

PHANTOM SHIP

The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

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

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

The crash of the falling masts, the heavy beating of the ship on the sands, which caused many of her timbers to part, with a whole sea which swept clean over the fated vessel, checked the songs and drunken revelry of the crew. Another minute, and the vessel was swung round on her broadside to the sea, and lay on her beam ends. Philip, who was to windward, clung to the bulwark, while the intoxicated seamen floundered in the water to leeward and attempted to gain the other side of the ship. Much to Philip's horror, he perceived the body of Mynheer Kloots sink down in the water (which now was several feet deep on the lee side of the deck), without any apparent effort on the part of the captain to save himself. He was then gone, and there was no hopes for him. Philip thought of Hillebrant, and hastened down below; he found him still in his bed-place, lying against the side. He lifted him out, and with difficulty climbed with him on deck, and laid him in the long boat on the booms, as the best chance of saving his life. To this boat, the only one which could be made available, the crew had also repaired; but they repulsed Philip, who would have got into her; and, as the sea made clean breakers over them, they cast loose the lashings which confined her. With the assistance of another heavy sea, which lifted her from the chocks, she was borne clear of the booms and dashed over the gunwale into the water to leeward, which was comparatively smooth—not, however, without being filled nearly up to the thwarts. But this was little cared for by the intoxicated seamen, who, as soon as they were afloat, again raised their shouts and songs of revelry as they were borne away by the wind and sea toward the beach. Philip, who held on by the stump of the mainmast, watched them with an anxious eye, now perceiving them borne aloft on the foaming surf, now disappearing in the trough. More and more distant were the sounds of their mad voices, till at last he could hear them no more—he beheld the boat balanced on an enormous rolling sea, and then he saw it not again.

CHAPTER X.

Philip knew that now his only chance was to remain with the vessel, and attempt to save himself upon some fragment of the wreck. That the ship would long hold together he felt was impossible; already she had parted her upper decks, and each shock of the waves divided her more and more. At last, as he clung to the mast, he heard a noise abaft, and he then recollected that Mynheer von Strooom was still in his cabin. Philip crawled aft, and found that the poop ladder had been thrown against the cabin door, so as to prevent its being opened. He removed it, and entered the cabin, where he found Mynheer von Strooom clinging to windward with the grasp of death—but it was not death, but the paralysis of fear. He spoke to him, but could obtain no reply; he attempted to move him, but it was impossible to make him let go the part of the bulkhead that he grasped. A loud noise and the rush of a mass of water told Philip that the vessel had parted amidships, and he unwillingly abandoned the poor supercargo to his fate and went out of the cabin door. At the after hatchway he observed something struggling—it was Johannes the bear, who was swimming, but still fastened by a cord which prevented his escape. Philip took out his knife and released the poor animal, and hardly had he done this act of kindness when a heavy sea turned over the after part of the vessel, which separated in many places, and Philip found himself struggling in the waves. He seized upon a part of the deck which supported him, and was borne away by

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

THE SULTAN'S MANNERS.

His Quiet Dignity, Pleading Smile and Unusually Sympathetic Voice.

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

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

HOW IT ALL ENDED.

"I was a fool when I married you."
 "And now?"
 "Now? Why, now my eyes are open and—"
 "Well, dear, at least you ought to thank me for straightening you out, and—"
 "Oh, your are intolerable."
 "And you, Mab, are unreasoning in your jealousy."
 "You married me only for my money, and of all the despicable things—"
 "Now hold on a moment, Mab. You have made that remark to me some hundreds of times since the minister made us one, and you have been that one up to date, and now I'm going to tell you a few things."
 Mabel glared. The decided look in her husband's eyes was a departure; he usually laughed at her. But there was no mirth in his steady glance today.
 "I desire to say to you," continued Will, "that I did marry you partly for your money and partly for yourself. I did love you and I would not have done you the injustice to have you marry a poor man had you been poor. However, there were other girls that would have had me, some of them as rich as you and all of them much prettier."
 "It is easy to insult a woman," flashed the wife.
 "No, it isn't! But it isn't easy to remain an insulted man all one's life," replied the man. "For four years I've worked—no one knows better than you how hard I've worked—to remove your mother's estate, your sister's estate, and your estate from the almost hopelessly chaotic condition your father left it in to its present state of prosperity. You would have been a pauper to-day had it not been for my attention and judgment and—"
 "I wouldn't weary the hearers telling how clever I am," interrupted the angry wife.
 "Perhaps you justly couldn't, but I can and mean to on this occasion," answered the husband pointedly. "I have been wearied for four long years by your idiotic jealousies, petty remarks and insinuating sneers. The money I took from you is being paid with interest, and if I have accepted pecuniary assistance I have given my services in return, and to-day your property is in a flourishing condition."
 "You know that I don't care about the money," broke in Mabel.
 "I know that in your heart you mean nothing that is vindictive or petty, but I am tired of the expression of sentiments that you do not really feel."
 "You are—"
 "Kindly let me finish! This is my day for talking. I am not angry or resentful, but I know when I've had enough. I've been loving and true and attentive



"I SAID THIS IS MY DAY FOR TALKING."

to you ever since we were married, but I have not given up and I will not give up old friends, though you storm on forever. Men and women that I have liked in the past I like now and shall like in the future. I have tried to show you the folly of your unintentional selfishness; I've tried to prove that you are always first in my heart and thoughts; I've done not one thing that you may not investigate and to your satisfaction, and I've laughed at, pleaded with and reasoned over your unjust suspicions, foolish accusations and peevish, narrow conclusions. Now I've done! Not for another little minute am I going to put up with it!"
 Mabel fairly gasped. Was this the calm, patient Will that had always put up with her vagaries and moods? She was about to speak when her husband went on:
 "You can be the dearest and most companionable little woman in the world. You are generous by nature, kind-hearted and a loving and lovable friend. But all these qualities are warped and distorted when blind jealousy seizes you, and as you are in the billious monster's clutches nine-tenths of the time, why, comfort, joy and congeniality is a blessed trinity that is 'out of sight' most of the time. I respect your views, likes, opinions and friends, and if we are to live together you must, from now on, respect mine. I pack my trunks to-day and 'go home to my mother'—a twinkling would force its way into the speaker's eyes—and if you ever send for me, do it only after you have decided that a new and complete mental adjustment has taken place in your dear little head."
 "Will Clarke! If you think you can scare me, you—"
 "I said this is my day for talking," interrupted Will.
 "You've talked for four years," he went on, "and I've listened. You've accused and I've explained. You've sat in judgment and I've done a meek act, feeling sure that time would flash your folly before your vision. The waiting has been wearisome and I tell you now that life is too short to keep up the friction. If you conclude to readjust, why, send for me, and we will

flow down the mellow autumn of life, a comfort to each other, a credit to the married state, a happy pair. I will row with you over great issues; big differences will find me ever ready to cross swords with my fair life partner. But little bickerings and gnarl-like irritations? No! I tell you no! Never another one! As I said before, I've had enough."

And Will Clarke, gentle-hearted, big, good-natured Will Clarke, everybody's friend, who dearly loved his wife, went from the room and kept his word. He went home to his mother.

He was half afraid at what he had done and almost decided to return and humbly apologize for bullying "the best little woman," but a conviction that he was doing what was right for them both came to him, and muttering something about "desperate ills requiring desperate remedies," he held to his position.

And Mabel? She was astonished, but smiled knowingly and said: "If he waits for me to send for him he will wait forever."

But oh! the dreariness of the next twenty-four hours! Involuntarily Mabel listened for the familiar voice or footsteps, but neither was in evidence. After her "first mad" she carefully reviewed the quartet of years that had just passed and her naturally true judgment and generous nature asserted themselves and she candidly decided that she was and had been in the wrong.

Will was sitting with his mother at tea the next day and the gentle old lady was chiding her boy and hoping that he had not been harsh with Mabel. The maid brought a note to him and he read it aloud:

"Dearest: The new and complete mental adjustment has arrived. The process, however, has given me an awful headache. Come! Mabel!"
 "Bless the girl! I'm a brute!" was Will's comment as he rushed from the table.

"Foolish, happy children!" remarked the old lady, as she peered between the curtains and followed with a loving glance the big figure that was hurrying itself down the front doorsteps.

SHREWD THEORY.

Evolved by a "Foxy Quiller," of the London Detective Force.

London Correspondence of the Washington Post: Slater, the detective, was in his element the other afternoon. Now, quite as the sailor man's particular element is the briny deep, is mystery the element of the professional detective. He revels in mystery, he lives in mystery, he glances to left and right in mystery, he knits his brow in mystery, and he envelops himself with mystery as with a mackintosh. That is what Slater, the detective, did the other afternoon. Some bold burglars, some audacious sneak thieves, had taken £60,000 in bank notes from Parr's bank in broad daylight, right under the shadow of the Bank of England. Every one was speaking of that robbery, speculating as to how the job had been done, and whether the big bank notes had vanished. The notes were almost all of big denominations. There were thirty-six £1,000 notes and twenty-two £500 notes, and these naturally would be most difficult to pass. The bank officials, the police and the detective force issued the numbers of the notes and telegraphed all over the world about them. Of course Slater was as much excited as any one else, but he expressed himself more sagely, more enigmatically than many of his colleagues of smaller fry. "This robbery," said he, slowly, impressively, like a hack politician prophesying all about a campaign, "this robbery was committed in one of three ways." Slater paused, took out a pocket pen and with it drew a schedule on his blotting pad. "It was committed," he continued, "first, by some one on the outside; or, second, by some one on the inside; or, third, by some one on the outside in collusion with some one on the inside." Then Slater looked up for approbation a moment, and was about to proceed, when the office boy announced a visitor on urgent business. The interview terminated then and there, but I shall never forget the detective's artistic air of mystery as he sagely unfolded his theory of the £60,000 robbery at Parr's bank.

HO HOBSONIZED THE MAIDS.

There is a story told of a former British ambassador to America which goes to prove that the lately-developed proclivities of Lieut. Hobson may have been inherited from English ancestry. The minister was leaving Washington and was attended to the door embassy by a large portion of the household. His excellency made his adieu in a fashion decidedly absent-minded, and on entering his carriage was still in a brown study when interrupted by his ever watchful and solicitous consort, who had been there awaiting him. "My dear," said this lady, "do you know what you have just done?" "No," replied the ambassador, dreamily, "do you?" "Why," cried his wife, "you kissed the maid servants all roundly." "Did I?" said the diplomat, vaguely. "Well, I hope there were some good-looking ones among them!"

Boiler Explosion.

In an official French investigation of recent boiler explosions, fifteen in number, not one of the boilers was found to have had tubes of iron or steel, the tubes being of brass in fourteen cases and of copper in one. In eight of the boilers the tubes were more than four inches in diameter.

Clever Stroke.

Throughout Germany Emperor William's trip to the holy land is considered the cleverest stroke of his reign, as it has made him powerful friends among the most powerful party in the reichstag, the centrums, or catholics.

SYRIAN WEDDING.

At Which the Priest Wore a Crown and Robe of Gold.

New York Times: St. Peter's Roman Catholic church was crowded on Sunday evening with members of the Syrian colony and Americans who had been invited to witness the wedding of Miss Shafika Lutfy to Elias Mackson, both of whom were born in the Christian city of Zable, Syria, which was the scene of a great fight during the Christian massacres in the '60's. Nearly all the members of the Lutfy and Mackson families are now in the United States, preferring to live under the stars and stripes to remaining under the banner and crescent. The bride is the daughter of Abdow Lutfy, the senior partner of the firm of Lutfy & Mackson, importers of oriental goods, and the bridegroom is the junior partner. They both belong to the Greek Catholic church. While the guests waited in the church the bride was being arrayed for the wedding ceremony at her father's house, at 7 Battery place. She was dressed in a white satin gown and wore a long white veil, with a pearl necklace and diamond pendant. The Rev. Father Beshwaty, the priest of the Greek catholic congregation, performed the ceremony. He wore a crown on his head and a long robe of gold cloth that reached to the ankles. As the bride and her father walked up the aisle they were preceded by little flower girls and followed by the bridesmaids and ushers, all carrying lighted candles. At the chancel the bridegroom stepped forward, and the father handed his daughter over to him. The bridegroom led the bride to the front of the altar, and the priest began chanting the marriage service in Arabic. He asked them if they were willingly entering into the marriage state, and when they both answered in the affirmative two of the ushers held golden crowns over their heads, while the priest took two gold rings from a silver tray held by an attendant and placed them on the fourth fingers of the left hands of the couple. The ceremony over, many of the guests accompanied the newly married couple to their home, where a feast had been prepared. Mr. and Mrs. Mackson went to Washington on a bridal trip.

FINAL FATE

Of Coup's Rolling Palaces, That Were Once the Rage.

For a long time nearly everybody in the south knew about "Coup's Rolling Palaces," but probably none know exactly what became of them. The rolling palaces consisted of a train of cars specially built so as to be connected at will into one long pavilion. Inside was a museum, a huge aquarium, a congress of freaks and finally an auditorium department, where brief vaudeville performances were given. The whole thing was most elaborately got up, was brilliantly lighted by its own dynamos and cost \$100,000 to construct. It was the idea of Coup, the veteran circus man, and he had been gradually figuring it out for years. When he had it perfected he had no money, and was obliged to take in what show people call "commercial capital." In other words, business men backed it, and were foolish enough to insist on doing the managing after Coup had taken it through the south for one extremely profitable season. The thing was a huge moneymaker, properly handled. The people would be let in at one end and kept moving until they emerged at the other, and many would make the circuit two or three times. Under the business men's management it lost heavily, however, and finally, after innumerable vicissitudes, the train was brought to Chicago and sold to a variety theater manager for \$7,000 cash. He broke it up and peddled off the cars one at a time. Fragments of the old outfit are now wandering about through obscure country towns, piloted by fly-by-night showmen, with all sorts of strange freaks. That was the end of the great rolling palaces that are still distinctly remembered in scores of smaller southern cities. It was a grotesque fate for a really big amusement idea.

Now Comes the Banana Trust.

A banana trust is said to be the latest thing in combinations. The firms that will consolidate their interests in an effort to control the banana business of the country now control about three-fourths of the business. The new organization, it is stated, will be known as the Fruit Dispatch company, with headquarters at 18 Broadway, New York. Bernard F. Sullivan will be the local representative of the trust, Cleveland being the distributing point for a large territory. Further than to say that prices will be lowered rather than advanced Mr. Sullivan refuses to discuss the subject.

Light Effect.

Prof. Ziecker recently found that a ray of ultra violet light transmitted as many as 200 meters (over 200 yards) will work a telegraph instrument at that distance. Rays of this kind have the property of causing an electric spark to pass between two highly charged conductors, which but for the light would not spark. This effect is made to work the telegraph instrument.

New Bank Policy.

The Chicago banks have recently adopted the policy of charging \$1 a month to customers to keep a running deposit account of not more than \$300. The small accounts are said to be unprofitable to banks as a rule, but the new Chicago policy of imposing a tax on them is exceptional.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.