

PHANTOM SHIP

The Flying Dutchman.

CHAPTER I.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, in the outskirts of the small but fortified town of Terneuse, situated on the right bank of the Scheldt, and nearly opposite to the island of Walcheren, there was to be seen in advance of a few other even more humble tenements, a small but neat cottage, built according to the prevailing taste of the time.

The inside of the cottage, both on the basement and the floor above, was divided into two larger rooms in front, and two smaller behind; the rooms in front could only be called large in comparison with the other two, as they were little more than twelve feet square, with but one window to each.

The kitchen, which we have described, was occupied by two persons. One was a woman, apparently about forty years of age, but worn down by pain and suffering. She had evidently once possessed much beauty; there were still the regular outlines, the noble forehead, and the large, dark eyes; but there was a tenacity in her features, a wasted appearance, such as to render the flesh transparent; her brow, when she mused, would sink into deep wrinkles, premature though they were; and the occasional flashing of her eyes strongly impressed you with the idea of insanity.

On the deal table in the center of the room sat the other person, a stout fair-haired, florid youth of nineteen or twenty years old. His features were handsome and bold, and his frame powerful to excess; his eye denoted courage and determination, and as he carelessly swung his legs, and whistled an air in an emphatic manner, it was impossible not to form the idea that he was a daring, adventurous and reckless character.

"Do not go to sea, Philip; oh, promise me that, my dear child," said the female, clasping her hands.

"Would to God what, mother?" "Nothing—nothing. Be merciful—be merciful, oh, God!" replied the mother, sliding from her seat on the couch, and kneeling by the side of it, in which attitude she remained for some time in fervent prayer.

Philip, who, during this, had remained silent and thoughtful, again addressed his mother. "Look ye, mother, you ask me to stay on shore with you and slave—rather hard conditions; now hear what I have to say. That room opposite has been shut up ever since I can remember—why, you will never tell me; but once I heard you say, when we were without bread, and with no prospect of my uncle's return—you were then half frantic, mother, as you know you sometimes are."

"Well, Philip, what did you hear me say?" inquired his mother, with tremulous anxiety. "You said, mother, that there was money in that room which would save us; and then you screamed and raved, and said that you preferred death. Now, mother, what is there in that chamber, and why has it been so long shut up? Either I know that, or I go to sea."

At the commencement of this address of Philip, his mother appeared to be transfixed and motionless as a statue; gradually her lips separated and her eyes glared; she seemed to have lost the power of reply; she put her hand to her right side, as if to compress it, then both her hands, as if to relieve herself from excruciating torture; at last she sank, with her head forward, and the blood poured out of her mouth.

Philip sprang from the table to her assistance, and prevented her from falling on the floor. He laid her on the couch, watching with alarm the continued effusion. "Oh, mother, mother! what is this?" cried he, at last, in great distress.

For some time his mother could make no reply; she turned further on her side, that she might not be suffocated by the discharge from the ruptured vessel, and the snow-white planks of the floor were soon crimsoned with her blood.

"I will come—yes, most certainly," replied Poots, who spoke the language but imperfectly; "but, Mynheer Vanderdecken, who will pay me?" "Pay you? my uncle will, directly that he comes home."

"Your uncle, de Skipper Vanbrennen? no, he owe me four guilders, and he has owed me for a long time. Besides, his ship may sink."

"He shall pay you the four guilders, and for this attendance also," replied Philip in a rage; "come directly—while you are disputing my mother may be dead."

tenement was isolated, and he could obtain no assistance until within a hundred yards of Vanderdecken's cottage; so Mynheer Poots decided that he would go—first, because Philip had promised to pay him, and secondly because he could not help it.

This point being settled, Philip and Mynheer Poots made all haste to the cottage; and on their arrival they found his mother still in the arms of two of her female neighbors, who were bathing her temples with vinegar. She was in a state of consciousness, but she could not speak; Poots ordered her to be carried upstairs and put to bed, and pouring some acids down her throat, hastened away with Philip to procure the necessary remedies.

"You will give your mother that directly, Mynheer Philip," said Poots, putting a vial into his hand; "I will now go to the child of the burgomaster, and will afterward come back to your cottage."

"Don't deceive me," said Philip, with a threatening look. "No, no, Mynheer Philip, I would not trust to your uncle Vanbrennen for payment, but you have promised, and I know that you always keep your word. In one hour I will be with your mother; but you yourself must now be quick."

Philip hastened home. After the potion had been administered the bleeding was wholly stopped; and in half an hour his mother could express her wishes in a whisper. When the little doctor arrived he carefully examined his patient, and then went downstairs with her son into the kitchen.

"Mynheer Philip," said Poots, "by Allah! I have done my best, but I must tell you that I have little hopes of your mother rising from her bed again. She may live one day or two days, but not more. It is not my fault, Mynheer Philip," continued Poots, in a deprecating tone.

"No, no; it is the will of Heaven," replied Philip, mournfully. "And you will pay me, Mynheer Vanderdecken?" continued the doctor, after a short pause. "Yes!" replied Philip, in a voice of thunder, and starting from a reverie. After a moment's silence the doctor recommended:

"Shall I come tomorrow, Mynheer Philip? You know that will be a charge of another guilder; it is of no use to throw away money or time either."

"Come tomorrow, come every hour, charge what you please; you shall certainly be paid," replied Philip, curling his lip with contempt. "Well, it is as you please. As soon as she is dead the cottage and the furniture will be yours, and you will sell them, of course. Yes, I will come. You will have plenty of money, Mynheer Philip, I would like the first offer of the cottage, if it is to let."

Philip raised his arm in the air as if to crush Mynheer Poots, who retreated to the corner. "I did not mean until your mother was buried," said Poots, in a coaxing tone. "Go, wretch, go!" said Philip, covering his face with his hands, as he sank down upon the blood-stained couch.

ATTEMPTED MURDER.

AN UNKNOWN MAN SHOOTS THROUGH A WINDOW.

Effort Made to Kill David Taylor, a Well-Known Gage County Farmer—A Relative Under Arrest—Was Traced by Blood Hounds.

David Taylor, a well-known farmer, was sitting in a chair at his home near Filley, Gage county, reading. Some one fired a shot at him from the outside. The contents of the gun, two buckshot, crashed through the window and were imbedded in the back of the chair in which Mr. Taylor was sitting, and only its thickness prevented the shot from being fatal.

Mrs. Bishop Gets Divorce. Della Bishop, wife of the Omaha restaurant who some months since shot the cashier of her husband's hash foundry in a fit of jealousy, and who was exonerated on the charge of shooting with intent to kill, although at the time of the shooting she declared that if she had killed the hated rival in her husband's affections she was satisfied, and that if she had not she would not be satisfied, has been granted a divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty, having shown that he had assaulted her on several occasions. The pretty cashier still holds forth at the hash foundry.

He Failed to Get Them. The sergeant-at-arms of the house of representatives, acting on orders from the house, to bring the sheriff of Fillmore county before that body, also poll book and ballots in three precincts, took Sheriff Ogg to Lincoln, but did not get the ballots, books, etc., of the three missing precincts, which are held by the county court as evidence in the supervisor contest. The sheriff turned the ballots over to county court more than a week ago, since which time he has had no jurisdiction over them.

For Bureau Statistics. Ex-Governor Furnas was in Omaha several days last week to meet parties interested in the proposed establishment of a bureau of agricultural statistics in condition with the state board of agriculture. Among those who have been in conference with him is John Hyde of Washington, D. C., now in the statistical department of the agricultural department, who went on to Lincoln. Governor Furnas has drafted a bill which will be introduced as soon as it has been perfected.

Wallace Scott Dead. Wallace Scott, the young man who sometime ago was snubbed by Bruce Madison during a quarrel over a game of poker, died last Thursday night of the wound received over two weeks ago. An inquest and post-mortem examination was held Friday. It revealed the fact that the heart had been pierced by the knife and the pericardium was filled with blood. The jury returned a verdict that he came to his death by a stab of a knife in the hands of Bruce Madison.

A Mysterious Disease. Some of the farmers in the vicinity of Crichton, complain of their cattle dying from some unknown disease. The afflicted animals seem to lose all control of themselves, and run against anything which may happen to be in their way. When once they get the disease they never recover, but invariably die in a short time.

NUGGETS OF NEBRASKA NEWS.

Menses, mumps and grip prevail at Wilcox. The family of Carl Grunz, residing near Bonifant, which was afflicted with severe illness caused by trichinella infected pork, are recovering. Walter Fenton, living near Wymore while on his way to town, by an accident to the wagon, was thrown out and against a stone, being so badly hurt he may die. It was Governor Payator who paroled E. D. Mills, the ex-bank president. The governor says he did it for humanitarian reasons. He says the banker will have to go back at the expiration of the parole.

SOLDIERS AND CLOTHING.

Discharged Nebraskans Must Supply Themselves.

Adjutant-General Barry has received a telegram from Congressman Stark giving notice that the war department cannot legally furnish clothing to the discharged soldiers from Manila on their arrival at San Francisco. It has previously been reported that the department would supply 200 Nebraska soldiers with heavy underclothing and overcoats, as they would arrive in this country in mid-winter. Colonel Stoenburg made a request for the clothing. Congressman Stark's message is as follows:—WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 14, 1899.—General P. H. Barry, Lincoln, Neb.: Touching clothing for the returning Nebraska contingent the war department this day advises: "From advice just received it is understood that 200 men of the First Nebraska were discharged at Manila and no doubt received their final settlement before sailing; under the law and regulations the government cannot issue them any clothing on arrival at San Francisco." Signed, Luddington, quartermaster-general. I suppose the boys have been paid their clothing allowance and they may purchase in San Francisco. W. L. STARK.

EMBARGO REMOVAL.

Nebraska Citizens Once More in Full Enjoyment of Their Freedom. The situation in reference to the smallpox epidemic that has been in Nebraska City for the past two months, has improved to such an extent that upon recommendation of the local board of health, and sanctioned by Dr. Towne, representative of the state board, Mayor Nelson issued his proclamation last Saturday raising the quarantine that has existed so far as the schools, churches, places of amusement and public gatherings are concerned. The few cases scattered about the city will be guarded as strictly as before, but as patients are being released each day the epidemic will soon be wiped out, and the city will resume its usual activity. It has been a long and hard fight and all will rejoice that it is at an end. The citizens enjoyed their freedom by turning out to the church services Sunday in unusual numbers.

Charges Don't Stick. Colonel J. G. Maher now in Lincoln, has received from the war department a copy of the findings concerning the charges brought by Colonel Maher against Captain Daprey while a private at Chattanooga. The findings are that the charges were not brought for the good of the service, but on account of personal matters, and Colonel Maher is informed that, at Captain Daprey's request, the charges were returned to him, together with the findings.

Jail Delivery. There was a wholesale jail delivery at Columbus Saturday. Four men, all awaiting trial on felony charges, named Martin, West, Hayes and Waters, considered among the most desperate criminals in the west, fled through the back of their cells and then dug a hole through the brick wall of the jail. The sheriff, with a posse, is now pursuing them, but there is little hope of overtaking them.

Lockjaw Follows. The thirteen-year-old son of David Satoff, whose head was blown off by the bursting of a gun barrel two weeks ago at his home, ten miles south of Wymore, has contracted a severe case of lockjaw, and although the best physicians to be had are doing all in their power to save him, there seems to be little chance of his recovery.

To Protect Dogs. A bill has been prepared in Omaha for introduction in the legislature in the interest of owners of valuable dogs, the purpose being to have dogs declared personal property, so that they cannot be killed with impunity. When such a law is enacted the dog catcher will go out of business or go into bankruptcy.

Tearing Down a Landmark. Work on tearing down an old landmark was begun at Grand Island recently. The old Union Pacific eating house, built in 1860, has been bought by Inman & Co. way, stock men, and the lumber will be used for making cattle sheds.

Cattle Eat Lots of Corn. Cattle feeders in the vicinity of Ogoons are making a good market for corn. The Great Eastern Canal company will irrigate nearly all the land in that vicinity, tributary to the canal. Farmers are now thoroughly convinced that flooding is an essential thing in this valley.

LITTLE ITEMS.

The firemen of Wymore held a successful fair last week. Lincoln is all broke up over the epidemic of menses, grip and diphtheria. Judge Grimison, appointed as successor to Judge Marshall, deceased, has taken charge of the bench at Fremont. Hon. Wm. J. Bryan left for Denver, Colo., Sunday, accompanied by his wife. He will deliver several lectures in the state. A stranger attempted to insult Wymore citizens by claiming to be the new revenue inspector. His actions aroused suspicion and he fled. The store of A. L. Conhiser, the Commissioner and the Sherman Bank house at Sargent, Cass county, were destroyed by fire Saturday last. Dr. T. J. Armstrong of Beatrice, experienced attendant of the Institute for feeble minded youth, died at his home in that city the latter part of last week.

HAD THREE OF THEM.

MR. GEISLER VERY MUCH MARRIED.

Matrimonial Ventures of a Beatrice Man Somewhat Embarrassing to Him—Three Wives Are After His Scalp—A Regular Roberts.

Chief of Police Scroggs of Beatrice is in receipt of a letter from a Mrs. Geisler of Cincinnati, throwing some light on the peculiar actions of her husband, who was a former resident of Beatrice and who, it is now claimed, has three wives living, from neither of whom has he been divorced. In the letter to the chief she evolved another letter to Mrs. Geisler No. 1, who still resides in Beatrice, to whom she discloses the state of affairs and wants to know if wife No. 1 will come to Cincinnati and assist in prosecuting Geisler, offering to defray all expenses. To this wife No. 1 has assented and is now preparing for the journey. The Beatrice Mrs. Geisler says that she was a widow about three and a half years ago when she met her husband. She had several hundred dollars which she says he soon got hold of. One day he gave her one dollar and sent her away on a visit. When she returned he had gone and the letter from Mrs. Geisler at Cincinnati was the first she had heard of him. Wife No. 1 has, since her husband deserted her, eked out a bare existence for herself and three children by hard work. They are now five, seven and fourteen years of age, the latter a girl, having recently been sent to friends in Lincoln. Wife No. 2 writes that when she married Geisler she was possessed of property worth about \$3,000. This he persuaded her to trade for a farm, which she afterwards discovered, is worthless. He left her twice, but each time induced her to forgive him, but she recently learned that he had married another Cincinnati woman, when she quit him entirely. Now she wants him prosecuted and as she has been telegraphed to the effect that the Beatrice Mrs. Geisler will come immediately on receipt of transportation, he will probably be arrested at once. Geisler lived at Beatrice for a number of years. He had no trade or apparent regular occupation.

SMALLPOX SITUATION.

No New Developments in the Conditions Existing in Omaha. There are no new developments in the smallpox situation at Omaha. The victims of the disease are progressing satisfactorily toward recovery and no new cases have been reported. Physicians are vaccinating the children in the Comenius, Druid Hill and Davenport public schools and in the St. Wenceslaus school, the latter a Bohemian parochial school. When the vaccination is completed in these schools, all school children in school districts in which the disease exists, except attendants of the high school, will have been inoculated. The physicians will then commence visitation at the rest of the schools. Residents in the far northern part of the city are considerably wrought up over the establishment of the pest house near Fort Omaha. They held an indignation meeting at the Saratoga school and discussed the matter.

FINANCES GREATLY IMPROVED

Wesleyan University Income Equals Expenses. The Nebraska Wesleyan university now enrolls 127 students, the largest number enrolled at any time. The management expects quite an increase at the beginning of next semester. The members of the faculty are enthusiastic in their work and each one is succeeding in building up his department on every line. The students take up the work since the hold ups with new zeal. The finances of the university have greatly improved in the last year. Over \$10,000 worth of warrants for which the trustees have given their obligation for about \$14,000, or in other words, the debt has been reduced by \$ 6,000. During the past year the income has about equaled the expense, so that a bright future for the Nebraska Wesleyan university is apparent.

Hit Him With a Pitcher.

D. E. Henderson, a colored waiter at the Paxton hotel at Omaha, hit George Sawyer, ticket taker for the hotel over the head with a water pitcher, because he thought Sawyer slighted him in not giving him a piece of pie. Sawyer was conveyed to the St. Joseph hospital. He is badly used up. Henderson was arrested and will be charged with assault with intent to kill.

Will Soon Be Home.

E. F. Fassett of Lincoln received the following telegram from his son, who has been with the First Nebraska at Manila: "Dear Father: Am in San Francisco; leave in a few days. Fred L. Fassett." This would indicate that a large number of the members of the First regiment will be at home in Nebraska in a few days.

Found Guilty of Assault.

A. C. Smith, a farmer living between Surprise and Ulysses, and a brother of Representative George Smith, was found guilty Saturday of assault with intent to commit great bodily injury. On the 14th of last October Lawyer Jenkins of Lincoln called upon Smith with a note for collection, when the latter assaulted him and it is alleged beat him most viciously. The crime of which Smith is found guilty by the jury involves a term of from one to five years in the penitentiary.