

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER V—(Continued.)

"And so do I," replied Philip, "devoutly wish he would, before those murderers come; but not, I trust, while the attack is making, for there's a carbine loaded expressly for his head, and if they make him prisoner they will not spare his life, unless his gold and your person are given in ransom. But the arms, maiden—where are they?"

"Follow me," replied Amine, leading Philip to an inner room on the upper floor. It was the sanctum of her father, and was surrounded with shelves filled with bottles and boxes of drugs. In one corner was an iron chest, and over the mantel-piece were a brace of carbines and three pistols. "They are all loaded," observed Amine, pointing to them, and laying on the table the one which she had held in her hand.

Philip took down the arms and examined all the primings. He then took up from the table the pistol which Amine had laid there, and threw open the pan. It was equally well prepared. Philip closed the pan, and with a smile observed:

"So this was meant for me, Amine?"

"No—not for you—but for a traitor, had one gained admittance."

"Now, maiden," observed Philip, "I shall station myself at the casement which you opened, but without a light in the room. You may remain here, and can turn the key for your security."

"You little know me," replied Amine. "In that way at least I am not fearful; I must remain near you and reload the arms—a task in which I am well practiced."

"No, no," replied Philip, "you might be hurt."

"I may. But think you I will remain here idly when I can assist one who risks his life for me? I know my duty, sir, and I shall perform it."

"You must not risk your life, Amine," replied Philip; "my aim will not be steady if I know that you're in danger. But I must take the arms into the other chamber, for the time is come."

Philip, assisted by Amine, carried the carbines and pistols into the adjoining chamber; and Amine then left Philip, carrying with her the light. Philip, as soon as he was alone, opened the casement and looked out—there was no one to be seen; he listened, but all was silent. The moon was just rising above the distant hills, but her light was dimmed by fleecy clouds, and Philip watched for a few minutes; at length he heard a whispering below. He looked out, and could distinguish through the dark four expected assailants, standing close to the door of the house. He walked away softly from the window, and went into the next room to Amine, whom he found busy preparing ammunition.

"Amine, they are at the door, in consultation. You can see them now, without risk. I thank them, for they will convince you that I have told the truth."

Amine, without reply, went into the front room and looked out of the window. She returned, and laid her hand upon Philip's arm, she said:

"Grant me your pardon for my doubts. I fear nothing now but that my father may return too soon, and they seize him."

Philip left the room again to make his reconnaissance. The robbers did not appear to have made up their minds—the strength of the door defied their utmost efforts, so they attempted stratagem. They knocked, and as there was no reply, they continued to knock louder and louder; not meeting with success, they held another consultation, and the muzzle of a carbine was then put to the key-hole, and the piece discharged. The lock of the door was blown off, but the iron bars which crossed the door within, above and below still held it fast.

Although Philip would have been justified in firing upon the robbers when he first perceived them in consultation at the door, still there is that feeling in a generous mind which prevents the taking away of life, except from stern necessity; and this feeling made him withhold his fire until hostilities had actually commenced. He now leveled one of the carbines at the head of the robber nearest to the door, who was busy examining the effect which the discharge of the piece had made, and what further obstacles intervened. The aim was true, and the man fell dead, while the others started back with surprise at the unexpected retaliation. But in a second or two a pistol was discharged at Philip, who still remained leaning out of the casement, fortunately without effect; and the next moment he felt himself drawn away, so as to be protected from their fire. It was Amine, who, unknown to Philip, had been standing by his side.

"You must not expose yourself, Philip," said she, in a low tone. "She called me Philip," thought he, but made no reply.

"They will be watching for you at the casement now," said Amine. "Take the other carbine, and go below in the passage. If the lock of the door is blown off they may put their arms in, perhaps, and remove the bars. I

do not think they can, but I'm not sure; at all events, it is there you should now be, as there they will not expect you."

"You are right," replied Philip, going down.

"But you must not fire more than once there; if another fall, there will be but two to deal with, and they cannot watch the casement and force admittance, too. Go—I will reload the carbine."

Philip descended softly, and without a light. He went to the door, and perceived that one of the miscreants, with his arm through the hole where the lock was blown off, was working at the upper iron bar, which he could just reach. He presented his carbine, and was about to fire the whole charge into the body of the man under his raised arm, when there was a report of firearms from the robbers outside. "Amine has exposed herself," Philip, "and may be hurt."

The desire of vengeance prompted him first to fire his piece through the man's body, and then he flew up the stairs to ascertain the state of Amine. She was not at the casement; he darted into the inner room, and found her deliberately loading the carbine. "My God! how you frightened me, Amine. I thought by their firing that you had shown yourself at the window."

"Indeed, I did not! but I thought that when you fired through the door they might return the fire, and you be hurt; so I went to the side of the casement and pushed out on a stick some of my father's clothes, and they who were watching for you fired immediately."

"Indeed, Amine! who could have expected such courage and such coolness in one so young and beautiful?" exclaimed Philip, with surprise.

"Are none but ill-favored people brave, then?" replied Amine, smiling. "I did not mean that, Amine—but I am losing time. I must to that door again. Give me that carbine and reload this."

Philip crept downstairs that he might reconnoiter, but before he had gained the door he heard at a distance the voice of Mynheer Poots. Amine, who also heard it, was in a moment at his side with a loaded pistol in each hand.

"Fear not, Amine," said Philip, as he unbarred the door, "there are but two, and your father shall be saved."

The door was opened, and Philip, seizing his carbine, rushed out; he found Mynheer Poots on the ground between the two men, one of whom had raised his knife to plunge it into his body, when the ball of the carbine whizzed through his head. The last of the robbers closed with Philip, and a desperate struggle ensued; it was, however, soon decided by Amine stepping forward and firing one of the pistols through the robber's body.

We must here inform our readers that Mynheer Poots, when coming home, had heard the report of firearms in the direction of his own house. The recollection of his daughter and of his money—for to do him justice, he did love her best—had lent him wings; he forgot that he was a feeble old man and without arms; as he thought of was to gain his habitation. On he came, reckless, frantic and shouting, and he rushed into the arms of the two robbers, who seized and would have dispatched him, had not Philip so opportunely come to his assistance.

As soon as the last robber fell Philip disengaged himself and went to the assistance of Mynheer Poots, whom he raised up in his arms and carried into the house as if he were an infant. The old man was still in a state of delirium, from fear and previous excitement.

In a few minutes Mynheer Poots was more coherent.

"My daughter!" exclaimed he, "my daughter! where is she?"

"She is here, father, and safe," replied Amine.

"Ah! my child is safe," said he, opening his eyes and staring. "Yes, it is even so—and my money—my money—where is my money?" continued he, starting up.

"Quite safe, father."

"Quite safe; you say quite safe—are you sure of it? Let me see."

"There it is, father, as you may perceive, quite safe—thanks to one whom you have not treated so well."

"Who—what do you mean? Ah, yes, I see him—'tis Philip Vanderdecken—he owes me three guineas and a half, and there is a vial—did he save you—and my money, child?"

"He did, indeed, at the risk of his life."

"Well, well, I will forgive him the whole debt—yes, the whole of it; but the vial is of no use to him—he must return that. Give me some water."

It was some time before the old man could regain his perfect reason. Philip left him with his daughter, and, taking a brace of loaded pistols, went out to ascertain the fate of the four assailants. The moon, having climbed above the bank of clouds which had obscured her, was now high in the heavens, shining brightly, and he could distinguish clearly. The two men lying across the threshold were quite

dead. The others, who had seized upon Mynheer Poots, were still alive, but one was expiring and the other bled fast. Philip put a few questions to the latter, but he either would not or could not make any reply; he removed their weapons and returned to the house, where he found the old man attended by his daughter, in a state of comparative composure.

"I thank you, Philip Vanderdecken—I thank you very much. You have saved my dear child and my money—that is little, very little—for I am poor. May you live long and happily!"

Philip mused; the letter and his own were, for the first time since he fell in with the robbers, recalled to his recollection, and a shade passed over his countenance.

"Long and happily—no, no," muttered he, with an involuntary shake of his head.

"And I must thank you," said Amine, looking inquiringly in Philip's face. "Oh, how much I have to thank you for! and, indeed, I am grateful!"

"Yes, yes, she is very grateful," interrupted the old man; but we are poor—very poor. I talked about my money because I have so little and I cannot afford to lose it; but you shall not pay me the three guineas and a half—I am content to lose that, Mr. Philip."

"Why should you lose even that, Mynheer Poots? I promised to pay you, and will keep my word. I have plenty of money—thousands of guineas, and know not what to do with them."

"You—you—thousands of guineas!" exclaimed Poots. "Pooh! nonsense! that won't do."

"I repeat to you, Amine," said Philip, "that I have thousands of guineas; you know I would not tell a falsehood."

"I believed you when you said so to my father," replied Amine.

"Then, perhaps, as you have so much and I am so very poor, Mr. Vanderdecken—"

But Amine put her hand upon her father's lips, and the sentence was not finished.

"Father," said Amine, "it is time that we retire. You must leave us for tonight, Philip."

"I will not," replied Philip; "nor, you may depend upon, will I sleep. You may both to bed in safety. It is indeed time that you retire—good-night. Mynheer Poots, I will ask but a lamp, and then I leave you—Amine, good-night."

"Good-night," said Amine, extending her hand, "and many, many thanks."

"Thousands of guineas!" muttered the old man, as Philip left the room and went below.

(To be continued.)

STORYETTES.

Mr. T., a business man, rents desk room in his office to Mr. B., whence the following story: "Is Mr. B. in?" asked a caller. "No," replied Mr. T., thinking he recognized an unwelcome caller. "Well, I'll wait for him," replied the caller, sitting down. At 5 o'clock he was still waiting. At 5:30 still waiting. A few minutes before 6 Mr. T. closed his desk for the day and prepared to go home. The caller ventured to ask if Mr. B. was likely to return to his office that day. Mr. T. answered: "No; he is in Sacramento, and will be back next Tuesday morning." The caller showed no anger. On the contrary, he smiled. "Don't apologize," he said; "my business is not important, and your office has proved a pleasant lounging place. Fact is," he blandly added, "I suppose I'm coming down with the smallpox, and the doctor told me I must stay indoors and keep warm."

Rudyard Kipling, when he was a student in the United Service college, in North Devon, says one who knew him, was known as "Gigs," because of the glasses he wore. About the middle of his school life he entered into a strong tie of friendship with two other boys. The trio are said to have led a kind of bohemian existence, as related in the "Stalky" stories. Kipling was the "Beetle."

During these four or five years it could hardly be said that Kipling was a prodigy. He was always extremely near-sighted, which was perhaps the reason for his not taking any very keen interest in either field sports or athletics. On the other hand, he was not always to be seen poring over his books. He was seldom at the top of his class, although when he left the college in 1882 he carried with him the well-earned first prize in English literature. He was chiefly noticeable in his schoolfellow's eyes for a keen wit and a flow of language that could only be suppressed by depriving him of his spectacles.

For two years Kipling was editor of the College Chronicle, during which period many bright verses and clever articles from his pen appeared in that little journal. The position led to his first newspaper engagement under novel and amusing circumstances. The head master of the college was chairman of the local board, and he was being attacked by the local paper. The local editor, probably seeing some of Kipling's work, entered into an arrangement with him to goad the head master into the indiscretion of a reply. The next issue contained a series of articles written in such poignant, sarcastic terms that everybody began to talk about the matter. The head master was compelled to take up his pen in self-defense, and eventually he resigned his chair.

They Always Say It.

"Queer about the actor who made the little speech before the curtains last night, wasn't it?"

"What was queer about him?"

"He didn't say it seemed like getting home when he came here to fill his engagement."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HOME" THE SUBJECT OF LAST SUNDAY'S TALK.

From the First Book of Timothy, Chapter V., Verse 8, as follows: "Let them Learn First to Show Piety at Home"—Spheres in Which to Serve God.

During the summer months the tendency is to the fields, to visitation, to foreign travel and the watering places, and the ocean steamers are thronged; but in the winter it is rather to gather in domestic circles, and during these months we spend many of the hours within doors, and the apostle comes to us and says that we ought to exercise Christian behavior amid all such circumstances. Let them learn first to show piety at home.

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now, the apostle practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle. Let them begin first to show piety at home." If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere.

If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the Temple, he will never be able to preach three thousand into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailer of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish will not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after a while gain, but the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me now and here to do?"

There is one word in St. Paul's adjuration around which the most of our thoughts will revolve. That word is "home." Ask ten different men the meaning of that word, and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, plenty at the table, industry at the work-stand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. In that household, discord never sounds its war-whoop and deception never tricks with its false face. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair, peace hovering like wings, joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life is a tranquil lake. Pillooned on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want looking out of a cheerless fire grate, kneading hunger in an empty bread tray. The damp air shivers with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children robbers and murderers in embryo. Obscene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath-wave rolling over that door sill—vestibule of the pit, shadow of infernal walls, fagots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word! It is spelled with curses; it weeps with ruin; it chokes with woe; it sweats with the death agony of despair. The word "home" in one case means everything bright; the word "home" in the other case means everything terrific.

I shall speak now of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of heaven. And in the first place, home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is dishabille. As play actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good-natured in commercial life, damming back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent; but at nightfall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets. Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house sometimes will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop myrrh and cassia, and the disposition be as bright and warm as a sheath of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window for a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is affable in public life and amid commercial spheres, who in a cowardly way takes his anger and his petulance home and drops them in the domestic circle. The reason such do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. They are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest—it does not pay. For the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock below par, lest it depreciate the value.

As at sunset sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist, who at home act the Nero with respect to their slippers and their gown. Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after many years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia, and went off for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper he again picked up his gun and pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the tenthousandth part of that loss who are utterly irrecusable; who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment, will blow as long and loud and sharp as a northeast storm. Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent and overissue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have four or five hundred thousand dollars of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn to show piety at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from the fear of the world, or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion. Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light, which puts gold on the gentian, and spots the pansy, pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse" or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents." Rather cover the wall with pictures, with "The Hawking Party" and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream" and "The Fox Hunt" and the "Children Amid Flowers" and the "Harvest Scene" and "The Saturday Night Marketing." Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet which, from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking to see where it can find the steepest place to leap off to, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurried with tempest and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream were raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming-bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark and panther's scream and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Again, home is a type of heaven. At our best estate we are only pilgrims and strangers here. "Heaven is our home." Death will never knock at the door of that mansion and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in the holidays to gather their children home again. But I have noticed that there is almost always a son or a daughter absent—absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our Heavenly Father will be when he gets all his children home with him in heaven. And how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only "through a glass, darkly;" now it is face to face, corruption, incorruption, mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of death, while they pass through dry-shod. Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms, and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggle and be buried amid processions of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow, no crying, no tears, no death—but home, sweet home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with angels, home with God!

One night, lying on my lounge, when very tired, my children all around me, in full romp and hilarity and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep—I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there; and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to

see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine and sweater at the forge?" But they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most peacefully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town and I said: "Where do the poor worship, and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made to me: "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear. And I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree and I said: "Where am I, and whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves and up the flowery paths and across the broad streams there came a beautiful group thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven; and I looked around and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here!" And while tears of gladness were running down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were shining their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing, "Home! Home! Home!"

SALVATION ARMY FARMS.

Commander Booth-Tucker Tells of the Good Work Done.

New York, Feb. 14.—Commander Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army reports that the past year on the colony farms of the army has been a prosperous one, and that the results thus far of the project of making poor people self-supporting by transplanting them to the country have been all that was hoped for. The beneficiaries of the plan take kindly to it, and the work is to be extended. To date the army has colony farms in Ohio, Colorado and California, covering 1,428 acres, and valued now at \$111,000. They are tenanted by 200 colonists, and it is hoped to increase this number to 500 during this year. The largest and most ambitious of the colonies is located at Fort Amity, Colo. There settlers from the slum districts of eastern cities have 640 acres of rich land, which they are endeavoring to turn into ten-acre farms. Chicago and New York furnished the emigrants, majority of whom had had experience in some sort of farming, while a number were carpenters and mechanics. The ground was divided into ten-acre lots, of which each alternate lot was cultivated, but left uncultivated, with a view to the extension of each holding should ten acres be insufficient, or a relative of a colonist desire to settle on the next farm. The plan adopted to make the colony self-supporting differs from that of most settlements in that it involves less of the cooperative plan. Each colonist is master of his own domain of ten acres, for which he pays a weekly rental of from \$1 to \$3 for ten years, when he will own the land and house. Truck farming will be the main support of the colony. The land, however, is surrounded by thousands of acres of open prairie, which, for a time at least, will furnish free pasturage for stock.

RIGHTS OF PEW-HOLDERS.

Are Sittings to Be Considered as Personal or Real Estate?

Some interesting points regarding the rights of pewholders have been brought up in Boston in connection with the question as to whether a deed for a church pew must bear an internal revenue stamp. In some states pews in churches are declared by statute to be real estate, and in other states personal estate. In Boston pews have always been considered to be personal estate, and pews in churches of public worship throughout Massachusetts are made personal property by statute. "There is a close analogy between a pew-right and the right of burial in a public burying ground or cemetery," says Acting Commissioner Wilson of the internal revenue bureau. "And the interest which a pew-holder has in his pew is held by English courts to be of an incorporeal nature only. It is in the nature of an easement, and the holder of the pew or seat is not deemed the owner of so much of the site of the church as is comprised within the area of such pew or seat. It has been held that a pew-holder's right is only a right to occupy his pew during public worship." This view of the question regards pews as personal property, and, therefore, documents for their conveyance are not required to pay the war tax.

Private Graveyards in China.

There are no large cemeteries in China. Every family has its own graveyard, as spacious as possible, and thus a large part of the best land is given up to the dead, the worship of whom is the first principal in Chinese religion.