THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE ISABELLA

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN NEVILL

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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. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her ladyship.

CHAPTER IX.

In Which I Learn Our Port.

I sank down into the depths of an upholstered divan without, rested my head within my hands, and endeavored earnestly to collect thought and nerve for the coming struggle. The terribleness of our situation only became more apparent as I considered it in the light of the discoveries already made, and in my understanding of the nature of those with whom I was now associated. Neither Tuttle nor De Nova had ever mistaken the Sea Queen for the warship Esmeralda. It was impossible to suppose that these two trained seamen could have made such an error, or that the men under them could have been so utterly deceived. Tuttle's boat came up directly beneath the bows, with the riding lamps burning brightly, and revealing the name; every man aboard must have seen it plainly. Yet what object could have led to so desperate an act of piracy? What part was I destined to play in the final working out of their lawless scheme?

The longer I studied over the problem the more thoroughly did I become mystified and confused. What could these men ever hope to accomplish in this lawless fashion? They must be fools or madmen. This was not the age of piracy; every league of sea was patrolled; every port protected by telegraphic communication.

Difficult as my own situation undoubtedly was, apparently helpless among this crew of sea devils, without a man on board to whom I could put trust, it was rendered a thousand times harder by the presence of those two women. In what way could I protect and serve them? I wondered if all the crew forward were in the plot, or were the leaders alone involved? Could I count on finding a single honest sailor in all that riffraff who would stand by me in revolt? There were other men on board—the three seamen and the engineer of the yacht's crew, the Chilean officer captured on shore—but they were prisoners, far more helpless even than myself. The longer I thought the darker grew the prospect; the closer the cords of Fate pressed about me. There was nothing to do except to face the conspirators boldly, and thus ascertain the whole truth. I glanced upward at the telltale compass overhead—the vessel's course had already been altered; we were now headed westward, directly out into the broad Pacific.

I met Tuttle at the end of the bridge, clinging to the handrail, his oilskins flapping in the head wind. He never glanced toward me, the cool, studied insolence of the fellow causing me to feel more deeply than ever before his consciousness of power.

"The yacht is several points off her course, Mr. Tuttle," I said, sharply, determined to test him. "May I ask if the change was made by your order?"

He swept one long arm toward the north, and, following the direction of his finger, I dimly perceived a spiral of black smoke barely visible above the horizon.

"I thought we had better sheer off, as there was no guessing who that fellow yonder might prove to be."

I remained silent, watching the distant smudge, and occasionally glancing aside into his imperturbable face. He yawned sleepily.

"I rather guess one of us had better turn in, Mr. Stephens," he suggested finally, "for we'll have to arrange about our watches aft."

"Presently, Mr. Tuttle; we haven't breakfasted yet. Meanwhile I should prefer to understand matters a little more clearly. I've just been through the cabins. None of the yacht's officers are on board."

I could see his thin lips drawn back in a sinister grin, which revealed his yellow teeth.

"The Lord helpeth those who help themselves," he returned, pleasly, upraising his eyes. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

"I also discovered," I went on, angered by such abominable cant, "that this vessel we have captured is not the Chilean Esmeralda at all, but the yacht Sea Queen, owned by Lord Darlington, and flying the English flag."

"The hell you say."

"Moreover, I have not the slightest doubt that you knew it from the first. Now I demand some explanation, Mr. Tuttle. What does this mean?"

He stood leaning back against the rail facing me, the disagreeable grin gone from his lips, his half-closed eyes glinting uneasily.

"Well, what of it?"

"Only that we have committed an act of piracy. Every naval vessel of the civilized world will be used to hunt us down. We shall not be safe on any sea, nor able to land in any port of the globe. If we resist we shall be blown out of the water; if captured, our crime means death. You have deliberately decoyed me into this affair for some secret purpose of your own; you have involved me in your crime, and now I insist upon some knowledge of your plan, and an explanation regarding my future authority on board."

"Oh, you are the captain," sneeringly. "What more can you want?"

"Then, if I am, we will head directly back to Valparaiso."

"Oh, I rather guess not;" and Tuttle's eyes became instantly hard and ugly. "Nevertheless you're captain all right, just so long as you keep the nose of the old girl pointed the way we want her to go."

"That is, it is it?"

"Yes, that's exactly the ticket."

I turned partially aside, glancing toward the wheelman. The fellow was leaning forward over the spokes, evidently deeply interested in our controversy and endeavoring to hear all we had to say. Tuttle followed the direction of my eyes, but with apparent indifference.

"Oh, they all understand about it," he remarked, carelessly. "And now I guess maybe it's about time we gave you the main points to chew on. If you'll step down into the charthouse, Mr. Stephens, I'll fetch some things I want to show you, an' be along myself in a jiffy." Then I'll spin a yarn that'll cause you to come with us willin' enough, or else you're a dam' fool."

There was nothing else to do, and I followed him down the bridge steps to the main deck. The charthouse had its single door opening aft, and was a small, plainly built structure painted a dingy gray, with two narrow windows on either side, and just enough space within to contain a deal table, locker, and three rude benches. I sat down upon one of these, filled and lighted my pipe and waited in silence, gazing idly at the chart pinned flat on the table. It was a map of these waters lying off the Chilean coast, and a vessel's course had been pricked upon it from Juan Fernandez to Valparaiso. This did not particularly interest me, and my thought drifted naturally to the woman impatiently awaiting my return in the cabin. What a distressing situation for one of Lady Darlington's birth and refinement! And yet with what dignity of manner had she met the unexpected! It was plain to be seen that hers was a heart of courage, not easily broken under adversity.

And how could I hope to serve her? What would this crew of hell-hounds, these merciless sea-wolves, permit me to do? Transship them upon some passing vessel? Put into some isolated island port? This was scarcely likely, for either act would involve the danger of an exposure they would be little inclined to assume. I comprehended already that it would be according to their decision, and not mine. I had been plainly informed how little my control extended over their desires. And whither were we bound? Into what strange seas? Into what species of wild adventure? The utter impossibility of keeping those two concealed below for any length of time was clearly evident. Ship life was far too restricted. Both Tuttle and De Nova would naturally expect to lodge aft, and it was a privilege they could not easily be denied. Yet what would they say, how would they act, when they finally discovered those two unwilling passengers aboard? What was my duty in all the circumstances? It was all a deep, unsolvable mystery, yet out of its mist constantly floated the appealing face of that woman awaiting me below. I could not desert her. I could not consider anything except how I might best serve her interests, best protect her from the contamination of this hell afloat."

Three shadows suddenly darkened the doorway, and Tuttle, accompanied by De Nova and the big seaman named Bill Anderson, entered. The second officer nodded to me in genial fashion, his white teeth gleaming, but Anderson slouched surlily past and dropped heavily on a bench, his coarse bulldog features devoid of all expression, his square jaws munching the tobacco in his cheek. I took notice of his eyes, staring straight out of the window opposite, dull, dog-like, deeply sunken under thatched brows, his skin like brown leather drawn tight, his short red neck, and gnarled hands. Altogether he appeared a repulsive brute, no more easily subdued than a jungle tiger. Tuttle sidled along to the opposite side of the table, upon which he placed a tightly rolled, yellowish-backed paper, evidently a navigating chart. As I watched him curiously, he suddenly pressed the point of his thumb down upon the paper.

"There's our first port, Mr. Stephens," he announced dogmatically. "There, where you see that red cross."

"Just the same there's land there," he retorted, positively, his thin lips pressed together. "I've seen it; two islands, an' that's where the Sea Queen pokes her nose."

I could merely sit back, staring at the fellow, who remained leaning both hands on the table, his glinting eyes on my face.

"It's a rum yarn, Mr. Stephens, I'll admit," he said, slowly, his nasal tone much in evidence, "but it's all true, sir, so help me, God! Here's the straight of it, an' you listen quiet till I get done. Then I'll answer your questions as long as you've got any to ask."

"The Hell You Say."

CHAPTER X.

In Which I Hear the Tale of the First Officer.

Tuttle required a while getting started, pulling aside his dangling coat-tails to sit down facing me, and then twiddling his long fingers with his gaze bent on the deck. I take it that his intellectual operations were naturally slow, although he was swift enough in all matters appertaining to seamanship. Anyhow, he sat there for so long, his whole appearance so sleek and oily, that I lost all patience, shuffling my feet on the deck. The noise served to arouse him.

"It commenced somethin' like over two years ago sir," he began, mouthing each word with care, "a little earlier in the season than this is now. I was master of the whalin' bark Betsy, sailin' from Province town, an' we were homeward bound after about 18 months' cruisin' in the South Pacific, carryin' a fair cargo of oil an' whale trimmings. We were roundin' the Horn, being about 70 degrees west and 56 degrees south when the real trouble began. I know that was rather a low latitude, but we had been buckin' against head winds an' a high sea for more'n a week, an' besides were short-handed, five of the crew havin' skipped out at Somers island, where we put in after fresh water. Anyway, it was about there that a storm hit us from out the nor'east. I guess it must have been one end of a hurricane. I never see nothin' fiercer, even in those seas. There was nothin' to do but turn tail an' scud, the ropes and canvas being so stiff with ice. Well, we battened down, an' took chances, but for a while I thought every wave was goin' to do for the old hooker an' send us all to Davy Jones'. I couldn't see five feet from the rail, an' I had to keep diggin' ice out o' my eyes to see at all. The wind had the feel of a solid wall, sir."

Tuttle was leaning forward now, his elbows on the table. His lean, solemn countenance had lost its listlessness, and I also noticed the eager interest imprinted on the faces of his two comrades.

"We was jest roundin' the point," he went on as soon as he took a long breath, "the Betsy keelin' over so's her deck was half awash, an' with no more than maybe 100 yards b' clear water to the good. Back o' an ugly lookin' headland the coast seemed to fall away sudden into a sort o' cove, which was piled high with great ice hummocks, behind which the ice wall rose up sheer almost to the top o' the rocks. There was a sorter shelf along the edge of it, an' a mottin' up there in full view was the damndest lookin' vessel ever I saw in 50 years o' seafarin'. So help me God, sir, I saw it with my own eyes, as plain as I'm lookin' at you! It was hoisted up all o' 20 feet above the inner ice-field, an' sort o' careened over where it was froze fast so as to show the decks amidships clear to the inner rail. You remember them ships what Columbus sailed in? Well, this hooker was that kind, only a blame' sight bigger. I guessed her at 850 or 900 ton, but she had the same sort o' build—a big high stern, with an after-cabin clear across it, the waist sunk down in a curve, an' the forcastle raised up like a house, with blunt bows, an' a mighty lower bowsprit forkin' straight up into the air. The whole outfit was so cased with ice an' glittered so in the sun that it seemed like a part o' the ice cliff, which had taken that quer shape from lookin' at it. Damme if I didn't think it was somethin' like that for a minute—a blame' freak o' nature—but when I grabbed the glasses, an' got a good look through them, it was a ship all right, the kind you read about in the books what navigated these waters a hundred or more years ago. I was still a-starin' at it with all my eyes when we raised the stern, which stood histed up a bit higher than bow, an' where the steady dash of the waves didn't break clean over it, an' the sun fell just right so I read the hooker's name. By God, I die, sir! It was there plain as day: Donna Isabel, Cadiz."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Kitty Wanted to be Alone

Story Well Illustrates the Workings of the Childish Mind.

When little Catherine first began to lisp she was suitably instructed by her mother in religion. The omnipresence and the omniscience of God were explained to her in words of primer length. All this religious training evidently impressed her profoundly, but she kept her meditations to herself until the other evening.

The four-year-old had been tucked into bed after saying her prayers, and as her mother stooped to kiss her good night the child asked eagerly:

"Is mamma going downstairs now?"

"Yes, dear."

"An' is God going to stay in dis room?"

"Yes, yes, dear."

"Well, Cath'in wants mamma to tell God to go downstairs, too, 'cause she wants to wear dat pretty dress to-morrow—de one dat's on de chair—an' if God sits down in dat chair he'll muss dat dress all up. An' God can see de candy in de drawer dat I'm saving to eat in de morning, an' he might eat it all up in de night if he feels hungry. So Cath'in wants mamma to take God downstairs to play bridge."

Easy Money.

Grif—You look prosperous, old man.

Grafton—Yes, I suppose you read about Nuritch's ambition to be a sweater?

Grif—Well, yes; I see by the papers that he says he's in the hands of his friends—"

Grafton—That's it. I'm one of his friends.—Catholic Standard and Times.

HERO IS FORGOTTEN

FEW BOSTON PEOPLE VISIT HOME OF PAUL REVERE.

Outsiders Largely Pay Tribute to This Patriot of Revolutionary Days—Children Lead Their Parents to the Place.

Visitors to the Paul Revere house in North square, opened about a year ago as a public museum, number relatively few Bostonians, and according to the custodian the larger number of Boston people who do go to the house are with guests from other places whom they are "showing the sights," says the Boston Herald.

"This is my first visit here," said a Boston business man one day recently, on entering the house. "I am over fifty, and have lived in Boston all my life. I have always had it in mind to come down this way some day, and the only reason I didn't was because I thought I could come any day. I finally got here through the interest of a young son of mine. He came home from school the other day bubbling over with Paul Revere's ride, that the teacher had been reading to him. He asked question after question that I was not able to answer. 'What did Paul Revere's house look like—how old was it now?' His teacher said it was about 100 years old when Paul bought it—a fact that was news to me. The teacher also told him there was an old flint-lock fowling piece in the house which was Paul's own gun, and that youngster wanted to know just what it looked like, and how was it different from other guns. The lad stumped me, so I said I wouldn't put off this visit another day."

According to the custodian, this case is a parallel of many.

"Parents are awakened to the significance of the place, and its teachings when their children begin to ask questions which they find they cannot answer. A little later these same parents will come again, accompanied by their children, and you may hear one say proudly, 'Here, son, look at this gun, which was once Paul Revere's, and listen now while dad tells you all about it.'

"Only a few children come here as yet," said the custodian. "There is much here of historic interest, and children should be taught more frequently about Paul Revere as a matter of patriotism. Once in a while a school teacher brings a delegation of pupils. Sometimes Sunday school teachers do the same.

"In many cases foreign children of the North end can relate more facts about Paul Revere and his famous ride and about the old North church than the children of Boston. I know one bright little American-born Italian boy to whom Paul Revere is the most wonderful hero in the world."

In summer the visiting list at the house is much larger than in the winter months. The summer attendance is largely made up of westerners.

Charles Lamb's Friend.

Who is the most absent-minded man on record? asks the London Chronicle. Our best candidate, possibly, if one knew more about him, might rival Lamb's friend, George Dyer, who, leaving Lamb's Islington home at broad noonday, walked straight into the New river. He was known to take up a coal scuttle instead of his hat, to walk home with a footman's cockade on, and even to leave one of his shoes under the table and get well on his homeward way before discovering its loss. He called at a friend's in Bedford square one morning, heard that the family was away in the country, left his name in the visitors' book, and a few hours later called again and was astounded to see his own freshly written name. Once when Proctor breakfasted with him Dyer forgot tea. The omission being noted, he filled the teapot with ginger. Proctor left as soon as he could to get a better breakfast at a coffee tavern, and there he strolled in and asked him how he was, quite unconscious of having seen him earlier.

Old English Bookkeeping.

Not so many years ago our national system of bookkeeping was almost as clumsy as the primitive method of counting on fingers, says the London Chronicle. This was the exchequer way of keeping accounts by means of notched sticks of elm wood called tallies, a plan that strongly resembled Robinson Crusoe's mode of keeping his calendar on the desert island. In the reign of George III. an inquiry was made by some revolutionary spirit as to whether pen, ink and paper could not be substituted, but the whole civil service rose against the innovation. It took many years to get the sticks abolished. And when they were privately and confidentially burned in a stove at the house of lords in 1834 the paneling of the room caught fire and both houses were reduced—with the tally sticks—to ashes. Such is the dreadful thing that happens when the upper chamber touches finance!

Physical Exercise.

Comparing notes on physical exercise, some one asked Congressman Paul Howland what he did in that direction.

"Who, me?" he exclaimed with a good deal of warmth. "I have little need of any artificial form of exercise. I live on the nearest side of the river, you know, in West Fifty-seventh street, and my exercise consists in building the fire every morning."

The answer quite convinced all hands but one, a professional skeptic, who wanted to know, you know, "What sort of fire do you build?" he inquired. "Wood or coal?"

"Neither," replied the congressman. "We use gas, and I have to scratch a match every time I light the fire."—Philadelphia Record.

His Business.

"The man you employed to clean your grounds is a sharper."

"Why, I heard he was a very honest sort of fellow."

"So he is."

"Then, how on earth can he be a sharper?"

"Easily. By trade he is a scissors-grinder."

Fatal Course.

A matron who was visiting her former home city, and was under full headway with the seemingly endless string of questions usual in such a case.

"And your sister's daughter Violet?" she asked.

"Violet is married," the friend replied.

"Indeed! My! How time does fly. Happily married, I trust?"

"Oh, dear, no! My sister always humored her, you know," was the response, "and the poor child was permitted to marry the man she was in love with."—Sunday Magazine of the Cleveland Leader.

Meaning of Cemetery.

It is not correct to say that "cemetery" means the "city of the dead." The word is from the Greek "Koimeterion," meaning sleeping place, not the place of the dead. There is nothing in the thinking that it was originally intended to convey the idea that the departed were really dead and more than there is in the old Hebrew term for cemetery—"Bethaim"—the house of the living.

Belgium Has No Navy.

Belgium is, perhaps the most prosperous state in Europe, as well as the most thickly settled. The late king's reign was at least marked by an enormous advance in wealth and social reform. One of the country's special advantages is that its international neutralization permits it to dispense with a navy, while the Belgian army is maintained on a very small and inexpensive basis.

A Thought Reader.

"So you are studying telepathy?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "my object in life has been to find what people are thinking and then say it first. Any reliable system would simplify my labors immensely."—Exchange.

The Unterrified Improver.

First Angel.—What is the rumpus in the seventh heaven?

Second Angel.—A moral uplifter has broken through the roof trying to find an eighth heaven.

SHE QUIT
But It Was a Hard Pull.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did an Ohio woman. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not, and could not quit drinking it, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years.

"I was scarcely able to be around, had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart and I thought I could not endure it. For months I never went to bed excepting to get up in the morning. I felt as though I was liable to die any time.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally one time it came over me and I asked myself what the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?

"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffee and got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you, that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum which I now like better than the old coffee.

"One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my housework, and have done a great deal besides."

Read "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.

For Rheumatic Pains

As we get older the blood becomes sluggish, the muscles and joints stiffen and aches and pains take hold easier. Sloan's Liniment quickens the blood, limbers up the muscles and joints and stops any pain or ache with astonishing promptness.

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Mrs. Daniel H. Diehl, of Mann's Choice, R.F.D., No. 1, Pa., writes:—"I have used me a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for rheumatism and stiff joints. It is the best remedy I ever knew for I can't do without it."

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Power of Example.

"It ain't a pretty dead world for a poor old Swede woman like me," said Christine. "But sometimes it's a pretty good world my vays. I vas at a place yesterday vere de lady always make me iron all afternoon, and she send me Home without my supper. So yesterday I tolt her how kind you vas to me and how you tell me set down and rest till supper get ready, and tell me money for de street car, so I don't have to walk home ven I been so tired, and all about you. So ven I put away da irons yesterday dat lady she say to me, 'Set down and have something to eat pretty soon, Christine; you not be in de way.' Dat's because I tell her about you, me'am. I think lots of people be nicer if dey know about somebody else bein' good."—Newark News.

Not Actually Necessary.

The lawyer proceeded to examine the witness.

"Pardon the question, Mrs. Chuckley," he said, "but your answer constitutes a part of the record. How old are you?"

"Why, you ought to know, Mr. Sharpe," she answered, "my birthday is the same as yours, only I was born ten years later than you were."

"Ah, yes, I remember. Well, it isn't important, anyhow. Go ahead, Mrs. Chuckley, and tell the jury what you know about this case."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for Infants and Children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

These Knowing Children.

"Come here, Maude, dear. Look at this beautiful misty girl. Isn't she lovely? I don't think Mary ever drew a more charming figure."

"Do you think, papa, that this is the model that used to sit on Mr. Misty's knee?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Make $500 in Gold.

Read the magnificent offer by the John A. Salzer Seed Co. in another part of this paper. Get your wife to work and capture the $500.00, and at the same time secure a supply of the most reliable seeds on earth. The company is one of the largest in the country, and thoroughly responsible.

The Graveled Geometer.

Euclid was boasting of his abilities.

"Bur," cried his friends, "can you find why our rate bills are just as big as when they charged a dollar a thousand cubic feet?"

With a moan he sped into the night.

She Jumped.

Edna—Did you jump when he kissed you under the mistletoe?

Camille—I had to. He let six feet two, and I am only four feet six.

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