Dispatch: Rev. H. D. Helwig of Fremont, Neb., who, under the name of H. J. Smith is charged with uttering a forged check for \$50, has made confession of his guilt and will be sentenced before the close of the week. Strong influences are being brought to secure a suspended sentence.

Joseph Jensen of Lowell suffered a severe injury in Kearney when his horse became frightened at an automobile and made a sudden bolt which threw Jensen and two lady occupants out of the carriage. The ladies were not hurt, but Jensen suffered bad scalp wounds. He was unconscious for several hours.

That the corn which has remained in the fields all winter, was damaged more than was thought is proved by some of the lately gathered grain that is being brought to the grain buyers in Beatrice. Recently a load was brought in that was saturated with water, the ears containing so much moisture, that they could be bent easily.

John Head, a farm hand who was almost disemboweled a few months ago when he fell through a county bridge along with a threshing machine, has filed a claim for damages with the county board of Dodge county. Head did not state the amount he wanted, but indicated he would be satisfied to leave it to the supervisors to determine.

The experiment station of the state university has designated the eighty-acre tract owned by David D. Reavis of Falls City and situated on the Nebraska bottom, subject to overflow in the past, through which the new lateral drainage ditch has been constructed for a tile experiment, to test the value of that class of drainage on low bottom lands in that part of the state.

Prominent citizens in Bennet, Dunbar, Talmage and Brock have received communications from T. P. Kennard, a promoter, asking what they think about the establishment of an interurban line from Lincoln to Auburn via Cheney.

J. W. Knowles & Son, living one mile north of Craig, held a farm and thoroughbred hog sale, everything bringing good price. Twenty-two head of Poland China sows averaged \$75.43, the top price being \$130, paid by Lute McDonald of near this place. Forty-four head of pigs averaged \$14.55.

Thieves forced open the door of Frank Polak's tailor shop in Wymore, and made away with all the goods, and made away with all the goods, and made away with all the goods. Mr. Polak's loss is about \$100.

The Omaha Commercial club is leading a state-wide campaign for the purpose of interesting farmers in testing their seed corn and thus preventing an economic waste which means millions to the state. Newspaper men, bankers, implement dealers, grain buyers and others are being asked the elimination of loss through planting "dead" seed.

NEW ENVOY'S WIFE

Mme. Chang-Yin-Tang Greatly Interested in America.

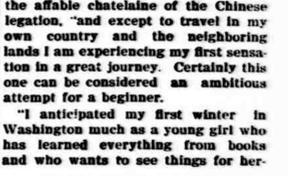
Has Always Lived in Peking, But Has Studied the United States and Its Language—Woman's Work in China.

Washington.—From a social standpoint no minister from the orient has come to the United States under more pleasant auspices than Chang-Yin-Tang, the new Chinese envoy to Washington. The capital always is interested in the minister from China and his family. Dr. Wu Ting Fang gave the Americans much to talk about and always aroused their interest. Dr. Wu always was asking questions, and it is probable that when he went back to China several weeks ago he knew more about the government of the United States than some of the men who are sitting in congress.

Mr. Chang-Yin-Tang is not a human interrogation point, as was Wu, but he is one of China's greatest statesmen. While much notice has been given him Washington has shown lively interest in his wife and young daughters, who are attractive and full of sympathy for America and full of curiosity to learn the philosophy of femininity, which appeals so alluringly from their side of the world.

"I have lived always in Peking," said the affable chateleine of the Chinese legation, "and except to travel in my own country and the neighboring lands I am experiencing my first sensation in a great journey. Certainly this one can be considered an ambitious attempt for a beginner."

"I anticipated my first winter in Washington much as a young girl who has learned everything from books and who wants to see things for her-



self. I have read much about this country, and met many of its people, and, of course, I have studied the language, especially after it was determined that we should come to Washington."

"I find that my visitors are as interested in my country as I am in theirs, and that they have read as much about it. So many American women have traveled in China, and each year brings travelers from the east to see the wonders of the west. We have a woman's question, but not in the acute form which it has taken here. To begin with, the Chinese people have ideas founded on many centuries of noting results. We prefer to keep our women at home, and every girl is reared with the idea that her place is at home and that there she is safer, happier and more useful. In poor families the girls work, of course, but at home."

"That vast source of income to China, embroidery ivory, wood and metal carving, tapestry and feather work, are done by women at home. Some factories are coming into prominence, and the way women work in these, compared to the population of the empire and the way factory systems prevail in other lands, they are scarce indeed. We never employ women in stores or commercially at all."

"There are fewer still employed as servants and the whole of our way of disposing of the question which is causing such unrest in the other parts of the world is to permit women to enlarge their horizon if they will but keep the national idea always foremost in all that is done for them."

Mystery of Snakes.

Snakes are creatures of mystery. I have often tried to trace a snake immediately after it had entered its hole in a small rubbish heap, but always without success. It disappears like magic. The reason is the snake can only burrow in soft mossy or ferny places, and so haunts old runs made by the small mammalia. Brusher never wasted time looking for a snake. "Taint nary a mossa a use; 'tis gone," he would say. "The harmless grass snake deposits its eggs in some warm place, like a manure heap, for incubation. It is a question, 'Have the small reptiles, at the moment of birth, the guidance of a mother to instruct them in life? I have never seen the grass snake surrounded by her young, nor to my knowledge has any one else. The little snakes, it must be remembered, are more or less matured when the so-called eggs are deposited. At birth both snakes and reptiles are about three inches long, and in a few days grow to a foot and over. I think the young of the adder shift for themselves after birth, never going into the nest hole."—"Uncle Arthur" in The London Express.

It Is Different.

"Papa, what is meant by placing a witness under the rule?"

"Why do you wish to know?"

"I was wondering if it is anything like placing a school boy under the rule?"

Only Chance.

"Do you believe," queried the fair widow, "that universal peace will ever be established?"

"Not unless people quit getting married!" growled the old bachelor.