

# PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—  
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

## CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

Although Philip had said little to Schriften since the separation from Amine, it was very evident to him and to Krantz that all the pilot's former bitter feelings had returned. His chuckle, his sarcasms, his "He! he!" were incessant; and his eye was now as maliciously directed to Philip as it was when they first met. It was evident that Amine alone had for the time conquered his disposition; and that with her disappearance had vanished all the good-will of Schriften toward her husband. For this Philip cared little; he had a much more serious weight on his heart—the loss of his dear Amine; and he felt reckless and indifferent concerning anything else.

The breeze now freshened, and they expected that in two hours they would run on the beach, but they were disappointed; the step of the mast gave way from the force of the wind, and the sail fell upon the raft. This occasioned great delay; and before they could repair the mischief the wind again subsided, and they were left about a mile from the beach. Tired and worn out with his feelings, Philip at last fell asleep by the side of Krantz leaving Schriften at the helm. He slept soundly—he dreamed of Amine—he thought she was under a grove of coconuts, in a sweet sleep; that he stood by and watched her, and that she smiled in her sleep, and murmured "Philip," when suddenly he was awakened by some unusual movement. Half dreaming still, he thought that Schriften, the pilot, had in his sleep been attempting to gain his relic, had passed the chain over his head, and was removing quietly from underneath his neck any portion of the chain, which, in his reclining posture, he lay upon. Startled at the idea, he threw up his hand to seize the arm of the wretch, and found that he had really seized hold of Schriften, who was kneeling by him, and in possession of the chain and relic. The struggle was short, the relic was recovered, and the pilot lay at the mercy of Philip, who held him down with his knee on his chest. Philip replaced the relic on his bosom, and, excited to madness, rose from the body of the now breathless Schriften, caught it in his arms, and buried it into the sea.

"Man or devil! I care not which," exclaimed Philip, breathless, "escape now, if you can!"

The struggle had already roused up Krantz and others, but not in time to prevent Philip from wreaking his vengeance upon Schriften. In a few words he told Krantz what had passed; as for the men, they cared not; they laid their heads down again, and, satisfied that their money was safe, inquired no further.

Philip watched to see if Schriften would rise up again, and try to regain the raft; but he did not make his appearance above water, and Philip felt satisfied.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

A few hours after he had thrown the pilot into the sea they gained the shore so long looked at with anxiety and suspense. The spars of the raft, jerked by the running swell, undulated and rubbed against each other, as they rose and fell to the waves breaking on the beach. The breeze was fresh, but the surf was trifling, and the landing was without difficulty. Krantz supported Philip to the beach, and led him to the shade; but after a minute he rose, and running down to the nearest point, looked anxiously for the position of the raft which held Amine, which was now far, far away. Krantz had followed, aware that, now the first paroxysms were past, there was no fear of Philip's throwing away his life.

"Gone, gone forever," exclaimed Philip, pressing his hands to the balls of his eyes.

"Not so, Philip, the same Providence which has preserved us will certainly assist her. It is impossible that she can perish among so many islands, many of which are inhabited; and a woman will be certain of kind treatment."

"If I could only think so," replied Philip.

He and Krantz collected the carpenter's tools, and best arms, and all the ammunition, as the possession of the latter would give them an advantage in case of necessity; they then dragged on shore the sail and some small spars, all of which they carried up to a clump of coconut trees, about a hundred yards from the beach.

In half an hour they had erected an humble tent, and put into it what they had brought with them, with the exception of the major portion of the ammunition, which, as soon as he was screened by the tent, Krantz buried in a heap of dry sand behind it.

The next day Philip and Krantz had many serious consultations as to the means which should be taken for quitting the island, and going in search of Amine; for although Krantz thought the latter part of Philip's proposal useless, he did not venture to say so. To quit this island was necessary; and provided they gained one of those which were inhabited it was all that they could expect. As for Amine, he considered that she was dead before this either having been washed off

the raft, or that her body was lying on it exposed to the decomposing heat of a torrid sun.

To cheer Philip, he expressed himself otherwise; and whenever they talked about leaving the island, it was not to save their own lives, but invariably to search after Philip's lost wife. The plan which they proposed and acted upon was to construct a light raft, the center to be composed of three water casks, sawed in half, in a row, behind each other, firmly fixed by cross-pieces to two long spars on each side. This, under sail, would move quickly through the water, and be manageable so as to enable them to steer a course. The outside spars had been selected and hauled on shore, and the work was already in progress; but they were left alone in their work, for the seamen appeared to have no idea at present of quitting the island. Restored by food and repose, they were now not content with the money which they had—they were anxious for more. A portion of each party's wealth had been dug up, and they now gambled all day with pebbles, which they had collected on the beach, and with which they had invented a game. Another evil had crept among them; they had cut steps in the largest coconut trees and with the activity of seamen had mounted them, and by tapping the top of the trees, and fixing empty coconut shells underneath, had obtained the liquor which in its first fermentation is termed toddy, and is afterward distilled into arrack. But as toddy it is quite sufficient to intoxicate, and every day the scenes of violence and intoxication, accompanied with oaths and excretions, became more and more dreadful. The losers tore their hair, and rushed like madmen upon those who had gained their dollars; but Krantz had fortunately thrown their weapons into the sea, and those he had saved, as well as the ammunition, he had secreted.

Blows and bloodshed, therefore, continual, but loss of life there was none, as the contending parties were separated by the others, who were anxious that the play should not be interrupted. Such had been the state of affairs for now nearly a fortnight, while the work of the raft had slowly proceeded. Some of the men had lost their all, and had, by the general consent of those who had won their wealth, been banished to a certain distance that they might not pester from them. These walked gloomily round the island or on the beach, seeking some instrument by which they might avenge themselves and obtain repossession of their money. Krantz and Philip had proposed to these men to they had sullenly refused.

The ax was now never parted with by Krantz. He cut down what coconut trees they required for support, and leave the island, but assistance, and prevented the men from notching more trees to procure the means of inebriation. On the sixteenth day all the money had passed into the hands of three men, who had been more fortunate than the rest. The losers were now by far the more numerous party, and the consequence was that the next morning these three men were found lying strangled on the beach; the money had been redivided, and the gambling had recommenced with more vigor than ever.

"How can this end?" exclaimed Philip to Krantz, as he looked upon the blackened countenances of the murdered men.

"In the death of all," replied Krantz. "We cannot prevent it. It is a judgment."

The raft was now ready; the sand had been dug from beneath it, so as to allow the water to flow in and float it, and it was now made fast to a stake, and riding on the peaceful waters. A large store of coconuts, old and young, had been procured and put on board of her, and it was the intention of Philip and Krantz to have quitted the island the next day. Unfortunately, one of the men, when bathing, had perceived the arms lying in the shallow water. He had dived down and procured a cutlass; others had followed his example, and all had armed themselves. This induced Philip and Krantz to sleep on board the raft and keep watch; and that night, as the play was going on, a heavy loss on one side ended in a general fray. The combat was furious, for all were more or less excited by intoxication. The result was melancholy, for only three were left alive. Philip, with Krantz, watched the issue; every man who fell wounded was put to the sword, and the three left, who had been fighting on the same side, rested panting on their weapons. After a pause two of them communicated with each other, and the result was an attack upon the third man, who fell dead beneath their blows.

"Merciful Father! are these Thy creatures?" exclaimed Philip.

"No," replied Krantz. "They worshipped the devil as Mammon. Do you imagine that those two, who could now divide more wealth than they could spend if they return to their country, will consent to a division? Never—they must have all—yes, all!"

Krantz had hardly expressed his opinion, when one of the men, taking advantage of the other turning round a moment from him, passed his

sword through his back. The man fell with a groan, and the sword was again passed through his body.

"Said I not so? But the treacherous villain shall not reap his reward, continued Krantz, leveling the musket which he held in his hand, and shooting him dead.

The following morning they hoisted their sail and quitted the island. Need it be said in what direction they steered? As may be well imagined, in that quarter where they had last seen the raft with the isolated Amine.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

The raft was found to answer well, and although her progress through the water was not very rapid, she obeyed the helm and was under command. Both Philip and Krantz were very careful in taking such marks and observations of the island as should enable them, if necessary, to find it again. With the current to assist them they now proceeded rapidly to the southward, in order that they might examine a large island which lay in that direction. Their object, after seeking for Amine, was to find out the direction of Ternate, the king of which they knew to be a variance with the Portuguese, who had a fort and factory at Tidroe, not very far distant from it; and from thence to obtain a passage in one of the Chinese junks, which, on their way to Bantam, called at that island.

Toward evening they had heard the large island, and they soon ran down it close to the beach. Philip's eyes wandered in every direction to ascertain the presence of Amine's raft, but he could perceive nothing of the kind, nor did he see any inhabitants.

That they might not pass the object of their search during the night, they ran their raft ashore, in a small cove where the waters were quite smooth, and remained there until the next morning, when they again made sail and prosecuted their voyage.

They sailed all day and when night came put up their bark for safety in a cove they came across.

Before morning a strong breeze, right on shore, had sprung up, and the surf became so high as to endanger the raft; to continue their course was impossible; they could only haul up their raft, to prevent its being dashed to pieces by the force of the waves as the seas broke on the shore. Philip's thoughts were, as usual, upon Amine; and as he watched the tossing waters, as the sunbeams lightened up their crests, he exclaimed, "Ocean, hast thou my Amine? If so, give up thy dead! What is that?" continued he, pointing to a speck on the horizon.

"The sail of a small craft of some description or another," replied Krantz; "and apparently coming down before the wind to shelter herself in the very nook we have selected."

"You are right; it is the sail of a vessel—one of those peroucas which skim over these seas; how she rises on the swell! She is full of men apparently."

The perouca rapidly approached, and was soon close to the beach; the sail was lowered, and she was backed in through the surf.

"Resistance is useless should they prove enemies," observed Philip. "We shall soon know our fate."

The people in the perouca took no notice of them until the craft had been hauled up and secured; three of them then advanced toward Philip and Krantz, with spears in their hands, but evidently with no hostile intentions. One addressed them in Portuguese, asking them who they were.

## MAKING STEEL PENS.

A Short Description of an Interesting Process

Briefly described, steel pens are made as follows: First, the steel is rolled into big sheets and then cut into strips about three inches in width. The strips are heated to a bright red and are then allowed to cool gradually, which anneals them. They are next rolled to the necessary thickness, and are cut into blank flat pens, and the pens, while flat, are usually stamped with the brand or the name of the manufacturer. To shape the pens is the next process. The rounding makes them hold the ink and distribute it more gradually and evenly than could be done if they were flat. To harden them they are heated to a cherry red, and then suddenly cooled. This not only hardens them, but makes them elastic. The polishing, slitting, pointing and finishing come next, and then they are ready for use. The little holes in the pens at the end of the slits serve to make them more elastic and to facilitate the flow of the ink. It is said that more steel is now used in the manufacture of pens than in that of swords. It is even claimed that the metal annually used in their manufacture weighs more than all the metal used in the manufacture of war implements. If this be true, much force is added to the time-honored saying, that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

## False Teeth of Paper.

Dentists in Germany are using false teeth made of paper, instead of porcelain or mineral composition. These paper teeth are said to be very satisfactory, as they do not break or chip, are not sensitive to heat or cold or to the action of the moisture of the mouth, and are very cheap.

## For Sleeplessness.

An exceedingly nervous person, who cannot sleep, may often be quieted and put to sleep by being rubbed with a towel wrung out of hot salted water. Frequently a change from a warm bed to a cool one will tend to quiet a nervous person and make him drowsy.

## THE WIFE OF GOMEZ.

CUBAN GENERAL'S SPOUSE HIS CHIEF AID.

He Is Her Second Husband—The First Choice Was a Farmer—Their Separation and Her Subsequent Adventures—Antipodal in Character.

General Maximo Gomez and family are to visit the United States as soon as the general can make arrangements to leave the island for a month or so. This information comes from Shubuta, Miss., where Mrs. Gomez lived up to twenty years ago. Her brothers and sisters are in Mississippi and she has written that she will soon bring her distinguished husband over to see them. She married General Gomez some years ago in Sancti Spiritus. They are antipodal in character. He, decisive, always cool, never excitable nor garrulous; she of a nervous temperament, easily angered, disputative and quick to resent a wrong; she is light-haired and blue-eyed; he dark-skinned, with eyes as black as diamond coal; she talks rapidly and never seems to want for a word or topic. The general is not volatile. To the contrary, he is almost sphynxlike. He never uses an



MRS. GOMEZ.

extraneous word. His sword, not his tongue, is his most formidable weapon. Mrs. Gomez is a handsome woman even if she is over 50 years of age. She looks much younger. She can speak English, Spanish and French and can get more music out of a piano than almost any other person on the island of Cuba. During the late war she moved her home as often as General Gomez moved his camp and her piano was always carried along. She learned to play when a young woman while attending school in Wayne county, Mississippi. One of her classmates was a sister to the robber Murrell and this woman is somewhere in Cuba, she also having married one of the natives. The gallows upon which Murrell was executed still stands at Waynesboro and his executioner, Dr. J. R. S. Pitts, is one of the prominent republican politicians of the south. He paid court and attention to Miss Parker, who subsequently became Mrs. Johnson and later Mrs. Gomez.

Miss Parker was considered the belle of her vicinity when she married Johnson. She could follow the hounds all night long in a fox chase, ride the wildest of horses, "coon" a log across a creek with the agility of a schoolboy and bring a deer to a standstill 100 yards away nine times out of ten and use but one rifle ball. She possessed all the accomplishments of an aristocratic farmer's daughter. She knew how to use the huntsman's stealthy step. With a leaf she could yelp as a turkey and imitate the call of a quail. She spent much of her time in the woods and learned to know the songs and habits of birds like a naturalist. She ran foot races with the girls of her "set," could row a boat and swim like an athlete. When Johnson married her there was great surprise in that part of Mississippi. He was just a plain sort of farmer's boy. He could whistle, play the banjo, call hogs, and take corn to the mill. So when Miss Parker married him society was somewhat startled. The couple removed to Johnson's home, some miles away, where the bride was compelled to abandon music and books for the kitchen and wash tub. Their married life was not happy. She saw her mistake. There were quarrels, a separation, and ultimately a divorce. Johnson went west and his former wife went to Mobile, where she received employment in a school of music. From the time of her separation until she sailed for Cuba she was not the same woman.

She had wasted from a bright, vivacious creature to a mere melancholic skeleton when twenty years ago she met a milliner from Santiago de Cuba.

Her first husband, "Fish" Johnson, settled in Taylor county, Texas, after his divorce, at a time when the inhabitants consisted chiefly of prairie dogs and buffalo. A few months later he was elected probate judge of the county, about the time Abilene, the county seat, was the wildest and "wooliest" village between Visalia, Cal., and New Orleans. If there was a day passed while Johnson was judge that there was not a tragedy of some character or other the citizens talked about it. He performed the functions of his office in much the same manner as did the illustrious Judge Roy Bean of Langtry, Texas, who, when a white man was brought before him for having killed a Chinaman, discharged him because he said he could find nothing in the statute books which said a man mustn't kill a Chinaman. Johnson never got through the third reader and it was with difficulty that he could write his name. In deciding a case he never looked at a law book, but rather examined the merits of the controversy from the standpoint of an

honest man. After his first term he went back to Mississippi, married again, and is now running a sheep ranch.

## A WISE PIG.

This Feat of His Simply Distances All Records.

Pigs that have amazed vast audiences at the circus by their performances are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the young porker the following account of which has been sent to the Philadelphia Record by a person who has heretofore been considered thoroughly reliable and truthful: "One of the big drays going down Tenth street on Thursday having to stop at the corner of Carpenter street, the boys who were utilizing the rear end for a ride were surprised and delighted to see a pig try to scramble up beside them. Kindly hands helped him and he sat content among the free riders until a small street below Morris was reached, when he intimated by grunts and scrambling that he wanted to get off the dray. He was assisted to the street and immediately made his way to a doorstep, where he was at home, as he was soon admitted to the house. He is a pet pig, owned by a dermatologist, who is making experiments upon him with newly invented hair tonics. Every few days piggy appears on the doorstep with bristles of a different color, and it is said that his hairs really begin to curl owing to the application of castor oil and quinine. Recently, having been treated with peroxide of hydrogen, he has been of a most beautiful gold color. Piggy is bathed every day, has his teeth brushed with listerine, and sits on the front with the children, occasionally strolling a square or two with them. The fact that he knew his way home and preferred to ride there has made him quite a hero in the neighborhood."

## COSTLY DOLL HOUSES.

One in Germany Valued at Over \$12,000.

Just think of a doll's house costing over \$12,000. One like that was made at Utrecht, in Germany, a long time ago, for a little granddaughter of Peter the Great, the ruler of Russia. It is of gold and ivory and fine jewels and other costly materials. The reception rooms are hung with brocade, the stairs carpeted, the doors open and shut, and the bedrooms are beautifully furnished. For a little New York girl a doll's house was not long ago made which cost several thousand dollars. Great artists were paid to paint the tiny pictures on the walls and to decorate the ceilings of the best rooms, and the chief upholsterers were employed to make the furniture. The house is two-storied and contains nine rooms and a hall. But here is a secret: While these homes for dolly are wonderful, the little girls who play with them are not half so happy as some bright-eyed little ones I know who have only a dolly's house made out of a cracker box. It's all in being contented and loving dolly and what is hers.

## A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

Years ago, in London, two ragged, barefoot boys started out in life to make a fortune. Their paths ran in the same direction. Both became famous as miners, and their names grew to be a power in the Kimberley diamond fields. One—the world called him Barney Barnato—died a victim of wealth; the other, William J. Partridge, took to rambling and today his face is familiar in every civilized country.

Mr. Partridge has devoted his life to mining, and no one understands the business better than he. His properties are situated in South Africa, New Queensland, Australia, and Alaska. He has driven his dog team over the frozen lakes of the Klondike district, and again fell prostrate from the heat on the moonstone flats in the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Mr. Partridge numbers among his



W. J. PARTRIDGE.

friends Cecil Rhodes, Li Hung Chang, reserving always a good word for poor Barnato.

## Bath Robes Made of Paper.

Both robes made of paper are now manufactured. The kind of material used resembles blotting paper. Whole suits are made of this paper stuff, including coverings for the head and feet. One advantage of the fad is the cheapness of such a garment, making it possible for the poorest person to own one.

## Alligator Flesh.

Travelers who have experimented are unanimous in the declaration that the flesh of either an alligator or a crocodile is extremely tender and delightful to the palate. It is very white.

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes, Glibes and Ironies Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

## A Juvenile Strategist.

"Got an orful lickin' last night, didn't yer?" said little Sammy Brown to his playmate, Johnnie Smith.

"Naw!" was the scornful reply. "Didn't git no lickin' 't all. My paw never licks me."

"Mebbe it was yer maw that done it, but I know yer got a lickin', ooz I heard ye holler. Sounded like killin' pigs."

"That was me hollerin' all right, but I didn't git no lickin'. I always holler like that when paw gits ready to lick me. Then he gits scared fer fear the neighbors 'll think how cruel he is, an' he lets me go. It's a bully schema. Try it some time."

## A False Impression.



Mr. Henpeck—Don't scream so loud, Maria. The neighbors might think I was beating you.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## His Opinion of It.

"Jay Green seems to think he's consider'ble smart," remarked Josh Medders; "but I don't know so much about it myself. Dever tell ye about how he gave himself away the time he went up to the city with me an' set the first street sprinkler he'd ever seen eyes on?"

"No," returned Abner Appledry. "What did he do?"

"Aw! He jabbed me in the ribs an' says he, good an' loud, 'Great gimmy, Josh! there's one o' them rain-makin' machines we've been readin' about.'"

## From a Late Novel.

"You do not love me!" he cried, hoarsely.

"I do, I do!" she sobbed. "How can you doubt it?"

"Then prove it," he answered.

"Yes, but how!" she asked, eagerly.

"Lend me \$10 until next Saturday."

The young girl drew herself up proudly.

"Coward!" she hissed. "Would you strike a woman? Leave me and never return."

And bowing his head in shame, the young man slunk away.

## The Fox and the Grapes.

Once upon a time a Fox espied some grapes growing upon a tall tree or a telegraph pole; it does not matter which.

The Fox tried to borrow a stepladder of a neighboring farmer, but failed.

"I don't want your old grapes, anyway," the Fox now declared. "Appendicitis isn't anything like a swagger as it used to be!"

Then he bestowed the laugh upon the bystanders, who had looked for him to say the grapes were sour.

## Highly Probable.



Sunday School Teacher—What was the song of the three children while they were in the fiery furnace?

Tommy Smart—I 'spose, mum, it was "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

## She Was in Error.

"This is very bad taste in you," remarked Mrs. De Tanque, when her better half returned in an intoxicated condition. "Yer makin' mistake 'n' dear. Bad tasht won't show up 'fore (hic) mornin'!"

## No Chance to Talk.

McFingle—Poor Broome! He's gone over to the silent majority.

McFingle—Why—I—when did he—die?

McFingle—No—married!