

# THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH  
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## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities of Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a conspirator in Bolivia. At his court he attracted the attention of an Englishman and a young woman, Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken sailor. He was then taken by her to Admiral of the Peruvian navy confederate Stephens, admiral that had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He accepted that title, and, commanding a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met Monday crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They were easily captured. The vessel proceeded to the Esmeralda, through strategy. 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 boat's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her ladyship. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot, saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the Donna Isabel was lost in 1753. He had found it frozen in a huge mass of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the Antarctic. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was victorious. Tuttle finally securing the situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal. The Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tuttle was plotting to slay him. Stephens was awakened by grasping of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a rope of religious mania and of woman. The sailor upon receiving his senses was taken ill. Tuttle commanded sailors. Stephens assumed the leadership and the mate obeyed. Stephens, in the Antarctic, the islands being supposed to be only 20 miles distant. Tuttle was barred on the sea. Lady Darlington, upon receiving the vessel, stepped on board. Stephens saw the ghost, supposed to have formed the last of the crew, in the cabin. Upon advice of Lady Darlington, Stephens started to probe the ghost. He came upon Lord Sanchez, the drunken officer he had hunted in Chile. He found that Lord Sanchez planned to seize the non-ice giving up the quest. Stephens informed the Sea Queen was at the spot where Tuttle's spot was supposed to be. The crew was anxious to go on in further search of the gold. Stephens consented to them in a last fight. Lady Darlington thanked him. The Sea Queen started northward. She was arrested by four Spanish De Nova, Lady Darlington and her maid being among those who set out. Stephens saw only one man in a thousand for life. Stephens, in a fit of rage, told Stephens to go to the devil. Stephens, however, revealed himself as the school alumnus of Stephens' school. Stephens, however, revealed himself as the school alumnus of Stephens' school. Stephens, however, revealed himself as the school alumnus of Stephens' school.



Nothing Except the Remembrance of the Women Afforded Me Strength and Courage to Remain.

they were gone, at the ice concealing the front window shutters, and partly uncovered one. But we could get no purchase upon it from the outside and no one volunteered to venture within. I kept them all busy, however, the hard work and sense of command combining to restore my own nerves to a normal condition. The mate despairing of doing better, finally brought back a tableful of pitch pine which we contrived to ignite after several unsuccessful experiments, the yellowish flames circling the heavy and like so many coiling serpents, and sending forth a weird reflection through spirals of black smoke. It was a poor light enough, yet it would serve; and I bore it inside, holding the torch well before me, the men clustering about the door.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

I clenched my hands, my nerves throbbing, tripping from rail to rail in excitement as the men backed, yet I was first to grasp the exposed latch, and force the released wood backward in its grooves. Through the narrow opening thus attained there came whistling a blast so frigid as to drive us headlong back, gasping for breath. Cold as it was without there on the open deck, that cabin revealed a temperature so awful in intensity as to make us recoil before it, our hands to our faces. A hundred years of winter—the black eternal winter of the south pole—smote us with icy breath, seeming fairly to bear the flesh with its frozen touch. Dazed dropped under it, and we dragged him aside, sobbing like a baby. It was several minutes before we could even draw near enough to back away most of the ice and, with the ax, drove the door farther back into its grooves.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

In Which I Explore the Cabin. De Nova assisted me to my feet, the other men crowding about, their faces filled with wonderment. "For God's sake, what is it, monst'?" "There are dead men in there," I explained, already ashamed of my display of terror. "I touched one in the dark." They drew back from the open door, gazing with new horror into the blackness of the interior; but my own courage was rapidly returning, as I realized that I must lead and control.

could these poor frozen bodies injure me? Nerved to the endeavor I stepped forward around the end of the table, throwing the faint glare of the torch into the after space concealed by the huge mast-butt. A tall, thin man sat on the deck, braced against the wall, his long, gray beard almost concealing his face; on a wide divan, nearly opposite, lay a woman, her dark hair loosened, a large diamond glittering on the hand which hung rigid over the edge of the couch. Just below her fingers, as if dropped there in final weakness, lay a baby's well-worn shoe.

I scarcely comprehend how I ever conquered the sickly horror that smote me as I gazed about upon this scene of death, rendered even more terrible by the silence and the flickering, smoking torch that furnished the only light. Nothing except the sense of command, the remembrance of those women waiting outside in the cook's galley, ever afforded me strength and courage to remain. The task must be done; by some one it must be accomplished, and that some one, of necessity, was myself. With clenched teeth, my face as white as those of the frozen dead about me, I advanced from door to door down one side of that cabin, and up the other. Out from the staterooms that had remained closed there came the same awful breath of the frigid south, rendering even the icy air of the main cabin ten times colder, and causing me to breathe with difficulty as I peered hastily within. These staterooms were all of fair size, the two situated farthest aft being unusually large and comfortably fitted, although in great disorder. In one only did I discover a body, that of a child of three or four years, flax-haired and bonny even in death. Upon the deck at the foot of the mast I discovered the vessel's log-book lying wide open, a quill pen beside it, exactly as it had been dropped. I did not take time to decipher the Spanish, inscribed in a scrawling hand, but my glance caught the date of that last entry—"September 11, 1753."

The date rang in my head crazily, as I stood there staring at them, totally unable to grasp or apprehend the truth. One hundred and twenty-six years!—Merrill! God! And all that time those men had been there at that table; all through those days and nights, these months and years, that frozen image of De Nova had been smiling. His cold fingers clutching the glass; all through those decades that woman had been lying on the couch, that flax-haired baby in the bunk! There, exactly as we found them, during a century of icy blackness, tossed about by the sea, cradled in the pitiless ice, written by the awful breath of eternal Winter; those bodies had remained rigid, motionless, even as the souls left them, for 126 years! It was unthinkable, inconceivable, miraculous, beyond all my power of

apprehension. Blessed Mary! what changes the world had witnessed since these died! What wonders of discovery; what growth in faith; what widening of human knowledge; what generations of men and women had been born, lived, and died since the deadly ice locked these into this floating tomb!

Not until after I had explored the last empty room and returned to the group at the door did I regain my senses and feel myself again a living, responsible being upon whose strength of will depended the future of all on board. A glance into those horrified faces told me instantly that they were ready for a mad retreat to the boat; that the slightest exhibition of weakness on my part would set them into a panic. I stiffened into resistance, all memory of the past blotted out utterly by the demands of the present.

"Men, we've come into a hard job here, but it is one which must be attended to," I said, gravely. "However, we'll wait until after breakfast before tackling the worst of it. Day is beginning now, and we will need all the light it gives us. Dade, get out some provisions from the boat, start a fire in the galley, and prepare a hot meal. Sanchez, go along and help; you will probably have to cut away some ice before the fire will draw. Not a word to the women about what you have seen aft, my lads."

The two started forward willingly enough, and I immediately turned to the others, marking their uneasy glances, and fully assured that I must keep them also busily employed, or else lose control altogether.

"We have too much to accomplish here to waste any time while those fellows are getting a meal ready," I continued, quickly. "McKnight, you tackle these front shutters. Kelly, climb up on the poop and dig the ice off the skylight and out of the funnel. We've got to have daylight and a fire. Now, De Nova, I want you and Johnson to help me. Come on, men; what are you two afraid of? These are all dead."

I fairly drove them to it, but it did them both good, although the manner in which they advanced down the cabin, their faces blanched under the torch glare, their bodies shaking with age, made me nervous and irritable. I put them at the after-ports, Johnson with the cleaver, and De Nova with his sheath-knife, and between the three of us we finally succeeded in wrenching both stern-ports free of their icy fetters. As we burst them open, through the wide apertures we looked forth into the gray dreariness of the dawn. Satisfied with what had thus been accomplished, we retraced our steps back through the cabin, observing that Kelly had made some progress above, the faint daylight already beginning to tinge that grim interior.

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pat Broke the News. Pat had been delegated by his fellow employees to tell Mrs. Casey the news of her husband's accidental death. On the way to the Casey home, Pat pondered on how to break the news to the widow. Finally he hit upon what to him seemed a most humane way of preparing Mrs. Casey for the sad news.

School Yards to Be Playgrounds. Children of San Antonio, Tex., are not to complain this summer for the want of somewhere to play, if the plans of the women who are directing the San Antonio Playground association materialize. Every school ground is to be equipped with the necessary gymnastic apparatus, swings, baseball diamonds, tennis courts, basket-ball courts, etc., and at each place the children are to be under the surveillance of a supervisor. At each of the different playgrounds manual training, including sewing, basket making and other such arts, are to be employed to pass the time away for the children.

The Three Ages. Report by a young English schoolgirl of a lecture on "Phases of Human Life—Youth, Manhood and Age." "In youth we look forward to the wicked things we will do when we grow up—this is the state of innocence. In manhood we do the wicked things of which we thought in our youth—this is the prime of life. In old age we are sorry for the wicked things we did in manhood—this is the time of our dotage."—Christian Register.

Law Protecting Married Women. A married woman in Switzerland is entitled to one-third of her husband's income as her independent property, according to a new law.

## When Making A Valance

One Woman's Idea That May Be Copied and Afford Satisfaction to Others.

The chief difficulty in making a valance, so much in favor for old-fashioned beds, is to keep it in place without putting tacks into the furniture, or having it on narrow strips, that pull out from under the mattress. One woman has hit upon the plan of having heavy, unbleached sheeting cut just the size of the bed, or a little within the line of the sides. This sheeting is shrunk before being used. The valance is sewed to it on each side, and across the end if the bed is a four poster. The cover is then spread over the springs and under the mattress, which holds it firmly in place. If the valance is of thin material that needs frequent washing it is a good idea to put the valance into a narrow band, provided with button holes at intervals close enough to prevent sagging. Buttons are sewed to the sheeting in places to correspond Rings Worn Openly. Some women are wearing on the little finger of their left hand diamond marquise rings, from which are suspended diminutive tassels of diamonds and pearls. As it is now permissible for gloves to be carried instead of worn with evening dress a golden opportunity is afforded for the display of beautiful rings. The possessors of old rings are ransacking their jewelry cases for these covetable objects and having them reset in accordance with the exigencies of fashion, a barbaric effect being introduced. From 10 to 15 rings are often worn on one hand. Curtains of cross-bar muslin are extremely pretty when stenciled with a border across the ends or ends and sides. More than ever is a soft wrap of chamoise or chiffon seen as a graceful accompaniment of the afternoon or evening gown.

# The HOME DEPARTMENT

## FOR OUTDOOR WEAR

Checked Suit Well Adapted Either for City or Country—Washable Skirt a Feature That Will Be Welcomed.

Checked Suit Well Adapted Either for City or Country—Washable Skirt a Feature That Will Be Welcomed.

Well "set up" and provided for walking either in city or country, is the lady pictured in the checked suit. The skirt is plaited, but not very full, and is three inches above the ground. It is finished with a three-inch hem. This skirt, by the way, is washable. The hem is served in with an over-cast stitch and may be removed easily. The problem of keeping the skirt clean about the hem is solved by taking out the hem, washing and pressing the skirt and sewing the hem back to place. These shepherd checks are made up in all sorts of materials, among them a heavy weave of cotton, which does not shrink or run. All wool material is shrunk before making, and the mixtures are washable.

The blouse has a skirt, fitted about the hips. The front and sleeves are decorated with a pattern in soutache braid. The cuffs and collar are of satin. A black and white check with black trimming is shown in the picture. One may buy these checks in colors, but they are not so satisfactory for all purposes.

The hat is of a soft straw with plume of puffed mallette encircling the crown. This material is not hurt by moisture. A black umbrella and substantial bag with german silver mountings, with strong, well made black silk gloves, complete an attractive toilette and one that is practical.

The lingerie waist is of sheer muslin, crossbar or plaid with a little substantial cuny lace introduced for decoration. On removing the bloused coat, a cool waist not at all mussed, is disclosed. The coat is roomy enough to provide against crushing the waist. These slightly trimmed

and easily laundered waists are the most pleasing for daily wear. Their freshness is much more attractive



than elaborate trimmings on waists, which will not bear constant washing. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## KEEPING LETTERS IN PLACE

Pretty Rack That May Be Placed in the Most Convenient Spot in House.

Our sketch shows a pretty and novel letter rack of simple construction,



either for hanging up by the side of the writing table, or, perhaps, at some convenient spot in the hall.

It is made in two pieces only, and for the back and front two pieces of stout cardboard should be cut out in the shape indicated by A and B. The cardboard should then be covered smoothly with silk and edged all round with a silk cord. Prior to doing this, however, the word "Letters" may be worked on the silk covering the back portion, and some pretty and simple design such as indicated in the sketch, worked on the front.

There is a loop of ribbon with a bow at the top attached to the back by which it may be suspended from the wall. The front portion is seen in its place and allowed to fall forward, the ribbon strings tacked to each side, preventing it opening too far. The letters may easily be slipped in or removed from either side.

Law Protecting Married Women. A married woman in Switzerland is entitled to one-third of her husband's income as her independent property, according to a new law.

## AVOID HABIT OF SLOUCHING

Really is a Fault That May Easily Be Overcome by the Exercise of Will Power.

Slouching is nothing but negligence, and displays a lack of self-control. Don't give way to it, but see if a little energy won't overcome it. It may seem but a trifle to you, but not to others. These will not be as lenient in judging your slouching habit, and not only will criticize it severely but may eventually form an entirely wrong opinion of you.

The stooping position of the back and shoulders is not only far from beautiful, but highly unsanitary, severely handicapping the respiration and preventing all the internal organs from performing their duties properly. The habit of letting the shoulders droop and the back stoop may have been acquired by rapid growth, or by overzealous study, but whatever the cause it should be mended as speedily as possible.

Let the arms hang freely at the sides. Don't fold your hands in front of you, and train yourself to walk with free, long strides, instead of hopping or waddling, as so many women do, and, above all, see to it that the poise of your head is correct, well thrown back, instead of being a half a mile in advance of your body. Then it is easy to adjust the hat firmly and keep it so, and it will not be awry.

As in everything else, the secret of success lies chiefly in a firm, determined will to overcome the difficulty, paying no heed to discouraging failures in one's efforts, which are bound to occur when one first commences to break with the slouching habit.

## Complete White Costume.

As a complete white outfit for a girl make the dress of soft white em broidery and the girle of soft white taffeta and small bows at the left front side. Provide a large sailor hat or white chip, trimmed with large bows of white taffeta ribbon. If the hat is turned up at one side or the back, use a single bow, sufficiently large to cover the brim at that point, and drape the crown with ribbon folds. White silk gloves, white lisle hose and white cravette shoes should be added. But the parasol may be rose, green or tan.

## HARD ON CHILDREN.

When Teacher Has Coffee Habit.

"Best is best, and best will ever live." When a person feels this way about Postum they are glad to give testimony for the benefit of others. A school teacher down in Miss. says: "I had been a coffee drinker since my childhood, and the last few years it had injured me seriously. "One cup of coffee taken at breakfast would cause me to become so nervous that I could scarcely go through with the day's duties, and this nervousness was often accompanied by deep depression of spirits and heart palpitation. "I am a teacher by profession, and when under the influence of coffee had to struggle against crossness when in the school room. "When talking this over with my physician, he suggested that I try Postum, so I purchased a package and made it carefully according to directions; found it excellent for flavor, and nourishing. "In a short time I noticed very gratifying effects. My nervousness disappeared, I was not irritated by my pupils, life seemed full of sunshine, and my heart troubled me no longer. "I attribute my change in health and spirits to Postum alone. "Read the little book, 'The Road to Wellville,' in pgs. 'There's a Reason.' "Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# Libby's Food Products

## Libby's Evaporated Milk

Contains double the nutriment and none of the impurities so often found in so-called fresh or raw milk.

The use of Libby's insures pure, rich, wholesome, healthful milk that is superior in flavor and economical in cost.

Libby's Evaporated Milk is the purest, freshest high grade milk, obtained from selected, carefully fed cows. It is pasteurized and then evaporated (the water taken out), filled into bright, new tins, sterilized and sealed air tight until you need it.

Use Libby's and tell your friends how good it is.



Libby, McNeil & Libby Chicago

## MANY LIKE HIM.



"What kind of a fellow is he?" "The kind that wears good clothes only on Sunday."

When Her Faith in the Lord Failed. During the progress of a big "protracted meeting," for which the south is famous, an ardent sister of the church, who usually came in an old-fashioned buckboard drawn by the family horse, was late for a particularly important service and was being severely censured by the pastor.

Explaining the reason for being late the good sister said that the horse had taken fright at a passing train and bolted and that the wreck of the rig had prevented her from being on time.

"My dear sister, such little things should not make you late for divine services. You should trust in the Lord."

"Well, brother," she replied, and there was a look of calm peacefulness on her face. "I did trust in the Lord till the bell-banded busted and then I had to jump."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Not His Fault. "I refuse to accept these photographs," said an irate woman to a photographer; "my husband looks like a baboon!" "I can't help it, madam," replied the photographer; "you chose him, I didn't."

His Reason. "How did you come to leave your wife in Paris?" "She couldn't decide whether she wanted three yards and a half or four yards, and I got tired of waiting."

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