THE LAST VOYAGE OF DONA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "DON HERVEY OF FLACER, ETC."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILL

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"Oh, God! There's Another!. Another, But I'll Kill That One, Too!"

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. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot, saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the Donna Isabel was lost in 1753. He had found it frozen in a huge cake of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tuttle finally squaring the situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal. De Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tuttle, now acting as skipper, insane because of his queer actions.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

The slight change of voice perceptible in this final sentence might have excused the vehemence of the question trembling on my lips, yet I set my teeth, and remained silent.

"It is odd how our lives are influenced," she continued, thoughtfully. "I feel that the charm of the sea has been the one great impelling force which has molded mine. I wonder is it destined always to be so? Are these waters even now bearing me on as Fate wills? Ever since I can remember I have permitted the ocean to take that place in my heart which, perhaps, should be otherwise occupied. It has been my master, my strongest love. But I must not think this, much less say it," shudderingly awaking, and pointing forward. "See, Mr. Stephens, how those floods part the waters blend yonder, in such fantastic forms; they appear an army of sheeted ghosts bearing down to block our passage into the Polar sea."

I looked in the direction indicated, scarcely noting the phenomenon, but wondering what was the real meaning concealed behind her veiled utterance. In truth Lady Darlington was not a woman easily interpreted. She was by no means a creature of moods, yet behind her effort at outward cheerfulness I was constantly aware of something hidden, some haunting memory of the past, more to be dreaded even than her present environment.

Sometimes I even thought she deliberately played with me; yet this was not so. There was nothing of the coquette in her nature, nothing of purposeful deceit in either words or action, and I cast the unworthy thought from me with the indignation it deserved. Still, her method was most strange, most peculiar. Indeed, she was like two women, ever keeping me on the qui vive, alive with expectancy, yet never quite bringing to me that open-heartedness I so much desired. One second, as though by purest accident, I looked down into her soul; the next I saw nothing but the outer covering. Without in the least meaning to be so she became a teasing puzzle, an enigma of womanhood, before whom I was beginning to worship, unable to analyze even my own feelings, half-hopeful, half-afraid.

Hence it was that on this day I remained leaning against the railing, listening to her really brilliant execution of difficult music, gazing down upon her unconscious face, the swing of the deck under my feet, but with a heavy heart behind the smile upon my lips. The music finally ceased, yet we lingered there conversing over the memory aroused by its rendition, when Tuttle emerged from his room, prepared for his turn of service on deck. He stopped and stared across at us, his hand on the knob of the closed door.

"Such songs are most unseemly under our present circumstances," he said, solemnly, apparently addressing the lady only, for his glance never met mine. "In presence of death and the hereafter, madam, prayer is the natural outlet of the soul."

Her sympathetic face whitened, the expression of her eyes changing instantly.

"What—what do you mean, Mr. Tuttle? Are we in any special danger?"

"In the midst of life we are in death. What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the Son of Man that thou visitest him? Death rides upon the wind, races upon the waters. Place not your trust in princes, nor in any of the powers of earth, but upon the mercy of the Most High. Be warned, madam; be prepared for his early coming, for already has it been given unto me to behold the End."

He strode past us, stony-faced, his great form outlined against the gray sky without as he pushed back the companion door. Lady Darlington watched his disappearance with parted lips and eyes filled with fear.

"The fellow has gone crazy over his spiritistic theories." I endeavored to explain. "Do not permit such folly to affect you."

"But—but, Mr. Stephens, he means it, he believes it. What is it he has seen?"

"Some vision of his insanity, no doubt—nothing that need worry us who are sane."

Her fingers pressed tightly upon my hand.

"But if he is really insane how much more dangerous it makes our position! Do you really think he is?"

"Only along that one line, Lady Darlington," my voice growing firm with conviction. "Otherwise he seems as sane as most men. We must humor him to that extent, but regarding all other matters there is no occasion for you to worry. The man is a magnificent seaman, and handles the Sea Queen with remarkable skill. He will bring us out safely, and you must not permit his prophecies of disaster to influence your mind—they are only the ravings of a diseased brain."

I do not know how much of what I said she actually believed, yet as I talked on in apparent confidence her expression gradually changed, and finally I had Celeste bring her wraps, and I escorted her forth upon deck. The fresh, stinging air soon served to drive from her brain the last vestige of terror, although at first she watched Tuttle on the bridge very closely. However, the fellow had left his weird fancies all below, and his sharp orders, coupled with the able manner in which he sailed the vessel, rapidly brought back even my own evaporated faith.

Lady Darlington did not appear again after supper, although Celeste sat in the main cabin and chatted vivaciously with De Nova while he ate. They appeared so deeply engrossed in each other that I finally took my pipe and went on deck, leaving them undisturbed, their laughter echoing to my ears as I slid to the companion door. There was a taste of snow in the wintry air—delicate, scattered, whirling flakes that cut the exposed flesh like needles, while the wind whistled through the frozen rigging in shrill music. The decks were as gloomy and dark as the surrounding sea was desolate and gray, the endless vista of clicking water and sky merely merging imperceptibly into the haze of distance—everywhere the white-capped waves frantically chasing each other, crest following crest, the deep hollows between as black as death.

It got upon my nerves at last, and I went below, striving manfully to shake off all memory of the depressing picture. Ten minutes later I was securely braced in my bunk, so soundly sleeping I forgot to dream.

I could never tell what awoke me; some strange noise, no doubt, for I sat straight up, staring through the blackness toward the closed door. Almost at the very instant I heard the smash of glass in the main cabin. I was only partially undressed, and with one spring was at the latch, the fierce pitching of the yacht making me instantly apprehensive of accident. At the first glance I perceived nothing unusual under the dim light, then I saw a man sprawling on the floor in midst of a litter of glass from a broken mirror. I leaped across toward the fellow, twisting my hand into the collar of his pea-jacket, and whirling him face upward to the light. It was Tuttle, and he shrank away from me cowering like a whipped cur, his hands thrust out, his eyes staring. It was an appalling face, ghastly, terror-stricken.

"What is it, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Oh, Christ! Christ!" he shrieked, apparently never seeing me at all, his teeth gnashing, a foam on his lips. "I saw it again—right over there! But I killed that one! I killed that one! It will go back to hell ahead of me! Oh, God! there's another! Another, but I'll kill that one, too!"

Straight toward me he came with the fierce, unexpected leap of a wild animal. Half-dazed I grappled him. It was the contest of man against beast, for he fought clawing and snarling, snarling forth curses. The necessity of saving myself stiffened me to it, and I struck out hastily, landing twice before we came to the grip. It seemed to me he possessed the strength of a dozen men, yet I got my fingers in his neckband, and we went crashing down together on the deck. As we struck he went suddenly limp, his fingers shaking, his eyes staring up dully at the light. I held him thus in my grip an instant, suspecting some trick; then, as he never moved, I drew him up until his shoulders rested against the support of a chair.

"What is it, man?" I questioned, anxiously. "What has happened? Are you sick?"

He made no response, gave not the slightest sign that he even heard me. I poured out a glass of liquor, held it to his lips, and he gulped it down, but seemingly in a stupor.

"Come along," I said, sternly, realizing that my will must dominate his, if I would move him to action. "I am going to take you to your berth, and make you lie down. You are sick, and need rest. Get up, now."

He attempted no resistance as I lifted him, even clinging to the chair for support, his entire body shaking like a jelly fish. I braced him in through the open door, tumbled him over into the bunk, and he lay there, staring straight up with unwinking eyes, his face as yellow as parchment. He was completely dressed for the deck, his pea-jacket buttoned to the chin, his heavy sea-boots on. I loosened the one, drew off the others, shut the door, and left him there alone. It was clear enough he had again beheld the ghost, but how came he to be fully dressed, his clothing still wet with the salt spray? Breathing hard from the exertion, I glanced curiously at my watch to note the hour. Barely two o'clock. Why, it was his trick on deck; he had deserted his position to come below. The Sea Queen was rushing through the gloom with no officer on the bridge. De Nova would be in his bunk asleep. I sprang to my own room, and hastily finished dressing, fully determined on standing out Tuttle's watch on deck. As I came forth again into the main cabin, winding a muffler about my throat, a vision in white fronted me, grasping the table to keep from falling.

"What is it, Mr. Stephens? What has happened?"

"Nothing that need in any way alarm you," and as the vessel gave a sickening plunge, and her eyes opened in apprehension, I caught her arm firmly. "Truly, believe me, there is no danger. Mr. Tuttle has been suddenly taken ill, and I am going to relieve him on watch. You have confidence in me, have you not?"

Her eyes searched my face earnestly, the gray depths full of anxiety.

"Oh, yes."

"Then now is the time to show it. I shall remain on deck, probably, until morning. I wish you to go back, lie down and rest. Let the assist you to return to your stateroom."

I held her closely to me, so closely I could feel the throb of her breathing, the warmth of her flesh, realizing that she was clinging to me in utter forgetfulness. Only at the door did she draw away slightly, yet even then with her hands clasping my arm, her hands clasping my arm, her eyes gazing directly into mine.

"You have told me all?"

"All of the slightest importance; the details can wait daylight. I ask you to confide in me now, and sleep. May I have your promise?"

There was something mystifying in those gray eyes I had never perceived before, and she caught her breath in a quick sob.

"Yes," she replied, simply, her lashes drooping, "you may have my promise."

On deck I discovered the yacht laboring desperately in a heavy cross sea, the sky clear, and two men straining at the wheel. In spite of the starshine, they were so bundled up that I was compelled to stare directly in their faces before I could recognize either.

"Mr. Tuttle has been taken sick and gone to his berth," I explained briefly. "I will serve out his watch. What course have you?"

"Sou'-sou'-east by sou', sir."

I glanced inquiringly at the compass-card, and then forward, sweeping the seas with my glasses. There was no ice in sight, but the bitter cold of the air was sufficient proof of plenty not far away.

"When did Mr. Tuttle go aft?" I asked.

"Bout 30 minutes ago, sir."

"Did he leave any word?"

"He never said nothin,' did he, Bill? He'd been actin' queer, an' a-talkin' to himself, an' all at once he ran down the' steps, an' went aft. Bill an' I figured it out as how maybe he was cold, an' wanted a drink."

At four o'clock, the sky already beginning to show as if from thickening frost, I dispatched one of the hands aft to rout out De Nova. He came stumbling up the steps, perhaps ten minutes later, still rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, but became wide awake enough when he recognized me.

"Sacre, wat was zis, Mons. Stephens? We're was ze mate?"

Crouching behind the tarpaulins out of the keen sweep of the wind, I explained in rapid detail what had occurred since he went below.

"It will probably have to be watch and watch with us, De Nova," I ended firmly. "Tuttle is no longer fit to be left in charge of the deck. You agree to that?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"By gar, it look like zare was nossing else for it."

"Yes, it is the only way. Call me at the end of your trick. I'll look in on Tuttle again as I go below."

I did so, discovering him still upon his back, his eyes wide open, staring straight up at the deck beams above.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Tuttle?"

He wet his parched lips with his tongue, turning his head never so slightly at sound of my voice.

"Another drink of brandy," he muttered thickly. "I don't see what is the matter with my legs; they won't move."

I brought him the liquor, lifting his head so he might drink more easily, and expressing a hope that he would feel much better by morning. He returned no answer, and I went across to my own berth and turned in.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thoughts of the Old Home

When All Else Is Forgotten, Those Linger in the Memory.

You can't forget, no matter how hard you may try, for your old home, the one you first knew, is so deeply impressed upon your mind that all the glories, the riches and the blandishments of modern times cannot blot the picture out, and in spite of all you go back to it by the memory route, and linger there often, and more often as the years gather around you.

That is why you like to read of the old days, even though you would not have them return.

Do you ever tell your children about your old home, and of your visits to granddaddy's, your tours of exploration through old attics infested with wasps' nests, and hanging with dried herbs, seed corn, sickles and one truck and another?

And, maybe, some time you may have slept in an attic under a clapboard roof through which you could see the stars, and through which sifted fine snow when the wind was strong. Nor were you cold, for the home-made blankets and the quilts the girls had pieced, and the coverlets that grandmother had woven were warm on top, while the thick straw tick, and the soft feather tick formed a nest that would be "warm and comfy" anywhere.

You would hardly regard these as sensitive to your comfort in your new home, but they were real blessings then, and are blessed to recall and talk about now.

Would you forget these?—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Length of Spider's Web.

If straightened out, an ounce of spider web would extend 350 miles.

JUSTICE BREWER IS DEAD

Expires Suddenly at His Washington Residence Monday Night.

Washington, March 28.—Justice David J. Brewer of the United States supreme court died at 10:30 o'clock Monday night at his residence in Washington.

DAVID J. BREWER,
Associate Justice U. S. Supreme Court.

Justice Brewer had not been feeling well for more than a week but he had not been obliged to take his bed. He had enjoyed Easter with members of his family and Monday afternoon walked out to the office of his physician. He complained at the dinner table of feeling slightly worse, but his condition was not considered serious.

At a little after 10 o'clock he told Mrs. Brewer that he was going to retire, and entered the bathroom. A little later Mrs. Brewer heard a noise as if something had fallen in the bathroom, but she took no particular notice of it until her attention was attracted a few minutes later by sounds of heavy breathing. Rushing to the bathroom then, she found her husband lying on the floor unconscious. The justice had undressed before entering the bathroom.

NEWS TOLD IN BRIEF.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, widow of the novelist, is ill at her apartments, Mexico City, due, it is believed, to the high altitude.

Despite his divorce, Col. John Jacob Astor has been re-elected to his old place as warden of the Episcopal Church of the Messiah at Rhinebeck by a unanimous vote of the vestry.

The qualifications of Indians to assume the rights of citizenship will be determined in the future by boards appointed by the commissioner of Indian affairs, to be known as "competency boards."

A kosher meat famine is imminent in St. Louis, because 42 shops have been closed as a result of a price-cutting war. Only four shops were running and those that have closed refused to listen to the pleas of the rabbis to reopen.

Two Japanese caught bribing a soldier to make photographs of Corregidor and other fortifications are being held at Manila. They will probably be ordered to leave the country. The soldier, after being caught taking photographs, helped the authorities capture the two.

Gov. C. N. Haskell, of Oklahoma, signed a legislative resolution submitting to the voters of the state an "initiative" petition for a constitutional amendment which, if it will disfranchise many Negroes, so far as voting on constitutional amendments is concerned. The disfranchisement is brought about under the "grandfather" clause.

THE MARKETS

Detroit.—Cattle—Dry-fed steers, $7@7.80; good to choice butcher steers, 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, $6@6.75; light to good butcher steers weighing 600 to 900 pounds, $5.50@6.25; mixed butcher cows, $4.25@5.50; canners, $2.50@3.50; common bulls, $4.25@4.75; good stockers and feeders, $5@5.50; common feeders, $4@4.75; good well-bred feeders, $5@6.75; light stockers, $3.25@4.25.

Veal calves—Market steady; heat calves, $5.50@10; fair to good calves, $8@9.25; culls and common, $4.50@7.50; milch cows and springers, $25@60.

Sheep and lambs—Market steady at Wednesday's prices; spring lambs, $11@12; best wool lambs, $10@10.25; fair to good wool lambs, $9.25@9.75; light to common wool lambs, $8.50@9; best clipped lambs, $9@9.25; fair to good butcher sheep, $7.25@8; culls and common, $4.50@6.75.

Hogs—Market strong and 10 cents higher. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, $10.75@10.85; pigs, $10.40; light yorkers, $10@10.75; stags, one-third off.

East Buffalo.—Cattle—Steady. Hogs—Steady; heavy, $11@11.05; yorkers, $11@11.15; pigs, $10.75. Sheep—Slow; best lambs, $10.40@10.50; yearlings, $8.50@9.90; wethers, $8.75@9; ewes, $8@8.50; calves, $5@11.

Grain, Etc.

Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, $1.18½; May opened with an advance of ½c at $1.19½, sold up to $1.19¾, and dropped at $1.19; July opened at $1.10½, advanced ½c and declined to $1.10¼; No. 1 white, $1.18½.

Corn—Cash No. 2, 61c; No. 2 yellow, 2 cars at 61½c; May, 57½c.

Oats—Standard, 47½c; No. 3 white, 47c.

Rye—Cash No. 1, 86c.

Hay—Cash, $23@23.50; March, $23.50; clover—Prime spot, 100 bags at $13.75; March, $13; mixed timothy, $7.50@8; clover mixed, $7.50@8; clover, $7.50@8; light mixed, $7.50@8; no grade timothy, $5@7.50; sample hay, 7 bags at $6.75.

Timothy seed—Prime spot, 125 bags at $1.75.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $27; coarse middlings, $27; fine middlings, $28; cracked corn and coarse cornmeal, $27; corn and oat chops, $25 per ton.

Flour—Best Michigan patent, $6.15; ordinary patents, $5.85; straights, $5.40; clear, $5.30; pure rye, $4.65; spring patent, $6.10 per bbl in wood, jobbing lots.

Rear Admiral John Entwistle, United States navy, retired, died at his home in Paterson, N. J., Wednesday, at the age of 73 years. Admiral Entwistle was in the boiler room of the Monitor during the famous engagement with the Merrimac in the civil war.

James Bellows McGregor, believed to be the oldest Free Mason in the world, died at his home in Newport, N. H., aged 108 years. McGregor joined a Mason lodge at Salisbury, N. H., in 1826. His father, Joel McGregor, served five years in the Continental army.

Having heard from their districts, some of the insurgents who helped to oust Speaker Cannon from the rules committee of the house are trying to renew the combination of insurgents and Democrats with the view of deposing "Uncle Joe" from the speakership and selecting Asher Hinds, parliamentarian, as the next incumbent of the office.

That Cipriano Castro, deposed president of Venezuela, now in Europe, is preparing for an armed attempt to recover power over the republic, is the statement of filibusters here, who say they have been asked to join a force which Castro is raising.

Have You Tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Cresson, Pa.—"Five years ago I had a bad fall, and hurt myself inwardly. I was under a doctor's care for nine weeks and when I stopped I grew worse again. I sent for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, took it as directed, and now I am a stout, hearty woman."—Mrs. Ella E. Alley, Cresson, Pa.

Baird, Wash.—"A year ago I was sick with kidney and bladder troubles and female weakness. The doctors gave me up. All they could do was to just lay me up as easily as possible. I was advised by friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am completely cured of my ills, and I am nearly sixty years old."—Mrs. Sarah Leighton, Baird, Wash.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

Be Sure

and examine the skimming devices of any cream separator you think of buying. They compare with their many wires, "wings," "shells," "beaters" and other things impossible to clean, with the simple skimming device of the

National Cream Separator

which requires no wires, parts or washing. The National device is so strong you can "injure" it only with a sledge hammer, and we will guarantee it to skim closer than any other separator on the market. Ask your dealer will furnish and demonstrate a National at expense to you. Illustrated catalogue of full particulars free on request.

Cleaned in 2 Minutes

No Nuts to Loosen

Lifting Handle

Easiest Cleaned

Closed Skimmer

THE NATIONAL DAIRY MACHINE CO. Goshen, Ind. Chicago, Ill.

An Exception.

"There is one thing I like about Binks. No matter what he does, he comes out in the open to do it."

"I know of one action he always is careful to do under cover."

"I dare you to name it."

"Going home in the rain."

Distemper

In all its forms, among all ages of horses and dogs, cured and others in the same stable prevented from having the disease with Spohn's Distemper Cure. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. $.50 and $1.00. Good druggists, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Write for free book. Spohn Med. Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in true scale would be found very indigent and needy.—Emerson.

Pettit's Eye Salve First Sold in 1807.

100 years ago, sales increase yearly, wonderful remedy, cured millions weak eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Light to Banish Sorrow.

Sorrow dwells longest where the sun is shut out.—Florida Times-Union.

Takers of the United States Census without Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen because it is always ready and safe.

Laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.—Leigh Hunt.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE." That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. 25c. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. No Cure, No Pay.

When a fool gets angry he furnishes the proof of his foolishness.

WESTERN CANADA

What J. J. Hill, the Great Railroad Magnate, Says About its Wheat-Producing Power:

"The greatest stock of this country is yet to be marketed. Its production or sale will be the principal factor in the prosperity and progress of the Northwest for years to come. Its capacity for the production of wheat is practically unlimited. The time is not far distant when the Canadian Northwest will be the world's granary."

100 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Upwards of 125 Million Bushels of Wheat

were harvested in 1909. Average yields of 25 bushels per acre are not uncommon. Thousands of farms are producing 25 bushels per acre and upwards. Hundreds of farmers have made from $1,000 to $2,000 per annum from 100 acres. Mixed farming is also a most profitable business. Cattle, sheep and hogs are in great demand. Dairying