

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

The morning dawned with a smooth sea and a bright blue sky; the raft had been borne to leeward of the cluster of uninhabited islands of which we spoke, and was now without hopes of reaching them; but to the westward were to be seen on the horizon the refracted heads and trunks of cocoanut trees, and in that direction it was resolved that they should tow the raft. The breakfast had been served out, and the men had taken to the oars, when they discovered a proa full of men sweeping after them from one of the islands to windward. That it was a pirate vessel there could be no doubt; but Philip and Krantz considered that their force was more than sufficient to repel them, should an attack be made. This was pointed out to them; arms were distributed to all in the boats, as well as to those on the raft; and that the seamen might not be fatigued, they were ordered to lie on their oars, and await the coming up of the vessel.

As soon as the pirate was within range, having reconnoitered her antagonists, she ceased pulling, and commenced firing from a small piece of cannon which was mounted on her bows. The grape and langridge which she poured upon them wounded several of the men, although Philip had ordered them to lie down flat on the raft and in the boats. The pirate advanced nearer, and her fire became more destructive, without any opportunity of returning it by the Utrecht's people. At last it was proposed, as the only chance of escape, that the boats should attack the pirate. This was agreed to by Philip; more men were sent in the boats; Krantz took the command; the raft was cast off, and the boats pulled away. But scarcely had they cleared the raft, when, as by one sudden thought, they turned round, and pulled away in the opposite direction. Krantz's voice was heard by Philip, and his sword was seen to flash through the air; a moment afterward he plunged into the sea, and swam to the raft. It appeared that the people in the boats, anxious to preserve the money which they had possession of, had agreed among themselves to pull away and leave the raft to its fate. The proposal for attacking the pirate had been suggested with that view, and as soon as they were clear of the raft, they put their intentions into execution. In vain had Krantz expostulated and threatened; they would have taken his life; and when he found that his efforts were of no avail, he leaped from the boat. "Then we are lost, I fear," said Philip, addressing the pilot, who stood near to him.

"Lost—but not lost by the pirates—no harm there! He, he!" The remark of Schriften was correct. The pirates, imagining that in taking to their boats the people had carried with them everything that was valuable, instead of firing at the raft, immediately gave chase to the boats. The sweeps were now out, and the proa flew over the smooth water like a seabird, passed the raft, and was at first evidently gaining on the boats; but their speed soon slackened, and as the day passed, the boats and then the pirate vessel disappeared in the southward; the distance between them being apparently much the same as at the commencement of the chase.

The raft being now at the mercy of the wind and waves, Philip and Krantz collected the carpenter's tools which had been brought from the ship, and selecting two spars from the raft, they made every preparation for stepping a mast and setting sail by the next morning. The morning dawned, and the first objects that met their view were the boats pulling back toward the raft, followed closely by the pirate. The men had pulled the whole night, and were worn out with fatigue. It was presumed that a consultation had been held, in which it was agreed that they should make a sweep, so as to return to obtain provisions and water, which they had not on board at the time of their desertion. But it was fated otherwise; gradually the men dropped their oars, exhausted, into the bottom of the boat, and the pirate vessel followed them with renewed ardor. The boats were captured one by one; the booty found was more than the pirates anticipated, and it hardly need be said that not one was spared. All this took place within three miles of the raft, and Philip anticipated that the next movement of the vessel would be toward them, but he was mistaken. Satisfied with their booty, and imagining that there could be no more on the raft, the pirate pulled away to the eastward, toward the islands from among which she had first made her appearance. Thus were those who expected to escape, and who had deserted their companions, deservedly punished; while those who anticipated every disaster from this desertion discovered that it was the cause of their being saved.

The remaining people on board the raft amounted to about forty-five; Philip, Krantz, Schriften, Amine, the two mates, sixteen seamen and twenty-four soldiers, who had been embarked at Amsterdam. Of provisions they had sufficient for three or four weeks; but of water they were very short, already not having sufficient for

more than three days at the usual allowance. As soon as the mast had been stepped and rigged, and the sails set (although there was hardly a breath of wind), Philip explained to the men the necessity of reducing the quantity of water, and it was agreed that it should be served out so as to extend the supply to twelve days, the allowance being reduced to half a pint per day.

There was a debate at this time, as the raft was in two parts, whether it would not be better to cast off the smaller one, and put all the people on board the other; but this proposal was overruled, as, in the first place, although the boats had deserted them, the number on the raft had not much diminished, and moreover, the raft would steer much better under sail now that it had length, than it would do if they reduced its dimensions and altered its shape to a square mass of floating wood.

For three days it was calm, the sun poured down his hot beams upon them, and the want of water was severely felt; those who continued to drink spirits suffered the most.

The night closed in as before; the stars shone bright, but there was no moon. Philip had risen at midnight to relieve Krantz from the steering of the raft. Usually the men had lain about in every part of the raft, but this night the majority of them remained forward. Philip was communing with his own bitter thoughts, when he heard a scuffle forward, and the voice of Krantz crying out to him for help. He quitted the helm, and seizing his cutlass ran forward, where he found Krantz down, and the men securing him. He fought his way to him, but was himself seized and disarmed. "Cut away—cut away," was called out by those who held him; and in a few seconds Philip had the misery to behold the after-part of the raft, with Amine upon it, drift apart from the one on which he stood.

"For mercy's sake! my wife—my Amine!—for Heaven's sake, save her!" cried Philip, struggling in vain to disengage himself. Amine also, who had run to the side of the raft held out her arms—it was in vain—they were separated by more than a cable's length. Philip made one more desperate struggle, and then fell down deprived of sense and motion.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was not until the day had dawned that Philip opened his eyes, and discovered Krantz kneeling at his side; at first his thoughts were scattered and confused; he felt that some dreadful calamity had happened to him, but he could not recall to mind what it was. At last it rushed upon him, and he buried his face in his hands.

"Take comfort," said Krantz, "we shall probably gain the shore today, and we shall go in search of her as soon as we can."

He offered such consolation as his friendship could suggest, but in vain. He then talked of revenge, and Philip raised his head. After a few minutes' thought, he rose up. "Yes," replied he, "revenge!—revenge upon those dastards and traitors! Tell me, Krantz, how many can we trust?"

"Half of the men, I should think, at least. It was a surprise," a spar had been fitted as a rudder, and the raft had now gained nearer the shore than it ever had done before. The men were in high spirits at the prospect, and every man was sitting on his own store of dollars, which, in their eyes, increased in value in proportion as did their prospect of escape.

Philip discovered from Krantz that it was the soldiers and most indifferent seamen who had mutilated on the night before and cut away the other raft, and that all the best men had remained neutral.

"And so they will be now, I imagine," continued Krantz, "the prospect of gaining the shore has, in a manner, reconciled them to the treachery of their companions."

"Probably," replied Philip, with a bitter laugh; "but I know what will rouse them. Send them here to me."

Philip talked to the seamen whom Krantz had sent over to him. He pointed out to them that the other men were traitors not to be relied upon; that they would sacrifice everything and everybody for their own gain; that they had already done so for money, and that they themselves would have no security, either on the raft or on the shore, with such people; that they dare not sleep for fear of having their throats cut, and that it were better at once to get rid of those who could not be true to each other; that it would facilitate their escape, and that they could divide between themselves the money which the others had secured, and by which they could double their own shares. That it had been his intention, although he had said nothing, to enforce the restoration of the money for the benefit of the company as soon as they had gained a civilized port, where the authorities could interfere; but that if they consented to join and aid him, he would now give them the whole of it for their own use.

What will not the desire of gain effect? Is it therefore to be wondered at that these men, who were, indeed, but little better than those who were

thus, in his desire for retaliation, denounced by Philip, consented to his proposal? It was agreed that if they did not gain the shore the others should be attacked that very night and tossed into the sea.

But the consultation with Philip had put the other party on the alert; they, too, held council and kept their arms by their sides. As the breeze died away, they were not two miles from the land, and once more they drifted back into the ocean. Philip's mind was borne down with grief at the loss of Amine; but it recovered to a certain degree when he thought of revenge; that feeling stayed him up, and he often felt the edge of his cutlass, impatient for the moment of retribution.

It was a lovely night; the sea was now smooth as glass, and not a breath of air moved in the heavens; the sail of the raft hung listless down the mast, and was reflected upon the calm surface by the brilliancy of the starry night alone. It was a night for contemplation—for examination of one's self, and adoration of the Deity; and here, on a frail raft, were huddled together more than forty beings, ready for combat, murder and for spoil. Each party pretended to repose; yet each was quietly watching the motions of the other, with their hands upon their weapons. The signal was to be given by Philip; it was to let go the halyards of the yard, so that the sail would fall down upon a portion of the other party and entangle them. By Philip's directions Schriften had taken the helm, and Krantz remained by his side.

The yard and sail fell clattering down, and then the work of death commenced; there was no parley, no suspense; each man started upon his feet and raised his sword. The voices of Philip and Krantz alone were heard, and Philip's sword did its work. He was nerved to his revenge, and never could be satiated as long as one remained who had sacrificed Amine. As Philip had expected, many had been covered up and entangled by the falling of the sail, and their work was thereby made easier.

Some fell where they stood; others reeled back and sank down under the smooth water; others were pierced as they floundered under the canvas. In a few minutes the work of carnage was complete. Schriften meanwhile looked on, and ever and anon gave vent to his chuckling laugh—his demoniacal "He! he!"

The strife was over and Philip stood against the mast to recover his breath. "So far art thou revenged, my Amine," thought he; "but, oh! what are these paltry lives compared with thine?" And now that his revenge was satiated, and he could do no more, he covered his face up with his hands and wept bitterly, while those who had assisted him were already collecting the money of the slain for distribution. These men, when they found that three only of their side had fallen, lamented that there had not been more, as their own share of the dollars would have been increased.

There were now but thirteen men besides Philip, Krantz and Schriften left upon the raft. As the day dawned the breeze again sprang up, and they shared out the portions of water which would have been the allowance of their companions who had fallen. Hunger they felt not; but the water revived their spirits.

(To be continued.)

HELD COURT AT DOG SHOW.

A Pretty Girl and the Attention She Attracted by Her Actions.

Over at the dog show on the opening night a pretty girl followed by the customary masculine throng that always circulates around a pretty girl as a moth whirls around a candle, wandered through the aisles of the First regiment armory and listened to all the noisy canines sing their doleful songs of woe and wrong. She patted the heads of the ugliest bulldogs and twisted a bunch of violets into the collar of a shaggy St. Bernard.

She pulled the tails of the kinked pugs and tweaked the ears of the jaunty fox-terriers. She sighted a collar that had turned away and even ventured to make friends with the bloodhounds. The dogs were happy and so was the pretty girl. The delight of the escorting masculine throng was not so evident, but they pretended at least that they enjoyed playing second fiddle to a dog rather than not having a chance to take part in her orchestra at all.

One great bulldog evidently shared the sentiments of the men. When the pretty girl reached the cage that contained the ferocious looking brute she found it had no water and was barking its dissatisfaction at the turn of affairs in the most emphatically protesting manner.

"The poor dog," exclaimed the girl in crescendo accents of pity, and at once she remedied the evil by helping her four-footed friend to some water stolen from the neighboring cage. After that act of mercy the dog, like the men, was her abject victim.

It put both paws on her shoulders and laid its head down affectionately, and when the girl attempted to wander away the dog cried so piteously that she returned again and again to comfort it. "Poor thing," exclaimed one of the surrounding men with a whimsical grimace, "poor thing. Who said that a dog hadn't the feelings of a man?"

The pretty girl laughed and blushed and rewarded the speaker with the present of a very special smile.

"Dreadful! That young man and his wife who seemed so much in love have been arrested as swindlers." "That proves their devotion, you see. They were taken up with each other."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of BONNY'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Handsome? Yes. He has the most innocent blue eyes in the world, and the smile of an angel; but he broke his mother's heart, spent her fortune and his own, and committed every wickedness under the sun before he was one-and-twenty. Yes, it is very sad—very! And now poor old Colonel Branscomb is dying—the accounts this morning were quite hopeless—and Charlie is his next heir. Another fortune for him to squander, as he has already squandered everything he could lay his hands on."

"But I thought the estate was not entailed," remarked the lady to whom the foregoing was addressed.

"No, it is not entailed, but the Colonel has very strange ideas on the subject of hereditary right. He never would make a will; he has always believed that Charlie ultimately would pull himself together—poor old man; he must die in that belief. Charlie will make ducks and drakes of beautiful Forest Lea in no time. Oh, it is a sorrowful pity!"

The speaker, a handsome well preserved woman of fifty or thereabouts, with the exclusive stamp of the "county" about her, sighed profoundly as she concluded.

"But there is the niece—the Colonel was devoted to her, I understood," remarked the second voice.

"Yes, absolutely devoted. Poor dear child—she will miss him terribly in every way! I believe the Colonel pleased himself at one time with the idea of a marriage between Nona and Charlie, and threw them very much together—too much, when you consider what a fascinating scapegrace he is. She is a very sweet girl."

"I hope her uncle has provided for her. She was quite dependent on him, was she not?"

"Yes. It is impossible to say what he has done—something, I hope. But without a will—which he certainly has not made—I should be afraid—"

Here I, Sidney Fort, the involuntary listener to a conversation which, considering the place and circumstances, was certainly indiscreet, stirred, coughed, and otherwise made the fact of my waking presence known. The voices, which had been somewhat raised, dropped at once to a lower tone.

I was the third passenger in a first-

at the office—"Old family; estate worth fifteen thousand a year; business in the hands of the firm since 1825. Mr. Rowton thought a great deal of the Colonel; rather eccentric and arbitrary, but a gentleman down to the ground; quite of the old school; never married; had nephews and nieces;" he—Fisher—had seen a young gentleman at the office, a nephew of the Colonel's.

The additional information conveyed by my fellow-passengers imparted to my expedition the interest it had hitherto lacked. I was no doubt about to save Forest Lea from the hands of the spendthrift Charlie, and possibly to endow a young and lovely girl with the fortune he had forfeited. The matter was lifted all at once from a dry detail of business into a chapter of romance. I am, notwithstanding my profession, somewhat imaginative, and by the time the train stopped at Westford, the station for which I was bound, I had drawn a sufficiently fanciful sketch of the position.

Little, however, did I guess how the events and experiences of the ensuing week were to color and influence my own future life.

My traveling companions also alighted at Westford. I saw them, attended by a maid and a footman, and ostensibly escorted by the station master and porters, drive off in a wagonette with a pair of well-groomed roans, and then I was accosted by an elderly groom with a cockade in his hat.

"Mr. Fort, for Colonel Branscombe's, Forest Lea, sir?"

"Yes," I replied. "How is the Colonel?"

"Very bad, sir," answered the man, shaking his head, and with the manner of a good servant who feels the loss of a good master.

My luggage, which consisted of a small portmanteau and a black bag, was put into the dog-cart in waiting and in a few minutes I was being driven at an exhilarating pace through something like six miles of a country which, in its summer beauty of rich foliage and delicious green pasture was certainly indiscreet, stirred, coughed, and otherwise made the fact of my waking presence known. The voices, which had been somewhat raised, dropped at once to a lower tone.

"A good master served by faithful servants," I soliloquized. "They are dreading the change which spendthrift Charlie's reign will bring. It remains to be seen whether that reign is to be, or whether a fair young chateaine is



"OH! IT IS A SORROWFUL PITY."

class railway carriage, traveling from London towards a country station in the midland counties. I had at starting withdrawn into the farthest corner of the carriage, and, being sleepy from the previous night's burning of the midnight oil, had disposed myself to utilize the enforced idleness of the journey in recouping exhausted nature.

I believe that the two ladies, in the interest of their subject, had quite forgotten that they were not alone. With my newspaper spread over my face I looked, as to all intents and purposes I was, up to a certain point, a dummy. The soft murmur of the feminine voices had had at first a soporific effect; but the journey was somewhat long, and the demands of nature satisfied, I awoke to hear the fag-end of a conversation which, strange to say, had a particular interest for me.

I was the junior partner, lately admitted of a firm of London solicitors. One of my seniors was on the Continent, the other was laid up with one of the serious bouts of bronchitis which had been the primary cause of my initiation into the secrets of a large and important clientele. An imperative summons had come early that morning for Mr. Rowton to take instructions for the will of a country client. The terms of the telegram admitted of no delay, and within an hour of its receipt I was on my way to Euston Station, whence I wired to "Colonel Branscombe, Forest Lea, Midshire," that "Sidney Fort, of Messrs. Rawton & Fort," had "left by the 11:45 train," and would "be with him not later than 6 p. m."

In the absence of my principal and the pressure at starting, I had no further knowledge of my client than the few data furnished by the head clerk

—like the good St. Elizabeth of gracious memory—to dispense her smiles and her charities in the place of the beloved Colonel.

CHAPTER II.

The great oak doors opened noiselessly as I mounted the wide shallow steps. Evidently some one was on the watch to save the clangor of the loud bell through the silent sick-house. I stepped from the portico into a large wide hall hung with antlered heads and other trophies, telling of the Colonel's love for sport, and carpeted with tiger and other skins spread on the polished oak floor. It was altogether an imposing and appropriate entrance to the fine old mansion.

Here, amongst the distinctly masculine elements, I was not long in detecting the subtle signs of the presence which had just pervaded my waking dreams of Forest Lea. Set on the ample old-fashioned window-ledge were old china bowls heaped with rich crimson and golden roses, and the wide fireplace was filled with gracefully grouped ferns. A shady hat wreathed with green leaves lay on a little spiral-legged table, close to a large old-fashioned screen which shut off the staircase; and near the hat had been thrown a pair of tiny gaudy gloves, which could never have fitted poor Colonel's hands. A little black-and-tan terrier, nestled in one of the fur rugs, roused itself and came up to me, nestling its cold nose in my offered palm, and looking up into my face with the wistful appeal of its sociable nature. Evidently it was a lady's pet, neglected or forgotten in the presence of sad and overwhelming cares.

A grave middle-aged man-servant

interrupted my observations with a respectful greeting.

"Dinner will be served at 7 o'clock, sir," he said. "Will you take any refreshments now—brandy or soda, or sherry and bitters, sir? There is tea in the drawing-room still." Then, as I declined all his hospitable suggestions, he added, "I will show you to your room, then, if you please, sir. The Colonel is sleeping; the doctors are most anxious he should not be disturbed. We had Sir Alfred Cox down from London this morning. I was to say that the Colonel might not be able to see you for some little time. He has had no sleep before this for eight-and-forty hours—he has had such violent pains—and now that the sleeping-draught has taken effect the medical gentlemen make a great point of—"

"Oh, certainly—I quite understand! We must hope that this sleep will be a turning point in the illness," I said cheerfully. "Of course it is of vital importance that the Colonel should not be aroused. Sleep is often the best medicine."

"The Colonel has been counting the hours until you could be here, sir," the man went on, as he unpacked my portmanteau and laid out my apparel. He sent for the Bradshaw as soon as your telegram came, and ordered the dog-cart himself. He only dropped off as you turned into the avenue. Is that all I can do for you, sir? You will find the morning papers in the library."

There was a suppressed interest and excitement in the manner of the man, who was evidently an old and confidential retainer. My arrival and mission were, as I could see, matters of supreme importance and curiosity to that anxious household.

The butler was waiting for me again in the hall as I descended the stairs. He threw open the door of the room on the right, and ushered me in with the announcement:

"Mr. Fort."

It was with a momentary and uncomfortable thought of my morning dress that I found myself in the presence of a lady—a fair slim girl whose white gown made her at once a conspicuous point in the sombre, heavily-furnished room. She was seated in a large leather chair at the table in the center of the apartment, her hands folded over the closed volume in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the door. Large limpid blue-gray eyes they were, I saw as I came nearer, searching mine with an anxious questioning gaze.

This then was the "Nona" of whom my fellow passengers had spoken—the ideal about which I had woven so many imaginations. A very fair maiden, the fairest, sweetest—I decided on the instant—whom it had ever been my lot to meet, although the lovely eyes were ringed with dark shadows as from watching and weeping, and the white gown had been put on without the addition of a single flower or ornament.

She rose as I advanced towards her and bowed gravely. Once, I thought her hand stole out with a hesitating gesture—as if she would have offered it to me. But it was withdrawn almost instantly, and rested on the table beside her, as she stood, a graceful drooping figure, with that indescribable and exquisite grace of delicate refinement which is inherited—never acquired. A very gracious chateaine, I thought, if the sleeping colonel upstairs should so will. And with the thought there came a strange dumb thrill of pain, as if the fair vision were floating away from me into the dim shadowy distance.

Some conventional remark as to the weather was the only thing which occurred to me, and seemed for its commonplace-ness terribly out of harmony with the spirit of the occasion, especially as it was met by another long, troubled, almost trembling look into my face.

(To be continued.)

MARRIED TO ORDER.

How Alexander the Great Celebrated His Victory Over Darius.

The newspaper reporters of the time of Alexander the Great, had there been any, would have had the heaviest day's work of their lives in covering the interesting events that marked the day Alexander was married. On that day, says the New York Journal, authenticated accounts tell us, no less than 20,202 men and women were made husbands and wives. Alexander had conquered Darius of Persia, and felt that this great achievement was important enough to be signalized in a conspicuous manner. Imagine the pride of a conqueror who decides that it can be measured properly only by a wholesale giving and taking in marriage the like of which the world has never seen. Alexander himself married Staira, the daughter of the conquered king, and decreed that one hundred of his chief officers should be united to one hundred ladies from the noblest Persian and Median families. In addition to this, he stipulated that 10,000 of his Greek soldiers should marry 10,000 Asiatic women. When everything was settled a vast pavilion was erected, the pillars of which were six feet high. One hundred gorgeous chambers adjoined this for the hundred noble bridegrooms, while for the 10,000 an outer court was inclosed, outside of which tables were spread for the multitude. Each pair had seats and ranged themselves in semi-circles around the royal throne. Of course the priests could not marry this vast number of couples in the ordinary way, so Alexander the Great devised a very simple ceremony. He gave his hand to Staira and kissed her—an example that all the bridegrooms followed. This ended the ceremony. Then followed the festival, which lasted five days, the grandeur of which has never been equaled since.