

# PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—  
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)  
"We are Hollanders," replied Phillip.  
"A part of the crew of the vessel which was wrecked?" inquired he.  
"Yes!"

"You have nothing to fear; you are enemies to the Portuguese, and so are we. We belong to the island of Ternate—our king is at war with the Portuguese, who are villains. Where are your companions? on which island?"

"They are all dead," replied Phillip. "May I ask you whether you have fallen in with a woman who was adrift on a part of the raft by herself, or have you heard of her?"

"We have heard that a woman was picked up on the beach to the southward, and carried away by the Tidore people to the Portuguese settlement on the supposition that she was a Portuguese."  
"Then God be thanked, she is saved," cried Phillip. "Merciful Heaven! accept my thanks. To Tidore you said?"

"Yes; we are at war with the Portuguese, we cannot take you there."  
"No! but we shall meet again."  
The person who accosted them was evidently of consequence. His dress was, to a certain degree, Mohammedan, but mixed up with Malay; he carried arms in his girdle and a spear in his hand; his turban was of printed cloth; and his deportment, like most persons of rank in that country, was courteous and dignified.

"We are now returning to Ternate, and will take you with us. Our king will be pleased to receive any Hollanders, especially as you are enemies to the Portuguese dogs. I forgot to tell you that we have one of your companions with us in the boat; we picked him up at sea much exhausted, but he is now doing well."

"Who can it be?" observed Krantz; "it must be some one belonging to some other vessel."  
"No," replied Phillip, shuddering. "It must be Schriften."

"Then my eyes must behold him before I believe it," replied Krantz.  
"Then believe your eyes," replied Phillip, pointing to the form of Schriften, who was now walking toward them.

"Mynheer Vanderdecken, glad to see you. Mynheer Krantz, I hope you are well. How lucky that we should all be saved. He! he!"

"The ocean has then, indeed, given up its dead, as I requested," thought Phillip.  
In the meantime Schriften, without making any reference to the way in which they had so unceremoniously parted company, addressed Krantz with apparent good humor and some slight tinge of sarcasm.

"What do you think of him, Krantz?"  
"That he is a part of the whole, and has his destiny to fulfill as well as you. He has his part to play in this wondrous mystery, and will remain until it is finished. Think not of him. Recollect, your Amine is safe."

"True," replied Phillip, "the wretch is not worth a thought; we have nothing to do but to embark with these people; hereafter we may rid ourselves of him and strive then to regain our dear Amine."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

When Amine again came to her senses she found herself lying on the leaves of the palmetto in a small hut. A hideous black child sat by her, brushing off the flies. Where was she? She was taken to the Portuguese fort and turned over to the commandant. He subsequently released her under the promise that she would marry him—provided her husband was dead. She sailed for Goa, unexpectedly meeting her old pastor, who was returning from the far East.

We must now again return to Phillip and Krantz, who had a long conversation upon the strange reappearance of Schriften. All that they could agree upon was that he should be carefully watched, and that they dispense with his company as soon as possible. Krantz had interrogated him as to his escape, and Schriften had informed him, in his usual sneering manner, that one of the sweeps of the raft had been allowed to get adrift during the scuffle, and that he had floated on it until he had gained a small island; that on seeing the perouca, he had once more launched it, and supported himself by it, until he was perceived and picked up. As there was nothing impossible, although much of the improbable, in this account, Krantz asked no more questions. The next morning the wind having abated, they launched the perouca, and made sail for the island of Ternate.

It was four days before they arrived, as every night they landed and hauled up their craft on the sandy beach. Phillip's heart was relieved at the knowledge of Amine's safety, and he could have been happy at the prospect of again meeting her had he not been so constantly fretted by the company of Schriften.

As soon as they arrived at the principal port and town of Ternate, they were conducted to a large cabin, built of palmetto leaves and bamboo, and requested not to leave it until their arrival had been announced to the king.

The peculiar courtesy and good breeding of these islanders was the constant theme of remark of Phillip

and Krantz; their religion, as well as their dress, appeared to be a compound of the Mohammedan and Malay.

After a few hours they were summoned to attend the audience of the king, held in the open air. The king was seated under a portico, attended by a numerous concourse of priests and soldiers. There was much company but little splendor. All who were about the king were robed in white, with white turbans, but he himself was without ornament. The first thing that struck Phillip and Krantz when they were ushered into the presence of the king was the beautiful cleanliness which everywhere prevailed; every dress was spotless and white as the sun could bleach it.

Having followed the example of those who introduced them, and saluted the king after the Mohammedan custom, they were requested to be seated; and through the Portuguese interpreters—for the former communication of the islanders with the Portuguese, who had been driven from the place, made the Portuguese language well known by many—a few questions were put by the king, who bade them welcome, and then requested to know how they had been wrecked.

Phillip entered into a short detail, in which he stated that his wife had been separated from him, and was, he understood, in the hands of the Portuguese at Tidore. He requested to know if his majesty could assist him in obtaining her release, or in going to join her.

"It is well said," replied the king. "Let refreshments be brought in for the strangers, and the audience is broken up."

In a few minutes there remained of all the court but two or three of the king's confidential friends and advisers; and a collation of curries, fish, and a variety of other dishes was served up. After it was over, the king then said: "The Portuguese are dogs; they are our enemies—will you assist us to fight them? We have large guns, but do not understand the use of them as well as you do. I will send a fleet against the Portuguese at Tidore, if you will assist me. Say, Hollanders, will you fight? You," addressing Phillip, "will then recover your wife."

"I will give an answer to you tomorrow," replied Phillip. "I must consult with my friend. As I told you before, I was the captain of the ship, and this was my second in command—we will consult together." Schriften, whom Phillip had represented as a common seaman, had not been brought up into the presence of the king.

"It is good," replied the king; "tomorrow we will expect your reply."

Phillip and Krantz took their leave, and on their return to the cabin, found that the king had sent them, as a present, two complete Mohammedan dresses, with turbans. These were welcome, for their own garments were sadly tattered and very unfit for exposure to the burning sun of those climes. Their peaked hats, too, collected the rays of heat, which were intolerable; and they gladly exchanged them for the white turban. Secretly their money in the Malayan sash, which formed a part of the attire, they soon robbed themselves in the native garments, the comfort of which was immediately acknowledged. After a long consultation it was decided that they should accept the terms offered by the king, as this was the only feasible way by which Phillip could hope to recapture possession of Amine.

In ten days all was ready, and the fleet, manned by seven thousand men, made sail for the island of Tidore.

But it met with disaster. Phillip and Krantz being among those taken prisoners by the commandant of the Portuguese fort on Island of Tidore. This is the fort to which Amine had been taken.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

As every one descends upon the want of comfort in a prison, it is to be presumed that there are no very comfortable ones. Certainly that to which Phillip and Krantz were ushered had anything rather than the air of an agreeable residence. It was under the fort, with a very small aperture looking toward the sea for light and air. It was very hot, and moreover destitute of all those little conveniences which add so much to one's happiness in modern houses and hotels. In fact, it consisted of four bare walls and a stone floor, and that was all.

For three weeks they remained in the fort, every day becoming more intimate with the commandant, who often communicated with Krantz, when Phillip was not present, turning the conversation upon his love for Amine and entering into a minute detail of all that had passed. Krantz perceived that he was right in his opinion, and that Amine had only been cajoling the commandant that she might escape. But the time passed heavily away with Phillip and Krantz, for no vessel made its appearance.

"When shall I see her again?" soliloquized Phillip one morning, as he lolled over the parapet, in company with Krantz.

"See who?" said the commandant, who happened to be at his elbow.

Phillip turned round and stammered something unintelligible.  
"We were talking of his sister, commandant," said Krantz, taking his arm, and leading him away. "Do not mention the subject to my friend, for it is a very painful one, and forms one reason why he is so inimical to the sex. She was married to his intimate friend, and ran away from her husband; it was his only sister, and the disgrace broke his mother's heart, and has made him miserable. Take no notice of it, I beg."

Some days after this conversation, as they were all three seated at table, a corporal entered, and, saluting the commandant, informed him that a Dutch sailor had arrived at the fort, and wished to know whether he should be admitted. Both Phillip and Krantz turned pale at this communication—they had a presentiment of evil, but they said nothing. The sailor was ordered in, and in a few minutes who should make his appearance but their tormentor, the one-eyed Schriften. On perceiving Phillip and Krantz seated at the table he immediately exclaimed: "Oh, Captain Phillip Vanderdecken, and my good friend Mynheer Krantz, first mate of the good ship Utrecht, I am glad to meet you again."

"Captain Phillip Vanderdecken!" roared the commandant, as he sprang from his chair.  
"Yes, that is my captain, Mynheer Phillip Vanderdecken, and that is my first mate, Mynheer Krantz, both of the good ship Utrecht; we were wrecked together, were we not, mynheer? He! he!"

"Sanguine de Vanderdecken! the husband! Corpo del diavolo—is it possible?" cried the commandant, panting for breath, as he seized his long sword with both hands and clinched it with fury. "What, then, I have been deceived, cajoled, laughed at!" Then, after a pause—the veins of his forehead distending so as almost to burst—he continued, with a suppressed voice: "Most noble sir, I thank you; but now it is my turn. What, ho, there! Corporal—men—here, instantly—quick!"

Phillip and Krantz felt convinced that all denial was useless. Phillip folded his arms and made no reply. Krantz merely observed: "A little reflection will prove to you, sir, that this indignation is not warranted."

"Not warranted!" rejoined the commandant, with a sneer; "you have deceived me; but you are caught in your own trap. I have the paper signed, which I shall not fail to make use of. You are dead, you know, captain; I have your own hand to it, and your wife will be glad to believe it."

"She has deceived you, commandant, to get out of your power, nothing more," said Vanderdecken. "She would spurn a contemptible, withered wretch like yourself were she as free as the wind."

"Go on, go on; it will be my turn soon. Corporal, throw these two men into the dungeon; a sentry at the door till further orders. Away with them! Most noble sir, perhaps your influential friends in Holland and Spain will enable you to get out again."

Phillip and Krantz were led away by the soldiers, who were very much surprised at this change of treatment. Schriften followed them; and as they walked across the rampart to the stairs which led to their prison, Krantz, in his fury, burst from the soldiers and bestowed a kick upon Schriften, which sent him several feet forward on his face.

"That was a good one—he! he!" cried Schriften, smiling and looking at Krantz as he regained his legs.

There was an eye, however, which met theirs with an intelligent glance as they descended the stairs to the dungeon. It was that of the soldier Pedro. It told them that there was one friend upon whom they could rely, and who would spare no endeavor to assist them in their new difficulty. It was a consolation to them both; a day of hope which cheered them as they once more descended the narrow steps and heard the heavy key turned which secured them in their dungeon.

## Her Parting Thrust.

In the course of a call at a very jolly place the other afternoon a girl was inspired to relate a good story. It met with such success that she was inspired to tell another, and yet another, all the other callers keeping up their appreciation—all the other callers but one, that is to say. The exception was a woman who looked as though she hoped her rigidity would be mistaken for hauteur, and who was evidently of very conservative notions. With visage grim and never a smile did she listen to the young woman's anecdotes, until it flashed through the latter's mind that she had somewhere heard that among the antediluvian races it wasn't considered good form for a woman to tell good stories. At last this woman rose to go. To everybody but the girl she bowed and said: "Very glad to have met you." To the girl she observed, and in precisely the tone she would have complimented a poodle for its parlor tricks: "I've enjoyed your stories so much."—New York Evening Sun.

Teach Your Children to Play Alone.  
I believe that every child should be encouraged, if not required, to play alone during some part of the day. Any close observer of children will note an unexplained tendency to silliness when a number of them are at play together. There are likewise dangers in an oversupply of adult society. Children are more influenced by indirect suggestion than we are apt to realize, and we may keep them by us too closely, and thus affect unfavorably their will power and their independent development.—Elaine Goodale Eastman in the May Woman's Home Companion

## FROM 50 TO 175 DEAD.

The Work of the Tornado in New Richmond, Wisconsin.

## STORM FOLLOWED BY FIRE.

Many Who Fled to the Cellars Were Imprisoned by Wreckage and Burned —It Was Circus Day and the Village Was Crowded With Visitors From the Vicinity.

New Richmond, Wis., June 14.—A tornado struck this town of 1,600 inhabitants at 6 o'clock last night and from fifty to 175 persons are estimated to have been killed and 400 others injured.

It was circus day and New Richmond was crowded with visitors from surrounding cottages and farms. Just before six o'clock the sky blackened and next came the roaring, swaying funnel-shaped cloud. Many who saw the approaching tornado ran to their cellars, barely reaching them before the houses were swept away from over them.

For hours the town was cut off from the outside and the news of the storm was carried only by messengers or terrified fugitives. The whole surrounding country was in the storm territory and telegraph wires were blown down and railway tracks washed away. The first relief train reached town to-day, more than twelve hours after the storm.

## FIRE AFTER THE STORM.

The estimate of 175 killed is made by the railway companies and physicians. There may be many more, but the correct number cannot be ascertained for several days, if ever. Many are missing.

Hardly had the storm done its work when fire broke out in different parts of the ruined district and soon flames were seen in a dozen places. Many houses that had escaped the wind were burned, and many of the bodies found show marks of the fire.

The relief train from St. Paul reached New Richmond early to-day. Besides supplies of every kind it brought twenty nurses and twelve doctors.

The storm struck the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railway at Boardman and followed the track to New Richmond. It passed through New Richmond from south to north and leveled the center of the town. The people seemed hemmed in and large numbers were buried alive. On both sides of the main street every building was destroyed.

New Richmond is on the Wisconsin Central and the Duluth-Superior branch of the Omaha road. It is thirty-six miles east of St. Paul, and in the heart of the rich farming section of St. Croix country. It is near Willow river, where there are several large saw and grist mills, and is quite a business center. It is one of the oldest towns of Western Wisconsin and had many handsome residences.

There were two principal streets crossing each other at right angles, the more important one running east and west. It was through this street the storm passed. The thoroughfare was three miles long, lined with trees, and made a fine driveway.

## HE SAW THE TORNADO COMING.

J. A. Carroll, a traveling man from Portage, Wis., who was here when the storm struck, says he saw the funnel-shaped cloud as it came up the principal street and took refuge in the basement of the Hotel Nicollet. The hotel was wrecked, together with every other business house in the city.

Carroll drove to Stillwater by team for relief and a train with doctors started from there at 12:15 this morning. Carroll says the burning of the ruins cut off all hope of escape for many pinned in the wreckage.

Carroll was in the hotel just before 6 o'clock. It had been stifling hot and the air was breathless. A dull rumble broke the stillness, increasing to a roar.

DASHED INTO SPLINTERS.  
"I ran to the door of the hotel," he said, "and there was the funnel-shaped cloud bearing down upon us. The noise and roaring was frightful. The blackness of the sky was indescribable. I shouted that a cyclone was upon us and ran for the basement. It was hardly an instant before the building was lifted from its foundation, twisted into fragments and dashed into splinters."

"Charles McKennon, the proprietor, was in the basement with me. I helped to take him out with terrible injuries. We saved his wife, also one of his children, both injured. We could hear his other child crying under the wreck, but were not able to get to it. One of the laundry girls was taken from the ruins."

"Not a building is left standing in the main street, which was well built of brick.

"The track of the storm seemed to be half a mile wide. How far it extended I can't tell. The storm struck us from the southwest. There is not a building left on its foundation in the main part of the village. Most of them are twisted and beaten to shreds."

"To add to the horror, fire in the ruins followed the storm. It was night and there were no lights. There was no means left for fighting the fire. The only thing we could do was to battle for the lives we might reach before the fire cut off escape

I must have worked two hours in the debris. I do not know how many we saved. A train was got together to come to Stillwater for help and I came with it."

Inhabitants of the village felt no alarm until half past 5 o'clock, when heavy dun colored clouds gathered on the western horizon and soon spread over the sky, gradually growing denser and darker, and presaging a tornado.

Great alarm prevailed shortly before the storm broke and refuge was sought in cellars, wells, caves, or other underground structures that promised safety.

Trees were broken off short by the force of the wind, which struck the town full in the center, and in ten minutes awful destruction had been wrought. The largest brick walls crumbled and the lighter frame structures were whisked away like so much straw. Many houses were carried for blocks and dashed to the earth.

500 BUILDINGS WRECKED.  
Five hundred buildings were wrecked and when the storm had passed about the only structures of any note left standing were the Catholic and Baptist churches. Not a dwelling house was left uninjured.

A large iron bridge over Apple river was blown into fragments and the parts distributed along the banks a half mile away.

Two large iron safes were caught up and carried a distance of a block. One of these weighed 3,000 pounds.

Within a space of a few blocks, a hundred bodies were counted. Legs and arms were missing in many cases. One body was found with the head clipped off.

Not all who sought refuge in cellars escaped. In some cases houses collapsed, and those in the cellars were entombed. To add to the horror of the situation, fires started by overturned stoves, and many wounded, unable to drag themselves out of danger, died from burns.

A circus was in town and farmers had gathered to see the show. A few minutes before the storm struck, many who had just come from the circus rushed to a brick building close at hand. This building was destroyed. Many are supposed to have perished there.

At the Nicollet hotel the guests were at dinner. All sought the cellar. So far as known, most of those in this house were saved.

The storm first struck at a place called Calash Bar, a short distance below Stillwater, and laid waste the entire country from that point to New Richmond.

## THE LIST OF DEAD.

Names of Some of Those Whose Bodies Have Been Recovered.  
NEW RICHMOND, Wis., June 14.—The list of dead in the storm can only be given in part, as many bodies are burned or buried in ruins. The total is expected to reach 200. So far the following bodies have been recovered:

Fourteen unidentified bodies lying in the Congregational church; Miss Abbie Williams, caught in wreck and burned to death; Mrs. Granton; Mrs. Ward Gould; George Stock; William Callahan, farmer; Mrs. John Gillen; Mrs. J. M. Shady; — Shady, boy; Walter Farrell, 8 years old; unknown man, burned; unknown man, head severed, supposed to be a circus man; Mrs. G. Herd of Boardman, Thomas Charles, 18 years of age; Ole Gunderson, farmer; Michael Hefferton, farmer; — Brockhardt and three children, Bernard, Josie and Essie; Cora Butler, D. M. Barrett, Millie Hawkins, Evangeline Hawkins, Mary Hawkins, Willard Wells, city marshal; Ellen McGrath, Edgar Stacks, bridge inspector; Thomas McCabe, teacher; — Farrell, a son of Thomas Farrell; Vernie Tambden, unknown laundry girl, Elmer Johnson, Rose Brooke, Mrs. Rose Brooke, Thomas Carriek, druggist, Anton Segard, teacher, M. Hollenbeck, agent of the Omaha road, A. T. Cumberland, Patrick Wells, farmer, Timothy Noonan of Stillwater.

Missing—These are reported dead, although the bodies have not been found: W. W. Bixby, undertaker, two daughters of S. N. Hawkins, Mr. Patton, Mr. Carey, Miss McKinnon, J. D. Hicks.

To Return the Ships to China.  
SEATTLE, Wash., June 14.—A well authenticated story comes from Japan that all of the men-of-war captured from the Chinese in the war between the two countries are to be returned to the Chinese government. This is part of the policy decided on by Japan to protect her neighbor from the inroads of the powers.

May Succeed Barnes.  
WASHINGTON, June 14.—It is talked here that the object of Captain Nathaniel McKay's removal from Washington to Guthrie, to become a permanent resident of Oklahoma, is connected with the territorial governorship and not with the United States Senate, as reported in some quarters. The visit here of Governor Barnes, E. E. McKinley, Captain Huston, of Guthrie, and others at this time, is said to be in relation to a prospective change in the governorship of the territory.

Asked for Retirement in the Field.  
MANILA, June 14.—Colonel Alfred T. Smith of the Thirteenth infantry, whose home is in Buffalo, N. Y., has applied for retirement. He was over- come with the heat in last Saturday's movement on Paranaque. It is not thought, however, that his condition is serious.

To Try Arbitration There.  
BUENOS AYRES, June 14.—The arbitration treaty between the Argentine Republic and Uruguay has been signed.

## NEWS OF NEBRASKA.

### CONDENSATION OF IMPORTANT NEWS ITEMS.

Short and Pithy Paragraphs Which Tell of What Has Happened or Will Happen in Our Commonwealth—The News Briefly Summarized.

Saturday, June 10.  
Van Farage, a printer at Norfolk, committed suicide by taking a dose of carbolic acid.

Mark Rose, a young boy of Omaha, was kicked in the head by a playful horse and dangerously injured.

Jerry Reban, who is with the First regiment at Manila, has been detailed for scientific work in the Philippines.

Mrs. Frederick Toms, aged sixty-one years, of 2226 South Twelfth street, Omaha, attempted suicide by cutting her throat. She was prevented by a girl.

Fred Weis, a general merchandise dealer at Fremont was arraigned in the district court and pleaded guilty to selling cigarettes to a minor. He was fined \$25 and costs.

Representatives of a New York syndicate have been in Omaha for several days trying to secure ninety day options on the Omaha breweries. They met with but partial success.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor J. E. Harris, recently appointed superintendent for the blind, will take charge and assume his new duties today, and Superintendent Jones will turn over everything and step out.

Governor Poynter has directed Adjutant General Barry to apply to the war department for one of the Spanish cannon captured at Manila. The state is entitled to two guns and one has already been assigned from Santiago.

While Clarence Smith, aged fourteen years, of Dunbar was hanging on the ladder of a box car while the train was switching he was knocked off by coming in contact with a cattle chute and thrown under the train. His leg was broken and an ugly hole torn in his bowels. He cannot recover.

Monday, June 12.  
The price offered by the New York syndicate for the Omaha breweries is \$1,950,000.

Lieutenant P. J. Cosgrave of Lincoln has been promoted to the captaincy of company I, First Nebraska.

The Model steam roller mill at Wilber, which has been shut down for a time, will resume operations.

At Hastings Mrs. William Grabill was thrown from a buggy and was seriously injured. She alighted on her head.

It cost August Olson, a farmer near Wymore, \$123.75 to get acquainted with the wiles of a lightning rod agent.

Lee Herry of Alma, while in bathing struck his head on a rock when making a dive, and fractured his skull. He may die.

The plant of the Omaha Elevator company at Osceola was totally destroyed by fire. The origin of the fire is still a mystery.

The Tekamah city council refused to call an election for the purpose of voting \$10,000 bonds to aid the proposed Sioux City and Omaha road.

At Nebraska City, George Thomas, arrested on a bastardy charge preferred by Miss Florence Brown, has disposed of the case against him by announcing that he will marry the girl as soon as her health will permit.

D. E. Thompson of Lincoln has disposed of his controlling interest in the Farmers' & Merchants' Insurance company to agents of a syndicate including American and English investors. The future movements of Mr. Thompson are a matter of conjecture among his friends. The fact that he offered his residence to the state for a governor's mansion, and disposing of his interests as above stated, lead many to think he contemplates removal from the state.

Tuesday, June 13.  
Two cases of small pox have been discovered in Omaha and the parties afflicted have been isolated.

The hardware store of W. E. Jakway at Kearney was burglarized of one dozen revolvers and \$14 in cash.

John Farley, residing two miles southeast of Fairmont, has become insane and has been taken before the county insanity board.

At Alliance the timekeeper of a railroad outfit was assaulted by hoboes. He shot and seriously wounded two. Public sentiment is in his favor.

A drunken farmer near Crete tried to cross the track in front of a train and his horse was knocked fully twenty feet away and instantly killed. The man himself, his buggy and a keg of beer escaped unhurt.

In response to a request of Governor Poynter the war department has taken measures to preserve the bodies of the boys of the First Nebraska who might possibly die enroute home on board transports. This is to avoid burials at sea and allow the bodies to be turned over to the relatives.

James W. Neeld at Humboldt has been arrested for dispensing tanglefoot without the proper authority to do so.

The police of Lincoln are on track of the parents of the baby something ago left on the doorstep of the home of A. A. Lasch. It has been learned that a woman with such a baby got off a Burlington train at Lincoln and registered at a hotel. She disappeared the morning the baby was found. It is also learned that a gentleman in Denver is in search of a runaway wife and baby, and that the last trace he had of them was at Lincoln. Interesting developments are looked for.