

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER I.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, in the outskirts of the small but fortified town of Terneuse, situated on the right bank of the Scheldt, and nearly opposite to the island of Walcheren, there was to be seen in advance of a few other even more humble tenements, a small but neat cottage, built according to the prevailing taste of the time. The outside front had, some years back, been painted of a deep orange, the windows and shutters of a vivid green. To about three feet above the surface of the earth, it was faced alternately with blue and white tiles. A small garden, of about two rods of our measure of land, surrounded the edifice; and this little plot was flanked by a low hedge of privet, and encircled by a moat full of water, too wide to be leaped with ease. Over that part of the moat which was in front of the cottage door was a small and narrow bridge, with ornamented iron hand-rails, for the security of the passenger. But the colors, originally so bright, with which the cottage had been decorated, had now faded; symptoms of rapid decay were evident in the window-sills, the door-jamb and other wooden parts of the tenement, and many of the white and blue tiles had fallen down, and had not been replaced. That much care had once been bestowed upon this little tenement was as evident as that latterly it had been equally neglected.

The inside of the cottage, both on the basement and the floor above, was divided into two larger rooms in front, and two smaller behind; the rooms in front could only be called large in comparison with the other two, as they were little more than twelve feet square, with but one window to each. The upper floor was as usual, appropriated to the bedrooms; on the lower, the two smaller rooms were now used only as a wash-house and a lumber-room; while one of the larger was fitted up as a kitchen, and furnished with dressers, on which the metal utensils for cooking shone clean and polished as silver. The room itself was scrupulously neat; but the furniture, as well as the utensils, were scanty. The boards of the floor were of a pure white, and so clean that you might have laid anything down without fear of soiling it. A strong deal table, two wooden-seated chairs, and a small easy couch, which had been removed from one of the bedrooms upstairs, were all the movables which this room contained. The other front room had been fitted up as a parlor; but what might be the style of its furniture was now unknown, for no eye had beheld the contents of that room for nearly seventeen years, during which it had been hermetically sealed, even to the inmates of the cottage.

The kitchen, which we have described, was occupied by two persons. One was a woman, apparently about forty years of age, but worn down by pain and suffering. She had evidently once possessed much beauty; there were still the regular outlines, the noble forehead, and the large, dark eyes; but there was a tenuity in her features, a wasted appearance, such as to render the flesh transparent; her brow, when she mused, would sink into deep wrinkles, premature though they were; and the occasional flashing of her eyes strongly impressed you with the idea of insanity. There appeared to be some deep-seated, irremovable, hopeless cause of anguish, never for one moment permitted to be absent from her memory; a chronic oppression, fixed and graven there, only to be removed by death. She was dressed in the widow's cowl of the time; but although clean and neat, her garments were faded from long wear. She was seated upon the small couch which we have mentioned, evidently brought down as a relief to her, in her declining state.

On the deal table in the center of the room sat the other person, a stout fair-haired, florid youth of nineteen or twenty years old. His features were handsome and bold, and his frame powerful to excess; his eye denoted courage and determination, and as he carelessly swung his legs, and whistled an air in an emphatic manner, it was impossible not to form the idea that he was a daring, adventurous and reckless character.

"Do not go to sea, Philip; oh, promise me that, my dear child," said the female, clasping her hands.
"And why not go to sea, mother?" replied Philip; "what's the use of my staying here to starve; for, by Heaven! it's little better. I must do something for myself and for you. And what else can I do? My uncle Vanbrennen has offered to take me with him, and will give me good wages. Then I shall live happily on board, and my earnings will be sufficient for your support at home."

"Philip—Philip, hear me. I shall die if you leave me. Whom have I in the world but you? Oh, my child, as you love me, and I know you do love me, Philip, don't leave me; but if you will, at all events do not go to sea."
Philip gave no immediate reply; he whistled for a few seconds, while his mother wept.

"Is it," said he at last, "because my father was drowned at sea that you beg so hard, mother?"
"Oh, no—no!" exclaimed the sobbing woman. "Would to God—"

"Would to God what, mother?"

"Nothing—nothing. Be merciful—be merciful, oh, God!" replied the mother, sliding from her seat on the couch, and kneeling by the side of it, in which attitude she remained for some time in fervent prayer. At last she resumed her seat, and her face wore an aspect of more composure.

Philip, who, during this, had remained silent and thoughtful, again addressed his mother.

"Look ye, mother. You ask me to stay on shore with you and starve—rather hard conditions; now hear what I have to say. That room opposite has been shut up ever since I can remember—why, you will never tell me; but once I heard you say, when we were without bread, and with no prospect of my uncle's return—you were then half frantic, mother, as you know you sometimes are—"

"Well, Philip, what did you hear me say?" inquired his mother, with tremulous anxiety.

"You said, mother, that there was money in that room which would save us; and then you screamed and raved, and said that you preferred death. Now, mother, what is there in that chamber, and why has it been so long shut up? Either I know that, or I go to sea."

At the commencement of this address of Philip, his mother appeared to be transfixed and motionless as a statue; gradually her lips separated and her eyes glared; she seemed to have lost the power of reply; she put her hand to her right side, as if to compress it, then both her hands, as if to relieve herself from excruciating torture; at last she sank, with her head forward, and the blood poured out of her mouth.

Philip sprang from the table to her assistance, and prevented her from falling on the floor. He laid her on the couch, watching with alarm the continued effusion.

"Oh, mother, mother! what is this?" cried he, at last, in great distress.

For some time his mother could make no reply; she turned further on her side, that she might not be suffocated by the discharge from the ruptured vessel, and the snow-white planks of the floor were soon crimsoned with her blood.

"Speak, dearest mother, if you can," repeated Philip, in agony. "What shall I do?—what shall I give you?—God Almighty! what is this?"

"Death, my child, death!" at length replied the poor woman, sinking into a state of unconsciousness.

Philip, now much alarmed, flew out of the cottage and called the neighbors to his mother's assistance. Two or three hastened to the call; and as soon as Philip saw them occupied in restoring his mother, he ran as fast as he could to the house of a medical man who lived about a mile off—one Mynheer Poots, a little, miserable, avaricious wretch, but known to be very skillful in his profession. Philip found Poots at home and insisted upon his immediate attendance.

"I will come—yes, most certainly," replied Poots, who spoke the language but imperfectly; "but, Mynheer Vanderdecken, who will pay me?"
"Pay you? my uncle will, directly that he comes home."
"Your uncle, de Skipper Vanbrennen? no, he owe me four guilders, and he has owed me for a long time. Besides, his ship may sink."
"He shall pay you the four guilders, and for this attendance also," replied Philip in a rage; "come directly—while you are disputing my mother may be dead."

"But Mr. Philip, I cannot come, now I recollect; I have to see the child of the burgomaster at Terneuse," replied Mynheer Poots.

"Look you, Mynheer Poots," exclaimed Philip, red with passion, "you have but to choose—will you go quietly, or must I take you there? You'll not trifle with me."

Here Mynheer Poots was under considerable alarm, for the character of Philip Vanderdecken was well known.
"I will come by and by, Mynheer Philip, if I can."
"You'll come now, you wretched old miser!" exclaimed Philip, seizing hold of the little man by the collar, and pulling him out of his door.

"Murder! murder!" cried Poots, as he lost his legs, and was dragged along by the impetuous young man.

Philip stopped, for he perceived that Poots was black in the face.

"Must I then choke you to make you go quietly? for, hear me, go you shall, alive or dead."

"Well, then," replied Poots, recovering himself, "I will go, but I'll have you in prison tonight; and, as for your mother, I'll not—no, that I will not—Mynheer Philip, depend upon it."

"Mark me, Mynheer Poots," replied Philip, "as sure as there is a God in heaven, if you do not come with me I'll choke you now; and when you arrive, if you do not do your best for my poor mother, I'll murder you there. You know that I always do what I say, so now take my advice, come along quietly, and you shall certainly be paid, and well paid, if I sell my coat."

This last observation of Philip, perhaps, had more effect than even his threats. Poots was a miserable little atom, and like a child in the powerful grasp of the young man. The doctor's

tenement was isolated, and he could obtain no assistance until within a hundred yards of Vanderdecken's cottage; so Mynheer Poots decided that he would go—first, because Philip had promised to pay him, and secondly because he could not help it.

This point being settled, Philip and Mynheer Poots made all haste to the cottage; and on their arrival they found his mother still in the arms of two of her female neighbors, who were bathing her temples with vinegar. She was in a state of consciousness, but she could not speak; Poots ordered her to be carried upstairs and put to bed, and pouring some acids down her throat, hastened away with Philip to procure the necessary remedies.

"You will give your mother that directly, Mynheer Philip," said Poots, putting a vial into his hand; "I will now go to the child of the burgomaster, and will afterward come back to your cottage."

"Don't deceive me," said Philip, with a threatening look.

"No, no, Mynheer Philip, I would not trust to your uncle Vanbrennen for payment, but you have promised, and I know that you always keep your word. In one hour I will be with your mother; but you yourself must now be quick."

Philip hastened home. After the potion had been administered the bleeding was wholly stopped; and in half an hour his mother could express her wishes in a whisper. When the little doctor arrived he carefully examined his patient, and then went downstairs with her son into the kitchen.

"Mynheer Philip," said Poots, "by Allah! I have done my best, but I must tell you that I have little hopes of your mother rising from her bed again. She may live one day or two days, but not more. It is not my fault, Mynheer Philip," continued Poots, in a deprecating tone.

"No, no; it is the will of Heaven," replied Philip, mournfully.
"And you will pay me, Mynheer Vanderdecken?" continued the doctor, after a short pause.

"Yes!" replied Philip, in a voice of thunder, and starting from a reverie. After a moment's silence the doctor recommended:

"Shall I come tomorrow, Mynheer Philip? You know that will be a charge of another gulder; it is of no use to throw away money or time either."

"Come tomorrow, come every hour, charge what you please; you shall certainly be paid," replied Philip, curling his lip with contempt.

"Well, it is as you please. As soon as she is dead the cottage and the furniture will be yours, and you will sell them, of course. Yes, I will come. You will have plenty of money. Mynheer Philip, I would like the first offer of the cottage, if it is to let."

Philip raised his arm in the air as if to crush Mynheer Poots, who retreated to the corner.

"I did not mean until your mother was buried," said Poots, in a coaxing tone.

"Go, wretch, go!" said Philip, covering his face with his hands, as he sank down upon the blood-stained couch.

After a short interval Philip Vanderdecken returned to the bedside of his mother, whom he found much better; and the neighbors, having their own affairs to attend to, left them alone. Exhausted with the loss of blood, the poor woman slumbered for many hours, during which she never let go the hand of Philip, who watched her breathing in mournful meditation.

It was about one o'clock in the morning when the widow awoke. She had in a great degree recovered her voice, and thus she addressed her son:

"My dear, my impetuous boy, and have I detained you here a prisoner so long?"

"My own inclination detained me, mother, I leave you not to others until you are up and well again."

(To be continued.)

The Langworthy's.

The suicide of Edward Martin Langworthy, following on the death of an unfortunate lady who claimed to be his wife, recalls to mind one of the most curious cases in the history of the English courts. Mr. Langworthy had inherited something like £150,000 from his father and uncle, and after a career at Eton and Oxford was called to the bar. He met Mildred Sabine Palliser Long on the continent, and went through a form of marriage with her at a Roman Catholic church in Normandy, and to confirm the semblance of legality performed a similar ceremony in a Presbyterian church at Antwerp. He then took the lady on his palatial yacht Meteor to South America, and at Buenos Ayres informed her that their marriage was not valid. Mrs. Langworthy became a mother and for the child's sake took proceedings against her deceiver. For four years the wealth of Mr. Langworthy bought the quibbling of unscrupulous lawyers to uphold his case, and the divorce court eventually decreed the marriage invalid, but granted the lady alimony at the rate of £1,200 a year. The ungenerally Mr. Langworthy, however, evaded payment by fleeing the country; Mrs. Langworthy might have been driven through despair to suicide had not the Pall Mall Gazette, edited at that time by Mr. Stead, taken up her case. She brought a new case against Mr. Langworthy for £25,000 damages for breach of promise, and everyone rejoiced when she won it. The general belief was that Mr. Langworthy had been egged on to such conduct by relatives, who thought the marriage a mesalliance; anyhow, the quarrel seems to have been made up to some extent before the end, and Mr. Langworthy's suicide is ascribed to grief at the death of the lady he so misused.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"BURDEN BEARING" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From Gal. VI, Verse 2, as Follows:
"Bear Ye One Another's Burdens, and So Fulfill the Law of Christ"—
But People Forget It.

Every man for himself! If there be room for only one more passenger in the lifeboat, get in yourself. If there be a burden to lift, you supervise while others shoulder it. You be the digit while others are the cyphers on the right hand side—nothing in themselves but augmenting you. In opposition to that theory of selfishness Paul advances in my text the Gospel theory: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Everybody has burdens. Sometimes they come down upon the shoulders, sometimes they come down upon the head, sometimes they come down upon the heart. Looking over any assembly, they all seem bright and easy; but each one has a burden to lift, and some of them have more than they can lift. Paul proposes to split up these burdens into fragments. You take part of mine and I must take part of yours, and each one will take part of the others, and so we will fulfil the law of Christ.

Mrs. Appleton, of Boston, the daughter of Daniel Webster, was dying after long illness. The great lawyer, after pleading an important case in the court room, on his way home stopped at the house of his daughter and went into her sick-room. She said to him: "Father, why are you out to-day in this cold weather without an overcoat?" The great lawyer went into the next room and was in a flood of tears, saying: "Dying herself, yet thinking only of me." Oh, how much more beautiful is care for others than this everlasting taking care of ourselves. High up in the wall of the Temple of Baalbec there are three stones, each weighing eleven hundred tons. They were lifted up by a style of machinery that is now among the lost arts. But in my text is the Gospel machinery, by which the vaster and the heavier tonnage of the world's burden is to be lifted from the crushed heart of the human race. What you and I most need to learn is the spirit of helpfulness.

Encourage the merchant. If he have a superior style of goods, tell him so. If he have with his clerks adorned the show windows and the shelves, compliment his taste. If he have a good business locality, if he have had great success, if he have brilliant prospects for the future, recognize all this. Be not afraid that he will become arrogant and puffed up by your approval. Before night some shop-going person will come in and tell him that his prices are exorbitant, and that his goods are of an inferior quality, and that his show window gave promise of far better things than he found inside. Before the night of the day in which you say encouraging words to that merchant there will be some crank, male or female, who will come into the store and depreciate everything, and haul down enough goods from the shelves to fit out a family for a whole winter without buying a cent's worth. If the merchant be a grocer, there will be some one before night who will come into his establishment, and taste of this and taste of that and taste of everything else, in that way stealing all the profits of anything that he may purchase—buying three apples while he is eating one orange. Before the night of the day when you approve that merchant he will have a bad debt which he will have to erase, a bad debt made by some one who has moved away from the neighborhood without giving him any hint of the place of destination. Before the night of the day when you have uttered encouraging words to the merchant, there will be some woman who will return to his store and say she has lost her purse, she left it there in the store, she brought it there, she did not take it away, she knows it is there, leaving you to make any delicate and complimentary inference that you wish to make. Before night that merchant will hear that some style of goods of which he has a large supply is going out of fashion, and there will be some one who will come into the store and pay a bill under protest, saying he has paid it before, but the receipt has been lost. Now, encourage that merchant, not fearing that he will become arrogant or puffed up, for there will be before night enough unpleasant things said to keep him from becoming apologetic with plethora of praise.

Encourage newspaper men. If you knew how many annoyances they have, if you understood that their most elaborate article is sometimes flung out because there is such great pressure on the columns, and that an accurate report of a speech is expected, although the utterance be so indistinct the discourse is one long stenographic guess, and that the midnight which finds you asleep demands that they be awake, and they are sometimes ground between the wheels of our great brain manufacturing; sickened at the often approach of men who want complimentary newspaper notices, or who want newspaper retraction; one day sent to report a burial, the next day to report a pugilistic encounter; shifted from place to place by sudden revolution which is liable to take place any day in our great journalistic establishments; precarious life becoming more and more precarious—if you understood it, you would be more sympathetic. Be affable when you have not an axe to be sharpened on their grindstone. Discuss in your mind what the

nineteenth century would be without the newspaper, and give encouraging words to all who are engaged in this interest. From the chief of editorial department down to the boy that throws the morning or evening newspaper into your basement window.

Encourage mechanics. They will plumb the pipes, or they will kalsomine the ceilings, or they will put down the carpets, or they will grain the doors, or they will fashion the wardrobe. Be not among those who never say anything to a mechanic except to find fault. If he has done a job well, tell him it is splendidly done. The book is well bound, the door is well grained, the chandelier is well swung, the work is grandly accomplished. Be not among those employers who never say anything to their employees except to swear at them. Do not be afraid you will make that mechanic so puffed up and arrogant he will never again want to be seen with working apron or in shirt sleeves, for before the night comes of that day when you praise him there will be a lawsuit brought against him because he did not finish his work as soon as he promised it, forgetful of the fact that his wife has been sick and two of his children have died of scarlet fever and he has had a felon on a finger of the right hand. Denounced perhaps because the paint is so very faint in color, not recognizing the fact that the mechanic himself has been cheated out of the right ingredients and that he did not find out the trouble in time; or scolded at because he seems to have lamed a horse by unskillful shoeing, when the horse has for months had spavin or ringbone or stringhalt. You feel you have the right to find fault with a mechanic when he does ill. Do you ever praise a mechanic when he does well?

Encourage the farmer. They come into your stores, you meet them in the city markets, you often associate with them in the summer months. Office-seekers go through the land and they stand on political platforms, and they tell the farmers the story about the independent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. Independent of what? I was brought up on a farm, I worked on a farm, I know all about it, I hardly saw a city until I was grown, and I tell you that there are no class of people in this country who have it harder and who more need your sympathy than farmers. Independent of what? Of the cucurlo that stings the peach trees? of the rust in the wheat? of the long rain with the rye down. Independent of the grasshopper? of the locust? of the army worm? of the potato bug? Independent of the drought that burns up the harvest? Independent of the cow with the hollow horn? or the sheep with the foot rot? or the pet horse with a nail in his hoof? Independent of the cold that freezes out the winter grain? Independent of the snowbank out of which he must shovel himself? Independent of the cold weather when he stands threshing his numbed fingers around his body to keep them from being frosted? Independent of the frozen ears and the frozen feet? Independent of what? Fancy farmers who have made their fortunes in the city and go out in the country to build houses with all the modern improvements, and make farming a luxury, may not need any solace; but the yeomanry who get their living out of the soil, and who that way have to clothe their families and educate their children, and pay their taxes and meet the interest on mortgaged farms—such men find a terrific struggle. I demand that office-seekers and politicians fold up their gaseous and imbecile speeches about the independent life of a farmer, and substitute some word of comfort drawn from the fact that they are free from city conventionalities and city epidemics and city temptations. My most vivid remembrance of boyhood is of my father coming in on a very hot day from the harvest field, and seating himself on the doorsill because he was too faint to get into the house, the perspiration streaming from forehead and chin, and my mother trying to resuscitate him with a cup of cold water, which he was too faint to hold to his own lips, while saying to us: "Don't be frightened; there's nothing the matter; a little tired, that's all; a little tired." Ever since that day, when I hear people talking about the independent life of a farmer I see through the sham. Farmers want not your flatteries, but your sympathies.

Encourage the doctors. You praise the doctor when he brings you up from an awful crisis of disease, but do you praise the doctor when through skillful treatment of the incipient stages of disease, he keeps you from sinking down to the awful crisis? There is a great deal of cheap and heartless wit about doctors, but I notice that the people who get off that wit are the first to send for a doctor when there is anything the matter. There are those who undertake to say in our day that doctors are really useless. One man has written a book entitled "Every Man His Own Doctor." That author ought to write one more book entitled "Every Man His Own Undertaker." "Oh," says some one, "physicians in constant presence of pain get hard-hearted!" Do they? The most celebrated surgeon of the last generation stood in a clinical department of one of the New York medical colleges, the students gathered in the amphitheater to see a very painful operation on a living child. The old surgeon said: "Gentlemen, excuse me if I retire; these surgeons can do this as well as I can, and as I get older it gives me more and more distress to see pain."

Encourage all starting in life by yourself becoming reminiscent. Established merchants, by telling these young merchants when you got your

first customer, and how you sat behind the counter eating your luncheon with one eye on the door. Established lawyers, encourage young lawyers by telling of the time when you broke down in your first speech. Established ministers of the Gospel, encourage young ministers by merciful examination of theological candidates, not walking around with a profundity and overwhelmingness of manner as though you were one of the eternal decrees. Doctors established, by telling you yourself once mistook the measles for scarlatina. And if you have nothing to say that is encouraging, Oh, man put your teeth tightly together and cover them with the curtain of your lip; compress your lips and put your hand over your mouth and keep still.

A gentleman was passing along, crossing a bridge in Germany, and a lad came along with a cage of birds for sale. The stranger said: "How much for those birds and the cage?" The price was announced, and the purchase was made, and the first thing the stranger did was to open the door of the cage, and the birds flew into the sunlight and the forest. Some one who saw the purchase and the liberation said: "What did you do that for?" "Ah!" said the stranger, "I was a captive once myself, and I know how good it is to be free." Oh, ye who remember hardships in early life, but have come beyond those hardships, sympathize with those who are in the struggle! Free yourself, help others to get free. Gov. Alexander Stephens persisted in having business matters brought to his bedside. There was on the table a petition for the pardon of a distinguished criminal, the petition signed by distinguished men. There was also on that table a letter from a poor woman in the penitentiary, written and signed by herself alone. Dying Alexander Stephens said: "You think that because I have been ill so many times and got well I shall get well now, but you are mistaken; I shall not recover. Where is that letter by that woman in the penitentiary? I think she has suffered enough. As near as I can tell, she has no friends. Bring me that paper, that I may sign her pardon." A gentleman standing by, thinking this too great a responsibility for the sick man, said: "Governor, you are very sick now; perhaps you had better wait till tomorrow; you may feel stronger and you may feel better." The eye of the old governor flashed, and he said: "I know what I am about." Putting his signature to that pardon, he wrote the last word he ever wrote, for then the pen fell from his pale and rheumatic and dying hand forever. Oh, my soul, how beautiful that the closing hours of life should be spent in helping one who had no helper!

Encourage the troubled by thoughts of release and reassociation. Encourage the aged by thoughts of eternal juvenescence. Encourage the herdman amid the troughs of sin to go back to the banquet at the father's homestead. Give us tones in the major key instead of the minor. Give us "Coronation" instead of "Naomi." You have seen cars so arranged that one car going down the hill rolled another car up the hill. They nearly balanced each other. And every man that finds life up-hill ought to be helped by those who have passed the heights and are descending to the vale. Oh, let us bear one another's burdens!

A gentleman in England died, leaving his fortune by will to his two sons. The son that stayed at home destroyed his father's will and pretended that the brother who was absent was dead and buried. The absent brother after a while returned and claimed his part of the property. Judges and jurors were bribed to say that the returned brother and son was no son at all, but only an impostor. The trial came on. Sir Matthew Hale, the pride of the English courtroom, and for twenty years the pride of jurisprudence, heard that that injustice was about to be practiced. He put off his official robe. He put on the garb of a miller. He went to the village where that trial was to take place. He entered the courtroom. He somehow got empaneled as one of the jurors. The briber came around, and the man gave ten pieces of gold to the other jurors, but as this was only a poor miller, the briber gave to him only five pieces of gold. A verdict was brought in rejecting the rights of the returned brother. He was to have no share in the inheritance. "Hold, my lord," said the miller. "Hold! we are not all agreed on this verdict. These other men have received ten pieces of gold in bribery, and I have received only five." "Who are you? Where do you come from?" said the judge on the bench. The response was: "I am from Westminster Hall; my name is Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the king's bench. Off of that place, thou villain!" And so the injustice was balked, and so that young man got his inheritance. It was all for another that Sir Matthew Hale took off his robe and put on the garb of a miller. And so Christ took off his robe of royalty and put on the attire of our humanity, and in that disguise he won our eternal portion. Now we are the sons of God! Joint heirs! We went off from home, sure enough, but we got back in time to receive our eternal inheritance. And if Christ bore our burden, surely we can afford to bear each other's burdens.

Tight Laced New Guinea Swells.

In New Guinea tight lacing is in vogue among the fashionable young men, who wear a belt about eight inches wide made of stiff bark. In some cases this is so tight that the upper part of the abdomen hangs over in a heavy fold. Among the same people a girl announces her betrothal by appearing shining with anointment of red ochre and oil, which covers her head, shoulders and bosom.