

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)
"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the captain, breathless; "I have known ships to go down, but never to come up before."
"The Phantom Ship—the Flying Dutchman," shrieked Schriften; "I told you so, Philip Vanderdecken; there is your father—He, he!"
Philip's eyes had remained fixed on the vessel; he perceived that they were lowering down a boat from her quarter. "It is possible," thought he, "I shall now be permitted!" and Philip put his hand into his bosom and grasped the relic.
Shortly afterward the splash of oars was heard alongside, and a voice calling out: "I say, my good people, give us a rope from forward."
No one answered or complied with the request. Schriften only went up to the captain and told him that if they offered to send letters they must not be received or the vessel would be doomed and all would perish.
A man now made his appearance from over the gunwale, at the gangway. "You might as well have let me had a side rope, my hearties," said he, as he stepped on deck; "where is the captain?"
"Here," replied the captain, trembling from head to foot. The man who accosted him appeared a weather-beaten seaman, dressed in a fur cap and canvas petticoats.
"What do you want?" at last screamed the captain.
"Yes—what do you want?" continued Schriften. "He! he!"
"What, you here, pilot?" observed the man; "well, I thought you had gone to Davy's locker long enough ago."
"He, he," replied Schriften, turning away.
"Why, the fact is, captain, we have had very foul weather, and we wish to send letters home; I do believe that we shall never get round this Cape."
"I can't take them!" cried the captain.
"Can't take them! Well, it's very odd; but every ship refuses to take our letters. It's very unkind; seamen should have a feeling for brother seamen, especially in distress. God knows we wish to see our wives and families again; and it would be a matter of comfort to them if they only could hear from us."
"I can not take your letters—the saints preserve us!" replied the captain.
"We have been a long while out," said the seaman, shaking his head.
"How long?" inquired the captain.
"We can't tell; our almanac was blown overboard, and we have lost our reckoning. We never had our latitude exact now, for we cannot tell the sun's declination for the right day."
"Let me see your letters," said Philip, advancing and taking them out of the seaman's hands.
"They must not be touched!" screamed Schriften.
"Out, monster!" replied Philip; "who dare interfere with me?"
"Doomed! doomed! doomed!" shrieked Schriften, running up and down the deck, and then breaking into a wild fit of laughter.
"Touch not the letters," said the captain, trembling as if in an ague fit. Philip made no reply, but held his hand out for the letters.
"Here is one from our second mate to his wife at Amsterdam, who lives on Water Quay."
"Water Quay has long been gone, my good friend; there is now a large dock for ships where it once was," replied Philip.
"Impossible!" replied the man; "here is another from the boatswain to his father, who lives in the old market-place."
"The old market place has long been pulled down, and there now stands a church upon the spot."
"Impossible!" replied the seaman; "here is another from myself to my sweetheart, Vrow Ketsjer—with money to buy her a new brooch."
Philip shook his head. "I remember seeing an old lady of that name buried some thirty years ago."
"Impossible! I left her young and blooming. Here's one for the house of Slutz & Co., to whom the ship belongs."
"There's no such house now," replied Philip; "but I have heard that many years ago there was a firm of that name."
"Impossible! you must be laughing at me. Here is a letter from our captain to his son."
"Give it me," cried Philip, seizing the letter. He was about to break the seal, when Schriften snatched it out of his hand, and threw it over the lee gunwale.
"That's a scurvy trick for an old shipmate," observed the seaman. Schriften made no reply, but catching up the other letters which Philip had laid down on the capstan, he hurled them after the first.
The strange seaman shed tears, and walked again to the side. "It is very hard—very unkind," observed he, as he descended; "the time may come when you may wish that your family should know your situation." So saying, he disappeared. In a few seconds was heard the sound of the oars retreating from the ship.
"Holy St. Antonio!" exclaimed the

captain. "I am lost in wonder and fright. Steward, bring me up the track."
The steward ran down for the bottle; being as much alarmed as his captain, he helped himself before he brought it up to his commander.
"Now," said the captain, after keeping his mouth for two minutes to the bottle, and draining it to the bottom, "what is to be done next?"
"I'll tell you," said Schriften, going up to him; "that man there has a charm hung round his neck; take it from him and throw it overboard, and your ship will be saved; if not, it will be lost, with every soul on board."
"Yes, yes, it's all right, depend upon it," cried the sailors.
"Fools," replied Philip; "do you believe that wretch? Did you not hear the man who came on board recognize him and call him shipmate? He is the party whose presence on board will prove so unfortunate."
"Yes, yes," cried the sailors; "it's all right; the man did call him shipmate."
"I tell you it's all wrong!" cried Schriften; "that is the man; let him give up the charm."
"Yes, yes; let him give up the charm," cried the sailors, and they rushed upon Philip.
Philip started back to where the captain stood. "Madmen, know ye what you are about? It is the holy cross that I wear round my neck. Throw it overboard if you dare, and your souls are lost forever," and Philip took the relic from his bosom and showed it to the captain.
"No, no, men!" exclaimed the captain, who was now more settled in his nerves; "that won't do—the saints protect us."
The seamen, however, became clamorous; one portion were for throwing Schriften overboard, the other for throwing Philip; at last the point was decided by the captain, who directed the small skiff hanging astern to be lowered down, and ordered both Philip and Schriften to get into it. The seamen approved of the arrangement, as it satisfied both parties. Philip made no objection; Schriften screamed and fought, but he was tossed into the boat. There he remained trembling in the stern-sheets, while Philip, who had seized the sculls, pulled away from the vessel in the direction of the Phantom Ship.
CHAPTER XXXII.
In a few minutes the vessel which Philip and Schriften had left was no longer to be discerned through the thick haze; the Phantom Ship was still in sight, but at a much greater distance from them than she was before. Philip pulled hard toward her, but, although he hoisted, she appeared to increase her distance from the boat. For a short time he paused on his oars to regain his breath, when Schriften rose up and took his seat in the stern-sheets of the boat. "You may pull and pull, Philip Vanderdecken," observed Schriften, "but you will not gain that ship—no, no, that cannot be—we may have a long cruise together, but you will be as far away from your object at the end of it as you are now at the commencement. Why don't you throw me overboard again? You would be all the lighter, He! he!"
"I threw you overboard in a state of frenzy," replied Philip, "when you attempted to force me to my relic."
"And have I not endeavored to make others take it from you this very day? Have I not? He! he!"
"You have," rejoined Philip; "but I am now convinced that you are as unhappy as myself, and that in what you are doing you are only following your destiny, as I am mine. Why and wherefore I cannot tell, but we are both engaged in the same mystery; if the success of my endeavors depends upon guarding the relic, the success of yours depends upon your obtaining it, and defeating my purpose by so doing. In this matter we are both agents, and you have been, as far as my mission is concerned, my most active enemy. But, Schriften, I have not forgotten, and never will, that you kindly did advise my poor Amine; that you prophesied to her what would be her fate if she did not listen to your counsel; that you were no enemy of hers, although my enemy; for her sake I forgive you, and will not attempt to harm you."
"You do then forgive your enemy, Philip Vanderdecken," replied Schriften, mournfully, "for such I acknowledge myself to be."
"I do, with all my heart, with all my soul," replied Philip.
"Then you have conquered me, Philip Vanderdecken; you have made me your friend, and your wishes are about to be accomplished. You would know who I am. Listen. When your father, defying the Almighty's will, in his rage, took my life, he was vouchsafed a choice of his doom being canceled through the merits of his son. I had also my appeal, which was for vengeance; it was granted that I should remain on earth and thwart your will. That as long as we were enemies you should not succeed, but that when you had conformed to the highest attribute of Christianity, proved on the holy cross, that of forgiving your enemy, your task should be fulfilled. Philip Vanderdecken, you have forgiven your

enemy, and both our destinies are now accomplished."
As Schriften spoke Philip's eyes were fixed upon him. He extended his hand to Philip—it was taken; and as it was pressed, the form of the pilot wasted as it were into the air, and Philip found himself alone.
Philip then pulled toward the Phantom Ship, and found that she no longer appeared to leave; on the contrary, every minute he was nearer and nearer, and at last he threw in his oars and climbed up her sides, and gained her decks.
The crew of the vessel crowded around him.
"Your captain," said Philip; "I must speak with your captain."
"Who shall I say, sir?" demanded one, who appeared to be the first mate.
"Who?" replied Philip. "Tell him his son would speak to him—his son, Philip Vanderdecken."
Shouts of laughter from the crew followed this answer of Philip, and the mate, as soon as they had ceased, observed, with a smile:
"You forget, sir; perhaps you would say his father."
"Tell him his son, if you please," replied Philip; "take no note of gray hairs."
"Well, sir, here he is coming forward," replied the mate, stepping aside, and pointing to the captain.
"What is all this?" inquired the captain.
"Are you Philip Vanderdecken, the captain of this vessel?"
"I am, sir," replied the other.
"You appear not to know me! But how can you? You saw me when I was only three years old; yet may you remember a letter which you gave to your wife."
"Ha!" replied the captain. "And who, then, are you?"
"Time has stopped with you, but with those who live in the world he stops not; and for those who pass a life of misery he hurries on still faster. In me behold your son, Philip Vanderdecken, who has obeyed your wishes; and, after a life of such peril and misery as few have passed, has at last fulfilled his vow, and now offers to his father the precious relic that he required to kiss."
"My son, my son!" exclaimed he, rising and throwing himself into Philip's arms; "my eyes are opened—the Almighty knows how long they have been obscured." Embracing each other, they walked aft, away from the men, who were still crowded at the gangway.
The elder Vanderdecken knelt down; Philip did the same, still embracing each other with one arm, while they raised on high the other and prayed.
For the last time the relic was taken from the bosom of Philip and handed to his father—and his father raised his eyes to heaven and kissed it. And, as he kissed it, the long, tapering upper spars of the phantom vessel, the yards and sails that were set, fell into dust, fluttered in the wind, and sank upon the wave. The mainmast, foremast, bowsprit, everything above the deck crumbled into atoms and disappeared.
Once more did he put the sacred emblem to his lips, and the beams and timbers separated, the decks of the vessel slowly sank, and the remnants of the hull floated upon the water; and as the father and son—the one young and vigorous, the other old and decrepit—still kneeling, still embracing with their hands raised to heaven, sank slowly under the deep blue wave, the lurid sky was for a moment illuminated by a lightning cross.
Then did the clouds which obscured the heavens roll away swift as thought—the sun again burst out in all its splendor—the rippling waves appeared to dance with joy. The screaming seagull again whirled in the air, and the scared albatross once more slumbered on the wing; the porpoise tumbled and tossed in their sportive play, the albatross and dolphin leaped from the sparkling sea. All nature smiled as if it rejoiced that the charm was dissolved forever, and that the Phantom Ship was no more.
THE END.
"Earthquake Echoes."
Mr. John Milne gives this name to certain vibrations, which his delicate instruments have revealed, running through the crust of the earth after the occurrence of distant earthquakes. The apparent symmetry of these pulsations, resembling the rhythm of musical sounds, leads him to suggest that an earthquake may be "a blow or blows, which come to an end with musical vibrations inside the world." The blows probably come from the slipping or falling of rock within the earth. Mr. Milne, at his observatory on the Isle of Wight, photographs vibrations of his seismographic pendulums, induced by earthquakes many thousands of miles away, and in a recent letter he speaks of "a magnificent set of waves which arrived from Mexico on the night of Jan. 4th."
Not Much of the Angel, After All.
Prison chaplain—Ah, you have a pet, I see.
Convict—Yes, this rat. I feeds him every day. I think more of that 'ere rat than any other livin' creature.
Prison chaplain—Ah, in every man there's something of the angel left, if one can only find it. How came you to take such a fancy to that rat?
Convict—He bit th' warden.—Tid-Bits.
Not Happy.
"It's a very happy little family, isn't it?"
"Oh, dear, no! Her husband is jealous of her poodle, and her poodle is jealous of her baby, and the baby cries for its father all the time."—Tit-Bits.



CHAPTER I.
"Handsome? Yes. He has the most innocent blue eyes in the world, and the smile of an angel; but he broke his mother's heart, spent her fortune and his own, and committed every wickedness under the sun before he was one-and-twenty. Yes, it is very sad—very! And now poor old Colonel Branscomb is dying—the accounts this morning were quite hopeless—and Charlie is his next heir. Another fortune for him to squander, as he has already squandered everything he could lay his hands on."
"But I thought the estate was not entailed," remarked the lady to whom the foregoing was addressed.
"No, it is not entailed, but the Colonel has very strong ideas on the subject of hereditary right. He never would make a will; he has always believed that Charlie ultimately would pull himself together—poor old man; he must die in that belief. Charlie will make ducks and drakes of beautiful Forest Lea in no time. Oh, it is a sorrowful pity!"
The speaker, a handsome well preserved woman of fifty or thereabouts, with the exclusive stamp of the "county" about her, sighed profoundly as she concluded.
"But there is the niece—the Colonel was devoted to her, I understood," remarked the second voice.
"Yes, absolutely devoted. Poor dear child—she will miss him terribly in every way! I believe the Colonel pleased himself at one time with the idea of a marriage between Nona and Charlie, and threw them very much together—too much, when you consider what a fascinating scapegrace he is. She is a very sweet girl."
"I hope her uncle has provided for her. She was quite dependent on him, was she not?"
"Yes, it is impossible to say what he has done—something, I hope. But without a will—which he certainly has not made—I should be afraid—"
Here I, Sidney Fort, the involuntary listener to a conversation which, considering the place and circumstances, was certainly indiscreet, stirred, coughed, and otherwise made the fact of my waking presence known. The voices, which had been somewhat raised, dropped at once to a lower tone.
I was the third passenger in a first-

interrupted my observations with a respectful greeting.
"Dinner will be served at 7 o'clock, sir," he said. "Will you take any refreshments now—brandy or soda, or sherry and bitters, sir? There is tea in the drawing-room still." Then, as I declined all his hospitable suggestions, he added, "I will show you to your room, then, if you please, sir. The Colonel is sleeping; the doctors are most anxious he should not be disturbed. We had Sir Alfred Cox down from London this morning. I was to say that the Colonel might not be able to see you for some little time. He has had no sleep before this for eight-and-forty hours—he has had such violent pains—and now that the sleeping-draught has taken effect the medical gentlemen make a great point of—" "
"Oh, certainly—I quite understand! We must hope that this sleep will be a turning point in the illness," I said cheerfully. "Of course it is of vital importance that the Colonel should not be aroused. Sleep is often the best medicine."
"The Colonel has been counting the hours until you could be here, sir," the man went on, as he unpacked my portmanteau and laid out my apparel. He sent for the Bradshaw as soon as your telegram came, and ordered the dog-cart himself. He only dropped off as you turned into the avenue. Is that all I can do for you, sir? You will find the morning papers in the library."
There was a suppressed interest and excitement in the manner of the man, who was evidently an old and confidential retainer. My arrival and mission were, as I could see, matters of supreme importance and curiosity to that anxious household.
The butler was waiting for me again in the hall as I descended the stairs. He threw open the door of the room on the right, and ushered me in with the announcement:
"Mr. Fort."
It was with a momentary and uncomfortable thought of my morning dress that I found myself in the presence of a lady—a fair slim girl whose white gown made her at once a conspicuous point in the sombre, heavily-furnished room. She was seated in a large leather chair at the table in the center of the apartment, her hands folded over the closed volume in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the door. Large limpid blue-gray eyes were, I saw as I came nearer, searching mine with an anxious questioning gaze.
This then was the "Nona" of whom my fellow passengers had spoken—the ideal about which I had woven so many imaginings. A very fair maiden, the fairest, sweetest—I decided on the instant—whom it had ever been my lot to meet, although the lovely eyes were ringed with dark shadows as from watching and weeping, and the white gown had been put on without the addition of a single flower or ornament.
She rose as I advanced towards her and bowed gravely. Once, I thought her hand stole out with a hesitating gesture—as if she would have offered it to me. But it was withdrawn almost instantly, and rested on the table beside her, as she stood, a graceful drooping figure, with that indescribable and exquisite grace of delicate refinement which is inherited—never acquired. A very gracious chatelaine, I thought, if the sleeping colonel upstairs should so will. And with the thought there came a strange dumb thrill of pain, as if the fair vision were floating away from me into the dim shadowy distance.
Some conventional remark as to the weather was the only thing which occurred to me, and seemed for its commonplace terrible out of harmony with the spirit of the occasion, especially as it was met by another long, troubled, almost trembling look into my face.
(To be continued.)



"OH! IT IS A SORROWFUL PITY."

class railway carriage, traveling from London towards a country station in the midland counties. I had at starting withdrawn into the farthest corner of the carriage, and, being sleepy from the previous night's burning of the midnight oil, had disposed myself to utilize the enforced idleness of the journey in recouping exhausted nature. I believe that the two ladies, in the interest of their subject, had quite forgotten that they were not alone. With my newspaper spread over my face I looked, as to all intents and purposes I was, up to a certain point, a dummy. The soft murmur of the feminine voices had had at first a soporific effect; but the journey was somewhat long, and the demands of nature satisfied, I awoke to hear the frag-end of a conversation which, strange to say, had a particular interest for me.
I was the junior partner, lately admitted of a firm of London solicitors. One of my seniors was on the Continent, the other was laid up with one of the serious bouts of bronchitis which had been the primary cause of my initiation into the secrets of a large and important clientele. An imperative summons had come early that morning for our Mr. Rowton to take instructions for the will of a country client. The terms of the telegram admitted of no delay, and within an hour of its receipt I was on my way to Euston Station, whence I wired to "Colonel Branscomb, Forest Lea, Midshire" that "Sidney Fort, of Messrs. Rawton & Fort," had "left by the 11:45 train," and would "be with him not later than 6 p. m."
In the absence of my principal and the pressure at starting, I had no further knowledge of my client than the few data furnished by the head clerk

MARRIED TO ORDER.
How Alexander the Great Celebrated His Victory Over Darius.
The newspaper reporters of the time of Alexander the Great, had there been any, would have had the heaviest day's work of their lives in covering the interesting events that marked the day Alexander was married. On that day, says the New York Journal, authenticated accounts tell us, no less than 20,202 men and women were made husbands and wives. Alexander had conquered Darius of Persia, and felt that this great achievement was important enough to be signalized in a conspicuous manner. Imagine the pride of a conqueror who decides that it can be measured properly only by a wholesale giving and taking in marriage the like of which the world has never seen. Alexander himself married Stairis, the daughter of the conquered king, and decreed that one hundred of his chief officers should be united to one hundred ladies from the noblest Persian and Median families. In addition to this, he stipulated that 10,000 of his Greek soldiers should marry 10,000 Asiatic women. When everything was settled a vast pavilion was erected, the pillars of which were six feet high. One hundred gorgeous chambers adjoined this for the hundred noble bridegrooms, while for the 10,000 an outer court was enclosed, outside of which tables were spread for the multitude. Each pair had seats and ranged themselves in semi-circles around the royal throne. Of course the priests could not marry this vast number of couples in the ordinary way, so Alexander the Great devised a very simple ceremony. He gave his hand to Stairis and kissed her—an example that all the bridegrooms followed. This ended the ceremony. Then followed the festival, which lasted five days, the grandeur of which has never been equalled since.