

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, an American-born man, who is interested in the operations of the "Donna Isabel" in the Pacific. He is attracted to a young woman, Stephens, who is the daughter of a Frenchman. Stephens is captured by the crew of the "Donna Isabel" and taken to the cabin. He is held there for several days, during which he is treated with kindness by the crew. He is eventually released and returns to his home. The story concludes with Stephens' return to his home and his reflection on his experiences.



The Descending Pin Landed on His Uplifted Arm.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"I say your hands on me again," I threatened, sternly. "I'll lay 'em out to the devil, if I see 'em on you again." "You attempt to interfere with me now?" "You attempt to interfere with me now?" "You attempt to interfere with me now?"

"Saere, I wonder what the devil was up now?" We both sat, breathing hard from our late exertions, listening anxiously, yet with vastly differing emotions, hope animating me that this was to prove a capture, or, at least, that some chance discovery by the officer visiting us would result in the release of the women below. But De Nova was in an agony of apprehension, the full

"Plug tobacco," he announced, sucking his lips with sudden enjoyment of the joke. "Gave me the scare of my life, but that's all it amounted to. Been out cruising for three months, and the crew ready to mutiny for smoking and chewing." Nice, sociable little chap they sent over, too.

CHAPTER XIII.

In Which We Sail Due South. As I sank down into the recesses of a cushioned chair in the cabin, my spirits at lowest ebb, I glanced up at the tell-tale compass—we were already headed due south. Those days and nights following, while serving to bear us continually deeper into the immense expanse of water that concealed the mystery awaiting us in the great South sea, contained little of incident directly relating to this narrative. Day following day that same wide circle of the sky came down to unite with the circle of the waters. It was almost as though we remained motionless, a painted ship upon a painted ocean; only the figures on the paper, the pins on the chart, the sharp stem cleaving the waves, and the oily wake astern leaving us aware of steady progression through this trackless desert of the sea.

I saw comparatively little of De Nova, the second officer, during this period, and gained an impression that he was endeavoring to avoid meeting me. Yet I ran across him twice in company with Celeste, once in the cabin, and again in the narrow deck space overhanging the stern, and began to hope vaguely that the girl was winning him over to our interests. With the others I sought to approach I made no progress. McKnight seldom showed his nose above deck, and then only to smoke in sullen silence, seated gloomily on the edge of the main hatch or to the lee of the chart-house. Olsen was undoubtedly honest enough, yet without intelligence, his eyes those of a faithful dog. The Chilean, a smooth-faced young fellow wonderfully deficient in chin, I learned had been assigned as assistant to the cook, and was thus kept too busy in the galley even to be approached. Indeed, so far I had not seen his face on board the ship.

CHAPTER XIV.

In Which De Nova Speaks. What now occurred came upon us with such suddenness that I find it difficult to relate the incidents in detail. We must have been below the fiftieth degree of south latitude, and about 125 degrees west, with the wind strong and occasionally puffing up into squalls, bearing flakes of snow which stung exposed flesh and left a thin mantle of white along the decks. It was Tuttle's watch below, and as I paused in the protection of the companionway looking forward, while I got my pipe going, I could see De Nova on the bridge, wrapped up like a mummy, and crouching well down behind the tarpaulins. All about was a wild sea scene, never to be looked upon amid any other stretch of waters on the globe—a dull, dead picture of utter desolation, of madly racing waves, of green, sullen sea, of pale blue sky, the very frost in the air apparent; a cold, drear expanse of monotonous distance wherever the eye looked—a desert of water below, a void of air above. Big Bill Anderson, his head still bound up where I had cracked him, slouched in the doorway of the chart-house, staring aft, and a moment later De Nova came lumbering down the steps from the bridge and spoke with him for some earnestly. The boatswain finally went forward, clinging to a lifeline to keep footing on the slippery deck, and the second officer clawed along the weather-rail until he reached the companion. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tuttle stopped, his jaw working savagely. "Will you promise to keep quiet, sir, and let us get away out of this?" "Dama you, no!" stubbornly, all my senses leaving me at sight of his hateful face. "I'll speak that ship yonder if I have to fight the crew of you single-handed!" "Then fight, you cockered, an' be damned to you!" roared Anderson; and he pressed past the two of them and sprang at me. It was too swift work, while it lasted. I struck twice, laying open the pug brute's scalp, and dropping him so his head hung dangling down over the deck, his body huddled against the rail. I aimed to do as well by Tuttle, but the descending pin landed on his uplifted arm, and before I could draw back for another blow, the fellow at the wheel released the spokes and jumped at my back, throttling me with his hands as the weight of his body crushed me to the planks. Grasping the rail I half tore myself loose, rising to one knee, and struck him twice more in the face; but others of the crew came tumbling on top of us, pinning me helplessly down. It was all the work of a breathless moment, and as I lay there, the knee of a negro springing into my chest, I saw De Nova rushing to the wheel and whistling at the crew, while Tuttle, his left arm dangling, his teeth set from pain, began jacking the bells in the engine-room. Scarcely had the echo reached us when a strange voice hailed sharply from out the dense fog: "Steamer, ahoy! What vessel is that?" Tuttle's nasal voice answered: "Steamer yacht Cormorant, Panama to Easter Island, for pleasure. Who are you?" "H. M. S. Victory, on cruise. Stand by, while we send a boat."

"This is your watch yet, De Nova," he said, shortly, "and I need to doctor up my arm a bit. You're a dam' hard hitter, Mr. Stephens, no trace of anger in his voice, but that's about the last chance you'll have to kick up a shindy on this vessel. You'll go below, sir, an' stay there, unless we happen to need you."

"I stepped forth onto the open deck in obedience to his gesture. "Then I am no longer even in pretended command, but merely your prisoner." "Call it whatever suits you best," he returned, grimly. "The result will be the same in any case. Well, De Nova, what are you waiting for?" "I sink maybe you say 'at' was it ze navy man wanted?" Tuttle's solemn countenance broke into the semblance of a grin.

Almost Deserved to Escape

The absent-minded professor returned home one night to learn that his son had played truant from school, and he was asked by his wife to hunt up the missing youngster and administer a sound thrashing. "Why, I'll stay him alive!" exclaimed the angry father. "I'll break every bone in his body! Just wait until I get him out in the woods!" "He came across his hair playing marbles about a mile from home, but the boy didn't seem to be a bit alarmed by the old man's threats. As they

started to return home the absent-minded professor stopped to chat with an old acquaintance, and it was fifteen or twenty minutes later when he looked down in wonder at the boy at his side and asked: "Why, where did you come from, Jack?" "Don't you remember, father?" smiled the boy, we are on our way to buy me a box of candy, because of my excellent school report. "Bless me, but so we are," agreed the absent-minded professor, as he patted the boy on the back and started for the store.

FRENCH PRESIDENT TO QUIT

Report Says Fallieres Will Resign as Head of French Republic May 15.

Paris.—President Armand Fallieres of the French republic, who is reported to have resigned his office because of ill health, the resignation, to take effect May 15, after the general elec-



President Fallieres.

tion, has been at the head of the republic since 1906. He and his wife are of simple tastes and habits of living and frequently have displayed the thrift and prudence that mark the French middle classes. The president was born near Agen, in southern France in 1841. He early settled at Nerne as a lawyer, and in 1880 became undersecretary of state, after which he held office as minister of the interior, minister of justice, minister of education and prime minister, and eight terms as president of the senate.

TAFT NAMES INDIANA MAN

Newton W. Gilbert, Former Member of Congress, Selected as Philippine Vice-Governor.

Indianapolis.—Friends in this city were pleased to learn that President Taft had appointed Newton W. Gilbert vice-governor of the Philippines. Mr. Gilbert is well known in this state having served his district in congress.



Newton W. Gilbert.

He is well fitted for the new position and will succeed W. Cameron Forbes as vice-governor.

Cold Day in Church.

In vain the tenor pleaded that he had caught a cold in his head, in consequence of an accident that had delayed the cold street car in which he had ridden to church. The leader of the choir insisted that he must sing his usual solo, but relented so far as to give him a simple hymn, and this is the way he sang it: The borid light is breaking, The darkness disappears, The ends of earth are waking To pedimental tears, Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings frob afar, Of datidols id cobotid, Prepared for Zion's war.

Will Tell of Lost Ships.

A Melbourne, Australia, seafaring man has invented a device concerning ocean navigation which, it is claimed will indicate the position of a wrecked vessel, the date when it met with the disaster, the depth at which the wreck lies, and also the course that the vessel was taking and the port that it was making for when it met disaster. The apparatus, which is in the form of a buoy, is released automatically from the bridge deck when the vessel meets misfortune, and a wire attachment holds it over the spot where the vessel disappears.

For New Mont Blanc Tunnel.

Negotiations are proceeding between Italy and France with regard to a proposed tunnel through Mont Blanc. The tunnel is to run under the Sorret pass and will be the longest in Europe. It will be more than double the length of the Simplon tunnel, which is 19,803 meters long.

Britons Roller-Skating Mad.

England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales are all in the throes of an epidemic of the American roller skating rink. In Bristol the rink, which was established under American management in a large building erected for the purpose, paid for itself in the first four months.

BANKRUPT AGED 10

Boy Owing \$95.35 Has Assets of 75 Cents.

Strange Case Develops Under the Administration of "Jersey Justice," Which Sends Lad to the Debtor's Prison.

New York.—Legal red tape and "Jersey justice" together have furnished the world's youngest bankrupt; also, for three hours the world's youngest inmate of a debtor's prison since the old London "Fleet" went out of existence.

The bankrupt, Bronislaw Niemaszek, is ten years old and lives at 236 West Kinney street, Newark, N. J. He was locked up in the Newark jail on a body execution issued by Judge Benjamin F. Jones of the Orange district court for a debt of \$95.35.

Deputy E. Minard of Orange, attorney for the Public Service railway, interested himself in the case.

Several months ago young Niemaszek and some other boys were playing in the streets of Orange when Edmund Wilmanski, 16 years old, and several other big boys, began teasing the smaller one. Finally they grabbed the youngster by the wrist after throwing his hat away, and twisted his arm.

When Niemaszek got free he picked



Bronislaw Niemaszek.

up a missile and threw it at his tormentors. Wilmanski was hit in the back and cut. His father brought suit against the smaller boy and the action was begun with a warrant for assault. The damage claimed was \$500.

When the case came up for trial Mr. Minard was waiting to represent the Public Service Railway Company in a suit. The boy came into court accompanied by his mother, who could not speak a word of English. Mr. Minard entered his appearance as the boy's counsel.

The jury brought in a verdict for \$75 for the plaintiff, which, with the costs attached, made the judgment for \$95.35. The prosecutor asked for a body execution in supplementary proceedings. Judge Jones, to whom the petition was made, tried in every way to get out of granting the execution, because of the boy's age.

He made careful search to find some authority by which he would have discretionary powers, and then he would have refused to issue the execution, but he was unsuccessful.

He said he knew nothing of the merits of the case, because it was not tried before him, but before Judge Worrall F. Mountain of East Orange, who sat for him that day.

The boy was taken to jail. There was one way to get the boy out. That was for him to take advantage of the bankruptcy act and to give bond for double the amount of the judgment in the meantime. Mr. Minard became personal surety. The inventory of the boy's assets and liabilities were prepared. Here it is:

ASSETS.	
One pair of shoes.....	10 cents
One pair of stockings.....	5 cents
One suit.....	50 cents
One cap.....	10 cents
Total.....	75 cents

LIABILITIES.	
Judgment in Orange District Court.....	\$95 35

The machinery of the supreme court of the state will be necessary to adjust the matter.

Gives Prominence to Flag.

John Daniell, Jr., whose home is at Irvington-on-Hudson, has determined to perpetuate the now familiar Hudson Fulton celebration flag by flying it at his home each Sunday. His place occupies one of the highest points of land in Westchester county, and he has had a flagpole 102 feet high erected there. On week days the national ensign is flown, but every Sunday the orange, white and blue is broken out.

What is Truth?

The true is the opposite of whatever is unstable, of whatever is practically disappointing, of whatever is useless, of whatever is unverifiable and unsupported, of whatever is inconsistent and contradictory, of whatever is artificial and eccentric, of whatever is unreal in the sense of being no practical account. Here are pragmatic reasons with a vengeance why one should turn to truth—truth saves us from a world of that complexion.—Prof. William James in his new book "The Meaning of Truth."

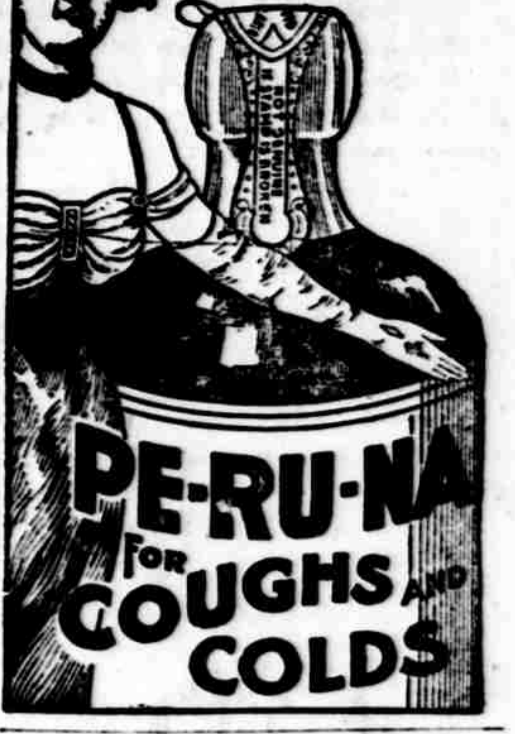
Not Surprised.

Mrs. Victimims—Did you know our plumber has pneumonia? Mr. Victimims—No; but I am not surprised to hear he has; he sent me a bill yesterday for 15 hours' time on the cold water leak.

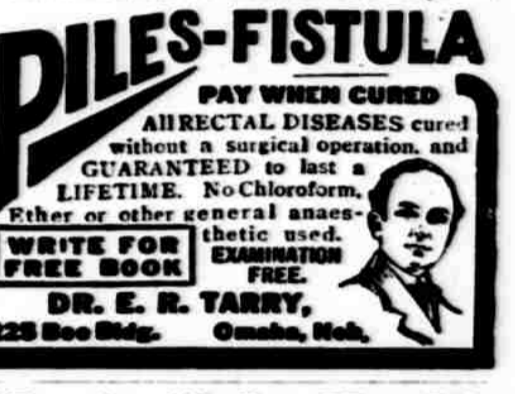
The Sex Failing.

"Women, if they had the ballot, would never be successful if they were elected to the legislature." "Why not, pray?" "Because they would all want to be the speaker."

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