PHANTOM SHIP

The Flying Dutchman.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER VI.

The next day Philip told Amine that he was bound on a mission which would take him to the Indian sea, and that while he was gone she and her father should dwell in his house and take care of his money. These matters being arranged, Philip left Ter-

In two days he arrived at Amsterdam, and having made the necessary inquiries, found that there was no chance of vessels sailing for the East Indies for some months. The Dutch East India Company had long been formed, and all private trading was at an end. The company's vessels left only at what was supposed to be the most favorable season for rounding the cape of Storms, as the cape of Good Hope was designated by the early adventurers. One of the ships which were to sail with the next fleet was the "Ter Schilling," a three-masted vessel, now laid up and unrigged.

Philip found out the captain, and stated his wishes to sail with him, to learn his profession as a seaman. The captain was pleased with his appearance, and as Philip not only agreed to receive no wages during the voyage, but to pay a premium as an apprentice learning his duty, he was promised a berth on board as the second mate, to mess in the cabin; and he was told that he should be informed whenever the ship was to sail. Philip having now done all that he could in obedience to his vow, determined to return to the cottage; and once more he was in the company of Amine.

We must now pass over two months, during which Mynheer Poots continued to labor at his vocation, and was seldom within doors, and our two young friends were left for hours together. Philip's love for Amine was fully equal to hers for him. It was more than love-it was a devotion on boty sides, each day increasing. Two

is had thus passed away, when r Seysen, the local priest, who called, and had paid much atn to Amine's religious instrucone day came in as Amine was ded in Philip's arms.

r children," said he, "I have watched you for some time; this is not well. Philip, if you intend marriage, as I presume you do, still it is dangerous. I must join your hands."

Philip started up. "Surely I am not deceived in thee, my son," continued the priest, in a

"No, no, good father; but I pray you leave me now: tomorroy come, and all will be decided. But I must talk with Amine."

The priest quitted the room, and Amine and Philip were again alone. The color in Amine's cheek varied and her heart beat, for she felt how much her happiness was at stake.

"The priest is right, Amine," said Philip, sitting down by her. "This cannot last; would that I could ever stay with you; how hard a fate is mine! You know I love the very ground you tread upon, yet I dare not ask thee to wed misery."

"To wed with thee would not be wedding misery, Philip," replied Amine, with downcast eyes.

"Twere not kindness on my part, Amine, I should indeed be selfish." "I will speak plainly, Philip," replied Amine. "You say you love me-I know not how men love-but this I know, how I can love. I feel that to leave me now were indeed unkind and selfish on your part; for, Philip, I-I should die. You say that you must go away-that fate demands it-and your fatal secret. Be it so; but cannot I

go with you?" "Yes, death; for what is death but a release! I fear not death, Philip; I fear but losing thee. Nay, more, is not your life in the hands of him who made all? Then why so sure to die? You have hinted to me that you are chosen-selected for a task; if chosen, there is less chance of death; for until the end be fulfilled, if chosen, you must live. I would I knew your secret, Philip; a woman's wit might serve you well; and if it did not serve you, is there no comfort, no pleasure in sharing sorrow as well as joy with one you say you dote upon?"

"Amine, dearest! Amine, it is my love, my ardent love alone, which makes me pause; for, oh, Amine, what pleasure should I feel if we were this hour united? I hardly know what to say, or what to do. I could not withhold my secret from you if you were my wife, nor will I wed you till you know it. Well, Amine, I will cast my all upon the die. You shall know this secret, learn what a doomed wretch I am, though from no fault of mine, and then you yourself shall decide. But remember my oath is registered in heaven, and I must not be dissuaded from it; keep that in mind, and hear my tale-then if you choose to wed with one whose prospects are so bitter, be it so-a short-lived happiness will then be mine, but for you, Am-

"At once the secret, Philip," cried

Amine, impatiently.

Philip then entered into the detail of what our readers are acquainted with. Amine listened in silence; not a change of feature was to be observed | tion on the part of one so young and | Lawton was coming they all probin her countenance during the narra- beautiful; and then fixing his eye upon ably climbed palm trees,"-Washing-

oath which he had taken. "I have

done," said Philip, mournfully. "'Tis a strange story, Philip," replied Amine; "and now hear me-but give me first that relic-I wish to look upon it. And can there be such virtue-I had nigh said, such mischief-in this little thing? Strange; forgive me, Philip-but I've still my doubts upon this tale of Eblis. I do not say that it cannot be true; but still, one so unsettled as I am may be allowed to waver. But, Philip, I'll assume that all is true. Then, if it be true without the oath you would but be doing your duty; and think not so meanly of Amine as to suppose she would restrain you from what is right. No, Philip, seek your father, and, if you can, and he requires your aid, then save him. But, Philip, do you imagine that a task like this, so high, is to be accomplished at one trial? Oh! no; if you have been so chosen to fulfill it, you will be preserved through difficulty and danger until you have worked out your end. You will be preserved, and you will again and again return-be comforted-consoled -be cherished-and be loved by Amine as your wife. And when it pleases him to call you from this world, your memory, if she survive you, Philip, will equally be cherished in her bosom. Philip, you have given me to decide -dearest Philip, I am thine."

Amine extended her arms, and Philip pressed her to his bosom. That evening Philip demanded his daughter of her father, and Mynheer Poots, as soon as Philip opened the iron safe and displayed the guilders, gave his immediate consent.

Father Seysen called the next day, and received his answer; and three days afterward the bells of the little church of Terneuse were ringing a merry peal for the union of Amine Poots and Philip Vanderdecken.

CHAPTER VII.

It was not until late in the autumn that Philip was roused from his dream of love (for what, alas! is every enjoyment of this life but a dream?) by a summons from the captain of the vessel with whom he had engaged to

One morning in the month of October there was a tapping with the knuckles at the cottage door. As this precaution implied a stranger, Amine obeyed the summons.

"I would speak with Master Philip Vanderdecken," said the stranger, in a half whispering sort of voice.

The party who thus addres ine was a little meager personage, dressed in the garb of the Dutch seamen of the time, with a cap made of badger-skin hanging over his brow. His features were sharp and diminutive, his face of a deadly white, his lips pale, and his hair of a mixture between red and white. He had very little show of beard-indeed, it was almost difficult to say what his age might be. He might have been a sickly youth early sinking into decreptitude, or an old man, hale in constitution, yet carrying no flesh. But the most important feature, and that which immediately riveted the attention of Amine, was the eye of this peculiar personage-for he had but one; the right eyelid was closed, and the ball within had evidently wasted away; but his left eye was, for the size of his face and head, of unusual dimensions, very protuberant, clear and watery, and the most unpleasant to look upon, being relieved by no fringe of eyelash either above or below it.

Philip was greatly surprised at the appearance of the stranger, who, as soon as he entered the room, without saying a word, sat down on the sofa by Philip in the place which Amine had just left.

"Philip Vanderdecken-he! he!-Philip Vanderdecken, you don't know me?" he began. "I do not," replied Philip in a half-

angry tone. The voice of the little man was most peculiar-it was a sort of subdued scream, the notes of which sounded in your ear long after he had ceased to

speak. "I am Schriften, one of the pilots of the Ter Schilling," continued the man, "and I'm come-he! he!"-and he looked hard at Amine-"to take you away from love"-and looking at the buffets-"he! he! from comfort, and from this also," cried he, stamping his foot on the floor as he rose from the sofa-"from terra firma-he! he!-to a watery grave perhaps. Pleasant!" continued Schriften, with a giggle; and with a countenance full of meaning

he fixed his one eye on Philip's face. Philip's first impulse was to put his new visitor out of the door; but Amine, who read his thoughts, folded her arms as she stood before the little man, and eyed him with contempt, as she observed:

"We all must meet our fate, good fellow; and, whether by land or sea, death will have his due. If death stare him in the face, the cheek of Philip Vanderdecken will never turn as white as yours is now."

"Indeed!" replied Schriften, evidently annoyed at this cool determinative. Philip wound up with stating the | the aliver shrine of the Virgin on the | ton Star.

mantel-piece: "You are a Catholic, | TALMAGE'S SERMON. percieve-he!"

"I am a Catholic," replied Philip; but does that concern you? When does the vessel sail?"

"In a week-he! he! only a week for preparation—only seven days to leave

"More than sufficient," replied Philip, rising up from the sofa. "You may tell your captain that I shall not fail. Come, Amine, we must lose no time."

"No, indeed," replied Amine, "and our first duty is hospitality. Mynheer, may we offer you refreshment after your walk?"

"This day week," said Schriften, addressing Philip, and without making a reply to Amine. Philip nodded his head, the little man turned on his heel and left the room, and in short time was out of sight.

In the week that followed Philip completed all his arrangements for leaving; then came the sad parting from Amine.

As soon as Philip was clear of his own threshold he hastened away as though he were attempting to escape from his own painful thoughts. In two days he arrived at Amsterdam, where his first object was to procure a small, but strong, steel chain to replace the ribbon by which the relic had hitherto been secured around his neck. Having done this, he hastened to embark with his effects on board of the Ter Schilling. Philip had not forgotten to bring with him the money which he had agreed to pay the captain, in consideration of being received on board as an apprentice rather than a sailor. He had also furnished himself with a further sum for his own exigencies. It was late in the evening when he arrived on board of the Ter Schilling. which lay at single anchor surrounded by the other vessels composing the Indian fleet. The captain, whose name was Kloots, received him with kindness, showed him his berth, and then went below in the hold to decide a question relative to the cargo, leaving Philip on deck to his own reflections.

"Had you not better go below?" said a mild, voice, which made Philip start from his reverie.

It was that of the first mate, whose name was Hillebrant, a short, well-set man of about 30 years of age. His hair was flaxen, and fell in long flakes upon his shoulders, his complexion fair, and his eyes of a soft blue; although there was little of the sailor in his appearance, few knew or did their duty bet-

"I thank you," replied Philip; "I had indeed forgotten myself, and where I was; my thoughts were far away. Good-night, and many thanks.

The crew of the Ter Schilling was composed of the captain, two mates, two pilots and forty-five men. The supercargo had not yet come on board. The cabin (under the poop) was appropriated to the supercargo; but the main-deck cabin to the captain and mates, who composed the whole of the cabin mess.

When Philip awoke the next morning, he found that the topsails were holsted, and the anchor short-stay peak. Some of the other vessels of the fleet were under way and standing out. The weather was fine and the water smooth, and the bustle and novelty of the scene were cheering to his spirits. The captain, Mynheer Kloots, was standing on the poop, with a small telescope made of pasteboard, to his eye, anxiously looking toward the town. Mynheer Kloots, as usual, had his pipe in his mouth, and the smoke which he puffed from it for a time obscured the lenses of his telescope. Philip went up the poop ladder and saluted

(To be continued.)

PHILOSOPHICAL FRENCHMEN. Give the Impression of Being the Happiest People in the World.

The more nations I make the acquaintance of, the more deeply confirmed I get in this conviction, that the Frenchman, with all his faults and shortcomings, is the happiest man in the world, says the North American Review. Of course, the wealthy classes have everywhere found the way of enjoying life, more or less; but to the observer of national characteristics these classes are uninteresting. Good society is good society everywhere. For a study, give me the masses of the people. And it is among the masses in France that, after all, I find the greatest amount of happiness. The Frenchman is a cheerful philosopher. He knows best of all how to live and enjoy life. Moderate in all his habits, he partakes of all the good things that nature has placed at his disposal, without ever making a fool of himself. He understands temperance in the true acceptation of the word, which means, not total abstinence, but moderation. When you say that a country has a temperate climate you do not mean that it has no climate at all; you mean that it has a climate that is neither too hot nor too cold. We have no teetotalers, because we practically have no drunkards. A Frenchman would be as astonished to find that the law prevented him from enjoying a glass of wine, because a few imbeciles use wine to get drunk with, as he would to find that the law forbade him to use knives in his quiet and peaceful home, because there are a few lunatics who use knives to commit suicide with or kill their fellow creatures.

She Comprehended.

"The Filipinos are rising," he read aloud from the newspaper. Charley, dear," young Mrs. Torkins answered. "I can understand that perfectly. As soon as they heard General

THE BUNDLE OF LIFE," SUN-DAY'S SUBJECT.

From First Book of Samuel, Chap. 25! 29, as Follows: "The Soul of My Lord Shall be Bound in the Bundle of Life with the Lord thy God.

Beautiful Abigail, in her rhythmic plea for the rescue of her inebriate husband, who died within ten days, addresses David, the warrior, in the words of the text. She suggests that his life, physically and intellectually, and spiritually, is a valuable package or bundle, divinely bound up, and to be divinely protected.

That phrase, "bundle of life," I heard many times in my father's family prayers. Family prayers, you know, have frequent repetitions, because day by day they acknowledge about the same blessings, and deplore about the same frailties, and sympathize with about the same misfortunes, and I do not know why those who lead household devotions should seek variety of composition. That familiar prayer becomes the household liturgy. I would not give one of my old father's prayers for fifty elocutionary supplications. Again and again, in the morning and evening prayer, I heard the request that we might all be bound up in the bundle of life, but I did not know until a few days ago that the phrase was a Bible phrase. Now, the more I think of it, the

better I like it. The bundle of life! It is such a simple and unpretending, yet expressive comparison. There is nothing like grandiloquence in the Scriptures. While there are many sublime passages in Holy Writ, there are more passages homely and drawing illustrations from common observation and every-day life. In Christ's great sermons you hear a hen clucking her chickens together, and see the photographs of hypocrites with a sad countenance and hear of the grass of the field, and the black crows, which our heavenly Father feeds, and the salt that is worthless, and the precious stones flung under the feet of swine, and the shifting sand that lets down the house with a great crash, and hear the comparison of the text, the most unpoetical thing we can think of—a bundle. Ordinarily it is something tossed about, something thrown under the table, something that suggests garrets, or something on the shoulder of a poor wayfarer. But there are bundles of great value, bundles put up with great caution, bundles the loss of which means consternation and despair, and there have been bundles representing the worth of a kingdom.

Bundle of hopes, and ambitions also, is almost every man and woman, especially at the starting. What gains he will harvest, or what reputation he will achieve, or what bliss he will reach, or what love he will win. What makes college commencement day so take up the garlands thrown at their feet? They will be Faradays in science; they will be Tennysons in poesy; they will be Willard Parkers in surgery; they will be Alexander Hamiltons in national finance; they will be Horace Greeleys in editorial chair; they will be Websters in the senate! Or she will be a Mary Lyon in educational realms; or a Frances Willard on reformatory platform; or a Helen Gould in military hospitals. Or she will make home life radiant with helpfulness and self-sacrifice, and magnificent womanhood! Oh, what a bundle of hopes and ambitions! It is a bundle of garlands and sceptres from which I would not take one sprig of mignonette nor extinguish one spark of brilliance. They who start in life without bright hopes and inspiring ambitions might as well not start at all, for every step will be a failure. Rather would I add to the bundle, and if I open it now it will not be because I wish to take anything from it, but that I may put into it more coronets

and hosannas. Bundle of faculties in every man and every woman! Power to think-to think of the past and through all the future; to think upward and higher than the highest pinnacle of heaven, or to think downward until there is no lower abyss to fathom. Power to think right, power to think wrong, power to think forever; for, once having begun to think, there shall be no terminus for that exercise, and eternity itself shall have no power to bid it halt. Faculties to love-filial love, conjugal love, paternal love, maternal love, love of country, love of God. Faculty of judgment, with scales so delicate and yet so mighty that they can weigh arguments, weigh emotions, weigh worlds, weigh heaven and hell. Faculty of will, that can climb mountains, or tunnel them, wade seas or bridge them, accepting eternal enthronement or choosing everlasting exile. Oh, what it is to be a man. Oh, what it is to be a woman! Sublime and infinite bundle of faculties! The thought of it staggers me, swamps me, stuns me, bewilders me, overwhelms me. Oh, what a bundle of life Abigail of my text saw in David, and which we ought to see in every human, yet im-

mortal being! Know, also, that this bundle of life was put up with great care. Any merchant and almost any faithful householder will tell you how much depends on the way a bundle is bound. The cord or rope must be strong enough to hold; the knot must be well tied. You know not what rough hands may toss that bundle. If not properly put together, though it may leave your hands in good order and symmetrical, before it reaches its proper destination it may be loosened in fragments for the winds to scatter or the rall train to lose,

dle of life is well put together-the body, the mind, the soul. Who but the Omnipotent God could bind such a bundle? Anatomists, physiologists, physicists, logicians, metaphysicians, declare that we are fearfully and wonderfully made. That we are a bundle well put together I prove by the amount of journeying we can endure without damage, by the amount of rough handling we can survive, by the fact that the vast majority of us go through life without the loss of an eye, or the crippling of a limb, or the destruction of a single energy of the body or faculty of mind. I subpoena for this trial that man in yonder view seventy or eighty years of age, and ask him to testify that after all the storms and accidents and vicissitudes of a long life he still keeps his five senses; and though all the lighthouses as old as he is have been reconstructed or new lanterns put in, he has in under his forehead the same two lanterns with which God started him; and though the locomotives of sixty years ago were long ago sold for old iron, he has the original powers of locomotion in the limbs with which God started him; and though all the electric wires that carried messages twentyfive years ago have been torn down, his nerves bring messages from all parts of his body as well as when God strung them seventy-five years ago. Was there ever such a complete bundle put together as the human being? What a factory! What an engine! What a mill-race! What a lighthouse! What a locomotive! What an electric battery! What a furnace! What a masterpiece of the Lord God Almighty! Or, to employ the anticlimax and use the figure of the text, what a bundle!

Now.I have to tell you that this bun-

Know, also, that this bundle of life will be gladly received when it comes to the door of the Mansion for which it was bound and plainly directed. With what alacrity and glee we await some package that has been foretold by letter; some holiday presentation; something that will enrich and ornament our home; some testimony of admiration and affection! With what glow of expectation we untie the knot and take off the cord that holds it together in safety, and with what glad exclamation we unroll the covering, and see the gift or purchase in all its beauty of color and proportion. Well, what a day it will be when your precious bundle of life shall be opened in the "House of Many Mansions," amid saintly and angelic and divine inspection! The bundle may be spotted with the marks of much exposure; it may bear inscription after inscription to tell through what ordeal it has passed; perhaps splashed of wave and scorched of flame, but all it has within undamaged of the journey. And with what shouts of joy the bundle of life will be greeted by all the voices of the heavenly home circle! In our anxiety at last to reach heav-

en we are apt to lose sight of the glee

or welcome that awaits us if we get entrancing to all of us as we see the in at all. We all have friends up there. students receive their diplomas and They will somehow hear that we are coming. Such close and swift and constant communication is there between those up-lands and these lowlands that we will not surprise them by sudden arrival. If loved ones on earth expect our coming visit and are at the depot with carriage to meet us, surely we will be met at the shining gate by old friends now sainted and kindred now glorified. If there were no angel of God to meet us and show us the palaces and guide us to our everlasting residence, these kindred would show us the way and point out the splendors and guide us to our celestial home, bowered, and fountained, and arched, and illumined by a sun that never sets. Will it not be glorious, the going in and the settling down after all the moving about and upsettings of earthly experience. We will soon know all our neighbors, kingly, queenly, prophetic, apostolic, seraphic, archangelic. The precious bundle of life opened amid palaces, and grand marches, and acclamations. They will all be so glad we have got safely through. They saw us down here in the struggle. They saw us when we lost our way. They knew when we got off the right course. None of the thirty-two ships that were overdue at New York harbor in the storm of week before last were greeted so heartily by friends, on the dock, or the steam tugs that went out to meet them at Sandy Hook, as we will be greeted in the heavenly world, if by the pardoning and protecting grace of the Kansas shops will be tremendous God we come to celestial wharfage. We shall have to tell them of the many wrecks that we have passed on much valuable time. The natural the way across wild seas, and amid thing to do under such circumstances Caribbean cyclones. It will be like our arrival some years ago from New Zealand at Sydney, Australia: people surprised that we got in at all, because we were two days late, and some of the ships expected had gone to the bottom and we had passed derelicts and abandoned crafts all up and down that awful channel, our arrival in heaven all the more rapturously welcomed, because of the doubt as to whether we would ever get there at all, Once there it will be found that the safety of that precious bundle of life was assured because it was bound up

with the life of God in Jesus Christ. Heaven could not afford to have that bundle lost, because it had been said in regard to its transportation and safe arrival, "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete zalvation." The veracity of the heavens is involved in its arrival. If God should fall to keep His promise to just one ransomed soul the pillars of Jehovah's throne would fall, and the dash down all the chalices and close of life would change its course, sweep- get the French supply to the market.

ing everything with desolation, and frost would blast all the gardens, and immeasurable sickness slay the immortals, and the new Jerusalem become an abandoned city, with no charlot wheels on the streets and no worshipers in the temple-a dead Pompeil of the skies, a buried Herculaneum of the heavens. Lest any one should doubt, the God who cannot lie smites His omnipotent hand on the side of His throne, and takes affidavit, declaring, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Oh! I cannot tell you how I feel about it, the thought is so glorious. Bound up with God. Bound up with infinite mercy. Bound up with infinite joy. Bound up with infinite purity. Bound up with infinite might. That thought is more beautiful and glorious than was the heroic Abigail, who at the foot of the crags uttered it-"Bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God!"

Now, my hearer and reader, appreclate the value of that bundle. See that it is bound up with nothing mean, but with the unsullied and the immaculate. Not with a pebble of the shifting beach, but with the kohinoor of the palace; not with some fading regalia of earthly pomp, but with the robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Pray as you never prayed before, that by divine chirography written all over your nature, you may be properly addressed for a glorious destination. Turn not over a new leaf of the old book, but by the grace of God open an entirely new volume of experience, and put into practice the advice contained in the peculiar but beautiful rhythm of some author whose name I know not:

If you've any task to do, Let me whisper, friend, to you, If you've anything to say, True and needed, yea or nay,

Say it. If you've anything to love, As a blessing from above, Love it. If you've anything to give,

That another's joy may live, Give it. If some hollow creed you doubt, Tho' the whole world hoot and short, Doubt it.

If you've any debt to pay, Rest you neither night nor day, Pay it. If you've any joy to hold, Near your heart, lest it grow old Hold it.

At a loving Father's feet, If you know what torch to light, Guiding others in the night, Light it.

If you've any grief to meet,

Macaulay's Appailing Memory. The later Henry Reeve, for many years leader writer of the London Times, was dining one night at a house where the other guests included Macaulay and Sydney Smith. Macaulay was at that time laying society waste with his waterspouts of talk. At ength, dinner being over, Sydney Smith, Reeve and a few others went away by themselves and immediately got on the overpowering subject of Macaulay. "He confounds collloquy and colloquy," said Reeve. "He is a book in breeches," Smith declared. "The very worst feature in Macaulay's character is his appalling memory," said Reeve. "Aye, indeed," said Sydney Smith: "why, he could repeat the whole 'History of the Virtuous Blue-Coat Boy,' in three volumes, post 8vo., without a slip." After a pause, as if of consideration, the witty divine added: "He should take two tablespoonfuls of the waters of Lethe every morning to correct his retentive pow-

Limit Barbers' Prices.

ers!"

Though their party went to smash in the last election, there are still some populists in the Kansas senate. They are urging a bill which fixes the maximum prices that barbers shall be allowed to charge for shaves and hair cuts. The bill is believed to reveal a purpose among the populists to effect a change in the personal characteristics by which they have long been recognized. It is hinted that the populists intend to amputate their whiskers and now their hair at intervals of not less than a week, whereas they have heretofore been total strangers in barber shops. When they begin to take tonsorial treatment business in and will likely result in blockades, in which regular patrons will lose would be to raise prices, and, foreseeing this, the populist senators are vigorously urging their bill to legally regulate them.

Burglary in the Future. "Curse my luck!" hissed the burglar, and fled into the night. Bear in mind. if you please, that all crime was now disease merely, and all disease the work of germs. The burglar perceived in the cellar window where he tried to enter one of the latest electric automatic spraying devices, and endeavored to avoid it. But fortune was against him. A click in the dark, and almost before he knew it he was drenched with germicide and cured of his malady.-Detroit Journal.

California Artichokes.

Quite a business has sprung up of late in California artichokes. It is said that the California variety has a better flavor than that coming from foundations of the eternal city would France, besides being fresher. This is crumble, and infinite poverties would very natural, as it takes but a week to get the vegetable here from California, all the banqueting halls, and the river | while it takes at least two weeks to