

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN PIZZILLI
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John 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 hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from drunken officers who were harassing her. Admiral of the Peruvian navy confronted Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He accepted that night the *Esmeralda*, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a monkey 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*, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the capture 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 had been aboard. He explained the situation to her ladyship. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare his plot, saying that the *Esmeralda* had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the *Donna Isabel* was lost in 1733. He had found it frozen in a huge cavity of the sea. The island contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told the Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The sea queen entered the cabin in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overpowered. The Lady Darlington, from a sleep saw the situation and to have formed the basis for Tuttle's religious mania. Upon advice of Lady Darlington, Stephens went to the ghost. He came upon Lord St. Nicholas, the drunkard officer who had plotted in Chile. He found that at sea by the instruction, engineer McKnight had "shot" to scare the men into giving up the gold. Stephens announced that the *Sea Queen* was at the spot where Tuttle's quest was supposed to be. The crew was anxious to go in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered them in a tight fight. Lady Darlington then confessed her love for Stephens and he told her how she had been battered for a day. He yearning for absent love. She revealed herself as the sister of Stephens. She expressed a wish to die in the sea rather than face her former friends and go back to the old life. A ship sighted. The craft proved to be a derelict, with hundreds of years of ice. The vessel was the *Donna Isabel*, lost in 1733, 125 years previous. The frozen bodies of the former crew were removed.



rather than walked forward. A long, breathless moment she stood, grasping the window-casing, staring blindly into the dark, the snow flecking the glass, her shoulders bent and trembling. She turned slowly, ashen-lipped, one hand shadowing her eyes. Twice she endeavored vainly to find voice; then, clear, yet with the glistening of tears clinging to each word, she sang:

"Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me, Over Life's Tempestuous Sea."

He never perished of starvation. It had been the cold, the loneliness, the awful agony of their hopeless condition that had left the *Donna Isabel* a charred shell. We handed this collection rapidly, contenting ourselves with merely testing the weight of each package, quickly convinced that none was heavy enough to conceal precious metal. This job must have occupied more than an hour, handicapped as we were by the poor light, and several times I glanced through the open trap overhead to observe the faces of the women framed there as they watched us silently. Once Dade stared down, bringing word the sky was thickening in the west, and lingering to observe our operations until I had to order him back upon deck.

A solid, nail-studded, oaken door appeared in the forward bulkhead, and so soon as we had succeeded in handling every article stored within the lazarette, I had a passage cleared to it, the men working with feverish impatience. When finally reached, the door was locked and seemingly as solid as the bulkhead itself, nor did a search of the after stateroom reveal any keys. No doubt they were in Salvatore's pocket, many a league astern, but Kelly and McKnight brought down the cleaver and an iron bar, and proceeded to burst it open, the rest of us crowding about, too cold and excited to keep still, but very confident the treasure awaited us within. My own heart beat fiercely with anticipation, and I heard De Nova swearing in French, quite unable to control himself. It seemed to me that door would never yield; but at last Johnson managed to get a purchase low down, and with Cole heaving at his side, they fairly tore the wood asunder. Through the considerable opening thus made there burst a torrent of icy water into our very faces, extinguishing the light, and sending us stumbling backward to the ladder, up which we swarmed almost in panic. Anything unexpected in that ghostly made cowards of us all, and we fought our way forth into the daylight in a suddenness of terror almost ludicrous, swearing and clawing at each other like madmen.

It required another hour for the deluge of water to drain away through the deck, after which we ventured low again, the rekindled candle revealing slush-ice everywhere, with a considerable trickle still gurgling through the hole in the door. However, we had an opening to work at, and soon succeeded in tearing most of the obstruction away piecemeal, only to be confronted by a solid barrier of glittering ice fully five feet thick, leaving a space at the top of the door barely sufficient for a man's body to pass through. De Nova, cursing as if he had gone crazy, hoisted me to the top of it, where I clung precariously, holding the sputtering candle aloft, and peering about over the gleaming sur-

face and through into the black shadows. Good Lord, but it was cold, repellent, frightful! The beams supporting the deck, huge, black timbers, were within easy reach of my hand, and forward the spectral glow of daylight streamed in through the rift in the deck-planks above. But from one bulging side to the other extended this solid mass of ice, the congealed draining of a century of waves, that had dashed their salt spray down the opening ripped by the wrecked mainmast. No wonder the old bulk hung sodden with all that load below!

I crawled forward as far as the silvery butt of the mainmast whence I could look up through the splintered deck to the narrow strip of sky overhead. There was a bulkhead forward, but the ice extended solidly to the wood. I could hear the ceaseless swell of the sea pounding against the sides, the groaning of timbers, the flapping of the jib's canvas, and realized more than ever before the sickening, sodden roll of the laden hull. The level surface of the ice told plainly enough its story of formation; when all that water came through, the vessel had been upon an even keel, lashed firmly, no doubt, in the ice-pack. I crept back as cautiously as I had advanced, the rolling of the wreck rendering the slippery surface dangerous to travel over. The men watched me anxiously as I slid down into the lazarette.

"What did you find, sir?"

"Nothing except ice, solid ice clear to the forward bulkhead. It looks as though we had reached the end of our treasure-hunt, my lads."

There was a sudden growl of profanity, McKnight viciously slashing at the ice front with his cleaver. Twice he struck, with no other object except the venting of his ungovernable anger, his forehead heaving, the great muscles of his arms straining out like whipcords. A considerable chunk sealed off, falling thumping to the deck, and causing him to spring backward to escape injury. As if maddened by it, he drove in the blade of the ax again—it clanged against metal! We all heard it; we all witnessed the rebound.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stork Day.
At Haslach, in the Kinzig valley, in Germany, February 22 is a holiday and has been observed as one for hundreds of years. Once upon a time, the story teller who explains its origin begins, Haslach was overrun with snakes, and no one knew how to drive them out. One day a great flock of storks appeared, and they were the saviors of the place. In recognition of this deliverance from the pest, which occurred on February 2, the day has been kept sacred and is known as "Stork day." An appointed official known as the "Stork Father" parades the streets, followed by as many children as care to join the procession. He wears his "Sunday clothes" and a high hat, decorated with two stuffed storks. Stops are made by this procession at houses along the line and the children receive gifts of sweets and small coins, every householder feeling pleased to show his gratitude to the stork.

Puzzle for Cupid.
A young man named Jamie had been calling quite often where there were two sisters of nearly the same age. It was a sort of joke to the girls as to which was the attraction, as he invariably asked for both and divided his attention impartially. One evening when he called only one of the girls was at home—by arrangement—but, as usual, he asked her to sing, as they were all fond of music. In a spirit of mischief she sang, "Take Me, Jamie, Dear," which left him rather breathless, but smiling. A little later the other sister came in, bright and bewitching, and upon being requested to sing she sat down at the piano willingly and sang, "If Jamie Asks Me to Marry Him What Shall I Say?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Detachable Coiffures.
"Andre Autard, who is John D. Rockefeller's coiffeur," said an actress, "waves the hair beautifully and whenever I'm in Paris I pay him a visit at his shop in the Rue Castiglione."
"On my last visit, talking about wigs and false curls and such things, Mons. Autard said:
"What would the world do without us coiffeurs?"
"And he declared that the prettiest actress in Paris was giving a tea one afternoon when her hair-dresser was announced.
"My hair dresser, eh?" she said. "Well, show him into the boudoir and tell him to begin at once. I'll be with him in an hour."

Peculiar Ideas of Authors
Varying Conditions Under Which the World's Great Writers Did Their Best Work.
Alexander Pope, who was the literary pontiff of his time, thought best when in bed. Whenever a thought came to him he would jot it down on a scrap of paper. His servant often found bedclothes and floor covered with white bits containing aphorisms, short facts shining, the whites of his eyes conspicuous as he stared eagerly about. We found innumerable boxes and barrels, crates, bottles and wicker flasks, some open, the packing straw strewn about, others tightly nailed, piled everywhere, evidence that the galloon had been amply provisioned for a long voyage, and that her crew

Taffeta Gowns



There is something delightfully quaint and picturesque about a taffeta gown—they seem always to be associated with lavender and rue and bits of old lace. It is this old-time air, together with an adorable primness not lacking chic, that makes taffeta one of the fashionable silks of the day.

The new taffetas are delightfully soft in texture and wonderful in color. The favorites are the chameleon effects—at moments a beautiful subdued seemingly one-tone fabric, then at a turn of the silk flashing into brilliancy, a marvel of changing lights. The changeable silks of a lovely color shot with gold or silver are the most exquisite, but for gowns for day wear such as are sketched, two colors are best, and lovely combinations they are, too.

The taffeta gown has brought in its wake a trail of quaint accessories, among them the embroidered glove, odd little shoulder wraps, camoes, old

corals and small parasols. The parasol, by the way, must not match the gown in color. Rather, it catches up some vivid note of color in the trimming of the gown, perhaps a wee bit in the girdle, a note in the embroidery, or even a flower at the belt. Puffing, quilting and ruchings are the usual trimming for the taffeta frocks, two of which are shown in the sketch, with a silk suit, each one of the favorite changeable effects in attractive combinations. The first sketch is of royal blue and black changeable taffeta, with black satin buttons and white lace collar. The central sketch is a simple frock in lovely shades of rose and corn color, with cream lace frills and a black satin tie.

The gown in the remaining sketch is a green and lilac shaded taffeta, with white embroidered linen revers, net guimpe and black satin trimming. The skirt is finished with a trim ruche of the taffeta.

NEW PARASOLS ARE COSTLY

Possible to Spend Any Amount One May Desire on Elaborately Carved Handle.

The quality of unobtrusiveness is not the most characteristic one of many of the new parasols. The handles of many of these are most remarkable, and never has there been a season when greater opportunities for expenditure in this line were offered. Carved ivory figures in full relief may cost any amount that one cares to give if an effort is made to secure genuine works of art, for which, indeed, it may be necessary to resort to the antique.

At least there is every incentive to do so if one has the money, now that carved ivory figures as parasol handles are among the latest suggestions of fashion. Those which have so far been imported are delicate figures of pliant maidens, but the fad opens the way to any amount of rivalry in the effort to secure exquisite miniature figures that shall be unique and particularly suited to one's style.

There are also colored horn handles among the latest importations. These are made of the same semi-transparent material that was once so much used for fancy combs. The designs are of heads in quaint pose, Lonnets, etc., and the colors are dark green, amber, tortoise shell brown and dull dark rose. There are also heads in ivory among the new handles.

DAINTY LITTLE COSTUME

Sky-blue zephyr is used for this dainty little dress. The panel, which is taken from shoulders down center of front, is lightly embroidered at the edges with white. The bodice is then felled into a band at the waist, and the plaited skirt is also joined to the other edge of it. Embroidered bands are set to the sleeves at wrist.

Materials required: Two and a half yards zephyr 42 inches wide.

PRETTY FORM OF EMBROIDERY

Bulgarian Work is Extremely Popular for the Furnishings of the Ordinary Bedroom.

Bulgarian embroidery on linen is now very popular for the small furnishings of bedrooms of a certain style. This sort of decoration is not suitable for an excessively dainty pink and white or all white apartment, for the colors employed are vivid and the designs striking. Added to this, the embroidery is at its best on rather heavy linen, a richer or more delicate fabric not making nearly so attractive a background. There are many girls, especially those away at school, who have their rooms furnished in a fashion which requires some touches of bright color, and for these the Bulgarian embroidered fittings or one or two pieces of it are very satisfactory. It is particularly good for boys' rooms at school or college, because it has a much more sturdy look than most linen articles.

Red, blue and green on the natural linen is the usual color harmony.

Persian Trimmings

There is a genuine craze for all Persian effects.

Coats display collar and cuffs of the silk.

Pongee parasols are bordered with foulard printed in Persian colors.

Gowns are trimmed with folds of it and vests with pipings.

It forms the decoration for hats on the ecur order.

It is even seen on handbags.

Pipings of Persian silk, also cordings, may be bought by the yard, all ready to apply.

Appearances Are Deceiving. Look long and well at a lobster—he may be only a clam.—Florida Times-Union.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

When the dishes had finally been removed I gave the men permission to smoke, went back to the after stateroom, and brought forth the log-book, which we made an effort to decipher. It was roughly written and by a number of different hands, and between us our knowledge of early Spanish script was barely sufficient to enable us to read a portion of it. The earlier entries made by the captain, although badly faded, were legible enough, bringing the story of the voyage down to the latter part of July, and recounting a series of severe gales, involving the loss of several members of the crew. Then a new hand took up the pen, "Balazra, first officer," the captain having been killed by a falling spar; for a week or ten days the tale was of fierce struggles in the ice-pack, and a steady drift to the southward. Others followed—"Alcassar, second officer," "Salvatore, government agent," every line the record of new disaster, gales, wrecked flaking and death. They were locked in beyond all hope early in August, vast hummocks overhanging the deck, the forecastle sealed by ice, the cold so deadly the red-hot stove scarcely kept the numbing chill from the cabin, the doors and windows of which they had covered with blankets. Not a day passed but that they carried out their dead upon the ice, leaving them beyond sight of the deck. The names were all written down. There came a time when the survivors were too few and weak even for that service; when they could do nothing but cower within the cabin and cast dice to settle on who should go down into the icy hold and bring up the fuel which alone kept life in them. They drank and played cards; they quarreled, forgetting everything human and reverting to brutes. The child of Senora Alencras died; the next day the mother went quietly to sleep, never to wake again. They did not even know when her final breath came. She was the last of the women. The boatswain, Pedro Reo, passed away that same night, sitting on the deck; and there was left only Salvatore, who had gone mad, a seaman named Juan Ruiz, and a passenger, Antonio Salvatore. It was the latter who wrote the final entry, September 11, 1733: "I touched Ruiz just now, he was stone cold; there is only Salvatore left, grinning at me across the table; the last candle is going out, too, and I haven't strength to go after more. Jesu, mercy!" It ended in the blank page.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In Which We Find Treasure.

We began to dream of treasure as soon as the fierce winds ceased and the waves fell. The lust for wealth, partially blunted by the requirements of hardship and peril, revived within us the instant nature granted a temporary respite. The memory of that three million pesos that might be stowed away below began to haunt our imaginations, and the story of it found utterance on our lips. The negro blurted it forth, his eyes rolling, and De Nova came direct to me, asking, in behalf of the men, the privilege of making search. There was no excuse for refusal, even had I desired to find one, as the decks were cleared of the debris left by the storm, and the *Donna Isabel* rode her course easily to a lashed helm. Leaving Dade above to keep a watchful eye on the weather, I willingly led the others into the steward's pantry, where we partially opened the door leading down into the lazarette.

That same intense cold of the Antarctic smote us the moment the creaking hinges yielded, and we stood peering down through the aperture. We waited impatiently for the first frigid breath to escape, huddled about the stove in the cabin, and recalling various sea tales of treasure seeking, which only served to whet our appetite for the coming adventure. Now and then I lifted my eyes, meeting Doris' questioning glance, and assured that I understood her mood.

At last, but well wrapped in our mufflers and bearing a candle aloft to cast its flickering yellow light through the pitchy darkness, we ventured below, scrambling down the short ladder. Cole held the grim, his black face shining, the whites of his eyes conspicuous as he stared eagerly about. We found innumerable boxes and barrels, crates, bottles and wicker flasks, some open, the packing straw strewn about, others tightly nailed, piled everywhere, evidence that the galloon had been amply provisioned for a long voyage, and that her crew

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WESTERN CANADA

Greater Deliver, of Iowa, says: "The stream of emigrants from the United States to Canada is steadily increasing. The Western Canada Land Co. is offering a large tract of land in the province of Saskatchewan, Canada, for sale. The land is fertile and well watered, and is suitable for farming. The price is \$100,000.00. For more information, write to the Western Canada Land Co., 1000 Broadway, New York City."

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are the only pills that are guaranteed to cure Constipation. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. GENUINE! Beware of cheap imitations.

Why Jones Was Sad. Jones' rich grandmother died and Jones seemed unnaturally depressed and sad. His friends tried to cheer him. "She left a last will and testament," I suppose," said Jenkins, carelessly. "Oh, yes," said Jones, raising his head at last, "she left a will and testament." "Ah," chimed in Brown, "you were always a friend of hers! Of course your name was mentioned." "Yes," answered Jones, bursting into floods of tears, "my name was mentioned, boys. I—I am to have—" They hung expectant, while more sobs choked back his words. "I," he declared at last, "am to have the Testament!"—Scraps.

The man who improves his talent always gets God's reward for doing it.



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