

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)
Phillip, hardly knowing why, had followed Schriften as he descended the poop-ladder, and was forward on the quarter-deck when the pilot made this remark to the seaman.

"Ay! ay!" replied an old seaman to the pilot; "not only the devil, but the Flying Dutchman to boot."

"Flying Dutchman," thought Phillip; "can that refer to—?" and Phillip walked a step or two forward, so as to conceal himself behind the mainmast, hoping to obtain some information, should they continue the conversation. In this he was not disappointed.

"They say that to meet with him is worse than meeting with the devil," observed another of the crew.

"Who ever saw him?" said another. "He has been seen, that's sartin, and just as sartin that ill-luck follows the vessel that falls in with him."

"And where is he to be fallen in with?"

"Oh, they say that's not so sartin—but he cruises off the Cape."

"I should like to know the whole long and short of the story," said a third.

"I can only tell what I've heard. It's a doomed vessel; they were pirates, and cut the captain's throat, I believe."

"No, no!" cried Schriften, "the captain is in her now—and a villain he was. They say that, like somebody else on board of us now, he left a very pretty wife, and that he was very fond of her."

"How do they know that, pilot?"

"Because he always wants to send letters home when he boards vessels that he falls in with. But, woe to the vessel that takes charge of them!—she is sure to be lost, with every soul on board!"

"I wonder where you heard all this," said one of the men. "Did you ever see the vessel?"

"Yes, I did!" screamed Schriften; but, as if recovering himself, his scream subsided into his usual giggle, and he added, "but we need not fear her, boys; we've a bit of the true cross on board." Schriften then walked aft as if to avoid being questioned, when he perceived Phillip by the mainmast.

"So, I'm not the only one curious?—he! he! Pray, did you bring that on board, in case we should fall in with the Flying Dutchman?"

"I'm no 'Flying Dutchman,'" replied Phillip, confused.

"Now I think of it, you are of the same name; at least they say his name was Vanderdecken—eh?"

"There are many Vanderdeckens in the world besides me," replied Phillip, who had recovered his composure; and having made this reply, he walked away to the poop of the vessel.

"One would almost imagine this malignant one-eyed wretch was aware of the cause of my embarkation," mused Phillip; "but no! that cannot be. Why do I feel such a chill whenever he approaches me? I wonder if others do; or whether it is a mere fancy on the part of Amine and myself. I dare ask no questions, strange, too, that the man should feel such malice toward me. I never injured him. What I have just overheard confirms all; but there needed no confirmation. Oh, Amine! Amine! but for thee, and I would rejoice to solve this riddle at the expense of life. God in mercy, check the current of my brain," muttered Phillip, "or my reason cannot hold its seat."

In three days the Ter Schilling and her consorts arrived at Table Bay, where they found the remainder of the fleet at anchor waiting for them. Just at that period the Dutch had formed a settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, where the Indian fleets used to water and obtain cattle from the Hottentot tribes who lived on the coast, and who for a brass button or a large nail would willingly offer a fat bullock. A few days were occupied in completing the water of the squadron, and then the ships, having received from the admiral their instructions as to rendezvous in case of parting company, and made every preparation for the bad weather which they anticipated, again weighed their anchors and proceeded on their voyage.

For three days they beat against light and baffling winds, making but little progress; on the third, the breeze sprang up strong from the southward, until it increased to a gale, and the fleet were blown down to the northward of the bay. On the seventh day the Ter Schilling found herself alone, but the weather had moderated.

"The sun looks red as he sinks," observed Hillebrant to the captain, who with Phillip was standing on the poop; "we shall have more wind before tomorrow, if I mistake not."

"I am of your opinion," replied Mynheer Kloots. "It is strange that we do not fall in with any of the vessels of the fleet. They must all have been driven down here."

"Perhaps they have kept a wider offing."

A confused noise was heard among the seamen, who were collected together, and, looking in the direction of the vessel's quarter, "A ship! No—yes, it is!" was repeated more than once.

"They think they see a ship," said

Schriften, coming on the poop. "He! he!"

"Where?"
"There, in the gloom!" said the pilot, pointing to the darkest quarter of the horizon, for the sun had set.

The captain, Hillebrant and Phillip directed their eyes to the quarter pointed out, and thought they could perceive something like a vessel. Gradually the gloom seemed to clear away, and a lambent, pale haze to light up that part of the horizon. Not a breath of wind was on the water—the sea was like a mirror—more and more distinct did the vessel appear, till her hull, masts and yards were clearly visible. They looked and rubbed their eyes to help their vision, for scarcely could they believe that which they did see. In the center of the pale light, which extended some fifteen degrees above the horizon, there was indeed a large ship about three miles distant; but, although it was a perfect calm, she was to all appearances buffeted in a violent gale, plunging and lifting over a surface that was smooth as glass, now careening to her bearing, then recovering herself. Her topsails and masts were furled, and the yards pointed to the wind; she had no sail set but a close-reefed foresail, a storm staysail and a trysail abaft.

She made little way through the water, but apparently neared them fast, driven down by the force of the gale. Each minute she was plainer to the view. At last, she was seen to wear, and, in so doing, before she was brought to the wind on the other tack, she was so close to them that they could distinguish the men on board; they could see the foaming water as it was hurried from her bows; hear the shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipes, the creaking of the ship's timbers, and the complaining of her masts; and then the gloom gradually rose, and in a few seconds, she had totally disappeared.

"God in heaven!" exclaimed Mynheer Kloots.
Phillip felt a hand upon his shoulder, and the cold darted through his whole frame. He turned round and met the one eye of Schriften, who screamed in his ear:
"Phillip Vanderdecken—that's the Flying Dutchman!"

CHAPTER IX.

The sudden gloom which had succeeded to the pale light had the effect of rendering every object still more indistinct to the astonished crew of Ter Schilling. For a moment or more not a word was uttered by a soul on board. Some remained with their eyes still strained toward the point where the apparition had been seen, others turned away full of gloomy and foreboding thoughts. Hillebrant was the first who spoke; turning round to the eastern quarter, and observing a light on the horizon, he started, and seizing Phillip by the arm, cried out: "What's that?"

"That is only the moon rising from the bank of clouds," replied Phillip, mournfully.
"Well!" observed Mynheer Kloots, wiping his forehead, which was damped with perspiration, "I have been told of this before, but I have mocked at the narration."

Phillip made no reply. Aware of the reality of the vision, and how deeply it interested him, he felt as if he were a guilty person.

The moon had now risen above the clouds, and was pouring her mild, pale light over the slumbering ocean. With a simultaneous impulse, every one directed his eyes to the spot where the strange vision had last been seen, and all was a dead, dead calm.

Since the apparition, the pilot, Schriften, had remained on the poop; he now gradually approached Mynheer Kloots, and looking round, said:

"Mynheer Kloots, as pilot of this vessel, I tell you that you must prepare for very bad weather."

"Bad weather!" said Kloots, rousing himself from a deep reverie.

"Yes, bad weather, Mynheer Kloots. There never was a vessel which fell in with—what we have just seen, but met with disaster soon afterward. The very name of Vanderdecken is unlucky—he! he!"

Phillip would have replied to this sarcasm, but he could not; his tongue was tied.

"What has the name of Vanderdecken to do with it?" observed Kloots.

"Have you not heard, then? The captain of that vessel we have just seen is a Mynheer Vanderdecken—he is the 'Flying Dutchman!'"

"How know you that, pilot?" inquired Hillebrant.

"I know that, and much more, if I chose to tell," replied Schriften; "but never mind, I have warned you of bad weather, as is my duty;" and, with these words, Schriften went down the poop ladder.

"God in heaven! I never was so puzzled and so frightened in my life," observed Kloots. "I don't know what to think or say. What think you, Phillip? Was it not supernatural?"

"Yes," replied Phillip, mournfully. "I have no doubt of it."

"I thought the days of miracles had passed," said the captain, "and that

we were now left to our own exertions, and had no other warnings but those the appearance of the heavens gave us."

"And they warn us now," observed Hillebrant. "See how that bank of clouds has risen within these five minutes—the moon has escaped from it, but it will soon catch her again—and see, there is a flash of lightning in the northwest."

"Well, my sons, I can brave the elements as well as any man, and do my best. I have cared little for gales or stress of weather; but I like not such a warning as we have had tonight. My heart is heavy as lead, and that's the truth. Phillip, send down for the bottle of schnapps, if it is only to clear my brain a little."

Phillip was glad of an opportunity to quit the poop; he wished to have a few minutes to recover himself and collect his own thoughts.

Phillip remained below not more than half an hour. On his return to the deck, what a change had taken place! He had left the vessel floating motionless on the still waters, with her lofty sails hanging down listlessly from the yards. The moon then soared aloft in her beauty, reflecting the masts and sails of the ship in extended lines upon the smooth sea. Now all was dark; the water rippled short and broke in foam; the smaller and lofty sails had been taken in, and the vessel was cleaving through the water; and the wind, in fitful gusts and angry moanings, proclaimed too surely that it had been awakened up to wrath, and was gathering in strength for destruction. The men were still busy reducing the sails, but they worked gloomily and discontentedly. What Schriften, the pilot, had said to them, Phillip knew not; but that they avoided him and appeared to look upon him with feelings of ill-will was evident. And each minute the gale increased.

It was an interminably long and terrible night—they thought the day would never come. At last the darkness gradually changed to a settled sullen, gray gloom—which was day. They looked at each other, but found no comfort in meeting each other's eyes. There was no one countenance in which a beam of hope could be found lurking. They were all doomed—they remained crouched where they had sheltered themselves during the night, and said nothing.

The sea had now risen mountains high, and more than one had struck the ship abaft. Kloots was at the binnacle, Hillebrant and Phillip at the helm, when a wave curled high over the quarter and poured itself in a resistless force upon the deck. The captain and his two mates were swept away and dashed almost senseless against the bulwarks—the binnacle and compass were broken into fragments—no one ran to the helm—the vessel broached to—the seas broke clear over her and the mainmast went by the board.

All was confusion. Capt. Kloots was stunned, and it was with difficulty that Phillip could persuade two of the men to assist him down below. Hillebrant had been more unfortunate—his right arm was broken and he was otherwise severely bruised. Phillip assisted him to his berth, and then went on deck again to try and restore order.

Phillip Vanderdecken was not much of a seaman, but, at all events, he exercised that moral influence over the men which is ever possessed by resolution and courage. Obey willingly they did not, but they did obey, and in half an hour the vessel was clear of the wreck. Eased by the loss of her heavy mast, and steered by two of her best seamen, she again flew before the gale.

(To be continued.)

Unreasonable Goose.

The man in the street car affirmed that it was a true story, but the Cleveland Leader does not vouch for it, although giving it in the narrator's own words: I was up at the market house night before last, buying stuff for over Sunday, and I saw an Irishman up there with a live goose under his arm. Pretty soon the goose looked up at the Irishman kind of pitiful, and says: "Quawk, quawk, quawk," in that coaxing way a goose has sometimes. The Irishman didn't say anything at first, but after a bit the goose looked up and says, "Quawk, quawk, quawk," again. Then the Irishman cocked his head over on one side, looked the goose in the eye, and says: "That's the matter wid yez, one way? Phwy do yez want to walk whin Ol'm willin' to carry yez?"

Red, White and Blue.

It is a curious fact as well as a pleasing one to Americans that these three colors are in flags of all progressive nations. In Britain's flag the red predominates, but the colors in the union in the upper left-hand corner of the flag are blue and white. France's three upright stripes are red, white and blue, and the Japanese—the 'Ankees of the Orient—adopted a white standard with spiral red lines converging toward a blue sphere, immediately after conquering the Chinese.

To Beautify the Complexion.

For the complexion and general health, drink slowly half an hour before breakfast one large tumbler of water as hot as you can swallow, and once a week instead a tumbler of cold water in which a teaspoonful of common salt has been dissolved. This is better for the complexion than any cosmetic. Another recipe is the juice of half a lemon, pint of warm water and one ounce of rose water.

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Where was Mynheer von Stroom during all this work of destruction? In his bed-place, covered up with the clothes, trembling in every limb, and vowing if ever again he put his foot on shore not all the companies in the world should induce him to trust to salt water again. It certainly was the best plan for the poor man.

The vessel, after running to the southward till past Table Bay, had, by the alteration made in her course, entered into False Bay, where, to a certain degree, she was sheltered from the violence of the winds and waves. But although the water was smoother, the waves were still more than sufficient to beat to pieces any vessel that might be driven on shore at the bottom of the bay, to which point the Ter Schilling was now running. The bay so far offered a fair chance of escape, as, instead of the rocky coast outside, against which had the vessel run, a few seconds would have insured her destruction, there was a shelving beach of loose sand. But of this Phillip could, of course, have no knowledge, for the land at the entrance of the bay had been passed unperceived in the darkness of the night. About twenty minutes more had elapsed when Phillip observed that the whole sea around them was one continued foam. He had hardly time for conjecture before the ship struck heavily on the sands, and the remaining masts fell by the board.

The crash of the falling masts, the heavy beating of the ship on the sands, which caused many of her timbers to part, with a whole sea which swept clean over the fated vessel, checked the songs and drunken revelry of the crew. Another minute, and the vessel was swung round on her broadside to the sea, and lay on her beam ends. Phillip, who was to windward, clung to the bulwark, while the intoxicated seamen floundered in the water to leeward and attempted to gain the other side of the ship. Much to Phillip's horror, he perceived the body of Mynheer Kloots sink down in the water (which now was several feet deep on the lee side of the deck), without any apparent effort on the part of the captain to save himself. He was then gone, and there was no hopes for him.

Phillip thought of Hillebrant, and hastened down below; he found him still in his bed-place, lying against the side. He lifted him out, and with difficulty climbed with him on deck, and laid him in the long boat on the booms, as the best chance of saving his life. To this boat, the only one which could be made available, the crew had also repaired; but they repulsed Phillip, who would have got into her; and, as the sea made clean breakers over them, they cast loose the lashings which confined her. With the assistance of another heavy sea, which lifted her from the cheeks, she was borne clear of the booms and dashed over the gunwale into the water to leeward, which was comparatively smooth—not, however, without being filled nearly up to the thwarts. But this was little cared for by the intoxicated seamen, who, as soon as they were afloat, again raised their shouts and songs of revelry as they were borne away by the wind and sea toward the beach. Phillip, who held on by the stump of the mainmast, watched them with an anxious eye, now perceiving them borne aloft on the foaming surf, now disappearing in the trough. More and more distant were the sounds of their mad voices, till at last he could hear them no more—he beheld the boat balanced on an enormous rolling sea, and then he saw it not again.

CHAPTER X.

Phillip knew that now his only chance was to remain with the vessel, and attempt to save himself upon some fragment of the wreck. That the ship would long hold together he felt was impossible; already she had parted her upper decks, and each shock of the waves divided her more and more. At last, as he clung to the mast, he heard a noise abaft, and he then recollected that Mynheer von Stroom was still in his cabin. Phillip crawled aft, and found that the poop ladder had been thrown against the cabin door, so as to prevent its being opened. He removed it, and entered the cabin, where he found Mynheer von Stroom clinging to windward with the grasp of death—but it was not death, but the paralysis of fear. He spoke to him, but could obtain no reply; he attempted to move him, but it was impossible to make him let go the part of the bulkhead that he grasped. A loud noise and the rush of a mass of water told Phillip that the vessel had parted amidships, and he unwillingly abandoned the poor supercargo to his fate and went out of the cabin door.

At the after hatchway he observed something struggling—it was Johannes the bear, who was swimming, but still fastened by a cord which prevented his escape. Phillip took out his knife and released the poor animal, and hardly had he done this act of kindness when a heavy sea turned over the after part of the vessel, which separated in many places, and Phillip found himself struggling in the waves. He seized upon a part of the deck which supported him, and was borne away by

the surf toward the beach. In a few minutes he was near to the land, and shortly afterward the piece of plank to which he was clinging struck on the sand, and then, being turned over by the force of the running wave, Phillip lost his hold, and was left to his own exertions. He struggled long, but although so near to the shore, could not gain a footing; the returning wave dragged him back, and thus was he hurled to and fro until his strength was gone. He was sinking under the wave to rise no more when he felt something touch his hand. It was the shaggy hide of the bear Johannes, who was making for the shore, and who soon dragged him clear of the surf, so that he could gain a footing. Phillip crawled up the beach above the reach of the waves, and, exhausted with fatigue, sank down in a swoon.

When Phillip was recalled from his state of lethargy, his first feeling was intense pain in his still closed eyes, arising from having been many hours exposed to the rays of an ardent sun. He opened them, but was obliged to close them immediately, for the light entered into them like the point of a knife. He turned over on his side, and, covering them with his hand, remained some time in that position, until, by degrees, he found that his eyesight was restored. He then rose, and after a few seconds could distinguish the scene around him. The sea was still rough, and tossed about in the surf fragments of the vessel; the whole sand was strewn with her cargo and content. Near him was the body of Hillebrant, and the other bodies which were scattered on the beach told him that those who had taken to the boat had all perished.

It was, by the height of the sun, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, as near as he could estimate; but Phillip suffered such an oppression of mind, he felt so wearied and in such pain, that he took but a slight survey. His brain was whirling, and all he demanded was repose. He walked away from the scene of destruction, and, having found a sandhill, behind which he was defended from the burning rays of the sun, he again lay down, and sank into a deep sleep, from which he did not wake until the ensuing morning.

Phillip was roused a second time by the sensation of something pricking him on the chest. He started up, and beheld a figure standing over him. His eyes were still feeble and his vision indistinct; he rubbed them for a time, for he first thought it was the bear Johannes, and again, that it was the supercargo, Von Stroom, who had appeared before him. He looked again, and found that he was mistaken, although he had warrant for supposing it to be either or both. A Hottentot, with an assegai in his hand, stood by his side; over his shoulder he had thrown the fresh-severed skin of the poor bear, and on his head, with the curls descending to his waist, was one of the wigs of the supercargo, Von Stroom. Such was the gravity of the black's appearance in this strange costume (for in every other respect he was naked) that at any other time Phillip would have been induced to laugh heartily; but his feelings were now too acute. He rose upon his feet and stood by the side of the Hottentot, who still continued immovable, but certainly without the slightest appearance of hostile intentions.

A sensation of overpowering thirst now seized upon Phillip, and he made signs that he wished to drink. The Hottentot motioned him to follow, and led over the sandhills to the beach, where Phillip discovered upward of fifty men, who were busy selecting various articles from the scattered stores of the vessel. It was evident by the respect paid to Phillip's conductor that he was the chief of the kraal. A few words, uttered with the greatest solemnity, were sufficient to produce—though not exactly what Phillip required—a small quantity of dirty water from a calabass, which, however, was to him delicious. His conductor then waved to him to take a seat on the sand.

After a time the Hottentots began to collect all the wood which appeared to have iron in it, made it up into several piles, and set them on fire. The chief then made a sign to Phillip, to ask him if he was hungry. Phillip replied in the affirmative, when his new acquaintance put his hand into a bag made of goatskin and pulled out a handful of very large beetles, and presented them to him. Phillip refused them with marks of disgust, upon which the chief very sedately cracked and ate them; and, having finished the whole handful, rose and made a sign to Phillip to follow him. As Phillip rose he perceived floating in the surf his own chest. He hastened to it and made signs that it was his, took the key out of his pocket and opened it, and then made up a bundle of articles most useful, not forgetting a bag of guilders. His conductor made no objection, but, calling to one of the men near, pointed out the lock and hinges to him, and then set off followed by Phillip,

across the sandhills. In about an hour they arrived at the kraal, consisting of low huts covered with skins, and were met by the women and children, who appeared to be in high admiration at their chief's new attire. They showed every kindness to Phillip, bringing him milk, which he drank eagerly. Phillip surveyed these daughters of Eve, and, as he turned from their offensive, greasy attire, their strange forms and hideous features, he sighed and thought of his charming Amine.

The sun was now setting, and Phillip still felt fatigued. He made signs that he wished to repose. They led him into a hut, and, though surrounded as he was with filth, and his nose assailed by every variety of bad smell, attacked moreover by insects, he laid his head on his bundle, and, uttering a short prayer of thanksgiving, was soon in a sound sleep.

The next morning he was awakened by the chief of the kraal, accompanied by another man who spoke a little Dutch. He stated his wish to be taken to the settlement where the ships came and anchored, and was fully understood. But the man said that there were no ships in the bay at the time. Phillip, nevertheless, requested he might be taken there, as he felt that his best chance of getting on board of any vessel would be by remaining at the settlement, and, at all events, he would be in the company of Europeans until a vessel arrived. The distance, he discovered, was but one day's march, or less. After some little conversation with the chief, the man who spoke Dutch desired Phillip to follow him, and that he would take him there. Phillip drank plentifully from a bowl of milk brought him by one of the women, and, again refusing a handful of beetles offered by the chief, he took up his bundle and followed his new acquaintance.

Toward evening they arrived at the hills, from which Phillip had a view of Table Bay and the few houses erected by the Dutch. To his delight, he perceived that there was a vessel under sail in the offing. On his arrival at the beach, to which he hastened, he found that she had sent a boat on shore for fresh provisions. He accosted the people, told them who he was, told them also of the fatal wreck of the Ter Schilling, and of his wish to embark.

The officer in charge of the boat willingly consented to take him on board, and informed Phillip that they were homeward bound, Phillip's heart leaped at the intelligence. Had she been outward bound, he would have joined her; but now he had a prospect of again seeing his dear Amine before he embarked to follow out his peculiar destiny. He felt that there was still some happiness in store for him; that his life was to be chequered with alternate privation and repose, and that his future prospect was not to be one continued chain of suffering and death.

He was kindly received by the captain of the vessel, who freely gave him a passage home; and in three months, without any events worth narrating, Phillip Vanderdecken found himself once more at anchor before the town of Amsterdam.

Amine was both surprised and glad to welcome her husband home so much sooner than she expected. Phillip remained at home for several months, during which his father-in-law, Mynheer Poots, died, leaving Amine a great fortune in gold and jewels, which he had accumulated.

Leaving his wife comfortably established, with two servants to wait on her, Phillip again departed on his mission, this time as second mate on the Batavia, a fine vessel of 400 tons burden.

(To be continued.)

THE SULTAN'S MANNERS.

His Quiet Dignity, Pleasing Smile and Unusually Sympathetic Voice.

As to the sultan's working habits, I have known him to be at work at five in the morning and keep a whole staff of secretaries going at that hour who had slept overnight on couches in the rooms in the palace they habitually work in, says Harper's Magazine. Munnir Pasha, the imperial grand master of ceremonies, and one of the most kindly, distinguished men it is possible to meet, once said to me: "There is one characteristic of his majesty which conveys a constant lesson to us all; it is his extraordinary self-control—his impassive calm. It is almost sublime. No contrariety, no trial, seems able to ruffle his perfect self-possession. It is truly marvelous." The prepossessing impression which the sultan is universally admitted to produce on those who are privileged to come into contact with him is doubtless in part due to that charm of manner, that quiet dignity, so free from angular self-assertion, which is more or less characteristic of all well-bred Turks. But in his case it is supplemented by a pleasing smile and an unusually sympathetic voice, the notes of which always seem to convey a pleasant impression, even to the stranger who is unable to understand what his majesty has said until it is translated by the interpreter. The sultan usually gives audiences on Friday after the ceremony of the Selamluk, when he wears a Turkish general's uniform, with the star of the Intiaz order in brilliant hang from his neck. As he sits in front of you, with his hands resting on the hilt of his sword before him, and you watch him speak to Munnir Pasha in his quiet, dignified way, you cannot resist the impression of his picturesque dignity.

Don't neglect to keep your shoes polished. You can always shine at one end if you can't at the other.