

# THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

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## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, an adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. He is interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as a surreptitious spy and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel 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. Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He assured that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, would be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda. Stephens, Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her. The sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tuttle finally squaring the situation. Then the sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal.

## CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"I would like to have talk wiz you, Mons. Stephens," he said, quite respectfully, swaying to the wild leaps of the vessel. "Maybe if we go to ze top of ze cabin here we'll be out of ze win'."

I followed him in silence, wondering what could be coming now, yet ready enough to take advantage of any opportunity which might present itself. The Nova braced his back against the rail, his cap drawn so low that I could perceive little of his face but the glitter of black eyes.

"We're a little bit hazzarded w'at to do, Anderson an' me," he began, evidently ill at ease and scarcely knowing how to express himself, "an' so we talk it ovaire, an' I decide maybe we bettah speak wiz you about it now, before ze maitaire get mor' bad, or ze men forward catch on to ze facts an' get away. Maybe it come out all right, maybe not, but, by gar, it ain't no s'pe job to go call 'bout zese sneer under a madman—sacre, non!"

"A madman!" I echoed in amazement. "Do you mean Tuttle?"

He nodded gravely, his expression devoid of all merriment.

"This ze way it was. We not know zere zere you see it zat way or no, but, damn, Mons. Stephens, if ze fellow ain't mad as ze March hare. He was ze fine sailor all right—out, ze true—no s'pe job get mor' out of ze sea Queen zan he get. Sacre! he drive ze sheep hard; it make my hair white ze way he hol' on. Maybe I not fraid to take ze chance of ze voyage if it just be all men on board. I got care zen, for I risk my life wiz ze zessors. But, monsieur, I keep myself to sink of ze ladies down below, an' to zat fellow was gettin' more crazy all ze time. Sacre! it makes me crazy, too. Zere's no knowin' w'at he do w'en he zat way; he talk spells w'en maybe he murder. I hear him mutter it; I see it in ze man's eye. He was much afraid of you, monsieur, an' ze ze ze time 'an such fellows get w'at you call it?—ze dangaire."

I stared into the mate's face, barely able to comprehend this quick and so logical of my forebodings brought so closely home. Tuttle was odd enough to be sure, eccentric in both word and action, cracked undoubtedly in matters of spiritism, but that he was a dangerous lunatic had never entered my head. I shivered at sudden realization of the peril we were in, but remained only partially convinced.

"What reason have you to think the man as bad as all that?"

"Well, monsieur, I watch him for long time; Bill, he watch him, for we not like ze way he act since we first sail. Maybe he be nut before zen, but he get worse on ze voyage. Bill an' me, we talk it all ovaire, an' ze mate not tell ze same story ze way he did in Valparaiso. He forget some, he add more. By gar, I lose much my faith in it. If zat ship show up, or ze mate, either, I be mighty surprised; but zat ze man Tuttle be crazy all right; we know zat for sure. Do he not talk wiz you, monsieur?"

"No, not lately; indeed, he has scarcely spoken to me since our trouble."

"Zat was it; zat was w'y you not notice. Well, he talk much—w'at you call ze blue streak—to Bill an' me. Stainie Anne, how he talk! He have awak talk every day, an' ze notions he speak make a dog sick, by gar! Listen; I tell some sings. I was on watch, w'en he comes up from ze cabin; he not half dress, but it cold as hell, De Nova shivered; 'yet he walk back an' forth, back an' forth, across zere in front of ze cabin, like ze lion in ze cage, talking wiz himself, an' wringing zis hands. Maybe he keep it up two hour, an' I sink he freeze. Ze cook's cat was 'sleap in ze longboat. I watch w'ile he come up an' see ze poor devil. Quick he grab her by ze tail an' fling it way overboard, like zat. I hear ze cat yell, an' zen go splash. Zat seem to make him feel better, for he laugh, an' zen go below."

The mate changed his position, and I noticed his eyes looked sleepless and tired.

"Las' night he take another turn. He dog you all ovaire ze deck, monsieur, like he haunt you maybe. I was



"Tuttle Sneak Up Behin' You, Like He Would Hit You in Ze Back."

on ze bridge so I not see very much, but Bill, he tell me how it was. He say Tuttle sneak up behin' you twice, like he would hit you in ze back. Once, w'en you was right by ze rail, Bill, he sung out to you, so as to make you look 'round. Maybe you will remember zat, monsieur?"

I nodded, beginning now to grasp the full gravity of zese revelations.

"Bill he not got mooch use for you, Mons. Stephens," the speaker went on, smiling grimly, "an' won't have w'ile his head ache, but he was no dam fool. He know w'at it mean if you was knock' out. By gar, it be hell! If Tuttle was off his nut, you was ze only navigator on ze ship, an' it not do for us lose boss. Zat was w'y Bill he care; he not want to die in zis sea; by gar, non! Well, after w'ile you go below, an' zen ze first officer did ze dammedest sing ever I saw on ze ship. He hustled into ze fo'c'stle, monsieur, w'out any invite from any man Jack o' 'em, an' plumped down on his knees by Snyder's bunk, an' began to pray. Mon Dieu, I wonder zey not murder him. Larsen come out, an' beg Bill an' me to take him out, but he pray all ze time till we dump him in his own cabin. He not fight, he jus' pray. Saints Marie! it make me sick; an' ze men zey talk, an' ask question."

He paused, passing one hand across his eyes. "But zat not ze worst, monsieur—sacre, non! he see ze ghost."

"De Nova," I said, quietly, "you have said I was an educated man. Well, I have some reason to believe you are, also, and first of all I should like to know why you pretend otherwise? Why do you endeavor to talk like a fo'c'stle hand?"

He hung in the wind, surprised both by my direct question and the sudden change of topic. Then the old smile came back to his lips.

"Maybe it was habit, monsieur, from 12 year' passed in zat sort of company."

"I was correct then in believing you have received more than an ordinary education?"

"I took ze classical course in ze college at Martineau, an' zen two year' of ze train' for ze priesthood. Oul, monsieur." His eyes wandered out over the empty waters. "Zen ze sea call me, an' maybe ze devil also. Zat was ze whole of it."

"Yet you believe in ghosts?"

The creole crossed himself.

"Sacre, I know not w'at I believe. But it make ze blood chill to hear Tuttle tell w'at he see down zere in ze cabin. Ze question not w'at I believe, monsieur; it w'at we do wiz him."

I struck the rail with my fist, vexed at my own inability to take the initiative.

"Yes, that's the issue, De Nova," I returned quickly, "but I'm not the one to decide it. I've known w'at I would do from the first, if I had the power. Tuttle's insanity was not necessary to make me act—his brutality to those women below, his shanghaiing me into this fool scheme, were enough. I am for taking possession of the vessel, even if we have to lash him to his berth."

"Zat was not to be done, monsieur."

"And why not? Must we sail with a madman? This is no regular voyage; not a man aboard has signed papers. Tuttle is no better than a pirate, and to overthrow him and assume control of the yacht would not be mutiny. We might sail straight back to Valparaiso and not a thing could be done with us."

The mate shuffled from one foot to the other, his black eyes hardening.

"Now, see here, Mons. Stephens," he burst out, "zat was only ze half of it. Sure we not reglar crew, but we partners. Zat was ze way it is. We take ze big chance for ze profit. Zese sail-

or-men for'ard have nosing aginaz' zis boat. Zey sink he tell truth. Maybe zey sink him a bit queer in ze head, maybe zey not like his praying, or his talk of ze spirits, but so long he sail ze ship all right, zey stick wiz him. Zat all zey know—how sail ze ship; dam ze rest! Zey believe w'at he tell, zey divide zese pesos every watch below. Zat's it. If we lay hand on ze mate, by gar, ze lads fight for him till zey drop. Zey will do it, monsieur, no pretty talk you put up will make zem sink anysing but zat you try rob zem of zeyr share. I know sailor-men, an' in case like zis, you got to go dam slow."

"You are speaking for yourself and Anderson as well as the men, I take it?"

"Maybe so, monsieur; w'y not? We have long voyage, an' now we not so very far from zat place we aim at. Zen w'y not take look 'long zat latitude before we turn north again? W'y not, monsieur? Sure you not blame me for feel like zat?"

"No, De Nova, I don't blame you. I replied, honestly, although disappointed at his confession. That's natural enough. Still, I hoped there was a little French girl down below who might be worth more to you than even that fantastic dream of money."

He did not meet my eyes, his own gaze out over the gray tumbling waters. But he smiled good naturedly.

"I revere suppose, Mons. Stephens," he ventured quietly, "zat a girl care less for man if he have plenty ze chink. A few days more not make much difference to ze ladies below. Zey have ze plenty eat, ze coal to burn. Maybe zere be truth in ze mate's story; anyway, it worth ze try. My share of ze pesos be better as a sailor-man's pay. Oul, w'y not?"

The man was undoubtedly right from his point of view, and I comprehended fully the utter uselessness of any further argument. I was still practically alone; yet now I had an understanding which greatly strengthened me.

"Then why did you speak to me about Tuttle?"

"To warn you take care of yourself, monsieur; to have you keep your eye on him."

"What, then, is all you expect me to do?"

"So I sink; zat will be all so long as he sail ze ship right, an' keeps away from ze ladies."

"Ay, but would he? The varnishes of

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Man's Fate in His Character. Mable: A man's fate lies in his character, and not in his conditions.

Wrong. Strict justice was denied. They starved him while he was alive, and stoned him when he died!—Cleveland Leader.

Ample Measure of Revenge

Time That Pat Got Gloriously Even with the Doctor.

Pat had had trouble with his eyes, and a friend had advised him to consult an oculist, he went a few days ago to see Dr. W., a distinguished specialist, for relief. On his arrival at the doctor's office he found the usual large number of patients in the ante-room awaiting attention, and though he was in a great hurry he was forced to wait several dreary hours before his turn came. He lost and regained his temper several times in the interim, but when all was over and he found himself out upon the street with the half day spent, indignation over the loss of valuable time was the predominant note in his feelings.

"But O! had me revenge!" he ejaculated with a broad smile, as he told his friend Mike about it afterward. "O!

don't t'ink he'll keep me waitin' again loike tho'."

"That did ye do to 'um?" asked Mike.

"Sure an' O! wint back th' next day," said Pat. "O! got there at noine by the clock an' ivery toime they 'twas me turn to go in. O! said O! did wait an' let some other fella have me place, until the clock struck twilve, an' th' O! wint in. 'Well,' says he, 'plawat can O! do for yez this mornin', Pat?' 'Nawthin', says O!, lookin' him shquere in the eye as O! turned on me heels and lift the room. Bedad, O! don't believe he knows yit what struck 'um!'—Harper's Weekly.

Wrong. Strict justice was denied. They starved him while he was alive, and stoned him when he died!—Cleveland Leader.

## BALLINGER IS GOVERNOR.

CHIEF ENGINEER OF RECLAMATION SERVICE TESTIFIES.

Secretary Wanted Power Sites Restored Slowly So as Not to Attract Public Attention.

Washington.—A. P. Davis, chief engineer of the reclamation service, gave testimony before the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation Friday strongly against Secretary Ballinger. He said Mr. Ballinger had directed him to go slowly about restoring certain power sites on public lands to the public domain so as not to attract public attention.

Mr. Davis declared that in preparing lists of lands to be restored by Secretary Ballinger he felt that he was acting under mandatory orders from the secretary.

These lands had been withdrawn, witness said, by Secretary Garfield for the conservation of water power sites. Mr. Ballinger, according to Davis, repeatedly gave verbal orders that lands so withdrawn should be prepared for restoration, as their withdrawal had been in direct violation of law and could not be sustained. No written orders, however, were ever issued.

Mr. Davis told in detail an interview he had with Mr. Ballinger at his hotel in March last, in which he criticized the conduct of the reclamation service and declared illegal the withdrawal of large areas of power sites.

Mr. Pepper brought out the fact that Mr. Davis in making his recommendations for restoration of the land withdrawn was acting upon the mandatory order of Secretary Ballinger. This mandatory order was given orally by Mr. Ballinger. Of his own volition Mr. Davis said he would have made no such recommendation.

This evidence was of especial importance because of the fact that Ballinger in his defense to the president stated that he acted in making these restorations upon the recommendation of the reclamation service.

Washington.—James R. Garfield, former secretary of the Interior, testified Thursday before the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation committee that he did not believe the \$30,000,000 bond issue recommended by President Taft to congress, was necessary for the proper forwarding of irrigation work in the west.

He said this in defense of the cooperative agreements he entered into with water users' associations and of the "reclamation certificates" he issued in evidence of work performed and which came to be known as "Garfield currency."

Mr. Garfield said Attorney General Wickersham and President Taft did not have the proper facts before them when they reached opinions adverse to the legality of the reclamation certificates, the use of which was stopped by Mr. Ballinger.

## BANKER PLACED ON TRIAL.

Former Cashier of Tipton, Ind., Bank Is Charged with Embezzling \$100,000.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Charged with embezzling \$100,000 of the funds of the First National bank of Tipton, Ind., William H. Marker, formerly cashier of the bank, was placed on trial before a jury in the United States court of this district.

Marker's brother, Noah R. Marker, former assistant cashier of the bank, indicted jointly with him on the charge of complicity in the embezzlement, will have a separate trial.

The United States district attorney, Charles W. Miller, in his opening address to the jury said the government expected to prove, in addition to the embezzlement, that William H. Marker had misappropriated thousands of dollars of the cash of the bank for the benefit of several persons, including himself, and that he had made false reports of the condition of the bank to the controller of the treasury.

## KNOCK OUT COMMERCE COURT.

Interstate Commission Substituted for Tribunal in Taft Bill by House Committee.

Washington.—The Interstate commerce commission was substituted for the proposed court of commerce in the administration railroad bill by the house committee on interstate commerce.

## Dr. Fritch Goes to Prison.

Detroit, Mich.—Dr. George A. Fritch was sentenced to serve from 7 1/2 to 15 years in the state penitentiary at Jackson for manslaughter in causing the death last August of Maybelle Millman of Ann Arbor.

## Senator Daniel Stricken.

Daytona, Fla.—United States Senator John W. Daniel of Virginia was stricken with paralysis here Wednesday. He is at a hospital and his physicians say he will recover if another stroke does not follow.

## Six Injured in a Collision.

Seattle, Wash.—Six persons were injured, two seriously, Friday, when a limited passenger train on the Puget sound electric railway ran into a freight train at Thomas station, two miles south of Kent.

## Negroes Boycott Street Cars.

Muskogee, Okla.—Negroes generally are boycotting the street cars of Muskogee as a result of the placing of officers on the cars to prevent trouble in enforcing the "Jim crow" law.

## Jeru F. Little Improving.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jeru F. Little, president of the Western Exchange bank, who was assaulted by John P. Cudaly, the millionaire showman, continued Thursday to show improvement in his condition.

## Electric Wires Start Fire.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Fire Thursday caused by crossing electric wires destroyed the storage battery department of the Westinghouse Machine Company's plant, at East Pittsburg, causing a loss of \$75,000.

## BETZVILLE TALES

Orone McDooble and Andrus Gobble.

By Ellis Parker Butler.

Author of "Pigs is Pigs" Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

Old Andrus Gobble, of Betzville, was one of the shrewdest men in town, but twice in his life he made mistakes. Once was when he lent money to Orone McDooble, and once was when he thought he could work the money out of Orone.

It seems that a couple of years ago a syndicate of prominent Betzville agriculturists decided to build a telephone line, and when they went to Orone he said he would be glad to go into it, and he subscribed one hundred dollars, but when the time came to pay up, he did not have the money, so he went to old Andrus Gobble and began talking a loan out of him. Old Andrus refused at first, but Orone has a harsh, grating voice, like the rough edge of a rasp file, and after he had talked to old Andrus awhile Andrus felt his ear drums giving away. Every time Orone said a word it was like rasping a file across Andrus's ear drums, and in a few minutes his ear drums were rasped down so thin that they palpitated painfully, and they were hardly any thicker than a sheet of tissue paper. Old Andrus saw that if Orone coaxed a few minutes more his ear drums would be worn quite through, so he told him to shut off his voice and he would lend him the money. So Orone did, and Andrus made the loan.

Then he started right in trying to collect, but he had a hard job of it. Orone did not have any cash, nor anything to attach. All he had was the

perspire two pints per day, but old Andrus hustled so over his horse-radish job that he was perspiring about a gallon a day right along, and he was perspiring a gallon of joy tears and three gallons of horse-radish tears, and he was losing a good deal more water than any man could afford to lose. Even the teeth, which are the driest part of a man, contain ten per cent. of water. Old Andrus began to feel that he was getting pretty dry, and he took to drinking water copiously, but to save his life he couldn't drink five gallons of water a day. Three gallons was all he could possibly manage, and that left him two gallons short every day, and no man of the age of old Andrus Gobble can afford to shrink two gallons a day any length of time. In three weeks he was so dry that he rustled when he walked, like an autumn leaf, and he kept getting dryer and dryer. Two or three times a spark from his pipe fell on him and set him afire, and if it hadn't been that his hands were wet with tears he would probably have gone up like a flash. He was mighty careful about sparks after that.

By the ninth of November he was so dry that he could not weep any more. He had wept all the weeps out of him. There was no more moisture in old Andrus Gobble. On the tenth of November he was perfectly desiccated. Even the moisture in his ears, that made hearing possible, had dried up, and the old coddler was as deaf as a



As Soon as Orone's Grating Voice Struck the Horse Radish R-ots It Began Grating Them, and the Horse Radish Fell Like a Show-er.

right to have a telephone instrument in his house and connection with the Inter-farm Telephone line. Every time Orone Gobble telephoned him about the debt Orone would begin a hard-luck story about eighteen fur-longs long, and his grating voice would file a little more off old Andrus's ear drums, until the old man had to slap up the receiver in self-protection. But the telephone line was composed, part of the way, of the top wire of old Andrus's barb wire fence, and one day when old Andrus went out to look at the fence he found that every barb on the top wire had been filed off close, and it did not take him an instant to realize that it was Orone's grating, rasping voice that had filed off the barbs as it passed over the wire.

So old Andrus, who is a cute old coddler, saw at once how he could get even with Orone, and he got right to work and planted his ten acre south field in horse radish. As soon as the horse radish was ripe he dug a couple of roots and went in to the telephone and called up Orone and asked him when he would pay up. When Orone began one of his long explanations, old Andrus took the receiver from his ear and held the horse-radish roots up in front of the receiver, and the result was like magic. As soon as Orone's grating voice struck the horse-radish roots it began grating them, and the ground horse-radish fell like a shower. So old Andrus knew the plan would work all right. From that on, as fast as he dug his crop of horse-radish, old Andrus would take it in to the telephone and call up Orone and ask him about that hundred dollars, and Orone would begin explaining, and old Andrus would turn the telephone receiver on the pile of horse-radish roots, like the nozzle of a hose, and Orone's grating voice would grate up the horse-radish. Old Andrus Gobble used to stand by and weep, and he was never exactly sure whether he was weeping most for joy or whether he was weeping a plain horse-radish weep. He would stand there and the tears would run down his face in streams. The fact was that he was weeping a full quantity of horse-radish weep, and a full quantity of joy weep too.

And that was why old Andrus Gobble over-reached himself, as I said. The human body should consist of two thirds water, and an average man

bat, but he went right on with his horse-radish job. He brought in a basket of horse-radish and called Orone on the telephone and asked him when he meant to pay that money, and Orone began answering in his grating voice, but old Andrus could not hear a sound. He kept yelling at Orone, and Orone kept talking, and all the while Orone's grating voice was getting in its work on old Andrus grating him down and grating him down, and in five minutes old Andrus was all grated to a pile of white dust. Then he gave a last yelp at Orone and passed away entirely.

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Her Ankle.

She put her slim feet on the fender, and the young man uttered a shocked cry:

"An ankle!"

For her round ankles were extended from beneath her gown, and on the left one was an ankle in the form of a great gold snake with ruby eyes. On the slender ankle the snake glittered against the cobweb sticking of black silk.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"Yes," the young man admitted.

"So do I," she said. "It's a Christmas present from the countess—my sister in Paris, you know. All the smart young married women in Paris are wearing anklets this winter. I am not married, but an American girl is quite as free and untrammelled as any foreign matron—so my anklet goes—what?"

"It goes," said the young man.

Increased Use of Rat Skins.

Use of rat skins in the manufacture of fancy articles is increasing. Last year the trade in Great Britain alone amounted to \$250,000, and supplies of brown rat skins are being sought in lots of from 100 to 10,000. It is proposed to start a business in California for securing and preparing the skins of the brown rat, to be used, among a variety of purposes, in the binding of books, and the making of purses, gloves, and various articles for women's use and wear. The supply of rats in California is said to be inexhaustible.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"There's nothing in a name," says the Philosopher of Folly. "They have dog watches on other ships besides bark."