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THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

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

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN McNEILL
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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. 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 1853. 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. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a spasm of religious mania and overcame him. The sailor upon regaining his senses was taken ill. Tuttle committed suicide by shooting. Upon vote of the crew Stephens assumed the leadership and the men decided to continue the treasure hunt, the islands being supposed to be only 200 miles distant. Tuttle was buried in the sea, Lady Darlington pronouncing the service. Stephens awaking from sleep saw the ghost, supposed to have formed the basis for Tuttle's religious mania. Upon advice of Lady Darlington, Stephens started to probe the ghost. He came upon Lieut. Sanchez, the drunken officer he had humbled in Chile. He found that at Sanches' inspiration, Engineer McKnight played "ghost" to scare the men into giving up the quest. Stephens announced that the Sea Queen was at the spot where Tuttle's quest was supposed to be. The crew was anxious to go on in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered them in a fist fight. Lady Darlington thanked him. The Sea Queen started northward. She was wrecked in a fog. Stephens, De Nova, Lady Darlington and her maid being among those to set out in a boat. The men were rescued. Stephens saw only one chance in a thousand for life. Lady Darlington confessed her love for Stephens and he did likewise. Lady Darlington told her life story, how she had been bartered for a title, her yearning for absent love. She revealed herself as the school chum of Stephens' sister. She expressed a wish to die in the sea rather than be the former's wife and go back to the old life. A ship was sighted. The craft proved to be a derelict. They boarded her. She was frozen tight with hundreds of years of ice. The vessel was the Donna Isabel, lost in 1753, 126 years previous. The frozen bodies of the former crew were removed. They read the log of the Isabel, which told how the Spaniards had died from cold, one by one. Lady Darlington sang to prevent the men from becoming moody. The crew commenced the hunt for treasure. They found the iron chest, said to contain a part of 2,000,000 pesos, firmly imbedded in ice.

They Came Howling About Me Like So Many Wolves, Eager to See.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"By God, mates, there's one of 'em, anyhow!" roared a voice, hoarse from exploding excitement. But I was already upon my knees, feeling blindly into the ice cavity.

They came howling about me like so many wolves, eager to see with their own eyes, but I crowded them back, snatching the candle from De Nova's fingers and throwing the flickering light down level with the deck.

"It's a brass-bound chest, men," I cried, straightening up and facing them. "But it is going to require some hard digging to get it out. About all I can see is the handle of it."

I never comprehended before how the passion and lust for gold can express itself upon men's faces. Tense, motionless, breathing heavily, their features drawn, their eyes gleaming feverishly in the yellow flame, they stared at me and then at that ice-front, demented and speechless. No one thought of where we were—castaways, our lives the sport of winds and waves, a sodden wreck under us, our nearest port a thousand miles away across a stormy sea; all we realized at that moment was that there, just before us, under that mantle of ice, lay buried three million pesos. God! the collar of my jacket seemed choking me; I breathed as if a man's fingers clutched my throat, and I saw McKnight's burly form shaking as if he had an ague fit. Three million pesos! The hot blood rushed to my head, a lava stream, and De Nova's face, white as chalk behind his little black mustaches, seemed dancing before me ghostlike. Damn him! the fellow made me think of Salvatore, the man who, just above, frozen and dead, had guarded this treasure for 126 years. I cast the suggestion aside with a curse and a laugh, grasping Kelly by the shoulder to steady myself—to realize these were real men, this task before us real work. It was like coming forth from under an anaesthetic, leaving me weak as a child, yet with brain and faculties aroused to action. Johnson thrust forward the cleaver.

"Let me get in there, sir; I'm the man for a cuttin' job."

I stepped aside, and the broad blade fell slashing against the front of the ice.

"Only two of you men can work here at once," I put in hastily. "Hold on, Johnson, until we get this ship-shape. An axman, with a helper to haul back the ice out of the way, is all we need. Any more would only be in the way; besides, some of us ought to be on deck. It is going to require hours, maybe days, to get that chest out, and meanwhile we must sail this vessel and keep her right side up. The thing to do is to arrange relays, and keep at it steady. Johnson, you and Kelly go to work first. The rest of us will climb up into the cabin, and figure it out."

They went along with me up the ladder as though they were prisoners, casting the last lingering glances below, where the weird flame of the candle flickered yellow, the blows of the cleaver echoing sharply as they clustered about the stove, welcoming the warmth of it. My had been frigid below decks, although we had been scarcely conscious of it in our excitement. But now we stood shivering, gazing into each others' faces and actually afraid to talk lest the whole occurrence should prove a dream from which a chance word might awaken us. Three million pesos—here, actually here; almost within reach of our hands; they were digging for them just below; even then, in the silence, we could hear the faint echo of blows being struck against the ice. Three million pesos!—and it was all ours, our very own—to divide, to spend, to do with exactly as we pleased. We had dreamed about all this before, on the decks of the ill-fated Sea Queen, but now we sought to grasp it as an actual existing fact, and our minds seemed paralyzed by the knowledge. I even forgot that Doris was present until she touched me gently on the shoulder, and I looked down into her questioning eyes.

"Do you not know what we have just discovered below?" I asked, still tingling to the marvel of it. "The treasure, the Spanish treasure!"

"Oh, yes," but the soft voice seemed tinged with sadness. "Yet it does not greatly interest me. Money seems so little here, so utterly valueless."

The simple words, the tone of their utterance brought me to myself as though I had received an electric shock. She was still smiling, yet all at once I noticed how white her face was, how dark the shadows beneath her eyes. The lure of the gold vanished from my mind, as if some wizard's wand had waved it away. I thought of the treacherous sea without, the life and death struggle before us, those dreary leagues separating us from hope. My hands clasped hers, the expression of love in my eyes brightening her face instantly.

"That is so much better, Jack," she said tenderly. "I knew it was only the madness of a moment which caused you to forget. Come out on deck with me until you lose all memory of it—until I bring you back to real life again."

"I do not need it, sweetheart," and I bent low, looking into her eyes. "The fever has left my blood. I hardly know how it ever laid such hold upon me, but the thought of all that wealth below drove me as mad as the others. You see how much I need you."

"Oh, no; you would have recovered without my help, although it might have required more time to complete a cure. But I fear there is no hope for the men."

"I certainly shall not spare you to minister to them."

She laughed, her happiness of disposition returning.

"That would be useless; they are of different stamp. The fever for sudden wealth is in the blood of all of us. See how excited Celeste is. Perhaps if I had ever experienced poverty I might be crazed also. But it is so foolish here—here," and she swept her hands about in comprehensive gesture, "when we know it can be ours only for a day, or at most a week."

"Not we have not given up hope." I protested. "Why should we? The Donna Isabel seems stanch beneath us."

"Even in case of that miracle I want nothing to do with this treasure," she said gravely. "It seems to me, Jack, there must be a curse upon that gold below. It will never do good to any human being. It was stolen by the sword, won for Spain by the shedding of blood, and has since cursed this ship and all who sailed in her. The living and the dead guarded it, and now we have come into its evil clutch. It is foot superstition but faith which makes me say this—the Donna Isabel will never make port; that gold below will never do a soul on board anything but harm. I wish it could be left where it is, buried in the ice."

"At such a suggestion the men would mutiny."

"I suppose so," she acknowledged sadly, "and the end will be the same in either case. But I want you to be different. Let them build their air castles; but do you come out on deck with me, where the sea and sky will give us other thoughts."

Comprehending only vaguely what she meant, yet beneath the witching spell of her presence I went gladly enough, forgetting utterly that useless treasure imbedded in the ice below.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In Which the Treasure Causes Trouble

But the men did not forget, or cease in their eager efforts to rescue that frozen gold from the grasp of the ice. By this time, thoroughly convinced myself that our final preservation of this wealth would prove impossible, I was still far from devoid of interest in its recovery, and consequently made no effort to interrupt the work being carried on between decks. It was better that the men be busy and their minds occupied than to have them roaming aimlessly about the decks in discontent, now that the ship and weather gave us little occasion for concern. Here they vigorously plied the cleaver, working in relays of two hours each, during the remainder of the day and night. After breakfast had been served we all of us went below to unite our strength in hauling forth the loosened box from the ice cavity.

We accomplished this by resorting to block and tackle, and even then experienced no small difficulty in dragging it away from the ice grip. Under the dim candlelight it appeared a fair-sized sea-chest, constructed of some heavy, dark wood, and bound securely by metal bands, with a cumbersome lock. A considerable quantity of water from somewhere continued to seep down into the lazarette, making the floor an icy puddle, and so we tailed on to the ropes again, and hoisted the chest up through the trap-door out upon the cabin deck. I could find no keys in any of the state-rooms, and we must have been half an hour breaking the rusty lock and prying open the lid, the only sounds audible the blows struck and the heavy breathing of the men. Finally we wrenched apart the last band, and our eager eyes beheld the revealed contents—pieces-of-eight, yellow and level to the top! There was a wild yell, a fierce scramble, the crazed men digging their fingers into the coins, handling them, fondling them, laughing and crying like children in their excitement, and cursing each other as they struggled for a chance at the box. For the moment, staring down at the dull glow of the metal, I even lost control of myself, scarcely aware of the mad uproar. It was actually there—there before me! That old Spanish record had all been true; here, and beneath that ice between decks lay the remainder—three million pesos! Here was the wealth of a king; here, almost within reach of our hands, and it was all ours—ours, if we could only bring it forth to where it possessed value.

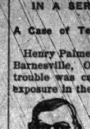
If we only could! The thought struck me like a blow. I knew the truth, the truth. There was not one chance in a thousand—not one. I made no effort to deceive myself. The men, even the mate, blinded by the gold-lust had ignored facts plain as day to me—the terrible listing of the ship to port, the constant seeping of water into the hold, the increasing soddenness of the staggering hull—all these combined to tell the story—that the Donna Isabel was doomed. No power of men, situated as we were, could ever save her. The protecting ice-sheath, by help of which she had drifted ghost-like out of the Antarctic, pounded by the fierce seas, loosened by the air of more northern latitudes, had already commenced to flake off, and the invading water was discovering crevices everywhere along her ancient seams. We had come to the gold; we had discovered it; it was ours. But we could only gaze on it, and give it back to the ocean in exchange for our lives. I straightened up, my lips compressed, and looked beyond the struggling figures of the men into Doris' questioning gray eyes. Father of Mercy, I possessed something that was more than mere love of a woman! Ay, but what of the men? What of the men? It would be cutting their hearts out; yet it must be done—done, if necessary, with all the brutality of a slave driver. She had said the treasure was a curse, a legacy of crime and blood, a prize for dead men. Not while I retained mind and body to battle should it cost our lives. I pushed De Nova backward, and planted myself across the open chest, scowling into the uplifted, angry faces.

"That's enough, men. This is part of the treasure all right, but there is no occasion for you to go crazy over it. Put those coins back—do you hear, McKnight?—put them back, and we'll shut down the lid. They're too to look at, and dream over, but that's about all the good we'll ever get of them. Were there any signs of others down there in the ice, Johnson?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN A SERIOUS CONDITION.

A Case of Terrible Kidney Trouble.



Henry Palmer, Cole and Walnut Sts., Barnesville, O., says: "My kidney trouble was caused by hardships and exposure in the army. The awful pains across my back gradually became more severe until I was in constant misery. My feet and hands were swollen to twice their natural size. The kidney secretions were in a terrible condition—for months I voided what seemed to be clear blood. I became so dizzy everything seemed to whirl. My condition was alarming when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Before long I improved and was soon strong and well."

Remember the name—Doan's.

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Conditional Piety.

Two Scotch fishermen, James and Sandy, belated and benighted on a rough water, were in some trepidation lest they should never get ashore again. At last Jamie said:

"Sandy, I'm steerling, and I think you'd better put up a bit of prayer."

"I don't know how," said Sandy.

"If ye don't I'll chuck ye overboard," said Jamie.

Sandy began: "Oh, Lord, I never asked anything of ye for fifteen years, and if ye'll only get us safe back, I'll never trouble ye again, and—"

"Whist, Sandy," said Jamie. "The boat's touched shore; don't be beholden to anybody."—Short Stories.

A Protection Against the Heat.

When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send 2c stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

The young who take advice are almost beyond the need of it.—George MacDonald.

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER

is the best, safest and surest remedy for cramps, colic and diarrhea. As a liniment for wounds and sprains it is unequaled. 25c, 50c and 50c.

To make pleasures pleasant, shorten them.—Buxton.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

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JUST THE PLACE you are looking for is an irrigated farm in Western Canada. Write today for free information. Full, practical, up-to-date information. Easy terms. $1,000,000 to loan on farms. Address, W. H. MILLER, Dept. 23, Detroit, Mich.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 20—1910.

Be Wise in Time —

You cannot keep well unless the bowels are regular. Neglect of this rule of health invites half the sicknesses from which we suffer. Keep the bowels right, otherwise waste matter and poisons which should pass out of the body, find their way into the blood and sicken the whole system. Don't wait until the bowels are constipated; take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They are the finest natural laxative in the world—gentle, safe, prompt and thorough. They strengthen the stomach muscles, and will not injure the delicate mucous lining of the bowels. Beecham's Pills have a constitutional action. That is, the longer you take them, the less frequently you need them. They help Nature help herself and

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In Boxes 10c. and 25c. with full directions.

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with strawberries and cream.

A delightful combination that strongly appeals to the appetite.

The crisp, fluffy bits have a distinctive flavour and are ready to serve from the package without cooking.

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Appetizing,
Healthful food.

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Popular pkg. 10c.
Family size, 15c.

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Hot Water Cure for Insomnia.

To insure the benefit of the hot water, it must be taken off the fire the moment it boils—not just before or after—and poured at once into a cup or glass. Then it should be taken while very hot. A little practice will enable one to swallow it at little less than the boiling point, and in addition to the proper temperature, the proper time must be observed. It is most efficacious in curing indigestion and improving the general tone of the system if taken immediately on waking in the morning, again an hour before lunch and an hour before dinner also, and to drink two glassfuls on retiring will almost positively insure sound sleep. It may require two or three days' trial before the desired result is effected, but once gained it can be held without interruption by faithfully pursuing this method.

Puzzled Innkeeper.

Rear Admiral Philip C. Cooper, chief of the Asiatic station, complained in a recent letter home of the extortions of innkeepers in out of the way parts of the globe.

"In Montenegro, once," he wrote, "I asked for my bill, after having slept over night at a certain inn, and, as soon as the document was handed to me, I took out my purse to settle it. I did not bother to verify the various items. What would have been the use?

"But my readiness to pay amazed the landlord. He thought a moment, and then he said, uneasily:

"'Will you let me have another look at that bill, sir? I think I have omitted something.'"

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TIGER
FINE CUT
CHEWING TOBACCO

is the last word in tobacco cleanliness. Each air-tight, dust-proof package is sold to you from the same tin canister in which it comes.

Hence you can buy Tiger anywhere, at any time and it is always clean, fresh, moist and full-flavored.

A delicious chew.

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Weight Guaranteed by the United States Government

SOLD EVERYWHERE

TIGER BRIGHT SWEET CHEWING TOBACCO

NEVER A MAN TO BE ENVIED

Philadelphia Writer's Idea of Status to Be Accorded Bachelor in Society.

The bachelor is punished already, not only in losing the joys of a home, but being an object of contumely. So long as bachelors are willing to put up with all the losses they sustain in celibacy far be it from the majesty of the law to impose further penalties. It was Cicero or a man of his day who remarked that it was onerous for a man to get along with a wife, but impossible to get along without one. The bachelor is not a man—only a more or less imitation of one—sometimes a very poor one. He thinks he has a good time in escaping all the major responsibilities of life, but he is deceiving no one but himself. As an example and a warning he has his uses in society. As an individual he is apt to find that he is eating only apples of Sodom. The man who deliberately remains a bachelor is already punished enough. Let him alone in his misery until some nice girl comes along and carries him off. And we may remark that no man is a bachelor of his own initiative—no matter how much he may think so. He is simply a human derelict whom the women have examined and passed by. The bachelors are the dialects members of society whom no woman will have. That is awful and hard to be sung.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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