

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"That, Philip, I shall never be. I feel that death claims me; and, oh, my son, were it not for you how I should quit this world rejoicing! I have long been dying, Philip—and long, long have I prayed for death."

"And why so, mother?" replied Philip, bluntly; "I've done my best."
"You have, my child, you have; and may God bless you for it. Often have I seen you curb your fiery temper—restrain yourself when justified in wrath—to share a mother's feelings. 'Tis now some days that even hunger has not persuaded you to disobey your mother. And, Philip, you must have thought me mad or foolish to insist so long, and yet to give no reason. I'll speak—again—directly."

The widow turned her head upon the pillow, and remained quiet for some minutes; then, as if revived, she resumed:

"I believe I have been mad at times—have I not, Philip? And God knows I have had a secret in my heart enough to drive a wife to frenzy. It has oppressed me day and night, worn my mind, impaired my reason, and now, at last, thank Heaven! it has overcome this mortal frame; the blow is struck, Philip—I'm sure it is. I wait but to tell you all—and yet I would not—'twill turn your brain as it has turned mine, Philip."

"Mother," replied Philip, earnestly, "I conjure you let me hear this killing secret. Be Heaven or hell mixed up with it—I fear not, Heaven will not hurt me, and Satan I defy."

"I know thy bold, proud spirit, Philip—thy strength of mind. If anyone could bear the load of such a dreadful tale, thou couldst. My brain, alas, was far too weak for it; and I see it is my duty to tell it to thee."

The widow paused as her thoughts reverted to that which she had to confide; for a few minutes the tears rained down her hollow cheeks; she then appeared to have summoned resolution and to have regained strength.

"Philip, it was of your father I would speak. It is supposed—that he was—drowned—at sea."

"And was he not, mother?" replied Philip, with surprise.

"Oh, no!"
"But he has long been dead, mother?"

"No—yes—and yet—no," said the widow, covering her eyes. Her brain wanders, thought Philip, but she spoke again.

"Then where is he, mother?"

The widow raised herself, and a tremor visibly ran through her whole frame, as she replied:

"In living judgment."

The poor woman then sank down again upon the pillow, and covered her head with the bed clothes, as if she would have hid herself from her own memory. Philip was so much perplexed and astounded, that he could make no reply. A silence of some minutes ensued, when, no longer able to bear the agony of suspense, Philip faintly whispered:

"The secret, mother, the secret; quick, let me hear it!"

"I can now tell all, Philip," replied his mother, in a solemn tone of voice. "Hear me, my son. Your father's disposition was but too like your own. Oh, may his cruel fate be a lesson to you, my dear, dear child! He was a bold, a daring, and, they say, a first-rate seaman. He was not born here, but in Amsterdam; but he would not live there because he still adhered to the Catholic religion. The Dutch, you know, Philip, are heretics, according to our creed. It is now seventeen years or more since he sailed for India in his fine ship, the Amsterdam, with a valuable cargo. It was his third voyage to India, Philip, and it was to have been, if it had so pleased God, his last, for he had purchased that good ship with only part of his earnings, and one more voyage would have made his fortune. Oh, how often did we talk over what we would do upon his return, and how these plans for the future consoled me at the idea of his absence, for I loved him dearly, Philip—he was always good and kind to me and after he had sailed, how I hoped for his return! The lot of a sailor's wife is not to be envied. Alone and solitary for so many months, watching the long wick of the candle, and listening to the howling of the wind—foreboding evil and accident—wreck and widowhood. He had been gone about six months, Philip, and there was still a long, dreary year to wait before I could expect him back. One night you, my child, were fast asleep; you were my only solace, my comfort in my loneliness. I had been watching over you in your slumbers; you smiled and half pronounced the name of mother; and at last I kissed your unconscious lips, and I knelt and prayed—prayed for God's blessing on you, my child, and upon him too—little thinking, at the time, that he was so horribly, so fearfully cursed."

The widow paused for breath, and then resumed. Philip could not speak. His lips were sundered, and his eyes riveted upon his mother, as he devoured her words.

"I left you and went downstairs into that room, Philip, which since that dreadful night has never been reopened. I sat me down and read, for the wind was strong, and when the gale

blows, a sailor's wife can seldom sleep. It was past midnight, and the rain poured down. I felt unusual fear—I knew not why. I rose from the couch, and dipped my finger in the blessed water, and I crossed myself. A violent gust of wind roared round the house, and alarmed me still more. I had a painful, horrible foreboding; when, of a sudden, the windows and window-shutters were blown in, the light was extinguished, and I was left in utter darkness. I screamed with fright; but at last I recovered myself, and was proceeding toward the window that I might reclose it, when whom should I behold, slowly entering at the casement, but—your father—Philip! Yes, Philip, it was your father!"

"Merciful God!" muttered Philip, in a low tone almost subdued to a whisper.

"I knew not what to think—he was in the room; and although the darkness was intense, his form and features were as clear and as defined as if it were noonday. Fear would have inclined me to recoil from—his loved presence to fly toward him. I remained on that spot where I was, choked with agonizing sensations. When he had entered the room, the windows and shutters closed of themselves, and the candle was relighted—then I thought it was his apparition, and I fainted on the floor."

"When I recovered I found myself on the couch, and perceived that a cold—oh, how cold!—and dripping hand was clasped in mine. This reassured me, and I forgot the supernatural signs which accompanied his appearance. I imagined that he had been unfortunate, and had returned home. I opened my eyes, and beheld my loved husband, and threw myself into his arms. His clothes were saturated with rain; I felt as if I had embraced ice—but nothing can check the warmth of woman's love, Philip. He received my caresses, but he caressed not again; he spoke not, but looked thoughtfully and unhappy. 'William—William,' cried I; 'speak, Vanderdecken; speak to your dear Catherine.'"

"I will," replied he, solemnly, 'for my time is short.'

"No, no, you must not go to sea again; you have lost your vessel; but you are safe. Have I not you again?"

"Alas, no—be not alarmed, but listen, for my time is short. I have not lost my vessel, Catherine, but I have lost—Make no reply, but listen. I am not dead, nor yet am I alive. I hover between this world and the world of spirits. Mark me."

"For nine weeks did I try to force my passage against the elements round the stormy Cape, but without success; and I swore terribly. For nine weeks more did I carry sail against the adverse winds and currents, and yet could gain no ground; and then I blasphemed—ay, terribly blasphemed. Yet still I persevered. The crew, worn out with long fatigue, would have had me return to the Table Bay, but I refused; nay more, I became a murderer—unintentionally, it is true, but still a murderer. The pilot opposed me, and persuaded the men to bind me, and in the excess of my fury, when he took me by the collar, I struck at him; he recoiled; and with the sudden lurch of the vessel he fell overboard, and sank. Even this fearful death did not restrain me; and I swore by the fragment of the Holy Cross, preserved in that relic now hanging round your neck, that I would gain my point in defiance of storm and seas, of lightning, of Heaven, or of hell, even if I should beat about until the Day of Judgment."

"My oath was registered in thunder, and in streams of sulphurous fire. The hurricane burst upon the ship, the canvas flew away in ribbons; mountains of seas swept over us, and in the center of a deep overhanging cloud, which shrouded all in utter darkness, were written in letters of livid flame, these words: Until the Day of Judgment."

"Listen to me, Catherine, my time is short. One hope alone remains, and for this I am permitted to come here. Take this letter.' He put a sealed paper on the table. 'Read it, Catherine dear, and try if you can assist me. Read it, and now farewell—my time is come.'

"Again the window and window-shutters burst open—again the light was extinguished, and the form of my husband was, as it were, wafted in the dark expanse. I started up and followed him with outstretched arms and frantic screams as he sailed through the window; my glaring eyes beheld his form borne away like lightning on the wings of the wild gale till it was lost as a speck of light, and then it disappeared. Again the windows closed, the light burned, and I was left alone!"

"Heaven have mercy! My brain!—my brain! Philip!—Philip!" shrieked the poor woman; "don't leave me—don't—don't—pray don't!"

During these exclamations the frantic widow had raised herself from the bed and, at last, had fallen into the arms of her son. She remained there some minutes without motion. After a time Philip felt alarmed at her long quiescence; he laid her gently down upon the bed, and as he did so her head fell back—her eyes were turned—the Widow Vanderdecken was no more.

CHAPTER II.

Philip Vanderdecken, strong as he was in mental courage, was almost paralyzed by the shock when he discovered that his mother's spirit had fled; and for some time he remained by the side of the bed, with his eyes fixed upon the corpse, and his mind in a state of vacancy. Gradually he recovered himself; he rose, smoothed down the pillow, the tears trickled down his manly cheeks. He impressed a solemn kiss upon the pale, white forehead of the departed, and drew the curtains round the bed.

"Poor mother!" said he, sorrowfully, as he completed his task, "at length thou hast found rest—but thou hast left thy son a bitter legacy."

And as Philip's thoughts reverted to what had passed, the dreadful narrative whirled in his imagination and scathed his brain. He raised his hands to his temples, compressed them with force and tried to collect his thoughts, that he might decide upon what measures he should take. He felt that he had no time to indulge his grief. His mother was in peace; but his father—where was he?

He recalled his mother's words—"One hope alone remained." Then there was hope. His father had laid a paper on the table—could it be there now? Yes, it must be! his mother had not had the courage to take it up. There was hope in that paper, and it had lain unopened for more than seven years.

Philip Vanderdecken resolved that he would examine the fatal chamber—at once he would know the worst. Should he do it now, or wait till daylight?—but the key, where was it? His eyes rested upon an old japanned cabinet in the room; he had never seen his mother open it in his presence; it was the only likely place of concealment that he was aware of. Promptly in all his decisions, he took up the candle and proceeded to examine it. It was not locked; the door swung open, and drawer after drawer was examined, but Philip discovered not the object of his search; again and again did he open the drawers, but they were all empty. It occurred to Philip that there might be secret drawers, and he examined for some time in vain. At last he took out all the drawers, and laid them on the floor, and lifting the cabinet off its stand he shook it. A rattling sound in one corner told him that in all probability the key was there concealed. He renewed his attempts to discover how to gain it, but in vain. Daylight now streamed through the openings, and Philip had not desisted from his attempts; at last, wearied out, he went into the adjoining room, threw himself upon his bed, and in a few minutes was in a sleep as sound as that permitted to the wretch a few hours previous to his execution.

During his slumbers the neighbors had come in, and had prepared everything for the widow's interment. They had been careful not to wake the son, for they held as sacred the sleep of those who must wake up to sorrow. Among others, soon after the hour of noon, arrived Mynheer Poots; he had been informed of the death of the widow, but having a spare hour, he thought he might as well call, as it would raise his charges by another guilder. He first went into the room where the body lay, and from thence he proceeded to the chamber of Philip, and shook him by the shoulder.

Philip awoke, and, sitting up, perceived the doctor standing by him.

"Well, Mynheer Vanderdecken," commenced the unfeeling little man, "so it's all over. I knew it would be so; and recollect you owe me now another guilder, and you promised faithfully to pay me; altogether, with the potion, it will be three guilders and a half—that is, provided you return my vial."

Philip, who at first waking was confused, gradually recovered his senses during this address.

(To be continued.)

Friends Well Met.

When true-hearted men in north and south met and understood each other, there was never real enmity between them. A certain Virginian lived near the field of Mechanicsville, where McClellan fought one of his severe battles in the summer of 1862. This man went out to the field, after the northern troops had retired from it, and noticed a little fellow lying, wounded, in the hot sun. As he looked pityingly at the boy, the young fellow gained courage to make a request: "Neighbor, won't you get me a drink of water? I'm very thirsty." "Of course, I will," said the man, and he brought the water. The little fellow was encouraged by this, and he asked again: "Won't you get me taken to the hospital? I'm badly wounded." "Well, now, my boy," said the man, "if I get you taken care of, and you are well enough to go home again, are you coming down here to fight me and my folks once more? How about that?" It was a hard test for a wounded prisoner, but the boy stood it. He looked his captor firmly in the eye, and said: "That I would, my friend." "I tell you," said the Virginian afterward, "I liked his pluck. I had that boy taken to the hospital, and he had good care."

His Idea.

Little Ike—"Fader, vat ish a philanthropist?" Old Swindefaum—"A philanthropist, mein sohn, ish a man vat induces oder peoples to gif away derir monish mit charity."—New York World.

What She Desired.

Knicker—I tried to convince my wife that I couldn't afford a new sealskin cloak. Becker—And did you succeed? Knicker—No, she wanted the argument brought home to her.—St. Louis Star.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"ABUSE OF TRUST FUNDS,"
SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Whose Trust Shall He a Spider's Web"—Job, Chapter VIII, Verse 14—
Bankers and Lawyers Are Given Some Good Advice.

The two most skillful architects in the world are the bee and the spider. The one puts up a sugar manufactory and the other builds a slaughter house for flies. On a bright summer morning when the sun comes out and shines upon the spider's web, bedecked with dew, the gossamer structure seems bright enough for a suspension bridge for aerial beings to cross on. But, alas for the poor fly, which in the latter part of that very day, ventures on it, and is caught and dungeoned and destroyed! The fly was informed that it was a free bridge, and would cost nothing, but at the other end of the bridge the toll paid was its own life. The next day there comes down a strong wind, and away goes the web, and the marauding spider and the victimized fly. So delicate are the silken threads of the spider's web that many thousands of them are put together before they become visible to the human eye, and it takes four million of them to make a thread as large as the human hair. Most cruel as well as most ingenious is the spider. A prisoner in the Bastille, France, had one so trained that at the sound of the violin it every day came for its meal of flies. The author of my text, who was a leading scientist of his day, had no doubt watched the voracious process of this one insect with another, and saw spider and fly swept down with the same broom, or scattered by the same wind. Alas, that the world has so many designing spiders and victimized flies! There has not been a time when the utter and black irresponsibility of many men having the financial interests of others in charge, has been more evident than in these last few years. The bankruptcy of banks and disappearance of administrators with the funds of large estates, and the disordered accounts of United States officials, have sometimes made a pestilence of crime that solemnizes every thoughtful man and woman, and leads every philanthropist and Christian to ask, What shall be done to stay the plague? There is ever and anon a monsoon of swindle abroad, a typhoon, a sirocco. I sometimes ask myself if it would not be better for men making wills to bequeath their property directly to the executors and officers of the court, and appoint the widows and orphans a committee to see that the former got all that did not belong to them. The simple fact is that there are a large number of men sailing yachts and driving fast horses, and members of expensive clubhouses, and controlling country seats, who are not worth a dollar if they return to others their just rights. Under some sudden reverse they fall, and, with afflicted air, seem to retire from the world, and seem almost ready for monastic life, when in two or three years they blossom out again, having compromised with their creditors, that is, paid them nothing but regret; and the only difference between the second chapter of prosperity and the first, is that their pictures are Murillos instead of Kensests, and their horses go a mile in twenty seconds less than their predecessors, and instead of one country seat, they have three. I have watched and have noticed that nine out of ten of those who fall, in what is called high life, have more means after than before the failure, and in many of the cases, failure is only a stratagem to escape the payment of honest debts, and put the world off the track while they practice a large swindle. There is something woefully wrong in the fact that these things are possible.

First of all, I charge the blame on careless, indifferent bank directors and boards having in charge great financial institutions. It ought not to be possible for a president or cashier or prominent officer of a banking institution to swindle it year after year without detection. I will undertake to say that if these frauds are carried on for two or three years without detection, either the directors are partners in the infamy and pocket part of the theft, or they are guilty of a culpable neglect of duty, for which God will hold them as responsible as he holds the acknowledged defrauders. What right have prominent business men to allow their names to be published as directors in a financial institution, so that unsophisticated people are thereby induced to deposit their money in, or buy the script thereof, when they, the published directors, are doing nothing for the safety of the institution? It is a case of deception and most reprehensible. Many people with a surplus of money, not needed for immediate use, although it may be a little further on indispensable, are without friends competent to advise them, and they are guided solely by the character of the men whose names are associated with the institution. When the crash came, and with the overthrow of the banks went the small earnings and limited fortunes of widows and orphans, and the helplessly aged, the directors stood with idiotic stare, and to the inquiry of the frenzied depositors and stockholders who had lost their all, and to the arraignment of an indignant public, had nothing to say except "We thought it was all right. We did not know there was anything wrong going on." It was their duty to know. They stood in a position which deluded the people with the idea that they were carefully observant. Calling themselves directors, they did not direct. They had opportunity of aud-

ing accounts and inspecting the books. No time to do so? Then they had no business to accept the position. It seems to be the pride of some moneyed men to be directors in a great many institutions, and all they know is whether or not they get their dividends regularly, and their names are used as decoy ducks to bring others near enough to be made game of. What first of all is needed is that five hundred bank directors and insurance company directors resign or attend to their business as directors. The business world will be full of fraud just as long as fraud is so easy. When you arrest the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, be sure to have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest all the directors. They are guilty either of neglect or complicity.

"Oh," some will say, "better preach the Gospel and let business matters alone." I reply, if your Gospel does not inspire common honesty in the dealings of men, the sooner you close up your Gospel and pitch it into the depths of the Atlantic ocean the better. An orthodox swindler is worse than a heterodox swindler. The recitation of all the catechisms and creeds ever written, and partaking of all the communion chalices that ever glittered in the churches of Christendom, will never save your soul unless your business character corresponds with your religious profession. Some of the worst scoundrels in America have been members of churches and they got fat on sermons about heaven when they most needed to have the pulpits preach that which would either bring them to repentance, or thunder them out of the holy communions where their presence was a sacrilege and an infamy.

We must especially deplore the misfortunes of banks in various parts of this country in that they damage the banking institution, which is the great convenience of the centuries, and indispensable to commerce, and the advance of nations. With one hand it blesses the lender, and with the other it blesses the borrower. On their shoulders are the interests of private individuals and great corporations. In them are the great arteries through which run the currents of the nation's life. They have been the resources of the thousands of financiers in days of business exigency. They stand for accommodation, for facility, for individual, State, and national relief. At their head, and in their management, there is as much interest and moral worth as in any class of men—perhaps more. How nefarious, then, the behavior of those who bring disrepute upon this venerable, benignant, and God-honored institution!

We also deplore abuse of trust funds, because the abusers fly in the face of divine goodness which seems determined to bless this land. We are having a series of unexampled national harvests. The wheat gamblers get hold of the wheat, and the corn gamblers get hold of the corn. The full tide of God's mercy toward this land is put back by those great dykes of dishonest resistance. When God provides enough food and clothing to feed and apparel this whole nation like princes, the scabbie of dishonest men to get more than their share, and get it at all hazards, keeps everything shaking with uncertainty, and everybody asking "What next?" Every week makes new revelations. How many more bank presidents and bank cashiers have been speculating with other people's money, and how many more bank directors are in imbecile silence, letting the perfidy go on, the great and patient God only knows! My opinion is that we have got near the bottom. The wind has been prickled from the great bubble of American speculation. The men who thought that the judgment day was at least five thousand years off, found it in 1898 or 1897 or 1896; and this nation has been taught that men must keep their hands out of other people's pockets. Great businesses built on borrowed capital have been obliterated, and men who had nothing have lost all they had. I believe we are started on a higher career of prosperity than this land has ever seen, if, and if, and if.

A missionary in one of the islands of the Pacific preached on dishonesty, and the next morning he looked out of his window, and he saw his yard full of goods of all kinds. He wondered, and asked the cause of all this. "Well," said the natives, "our gods that we have been worshipping permit us to steal, but, according to what you said yesterday, the God of heaven and earth will not allow this, so we bring back all these goods, and we ask you to help us in taking them to the places where they belong." If next Sabbath all the ministers in America should preach sermons on the abuse of trust funds, and on the evils of pilfering, and the sermons were all blessed of God, and regulations were made that all these things should be taken to the city halls, it would not be long before every city hall in America would be crowded from cellar to cupola.

Let me say in the most emphatic manner to all young men, dishonesty will never pay. An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground and the owner would not sell it, but the owner finally consented to let it to him until he could raise one crop, and he abbot sowed acorns, a crop of two hundred years! And I tell you, young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they will overshadow you with horrible darkness, overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for two hundred years, but a crop for everlasting ages.

I have also a word of comfort for all who suffer from the malfeasance of others, and every honest man, woman, and child does suffer from what goes

on in financial scampdom. Society is so bound together that all the misfortunes which good people suffer in business matters come from the misdeeds of others. Bear up under distress, strong in God. He will see you through, though your misfortunes should be centupled. Scientists tell us that a column of air forty-five miles in height rests on every man's head and shoulders. But that is nothing compared with the pressure that business life has put upon many of you. God made up his mind long ago how many or how few dollars it would be best for you to have. Trust to his appointment. The door will soon open to let you out and let you up. What shock of delight for men who for thirty years have been in business anxiety when they shall suddenly awake in everlasting holiday! On the maps of the Arctic regions there are two places whose names are remarkable, given, I suppose, by some Polar expedition: "Cape Farewell" and "Thank God Harbor." At this last the Polarists wintered, in 1871, and the Tigris in 1873. Some ships have passed the cape, yet never reached the harbor. But from what I know of many of you, I have concluded that, though your voyage of life may be very rough, run into by icebergs on this side and icebergs on that, you will in due time reach Cape Farewell, and there bid good by to all annoyances, and soon after drop anchor in the calm and imperturbable waters of "Thank God Harbor." "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

PARADISE FOR BEARS.

Nation's Wards in Yellowstone Park Cannot Be Harmed.

Everybody has heard of the bears of Yellowstone park and how it is one of the sights for travelers to see bruin feed on the refuse of the hotels, says the New York Herald. But it is only the camper in this sixty square miles of guarded area—the camper despised by landlords and the railroad corporation that creates landlords—who learns "there's such divinity doth hedge the nation's wards that treason can but keep to what it would." The nation's wards share the honors of the park with the famous mud geyser, but the mud geyser is not peripatetic, and when one has sufficiently enjoyed its upheaval he can easily turn his attention to other marvels of the region, while bruin is such a wanderer and makes himself so very much at home in everybody's camp, and seems to enjoy the good things of the larder so much better than the refuse of the hotels, that the camper is often made to realize that he himself is decidedly not at home, where he would make short work of burglars, whether on two or four legs. But woe to the man who would protect himself from nocturnal visitors in this zoological Eden. All humans are warned when they enter that they must not "fool" with the animals on pain of arrest, and their fire-arms are either taken from them or securely sealed by government officials. If the soldiers may be believed, some Princeton boys ventured last summer to exercise the freedom of the university in these sacred precincts and actually killed a Yellowstone bear. Whether they all fired at once, or whether one of their number killed the bear and his fifteen comrades refused, after the manner of college boys, to point out the culprit, the soldiers did not say. However it was, the anti-number were locked up for sixty days without benefit of clergy. The law permits one to unseal his weapons and even to kill a bear if one's life is actually endangered. The real difficulty seems to be in proving the intentions of the enemy. It hardly seems feasible for a person to unseal his gun, load and defend himself successfully after he is once in the close embrace of bruin.

IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

How Could He Know Where the Emperor Was?

Her majesty, Tsi An, empress of China, sat in her palace in the purple forbidden city, with her brow resting on her thumb and her index finger pushed up through her bang, says the Washington Star. Rousing herself presently from her profound absorption, she beckoned to a peanut-colored person plastered up against the yellow silk tapestry. "Swat him," she said, "where is the emperor?" "Dash your ignominious slave into a million atoms, oh, amethyst flower of the Celestial kingdom," he responded, lying flat on his stomach before her, "but your slave wotteth not." "Wot?" she screamed. "No, most purple of our yellowest lilies of the Kankee Tse Kiang, I do not wot where the emperor is." "And tis to me?" she cried. "Most beauteous descendant of the gods, your vile slave speaks but the truth, though he lies here on his very stomach. He wotteth not where the emperor is." "Slave, dog, canine, wretch, scum of the Yellow river, did I not tell you what to do?" "Truly, most divine of all the gentler purple peonies of Peking, and your slave did it to the queen's taste, so to speak." "Aha, then he is dead?" "As a mackerel, oh, yellow anemone of the crystal sea." "Why liest thou, knowing that he is dead?" "How the dickens, most marvelous of mandarin matrons, do I know where he is? I'm no fortune teller." "Oh, aha," smiled her majesty, again relapsing to thought; "bring on another."

Was Diplomatic.

"But why on earth did you introduce me to your aunt as Mr. Darling? Did you forget that it was Scroggs?" "Certainly not, you old goose. But I know she overheard me call you 'darling' and I wouldn't have her think I was spooney for all the world."

"I left you and went downstairs into that room, Philip, which since that dreadful night has never been reopened. I sat me down and read, for the wind was strong, and when the gale