# PHANTOM SHIP

--OR--

## The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Where was Mynheer von Stroom during all this work of destruction? In his bed-place, covered up with the clothes, trembling in every limb, and vowing if ever again he put his foot on shore not all the companies in the world should induce him to trust to salt water again. It certainly was the best plan for the poor man.

The vessel, after running to the southward till past Table Bay, had, by the alteration made in her course, entered into False Bay, where, to a certain degree, she was sheltered from the violence of the winds and waves. But although the water was smoother, the waves were still more than sufficient to beat to pieces any vessel that might be driven on shore at the bottom of the bay, to which point the Ter Schilling was now running. The bay so far offered a fair chance of escape, as, instead of the rocky coast outside, against which had the vessel run, a few seconds would have insured her destruction, there was a shelving beach of loose sand. But of this Philip could, of course, have no knowledge, for the land at the entrance of the bay had been passed unperceived in the darkness of the night. About twenty minutes more had elapsed when Philip observed that the whole sea around them was one continued foam. He had hardly time for conjecture before the ship struck heavily on the sands, and the remaining masts fell by the board.

The crash of the falling masts, the heavy beating of the ship on the sands, which caused many of her timbers to part, with a whole sea which swept clean over the fated vessel, checked the songs and drunken revelry of the crew. Another minute, and the vessel was swung round on her broadside to the sea, and lay on her beam ends. Philip, who was to windward, clung to the bulwark, while the intoxicated seamen floundered in the water to leeward and attempted to gain the other side of the ship. Much to Philip's horror, he perceived the body of Mynheer Kloots sink down in the water (which now was several feet deep on the lee side of the deck), without any apparent effort on the part of the captain to save himself. He was then gone, and there was no hopes for him. Philip thought of Hillebrant, and hastened down below; he found him still in his bed-place, lying against the side. He lifted him out, and with difficulty climbed with him on deck, and laid him in the long boat on the booms, as the best chance of saving his life. To this boat, the only one which could be made available, the crew had also repaired; but they repulsed Philip, who would have got into her; and, as the sea made clean breakers over them, they cast loose the lashings which confined her. With the assistance of another heavy sea, which lifted her from the chocks, she was borne clear of the booms and dashed over the gunwale into the water to leeward, which was comparatively smooth—not, however, without being filled nearly up to the thwarts. But this was little cared for by the intoxicated seamen, who, as soon as they were afloat, again raised their shouts and songs of revelry as they were borne away by the wind and sea toward the beach. Philip, who held on by the stump of the mainmast, watched them with an anxious eye, now perceiving them borne aloft on the foaming surf, now disappearing in the trough. More and more distant were the sounds of their mad voices, till at last he could hear them no more—he beheld the boat balanced on an enormous rolling sea, and then he saw it not again.

CHAPTER X.

Philip knew that now his only chance was to remain with the vessel, and attempt to save himself upon some fragment of the wreck. That the ship would long hold together he felt was impossible; already she had parted her upper decks, and each shock of the waves divided her more and more. At last, as he clung to the mast, he heard a noise abaft, and he then recollected that Mynheer von Stroom was still in his cabin. Philip crawled aft, and found that the poop ladder had been thrown against the cabbin door, so as to prevent its being opened. He removed it, and entered the cabin, where he found Mynheer von Stroom clinging to windward with the grasp of death—but it was not death, but the paralysis of fear. He spoke to him, but could obtain no reply; he attempted to move him, but it was impossible to make him let go the part of the bulkhead that he grasped. A loud noise and the rush of a mass of water told Philip that the vessel had parted amidships, and he unwillingly abandoned the poor supercargo to his fate and went out of the cabin door. At the after hatchway he observed something struggling—it was Johannes the bear, who was swimming, but still fastened by a cord which prevented his escape. Philip took out his knife and released the poor animal, and hardly had he done this act of kindness when a heavy sea turned over the after part of the vessel, which separated in many places, and Philip found himself struggling in the waves. He seized upon a part of the deck which supported him, and was borne away by the surf toward the beach. In a few minutes he was near to the land, and shortly afterward the piece of planking to which he was clinging struck on the sand, and then, being turned over by the force of the running wave, Philip lost his hold, and was left to his own exertions. He struggled long, but although so near to the shore, could not gain a footing; the returning wave dragged him back, and thus was he hurled to and fro until his strength was gone. He was sinking under the wave to rise no more when he felt something touch his hand. He seized it with the grasp of death. It was the shaggy hide of the bear Johannes, who was making for the shore, and who soon dragged him clear of the surf, so that he could gain a footing. Philip crawled up the beach above the reach of the waves, and, exhausted with fatigue, sank down in a swoon.

When Philip was recalled from his state of lethargy, his first feeling was intense pain in his still closed eyes, arising from having been many hours exposed to the rays of an ardent sun. He opened them, but was obliged to close them immediately, for the light entered into them like the point of a knife. He turned over on his side, and, covering them with his hand, remained some time in that position, until, by degrees, he found that his eyesight was restored. He then rose, and after a few seconds could distinguish the scene around him. The sea was still rough, and tossed about in the surf fragments of the vessel; the whole sand was strewn with her cargo and content. Near him was the body of Hillebrant, and the other bodies which were scattered on the beach told him that those who had taken to the boat had all perished.

It was, by the height of the sun, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, as near as he could estimate; but Philip suffered such an oppression of mind, he felt so wearied and in such pain, that he took but a slight survey. His brain was whirling, and all he demanded was repose. He walked away from the scene of destruction, and, having found a sandhill, behind which he was defended from the burning rays of the sun, he again lay down, and sank into a deep sleep, from which he did not wake until the ensuing morning.

Philip was roused a second time by the sensation of something pricking him on the chest. He started up, and beheld a figure standing over him. His eyes were still feeble and his vision indistinct; he rubbed them for a time, for he first thought it was the bear Johannes, and, again, that it was the supercargo, Von Stroom, who had appeared before him. He looked again, and found that he was mistaken, although he had warrant for supposing it to be either or both. A Hottentot, with an assegai in his hand, stood by his side; over his shoulder he had thrown the fresh-severed skin of the poor bear, and on his head, with the curls descending to his waist, was one of the wigs of the supercargo, Von Stroom. Such was the gravity of the black's appearance in this strange costume (for in every other respect he was naked) that at any other time Philip would have been induced to laugh heartily; but his feelings were now too acute. He rose upon his feet and stood by the side of the Hottentot, who still continued immovable, but certainly without the slightest appearance of hostile intentions.

A sensation of overpowering thirst now seized upon Philip, and he made signs that he wished to drink. The Hottentot motioned him to follow, and led over the sandhills to the beach, where Philip discovered upward of fifty men, who were busy selecting various articles from the scattered stores of the vessel. It was evident by the respect paid to Philip's conductor that he was the chief of the kraal. A few words, uttered with the greatest solemnity, were sufficient to produce—though not exactly what Philip required—a small quantity of dirty water from a calabass, which, however, was to him delicious. His conductor then waved to him to take a seat on the sand.

After a time the Hottentots began to collect all the wood which appeared to have iron in it, made it up into several piles, and set them on fire. The chief then made a sign to Philip, to ask him if he was hungry. Philip replied in the affirmative, when his new acquaintance put his hand into a bag made of goatskin and pulled out a handfull of very large beetles, and presented them to him. Philip refused them with marks of disgust, upon which the chief very sedately cracked and ate them; and, having finished the whole handful, rose and made a sign to Philip to follow him. As Philip rose he perceived floating in the surf his own chest. He hastened to it and made signs that it was his, took the key out of his pocket and opened it, and then made up a bundle of articles most useful, not forgetting a bag of guilders. His conductor made no objection, but, calling to one of the men near, pointed out the lock and hinges to him, and then set off, followed by Philip, across the sandhills. In about an hour they arrived at the kraal, consisting of low huts covered with skins, and were met by the women and children, who appeared to be in high admiration at their chief's new attire. They showed every kindness to Philip, bringing him milk, which he drank eagerly. Philip surveyed these daughters of Eve, and, as he turned from their offensive greasy attire, their strange forms and hideous features, he sighed and thought of his charming Amine.

The sun was now setting, and Philip still felt fatigued. He made signs that he wished to repose. They led him into a hut, and, though surrounded as he was with filth, and his nose assailed by every variety of bad smell, attacked moreover by insects, he laid his head on his bundle, and, uttering a short prayer of thanksgiving, was soon in a sound sleep.

The next morning he was awakened by the chief of the kraal, accompanied by another man who spoke a little Dutch. He stated his wish to be taken to the settlement where the ships came and anchored, and was fully understood. But the man said that there were no ships in the bay at the time. Philip, nevertheless, requested he might be taken there, as he felt that his best chance of getting on board of any vessel would be by remaining at the settlement, and, at all events, he would be in the company of Europeans until a vessel arrived. The distance, he discovered, was but one day's march, or less. After some little conversation with the chief, the man who spoke Dutch desired Philip to follow him, and that he would take him there. Philip drank plentifully from a bowl of milk brought him by one of the women, and, again refusing a handful of beetles offered by the chief, he took up his bundle and followed his new acquaintance.

Toward evening they arrived at the hills, from which Philip had a view of Table Bay and the few houses erected by the Dutch. To his delight, he perceived that there was a vessel under sail in the offing. On his arrival at the beach, to which he hastened, he found that she had sent a boat on shore for fresh provisions. He accosted the people, told them who he was, told them also of the fatal wreck of the Ter Schilling, and of his wish to embark.

The officer in charge of the boat willingly consented to take him on board, and informed Philip that they were homeward bound. Philip's heart leaped at the intelligence. Had she been outward bound, he would have joined her; but now he had a prospect of again seeing his dear Amine before he reembarked to follow out his peculiar destiny. He felt that there was still some happiness in store for him; that his life was to be checkered with alternate privation and repose, and that his future prospect was not to be one continued chain of suffering and death.

He was kindly received by the captain of the vessel, who freely gave him a passage home; and in three months, without any events worth narrating, Philip Vanderdecken found himself once more at anchor before the town of Amsterdam.

Amine was both surprised and glad to welcome her husband home so much sooner than she expected. Philip remained at home for several months, during which his father-in-law, Mynheer Poots, died, leaving Amine a great fortune in gold and jewels, which he had accumulated.

Leaving his wife comfortably established, with two servants to wait on her, Philip again departed on his mission, this time as second mate on the Batavia, a fine vessel of 400 tons burden.

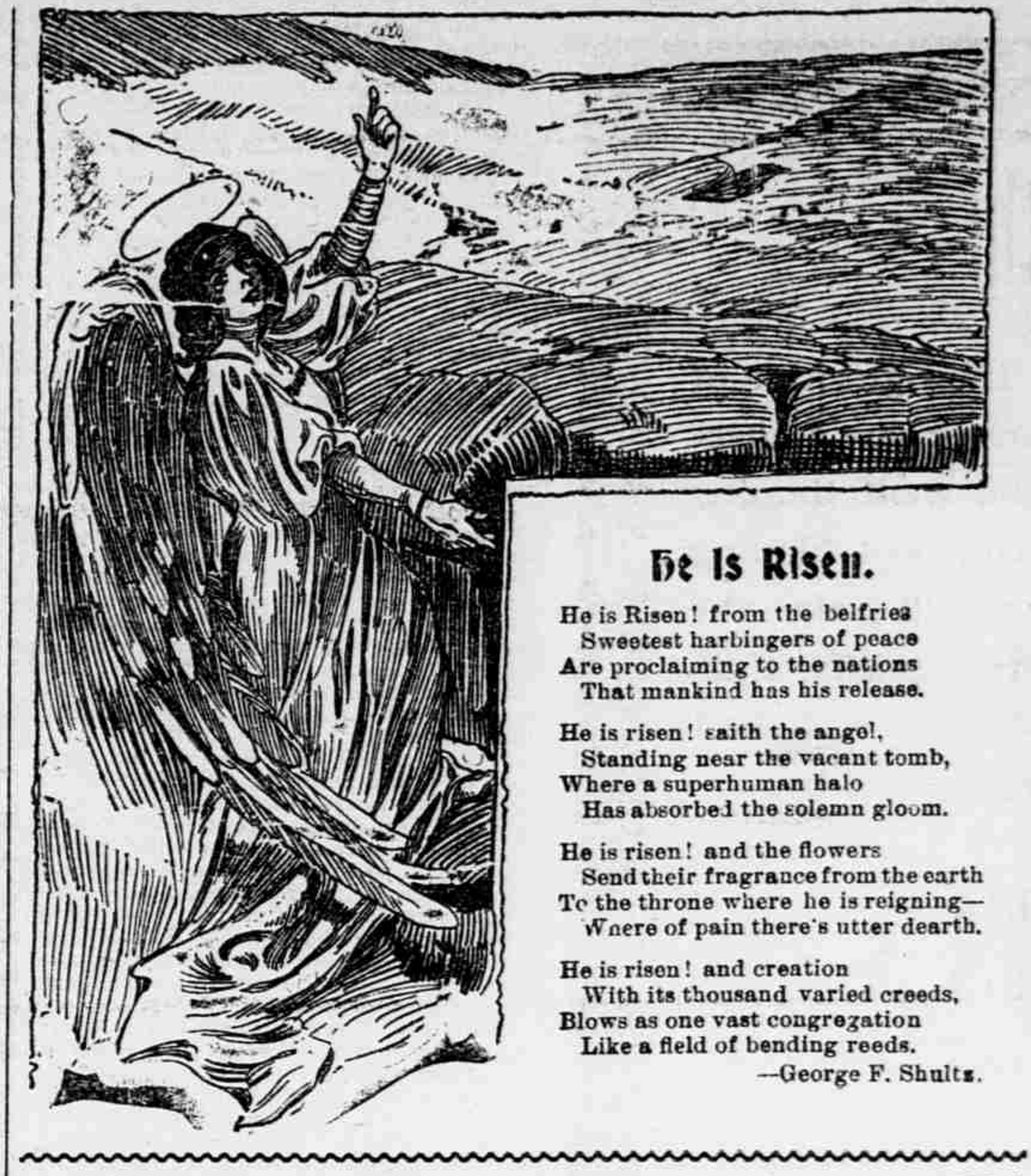
(To be continued.)

### THE SULTAN'S MANNERS.

**His Quiet Dignity, Pleasing Smile and Unusually Sympathetic Voice.**

As to the sultan's working habits, I have known him to be at work at five in the morning and keep a whole staff of secretaries going at that hour who had slept overnight on couches in the rooms in the palace they habitually work in, says Harper's Magazine. Munir Pasha, the imperial grand master of ceremonies, and one of the most kindly, distinguished men it is possible to meet, once said to me: "There is one characteristic of his majesty which conveys a constant lesson to us all; it is his extraordinary self-control—his impassive calm. It is almost sublime. No contrariety, no trial, seems able to ruffle his perfect self-possession. It is truly marvelous." The prepossessing impression which the sultan is universally admitted to produce on those who are privileged to come into contact with him is doubtless in part due to that charm of manner, that quiet dignity, so free from angular self-assertion, which is more or less characteristic of all well-bred Turks. But in his case it is supplemented by a pleasing smile and an unusually sympathetic voice, the notes of which always seem to convey a pleasant impression, even to the stranger who is unable to understand what his majesty has said until it is translated by the interpreter. The sultan usually gives audiences on Friday after the ceremony of the Selamlik, when he wears a Turkish general's uniform, with the star of the Imtiaz order in brilliants hung from his neck. As he sits in front of you, with his hands resting on the hilt of his sword before him, and you watch him speak to Munir Pasha in his quiet, dignified way, you cannot resist the impression of his picturesque dignity.

Don't neglect to keep your shoes polished. You can always shine at one end if you can't at the other.



### He Is Risen.

He is Risen! from the belfries
  Sweetest harbingers of peace
Are proclaiming to the nations
  That mankind has his release.

He is risen! saith the angel,
  Standing near the vacant tomb,
Where a superhuman halo
  Has absorbed the solemn gloom.

He is risen! and the flowers
  Send their fragrance from the earth
To the throne where he is reigning—
  Where of pain there's utter dearth.

He is risen! and creation
  With its thousand varied creeds,
Blows as one vast congregation
  Like a field of bending reeds.

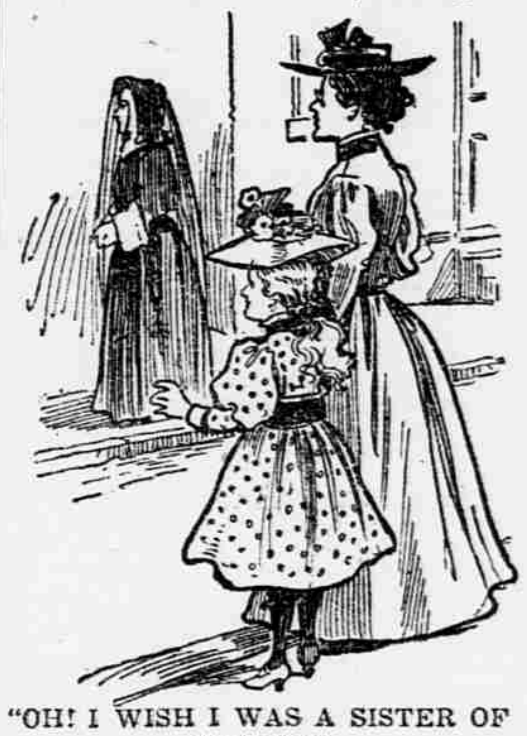
—George F. Shults.

## ETHEL'S EASTER.

ETHEL lived on the seashore—that part of the Alabama coast which the Mobilians call "Over the Bay"—and she visited Mobile rarely except during Christmas and Easter. She was a busy little girl, with lessons and piano practice, and asked so many questions that an old sea captain who lived near her home gave her the name of Little Conundrum.

Some days before Easter she went with her governess into the city, and saw a woman attired in a black gown, a black bonnet and black veil. Inside the bonnet she wore a closely fitting cap, not at all like a widow's cap.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ethel, seizing the arm of her governess. "Who is that, Miss Mary? What makes her dress so? She has a chain at her side, too!"



"OH! I WISH I WAS A SISTER OF MERCY!"

"That is a Sister of Mercy," answered Miss Mary.

"Whose sister?" asked Ethel.

"A Sister of Mercy—a sister to all who need her."

"A sister to everybody?" echoed Ethel, looking puzzled.

"Yes. She spends her life in acts of mercy to the poor and the rich, too, if they need her."

"Does everybody love her?" asked Ethel, looking after the black gown.

"Oh, yes. People send for her when they are in distress. A Sister of Mercy nursed your Uncle Frank when he was ill of yellow fever."

the audacity to tell them that he adore

"Oh, I wish I was a Sister of Mercy!" said Ethel, as they left the carriage and entered a shop, "but I wouldn't like to wear that dress."

"You need not wear it to be a good nurse."

"Well, but I want to be a sure enough Sister of Mercy. Can't I have a mark so people will know it?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Mary, laughing, "if you insist upon a mark, you can wear a badge on your sleeve. I can easily make one for you."

On Easter morning Ethel put on the badge which Miss Mary had made for her of beautiful white ribbon. As she returned from church she found a bird with a broken leg, which she bandaged. Then she put the little invalid in a box, which Tom called the hospital. Easter Monday her first act of mercy was to carry a dinner to old Uncle Ebenezer, who was a cripple from rheumatism. He had been her grandfather's slave, and now lived with her father at the old homestead, the Maples.

"Look here, Uncle Ebby," said she, pointing to her shoulder. "You can't guess what that is, can you?"

"No, honey," answered Uncle Ebby, already beginning to eat.

"It means I'm a Sister of Mercy," replied Ethel. "I began this Easter. That is my Easter resolution."

"Dat, indeed!" said Uncle Ebby, absorbed in his dinner. "Is you gwine 'bout nussin' fokes?" he added.

"No-o," drawled Ethel. "Mamma won't let me do that. Maybe I'll do something after a while for that poor woman at the wharf; but I'm going to help everybody here. I'm going to help Aunt Melindy feed the chickens, and now I will help you scrape lint for your lame foot."

While Uncle Ebby was eating, Ethel filled a basket with lint and set it on the chimney shelf.

"Now, Uncle Ebby, listen to me," said Ethel, "when you are sick in bed you mustn't call Jake or 'Tildy or any of your grandchildren. I'm to do the nursing on this plantation, and I want to call Jake and make him tie a string to your bedpost, and the other end to my bedpost, so that you can ring a bell right over my head when you are sick. You understand?"

"Jake! Jake!" called Ethel. Jake came when called, and after many trials arranged an unsightly contrivance, so that the pulling of the string did ring a bell just over Ethel's bed. Her brother Tom ridiculed it, but mamma said Sisters of Mercy must be patient under ridicule.

Every night Ethel hung her cloak near her bedside, ready to rush out at the sound of the bell. One night Tom played a practical joke by ringing the bell, but papa's sharp reprimand prevented a repetition of his mischief.

Suddenly one night the bell did ring, long and loud. Ethel jumped out of bed and in a few minutes stood at Uncle Ebby's bedside. The moonlight fell on the black face and white head. Shaking his arm with all her might, she called out, "Uncle Ebby, wake up!"

The old man opened his eyes and sat up in bed.

"Didn't you ring the bell? What is the matter?"

"Nuthin' 'tall," said Uncle Ebby, at last recognizing the little sister.

Suddenly Ethel turned and perceived a curl of smoke in the corner of the cabin.

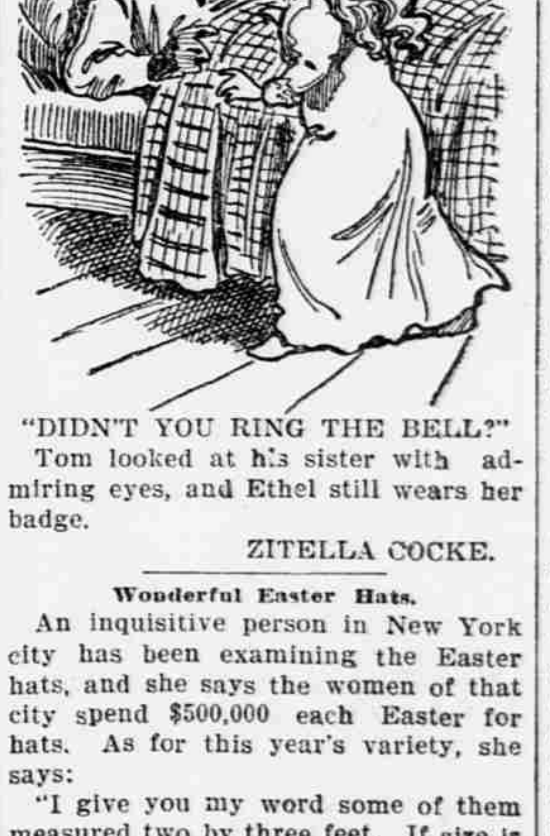
"What's that, Uncle Ebby? Look! Look!"

"Sump'n a-fiah, sho'!"

And so it was. Uncle Ebby screamed for help. Black and white rushed to the rescue. Jake and the other men led the cattle out of danger, and the mystery of the bell was solved when old Brindle's horns were seen struggling with the string, which, in order to reach up to Ethel's chamber, had been passed through the cow shed. The smoke had driven her to the open door, and in making her way she had caught her horns in the string. Fortunately nothing was burned except the corner of the shed.

Next morning at breakfast Tom, who had been very brave in putting out the fire, said, "Well, Ethel, which is the Sister of Mercy, you or old Brindle?"

But papa said, "If she had not been a Sister of Mercy, there is no telling what a fire we might have had, and perhaps poor old Uncle Ebby would have been burned in his bed. Ethel's Easter resolution was a noble one, and I hope it will last until next Easter."



"DIDN'T YOU RING THE BELL?"

Tom looked at his sister with admiring eyes, and Ethel still wears her badge.

ZITELLA COCKE.

**Wonderful Easter Hats.**

An inquisitive person in New York city has been examining the Easter hats, and she says the women of that city spend $500,000 each Easter for hats. As for this year's variety, she says:

"I give you my word some of them measured two by three feet. If size is what you are looking for, you will find it in the April extravaganza—and you will pay for it. In fact, the hat seems to be in direct ratio to its traditional bill. Humility has a way of showing itself in blushes that cost $14 a bunch. Clever French roses they are, with such a natural look that the Fifth avenue bee pauses to sip of their painted honey. The price of a single hat, to be really swell, must be at least $35. After that, anywhere into the hundreds. Fifty dollars is by no means an uncommon price for a New York woman to pay for a hat that takes her fancy.

### GIFT-GIVING AT EASTER.

**Practice Still Prevails and a Very Pretty Custom.**

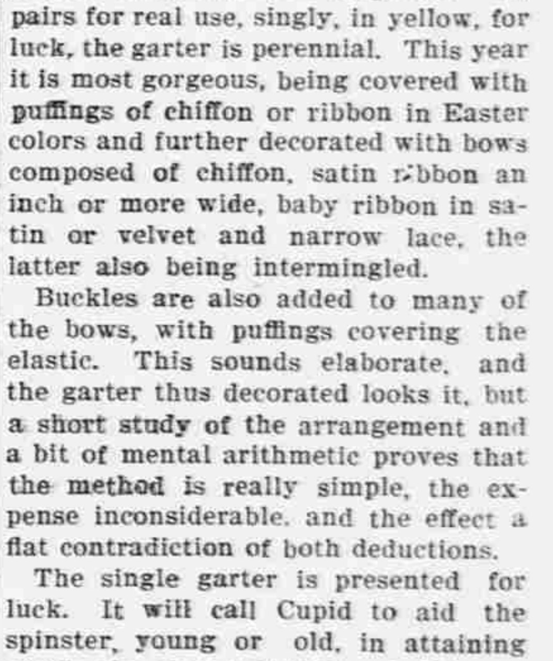
The old habit of gift-giving at Easter is still alive and it is the correct thing that such gifts should be made by the hands of the donor. Some of these are pretty and comparatively inexpensive.

Book and magazine covers made of water color paper or art linen are among the pretty and useful gifts. A cover for a dictionary will serve as a model. It was made of white water-color paper of a light grade and used on a peper covered edition that was about five inches wide by six long. The paper was first fitted to the covers of the dictionary and folded and creased so that the surface to be decorated was plainly indicated. On one side was painted a full cluster of forget-me-nots. On the other was a smaller spray, which occupied two-thirds of the space; the remaining third—just in front of the back—was tinted a delicate gray, on which, in gilt, in fancy lettering, was the word "Dictionary." Then the cover was again folded over the volume and this time secured with mucilage or photographer's paste.

Violets or any other blossom preferred could be used in place of the forget-me-nots as a decoration. When linen is used in making book or magazine covers embroidery is a better, more satisfactory condition than painting.

Book marks are favorite Easter gifts and generally hand painted on water-color paper, celluloid or ribbon. A pretty one of the first material is composed of two strips of the paper cut exactly alike—about an inch and three-quarters wide and five long. On the center of the under one is a dainty little wash drawing; in the center of the upper one is cut an oblong opening to fit the drawing, and on the uncut surface is delicately painted a bit of red and yellow foliage, such as appears in early spring on some varieties of trees and shrubs. From between the ends of the pasted strips extend bits of fringed ribbon in either of the Easter colors—white, yellow or lavender.

The special talisman of Easter—the garter—must not be forgotten. In pairs for real use, singly, in yellow, for luck, the garter is perennial. This year it is most gorgeous, being covered with puffings of chiffon or ribbon in Easter colors and further decorated with bows composed of chiffon, satin ribbon an inch or more wide, baby ribbon in satin or velvet and narrow lace, the latter also being intermingled.



AN EASTER GARTER.

Buckles are also added to many of the bows, with puffings covering the elastic. This sounds elaborate, and the garter thus decorated looks it, but a short study of the arrangement and a bit of mental arithmetic proves that the method is really simple, the expense inconsiderable, and the effect a flat contradiction of both deductions.

The single garter is presented for luck. It will call Cupid to aid the spinster, young or old, in attaining within the year that "other half" ever and eagerly expected. Three conditions are necessary, however. It must be yellow, it must be worn on the left leg and it must be—well, the third condition is only traditional, anyway, and is better not mentioned.

Aluminium is made up into all sorts of boxes, trays, cups, baskets, crosses, frames, etc., and these may be prettily hand painted. Sheets of aluminium, like those of celluloid, may be cut into cards, bookmarks, crosses and other articles and similarly decorated.

A rich-looking gift, costing really very little, is a work bag of brocaded satin, decorated with painted clusters of violets. It is lined with plain satin of the same color and is supplied with an encircling row of small pockets.

A souvenir book for the use of the amateur photographer is easily made as follows: Through one end of each of twelve of the cards upon which photographs are mounted punch two holes. In one end of each of two sections of heavy water color paper cut half an inch larger each way than the cards, punch two corresponding holes, lay the cards between these covers and fasten all of the parts together with ribbon drawn through the holes and tied in a pretty bow. On the front cover paste a photograph of some locality in which there is mutual interest, or make a pretty wash drawing of some familiar spot. Underneath designate the purpose of the book by the inscription: "Camera Gems" or "Summer Wanderings," "Through the Lens" or something equally appropriate. The possessor of a camera will greatly appreciate such a gift, especially if on the cards are or can be mounted some of his or her own pet work.