THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "DON VANDYKE OF FLYCREEK" ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD HOVELL

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CHAPTER I.

In Which Begins Adventure.

Some may question the truth of this narrative, yet they will scarcely be found among those who "go down to the sea in ships." To them the unfathomable mystery abiding upon the face of the great deep, the constant marvel of huge, heaving leagues of watery solitude, secret and profound, must ever remain so vast, so inexplicable, as to be beyond any interrogatory of the finite—the strange, the unexpected, lurking everywhere. To others, mere landsmen, confidently imagining that all phenomena can be reduced within the confracted limits of human comprehension, I need say no more than that witnesses still survive to corroborate the principal incidents of this story, which I now purpose writing in the full glow of a memory still dominated by the events to be recorded.

It had come to be the 5th day of April, the year 1879. I, John Stephens, aged 24, occupied a rather comfortable seat upon the shaded balcony of that large, ultra-fashionable hotel at Valparaiso, which, as travelers will recall, clings to the steep hillside overlooking both the city and harbor beneath. I was alone, not having as yet ordered the serving of the evening meal.

A gayly attired military band was playing noisily in a near-by plaza, and through the intervening distance I was able to distinguish plainly the patriotic notes of national music. I even believed that a medley of shouting voices, mingled with an echo of cheers, was borne to me on the rising night wind, and I leaned above the low railing to gaze down, slightly interested, as a regiment of Chilean infantry—regulars of the line, from their white trousers and stiff hats—swept swiftly past the hotel corner in rapid time, to disappear suddenly over the steep crest of the hillside of the quay. Far away, toward the right, where the long row of gray-stone barracks was still dimly visible against the darker background of surrounding hills, was to be discerned a glimmer of steel, as squadrons of cavalry and artillery engaged in dress parade, their numerous banners flapping against the sky. At the moment these several occurrences served to awaken the merest interest, tending rather to bring home to memory a freshening knowledge of the desperation of my situation.

It can all be told in few words: I was persona non grata to the Chilean authorities, with apparently every possible avenue leading from the country fully and effectively barred. While personally unknown to those officials, thus far successful in masking my movements under the guise of a foreign gentleman of leisure temporarily resident at a fashionable hotel, I nevertheless discovered it impossible to break through the cordon of watchful government spies and shake the Chilean dust from off my feet. A rapid explanation will suffice. A native of Massachusetts, with sufficient family connections, together with prospects of future wealth, I early developed the unrestrainable propensities of a rover, and after a vain effort to turn my reluctant inclination toward one of the learned professions my parents, despairing of ever doing better, finally consented to apprentice me to the sea. Unfortunately for the realization of their more secret hopes, I took to that hard, adventurous life as a duck to water, so that, at the end of five years' service, I had risen, through the various grades, to the honorable position of first officer in the old Leyland line, my steamship being the Vulcan, trading between New York and South American ports.

Soon after I attained this berth my father died suddenly, leaving behind him a fair amount of property, a goodly share of which came to me in cash. It chanced that, during a previous voyage, a passenger on board had succeeded in interesting me deeply in certain mining operations which he was conducting under a Bolivian concession. Finding myself in possession of abundant means, and experiencing that occasional disgust for sea life common to all sailor-men, I embarked with boyish enthusiasm in this new enterprise, not only investing a considerable amount of money, but likewise giving the company my personal services as assistant superintendent.

Beyond doubt our concession was an extremely valuable one, but, as we were soon destined to discover, it came to us with an unfortunate flaw in the title, there developing a spirited controversy between the constituted authorities of Bolivia and Chile, over which country the territory involved belonged. From harsh words in public, and the private exchange of diplomatic notes, the argument rapidly advanced to blows, and was finally referred to the arbitrament of the rifle. As our financial interests were entirely Bolivian, and our invested money at stake, it was no more than natural that we should openly ally ourselves with that struggling faction which the Chilean authorities promptly denounced as insurrectos, and proceeded to crush.

It was something of a comic opera war, resulting in two or three skirmishes wherein ill-equipped and poorly officered paisanos were pitted against regular troops of the line, and, as we received from Bolivia no more substantial aid than vague promises, our resistance, though rather stubborn, soon overcome. When the final stampede for safety came, I discovered myself, as quartermaster general of the late revolutionary forces, still in possession of a considerable sum of money, to which no one else possessed any better claim, the unhealed scar of a Chilean bullet in my shoulder, and an exceedingly flattering chance of being summarily shot by drumhead court-martial if caught. All opportunity for retreat across the Bolivian frontier was already effectively blocked, but, after several weeks of excessive hardship, skulking amid the dark recesses of Indian huts in the mountains, I succeeded in stealing unobserved into Valparaiso, feeling confident that, as a sailor, I should be able to discover in that busy seaport some early opportunity for escape.

Three Were in the Party, Apparently Father, Mother and Daughter.

This confidence was doomed to bitter disappointment. The Chilean authorities were especially desirous of apprehending me, inspired doubtless by visions of the war-chest, rumored to be of far greater value than truth could justify. They were both alert and suspicious. The American consul was obdurate to pleading, refusing peremptorily to become involved in the affair, while no war vessel floating the flag of the United States, to which I might flee for protection, entered the harbor. Manifestly it was impossible for me to depart on any foreign vessel as a passenger without possessing the necessary papers properly viséed, nor could I ever ship as seaman before the mast without running the gantlet of numerous suspicious officials especially warned to apprehend me. In brief, though possessing ample means, I was a helpless prisoner, my only safety the keeping out of sight from all in authority within the narrow confines of the hotel.

Sitting there in solitude that evening I thought it out all over again for the hundredth time, bitterly cursing myself for a stupid fool, yet utterly unable to discover any venture-some prospect of ultimate escape. I was trapped as securely as though the hand of actual arrest was about to be placed upon my shoulder. I might, by thus continuing to skulk in the dark, delay the result, yet the final ending was inevitable. Beyond doubt I was cornered, and the time was ripe for the eager acceptance of any reckless opportunity. Yet, desperate as I was, I could perceive none; everywhere arose the same blank wall of Chilean power, impassable, unassailable, insurmountable. Saint Andrew! mine was a situation to chill the blood.

The stars began to gleam in the black void of sky overhead, those brilliant, scintillating stars of the south in their unfamiliar constellations, forever reminding me that I was an alien and a stranger. The city itself, wrapped within the deepening folds of this early night mantle, appeared unusually noisy and demonstrative, all dimly wondered at it. There was a ceaseless blare of bands, a medley of inarticulate cries, mingled with the continuous disorder of shuffling feet along the roughly paved streets. I could distinguish nothing definite as I hung curiously over the balcony rail, staring idly down, yet it was plainly evident that the entire population was astir with some increasing excitement. Far out toward the distant mouth of the harbor a fortress battery was firing salvos of artillery, the swift flames of discharge cleaving the black shadows in vicious spurts of yellowish red, the sullen reverberations of sound shaking the hotel casements. Some Holy Saint's day, I imagined, wondering idly what special devotion of the church could be responsible for so much of uproar, so general an outpouring of enthusiasm. Still, the thought held me barely for a moment; my own personal affairs were far too serious and insistent for any wasted attention upon the saints.

I turned back from the rail and glanced carelessly within. The great dining hall was already brilliantly illuminated, and a number of the tables were surrounded by guests. It formed a cosmopolitan scene, the grouped faces being representative of a wide variety of races, the scraps of conversation which floated to me through the open window revealing half the languages of Europe. Swarthy Spaniards, volatile Frenchmen, silent sons of Albion, talkative Yankess, bewhiskered and bespectacled Germans, blonde, rosy-cheeked Swedes, together with representatives from half a dozen South American countries, were indiscriminately mingled in sudden brotherhood. This motley, interesting company was composed principally of men, exhibiting here and there the glitter of military uniforms, or some peculiarity of attire attesting the presence of the inevitable globe-trotter, although the majority were plainly enough commercial gentlemen, interested in various lines of trade, and drawn into this vortex from the four corners of the globe in the wild scramble after gold. No foreign passenger steamer had entered the harbor within the past 24 hours, and I had already studied those faces before in the vague, shadowy hope of discovering a friend. I lit another cigarro, out of sheer nervousness, and sat silently watching a Chinese attendant lighting the colored lanterns suspended along the balcony roof. A sudden rocket went swiftly and sizzling up from out the center of the great plaza below, and my eyes followed its swift flight into the black sky until it burst into a thousand miniature stars.

When I turned once again, now half inclined to beckon a waiter and order the serving of dinner, a newly arrived company of guests had taken possession of the small round table just within the open window. Three were in the party, apparently father, mother and daughter, beyond question of high social class. Paterfamilias, sitting in stately dignity at what might be considered the head of the board, a broad napkin spread across his right knee, was typically aristocratic, of spare figure, stern lean face, with iron-gray hair, and mustaches trimmed to perfect point, his eyes, cold and emotionless, gleaming like steel points behind gold-rimmed glasses—a man certainly over 60, possessing to the extreme that irritating hauteur possible only to an Englishman of recognized family and position. The lady occupying the seat opposite him, whom I naturally presumed to be his wife, was fleshy enough to own an ample double chin, which drooped to a vaster expanse below; most expensively gowned, her fingers laden with diamonds, and a lorgnette at her eye, through which she deliberately surveyed the assembled company. Her evident attempt at duplicating the calm haughtiness of her emotionless companion was nevertheless somewhat of a counterfeit, as it failed to conceal wholly a slight twinkle of amusement curving the corners of her mouth, and a certain slight vulgar uneasiness of manner. His ideal was evidently that of a marble statue, cold, immaculate, his slightest movement revealing the friability of one born to the purple, while the lady retained some semblance to flesh and blood, although well veneered by long social artifice. He was nature, while she had evidently been developed by skill; yet the matron, to my thinking, proved far the more interesting study of the two.

I must confess, however, wasting precious little attention upon either, for my eyes early rested upon the younger woman seated between the two, and hence directly confronting me. I will not say I never saw a fairer face—I remembered just when the lovely flower becomes a blossom fully blown, yet assuredly none other ever possessed for me the same indefinable fascination, the same ineffable charm. Twenty-two possibly, although my age was difficult to guess, with oval face and clear, fresh skin, the rich, red blood of perfect health crimsoning the rounded cheeks; eyes of deepest, darkest gray, the kind of eyes pledging a thoughtful soul behind to yield them such rare power of expression; lips suggesting the joy of living, yet responsive, and, in moments of quietness, saddened beyond its years; an entrancing dimple visible in the rather broad chin; the lips moist and rosy with health, sufficiently parted to reveal a tantalizing glimpse of white, regular teeth behind; the forehead low and broad, the wealth of shadowing hair of darkest brown, yet with an odd gleam of reddish gold causing the gathered masses to seem an aureole of beauty. But it was not the outward face alone, nor any combination of pleasing features, which yielded such rare and indescribable charm—it was rather a distinct and unusual personality which gave to these both life and attractiveness. Her slightest glance or movement, natural and unaffected, seemed a new revelation of self, the outer expression of a secret inward life which I instinctively longed to penetrate, the guarded mystery of which was invitation.

The three conversed little, speaking English with that lack of restraint common to those who have been accustomed to having discreet servants behind their chairs, the man grumbling icily over the quality of food furnished and the indifferent service, my lady commenting with audible distinctness on the personal appearance of the various people present, the girl contenting herself with an occasional monosyllable when directly addressed. I dispatched my own order, and, while idly waiting the return of the servant, had my attention attracted toward a group gathered about a second table just beyond the one occupied by the English family party.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Getting Along All Right.

A young Japanese in one of our institutions of learning, having acquired a very good knowledge of English, went out to deliver a lecture in that language. On his return, says the Hartford Courant, one of the instructors asked if he had a pleasant time. He replied: "Yes, very." "How did you get on with the lecture?" "Oh, quite well, but the audience smiled at some things when I could see no jokes." "Could you give me an instance?" "Well, I opened my lecture by saying that although I was new in English language I thought I could deliver the goods; and they all smiled." Now, doubtless the audience smiled at what they thought was the ready way in which a foreigner had adapted a bit of American slang; but he did not understand the smile because he thought he was speaking good English.

Proving It.

"You say women are smarter than men?

"It's a cinch."

"Upon what grounds do you base your opinion?" — —

"Look at the number of men they have married.

The Passion Flower.

The lovely Passion flower takes its name on account of its characteristics which symbolize the circumstances of our Lord's death and passion. The leaves represent the spear, the tendrils the cords with which he was scourged, the ten petals the ten apostles who deserted him, the central pillar the cross, the stamens the hammers, the styles the nails, the inner circle round the center the crown of thorns, the white hue of the flower is typical of innocence, and the blue shade a symbol of heaven. The fact that the Passion flower remains open for only three days and then dies, represents the death, burial and resurrection of our Lord.—Home Notes.

Send for the S. P. C. C.

A "Young Mother" asks our opinion of "the alleged injurious effects of rocking on babies."

We must frankly say that we consider it a brutal practice. As the father of a great many babies, of all ages, we never rocked on any of them intentionally, and we would probably be arrested if we expressed our full opinion of any woman who would presume to do so.—Lippincott's Magazine.

WOMEN OF PAGAN IRELAND

The Property Rights of Wives Were Recognized Before the Advent of St. Patrick.

The pagan Irish were fierce and proud, but at the same time remarkably just and pure. Those who wish to verify this statement have only to look up the old Brehon laws, the legislative code that obtained in Erin long before and long after the advent of St. Patrick.

These laws with very few exceptions were found good enough to govern the land after the reception of Christianity. St. Patrick saw nothing to change in them, except the religious features bearing on the old Druidic worship. For the rest, he left them as he found them, and they continued to be the legal guide of the Irish nation even down to the seventeenth century.

Among their most noteworthy features are their sense of justice and fair play and their eminently high regard for the domestic relations—the rights of women, the mutual protection of husband and wife, the reciprocal duties of parents and children, etc. By way of proof or illustration, we give a passage from the Senchus Mor:

"In the connection of equal property . . . If with equal land and cattle and household stuff, and if their marriage be equally free and lawful, the wife in this case is called the wife of equal rank. The contract made by either party is not a lawful contract without the consent of the other, except in cases of contracts tending equally to the welfare of both.

Each of the two parties has the power to give refection and feast according to their respective dignity."

In case of separation ample provision was always made for the wife's future. If, for instance, her portion at the time of marriage was equal to that of her husband she was entitled to half of the property which they held at the time of separation. If the whole property belonged originally to the husband she received one-third at the separation. If it was all her own before marriage she took two-thirds. —Ecclesiastical Review.

The Fate of Explorers.

In a recently published autobiography of the late Henry M. Stanley the African explorer dwells with much bitterness on the unkind and even cruel reception given him by distinguished men of acheve on his return from the Dark Continent. "What was my reward?" he asks, and then proceeds to enumerate a few of the occasions of unmerited slight and a certain ideal of duty, formed after much self-exhortation to uprightness of conduct and righteous dealing with my fellow-creatures, had terminated in my being proclaimed to all the world first as a forger and then as a buccaneer, adventurer, a fraud and an impostor. It seemed to reverse all order and sequence, to reverse all I had been taught to expect." Stanley was a sensitive man for all his seeming hardness, and the attitude of men like Sir Henry Rawlinson, Francis Galton and other prominent men in the Royal Geographical society, an attitude frankly contemptuous, stung him to the quick. Stanley in the story of his life recurs again and again to the hostility he encountered from men of science. He had to establish all his claims and to become honored in the scientific world.—Mexican Herald.

Antiquity of Cotton Fabrics.

It would be difficult to say where exactly, and at what date the manufacture of cotton fabrics began. In comparatively modern times it has become an industry of importance in Europe, but it has flourished in the east from a period too remote to admit of calculation. The Egyptians certainly used both cotton and linen materials, for fragments of such stuff have been preserved among the other relics of their ancient civilization, and there is much reason to believe that the elaborate draperies of the Assyrians were cottons or muslins finely woven of delicate texture. In China, too, and India the same kinds of materials have been the common wear of the people from time immemorial; in fact, everywhere throughout the east cotton fabrics were produced and used long before the primitive Europeans had begun to develop any of the graces of civilization, or indeed, had ceased to be anything but skin-clad savages.

Economics and the Family.

To regard the family exclusively of as fundamentally an economic fact, as though it were a commercial arrangement or a piece of property to be bought or bartered, is to enter the high road to domestic instability and crippling. Back of all the economic considerations which have consolidated the family lie the normal and permanent instincts of human love. The family is an ethical fact not the less than an economic fact. It is the object of the sweetest sacrifices and the happiest self-forgetfulness. The family is the primer in the moral education of the race, and the issue which the present crisis in the history of the family represents is precisely the issue between the economic and the moral aspect of the family. Shall domestic life be regarded as a trade, or shall it be regarded as an ideal?—Prof. F. G. Peabody, in "The Approach to the Social Question."

School Playgrounds Open After Hours.

The heart of Mrs. Humphry Ward should rejoice. She has got her own way with regard to the leaving open by the authorities of some of the boys' and girls' London Council schools after play hours, which step she so warmly advocated.

The children of the Hampden Gurney schools are now allowed free access at all hours to play room and play grounds and are mercifully kept from spending their spare hours in the streets. A delightful feature of school life to-day is the singing by the children of the lovely old English country songs, such as are sung by the girls of the Esperance club. They learn the old English dances too, and one is glad to see and hear the little creatures making their joyful noise. —The Gentlewoman.

German Proverb.

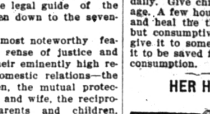
He that always complains is never pitied.

FAMILY COUGH SYRUP

Cures Any Cough in Five Hours. NEW PRESCRIPTION HERE.

Here is given the most effective cough prescription known to the medical world. It is a mild laxative, too, and this is what a body needs when suffering with cough and cold on the lungs. A cough or cold indicates poisons in the system, causing inflammation and congestion. Nearly all cough syrups relieve, but make the trouble worse by their constipating effects. This prescription not only relieves quickly, but it cures any cough that is curable. Get one-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Mix in a bottle. Take for acute cough or bronchitis twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times daily. Give children less according to age. A few hours' treatment will cure and heal the throat and lungs of all but consumptives. Cut this out and give it to some friend who may need it to be saved from an early death by consumption.

HER HEAVY WORK.



Applicant—Will I be expected to do all the heavy work, sir?

Mr. Jiggs—Oh, no. My wife always makes the biscuit!

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

For Piles, Eczema, Burns, Cuts, Etc.

CHENEY'S MEDICATED CREAM, a remedy for the treatment of all diseases of the skin. This Cream does not contain Cocaine, Morphine, nor any other poisonous narcotic nor does it heal over, hermetically seal the diseased parts like collodions or salves, but goes to the seat of the diseased portion and throws the poisonous matter off, thus curing the disease. A sample will relieve, and in order to prove to you that Cheney's Medicated Cream will cure Piles, Eczema, etc., we will gladly mail you a FREE SAMPLE. Upon receipt of your name and address. F. J. Cheney & Co., 1276 Adams St., Toledo, O.

Manufacturers of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Eve's New Costume.

"Oh, dear!" said Eve, after she had secured all the best fig leaves there were to be had, "I'm so unhappy."

"Come, dear, cheer up," replied Adam. "Things might be worse than they are. We still have each other."

"Yes, but now that I've got to wearing clothes there's no other woman with whom I can talk about them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rough on Rats in Out Buildings.

In setting Rough on Rats in out buildings after mixing it well with any food desired, open into small tin pans place on several pieces of boards, and put these here and there under the floors. Close up all openings large enough for Dogs, Cats or Chickens to enter, but leave some small openings for Rats to get in and out. One 15c package of Rough on Rats, being all poison, will make enough mixture to clear out in one or two nights settings, hundreds of Rats and Mice. 15c and 25c at Druggists. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

One Woman's Good Work.

Mrs. Jeanette Ryder, an American woman who has been doing humane work in Cuba for the last ten years, is said to have done more to suppress bull and cock fighting on the island than any other one person.

Hamlins Wizard Oil will knock the spots off a sore throat. It's use makes quinsy, croup and diphtheria impossible. It is simply great for the relief of all pain, soreness and inflammation.

Always at It.

Mrs. Benham—Woman's work is never done.

Benham—That's so; even after she is married she is trying to make men fall in love with her.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Some people's morals are like their best clothes—only worn on extraordinary occasions.

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER

has an enviable reputation of over seventy years as a reliable remedy for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Pleurisy stitches, etc., 25c, 35c and 50c. At all druggists.

The more talk it takes to run things the slower they move.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

When some people talk it is a waste of time to yawn.

Habitual Constipation

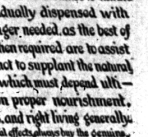
May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs & Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with, when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required, are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
ONE SIZE ONLY—REGULAR PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.



SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE
GENUINE must bear signature:

Brent Good

WESTERN CANADA

Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, says:—"The stream of emigrants from the United States to Canada will continue."

Senator Dolliver recently paid a visit to Western Canada, and says: "There is a land hunger in the hearts of English speaking people which will lead them in ever increasing numbers to go where they can secure a farm in connection with the Government and the excellent administration of law, and they are going to do it in tens of thousands, and they will constitute a large Iowa contributed large-ly to the 70,000 Americans farmers who made Canada their home during 1910, and the total crop returns during the year added to the wealth of the country were made up of

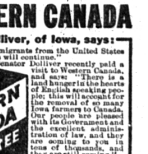
$170,000,000.00

Grain growing, mixed farming and cattle raising industries are all profitable. Free Homesteads of 160 acres are to be had in the very best districts, 160 acre pre-emptions at $3.00 per acre within certain areas. Schools and churches are in every settlement, climate unexcelled, railway facilities good. Write for literature giving particulars.

For particulars as to location, low settlers' rates, etc., apply to any authorized Canadian Government Agent.

W. H. Rogers, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit; or C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

(Use address nearest you.)



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Will reduce inflamed, strained, sprained, swollen Joints, Muscles or Bruises. Cures the worst Spavin and stop the Lame. Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin no blister, no hair gone. Horse can be used. $2.00 a bottle.

Horse Book 2 E free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1 and $2. Reduces strained, torn, varicose veins, enlarged glands, weeps or muscles—heals and soothes. Any druggist can supply and prepay. Booklet free. Will tell you more if you write. Book Free. Mfd. only by W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

DYOLA DYES

16 fast, beautiful colors, 10c per package at dealers. If not in stock, send us 10c stating color desired.

ONE DYE FOR ALL GOODS

Color Card and Booklet with directions free by writing Dyola, Burlington, Vermont.

DYOLA DYES

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they want for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

W. N. U., COLFAX, NO. 1—1910.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.