PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—

The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

The Utrecht sailed with a flowing sheet, and was soon clear of the English Channel; the voyage promised to be auspicious, favoring gales bore them without accident to within a few hundred miles of the Cape of Good Hope, when, for the first time, they were becalmed. Amine was delighted; in the evenings she would pace the deck with Philip; then all was silent, except the splash of the wave as it washed against the sides of the vessel—all was in repose and beauty, as the bright southern constellations sparkled over their heads.

When the day dawned, the lookout man at the mast-head reported that he perceived something floating on the still surface of the water, on the beam of the vessel. Krantz went up with the glass to examine, and made it out to be a small boat, probably cut adrift from some vessel. As there was no appearance of wind, Philip permitted a boat to be sent to examine it, and after a long pull the seamen returned on board, towing the small boat astern.

"There is the body of a man in it," said the second mate to Krantz, as he gained the gangway; "but whether he is quite dead or not, I cannot tell."

Krantz reported this to Philip, who was at that time sitting at breakfast with Amine, in the cabin, and then proceeded to the gangway, to where the body of the man had been already handed up by the seamen. The surgeon, who had been summoned, declared that life was not yet extinct, and was ordering him to be taken below, for recovery, when to their astonishment the man turned as he lay, sat up, and ultimately rose upon his feet and staggered to a gun, when, after a time, he appeared to be fully recovered. In reply to questions put to him, he said that he was in a vessel which had been upset in a squall, that he had time to cut away the small boat astern, and that all the rest of the crew had perished. He had hardly made his answer, when Philip, with Amine, came out of the cabin, and walked up to where the seamen were crowded round the man; the seamen retreated so as to make an opening, when Philip and Amine, to their astonishment and horror, recognized their old acquaintance, the one-eyed pilot Schriften.

"He! he! Captain Vanderdecken, I believe—glad to see you in command, and you, too, fair lady."

Philip turned away with a chill at his heart; Amine's eye flashed as she surveyed the wasted form of the wretched creature. After a few seconds she turned round and followed Philip into the cabin, where she found him with his face buried in his hands.

"Courage, Philip, courage!" said Amine; "it was indeed a heavy shock, and I fear me forbodes evil; but what then? it is our destiny."

"It is! it ought perhaps to be mine," replied Philip, raising his head; "but you, Amine, why should you be a partner—"

"I am your partner, Philip, in life and in death. I would not die first, Philip, because it would grieve you; but your death will be the signal for mine, and I will join you quickly."

"Surely, Amine, you would not hasten your own?"

"Yes! and require but one moment for this little steel to do its duty."

"Nay! Amine, that is not lawful—our religion forbids it."

"It may do so, but I cannot tell why. I came into this world without my own consent; surely I may leave without asking the leave of priests! But let that pass for the present; what will you do with that Schriften?"

"Put him on shore at the Cape; I cannot bear the odious wretch's presence. Did you not feel the chill, as before, when you approached him?"

"I did—I knew that he was there before I saw him; but still I know not why, I feel as if I would not send him away."

"Why not?"

"I believe it is because I am inclined to brave destiny, not to quail at it. The wretch can do no harm."

"Yes, he can—much; he can render the ship's company mutinous and disaffected; besides, he attempted to deprive me of my relic."

"I almost wish he had done so; then must you have discontinued this wild search."

"Nay, Amine, say not so; it is my duty, and I have taken my solemn oath—"

"But this Schriften—you cannot well put him ashore at the Cape, he being a company's officer; you might send him home if you found a ship there homeward bound; still, were I you, I would let destiny work. He is woven in with ours, that is certain. Courage, Philip, and let him remain."

"Perhaps you are right, Amine; I may retard, but cannot escape, whatever may be my intended fate."

"Let him remain, then and let him do his worst. Treat him with kindness—who knows what we may gain from him?"

"True, true, Amine; he has been my enemy without cause. Who can tell? —perhaps he may become my friend."

"And if not, you have done your duty."

The Utrecht arrived at the Cape, watered and proceeded on her voyage, and, after two months of difficult navigation, cast anchor off Gambroon. During this time Amine had been unceasing in her attempts to gain the good-will of Schriften. She had often conversed with him on deck, and had done him every kindness, and had overcome that fear which his near approach had generally occasioned. Schriften gradually appeared mindful of this kindness, and at last to be pleased with Amine's company. To Philip he was at times civil and courteous, but not always; to Amine he was always deferent. His language was mystical—she could not prevent his chuckling laugh, his occasional "He! he!" from breaking forth. But when they anchored at Gambroon, he was on such terms with her that he would occasionally come into the cabin; and, although he would not sit down, would talk to Amine for a few minutes, and then depart.

The Utrecht sailed from Gambroon, touched at Ceylon and proceeded on her voyage in the Eastern seas. The ship was not far from the Andaman Isles, when Krantz, who had watched the barometer, came in early one morning and called Philip.

"We have every pospect of a typhoon, sir," said Krantz; "the glass and the weather are both threatening."

"Then we must make all snug. Send down top-gallant yards and small sails directly. We will strike top-gallant masts. I will be out in a minute."

Philip hastened on deck. The sea was smooth, but already the moaning of the wind gave notice of the approaching storm. The vacuum in the air was about to be filled up, and the convulsion would be terrible; a white haze gathered fast, thicker and thicker; the men were turned up, everything of weight was sent below, and the guns were secured. Now came a blast of wind which careened the ship, passed over, and in a minute she righted as before; then another and another, fiercer and fiercer still. The sea, although smooth, at last appeared white as a sheet with foam, as the typhoon swept along in its impetuous career; it burst upon the vessel, which bowed down to her gunwale and there remained; in a quarter of an hour the hurricane had passed over and the vessel was relieved; but the sea had risen, and the wind was strong. In another hour the blast again came, more wild, more furious than at first; the waves were dashed into their faces, torrents of rain descended, the ship was thrown on her beam ends and thus remained till the wild blast had passed away, to sweep destruction far beyond them, leaving behind it a tumultuous, angry sea.

"It is nearly over, I believe, sir," said Krantz. "It is clearing up a little to windward."

"We have had the worst of it, I believe," said Philip.

"No; there is worse to come," said a low voice near to Philip. It was Schriften who spoke.

"A vessel to windward scudding before the gale!" cried Krantz.

Philip looked to windward, and in the spot where the horizon was clearest he saw a vessel under topsails and foresail standing right down. "She is a large vessel; bring me my glass."

The telescope was brought from the cabin, but before Philip could use it a haze had again gathered up to windward, and the vessel was not to be seen.

"Thick again," observed Philip, as he shut in his telescope. "We must look out for that vessel, that she does not run too close to us."

"She has seen us, no doubt, sir," said Krantz.

After a few minutes the typhoon again raged, and the atmosphere was a murky gloom. It seemed as if some heavy fog had been hurled along by the furious wind; nothing was to be distinguished except the white foam of the sea, and that not the distance of half a cable's length, where it was lost in one dark-gray mist. The storm-staysail, yielding to the force of the wind, was rent into strips, and flogged and cracked with a noise even louder than the gale. The furious blast again blew over, and the mist cleared up a little.

"Ship on the weather beam close aboard of us!" cried one of the men.

Krantz and Philip sprang upon the gunwale, and beheld the large ship bearing right down upon them, not three cables' length distant.

"Helm up! She does not see us, and she will be aboard of us!" cried Philip. "Helm up, I say; hard up, quick!"

The helm was put up, as the men, perceiving their imminent danger, climbed upon the guns to look if the vessel altered her course; but no—down she came, and the headsails of the Utrecht having been carried away, to their horror they perceived that she would not answer her helm and pay off as they required.

"Ship ahoy!" cried Krantz, on the gunwale, waving his hat. It was useless—down she came, with the waters foaming under her bows, and was now within pistol shot of the Utrecht.

"Ship ahoy!" roared all the sailors, with a shout that must have been heard; it was not attended to; down came the vessel upon them, and now her cut-water was within ten yards of the Utrecht. The men of the Utrecht, who expected that their vessel would be severed in half by the concussion, climbed upon the weather gunwale, all ready to catch at the ropes of the other vessel and climb on board of her. Amine, who had been surprised at the noise on deck, had come out and had taken Philip by the arm.

"Trust to me—the shock——" said Philip. He said no more; the cut-water of the stranger touched their sides; one general cry was raised by the sailors of the Utrecht—they sprang to catch at the rigging of the other vessel's bowsprit, which was now pointed between their masts. They caught at nothing—nothing—there was no shock—no concussion of the two vessels—the stranger appeared to cleave through them; her hull passed along in silence; no cracking of timbers; no falling of masts; the foreyard passed through their mainsail, yet the canvas was unrent; the whole vessel appeared to cut through the Utrecht, yet left no trace of injury—not fast, but slowly, as if she were really sawing through her by the heaving and tossing of the sea with her sharp prow. The stranger's forechains had passed their gunwale before Philip could recover himself. "Amine!" cried he, at last; "the Phantom ship! My father!"

The seamen of the Utrecht, more astounded by the marvelous result than by their former danger, threw themselves down upon deck; some hastened below, some prayed; others were dumb with astonishment and fear. Amine appeared more calm than any, not excepting Philip; she surveyed the vessel as it slowly forced its way through; she beheld the seamen on board her coolly leaning over her gunwale, as if deriding the destruction that they had occasioned; she looked for Vanderdecken himself, and on the poop of the vessel, with his trumpet under his arm, she beheld the image of her Philip—the same hardy, strong build, the same features, about the same age apparently; there could be no doubt it was the doomed Vanderdecken.

"See, Philip," said she; "see your father!"

"Even so. Merciful heaven! it is—it is!" and Philip, overpowered by his feelings, sank upon the deck.

The vessel had now passed over the Utrecht; the form of the elder Vanderdecken was seen to walk aft and look over the taffrail; Amine perceived it to start and turn away suddenly; she looked down and saw Schriften shaking his fist in defiance at the supernatural being! Again the Phantom ship flew to leeward before the gale, and was soon lost in the mist; but before that Amine had turned and perceived the situation of Philip. No one but herself and Schriften appeared able to act or move. She caught the pilot's eye, beckoned to him, and with his assistance Philip was led into the cabin.

(To be continued.)

Supplying Stationery by the Ton.

The supply department of the postal service is an immense business in itself. Over six tons of stationery, blanks, books, twine, scales, etc., are mailed every day from the department at Washington. Facing-slips put around letters and packages numbered 550,000,000 last year; blanks, over 90,000,000; lead pencils, 200,000; pens, 13,700 gross; sealing wax, over five tons. The wrapping paper cost as much as the president's salary. Despite rigid economy, $90,000 worth of twine was called for. Paper by the ton, blanks by the thousand, ink by the barrel—till figures grow weak and unsatisfying. The division of supplies occupies a building formerly used as a skating rink. One room contains supplies of every blank used in every postoffice in the country, another room is filled with wrapping-paper and twine, another great room has thousands of the 217 different articles of stationery for first and second-class offices.

Cinderella of Ancient Egypt.

"Cinderella" is not entirely the product of fiction. Princess Rhodopis of Egypt was the first Cinderella. She was bathing in the Nile, and a bird, which Strabo calls an eagle, flying past, picked up one of her slippers, or sandals, flew away with it, and dropped it on the lap of Prince Psammeticus, who was holding a court of justice in Memphis. He was so struck by the dainty manufacture and small size of the sandal that, being then in search of a bride, he at once vowed that he would only wed the maiden whose foot fitted the sandal. There were two elder daughters of the first marriage who greatly envied her good fortune—and here we have all the essentials of the story.

Turned Down.

"I came to ask you for your daughter," said the young man who has nothing but what he expects to earn, "but I can't express myself." "Express yourself!" sneered the plutocratic parent. "You don't even need to go by freight. Walking is expeditious enough in this case. Don't forget your hat."—Detroit Free Press.

An Explanation.

"I would be thought more of," Mr. Dismal Dawson explained, "if people only understood my nature more better. I am that kind of a guy that never gives up when he has once started to do somethin'. That's the reason I've always been afraid to start in at anything."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not a Volunteer.

"Do you go to school, my little man?" asked the smiling visitor. "No," drawled the hopeful, "I'm sent."—The Rival.

France is burdened with 400,000 public officials, costing the state 615,000,000 francs a year.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE BRIDE OF NATIONS, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From Chapter LXII of Isaiah, Verse iv, as Follows:—"Thy Land Shall Be Married"—The Republic Is Cursed by Greedy Monopolists.

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As the greater includes the less, so does the circle of future joy around our entire world include the epicycle of our own republic. Bold, exhilarant, unique, divine imagery of the text. At the close of a week in which for three days our National Capitol was a pageant and all that grand review and bannered procession and National Anthems could do, celebrated peace, it may not be inapt to anticipate the time when the Prince of Peace and the Heir of Universal Dominion shall take possession of this nation, and "thy land shall be married."

In discussing the final destiny of this nation, it makes all the difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject. In pulpits and on platforms and in places of public concourse, I hear so many of the muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded, as though we were on the way to national interment, and beside Thebes and Babylon and Tyre in the cemetery of dead nations our republic was to be entombed, that I wish you to understand it is not to be obsequies, but nuptials; not mausoleum, but carpeted altar; not cypress, but orange blossoms; not requiem, but wedding march; for "thy land shall be married." I propose to name some of the suitors who are claiming the hand of this republic. This land is so fair, so beautiful, so affluent, that it has many suitors, and it will depend much upon your advice whether this or that shall be accepted or rejected. In the first place, I remark: There is a greedy, all-grasping monster who comes in as suitor seeking the hand of this republic, and that monster is known by the name of Monopoly. His sceptre is made out of the iron of the rail track and the wire of telegraphy. He does everything for his own advantage and for the robbery of the people. Things went on from bad to worse until the three legislatures of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, for a long time Monopoly decided everything. If Monopoly favor a law, it passes; if Monopoly oppose a law, it is rejected. Monopoly stands in the railroad depot putting into his pockets in one year two hundred millions of dollars in excess of all reasonable charges for services. Monopoly holds in his one hand the steam power of locomotion, and in the other, the electricity of swift communication. Monopoly has the Republican party in one pocket and the Democratic party in the other pocket. Monopoly decides nominations and elections—city elections, state elections, national elections. With bribe he secures the votes of legislators, giving them free passes, giving appointments to needy relatives to lucrative position, employing them as attorneys if they are lawyers, carrying their goods 15 per cent less if they are merchants, and if he find a case very stubborn as well as very important, puts down before him the hard cash of bribery.

But Monopoly is not so easly caught now as when during the term of Mr. Buchanan the legislative committee in one of our states explored and exposed the manner in which a certain railway company had obtained a donation of public land. It was found out that thirteen of the senators of that state received $175,000 among them, sixty members of the lower house of that state received between $5,000 and $10,000 each, the governor of that state received $50,000, his clerk received $5,000, the lieutenant governor received $10,000, all the clerks of the legislature received $5,000 each, while $50,000 were divided among the lobby agents. That thing on a larger or smaller scale is all the time going on in some of the states of the Union, but it is not so blundering as it used to be, and therefore not so easily exposed or arrested. I tell you that the overshadowing curse of the United States today is Monopoly. He puts his hand upon every bushel of wheat, upon every sack of salt, upon every ton of coal, and every man, woman and child in the United States feels the touch of that moneyed despotism. I rejoice that in twenty-four states of the union already anti-monopoly leagues have been established. God speed them in the work of liberation.

I have nothing to say against capitalists; a man has a right to make all the money he can make honestly—I have nothing to say against corporations as such; without them no great enterprise would be possible, but what I do say is that the same principles are to be applied to capitalists and to corporations that are applied to the poorest man and the plainest laborer. What is wrong for me is wrong for great corporations. If I take from you your property without any adequate compensation, I am a thief, and if a railway damages the property of the people without making any adequate compensation, that is a gigantic theft. What is wrong on a small scale is wrong on a large scale. Monopoly in England has ground hundreds of thousands of her best people into semi-starvation, and in Ireland has driven multitudinous tenants almost to madness, and in the United States proposes to take the wealth of sixty or seventy millions of people and put it in a few silken wallets.

Monopoly, brazen-faced, iron-fingered, vulture-hearted Monopoly offers his hand to this republic. He stretches it out over the lakes and up the great railroads and over the telegraph poles of the continent, and says: "Here is my heart and hand; be mine forever." Let the millions of the people North, South, East and West forbid the bans of that marriage, forbid them at the ballot-box, forbid them on the platform, forbid them by great organizations, forbid them by the overwhelming sentiment of an outraged nation, forbid them by the protest of the Church of God, forbid them by prayer to high heaven. That Herod shall not have this Abigail. It shall not be to all-devouring Monopoly that his land is to be married.

Another suitor for the hand of this nation is Infidelity. When the midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart in St. Mark's churchyard, everybody was shocked; but Infidelity proposes something worse than that—the robbing of all the graves of Christendom of the hope of a resurrection. It proposes to chisel out from the tombstones of your Christian dead the words, "Asleep in Jesus," and substitute the words, "Obliteration—annihilation." Infidelity proposes to take the letter from the world's Father, inviting the nations to virtue and happiness, and tear it up into fragments so small that you cannot read a word of it. It proposes to take the consolation from the broken-hearted, and the soothing pillow from the dying. Infidelity proposes to swear in the President of the United States, and the Supreme court, and the governors of states, and the witnesses in the court room with their right hand on Paine's "Age of Reason," or Voltaire's "Philosophy of History." It proposes to take away from this country the Book that makes the difference between the United States and the Kingdom of Dahomey, between American civilization and Bornesian cannibalism. If Infidelity could destroy the Scriptures, it would in two hundred years turn the civilized nations back to semi-barbarism, and then from semi-barbarism into midnight savagery, until the morals of a menagerie of tigers, rattlesnakes and chimpanzees would be better than the morals of the shipwrecked human race.

The only impulse in the right direction that this world has ever had has come from the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and of healthful jurisprudence. That book has been the mother of all reforms and all charities—mother of English magna charta and American Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin, holding that Holy Book in his hand, stood before an infidel club in Paris and read to them out of the prophecies of Habakkuk, and the infidels, not knowing what book it was, declared it was the best poetry they had ever heard. That book brought George Washington down on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge, and led the dying Prince Albert to ask some one to sing "Rock of Ages."

* * *

We have been turning an important lfet in the mighty tome of our national history. One year at the gates of this continent over 500,000 emigrants arrived. I was told by the commissioners of emigration that the probability was that in that one year 600,000 emigrants would arriwe at the different gates of commerce. Who were they? the paupers of Europe? No. At Kansas City, I was told by a gentleman, who had opportunity for large investigation, that a great multitude had gone through there, averaging in worldly estate $800. I was told by an officer of the government, who had opportunity for authentic investigation, that thousands and thousands had gone, averaging $1,000 in possession each. I was told by the commission of emigration that twenty families that had recently arrived brought $85,000 with them. Mark you, families, not tramps. Additions to the national wealth, not subtractions therefrom. I saw some of them reading their Bibles and their hymn books, thanking God for his kindness in helping them cross the sea. Some of them had Christ in the steerage all across the waves, and they will have Christ in the rail trains which at five o'clock every afternoon start for the great West. They are being taken by the commission of emigration in New York, taken from the vessels, protected from the Shylocks and the sharpers, and in the name of God and humanity passed on to their destination; and there they will turn your wildernesses into gardens, if you will build for them churches, and establish for them schools, and send to them Christian missionaries.

Are you afraid this continent is going to be overcrowded with this population? Ah, that shows you have not been to California, that shows you have not been to Oregon, that shows that you have not been to Texas. A fishing smack today on Lake Ontario might as well be afraid of being crowded by other shipping before night as for any one of the next ten generations of Americans to be afraid of being over crowded by foreign populations in this country. The one state of Texas is far larger than all the Austrian empire, yet the Austrian empire supports 35,000,000 people. The one state of Texas is larger than all France, and France supports 36,000,000 people. The one state of Texas far surpasses in size the Germanic empire, yet the Germanic empire supports 41,000,000 people. I tell you the great want of the Western states is more population.

While some people may stand at the gates of the city saying: "Stay back!" to foreign populations, I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them and beckon to foreign nations, saying: "Come, come! all ye people who are honest and industrious and God-loving!" But say you: "I am so afraid that they will bring their prejudices for foreign governments and plant them here." Absurd. They are sick of the governments that have oppressed them, and they want free America! Give them the great Gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard-earned wages to this country, and then we will dedicate all to Christ, and "thy land shall be married." But where shall the marriage altar be? Let it be the Rocky Mountains, when, through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards and orchards and grain fields. Then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlestons of the Pacific coast come to the marriage altar on one side, and then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlestons of the Atlantic coast come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel; and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevadas on the one side, or moved the foundations of the Alleghanies on the other side, should open full diapason of wedding march, that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of him who would take the hand of this bride of nations, saying, "as a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee." At that marriage banquet the platters shall be of Nevada silver, and the chalices of California gold, and the fruits of Northern orchards, and the spices of Southern groves, and the tapestry of American manufacture, and the congratulations from all the free nations of earth and from all the triumphant armies of heaven. "And so thy land shall be married."

THE PALACE BELL.

How the Bellmaker's Daughter Helped to Make It.

There hangs in the palace tower in Japan a wonderful bell whose sweet tones can be heard for over a hundred miles, and in the evening when the clear music is heard across the sunlit fields the stranger is told this legend: Long, long ago the emperor wrote to the maker of bells, bidding him cast a bell larger and more beautiful than any ever made before. He bade him put into it gold and silver and brass, that the tones might be sweet and clear, and that when hung in the palace tower its sound might be heard for a hundred miles. The maker of bells did as he was told; he put gold and silver and brass into his great melting pot, but the metals would not mingle, and the bell was a failure. Again and again he tried, but in vain. Then the emperor was angry and sent saying that if the bell was not made at the next trial the bell maker must die. The bell maker had a lovely daughter, who was greatly distressed for her father. Wrapping her mantle about her, she went by night to the oracle to ask how she could save him, and the oracle answered that gold and brass would not mingle until the blood of a maiden was mixed with them in their melting. Again the old man made ready to cast the bell; again all his efforts seemed useless, until his daughter, standing by his side, threw herself into the midst of the molten metal. When the bell was finished it was found to be more wonderful and perfect than any other ever made. But there is a sound in its thrilling tones that brings tears to the eyes of all and a pang to the heart, and the sound is the voice of the maiden whose blood of sacrifice gave to the bell its matchless sweetness.

PLACED DEAD COWS ON TRACK

After That They Collected Damages from the Railroad.

"It was a great scheme," laughed the claim agent, "and if I hadn't by the merest chance tumbled to the old man's game it might have been going on yet. Some time ago I was notified that a man down the road had put in a claim for damages. I looked the matter up, and as it was perfectly straight on the face of it there was nothing to do but to settle with the old man on the best terms I could get, and I did so, and was hardly back when I was again notified that the old man had had another cow killed by the cars. I looked into that claim a little more carefully, but it was all right as far as I could see, and I settled with him. Before I had time to catch a train back to the city the old man sent me word that he had had another cow killed by the cars. This struck me as being very strange, particularly so as none of the train crews had reported killing any cows. Moreover, they all denied it when questioned about it. I went out where the cow was still lying by the side of the track and found it almost cut to pieces. I was about to settle with the old man, as there was no other way out of it, when his 10-year-old boy came running up. 'Pop!' he gasped, 'there's another cow dead! Hurry up, and we'll drag her down here and make the old railroad think that they have killed two this time.' Well, the truth of the matter was that the old man's stock had been dying from some cause, and he, with great forethought, had dragged the victims down by the railroad grade, pounded a few holes in them with a pickax, and then calmly notified the railroad to settle."—New York Sun.

Hard on Tom.

Cousin George—"They tell me you spent the afternoon with Tom Callow. Is it a fact that he has raised a mustache? I supposed you had heard the report?"

Cousin Jane—"Really, I didn't notice. Am sorry I didn't ask him."—Boston Transcript.