

# PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—  
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

## CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Philip, 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 seamen.

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

"Flying Dutchman," thought Philip; "can that refer to—?" and Philip 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 Philip 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 Philip, 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 Philip, 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 Philip; "but no! that cannot be. Why do I feel such a chill when ever 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 Philip, "or my reason cannot hold its seat."

In three days the Ter Schilling and her consort 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 Hillebrand to the captain, who with Philip 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, Hillebrand and Philip 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 mainsail 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 task, she was so close to them that they could distinguish the men on board; they could see the foaming water as it was hurled 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.

Philip 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:

"Philip 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. Hillebrand was the first who spoke; turning round to the eastern quarter, and observing a light on the horizon, he started, and seizing Philip by the arm, cried out: "What's that?"

"That is only the moon rising from the bank of clouds," replied Philip, 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."

Philip 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!"

Philip 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 Hillebrand.

"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, Philip?"

"Yes," replied Philip, 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 Hillebrand. "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. Philip, send down for the bottle of schnapps, if it is only to clear my brain a little."

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

Philip 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, Philip 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, sultry, 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, Hillebrand and Philip 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 Philip could persuade two of the men to assist him down below. Hillebrand had been more unfortunate—his right arm was broken and he was otherwise severely bruised. Philip assisted him to his berth, and then went on deck again to try and restore order.

Philip 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, own 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, with the single exception of Germany. 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 Yankees 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.

## NOTES OF THE WHEEL.

### MATTERS OF INTEREST TO DEVOTEES OF THE BICYCLE.

Jimmy Michaels Perplexes the Racing Associations—He is Riding Horses in New Orleans—Right of Wheelmen on Public Highways.

#### Questions That Perplex.

Michael's double game of cyclist and jockey is a hard one to understand, except on the supposition that he is fortifying himself against the time when his phenomenal ability as a bicycle rider wanes in order that he may still enjoy the distinction of being rated as the best of his class in the world, or upon the other less complimentary supposition that while his inclinations pull him toward the turf his friends and those who admire him as a cyclist influence him in the other direction so strongly that he vacillates between them. Promptly upon the heels of the report that he had secured Al Weing as a trainer and would enter into competition on the cycle track again this year comes a telegram from New Orleans this week stating that the pair arrived in the Crescent City on Monday, where Michael was given a jockey's badge by Secretary Clark, having already had a license from the Turf Congress to ride. The midget reiterates his intention to become a jockey. It is said, and will put in his mornings at the track schooling himself to break from the gate.

Apparently the question of his marriage is now definitely settled in the affirmative by the following statement from a firm of lawyers, Aberman, Wales, issued subsequent to a report in the London papers upon Michael's arrival in England last fall that the Welshman was not married: "As the solicitors representing the estate of the father of the young woman who is Michael's wife, we cannot allow the statements to go uncontradicted any longer. We have before us the certificate of marriage dated March 13, 1896, which proves that Michael is a married man."

#### Cyclists' Road Rights.

Judge Simpson of McPherson, Kan., has rendered a decision of importance to wheelmen in the case of George Lehman against Henry Kibbe. He holds that a bicycle rider is not responsible for accidents which may result from horses becoming frightened at persons riding bicycles, because all persons who travel on public highways have a right to choose the vehicle or conveyance they desire to use. This decision at once places every wheelman in Kansas on an equality with the drivers of horses, the important point being that wheelmen are not expected to leave their machines by the roadside and walk ahead to ask a man if his horses will be scared.

The decision of Judge Simpson clears the atmosphere of many theories which the people who do not ride bicycles have held, and furnishes a basis upon which an organized effort in the direction of procuring wheelmen's rights may be based.

Henry Kibbe of Hutchinson, was riding his machine along the public highway, when George Lehman met him. The latter was driving a team, which became frightened, ran away, and threw Lehman out, crushing his leg. He sued Kibbe for damages, including doctor's bill and the injuries to the team and damage to the buggy in which he was driving. He lost the suit.

#### Little Eskimo Wheelman.

This is Mene, the little 9-year-old Eskimo brought from Greenland by Lieut. Peary. He is now living in New York in the family of William Wallace, superintendent of the Museum of Natural History. The boy is bright, amiable and lovable. He rides a wheel, goes to school, and has a private tutor in order to help him with his study of



English. His manner of talking is still broken and faulty, but he is learning rapidly.

#### Germany's Cycle Industry.

German bicycle manufacturers make large profits. According to the reports of the respective companies they pay 20 per cent dividends or more. At present there exist about 150 bicycle makers, of which 25 are on a large scale and 25 of medium size. The capital invested is estimated at 80,000,000 marks and the number of workmen employed at 40,000. To this must be added the various auxiliary and supplementary trades of the bicycle industry. French cycle manufacturers compete with the Germans, especially in Alsace and Lorraine. The English import has become quite insignificant. A Frankfurt manufacturer formerly imported 6,000 English bicycles per annum before he commenced to manufacture them himself; nowadays but a

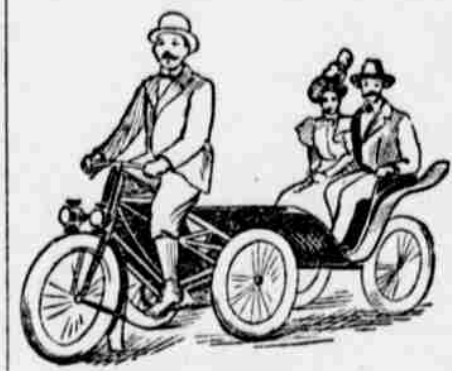
limited number of English machines are being imported. The reason for this may lie to some extent in the price, but, on the other hand, among wheelmen it is asserted that the English machines are too heavy.

#### Cycle Path Bill in New York.

A bill has been introduced in the New York state senate which has the sanction of the L. A. W., and which, if passed, will have a great effect in strengthening the movement for cycle side paths in that state. According to the bill, any county judge, except in Monroe and Albany counties, may, upon the petition of fifty resident cyclists, appoint five wheelmen as a board of side path commissioners, their term of office to be five years. The board will be authorized to construct and maintain side paths along any of the public roads of the county. The paths are to be not less than three feet wide and not more than six. A further duty of the board is to settle upon a license fee of not less than 50 cents and not more than \$1, and no cyclist will be allowed to use the paths unless he holds such a license. The fees when collected will be deposited with the county treasurer and will be used for building and maintaining the paths.

#### Auto-Mobile and Bicycle.

This machine was exhibited at the recent concours of automobile vehicles in Paris. It is intended to be used with either an express wagon or passenger coach attachment. The power is a two-horse benzine motor. An elec-



tric spark causes the ignition, and the speed attainable is 25 kilometers per hour.—Modern Machinery.

#### Will Oppose Cycle Tax.

The wheelmen of Washington, D. C., are strenuously opposing the proposition of the municipal authorities to have congress enact a law imposing a tax on all bicycles in the District of Columbia. They contend that this proposition is nothing more than a deliberate attempt to fine every person for riding a bicycle, inasmuch as a tax could not be urged as a revenue measure. The proposed law also provides for the registration of all bicycles. The wheelmen point out that this provision would be of no practical value, as every bicycle now sold is numbered in such a manner that it can be easily identified. President Potter has assured the officers of the local division of the L. A. W. that the league would support every effort of the local division made against the imposition of a bicycle tax. At an early day a committee representing the wheelmen will appear before the two congressional committees having the tax measure in charge and present their objections to the passage of the bill. If their efforts are unavailing and the bill is finally enacted, then the wheelmen will strongly urge that the tax levied be expended in the improvement of the country roads around the city.

#### Outlaw Riders Remain Obdurate.

The members of the American Racing Cyclists' union claim that as soon as the complete welding of its interests with those of the track owners is completed, the league will be spared the bother of deciding whether or not it shall continue the control of racing. Arthur Gardiner, who is vice president of the A. R. C. U., and who, in the absence of President E. C. Bald, is general manager of the chief talker for the union, is now in the east trying to bring about the last step in the separation of the riders from the league. The racing men en route for San Francisco are said to have been polled upon the subject of smoking the peace pipe with the L. A. W., and to have unanimously declared in favor of a special racing organization, the ground taken being that it would be impossible to induce the league to carry out all of the reforms demanded by the racing men.

#### Fast Racing in Algiers.

The final of the Algerian championship was run at Algiers recently. The semi-final heats of 1,000 meters were won by Banker, Grogna, Guignard and Tommaselli. In the final lap of the final Grogna and Banker tried to jump, but Tommaselli followed and forced them to the outside of the track during the entire last lap and won the race, riding the last lap in 2:21.5, constituting a competition record for a fifth of a mile. Banker ran second by half a length and Guignard third. Banker won the 1,080-meter handicap in the record time of 1:20.1-5 from scratch. Grogna running second, St. Ives third. The 2,000-meter tandem race was won by Banker and Tommaselli from Gaub and St. Ives, second, and Grogna and Coquelle, third.

#### Brooklyn Riders Plan Asphalt Strips.

The Associated Cycling clubs of Brooklyn have undertaken the attempt to have asphalted connections made with all the principal cycling routes in the borough. They mean to unite all the important asphalt streets and districts to come together in the near future and petition the board of public improvements to urge their request on Mayor Van Wyck.

## ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

### JOSEPH KOSI TOOK A DOSE OF STRYCHNINE.

Had Intended to Use a Revolver if the Drug Failed to Kill Him—Timely Discovery and the Application of a Stomach Pump Saved His Life.

Joseph Kosi, a Bohemian, attempted suicide at the Capital hotel in Lincoln last Friday morning between 2 and 3 o'clock, by taking strychnine. He had called at the hotel about 1 o'clock and asked for a room. He was shown to No. 42. About 2:30 a man sleeping in room 40 was awakened by groans from 42. He rang for a bell boy and together they forced an entrance into the room. The man was lying upon the bed, suffering from convulsions. A revolver was lying on a chair by the side of the bed with every chamber loaded. A physician was called and with the aid of a stomach pump, the man was relieved. The only reason the man gave for the act was that he was tired of life. About two years ago he had his left eye blinded with poison ivy. For some time the other eye has been troubling him and he has been taking treatment from a local specialist. This trouble is assigned as the cause of his despondency. It is said that he was fearful of becoming totally blind and preferred death to that condition.

Kosi is about twenty-eight years old, a little above the average in stature, and fairly well educated. He is unmarried. For over two years he has lived upon a farm near Havelock. All of his friends speak of him in the highest terms.

## GETS FAME WITH NOTORIETY.

### Gertie Riekey of Endicot Did Not Flinch When Under Fire.

Gertie Riekey, the fifteen-year-old girl who was connected with the Endicot murder and suicide, has gained considerable notoriety by the coolness she displayed through the tragedy. On the afternoon previous to the shooting, Grandy, the murderer and suicide, called at her house and they stood in the yard for some time talking over their differences, he imploring her to again accept his attentions, but she stolidly refused. He finally drew a revolver from his pocket and asked her to allow him to see how close he could come to hitting her toe. She consented and put out her foot, the ball barely grazing the toe of her shoe. He then wanted to perforate the ruffe on her shoulder in a like manner, and she stepped off a few paces and underwent this ordeal without flinching, apparently relishing the romance. This, coupled with her cool and collected demeanor on the night of the tragedy has been the subject of very much comment in that vicinity.

The bloodhounds that were following a scent into Kansas were called off at Hanover, Kas. It developed that they were following a tramp to whom Mrs. Grandy, the mother of the murderer and suicide, had given a pair of shoes and an old coat a day or two previous to the tragedy.

## FOUND DEAD IN HIS ROOM.

### Frank McMillan Dies of Diphtheria in the Ledwith Block in Lincoln.

Frank McMillan, an employee of the Windsor livery barn at Lincoln, was found dead at his room in the Ledwith block recently by the landlady and Health Officer Rhode. According to the statement of the landlady, McMillan has not been rooming at her place steadily, but came in only at rare intervals. Some days ago he came and rented a room, saying he was sick. Later he claimed his throat was hurting him. City Physician Grimes was called and pronounced it diphtheria. Later the landlady went to the room and could not get in. Health Officer Rhode was called, and together they pushed in the door and found McMillan lying on the floor dead. His body was cold, and he had evidently been dead some hours. It was said he had a brother and sister in Salem, N. Y. A telegraph message sent there elicited no reply.

#### Quarantines Raised.

All of the smallpox quarantines in Omaha except that upon the pesthouse have been raised and it is believed by the authorities that the plague has spent itself in Omaha. The prisoners in the Vendome were released and the place was fumigated. There are but two cases of smallpox there now, and they are both in the hospital. One of them is that of young Ed Dutton, a brother of Lawrence Dutton, who formerly lived in Lincoln. The other is a man named Cole.

#### Has His Leg Amputated.

On last Monday Dr. Loughbridge of Pleasant Dale, amputated the foot of Henry Krumwiede, a young man of about twenty years. Some ten or twelve years ago Mr. Krumwiede was bitten by a rattlesnake, since which time the leg and foot have continued to shrink and was a away. After consulting the physician it was decided best to make the amputation. It was taken off about six inches below the knee, and the patient seems to be doing well.

#### Strange Guest Proves Destructive.

The other night a German farmer, who gave his name as Henry Beremann, appeared at the home of Bob Wolf, south of Wymore, and asked permission to stay all night. He was given a room and during the night frightened the family by smashing the furniture. When the door was opened he was found crouching in a corner, begging that his life be spared. His hands were covered with blood as a result of cuts from the mirror, which he had broken. He recovered after being taken out doors.