

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)
"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the captain, breathless; "I have known ships to go down, but never to come up before."

"The Phantom Ship—the Flying Dutchman," shrieked Schriften; "I told you so, Philip Vanderdecken; there is your father—He, he!"

Philip's eyes had remained fixed on the vessel; he perceived that they were lowering down a boat from her quarter. "It is possible," thought he, "I shall now be permitted!" and Philip put his hand into his bosom and grasped the relic.

Shortly afterward the splash of oars was heard alongside, and a voice calling out: "I say, my good people, give us a rope from forward."

No one answered or complied with the request. Schriften only went up to the captain and told him that if they offered to send letters they must not be received or the vessel would be doomed and all would perish.

A man now made his appearance from over the gunwale, at the gangway. "You might as well have let me had a side rope, my hearties," said he, as he stepped on deck; "where is the captain?"

"Here," replied the captain, trembling from head to foot. The man who accosted him appeared a weather-beaten seaman, dressed in a fur cap and canvas petticoats.

"What do you want?" at last screamed the captain.

"Yes—what do you want?" continued Schriften. "He! he!"

"What, you here, pilot?" observed the man; "well, I thought you had gone to Davy's locker long enough ago."

"He, he," replied Schriften, turning away.

"Why, the fact is, captain, we have had very foul weather, and we wish to send letters home; I do believe that we shall never get round this Cape."

"I can't take them!" cried the captain.

"Can't take them! Well, it's very odd; but every ship refuses to take our letters. It's very unkind; seamen should have a feeling for brother seamen, especially in distress. God knows we wish to see our wives and families again; and it would be a matter of comfort to them if they only could hear from us."

"I can not take your letters—the saints preserve us!" replied the captain.

"We have been a long while out," said the seaman, shaking his head.

"How long?" inquired the captain.

"We can't tell; our almanac is blown overboard, and we have lost our reckoning. We never had our latitude exact now, for we cannot tell the sun's declination for the right day."

"Let me see your letters," said Philip, advancing and taking them out of the seaman's hands.

"They must not be touched!" screamed Schriften.

"Out, monster!" replied Philip; "who dare interfere with me?"

"Doomed! doomed! doomed!" shrieked Schriften, running up and down the deck, and then breaking into a wild fit of laughter.

"Touch not the letters," said the captain, trembling as if in an ague fit. Philip made no reply, but held his hand out for the letters.

"Here is one from our second mate to his wife at Amsterdam, who lives on Waser Quay."

"Waser Quay has long been gone, my good friend; there is now a large dock for ships where it once was," replied Philip.

"Impossible!" replied the man; "here is another from the boatswain to his father, who lives in the old marketplace."

"The old marketplace has long been pulled down, and there now stands a church upon the spot."

"Impossible!" replied the seaman; "here is another from myself to my sweetheart, Vrow Ketsjer—with money to buy her a new brooch."

Philip shook his head. "I remember seeing an old lady of that name buried some thirty years ago."

"Impossible! I left her young and blooming. Here's one for the house of Sluys & Co., to whom the ship belongs."

"There's no such house now," replied Philip; "but I have heard that many years ago there was a firm of that name."

"Impossible! you must be laughing at me. Here is a letter from our captain to his son—"

"Give it me," cried Philip, seizing the letter. He was about to break the seal, when Schriften snatched it out of his hand, and threw it over the lee gunwale.

"That's a scurvy trick for an old shipmate," observed the seaman. Schriften made no reply, but catching up the other letters which Philip had laid down on the capstan, he hurled them after the first.

The strange seaman shed tears, and walked again to the side. "It is very hard—very unkind," observed he, as he descended; "the time may come when you may wish that your family should know your situation." So saying, he disappeared. In a few seconds was heard the sound of the oars retreating from the ship.

"Holy St. Antonio!" exclaimed the

captain. "I am lost in wonder and fright. Steward, bring me up the arrack."

The steward ran down for the bottle; being as much alarmed as his captain, he helped himself before he brought it up to his commander.

"Now," said the captain, after keeping his mouth for two minutes to the bottle, and draining it to the bottom, "what is to be done next?"

"I'll tell you," said Schriften, going up to him; "that man there has a charm hung round his neck; take it from him and throw it overboard, and your ship will be saved; if not, it will be lost, with every soul on board."

"Yes, yes, it's all right, depend upon it," cried the sailors.

"Fools," replied Philip; "do you believe that wretch? Did you not hear the man who came on board recognize him and call him shipmate? He is the party whose presence on board will prove so unfortunate."

"Yes, yes," cried the sailors; "it's all right; the man did call him shipmate."

"I tell you it's all wrong!" cried Schriften; "that is the man; let him give up the charm."

"Yes, yes; let him give up the charm," cried the sailors, and they rushed upon Philip.

Philip started back to where the captain stood. "Madmen, know ye what you are about? It is the holy cross that I wear round my neck. Throw it overboard if you dare, and your souls are lost forever," and Philip took the relic from his bosom and showed it to the captain.

"No, no, men!" exclaimed the captain, who was now more settled in his nerves; "that won't do—the saints protect us."

The seamen, however, became clamorous; one portion were for throwing Schriften overboard, the other for throwing Philip; at last the point was decided by the captain, who directed the small skiff hanging astern to be lowered down, and ordered both Philip and Schriften to get into it. The seamen approved of the arrangement, as it satisfied both parties. Philip made no objection; Schriften screamed and fought, but he was tossed into the boat. There he remained trembling in the stern-sheets, while Philip, who had seized the sculls, pulled away from the vessel in the direction of the Phantom Ship.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In a few minutes the vessel which Philip and Schriften had left was no longer to be discerned through the thick haze; the Phantom Ship was still in sight, but at a much greater distance from them than she was before.

Philip pulled hard toward her, but, although he toiled, she appeared to increase her distance from the boat. For a short time he paused on his oars to regain his breath, when Schriften rose up and took his seat in the stern-sheets of the boat. "You may pull and pull, Philip Vanderdecken," observed Schriften, "but you will not gain that ship—no, no, that cannot be—we may have a long cruise together, but you will be as far away from your object at the end of it as you are now at the commencement. Why don't you throw me overboard again? You would be all the lighter. He! he!"

"I threw you overboard in a state of frenzy," replied Philip, "when you attempted to force me to my relic."

"And have I not endeavored to make others take it from you this very day? Have I not? He! he!"

"You have," rejoined Philip; "but I am now convinced that you are as unhappy as myself, and that in what you are doing you are only following your destiny, as I am mine. Why and wherefore I cannot tell, but we are both engaged in the same mystery; if the success of my endeavors depends upon guarding the relic, the success of yours depends upon your obtaining it, and defeating my purpose by so doing. In this matter we are both agents, and you have been, as far as my mission is concerned, my most active enemy. But, Schriften, I have not forgotten, and never will, that you kindly did advise my poor Amine; that you prophesied to her what would be her fate if she did not listen to your counsel; that you were no enemy of hers, although my enemy; for her sake I forgive you, and will not attempt to harm you."

"You do then forgive your enemy, Philip Vanderdecken," replied Schriften, mournfully, "for such I acknowledge myself to be."

"I do, with all my heart, with all my soul," replied Philip.

"Then you have conquered me, Philip Vanderdecken; you have made me your friend, and your wishes are about to be accomplished. You would know who I am. Listen. When your father, defying the Almighty's will, in his rage, took my life, he was vouchsafed a choice of his doom being canceled through the merits of his son. I had also my appeal, which was for vengeance; it was granted that I should remain on earth and thwart your will. That as long as we were enemies you should not succeed, but that when you had conformed to the highest attribute of Christianity, proved on the holy cross, that of forgiving your enemy, your task should be fulfilled. Philip Vanderdecken, you have forgiven your

enemy, and both our destinies are now accomplished."

As Schriften spoke Philip's eyes were fixed upon him. He extended his hand to Philip—it was taken; and as it was pressed, the form of the pilot wasted as it were into the air, and Philip found himself alone.

Philip then pulled toward the Phantom Ship, and found that she no longer appeared to leave; on the contrary, every minute he was nearer and nearer, and at last he threw in his oars and climbed up her sides, and gained her decks.

The crew of the vessel crowded around him.

"Your captain," said Philip; "I must speak with your captain."

"Who shall I say, sir?" demanded one, who appeared to be the first mate.

"Who?" replied Philip. "Tell him his son would speak to him—his son, Philip Vanderdecken."

Shouts of laughter from the crew followed this answer of Philip, and the mate, as soon as they had ceased, observed, with a smile:

"You forget, sir; perhaps you would say his father."

"Tell him his son, if you please," replied Philip; "take no note of gray hairs."

"Well, sir, here he is coming forward," replied the mate, stepping aside, and pointing to the captain.

"What is all this?" inquired the captain.

"Are you Philip Vanderdecken, the captain of this vessel?"

"I am, sir," replied the other.

"You appear not to know me! But how can you? You saw me when I was only three years old; yet may you remember a letter which you gave to your wife?"

"Ha!" replied the captain. "And who, then, are you?"

"Time has stopped with you, but with those who live in the world he stops not; and for those who pass a life of misery he hurries on still faster. In me behold your son, Philip Vanderdecken, who has obeyed your wishes; and, after a life of such peril and misery as few have passed, has at last fulfilled his vow, and now offers to his father the precious relic that he required to kiss."

"My son, my son!" exclaimed he, rising and throwing himself into Philip's arms; "my eyes are opened—the Almighty knows how long they have been obscured." Embracing each other, they walked aft, away from the men, who were still crowded at the gangway.

The elder Vanderdecken knelt down; Philip did the same, still embracing each other with one arm, while they raised on high the other and prayed.

For the last time the relic was taken from the bosom of Philip and handed to his father—and his father raised his eyes to heaven and kissed it. And, as he kissed it, the long, tapering upper spars of the phantom vessel, the yards and sails that were set, fell into dust, fluttered in the wind, and sank upon the wave. The mainmast, foremast, bowsprit, everything above the deck crumbled into atoms and disappeared.

Once more did he put the sacred emblem to his lips, and the beams and timbers separated, the decks of the vessel slowly sank, and the remnants of the hull floated upon the water; and as the father and son—the one young and vigorous, the other old and decrepit—still kneeling, still embracing with their hands raised to heaven, sank slowly under the deep blue wave, the lurid sky was for a moment illuminated by a lightning cross.

Then did the clouds which obscured the heavens roll away swift as thought—the sun again burst out in all its splendor—the rippling waves appeared to dance with joy. The screaming sea-gull again whirled in the air, and the scared albatross once more slumbered on the wing; the porpoise tumbled and tossed in their sportive play, the albatross and dolphin leaped from the sparkling sea. All nature smiled as if it rejoiced that the charm was dissolved forever, and that the Phantom Ship was no more.

THE END.

"Earthquake Echoes."
Mr. John Milne gives this name to certain vibrations, which his delicate instruments have revealed, running through the crust of the earth after the occurrence of distant earthquakes. The apparent symmetry of these pulsations, resembling the rhythm of musical sounds, leads him to suggest that an earthquake may be "a blow or blows, which come to an end with musical vibrations inside the world."

The blows probably come from the slipping or falling of rock within the earth. Mr. Milne, at his observatory on the Isle of Wight, photographs vibrations of his seismographic pendulums, induced by earthquakes many thousands of miles away, and in a recent letter he speaks of "a magnificent set of waves which arrived from Mexico on the night of Jan. 4th."

Not Much of the Angel. After All. Prison chaplain—Ah, you have a pet, I see.

Convict—Yes, this rat. I feeds him every day. I think more of that 'ere rat than any other livin' creature.

Prison chaplain—Ah, in every man there's something of the angel left, if one can only find it. How came you to take such a fancy to that rat?

Convict—He bit th' warden.—Tit-Bits.

Not Happy.

"It's a very happy little family, isn't it?"

"Oh, dear, no! Her husband is jealous of her poodle, and her poodle is jealous of her baby, and the baby cries for its father all the time."—Tit-Bits.

LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of "BONNY'S LOVERS."

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

It was Miss Branscombe. The hood of her light mantle was drawn over her head and face, and as she came swiftly on, with downcast head, she was unconscious of my presence until she almost touched me. At the first recognition she gave a little cry and started back, the next instant she had recovered herself, and something of the womanly dignity which I had admired in her at our first meeting returned to her bearing. She made no apology or excuse for her presence there on such a night and at such an hour; she merely bowed her head with a murmured "Thank you," as I threw open the door and stood back for her to precede me into the hall. She did not, as I half expected, try to excuse or account for her late walk, but with another bow she passed on and up the wide staircase. The light from a hanging lamp fell upon her face as she turned to mount the steps, and I saw that her eyes were swollen with tears and her cheeks deadly pale. She held tightly by the carved oak balustrade too as she went slowly up and out of my sight.

"And so," I said to myself, as, haunted by a spirit of unrest, I paced the floor of my room long after midnight—"so dies the last lingering remnant of my faith in womanhood." But it was dying hard; it was hydra-headed, apparently, and sprang into fresh life as fast as I set my heel upon the last quivering fragment; and at last, when I sought my bed, I knew that neither my faith, nor a mad love, as wild and impossible as the love of the wave for the star, was dead within me. I had found a hundred excuses, a hundred reasons, which left Nona Branscombe my pure sweet ideal still; and withal, I was the most unhappy man in the United Kingdom. Had Miss Branscombe been the penitless girl her friends and neighbors had pre-

possible for Mr. Fort to remain with you until after the funeral; but it is a point I can hardly press, as he has been good enough to give us already so much of his valuable time."

"We should indeed be glad," said Miss Elmslie, looking appealingly at me.

So I was impelled by the irresistible force of fate into the current which could only bear me to disastrous shipwreck.

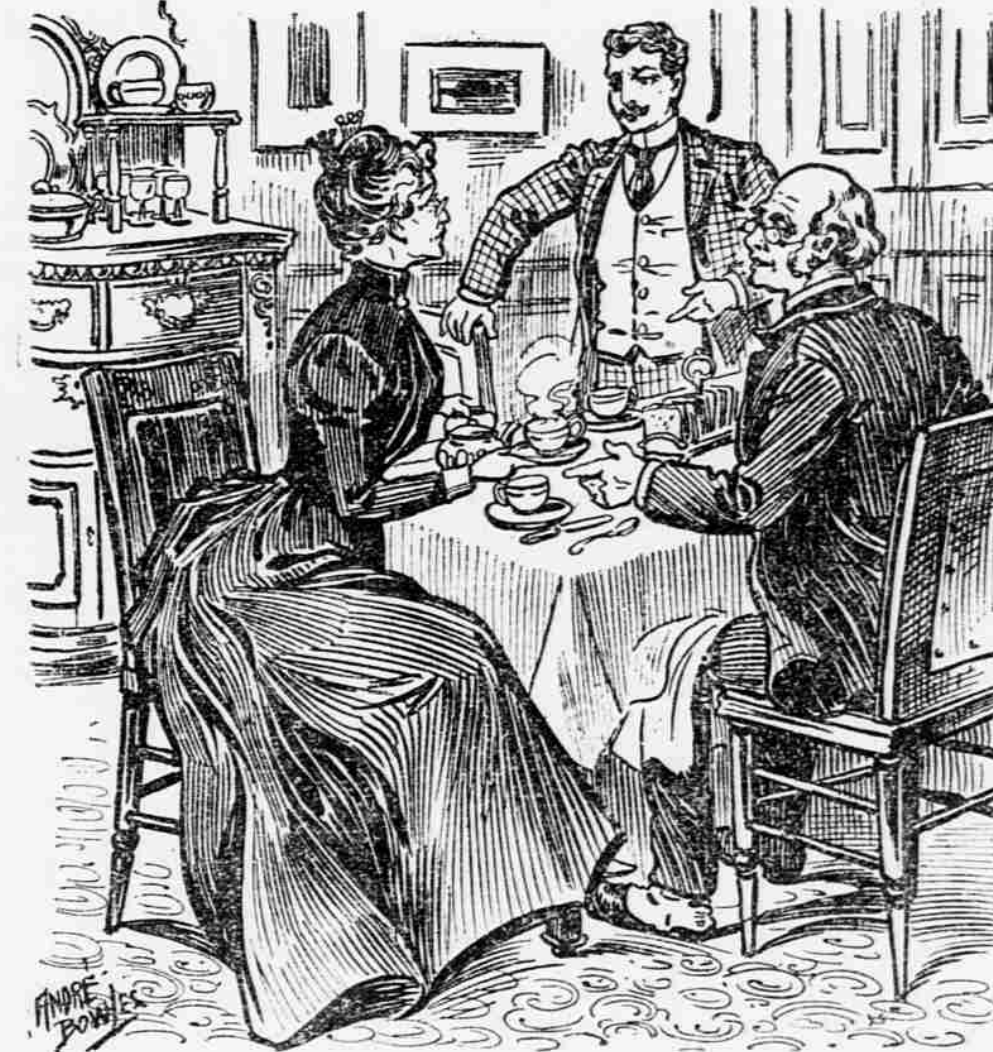
"I could return," I said, answering the appeal of Miss Elmslie. And oh, what a rush of dangerous joy thrilled through my veins at the thought of once more being under the same roof with Nona Branscombe! "My arrangements are made for to-day, as you know. I must run up to town; but if I can assist you by returning to Forest Lea, I will do so immediately—as soon as I have seen my partners."

"It will be the greatest comfort," Miss Elmslie assured me, with tears in her eyes. And so it was settled.

"I will drive with you to the station," the rector said, as the dog-cart came round; "I have business there. Are you a good whip? No?"—as I shook my head. "Well, I will take the reins then. Mason—to the groom—"

"Cut across the park while we drive round, and leave word at my house that I have gone on to Westford. We will pick you up at the end of Park Lane. The fact is," he confided to me, as soon as the man was out of earshot, "that scamp, Charlie Branscombe, has been seen hanging about the place; the purport of the poor old colonel's will will soon come out—if it hasn't done so already—and Master Charlie is quite capable of bullying his cousin in the first flush of his disappointment. It was my good old friend's last injunction that Charlie should not be admitted to the Lea, and Miss Nona is tender-hearted in that quarter."

A light flashed upon me. It was



"ON THE SPOT, YES; BUT NOT IN THE HOUSE," MR. HEATHCOTE ANSWERED GRAVELY.

maturely declared her to be, there would have been neither presumption nor madness in the passion which had taken possession of me, for I was well-born, my prospects were good, and I could have entered the lists fearlessly against all comers. But Miss Branscombe, the heiress, the owner of fifteen thousand a year, was separated from me by a barrier which I recognized as insurmountable. I groaned in spirit as I remembered that my own hand had helped to raise the barrier.

And then I fell into a short troubled slumber, just as the restless twittering of the little birds beneath my window told that the day was breaking.

CHAPTER VI.

Early as it was, when I descended to the breakfast room that morning, Miss Elmslie was already down and in deep and anxious conference with the rector. They ceased speaking as I entered, and Mr. Heathcote came forward to greet me.

"I am sorry you are leaving Forest Lea this morning," he said, as Miss Elmslie bustled herself with the teaset. "These ladies need—er—er—in fact, some member of our sex sadly just now. I wish you could have remained."

"You are on the spot," I suggested, fighting with an impulse which tempted me to forget my duty alike to my firm and to myself, and to linger in the sunshine which could only scorch me.

"On the spot, yes; but not in the house," Mr. Heathcote answered gravely, accepting the cup of tea which Miss Elmslie offered him. "You are singularly destitute of male relatives, Miss Elmslie?" he added, addressing her.

"Yes," she sighed; "there is absolutely no one. The dear colonel represented our whole family, excepting—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the rector, hastily. "You are entirely unprotected, unfortunately. I wish it had been

possible for Mr. Fort to remain with you until after the funeral; but it is a point I can hardly press, as he has been good enough to give us already so much of his valuable time."

"We should indeed be glad," said Miss Elmslie, looking appealingly at me.

So I was impelled by the irresistible force of fate into the current which could only bear me to disastrous shipwreck.

"I could return," I said, answering the appeal of Miss Elmslie. And oh, what a rush of dangerous joy thrilled through my veins at the thought of once more being under the same roof with Nona Branscombe!

"My arrangements are made for to-day, as you know. I must run up to town; but if I can assist you by returning to Forest Lea, I will do so immediately—as soon as I have seen my partners."

"It will be the greatest comfort," Miss Elmslie assured me, with tears in her eyes. And so it was settled.

"I will drive with you to the station," the rector said, as the dog-cart came round; "I have business there. Are you a good whip? No?"—as I shook my head. "Well, I will take the reins then. Mason—to the groom—"

"Cut across the park while we drive round, and leave word at my house that I have gone on to Westford. We will pick you up at the end of Park Lane. The fact is," he confided to me, as soon as the man was out of earshot, "that scamp, Charlie Branscombe, has been seen hanging about the place; the purport of the poor old colonel's will will soon come out—if it hasn't done so already—and Master Charlie is quite capable of bullying his cousin in the first flush of his disappointment. It was my good old friend's last injunction that Charlie should not be admitted to the Lea, and Miss Nona is tender-hearted in that quarter."

A light flashed upon me. It was

once at the Lea, and the exercise of the tact and friendly kindness you have already shown—I bowed—"will be invaluable to us at this juncture. After the funeral, Miss Elmslie and Miss Branscombe will leave the place, and a year or two of foreign travel, with fresh scenes and associations, will, I have no doubt, make a great difference in Miss Branscombe's views and feelings. She has been brought up in a secluded way, and has seen few people hitherto. All we want is to gain time. But here is my fellow; we must hurry up to catch the 11.10 express."

The 11.10 express was a favorite train evidently. I congratulated myself on having secured a corner seat next the door, as my carriage filled rapidly. At Wivenhoe, the first stopping station, two seats—that opposite to me, on which I had deposited my black bag and the light dustcoat which I carried, and a second seat next to mine—were the only ones unoccupied. The weather was warm, and I was just congratulating myself on having escaped any addition to our number, when, even as the guard's whistle sounded, the handle of the carriage door was hastily turned and a lady, evidently a good deal fluttered at the narrow escape she had made of missing the train, sprang lightly in and deposited herself in the vacant place by my side.

It had all happened so suddenly—my head had been turned away at the moment of the lady's appearance—that I had only time to draw my somewhat long limbs out of her path, and none to catch a glimpse of my new neighbor before she was seated next to me.

"Allow me," I said then, offering to relieve her of the small bag and large loose cloak which she held on her knees. "There is room for these, here"—indicating the opposite seat, on which my own impedimenta reposed.

She thanked me with a bow and a few murmured indistinct words; and, as I took the two articles from her hands, I caught a glimpse of her face. It was covered with a thick gray gossamer veil, such as ladies use at the seaside or for driving in the country; but the lovely hair that had escaped from beneath the large shady hat, and something in the whole bearing startled me with a wild impossible idea. Had I gone mad, or was the image of Nona Branscombe so imprinted on the retina of my eye that to me every woman must bear her likeness?

I darted another swift keen glance at my neighbor as I resettled myself in my place.

"They will be quite safe there," I said, pointing to her possessions, and then I stopped, breathless. It was no fond illusion of my love-sick fancy. It was Nona herself! The large limpid eyes, which even the thick gossamer veil could not hide, looked into mine for an instant with a warning deprecatory expression, the graceful head moved with the scantiest, most distant acknowledgment of any courtesy, and then turned resolutely away. Evidently Miss Branscombe did not choose to recognize me further.

I sat for the next ten minutes stunned and bewildered, watching the meadows and trees as they flew by in endless succession, and trying to steady my mind sufficiently to grasp the situation. Miss Branscombe here alone, unattended—she who had hitherto led such a carefully protected life—traveling alone; and whither? I was certain that neither the rector nor Miss Elmslie had known of her projected journey—the morning's conversation quite precluded the idea. How had she reached the station without being seen by us—the rector or myself?

(To be continued.)

TO BRING ABOUT SLEEP.

The Half Hour Before Bedtime Should Be Quietly Spent.

Difficulties in going to sleep are sometimes physical more than mental, says the Spectator. The physical, under ordinary circumstances, are due to the circulation. The following are a few practical hints: Some sleep better half sitting up with three pillows, some better with none; some with little covering, some with much. Hot drinks or a hot bath just before sleep, hot bottles to the feet, are often useful. Tobacco often increases sleeplessness. Sometimes, after long waking, a small meal will bring sleep. Some, especially invalids, will wake after two or three hours; a cup of hot, fresh tea will often send them to sleep again. Sometimes the darkness seems exciting and one can sleep with a lighted candle. Intermittent noises, as of a rattling window, are always bad, but a continuous noise is often a lullaby. Moderate fatigue aids, but exhaustion prevents sleep. Oftenest sleeplessness is mental and springs from a want of self-control. Either one subject engrosses the mind or a succession of ideas. In either case the sleepless must make the effort to stop thought. It is best done by attending continuously to some monotonous and unexciting idea which is self-hypnotism. Some count, some breathe slowly as if asleep, some look at imaginary sheep going through a gate. One of the best ways is to watch those curious appearances which come to closed eyes, a purple haze fading into a star, which becomes an irregular line, and again changes to something else. They can not be seen when first sought, but will come with a little patience. In all these the purpose is to fix the attention on some object which will arouse no associations. It requires steady effort to do this and to prevent the thoughts wandering, but exercise increases the power to succeed. The half hour before bedtime should be spent quietly.