

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—

The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

The Utrecht sailed with a flowing sheet, and was soon clear of the English Channel; the voyage promised to be auspicious, favoring gales bore them without accident to within a few hundred miles of the Cape of Good Hope, when, for the first time, they were becalmed. Amine was delighted; in the evenings she would pace the deck with Phillip; then all was silent, except the splash of the wave as it washed against the sides of the vessel—all was in repose and beauty, as the bright southern constellations sparkled over their heads.

When the day dawned, the lookout man at the mast-head reported that he perceived something floating on the still surface of the water, on the beam of the vessel. Krantz went up with the glass to examine, and made it out to be a small boat, probably cut adrift from some vessel. As there was no appearance of wind, Phillip permitted a boat to be sent to examine it, and after a long pull the seamen returned on board, towing the small boat astern.

"There is the body of a man in it," said the second mate to Krantz, as he gained the gangway; "but whether he is quite dead or not, I cannot tell." Krantz reported this to Phillip, who was at that time sitting at breakfast with Amine, in the cabin, and then proceeded to the gangway, to where the body of the man had been already handed up by the seamen. The surgeon, who had been summoned, declared that life was not yet extinct, and was ordering him to be taken below, for recovery, when to their astonishment the man turned as he lay, sat up, and ultimately rose upon his feet and staggered to a gun, when, after a time, he appeared to be fully recovered. In reply to questions put to him, he said that he was in a vessel which had been upset in a squall, that he had time to cut away the small boat astern, and that all the rest of the crew had perished. He had hardly made his answer, when Phillip, with Amine, came out of the cabin, and walked up to where the seamen were crowded round the man; the seamen retreated so as to make an opening, when Phillip and Amine, to their astonishment and horror, recognized their old acquaintance, the one-eyed pilot Schriften.

"He! he! Captain Vanderdecken, I believe—glad to see you in command, and you, too, fair lady."

Phillip turned away with a chill at his heart; Amine's eye flashed as she surveyed the wasted form of the wretched creature. After a few seconds she turned round and followed Phillip into the cabin, where she found him with his face buried in his hands. "Courage, Phillip, courage!" said Amine; "it was indeed a heavy shock, and I fear me forbodes evil; but what then? it is our destiny." "It is! it ought perhaps to be mine," replied Phillip, raising his head; "but you, Amine, why should you be a partner?"

"I am your partner, Phillip, in life and in death. I would not die first, Phillip, because it would grieve you; but your death will be the signal for mine, and I will join you quickly."

"Surely, Amine, you would not hasten your own?"

"Yes! and require but one moment for this little steel to do its duty."

"Nay! Amine, that is not lawful—our religion forbids it."

"It may do so, but I cannot tell why. I came into this world without my own consent; surely I may leave without asking the leave of priests! But let that pass for the present; what will you do with that Schriften?"

"Put him on shore at the Cape; I cannot bear the odious wretch's presence. Did you not feel the chill, as before, when you approached him?"

"I did—I knew that he was there before I saw him; but still I know not why. I feel as if I would not send him away."

"Why not?"

"I believe it is because I am inclined to brave destiny, not to quail at it. The wretch can do no harm."

"Yes, he can—much; he can render the ship's company mutinous and disaffected; besides, he attempted to deprive me of my relic."

"I almost wish he had done so; then must you have discontinued this wild search."

"Nay, Amine, say not so; it is my duty, and I have taken my solemn oath—"

ceasing in her attempts to gain the good-will of Schriften. She had often conversed with him on deck, and had done him every kindness, and had overcome that fear which his near approach had generally occasioned. Schriften gradually appeared mindful of this kindness, and at last to be pleased with Amine's company. To Phillip he was at times civil and courteous, but not always; to Amine he was always deferent. His language was mystical—she could not prevent his chuckling laugh, his occasional "He! he!" from breaking forth. But when they anchored at Gambroon, he was on such terms with her that he would occasionally come into the cabin; and, although he would not sit down, would talk to Amine for a few minutes, and then depart.

The Utrecht sailed from Gambroon, touched at Ceylon and proceeded on her voyage in the Eastern seas. The ship was not far from the Andaman Isles, when Krantz, who had watched the barometer, came in early one morning and called Phillip.

"We have every prospect of a typhoon, sir," said Krantz; "the glass and the weather are both threatening."

"Then we must make all snug. Send down top-gallant yards and small sails directly. We will strike top-gallant masts. I will be out in a minute."

Phillip hastened on deck. The sea was smooth, but already the moaning of the wind gave notice of the approaching storm. The vacuum in the air was about to be filled up, and the convulsion would be terrible; a white haze gathered fast, thicker and thicker; the men were turned up, everything of weight was sent below, and the guns were secured. Now came a blast of wind which careened the ship, passed over, and in a minute she righted as before; then another and another, fiercer and fiercer still. The sea, although smooth, at last appeared white as a sheet with foam, as the typhoon swept along in its impetuous career; it burst upon the vessel, which bowed down to her gunwale and there remained; in a quarter of an hour the hurricane had passed over and the vessel was relieved; but the sea had risen, and the wind was strong. In another hour the blast again came, more wild, more furious than at first; the waves were dashed into their faces, torrents of rain descended, the ship was thrown on her beam ends and thus remained till the wild blast had passed away, to sweep destruction far beyond them, leaving behind it a tumultuous, angry sea.

"It is nearly over, I believe, sir," said Krantz. "It is clearing up a little to windward."

"We have had the worst of it, I believe," said Phillip.

"No; there is worse to come," said a low voice near to Phillip. It was Schriften who spoke.

"A vessel to windward scudding before the gale!" cried Krantz.

Phillip looked to windward, and in the spot where the horizon was clearest he saw a vessel under topsails and foresail standing right down. "She is a large vessel; bring me my glass."

The telescope was brought from the cabin, but before Phillip could use it a haze had again gathered up to windward, and the vessel was not to be seen.

"Thick again," observed Phillip, as he shut in his telescope. "We must look out for that vessel, that she does not run too close to us."

"She has seen us, no doubt, sir," said Krantz.

After a few minutes the typhoon again raged, and the atmosphere was a murky gloom. It seemed as if some heavy fog had been hurled along by the furious wind; nothing was to be distinguished except the white foam of the sea, and that not the distance of half a cable's length, where it was lost in one dark-gray mist. The storm-staysail, yielding to the force of the wind, was rent into strips, and flogged and cracked with a noise even louder than the gale. The furious blast again blew over, and the mist cleared up a little.

"Ship on the weather beam close aboard of us!" cried one of the men.

Krantz and Phillip sprang upon the gunwale, and beheld the large ship bearing right down upon them, not three cables' length distant.

"Helm up! She does not see us, and she will be aboard of us!" cried Phillip.

"Helm up, I say; hard up, quick!" The helm was put up, as the men, perceiving their imminent danger, climbed upon the guns to look if the vessel altered her course; but no—down she came, and the headsails of the Utrecht having been carried away, to their horror they perceived that she would not answer her helm and pay off as they required.

"Ship ahoy!" cried Krantz, on the gunwale, waving his hat. It was useless—down she came, with the waters foaming under her bows, and was now within pistol shot of the Utrecht.

"Ship ahoy!" roared all the sailers, with a shout that must have been heard; it was not attended to; down came the vessel upon them, and now her cut-water was within ten yards of the Utrecht. The men of the Utrecht, who expected that their vessel would be severed in half by the concussion, climbed upon the weather gunwale, all

ready to catch at the ropes of the other vessel and climb on board of her. Amine, who had been surprised at the noise on deck, had come out and had taken Phillip by the arm.

"Trust to me—the shock—" said Phillip. He said no more; the cut-water of the stranger touched their sides; one general cry was raised by the sailors of the Utrecht—they sprang to catch at the rigging of the other vessel's bowsprit, which was now pointed between their masts. They caught at nothing—nothing—there was no shock—no concussion of the two vessels—the stranger appeared to cleave through them; her hull passed along in silence; no cracking of timbers; no falling of masts; the foreyard passed through their mainsail, yet the canvas was unrent; the whole vessel appeared to cut through the Utrecht, yet left no trace of injury—not fast, but slowly, as if she were really sawing through her by the heaving and tossing of the sea with her sharp prow. The stranger's forechains had passed their gunwale before Phillip could recover himself. "Amine!" cried he, at last; "the Phantom ship! My father!"

The seamen of the Utrecht, more astounded by the marvelous result than by their former danger, threw themselves down upon deck; some hastened below, some prayed; others were dumb with astonishment and fear. Amine appeared more calm than any, not excepting Phillip; she surveyed the vessel as it slowly forced its way through; she beheld the seamen on board her coolly leaving over her gunwale, as if deriding the destruction that they had occasioned; she looked for Vanderdecken himself, and on the poop of the vessel, with his trumpet under his arm, she beheld the image of her father—the same hardy, strong build, the same features, about the same age apparently; there could be no doubt it was the doomed Vanderdecken.

"See, Phillip," said she; "see your father!"

"Even so. Merciful heaven! it is—it is!" and Phillip, overpowered by his feelings, sank upon the deck.

The vessel had now passed over the Utrecht; the form of the elder Vanderdecken was seen to walk aft and look over the taffrail; Amine perceived it to start and turn away suddenly; she looked down and saw Schriften shaking his fist in defiance at the supernatural being! Again the Phantom ship flew to leeward before the gale, and was soon lost in the mist; but before that Amine had turned and perceived the situation of Phillip. No one but herself and Schriften appeared able to act or move. She caught the pilot's eye, beckoned to him, and with his assistance Phillip was led into the cabin.

(To be continued.)

Supplying Stationery by the Ton.

The supply department of the postal service is an immense business in itself. Over six tons of stationery, blanks, books, twine, scales, etc., are mailed every day from the department at Washington. Facing-slips put around letters and packages numbered 550,000,000 last year; blanks, over 90,000,000; lead pencils, 200,000; pens, 13,700 gross; sealing wax, over five tons. The wrapping paper cost as much as the president's salary. Despite rigid economy, \$90,000 worth of twine was called for. Paper by the ton, blanks by the thousand, ink by the barrel—till figures grow weak and unsatisfying. The division of supplies occupies a building formerly used as a skating rink. One room contains supplies of every blank used in every postoffice in the country, another room is filled with wrapping-paper and twine, another great room has thousands of the 217 different articles of stationery for first and second-class offices.

Cinderella of Ancient Egypt.

"Cinderella" is not entirely the product of fiction. Princess Rhodopis of Egypt was the first Cinderella. She was bathing in the Nile, and a bird, which Strabo calls an eagle, flying past, picked up one of her slippers, or sandals, flew away with it, and dropped it on the lap of Prince Psammetichus, who was holding a court of justice in Memphis. He was so struck by the dainty manufacture and small size of the sandal, that, being then in search of a bride, he at once vowed that he would only wed the maiden whose foot fitted the sandal. There were two elder daughters of the first marriage who greatly envied her good fortune—and here we have all the essentials of the story.

Turned Down.

"I came to ask you for your daughter," said the young man who has nothing but what he expects to earn. "But I can't express myself." "Express yourself!" sneered the plutocratic parent. "You don't even need to go by freight. Walking is expeditious enough in this case. Don't forget your hat."—Detroit Free Press.

An Explanation.

"I would be thought more of," Mr. Dismal Dawson explained, "if people only understood my nature more better. I am that kind of a guy that never gives up when he has once started to do something. That's the reason I've always been afraid to start in at anything."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not a Volunteer.

"Do you go to school, my little man?" asked the smiling visitor. "No," drawled the hopeful, "I'm sent."—The Rival.

France is burdened with 400,000 proble officials, costing the state 615,000,000 francs a year.

WHERE THEY THRIVE

TRUSTS FLOURISH IN FREE-TRADE BRITAIN.

Any Attempt to Grapple with Combinations by the Abolition of Protection in the United States Would Prove Dangerous to Domestic Industries.

San Francisco Chronicle: Under the caption, "The Growth of Monopoly in English Industry," H. W. Macrosty, in the March Contemporary Review, furnishes some interesting information respecting trusts in Great Britain, which deserves to be attentively studied by those misguided writers who assume that protection is responsible for the movement in the direction of industrial combinations so prevalent in this country at present.

Mr. Macrosty furnishes abundant evidence that the phenomena is not confined to protective countries, and shows that the movement is as far-reaching in free-trade England as in the United States. Speaking of the growth of combinations in the United Kingdom, he says:

"Single amalgamations, while not entirely excluding competition, control the screw, cotton, thread, salt, alkali and India rubber tire industries. In other cases a formal agreement of masters fixes prices; thus, in the hollow-ware trade (metal utensils) prices are arranged by an informal ring of a dozen Birmingham firms. Similarly there is no open market in antimony, nickel, mercury, lead pipes, fish supply and petroleum. Steel and iron rails are controlled by an English rail ring, which so manages matters that it is understood by American, Belgian and German competitors. All the largest firms in the newspaper making industry have just consolidated their interests into one large combination. In the engineering trades twenty-four firms have a subscribed capital of £14,245,000. In 1897 Armstrong & Co. absorbed Whitworth & Co., raising their capital to £4,210,000 in the process. Vickers & Co., the armor plate manufacturers, are another example of a very large amalgamation. In the spring of 1897 they bought up the Naval Construction and Armament company, and later they acquired the Maxim-Nordenfeldt Guns and Ammunition company. Now they boast of being the only firm capable of turning out a battleship complete in every respect. The most noteworthy examples of combination, however, are to be found in the Birmingham staple trades and in the textile industries."

This condensation is supplemented by extended details showing that slowly but surely the British organizer is bringing every possible plan of money making within the field of his operations, and that England is rapidly becoming the home of trusts. Here is his summing up:

"We thus see in British industry a steady movement toward combination and monopoly, a movement which is the natural outcome of competition, and therefore not capable of being prevented or undone by law."

The keen critic will not fail to note that this admission is fatal to the assumption that protection is responsible for the creation of trusts. If trusts are the natural outcome of competition, as Mr. Macrosty avers, then the evil cannot be attributed to a policy which has the effect of restraining the area of competition. We may add that this view, that competition is responsible for combinations, has found expression in the works of such distinguished free traders as J. Thorold Rogers, and that it is only the "feather-weight" economists, fighting under the Cobden banner in this country, who have sought to fasten the responsibility for the evil on protection.

Not only is protection not responsible for the trust evil, but it may be claimed that it offers the only remedy for its suppression. We venture to say that no protectionist will assent to the proposition that combination is "not capable of being prevented or undone by law," but it is natural enough for a free trader to assume that the evil is irreparable, as Mr. Macrosty does in his closing sentence, in which he says:

"Nevertheless, with the weapon of state control in hand, combination may be welcomed, and if control proves insufficient, state purchase and public administration remain behind."

Protectionists, accustomed as they are to the idea of regulation, will not hesitate to resort to the most drastic measures if they find it necessary to do so in order to stamp out the evil. By carefully limited the area of competition to their own country the statesmen of a protective nation can control trusts, but that will be found an impossible achievement in a free-trade country, for the simple reason that the attempt to prohibit combination in a land with wide-open trade doors will prove destructive to domestic industry.

The Triumph of Intelligence.

A communication recently sent from London to an American commercial paper contains the following:

"Practically all the equipments of new London electric railways, including elevators, are brought from the United States. There are many outward signs of this American invasion. A large proportion of things advertised in papers and magazines the Americans recognize as home products. One big hotel in the commercial quarter has a whole wing given up to sample rooms of American drummers. They show machinery, novelties and manufactured articles of all kinds. Nor do these advance agents of Yankee prosperity confine themselves to one hotel. Some of the pioneers are reaping a harvest.

American shoes sell at 50 per cent over New York prices, and bicycles and other articles are also well up. An outcome of this movement, already apparent in some quarters, is that Great Britain is urged to impose a tariff to save her home market from her new rival."

This state of affairs goes to show that the cheapest products, considered as to their selling prices, are today, in a large number of cases, the products of the highly paid and intelligent labor employed in the protected industries of America. We are now having a practical realization of the protectionist claim that protection will, in the end, mean cheaper production than would be possible under free trade, because protection means intelligent labor. As President McKinley once said:

"A revenue tariff cheapens products by cheapening men; a protective tariff cheapens products by elevating men and by getting from them their best labor, their best skill, their best invention."

Satan Rebuking Sin.

What did the Democrats ever do when they were in power to restrain the developments which they now affect to deplore, but at which they secretly rejoice, recognizing, as they do, in them a possible chance of salvation? They never did a thing. On the contrary, it was while the Democracy was in office that the seeds of the growth we see going on were planted. The great sugar trust, which was one of the first to be formed, was little less than a Democratic organization. Its contributions had assisted Grover Cleveland's election, and it is an open secret that by way of reward it was permitted to dictate the sugar schedule in the disaster-breeding tariff bill to which Professor Wilson gave his name. The Democracy denouncing trusts will be strongly suggestive of Satan rebuking sin.

The position of the Republicans is much better. The only anti-trust law upon the federal statute books, the so-called Sherman law, was a Republican measure, and in the anti-trust legislation of the states it is the Republican states which have consistently taken the lead. If the Democrats cannot find any other issue upon which to unite than one upon which all politicians of whatever allegiance are agreed, their straits must indeed be desperate.—Exchange.

Too Good a Thing to Drop.



John Bull—Now that we're getting to be such warm friends, isn't it about time to drop that foolish tariff of yours?

Uncle Sam—Thanks, Johnnie, for your assurances of friendship, but that foolish tariff has proved too good a thing to drop. Why don't you try it yourself? There's millions in it!

Yearning for Soup House Policy.

Two hundred day laborers of the Mount Vernon Car Manufacturing company have received a 10 per cent advance in wages. The works were closed down much of the time early in the nineties for want of orders, but now it has contracts for building 1,700 new cars, in addition to those upon which the men are at work. Business men, farmers and others in that vicinity claim that local conditions are improved by the expenditure of thousands of dollars of wages, monthly, in the city, but others who earn nothing, build nothing, pay nothing, and do nothing but talk and long for the return of the soup-house policy party to power, are not happy at the outlook, and bear upon their forlorn visages the unspoken prayer of "give us calamity or give us death."—Carmi (Ill.) Times.

The Government Could Pay.

McKinley sold 3 per cent bonds to the people; Cleveland sold 4½ per cent bonds to a syndicate of bankers. The total of our public debt is a mere bagatelle compared with our wealth and resources. The continuation of the Republican party in power, which would mean continued prosperity, would enable the government to pay it off in a few years. Western (Neb.) Wave.

Will Need the Doctor.

The balance of trade in favor of the United States is at the present time fifty-four million dollars a month. Under the Wilson bill and the Cleveland administration it was less than seven millions a month. A little argument of this kind will make a Democrat sick enough to call in the family physician.—Lawrence (Kan.) Journal.

Always True to Its Pledges.

The business and finances of the nation always have been in satisfactory shape when the management of government affairs is intrusted to the Republican party, the only national organization which ever has demonstrated its capacity to conduct them successfully.—Springfield (Ill.) Journal.

How easy it is for some people to advise others how to conduct their affairs when their own show a lamentable want of attention.

THE BRITISH WAY.

Upon the Workingman Must Fall the Cost of Increasing Competition.

The Duke of Devonshire, in an address delivered a short time since before the shareholders of the Furness railway, referred to the fact that, as he put it, "even the most enterprising of English firms, with well-equipped works expressly put down at the coast for export trade, have been under-quoted in their own country by American-made rails," and said: "Excessive care must be taken not to demand overmuch in the way of increased wages or lessened hours, lest production be made so dear that the foreigner can cut in below our countrymen."

Americans have no quarrel with this attitude on the part of English statesmen, especially so as the policy advocated is not likely to result in the shutting out of American rails. We are more than willing to let the English manage their own affairs. Yet one cannot but marvel at the economic bigotry which prefers to secure the home market by having laborers "not demand overmuch in the way of increased wages or lessened hours," rather than to hold it by putting a protective tariff on competing products. We have had considerable experience with that same kind of economic bigotry on the part of free traders in this country. Fortunately for the interests of the country, the great majority of American workmen have not been deceived by the false ideas of "cheapness" advanced by these bigots, and have insisted on a policy which gives protection to American labor and makes good wages sure. It is not past belief that English workmen will some day wake up to their own interests and demand protection for their labor and their wages.

In Five Southwestern States.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in the course of a review of the industrial conditions of five southwestern states, published in a recent issue, said that the four years of depression had been quickly followed by a business revival never equaled in the history of this country; that this improvement had continued for two years, and that evidences of renewed prosperity were increasing daily. It continued as follows:

"New industries have been established, having a capital of at least \$14,753,150, and the plants are valued at \$13,230,600. The value of the annual output of these new industries in round figures is \$76,592,486. These plants give employment to 16,436 persons, and pay out annually in wages \$10,156,991. Those totals, large as they are, are small compared with the aggregate which a complete showing of the commercial expansion in all lines would present. There is no doubt but that the figures would reach into the hundreds of millions were it possible to ascertain the exact amount invested in commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and mining during the past two years in the states thus partly covered in the reports received from the fifty-four towns making up this enumeration."

With such a showing as this, there is little chance that these states will be found again in the ranks of free trade. The citizens will not be in a hurry to give up their prosperity through clinging to an exploded theory.

Protection and the Farmer.

The report of the agricultural department showing the increasing extent to which foreign countries were in 1898 purchasers of the agricultural products of the United States presents some interesting facts illustrative of the wisdom of an economic policy which promotes the foreign trade and domestic trade at one and the same time. Domestic exports of all kinds in 1898 exceeded imports of all kinds by the enormous sum of \$94,242,239, which was more than double the excess of the preceding year, the largest reported up to that time. Agricultural exports for 1898 amounted to 79.93 per cent of the whole, being a gain of nearly 25 per cent over 1897. There was, on the other hand, a marked decrease in 1898 of purchases of foreign agricultural products as contrasted with the fiscal year 1897, when under the free wool provisions of the Wilson law we imported \$53,243,191 worth of foreign wool, against less than seventeen millions' worth under the Dingley tariff in 1898.

The American farmer had much the best of the situation in the first eleven months of restored protection, as his sales to foreign countries more than doubled the value of our imports of foreign agricultural products, the excess amounting to \$54,216,148. Altogether, the agricultural export and import figures for 1898 show well for protection and its benefits to the American farmer.

Hard to Get Over.

A tribute to the effectiveness of the protective policy in adding to the general welfare of the United States is paid in a recent report of the German imperial commissioner at Bremen, as follows:

"The strong tendency toward the United States, in spite of immigration having been rendered more difficult, finds an explanation in the fact that American industry has largely developed in consequence of the Dingley tariff, and that the demand for experienced artisans has therefore greatly increased. Moreover, German manufacturers have, in order to save the customs duties, established branch houses of their works in the United States."

Facts like these, like a barbed wire fence, "hard to get over." Free-trade writers don't attempt to get over them. They dodge and ignore them.