

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—

The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"And so do I," replied Philip, "devoutly wish he would, before those murderers come; but not, I trust, while the attack is making, for there's a carbine loaded expressly for his head, and if they make him prisoner they will not spare his life, unless his gold and your person are given in ransom. But the arms, maiden—where are they?"

"Follow me," replied Amine, leading Philip to an inner room on the upper floor. It was the sanctum of her father, and was surrounded with shelves filled with bottles and boxes of drugs. In one corner was an iron chest, and over the mantel-piece were a brace of carbines and three pistols. "They are all loaded," observed Amine, pointing to them, and laying on the table the one which she had held in her hand.

Philip took down the arms and examined all the primings. He then took up from the table the pistol which Amine had laid there, and threw open the pan. It was equally well prepared. Philip closed the pan, and with a smile, observed:

"So this was meant for me, Amine?"

"No—not for you—but for a traitor, had one gained admittance."

"Now, maiden," observed Philip, "I shall station myself at the casement which you opened, but without a light in the room. You may remain here, and can turn the key for your security."

"You little know me," replied Amine. "In that way at least I am not fearful; I must remain near you and reload the arms—a task in which I am well practiced."

"No, no," replied Philip, "you might be hurt."

"I may. But think you I will remain here idly when I can assist one who risks his life for me? I know my duty, sir, and I shall perform it."

"You must not risk your life, Amine," replied Philip; "my aim will not be steady if I know that you're in danger. But I must take the arms into the other chamber, for the time is come."

Philip, assisted by Amine, carried the carbines and pistols into the adjoining chamber; and Amine then left Philip, carrying with her the light. Philip, as soon as he was alone, opened the casement and looked out—there was no one to be seen; he listened, but all was silent. The moon was just rising above the distant hill, but her light was dimmed by fleecy clouds, and Philip watched for a few minutes; at length he heard a whispering below. He looked out, and could distinguish through the dark four expected assailants, standing close to the door of the house. He walked away softly from the window, and went into the next room to Amine, whom he found busy preparing ammunition.

"Amine, they are at the door, in consultation. You can see them now, without risk. I thank them, for they will convince you that I have told the truth."

Amine, without reply, went into the front room and looked out of the window. She returned, and, laying her hand upon Philip's arm, she said:

"Grant me your pardon for my doubts. I fear nothing now but that my father may return too soon, and they seize him."

Philip left the room again to make his reconnaissance. The robbers did not appear to have made up their minds—the strength of the door defied their utmost efforts, so they attempted stratagem. They knocked, and as there was no reply, they continued to knock louder and louder; not meeting with success, they held another consultation, and the muzzle of a carbine was then put to the key-hole, and the piece discharged. The lock of the door was blown off, but the iron bars which crossed the door within, above and below still held it fast.

Although Philip would have been justified in firing upon the robbers when he first perceived them in consultation at the door, still there is that feeling in a generous mind which prevents the taking away of life, except from stern necessity; and this feeling made him withhold his fire until hostilities had actually commenced. He now leveled one of the carbines at the head of the robber nearest to the door, who was busy examining the effect which the discharge of the piece had made, and what further obstacles intervened. The aim was true, and the man fell dead, while the others started back with surprise at the unexpected retaliation. But in a second or two a pistol was discharged at Philip, who still remained leaning out of the casement, fortunately without effect; and the next moment he felt himself drawn away, so as to be protected from their fire. It was Amine, who, unknown to Philip, had been standing by his side.

"You must not expose yourself, Philip," said she, in a low tone.

"She called me Philip," thought he, but made no reply.

"They will be watching for you at the casement now," said Amine. "Take the other carbine, and go below in the passage. If the lock of the door is blown off they may put their arms in, perhaps, and remove the bars. I

do not think they can, but I'm not sure; at all events, it is there you should now be, as there they will not expect you."

"You are right," replied Philip, going down.

"But you must not fire more than once there; if another fall, there will be but two to deal with, and they cannot watch the casement and force admittance, too. Go—I will reload the carbine."

Philip descended softly, and without a light. He went to the door, and perceived that one of the miscreants, with his arm through the hole where the lock was blown off, was working at the upper iron bar, which he could just reach. He presented his carbine, and was about to fire the whole charge into the body of the man under his raised arm, when there was a report of firearms from the robbers outside.

"Amine has exposed herself," Philip, "and may be hurt."

The desire of vengeance prompted him first to fire his piece through the man's body, and then he flew up the stairs to ascertain the state of Amine. She was not at the casement; he darted into the inner room, and found her deliberately loading the carbine.

"My God! how you frightened me, Amine. I thought by their firing that you had shown yourself at the window."

"Indeed, I did not! but I thought that when you fired through the door they might return the fire, and you be hurt; so I went to the side of the casement and pushed out on a stick some of my father's clothes, and they who were watching for you fired immediately."

"Indeed, Amine! who could have expected such courage and such coolness in one so young and beautiful?" exclaimed Philip, with surprise.

"Are none but ill-favored people brave, then?" replied Amine, smiling.

"I did not mean that, Amine—but I am losing time. I must to that door again. Give me that carbine and reload this."

Philip crept downstairs that he might reconnoiter, but before he had gained the door he heard at a distance the voice of Mynheer Poots, Amine, who also heard it, was in a moment at his side with a loaded pistol in each hand.

"Fear not, Amine," said Philip, as he unbarred the door, "there are but two, and your father shall be saved."

The door was opened, and Philip, seizing his carbine, rushed out; he found Mynheer Poots on the ground between the two men, one of whom had raised his knife to plunge it into his body, when the ball of the carbine whizzed through his head. The last of the robbers closed with Philip, and a desperate struggle ensued; it was, however, soon decided by Amine stepping forward and firing one of the pistols through the robber's body.

We must here inform our readers that Mynheer Poots, when coming home, had heard the report of firearms in the direction of his own house. The recollection of his daughter and of his money—for to do him justice, he did love her best—had lent him wings; he forgot that he was a feeble old man and without arms; all he thought of was to gain his habitation. On he came, reckless, frantic and shouting, and he rushed into the arms of the two robbers, who seized and would have dispatched him, had not Philip so opportunely come to his assistance.

As soon as the last robber fell Philip disengaged himself and went to the assistance of Mynheer Poots, whom he raised up in his arms and carried into the house as if he were an infant. The old man was still in a state of delirium, from fear and previous excitement.

In a few minutes Mynheer Poots was more coherent.

"My daughter!" exclaimed he, "my daughter! where is she?"

"She is here, father, and safe," replied Amine.

"Ah! my child is safe," said he, opening his eyes and staring. "Yes, it is even so—and my money—my money—where is my money?" continued he, starting up.

"Quite safe, father."

"Quite safe; you say quite safe—are you sure of it? Let me see."

"There it is, father, as you may perceive, quite safe—thanks to one whom you have not treated so well."

"Who—what do you mean? Ah, yes, I see him—'tis Philip Vanderdecken—he owes me three guilders and a half, and there is a vial—did he save you—and my money, child?"

"He did, indeed, at the risk of his life."

"Well, well, I will forgive him the whole debt—yes, the whole of it; but—the vial is of no use to him—he must return that. Give me some water."

It was some time before the old man could regain his perfect reason. Philip left him with his daughter, and, taking a brace of loaded pistols, went out to ascertain the fate of the four assailants. The moon, having climbed above the bank of clouds which had obscured her, was now high in the heavens, shining bright, and he could distinguish clearly. The two men lying across the threshold were quite

dead. The others, who had seized upon Mynheer Poots, were still alive, but one was expiring and the other bled fast. Philip put a few questions to the latter, but he either would not or could not make any reply; he removed their weapons and returned to the house, where he found the old man attended by his daughter, in a state of comparative composure.

"I thank you, Philip Vanderdecken—I thank you very much. You have saved my dear child and my money—that is little, very little—for I am poor. May you live long and happily!"

Philip mused; the letter and his vow were, for the first time since he fell in with the robbers, recalled to his recollection, and a shade passed over his countenance.

"Long and happily—no, no," muttered he, with an involuntary shake of his head.

"And I must thank you," said Amine, looking inquiringly in Philip's face. "Oh, how much I have to thank you for! and, indeed, I am grateful!"

"Yes, yes, she is very grateful," interrupted the old man; but we are poor—very poor. I talked about my money because I have so little and I cannot afford to lose it; but you shall not pay me the three guilders and a half—I am content to lose that, Mr. Philip."

"Why should you lose even that, Mynheer Poots? I promised to pay you, and will keep my word. I have plenty of money—thousands of guilders, and know not what to do with them."

"You—you—thousands of guilders!" exclaimed Poots. "Pooh! nonsense! that won't do."

"I repeat to you, Amine," said Philip, "that I have thousands of guilders; you know I would not tell a falsehood."

"I believed you when you said so to my father," replied Amine.

"Then, perhaps, as you have so much and I am so very poor, Mr. Vanderdecken—"

But Amine put her hand upon her father's lips, and the sentence was not finished.

"Father," said Amine, "it is time that we retire. You must leave us for tonight, Philip."

"I will not," replied Philip; "nor, you may depend upon, will I sleep. You may both to bed in safety. It is indeed time that you retire—good-night. Mynheer Poots, I will ask but a lamp, and then I leave you—Amine, good-night."

"Good-night," said Amine, extending her hand, "and many, many thanks."

"Thousands of guilders!" muttered the old man, as Philip left the room and went below.

(To be continued.)

STORYETTES.

Mr. T., a business man, rents desk room in his office to Mr. B., whence the following story: "Is Mr. B. in?" asked a caller. "No," replied Mr. T., thinking he recognized an unwelcome caller. "Well, I'll wait for him," replied the caller, sitting down. At 5 o'clock he was still waiting. At 5:30 still waiting. A few minutes before 6 Mr. T. closed his desk for the day and prepared to go home. The caller ventured to ask if Mr. B. was likely to return to his office that day. Mr. T. answered: "No; he is in Sacramento, and will be back next Tuesday morning." The caller showed no anger. On the contrary, he smiled. "Don't apologize," he said; "my business is not important, and your office has proved a pleasant lounging place. Fact is," he blandly added, "I suppose I'm coming down with the smallpox, and the doctor told me I must stay indoors and keep warm."

Rudyard Kipling, when he was a student in the United Service college, in North Devon, says one who knew him, was known as "Gigs," because of the glasses he wore. About the middle of his school life he entered into a strong tie of friendship with two other boys. The trio are said to have led a kind of bohemian existence, as related in the "Stalky" stories. Kipling was the "Beetle."

During these four or five years it could hardly be said that Kipling was a prodigy. He was always extremely near-sighted, which was perhaps the reason for his not taking any very keen interest in either field sports or athletics. On the other hand, he was not always to be seen poring over his books. He was seldom at the top of his class, although when he left the college in 1882 he carried with him the well-earned first prize in English literature. He was chiefly noticeable in his schoolfellows' eyes for a keen wit and a flow of language that could only be suppressed by depriving him of his spectacles.

For two years Kipling was editor of the College Chronicle, during which period many bright verses and clever articles from his pen appeared in that little journal. The position led to his first newspaper engagement under novel and amusing circumstances. The head master of the college was chairman of the local board, and he was being attacked by the local paper. The local editor, probably seeing some of Kipling's work, entered into an arrangement with him to goad the head master into the indiscretion of a reply. The next issue contained a series of articles written in such poignant, sarcastic terms that everybody began to talk about the matter. The head master was compelled to take up his pen in self-defense, and eventually he resigned his chair.

They Always Say It.

"Queer about the actor who made the little speech before the curtain last night, wasn't it?"

"What was queer about him?"

"He didn't say it seemed like getting home when he came here to fill his engagement."

Big Wheel at Paris Exposition

The Mammoth Structure is Practically Finished.—Successfully Tried.

(Paris Letter.)

The successful trial of the gigantic wheel for the Paris Exposition settles the question of the practicability of the great scheme that the newspapers of the city so seriously questioned at the time of its proposal. An emulator of the 300-meter tower erected upon the Champs de Mars, the great wheel will be one of the most striking features of the exposition.

It stands on the Avenue de Suffren, opposite the celebrated gallery of machines of the exposition of 1889. The idea of such a construction is due to Mr. Graydon, an officer of marines of the United States navy, who took out a patent for it in 1893. The present project emanates from an English society. The operation of mounting took place the other day under the direction of Mr. Siltkins, an English engineer. The general work of construction, the installation of the material necessary to revolve it and the lighting of it were confided to W. B. Bassett.

The first wheel of this kind was constructed for the Chicago exhibition, but it did not attain the dimensions of the one under consideration. The metal entering into the structure of the French wheel is steel, furnished by the Societe des Forges et Acieries de Haumont (Nord). The weight of the metal employed is no less than 800 tons.

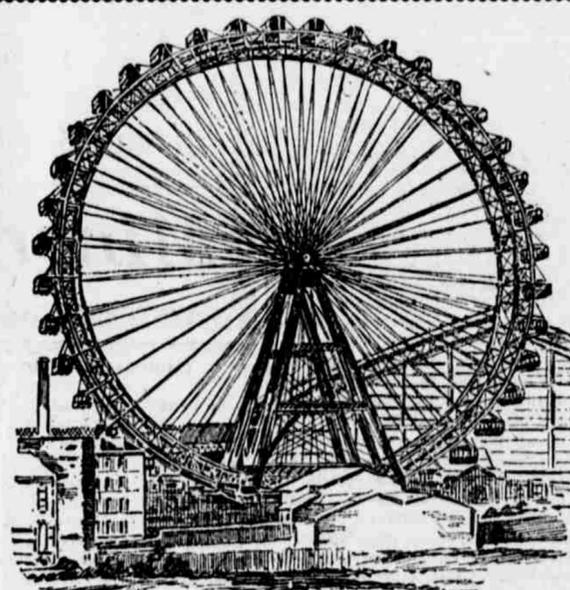
The wheel is designed to revolve around a horizontal axis situated 220 feet above the level of the ground, and moving in two bearings that rest, through the intermedium of a heavy oak beam, upon two frames. At its periphery there is a series of cars that

cable, which embraces it and winds around windlasses actuated by a 120-horse-power steam engine. The security of the operation of the apparatus is assured by several instantaneously acting brakes, which also control its motion. The engine also runs a dynamo, the current of which will supply arc and incandescent lamps.

The electric communications, starting from the ground, are effected through cables that follow one of the frames and end at the axis. From this point the current is transmitted to the periphery by cables, and to the different posts of electric distribution by circular plates and contact brushes. The processes of illuminating every part of this huge structure furnish a means of obtaining all the plays of light desirable. As the wheel revolves, the shining of the lamps in space will give it the aspect of a piece of fireworks. The wheel makes one revolution in twenty minutes, inclusive of stoppages. Access to the cars is obtained through a system of stairways and landings so arranged that eight cars can be filled and emptied simultaneously, without any blockade, in less than one minute. Each car is 42½ feet in length.

THE REAL JACK HORNER.

Jack Horner of the Christmas pie really existed, though whether he deserved the title of "good boy" is exceedingly doubtful. He was, however, a fortunate rogue. When Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries and drove the monks from their nests the title-



THE WHEEL AS IT NOW APPEARS.

are carried along in the rotary motion of the apparatus.

The diameter of the wheel is exactly 93 meters (305 feet). At the lowest level to which the cars can descend they will be ten feet above the ground and the highest point that they will reach will consequently be 315 feet above the surface. Between the two external felines are suspended a certain number of cars designed to be used as saloons, parlors, dining saloons, reading-rooms, concert halls, etc.

The total weight of the wheel, inclusive of the empty cars and exclusive of the axis and frames, is 1,430,000 pounds. The axis weighs 79,200 pounds and the two frames 873,400. The total weight of this architectural monument is, therefore, 2,382,600 pounds. Each car is capable of accommodating thirty persons, and the number of cars is forty. Supposing the average weight of each passenger to be 154 pounds, the total load upon the foundation will be 1,167 tons.

The foundation is of concrete made of Portland cement. Two excavations, eighteen feet square and thirty-nine feet deep, were made in the earth and were filled with a mixture of sand, pebbles and pure cement without the addition of any hydraulic lime. Each of the monoliths thus formed has a weight of 230 tons. It is upon these beds that rest the two steel frames that support the wheel. Each of these frames consists of four lattice girders connected by heavy steel cross braces and diagonal beams. They were mounted in detached pieces that were bolted and riveted together.

The axis, which is of first quality Martin steel, manufactured in England, is a heavy hollow piece about fifty inches in length and of an external diameter of thirty-six inches. The shaft revolves in steel bearings lined with a metal of peculiar composition—a mixture of lead, tin and various other substances. This alloy is designed to prevent the friction of steel upon steel, the coefficient of which is very high. From each side of the axis radiate 160 flexible cables of steel wire two inches in diameter, which are attached to the felines of the wheel, and are provided with stretchers for stiffening them after being put in place. The rotary motion of the wheel is obtained through a double

deeds of the Abbey of Mells were demanded by the commissioners. The Abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them to London, and, as the documents were very valuable, and the road infested with thieves, it was difficult to get them to the metropolis safely.

To accomplish this end, he devised a very ingenious plan. He ordered a savory pie to be made, and inside he put the documents—the finest filling a pie ever had—and entrusted this duty to a lad named Horner to carry up to London to deliver safely into the hands for whom it was intended. But the journey was long and the day cold, and the boy was hungry, and the pie was tempting, and the chance of detection was small.

So the boy broke off a piece of the pie, and beheld a parchment within. He pulled it forth innocently enough, wondering how it could have found its way there tied up in pastry, and arrived in town. The parcel was delivered, but the title-deeds of Mells Abbey estate were missing. The fact was that Jack had them in his pocket. These were the juiciest plums in the pie. Great was the rage of the commissioners and heavy the vengeance they dealt out to the monks. But Master Jack Horner kept his secret, when peaceable times were restored he claimed the estates and received them.

Good Freezing Compound.

Medicus, Sr.—Well, young man, have you anything of interest to report? Medicus, Jr.—I have discovered a freezing compound that beats anything yet discovered. M., Sr.—What is the formula? M., Jr.—It is composed of equal parts of the expression of Bullion's face when I asked for the hand of his daughter, and that of my nearest friend when I requested a small loan.

His Consolation.

"Who was it said I was a back number?" said Li Hung Chang, indignantly. "I said so," answered the empress dowager, with a stony glare. "Well," he answered more softly, "maybe I am. But I don't know as I care much what kind of a number I am so long as I have a dollar mark in front of me."—Washington Star.

BONES FROM OMDURMAN.

First Consignment of Dervish Skeletons Arrive in London.

There has just arrived in London the first consignment of dervish skeletons from the battlefield of Omdurman, says the London Daily Mail. There is no outward and visible sign in London of a brisk market in anatomical human bones. Indeed, public sentiment might receive a shock were a central depot or building to be established for the necessary traffic and barter in skeletons. Nevertheless the metropolitan skeleton market is steady and lucrative enough, though no sales are advertised or auctions announced. To secure a constant supply of skeletons up to the mark of trade standards and technical requirements is not an easy matter. For no bone, however tiny, must be missing, since an incomplete bony scaffolding would be valueless to the medical student. A widespread belief exists that skeletons are obtained from the unclaimed bodies of workhouse and hospital inmates. To some extent this is true, for such bodies, after use in the dissecting-room, furnish further useful object lessons. But the number of unclaimed bodies is small compared with the demand for skeletons, so that dealers must go further afield in their search for medical school material. A big battle offers an obviously large harvest of skeletons, and already some of the dervishes killed at Omdurman have found a market in one of the London hospitals. It is only right to state that there is not the slightest possible chance of a British soldier having been converted into a marketable skeleton. Due and careful precautions were taken to prevent such a contingency, so that any surviving bones from the Sudan victory are only those of the fighting dervish. One of the principal dealers in London states that these fine, athletic dervishes make the finest skeletons ever put on the bone market. It is not so easy to insure a supply of well-developed skeletons," he says, "for many of these are obtained from the stunted, half-starved type which ends its days—unclaimed and uncared for—in a casual ward or hospital. The dervish offers a rare opportunity in skeletons, and though the expense of transport is very great, the type of skeleton he makes is sure to command a price sufficiently high to cover the extra cost of freight. Only a small percentage have come to London—the rest have been distributed among the other large European cities, such as Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. Great care has to be taken in selecting specimens from a battlefield, for those with shattered or broken bones will not furnish an entire skeleton. Of course there is always a sale for skulls and single bones, but the aim of those who supply anatomical dealers is to obtain entire and perfect skeletons, for these naturally bring a higher price. After the Franco-Prussian war the skeleton trade bade fair to be overstocked, and dealers 'held back' their surplus stock, lest prices should be too much 'cut.' There was not a single German skeleton offered—it is always the vanquished who come to an anatomical end. It's a curious thing," continued the connoisseur in bones, "that the skeletons of Frenchmen should be so much whiter than British bones."

ARMY AND NAVY.

A Manila correspondent states that the natives there regard Admiral Dewey as a supernatural being and struggle to get scraps of cloth of any other article he has possessed, thinking they have peculiar healing virtues.

A careful scrutiny fails to reveal a single song that possesses any characteristic melody or sentiment which will permanently identify it with the Spanish-American war. It is reported that the natives in Manila believe that the song "There Will Be a Hot Time in the Old Time Tonight" is our national air, they have heard it so often. A native band, when asked if they had heard our national song, responded with pride that they had, and proceeded at once to grind out "The Hot Town."

The German service contemporary gives some interesting details on the marching performances of the troops engaged in various celebrated campaigns, says the Army and Navy Journal. Thus the highest average of distances marched by troops during the campaign of 1796 is to be credited to the French, who, on the authority of General Lewal, marched daily on the average a distance slightly exceeding fifteen and a half miles. In the war of 1866 the highest average was that attained by the Prussians, marching thirteen and a half miles, while during the Franco-German war the highest averages were for the Germans (during the march on Sedan), thirteen miles, and for the French troops, nine and a half miles. In the case of the mounted army the record is held by Murat's cavalry, which marched 497 miles in twenty-four days during the operations of 1806.

He Knew.

Teacher—What is a fossil? Little Willie (raising his hand)—I know, please, Teacher—Well? You may tell us what a fossil is. Little Willie—That's what mamma said you were the day you sent me home for a better excuse when I stayed out because we heard Johnny Tripp's sister had the measles.

Business.

Goodly—What is grander than a man you can trust? Cynicus—One who will trust you.—Jewish Comment.