

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MAZRYAT.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

In a few days Amine and Philip took leave of the priests, and quitted for Amsterdam—Father Seysen taking charge of the cottage until Amine's return. On his arrival, Philip called upon the directors of the company, who promised him a ship on his return from the voyage he was about to enter upon, making a condition that he should become part owner of the vessel. To this Philip consented, and went down to visit the Vrow Katerina, the ship to which he had been appointed as first mate. She was still unrigged, and the fleet was not expected to sail for two months. Only part of the crew were on board, and the captain, who lived at Dort, had not yet arrived.

So far as Philip could judge, the Vrow Katerina was a very inferior vessel; she was larger than many of the others, but old, and badly constructed; nevertheless, as she had been several voyages to India, and had returned in safety, it was to be presumed that she could not have been taken up by the company if they had not been satisfied as to her seaworthiness. Having given a few directions to the men who were on board, Philip returned to the hostelry where he had secured apartments for himself and Amine.

The next day, as Philip was superintending the fitting of the rigging, the captain of the Vrow Katerina arrived, and, stepping on board of her by the plank which communicated with the quay, the first thing he did was to run to the mainmast and embrace it with both arms, although there was no small portion of tallow on it to smear the cloth of his coat.

"Oh, my dear Vrow, my Katerina!" cried he, as if he were speaking to a female. "How do you do I am so glad to see you again; you have been quite well, I hope? You do not like being laid up in this way. Never mind, my dear creature! You shall soon be handsome again."

The name of this personage who thus made love to his vessel was Wilhelm Barentz. He was a young man, apparently not thirty years of age, of diminutive stature and delicate proportions. His face was handsome, but womanish. His movements were rapid and restless, and there was that appearance in his eye which would have warranted the supposition that he was a little flighty, even if his conduct had not fully proved the fact.

No sooner were the ecstasies of the captain over than Philip introduced himself to him, and informed him of his appointment. "Oh! you are the first mate of the Vrow Katerina. Sir, you are a very fortunate man. Next to being captain of her, first mate is the most enviable situation in the world."

"Certainly not on account of her beauty," observed Philip; "she may have many other good qualities."

"Not on account of her beauty! Why, sir, I say (as my father has said before me, and it was his Vrow before it was mine) that she is the handsomest vessel in the world. At present you cannot judge; and besides being the handsomest vessel, she has every good quality under the sun."

"I am glad to hear it, sir," replied Philip; "it proves that one should never judge by appearances. But is she not very old?"

"Old! not more than twenty-eight years—just in her prime. Stop, my dear sir, till you see her dancing on the waters, and then you will do nothing all day but discourse with me upon her excellence, and I have no doubt that we shall have a very happy time together."

"Provided the subject be not exhausted," replied Philip.

"That it never will be on my part; and allow me to observe, Mr. Vanderdecken, that any officer who finds fault with the Vrow Katerina quarrels with me. I am her knight, and I have already fought three men in her defense; I trust I shall not have to fight a fourth."

Philip smiled; he thought that she was not worth while fighting for; but he acted upon the suggestion, and from that time forward he never ventured to express an opinion against the beautiful Vrow Katerina.

The crew were soon complete, the vessel rigged, her sails bent, and she was anchored in the stream, surrounded by the other ships composing the fleet to be dispatched. The cargo was then received on board, and, as soon as her hold was full, there came, to Philip's great vexation, an order to receive on board one hundred and fifty soldiers and other passengers, many of whom were accompanied by their wives and families. Philip worked hard for the captain did nothing but praise the vessel, and at last they had embarked everything, and the fleet was ready to sail.

It was now time to part with Amine, who had remained at the hostelry, and to whom Philip had dedicated every spare moment that he could obtain. The fleet was expected to sail in two days, and it was decided that on the morrow they should part. Amine was cool and collected. She felt convinced that she should see her husband again, and with that feeling she embraced

him as they separated on the beach, and he stepped into the boat in which he was to be pulled on board.

"Yes," thought Amine, as she watched the form of her husband, as she distance between them increased; "yes, I know that we shall meet again. It is not this voyage which is to be fatal to you or me; but I have a dark foreboding that the next, in which I shall join you, will separate us forever—in which way I know not—but it is destined. The priests talk of free will. Is it free will which takes him away from me? Yes, Yes. But he is not permitted, for he must fulfill his destiny. Free will! Why, if it were not destiny it were tyranny. I feel, and I have felt, as if these priests are my enemies; but why I know not; they are both good men, and the creed they teach is good. Good will and charity, love to all, forgiveness of injuries, not judging others. All this is good; and yet my heart whispers to me that—but the boat is alongside, and Philip is climbing up the vessel. Farewell, farewell, my dearest husband. I would I were a man! No! no! 'tis better as it is."

Amine watched till she could no longer perceive Philip, and then walked slowly to the hostelry. The next day, when she arose, she found that the fleet had sailed at daybreak, and the channel, which had been so crowded with vessels, was now untenanted.

"He is gone," muttered Amine. "Now for many months of patient, calm endurance—I cannot say of living, for I exist but in his presence."

CHAPTER XV.

We must leave Amine to her solitude and follow the fortunes of Philip. The fleet had sailed with a flowing sheet, and bore gallantly down the Zuyder Zee, but they had not been under way an hour before the Vrow Katerina was left a mile or two astern. Mynheer Barentz found fault with the setting and trimming of the sails, and with the man at the helm, who was repeatedly changed; in short, with everything but his dear Vrow Katerina; but all would not do; she still dropped astern, and proved to be the worst sailing vessel in the fleet.

"Mynheer Vanderdecken," said he at last, "the Vrow, as my father used to say, is not so very fast before the wind. Vessels that are good on a wind seldom are; but this I will say, that, in every other point of sailing, there is no other vessel in the fleet equal to the Vrow Katerina."

"Besides," observed Philip, who perceived how anxious the captain was on the subject, "we are heavily laden, and have so many troops on deck."

The fleet cleared the sands, and were then close-hauled, when the Vrow Katerina proved to sail even more slowly than before.

"When we are so very close-hauled," observed Mynheer Barentz, "the Vrow does not do so well; but a point free, and then you will see how she will show her stern to the whole fleet. She is a fine vessel, Mynheer Vanderdecken, is she not?"

"A very fine, roomy vessel," replied Philip, which was all that, in conscience, he could say.

The fleet sailed on, sometimes on a wind, sometimes free, but let the point of sailing be what it might, the Vrow Katerina was invariably astern, and the fleet had to heave-to at sunset to enable her to keep company; still the captain continued to declare that the point of sailing on which they happened to be was the only point in which the Vrow Katerina was deficient. Unfortunately the vessel had other points quite as bad as her sailing; she was cranky, leaky, and did not answer the helm well, but Mynheer Barentz was not to be convinced. He adored his ship, and, like all men desperately in love, he could see no fault in his mistress. But others were not so blind, and the admiral, finding the voyage so much delayed by the bad sailing of one vessel, determined to leave her to find her way by herself as soon as she had passed the Cape. He was, however, spared the cruelty of deserting her, for a heavy gale came on which dispersed the whole fleet, and on the second day the good ship Vrow Katerina found herself alone, laboring heavily in the trough of the sea, leaking so much as to require hands constantly at the pumps, and drifting before the gales as fast to leeward almost as she usually sailed. For a week the gale continued, and each day did her situation become more alarming. Crowded with troops, incumbered with heavy stores, she groaned and labored while whole seas washed over her, and the men could hardly stand at the pumps. Philip was active, and exerted himself to the utmost, encouraging the worn-out men, securing where aught had given way, and little interfered with by the captain, who was himself no sailor.

"Well," observed the captain to Philip, as they held on by the belaying pins, "you'll acknowledge that she is a fine weatherly vessel in a gale—is she not? Softly, my beauty, softly," continued he, speaking to the vessel as she plunged heavily into the waves, and every timber groaned. "Softly, my dear, softly! How those poor devils

in the other ships must be knocking about now. Heh! Mynheer Vanderdecken, we have the start of them this time; they must be a terrible long way down to leeward. Don't you think so?"

"I really cannot pretend to say," replied Philip, smiling.

"Why, there's not one of them in sight. Yes! by heavens, there is! Look on our lee beam. I see one now. Well, she must be a capital sailor, at all events; look there, a point abaft the beam. Mercy on me, how stiff she must be to carry such a press of canvas!"

Philip had already seen her. It was a large ship on a wind, and on the same tack as they were. In a gale, in which no vessel could carry the top-sails, the Vrow Katerina being under close-reefed fore-sails and staysails, the ship seen to leeward was standing under a press of sail—top-gallant sails, royals, flying-jib, and every stitch of canvas which could be set in a light breeze. The waves were running mountains high, bearing each minute the Vrow Katerina down to the gun-wale; and the ship seen appeared not to be affected by the tumultuous waters, but sailed steadily and smoothly on an even keel. At once Philip knew it must be the Phantom Ship, in which his father's doom was being fulfilled.

"Very odd, is it not?" observed Mynheer Barentz.

Philip felt such an oppression on his chest that he could not reply. As he held on with one hand, he covered up his eyes with the other.

But the seamen had now seen the vessel, and the legend was too well known. Many of the troops had climbed on deck when the report was circulated, and all eyes were now fixed upon the supernatural vessel, when a heavy squall burst upon the Vrow Katerina, accompanied with peals of thunder and heavy rain, rendering it so thick that nothing could be seen. In a quarter of an hour it cleared away, and, when they looked to leeward, the stranger was no longer in sight.

"Merciful heaven! she must have been upset, and has gone down in the squall!" said Mynheer Barentz. "I thought as much, carrying such a press of sail. There never was a ship that could carry more than the Vrow Katerina. It was madness on the part of the captain of that vessel, but I suppose he wished to keep up with us. Heh! Mynheer Vanderdecken?"

Philip did not reply to these remarks, which fully proved the madness of his captain. He felt that his ship was doomed, and when he thought of the numbers on board who might be sacrificed he shuddered. After a pause he said:

"Mynheer Barentz, this gale is likely to continue, and the best ship that ever was built cannot, in my opinion, stand such weather. I should advise that we bear up and run back to Table Bay to refit. Depend upon it, we shall find the whole fleet there before us."

"Never fear for the good ship Vrow Katerina," replied the captain; "see what weather she makes of it."

"Cursed bad," observed one of the seamen, for the seamen had gathered near to Philip to hear what his advice might be. "If I had known that she was such an old crazy beast I never would have trusted myself on board. Mynheer Vanderdecken is right; we must go back to Table Bay ere worse befall us. That ship to leeward has given us warning—she is not seen for nothing—ask Mr. Vanderdecken, captain; he knows that well, for he is a sailor."

"This appeal to Philip made him start; it was, however, made without any knowledge of Philip's interest in the Phantom Ship.

(To be continued.)

The Prince's Defence.

Prince Louis Esterhazy, military attache of the Austrian embassy at London, was recently travelling alone on an English railway when an elegantly dressed woman entered the carriage. Presently she dropped her handkerchief and employed other expedients to start a conversation, but without avail, for the prince tranquilly smoked his cigar and took no notice of her. At last, as the train approached a station, the woman suddenly tore her hat from her head, dishevelled her hair, and, as the train came to a standstill, put her head out of the window and shrieked for assistance. The railroad officials hurried to the scene, and to them the woman asserted that she had been terribly insulted by the prince. The prince did not stir from his seat, but continued tranquilly smoking his cigar, and the stationmaster exclaimed: "What have you got to say to the charge?" Without the slightest appearance of concern the prince, who was seated in the further corner of the carriage, replied: "Only this," and with that he pointed to the cigar which showed a beautiful gray ash considerably over an inch in length. The station-master was wise in his generation, and on perceiving the ash in the prince's cigar, he touched his hat, said quietly, "That's all right, sir," and arrested the woman instead.—Argonaut

An Outrage.

Tenant—Some of the plaster in my kitchen fell down last night, and I want you to replace it. Landlord—What caused it? "The man who occupies the floor above sneezed." Landlord—Well, some people think because they pay rent they can carry on just as if they lived in a hotel.

Snakes in South Africa fear the secretary bird, and will even crawl away from its shadow. The bird can easily kill a snake twice its size.

CHAOS REIGNED IN MALOLOS

Wild Scenes Witnessed as the American Army Entered.

HOW FUNSTON LED THE WAY.

The Kansas Dashed Over the Barricades With Terrible Yells, Firing Volleys as They Ran Through the Streets to the Burning Palace.

New York, April 3.—The New York Journal prints the following dispatch from its correspondent in Malolos:

I am writing this dispatch seated in the open square before the burning insurgent palace. As I write the roof falls in and the walls crumble, making ruins of the chamber where a few days ago the Filipino congress was in session.

The whole insurgent army and government are now fugitives. Our brown battalions are sweeping through the streets of Malolos, while Aguinaldo's palace burns like a sacrifice.

Hundreds of terrified Chinamen run shrieking among the falling walls, praying for mercy, some throwing themselves into the rivers—others looting.

Through the flames and smoke our cheering troops move, meeting little resistance. The insurgent army may continue to fight, but the prestige of the leaders is gone forever. Our prisoners say that the Filipino republic is chaos. The insurgents surrendered field works to-day in which 1,000 determined men could defy an army of twenty times its size.

As we approached Malolos Thursday Hale's and Otis' brigades were stretched between the sea and the mountains. The scene was indescribable for beauty and grandeur. The splendid line, with its waving colors, looked like a rainbow. When the flag of truce appeared on the insurgents' right our troops broke into cheers and song. But when our messengers approached the truce bearers turned and ran a mile back to the capital. We began an instant pursuit, and were received with heavy volleys from the outskirts.

On our right the jungle swarmed with little blue figures. It was the insurgent rear guard protecting the retreat of the rebel army and destroying the railroad track as they swept on before us.

The Americans camped all Thursday night, their line reaching across the valley, the generals holding a council of war around a campfire under a tree. They believed that on the morrow we might have to fight 20,000 men behind strong intrenchments.

At dawn the line of battle was formed. Its order was: The Third artillery and the Montana and Kansas regiments on the right; on the left the South Dakota and Nebraska regiments and the Utah battery.

The battle opened with a bombardment of the trenches in front. For half an hour our shells fell in a shower. From the huts natives threw knives at the Kansas men, while showers of arrows fell upon our right. Our right wing, unbroken, advanced over fields and through streams and thickets, taking the main trenches south of the city. They found them deserted. The condition of the rebel earthworks gave proof of the wonderful accuracy of our artillery fire.

A few trembling men came out to meet our advancing line of steel. They said that the army had gone by the railway, toward the northern interior.

Volleys from the wood harassed Hale's brigade, and a few men were wounded. The Kansas men again led the left as we reached the city. I could see the insurgent palace burning, and puffs of smoke from all quarters of the town.

At the end of the main street there was a stone barricade. Scattering insurgents, concealed behind this, poured a hot fire into the Kansas ranks. Colonel Funston, leaping from his horse, and taking the lead, swinging his sword aloft, yelled: "Give them hell, boys!"

With the colonel at the head, the Kansas men dashed over the barricade and down the street with terrific yells, firing volleys as they ran. I was with the colonel as he leaped the barricade, and was with the brave Kansas boys as they reached the square, where the walls of the flaming palace were crashing. The wild cries of the frenzied Chinamen added to the din.

Sweeping the square, the Kansas advanced to the other side of the town, where they rescued a hundred Chinamen, who were being driven to the woods by the Filipinos under threats to cut their throats.

Having deserted Malolos, the insurgents can make no serious resistance. Their troops will become bandits. Three companies of the rebels threw their rifles into the river.

Bricklayers on a Strike. PHILADELPHIA, April 3.—Three thousand bricklayers, members of the Journeymen Bricklayers' union, went on strike in this city to-day. The strike grew out of the failure of the bosses to sign the new schedule of wages for this year.

Her Home for Convalescents. SANTA BARBARA, Cal., April 3.—The will of the late Anna S. C. Blake leaves the greater part of her estate, which is valued at \$1,500,000, to nieces and nephews, but many thousands were given to charity. Her home, "Miradero" near this city, she bequeathed to Dr. Phillip K. Brown of San Francisco, in trust, with the desire that it be converted into a home for convalescents and invalids. For its maintenance \$80,000 is set aside; to the Cottage hospital Santa Barbara, \$10,000 is bequeathed. A like amount is bequeathed to the Orthopedic hospital.

GENERAL OTIS WILL ADVANCE.

No Cessation in the Campaign Against the Insurgent Army.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—The following dispatch was received at 6:42 o'clock this morning: "Manila, April 1.—Adjutant General, Washington Quiet prevails. Have directed troops at Malolos and on the railroad on reconnoitering duty. Find insurgents only in small portions of surrounding country who retire on the approach of our troops. Few of our troops moving to a new position.

"Preparing for a continued active campaign. Army in excellent spirits.—Otis."

In another cablegram to the war department General Otis reports that the American troops rested after their entrance into Malolos. The dispatch indicates that the American forces made no decisive forward movement either yesterday or to-day, excepting those of occasional skirmishing parties.

It is deduced from the dispatches received from General Otis that there is little left of the army of Aguinaldo, and that his troops do not want to face the American soldiers. It is supposed that scouting parties of General Otis' army have been moving about from different points upon the railroad line, more especially from Malolos, and have encountered the few bands of natives which Otis says retire upon the approach of the American troops.

General Otis has given no details about the plan of the new campaign. It is believed that General Otis desires to ascertain now just where the forces of the insurgents are located and in what number. It is thought very probable that in the advance that has been made from Manila to Malolos the insurgents have not all retreated along the railroad track, but some have gone off into the rough country to the right of the railroad and may now be lying in wait to set upon small bodies of American troops or perhaps again destroy some of the bridges on the railroad and for a time cut off communication between the advance of the American army and Manila.

Despite the failure of General MacArthur to pen up Aguinaldo's forces in Malolos, the end of the campaign is believed here to be a question of a short time. General Otis' purpose to pursue Aguinaldo to his new headquarters at San Fernando may be carried out by detachments of troops and not by a single large command, since the rebel army is now apparently disorganized.

Acting Secretary Meiklejohn said: "Undoubtedly the taking of the insurgent capital will have a discouraging effect on Aguinaldo's followers. The enemy's force has been greatly weakened by the vigorous work of the Americans, and I believe it will not be long before peace is restored to the island."

Similar views were expressed by Adjutant General Corbin. Acting Secretary Meiklejohn says that authority has been given General Otis to buy Filipino ponies and Australian horses for mounting cavalrymen who will be employed in future operations against insurgents.

FIGHTING TO THE SOUTH.

Insurgents Seem to Be Gathering in Front of Lawton's Division.

MANILA, April 3.—The American forces commanded by General MacArthur are resting at Malolos. The men are in good condition, considering the fatigues of the campaign.

The plans of the rebels, if they have any, are conjectural. Considerable rebel forces have been collected along the fronts of General Lawton and General Hall, who are holding the line from the waterworks to La Lonia. There is shooting nightly along this line, apparently for the purpose of breaking the Americans' sleep.

Consequently General Lawton has detailed five sharpshooters from each company to attend to the rebels and the Americans are picking off numbers of them.

It is reported that 3,000 rebels under Pilar are concentrating at Cainta and Taytay.

General King sent out reconnoitering parties from each of the twelve companies of the North Dakota regiment and a brisk engagement followed during which seven Filipinos were killed. On the American side a lieutenant and two privates were wounded.

The death of Lieutenant Gregg of the Fourth infantry, who was killed near the Manila water works, has deeply affected the army, as he was one of its most popular young officers. His funeral took place to-day.

Indians Company Barred.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 3.—State Superintendent of Insurance Church has refused to license the Indiana State Life Insurance company to do business in Kansas. The last official act of Former Superintendent of Insurance Webb McNeil was to bar this company from the state, on the ground that it issued policies at reduced rates which practically made the policy holders agents for the company.

Finances Are in a Bad Way.

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 3.—The March statement of State Treasurer Hancock shows a balance in the general fund of \$513,552.43, the smallest balance in the state treasury since the close of the civil war. Mr. Hancock says the claims now due and payable aggregate at least four times that amount, and that it will be impossible to accumulate enough money by June 1, when the \$600,000 appropriation of \$5,500,000 for the fiscal year becomes due, to pay any part of the appropriation during that month.

'TIS HARRISON AGAIN.

CHICAGO RALLIES AROUND CARTER H. AGAIN.

Zina Carter, Republican, Second in the Race and Altgeld, Independent Democrat, a Very Poor Third—Harrison's Plurality 39,610.

CHICAGO, April 3.—Carter H. Harrison was re-elected mayor of Chicago yesterday by a total vote of 145,914 against 107,304 for Zina R. Carter, the republican candidate, and 45,401 for John P. Altgeld, the independent democratic candidate. Harrison's plurality is 39,610. In the last mayoralty election Harrison was elected by a vote of 148,000 against 59,342 for Zenar, the republican nominee, and 69,637 for Harlan, the independent republican.

The election was entirely upon local issues, no element of national politics entering into the campaign. The firm stand taken by Mayor Harrison against the proposed fifty year extension of the street car franchises was a strong element of his popularity and gained him many votes from the republican party, besides holding closely to him many of the democratic party.

The election was one of the most quiet that the city has ever experienced.

LINCOLN IS STILL REPUBLICAN

Entire Ticket Elected Except One Councilman and One Exciseman.

NEBRASKA, Neb., April 5.—This city remains steadfastly republican. Dr. Winnett, republican candidate for mayor, was elected over A. H. Weir, fusionist, by nearly a thousand. Both candidates were men of highest respectability, and the strongest men the parties could have put up. The republican candidate for councilman in the Second ward, Wm. Lawlor, was defeated by Wm. Schroeder, fusionist. H. H. Barth, republican, was defeated for exciseman by F. W. Brown, fusionist.

Topeka Republican.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 5.—The elections held throughout the state yesterday have been very quiet and partisan lines were not sharply drawn and local independent issues predominated. Specials to the Capital from fifty small towns, while showing republican victories in the most cases, emphasize the condition stated. In Topeka, the entire republican ticket is elected by 2,000 majority and the proposition to vote bonds for an auditorium carried safely.

In Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 5.—Municipal elections were held in nearly all the towns and cities in Wisconsin outside of Milwaukee yesterday. The republicans lead in the number of victories, while in several towns the mayor and council are of a different complexion.

Denver Elects Democratic Mayor.

DENVER, April 5.—Johnson, democrat, was elected mayor of Denver yesterday.

SENT UP FOR LIFE AGAIN.

Jury in the Argabright Case Finds Him Guilty of Murder.

AUBURN, Neb., April 5.—The taking of testimony in the Argabright murder case was completed at noon Monday and the case was given to the jury at 10:30 p. m. After being out twelve hours the jury brought in a verdict at noon yesterday of murder in the first degree and assessed the penalty of life imprisonment. This is the same penalty assessed at the second trial had in March, 1897. At the first trial held in December, 1894, defendant got ten years.

Cuban Assembly Quits.

HAVANA, April 5.—The Cuban military assembly yesterday voted to disband the army and to dissolve. The voting was twenty-one in favor against one. The muster rolls were left in the possession of the executive committee of the assembly, who will facilitate the preparation of copies for Governor-General Brooke.

The army question is considered settled.

HE KILLS HIS THIRD MAN.

The Notorious Clyde Mattox Kills Another Man.

GUTHRIE, O. T., April 5.—Clyde Mattox, the young desperado who was pardoned a few months ago from the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, where he was serving a life sentence for murder, killed Lincoln Swinney, a ranchman, in a barroom fight at Ponca City last night. Both men had been drinking heavily and quarreled in the White House Club saloon. Swinney is said to have been the aggressor. In the fight, which followed a short wordy dispute, Mattox drew a knife from his pocket and stabbed the ranchman to the heart. Mattox made good his escape.

To Take the Oregon's Place.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 5.—The battleship Iowa, at present at the Union Iron works undergoing repairs, has been ordered to proceed to Manila to relieve the Oregon. The Oregon has been ordered to proceed to San Francisco as soon as the Iowa arrives.

Sword for "Fighting Bob."

SAN FRANCISCO, April 5.—The crew of the battleship Iowa, now lying in this port, has presented Captain Robert T. Evans with a sword which the Iowa in Cuban waters during the war with Spain, with a handsome sword accompanied by a fitting letter.