

# PHANTOM SHIP

The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Good morning, my son," said the captain, taking his pipe out of his mouth for a moment. "We are detained by the supercargo, who appears not overwilling to come on board; the boat has been on shore this hour waiting for him, and we shall be last of the fleet under way. I wish the company would let us sail without these gentlemen, who are, in my opinion, a great hindrance to business; but they think otherwise on shore."

"What is their duty on board?" replied Philip.

"Their duty is to look after the cargo and the traffic, and if they kept to that it would not be so bad; but they interfere with everything else and everybody, studying little except their own comforts; in fact, they play the king on board, knowing that we dare not affront them, as a word from them would prejudice the vessel when again to be chartered. The company insist upon their being received with all honors. We salute them with five guns on their arrival on board."

"Do you know anything of this one whom you expect?"

"Nothing, but from report. A brother captain of mine (with whom he has sailed) told me that he is most fearful of the dangers of the sea, and much taken up with his own importance."

"I wish he would come," replied Philip; "I am most anxious that we should sail."

"You must be of a wandering disposition, my son; I hear that you leave a comfortable home, and a pretty wife to boot."

"I am most anxious to see the world," replied Philip; "and I must learn to sail a ship before I purchase one, and try to make the fortune that I covet." (Alas! how different from my real wishes, thought Philip, as he made this reply.)

"Fortunes are made and fortunes are swallowed up, too, by the ocean," replied the captain. "If I could turn this good ship into a good house, with plenty of guilders to keep the house warm, you would not find me standing on this poop. I have doubled the Cape twice, which is often enough for any man; the third time may not be so lucky."

"How long do you expect your voyage may occupy us?"

"That's as may be; but I should say about two years; nay, if not detained by the factors, as I expect we shall be, for some hostile service, it may be less."

"Two years," thought Philip, "two years from Amine!" and he sighed deeply, for he felt that their separation might be forever.

"Nay, my son, two years is not so long," said Mynheer Kloots, who observed the passing cloud on Philip's brow. "I was once five years away, and was unfortunate, for I brought home nothing, not even my ship. But here he comes at last; they have hoisted the ensign on the staff in the boat; there—they have shoved off. Mynheer Hillebrant, see the gunners ready with their instocks to salvo the supercargo."

"What duty do you wish me to perform?" observed Philip. "In what can I be useful?"

"At present you can be of little use, except in those heavy gales in which every pair of hands is valuable. You must look and learn for some time yet; but you can make a fair copy of the journal kept for the inspection of the company, and may assist me in various ways, as soon as the unpleasant nausea felt by those who first embark has subsided. As a remedy, I should propose that you gird a handkerchief tight round your body so as to compress the stomach, and make frequent application of my bottle of schnapps, which you will find always at your service. But now to receive the factor of the most puissant company, Mynheer Hillebrant, let them discharge the cannon."

The guns were fired, and soon after the smoke had cleared away, the boat, with its long ensign trailing on the water, was pulled alongside. Philip watched the appearance of the supercargo; but he remained in the boat until several of the boxes with the initials and arms of the company were first handed on the deck; at last the supercargo appeared.

He was a small, spare, wizen-faced man, with a three-cornered cocked hat, bound with broad gold lace, upon his head, under which appeared a full-bottomed flowing wig, the curls of which descended low upon his shoulders. His coat was of crimson velvet with broad flaps; his waistcoat of white silk, worked in colored flowers, and descending half-way down to his knees. His breeches were of black satin, and his legs were covered with white silk stockings. Add to this, gold buckles at his knees and in his shoes, lace ruffles to his wrists, and a silver-mounted cane in his hand, and the reader has the entire dress of Mynheer Jacob Janz von Stroom, the supercargo of the Honorable Company, appointed to the good ship Ter Schilling.

Mynheer von Stroom did not appear very anxious to remain on deck. He requested to be shown into his cabin, and followed the captain aft, picking his way among the coils of ropes with which his path was encumbered. The door opened and the supercargo disappeared. The ship was then got under

way, the man had left the windlass, the sails had been trimmed and they were securing the anchor on board when the bell of the poop cabin (appropriated to the supercargo) was pulled with great violence.

"What can that be?" said Mynheer Kloots (who was forward), taking his pipe out of his mouth. "Mynheer Vanderdecken, will you see what is the matter?"

Philip went aft, as the pealing of the bell continued, and, opening the cabin door, discovered the supercargo perched upon the table and pulling the bell rope, which hung over his center, with every mark of fear in his countenance. His wig was off, and his bare skull gave him an appearance peculiarly ridiculous.

"What is the matter, sir?" inquired Philip.

"Matter!" spluttered Mynheer von Stroom; "call the troops in with their firelocks. Quick, sir. Am I to be murdered, torn to pieces and devoured? For mercy's sake, sir, don't stare, but do something—look, it's coming to the table! Oh, dear, oh, dear!" continued the supercargo, evidently terrified out of his wits.

Philip, whose eyes had been fixed on Mynheer von Stroom, turned them in the direction pointed out, and, much to his astonishment, perceived a small bear upon the deck, who was amusing himself with the supercargo's flowing wig, which he held in his paws, tossing it about, and now and then burying his muzzle in it. The unexpected sight of the animal was at first a shock to Philip; but at a moment's consideration assured him that the animal must be harmless, or it never would have been permitted to remain loose in the vessel.

Nevertheless, Philip had no wish to approach the animal, whose disposition he was unacquainted with, when the appearance of Mynheer Kloots put an end to his difficulty.

"What is the matter, mynheer?" said the captain. "Oh, I see! It is Johannes," continued the captain, going up to the bear, and saluting him with a kick, as he recovered the supercargo's wig. "Out of the cabin, Johannes!—out, sir!" cried Mynheer Kloots, kicking the breach of the bear till the animal had escaped through the door. "Mynheer von Stroom, I am very sorry—here is your wig. Shut the door, Mynheer Vanderdecken, or the beast may come back, for he is very fond of me."

As soon as the door was shut between Mynheer von Stroom and the object of his terror the little man slid off the table to the high-backed chair near it shook out the damaged curls of his wig, and replaced it on his head; pulled out his ruffles, and, assuming an air of magisterial importance, struck his cane on the deck, and then spoke: "Mynheer Kloots, what is the meaning of this disrespect to the supercargo of the puissant company?"

"God in heaven! no disrespect, mynheer; the animal is a bear, as you see; he is very tame, even with strangers. He belongs to me. I have had him ever since he was three months old. It was all a mistake. The mate, Mynheer Hildebrant, put him in the cabin, that he might be out of the way while the duty was carrying on, and he quite forgot that he was here. I am very sorry, Mynheer von Stroom; but he will not come here again, unless you wish to play with him."

"Play with him? I, supercargo to the company, play with a bear! Mynheer Kloots, the animal must be thrown overboard immediately."

"Nay, nay; I cannot throw overboard an animal that I hold in much affection. Mynheer von Stroom, but he shall not trouble you."

"It must immediately be sent out of the ship, Mynheer Kloots. I order you to send it away—on your peril to refuse."

"Then we will drop the anchor again, Mynheer von Stroom, and send on shore to headquarters to decide the point. If the company insists that the brute be put on shore, be it so; but recollect, Mynheer von Stroom, we shall lose the protection of the fleet, and have to sail alone. Shall I drop the anchor, mynheer?"

This observation softened down the pertinacity of the supercargo; he had no wish to sail alone, and the fear of this contingency was more powerful than the fear of the bear.

"Mynheer Kloots, I will not be too severe; if the animal is chained, so that it does not approach me, I will consent to its remaining on board."

CHAPTER VIII.

We must allow the Indian fleet to pursue its way to the Cape with every variety of wind and weather. Some had parted company, but the rendezvous was Table Bay, from which they were again to start together.

Philip Vanderdecken was soon able to render some service on board. He studied his duty diligently, for employment prevented him from dwelling too much upon the cause for his embarkation, and he worked hard at the duties of the ship, for the exercise procured for him that sleep which otherwise would have been denied.

He was soon a favorite of the captain, and intimate with Hillebrant, the

first mate; the second mate, Struys, was a morose young man, with whom he had little intercourse. As for the supercargo, Mynheer Jacob Janz von Stroom, he seldom ventured out of his cabin. The bear, Johannes, was not confined, and therefore Mynheer von Stroom confined himself; hardly a day passed that he did not look over a letter which he had framed upon the subject, all ready to forward to the company; and each time that he perused it, he made some alteration, which he considered would give additional force to his complaint, and would prove still more injurious to the interests of Capt. Kloots.

In the meantime, in happy ignorance of all that was passing in the poop-cabin, Mynheer Kloots smoked his pipe, drank his schnapps, and played with Johannes. The animal had also contracted a great affection for Philip, and used to walk the watch with him.

There was another party in the ship whom we must not lose sight of—the one-eyed pilot, Schriften, who appeared to have imbibed a great animosity toward our hero, as well as to his dumb favorite, the bear. As Philip held the rank of an officer, Schriften dared not openly affront, though he took every opportunity of annoying him, and was constantly inveighing against him before the ship's company. To the bear he was more openly inveterate, and seldom passed it without bestowing upon it a severe kick, accompanied with a horrid curse. Although no one on board appeared to be fond of this man, everybody appeared to be afraid of him, and he obtained a control over the seamen which appeared unaccountable.

Such was the state of affairs on board the good ship Ter Schilling when, in company with two others, she lay becalmed about two days' sail to the Cape. The weather was intensely hot, for it was the summer in those southern latitudes, and Philip, who had been laying down under the awning spread over the poop, was so overcome with the heat that he had fallen asleep. He awoke with a shivering sensation of cold over his whole body, particularly at his chest, and half opening his eyes, he perceived the pilot, Schriften, leaning over him and holding between his finger and his thumb a portion of the chain which had not been concealed, and to which was attached the sacred relic. Philip closed them again, to ascertain what were the man's intentions; he found that he gradually dragged out the chain, and, when the relic was clear, attempted to pass the whole over his head, evidently to gain possession of it. Upon this attempt Philip started up and seized him by the waist.

"Indeed!" cried Philip, with an indignant look, as he released the chain from the pilot's hand.

But Schriften appeared not in the least confused at being detected in his attempt; looking with his malicious one-eye at Philip, he mockingly observed:

"Does that chain hold her picture?—he! he!"

Vanderdecken rose, pushed his away, and folded his arms.

"I advise you not to be quite so curious, Master Pilot, or you may repent it."

"Or perhaps," continued the pilot, quite regardless of Philip's wrath, "it may be a child's caul, a sovereign remedy against drowning."

"Go forward to your duty, sir," cried Philip.

"Or, as you are a Catholic, the finger nail of a saint; or, yes, I have it—a piece of the holy cross."

Philip started.

"That's it! that's it!" cried Schriften, who now went forward to where the seamen were standing at the gangway.

"News for you, my lads!" said he; "we've a piece of the holy cross aboard, and so we may defy the devil."

(To be continued.)

A WILD ROSE SKIN.

How It Can Be Easily and Healthfully Obtained.

When a Swedish woman has a clear, beautiful skin, it rivals almost in exquisite loveliness the bloom of the "English rose" or her cousin, the "American lily." To lie in bed and be waited on by a nurse with a wild-rose complexion and to discover that when health returns one may hope to attain such a complexion by the use of very simple means, seems to make up in some degree for the weary days in bed. "Oh, nurse, if I only had your complexion! If I could change my dull, spotted skin for one like yours, it seems to me I would be willing to jump into a barrel of boiling oil."

"Well, den, mees," was the reply, "you can haf it, sure, if you do but one leetle ting. My skin vas all spots vat you call 'peemles' and the doctor he say it change of climate. He den tell me to buy 25 cent vorth of phosphate of soda. I take a teaspoonful in glass vasm vater at bed time, and de same before breakfast. It not nasty. So, for von veek I also take the same before each other meal; after dat for von veek I take only night and morning. In two veek, behold me as now." Reader, I have followed the advice for "von haf veek" only, and already my skin seems like "that of a little child." To those who desire to change a thick, unresponsive skin for a clear, bright complexion, this simple and practical advice is gladly given by a convalescent.

Looking Ahead.

"It's said white folks put in heaps o' time," said Uncle Eben, "ahufyfin' 'bout whethuh we's descended fum monkeys. Dat ain' de question. It's whut direction is we gwine now."—Washington Star.

THE IDEAL.

Allan Carter was going as fast as a cab would take him to offer himself and his fortune to Miss Nellie Clendennin, but the face that haunted him as he rolled along was not Miss Clendennin's. It was a face of great beauty, a young, serious face, with wide dark-blue eyes and a tenderly curved red mouth. Only a dream-face, but at two and thirty Allan Carter was a bachelor because of it.

Carter was an artist. Perhaps it was from his mother, who had been an Italian singer of good family, that he inherited the poetic temperament which caused him to cherish this dream. Certain it was that in his travels far and wide he had looked for the face, and each year it had grown more vivid and real. Now, at thirty-two, he had told himself it was time to put away childish things and begin life.

He wanted to paint and study abroad for a year or two, but could not leave his young ward, just returned from school and dependent on him for her success in social life, so as the best way out of it he decided to marry her and take her with him. He thought her a "dear girl," bright and piquant, and but for the face he might have fallen in love with her. And now he was looking at it for the last time. In an hour it would be a part of the past, a dim shadowy thing. The eyes looked at him reproachfully.

"Ah! those eyes! Innumerable times he had essayed to paint the face, but the eyes had always eluded him. There was something in their depths that mocked him.

"Pshaw! what a fool I am!" He gathered himself together with a jerk. The jerk terminated in a jump, for there at the window of the Markview hotel was the face, framed in furs and feathers and looking wistfully down the street.

He left the cab as soon as it had turned the corner and hastened back



"DO NOT FORGET YOUR LESSON." The face was gone, but even as he looked a lady and a gentleman descended the steps to a carriage that awaited them. The lady was very young, slender and graceful and for one moment those wonderful eyes met and held his. Then she was hurried into the carriage by her companion, a tall, fine-looking, gray-haired man, evidently her father.

Carter heard the order, "To the Tenth street depot!" and in a few moments was clattering after them. He found them in the great, domed waiting-room, evidently in trouble, for the girl looked distressed and her father much flurried. Carter bought a paper at the news stand near by and dalled over it.

"I can't send anyone for it," the gentleman was saying. "I must go back myself—and leave you, my dear."

"Indeed, indeed, I don't mind," cried the girl, in silver-sweet tones. "We have twenty minutes yet and that is time enough if you go at once. I will wait for you just here. Hurry!" She gave him a little push, and, tumbling his several packages into her arms, he rushed away.

"Great heavens, I can't lose her now!" muttered Carter, in despair. "If only I knew her name or where they are bound. Is there no way—no way?"

The girl walked toward the window, and, one of her parcels slipping from her arms, in her endeavor to recover it, the remainder were scattered on the floor. Carter gathered them up in a twinkling and offered to tie up one which had escaped its fastening. He seated himself beside his dream, and when she had said, "Thank you," he could not summon fortitude to leave her.

It was the face—it was the face; innocent, beautiful even to the little golden rings on her forehead. The limpid, childlike eyes met his frankly and the rose cheek looked so soft and youthful.

"She hasn't had time to be frozen into conventionality," thought Carter. "I will risk it and speak to her. It is now or never."

He leaned over and spoke rapidly, earnestly and with convincing eloquence: "I saw you at the hotel. Do you know that I have been seeking you for ten years? Your face came to me in a dream and I have never despaired of finding you until today. I was going—no matter where, but I saw you. I could find no way to speak to you, so I followed you here, hoping against hope. If you knew how your face has haunted me you would forgive me. Fortune has favored me with these few moments; do not be so cruel as to deny me the privilege of speaking! How could I see you to go out of my reach without making an effort, even at the risk of being considered ungentlemanly! Will you not tell me that you are not angry?"

The wide blue eyes looked earnestly into the face bent over her, so dark and eager, so full of pleading. "You saw us at the hotel!" she asked.

but you know I could not speak to you there. It was just as you were leaving. See, here is my card. I have traveled a great deal, perhaps some of your friends may know me. You are not angry? You think this is surely something more than mere chance? I have loved your face so long, I know its every feature. Do not hate me for my presumption?"

The girl's soft eyes fell.

"I saw you when we came out of the hotel, and, 'I liked you,' she said very softly.

The blood leaped to Carter's cheeks, and he lifted his hand impetuously, but let it fall again. Her very innocence was her protection, and he only touched the hem of her cape reverently.

"We have such a short time! Tell me where you are going, where I can see you again. I will find a way if it is to the ends of the earth. I cannot lose you again. I have sought you so long; wherever I have traveled I have sought in vain for that beautiful dream face that has been my inspiration. And you were a little child growing up into perfection! It is not mere chance that we have met today and we must not lose each other. Will you tell me where I may find you?"

The girl glanced up at the clock.

"Yes," she said, shyly, the color coming and going in her cheeks. "We are going to New York and shall stop at the Waldorf. Come there and I will see you."

"Whom shall I ask—" he was beginning, but she held up a warning hand.

"We must not let him know," she whispered, as the tall gentleman, red and breathless, rushed up to them.

"Here we are, dear," she said, smiling, in her silver-sweet voice. "I haven't been alone. I have met an old friend, Mr. Allan Carter. Allow me to introduce you. Mr. Carter, this is my husband."

"Very happy, very happy. Indeed, Mr. Carter," flustered the gentleman, as he shook the rigid hand extended to him. The bell clanged loudly and he seized the girl's arm and hurried her breathlessly away.

She looked back over her shoulder and smiled, bewitchingly, significantly. "Do not forget your lesson," she said softly.

Carter had walked many miles before the crash of the elements subsided and his brain settled into something like its usual calm. He and Nellie Clendennin were married six weeks later.

TO GROW FAT.

Eat Heartily Before Going to Bed. Here is good advice to thin people who want to grow fat, says Pearson's Weekly. It seems contrary to all our early training, but is full of good common sense, and comes from a prominent physician. His suggestions are as follows: "If you are thin and want to put flesh upon your bones, eat before going to bed for the night. Physiology teaches us that there is wasting away of tissue while a person sleeps as well as when he is awake, and this being so, there should be continuous nourishment. Food taken at dinner or in the early evening is always digested at the time of retiring, and the activity of the process of assimilation continues until long after we are asleep. If the tissues are not nourished, they are pulled down by the wasting process, and as a result sleeplessness ensues. On a full stomach, however, or with some food to sustain the system, there is a building up of the tissue. Man is the only creature I know of who does not deem it proper to sleep on a good meal. The infant, in this respect, instinctively cries to be fed at night, showing that food is necessary during that time as well as through the day, and that left too long without it causes a discomfort, which it makes known by crying. There is no need for rest in the digestive organs, provided the quantity of food eaten is not above normal during the twenty-four hours. Too long intervals between meals are bad for the stomach, from the fact that the cessation and resumption of work of the digestive organs tends to enfeeble them. A moderate working of the organs through the twenty-four hours is much more beneficial. I would advise those suffering from insomnia to take something to eat before going to sleep always. A glass of milk and bread, or any digestible food will do."

About Sir Henry Hawkins.

The resignation in England of Sir Henry Hawkins, one of the wittiest and most noted judges of the day, has given rise to many anecdotes. He is a man who believes in stern justice, and always sentences criminals to the full extent of his power. "Oh, my lord," whined a swindler whom he had just given seven years, "I'll never live half of that time!" The judge took another look at him and answered: "I don't think it is at all desirable that you should."

On another occasion the usual form was gone through of asking a prisoner who had been found guilty if he had anything to say. Striking a theatrical posture, and with his right hand in the air, the man exclaimed: "May the Almighty strike me dead if I don't speak the truth. I am innocent of this crime." Judge Hawkins said nothing for a minute. Then, after glancing at the clock, he observed, in his most impressive tones: "Since the Almighty has not thought fit to intervene, I will now proceed to pass sentence."

Lions Fear Umbrellas.

A German professor, in giving his experience as an explorer in the wilds of Africa, says that the best protection against lions is an umbrella, as the beasts are especially afraid of one.

HOW ELEPHANTS CROSS RIVERS. It is a Great Sight—Huge Beasts Swim Beautifully.

In Pearson's Magazine Mr. Cleveland Moffet relates some stories that were told him by a celebrated hunter of big game, Peter Burgess of Bristol. Many years ago, when the world was younger than it is now, Livy described in that wonderful way of his how elephants could be carried over a stream. Mr. Burgess has a similar topic—how elephants swim a river. "It is a great sight to see a line of elephants crossing a river with steep banks. They go down slowly, striking the ground with their trunks before each step, and never making a slip or miss, although you feel every minute as if they were going to take a header into the water. Then they wade or swim, as the case may be, and they swim beautifully, not hesitating to cross half a mile of deep water if need be. I must say, however, that the sensation of sitting on the back of a swimming elephant is the reverse of pleasant; you fancy yourself on an enormous barrel which may roll round at any moment and take you under. Besides that, they swim so low in the water that you are sure of a wetting, which in India means an excellent chance of fever. Having crossed the stream, they must climb to the top of the bank, and this is the most peculiar operation of all. Down on their knees they go, and with trunk and tusks dig out a foothold for themselves, and so, step by step, work their way to the top, their position being sometimes like that of a fly climbing up a wall. As they reach the top they give a lurch sideways and shoot one leg straight over the bank, then give a lurch to the other side and shoot out the other leg in the same way, which brings them into the position of a boy hanging by his arms from the edge of a roof. Then they come to their knees and, finally, with a great scrambling and kicking of their hind legs, bring themselves to level ground again. In spite of these perilous ascents and descents I never knew an elephant to miss his foothold, although there was a case where one of the herd got stuck in the mud and sunk gradually deeper and deeper until only his head and part of his back could be seen. The rajah ordered ten other elephants to be brought up, and they were hitched to the unfortunate animal, and by pulling together at the given word brought their bellowing comrade out of the mud with a plump like the pop of a 1,000-ton cork."

BERNHARDT ON SARDOU.

She Describes His Methods of Conducting Rehearsals.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has begun the rehearsals of "La Tosca," the play she is to revive at the Theater des Nations at an early date, says the London Post. In an interesting letter, from which I send you some extracts, the great actress describes M. Sardou's mode of conducting rehearsals: "What has always specially struck me," says Mme. Bernhardt, "is the very personal character of M. Sardou's methods. He gives his attention in the first place to the minor roles. As the work advances he proceeds on larger, more general lines, until it seems as if the stage is too small and one pines for more space in which to allow the action of the piece to develop, unhampered by material limitations. It is said that M. Sardou is very masterful when conducting rehearsals. I have found him, on the contrary, most conciliatory, and ever ready to adopt the suggestions of others when they deserve to be taken into consideration. He regards even the stage carpenters, the scene-shifters and the firemen as part of the public and is careful to note and to take hints from their impressions. In this respect he adheres to the practice of Alexandre Dumas. Like Dumas, too, he is not oversensitive as to the fate of his prose, and never hesitates to cut his text when necessary. Nothing escapes his notice. He pays attention to even the pettiest details. He tries the chairs, sees that the doors open and shut readily, chooses the dress materials and the upholstery, studies the perspective from the auditorium and mounts to the upper galleries so as to assure himself that the public in the cheap seats can see and hear everything. He lives all the roles, and at every rehearsal acts the entire play right through three or four times over. He is very sensitive to cold and always makes his appearance muffled up in furs and a comforter. He hands his coat to an attendant, complains at once of the draughts, puts his coat on again and again dispenses with it. About 3 o'clock he takes some slight refreshment, usually a glass of port and cakes, which he shares with the actors and actresses. While thus engaged he invariably relates a string of anecdotes, of which he has a most inexhaustible fund, bearing, for the most part, of course, on the theater, but very often, too, on spiritualism, a subject in which he is deeply interested."

New Planet.

Eros is the name selected for the newly discovered little planet between Mars and the sun by Herr Witt, the discoverer, though Mr. S. C. Chandler of Cambridge, Mass., the astronomer who computed the planet's orbit, pleaded to have it called Pluto. Mr. Chandler's computation has been verified by examination of the star photographs taken at the Harvard observatory station at Arequipa, in Peru.

Selfishness is a weakness, yet it is about the strongest force some people have in them.