THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF "BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER ETC."

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced 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 a drunken officer. He was thanked by 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 desired that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, should be captured.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

I walked the floor twice from wall to wall, thinking swiftly, the sodden cigar clinched tightly between my teeth. I could perceive no reason why the deed might not be accomplished if luck favored, and I was sufficiently young so that the danger rather appealed than repelled. Suddenly I wheeled and faced him, still seated at the table.

"You may fill out the blank, senor," I announced, quietly. "I will try a throw of the dice."

CHAPTER IV.

In Which I Meet My Crew.

The polite hotel clerk halted me as I passed his desk on the way out with information that a drunken naval officer evidently Sanchez—had been there twice already seeking me, had also asked for Lord Darlington, and would return again at ten o'clock. I thanked him, smiling to myself, wondering if the English nobleman was to be challenged also, and promptly disappeared into the night without. The unfortunate affair with the aggrieved lieutenant had become a small matter no longer troubling me.

I have wandered by night through most of the seaports of the world, knowing well the intricacies and dark places of Port Said, Melbourne and Calcutta, but I doubt if even the unspeakable orient can equal for dirt, squalor, crime and peril those narrow, crooked alleyways where sailors most do congregate against the Valparaiso water front. Here gather in bestial riotous the scum of the South seas, and here flourish their parasites. Any night a trip alone through those foul lanes is of the kind to test strong nerves; but on this special occasion the way filled with pandemonium and drunkenness, the entire city a riot of noisy violence, the populace aroused to fierce hate toward all foreigners, the passage was one of constantly recurring danger. The street lights, few and far between, were mere blotches of color winking feebly at the surrounding darkness, the rough cobblestone pavement underfoot was irregular and deceitful, while drunken crowds, either quarrelsome or maudlingly affectionate, surged aimlessly about, gesticulating and yelling with Latin fervor. However, I knew the way well, and kept myself hidden from observation by hovering close beneath the protecting shadows of the buildings, drawing well back within doorways to permit the noisier parties of revelers to pass, and then hurrying forward along the deserted streets. I stumbled over the body of more than one drunken man, while sounds of quarreling were borne to me through the open door of every low taproom I passed. The scum of Valparaiso had come to the top, the fires of hell burning fiercely.

Pedro Rodrigues' den stood somewhat back from the narrow lane it fronted, flanked and concealed by taller buildings on either side. It was a ramshackle, wooden affair, sagging sadly at one corner, the half dozen steps leading to the open door being only dimly lighted. As it was a well-known resort, frequented almost entirely by foreign seamen who would scarcely be safe on the streets such a night as this, it was no surprise to discover the taproom densely crowded with sailormen, and to distinguish a voice singing lustily in vigorous English, to an accompaniment of glasses pounding upon the rough tables. Indeed, a wild, hilarious mob greeted me loudly as I pressed aside the heavy curtain and stepped within. I cast a quick, comprehensive glance over the faces, upturned through the enveloping haze—Swedes and Finns from the North sea, Dutchmen of the Baltic, hairy Englishmen from the channel, Yankees of the West Atlantic, beach-combers from out of the South seas, with here and there a negro or brown-faced Kanaka to add to the variety. Faith, it was a choice collection, as though the wide waters of the world had been skimmed to bring together that rare crew of beauties. Perched high upon a table, his long legs encased in sea boots, seated astride a chair, sat the singer, his mop of coarse red hair standing erect, his jaw that of a bulldog, the scar of a recent knife wound showing ghastly across one cheek, his blue shirt open at the throat to reveal a hairy chest; beneath thatched brows his eyes glinted and gleamed in a ferocious attempt at good humor.

"Sing, ye bullies!" he roared, after one inquiring glance toward me, bringing his heavy glass down on the back of the chair. "Lay it out for the gent, what ha' ye come callin' on ye, 'Tune up, ye sea dogs. I'm no hopera hartist to the knees, and his eyes of cold grey narrowed into mere slits as he inspected me with undisguised suspicion.

"The spirit which for 70 years hath made answer to that earthly name still abideth within this fleshly body," he responded solemnly, in a voice seemingly from the very pit of his stomach. "I am still permitted to sail the seas, thus known to the children of men, awaiting in patience the hour of translation."

To be greeted thus in such a spot stunned me for the instant, my cheeks flushing as I read undisguised amusement in the upturned face of the creole. My teeth shut together hard.

"You are Ell Tuttle, then, formerly master of the whaling bark Betsy?"

"Even so, young man," his lean face perfectly emotionless, his long fingers outspread flat on the table. "Ell Tuttle of New Bedford, once the chief of sinners, but now communing with the higher life of the spirit world. Associate me not with yonder ungodly crew, blind to the truth of the beyond," and he snapped his fingers softly toward the closed door. "In this world saints and sinners must indeed mingle bodily, yet not in any communion of spirit. It was for peaceful meditation that friend De Nova and I deserted yonder scene of revelry and sought this secluded spot. Truly the good book saith that where one or two are gathered together in his name there is he also in the midst of them."

The creole laughed outright, smiting the table smartly with his palm.

"Sit down, mate!" he exclaimed, genially, kicking up a chair. "After you know zis ol' hypocrite as well as I do, his communion viz spirits won't bozzer you much. Help yourself to drink, an' wash the taste out you' mouth."

Tuttle wheeled about and stared at his companion, his thin jaw working savagely; but the creole went on rolling a cigarette indifferently between his brown fingers, his white teeth gleaming. I remained standing, my hand on the back of the chair, intently studying the pair.

"I come directly from Don Castillo," I said, quietly, facing the Yankee, and determined to get down to business, "and desire to speak with you alone."

His glinting eyes narrowed perceptibly, and his jaws crunched down upon the tobacco in his cheek.

"'Tis safe enough with him," he acknowledged rather ungraciously, his voice becoming nasal as he pointed his chin-beard toward the other. "De Nova is second officer."

I drew back the chair and sat down, realizing that I now possessed the attention of both.

"I have been appointed to assume Capt. Castelar's duties," I announced quietly. "Do either of you care to examine my papers?"

Tuttle spat silently into the sawdust, while De Nova exhibited his white teeth in a grin. The eyes of the two men met.

"I rather guess your papers won't cut much ice in this yere affair," returned the former with deliberate insolence, "being as how we don't either of us give a tinker's dam' for Peru, if you'll pardon my sayin' so plainly."

His mask had disappeared as by magic, and I realized instantly the real nature of the man.

"You mean no enlistment has been made, either by you, or the men under you?"

"That's just about the size of it, mister," his tone full of unconcealed contempt, his leg flung once again over the arm of the chair. "We agreed to do this one particular job for a certain consideration, but we're none of us Peruvian sailor-men, and consequently don't give a hang for your papers. Ain't that about it, De Nova?"

The creole nodded, still smiling pleasantly, the blue smoke curling lazily up from the end of his cigarette. Evidently the two were actively engaged in taking my measure, and this was to be a case of man against man, rather than the exercise of any delegated authority. I might as well throw my commission into the fire for any real value it possessed here. All right; I had met and attended to their kind before.

"I am delighted to understand the situation so clearly and quickly," I said, sharply, throwing a note of authority into my voice and manner. "It simplifies my task. Now listen to me, Mr. Tuttle," giving him his formal title, "and you likewise, De Nova. I probably care as little for those papers as either of you, but, nevertheless, I am in command. Do you both clearly comprehend that?—I am in command. It will be just as well for you not to attempt any horse-play. I am no dago sea-officer, but a North American sailor, and I didn't come crawling into my first ship through a cabin window. I've tamed mutinous crews before now, and when I'm up against sea-scum I can hit as hard as the next fellow. If either of you desire to test my qualities as a buckonate, I'm here to accommodate you."

Neither answered, but I read their conclusion in their eyes.

"That's all I need to say now," I went on. "It's up to you to fish or cut bait. You fellows have nothing to gain by opposing me, and I hope you possess sense enough to know it. De Nova, where have I ever met you before?"

The creole's face instantly brightened again, his white teeth gleaming under the black mustache.

"So monsieur remember," he lisped gently, leaning forward on the table. "I thought maybe you forget altogether 'bout zat time. But I know you at once when you come in. It make me laugh to see zis Yankee try bait you like you was a dago steamboater. Bah, I know you all right for sailor-man; I know you do business."

"But I am unable to place you."

"No, not yet; maybe you will when I say more." He spoke rapidly, gesticulating with excitement. "It was a little ship off Hatteras; ze storm five days, an' all wreck. It was a steamer, w'ite, wiss red stacks, zat took off ze crew, an' it was hell of a job. Zat was ze story, monsieur; I was mate of ze Cymbeline."

I knew him then instantly, my memory picturing anew the cold, gray dawn, the green, angry seas, the helpless, sodden hull heaving sickeningly to its death, and those water-drenched forms we hauled over the sinking rail into our tossing boat. I held forth my hand, and his brown fingers, hard as iron, closed over it in a grip to be felt.

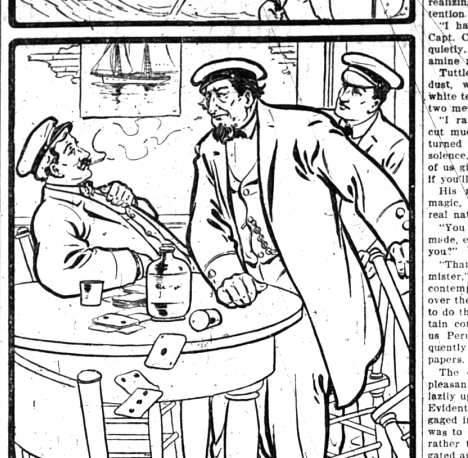
"Sure, it's come back, mate," I said. "I rather guess I can count on you."

His dark eyes met mine in frank honesty.

"Running arms for the Cuban revolutionists then, weren't you?" I asked, indifferently. "What since?"

He shrugged his shoulders, glancing across at Tuttle, and fingering his mustache.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Tuttle Wheeled and Stared, His Jaw Working Savagely.

The captain's bride was fair to see;
Swing hard! bend low!
She mocked at him; she smiled at me;
Swing hard! bend low!

("Oh, to hell wid that sorter love-sick stuff," cried a protesting voice, hoarsely. "That's no good sailor song, Bill. Give us somethin' to start our pipes." The giant in the chair scowled.

"Ye're a lot o' dubs, an' not fit sailor-men," he retorted, savagely, draining his glass; "but I've got a chorus ye'll sing or fight me, an' damn' if I care much which. Now take a grip at this:

A mighty man was Pat McCann,
Who sailed upon the sea;
Within his hold he hid the gold,
He stole in Barbaree.
In Barbaree, in Barbaree
The men lie mute,
He has the loot,
He found in Barbaree.

They were still at it, the motley, mongrel crew, their hoarse, drink-thickened voices roaring out lines full of the fierce swing of the deep sea, their glasses pounding in unison on the tables, as I pushed my way through them up to the sloppy bar and faced the fellow standing behind.

"Is there a Yankee whaleman here by the name of Tuttle?" I asked.

He stared at me, his eyes squinting, while the wild chorus began to die away like a clock run down.

"Bill, what's Cap' Tut'?" he called out finally. "Here's a cove wants him."

The red-headed giant, perched aloft on the chair, flung one hand indifferently across his shoulder toward the rear of the room.

"Come on again, mates," he roared. "Another drink, and another song. Spit it out this time—'Swing hard! Bend low!'"

"He's yonder in the back room; through that door, mate," said the bartender, shortly. "Better not tread on any of the lads' feet goin' in, unless maybe ye're here to-night huntin' trouble. They're just 'bout drunk enough now to be ready to start a row."

I picked my way with caution, the fierce lilt of that devils' chorus stunning my ears, the hairy faces confronting me scowlingly suggestive of any crime. Saint Andrew! I thought soberly, if this was still the day of pirates here was a brood ready for hatching. With a feeling of positive relief I pressed open the heavy wooden door, stepped within and closed it carefully behind me. So tightly fitting and solid the wood it instantly shut out completely the mad riot of the barroom. It was like coming into a new world. Two men sat alone at a small, round table smoking, between them a short-necked black bottle with glasses, and a scattered deck of greasy cards. The one nearest where I stood tall, long-limbed, angular, his face thin and made to appear more so from a sandy chin-whisker, had his knees swung over the arm of his chair, a bald spot on the top of his head shining conspicuously beneath the rays of the lamp. His companion was considerably younger, somewhat trim of build, with black curling hair, and small mustaches curled upward at the tips. He was of a complexion to make me think him either a creole or quadroon, but with smiling lips and a light in his merry eyes bespeaking a temperament of good humor.

"Capt. Ell Tuttle?" I questioned, doubtfully.

The older man slowly deposited his feet on the floor and stood up. He was a trifle round-shouldered, attired in a black frock coat which dangled to the knees, and his eyes of cold grey narrowed into mere slits as he inspected me with undisguised suspicion.

"The spirit which for 70 years hath

No Compromise With Truth

Absolute Sincerity in All Things Marks Men of Standing.

Sincerity is made up of two words —sine and cere—sine, without, and cere, wax; without wax. And it means absolutely pure, transparent.

The human mind is constructed for truth telling. This is its normal condition, and under the exercise of true living and true thinking the character becomes strong and robust.

Wholeness, completeness, comes into the life from truth, from sincerity; but the moment we attempt to twist the mind into expressing deceit it becomes abnormal and works all sorts of harm to the character.

I have in mind a very brilliant writer who exchanges his talent for cash in political campaigns. He has written some of the best campaign documents for all political parties, but the lack of sincerity in his character so discounts his personality and ability that he has no standing as a man. He is recognized as a brilliant writer, but as a man totally without convictions.

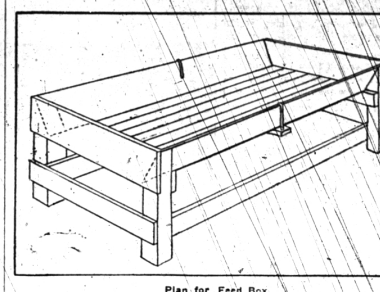
There is something in the mind itself which thrives upon sincerity and which protests against all that is false, against all sham. Nothing ever quite satisfies this longing but absolute truth. The mind quickly becomes sickly and weak when forced to express what is false.—Orlando Swett Marden, in Success Magazine.

The Time to Boast.

A great French chef used to say to those customers who praised his dinners: "Never boast of having dined well till the next day."

ILLUSTRATION OF FEED BOX SELF-EXPLANATORY

Full List of Dimensions that Should Make It Easy Matter to Construct—For Feeding Meal Place Strip Around.



Plan for Feed Box.

The illustration herewith of a feed box is self-explanatory and with the following list of dimensions should be easy to build: The legs are made from 4x4's 34 inches on the high side, sawing a bevel at one end of 12 inches; the sides are 2x12 inches; the length of the box is eight feet. The bottom is made by joining seven common floor boards, generally using fence flooring clear of knots as possible. The best way to lay the bottom is to take 16-foot fence boards laying the two end 2x4 cross pieces four inches from the end. Across the center lay two other eight inches apart, sawing the bottom in two to make the bottoms for two boxes. The 2x4 across the center, which is used for supporting the center of the bottom, should be made of hard wood. Clamps go around this 2x4 and over the top of the box. Use a 16-inch clamp, such as commonly used for building hay racks; bore through the 2x4, place the clamp bottom side up over the side of the box and draw it up tight. The lower edge of the 2x12 used for sides should be placed to a bevel to match the bottom of the box.

For feeding meal it would be well to place a corn crib strip 1x4 inches around the top of the box. This will prevent the wind from blowing the meal out, as it projects over on the inside two inches.

POTATOES AS STOCK FOOD

When Properly Fed They Are Nutritious and Very Fattening for Both Cattle and Sheep.

(BY W. R. GILBERT.)

Potatoes owe their food value principally to their high proportion of carbohydrates, which are found in potatoes in the form of starch.

They contain nearly three times the quantity of carbohydrates found in an equal weight of turnips.

Potatoes vary a good deal in composition, not only as regards different varieties, but as regards the same variety grown on different soils.

Potatoes grown on strong soil contain more albuminoids than those from light land.

When they are of this composition they are firm when cooked, and are said to "have a bone in them." These are the most nutritious class of potatoes.

Potatoes are more suitable for feeding pigs than for any other kind of stock.

Their high proportion of starch makes it necessary to mix them with food of a more albuminoid and fibrous character when given to cattle and horses.

Unless they are mixed with such food they are liable to produce colic; but when fed in proper mixture there is no more fattening food grown on the farm than potatoes.

When the potatoes are withdrawn the cattle lose in condition at once and take some time to make it up again.

When potatoes are diseased it is the albuminoids that decay. The starch remains unchanged, and if the decay has not gone too far potattoes that are diseased may be used for stock feeding, but such potatoes should never be fed raw.

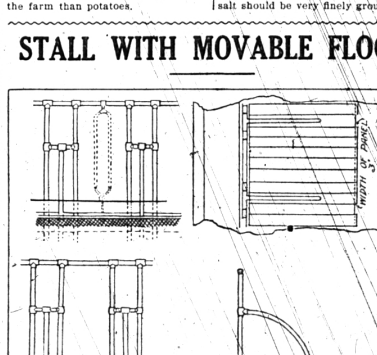
If a large number of potatoes are found to be touched with disease at lifting time they may be cooked, and if salted and packed firmly in barrels they will keep for some time if the air is excluded.

The flesh-producing qualities of potatoes are destroyed in proportion as the disease has destroyed the albuminoids, but the carbohydrates are fully capable of performing their work of keeping up the animal heat and adding to the fat.

Streaky Butter.

Streaky or mottled butter may be caused by the salt, which may be due to the working of the butter. The salt is so evenly diffused in the finest kind of butter that, as shown by a microscope, every grain is surrounded by a film of clear and transparent brine, which points out the necessity of avoiding the overworking of the butter before the salt is added. In the first working every particle of the milk should be gotten rid of, but enough clear water should be left to dissolve every grain of salt in 12 hours before the next working. If this is done there will be but little danger of streakiness in the butter, but to get the best results the salt should be very finely ground.

STALL WITH MOVABLE FLOOR



A stall with movable wooden floor and fastening for the same. The advantage of this design will be appreciated in winter when the concrete is too cold for the comfort of cows. Two iron pins set in the concrete floor near the front corners of the stall keep it in place.

It Pays to Caponize.

A capon bears the same relation to a rooster as a steer to a bull, and as bull meat is not equal to steer meat, so are roosters not equal to capons.

When cockerels become capons they cease to grow combs and wattles, do not crow and fight, grow much faster and finer flesh and bring more money than ordinary chickens.

If a cock weighs ten pounds a capon will weigh 15 and oring three to four times the price, $125 often being paid for 100 capons.

It certainly pays to caponize surplus cockerels. A set of tools, with full instructions for using, costs about $2.50 and only ordinary skill is required. With a little practice the operation can be quickly and safely performed.

For caponizing, cockerels must be less than six weeks old and weigh a pound or more.

The price of poultry and eggs has increased to the consumer in the past ten years more rapidly than any other agricultural product except bacon. Eggs have increased 47 per cent, and poultry 57 per cent.

Care of Pigeons.

Though people have an idea that pigeons are very hardy and can be kept with little or no attention, the facts are that unless their food is of good quality, and their houses are kept clean, they are subject to many diseases. Pigeons are naturally very cleanly, and when allowed their liberty select only the best food and the varieties that please them, but when they are confined we must select these things for them if we wish to succeed.

Breaking Colts.

A good way to begin to break a colt is to make a stall for it and the end feed it in the stall daily. Feeding while you handle the young animal is one of the very best ways of winning its confidence. Use an extra heavy halter on the colt from the first. If it early learns that it cannot break a halter it will go through life with that delusion, much to the profit of the owner.

The truth that lies at the bottom of the well is apt to stay there.

WOULDN'T MAKE ANY TROUBLE

Mrs. Betsy Baxter a Type of Visitor Many of Us Have Been Called on to Entertain.

"I'm now, Miss Doolittle, don't you go to a mite o' trouble on my account," said Mrs. Betsy Baxter when she arrived unexpectedly for dinner at the home of Mrs. Dorcas Doolittle. "You know that I'm a person for whom you can just lay down an extra plate an' set before me anything you happen to have in the house. If you just fry a chicken same as you would for your own folks, an' make up a pan o' your tea biscuits that no one can beat, an' open a glass o' your red currant jelly, an' have a dish o' your quince preserves, an' some o' that pound cake you most allus have some spicy hot apple fritters, with hot maple syrup to go with 'em, an' some o' your good coffee an' any vegetables you happen to have in the house, I like sweet potatoes an' they make me baldy rich, but, la, just have anything else you happen to have. I'm one that expects an' is willin' to eat what's set before me, an' no questions asked nor fault found when I go visitin'. So don't you put yourself out a mite for me. If you have what I've mentioned an' anything else you want to have I'll be satisfied. I ain't one that cares very much about what I eat, anyhow, as the sayin' is, any old thing will do for me."—Puck.

SOFT, WHITE HANDS

May be Obtained in One Night.

For preserving the hands as well as for preventing redness, roughness, and chapping, and imparting that delicate softness and whiteness much desired by women Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, is believed to be superior to all other skin soaps. For those who work in corrosive liquids, or in occupations which tend to injure the hands, it is unrivaled.

Treatment.—Bathe and soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, and in severe cases spread the Cuticura Ointment on thin gloves of old linen or cotton. Wear during the night old, loose gloves, or a light bandage of old cotton or linen to protect the clothing from stain. For red, rough, and chapped hands, dry, feverish, itching, feverish palms, and shapeless nails with painful finger-ends, this treatment is most effective. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Fight Against Plague Goes On.

Although the survey of the past year's anti-tuberculosis work shows that much has been done, the reports from all parts of the country indicate that this year the amount of money to be expended, and the actual number of patients that will be treated will be more than double that of the past year. For instance, special appropriations have been made in the various municipalities of the country to fight tuberculosis this year, besides these sums, a large number of the present existing institutions and associations are planning enlargements of their work, and new organizations are being formed daily.

A Good Head for Business.

"I want a hat pin," said little Mary of 6 years, as she gazed eagerly at the cushion full of sparkling ornaments on the milliner's showcase. "How much is it?" she asked, after making a very deliberate choice and laying her purchase money, a bright penny, on the counter. "Oh," nothing," returned the kind-hearted Mrs. Briggs, as Mary's mother was one of her regular customers. "Imagine her amusement as the little "bargain hunter" said most eagerly: "I'll take two, then."—Delineator.

His Discovery.

The small son of the household had just been initiated into the art of cleaning his own teeth with the soft little brush his mother had bought him.

Hearing the baby cry lustily a few minutes later the mother ran into the nursery only to find the nursing bottle on the floor and Johnny toothbrush in hand, leaning over the crib of the screaming infant.

"Oh, murver!" he cried anxiously, "baby must have been horned without any toofs!"

Enthusiasm in the poultice men apply of their wares.

WHEN DINNER COMES

One Ought to Have a Good Appetite.

A good appetite is the best sauce. It goes a long way toward helping to the digestive process and thus absolutely assisting to health and strength.

Many persons have found that Grape-Nuts food is not only nourishing, but is a great appetizer. Even children like the taste of it and grow strong and rosy from its use.

It is especially the food to make a weak stomach strong and create an appetite for dinner.

"I am 57 years old," writes a Tennessee grandmother, "and have had a weak stomach from childhood. By great care and diet I managed to keep it in a good degree of health, but never found anything to equal Grape-Nuts as a standby.

"When I have no appetite for breakfast and just eat to keep up my strength, I take a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts with good rich milk and when dinner comes I am hungry. While if I go without any breakfast I never feel like eating dinner. Grape-Nuts for breakfast seems to make a healthy appetite for dinner.

"My 13-months-old grandson had been very sick with stomach trouble during the past summer, and finally we put him on Grape-Nuts. Now he is growing plump and well. When asked if he wants his nurse or Grape-Nuts, he will point to the pantry and the cupboard. He was no trouble to wean at all—thanks to Grape-Nuts." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "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.