PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—

The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Good morning, my son," said the captain, taking his pipe out of his mouth for a moment. "We are detained by the supercargo, who appears not overwilling to come on board; the boat has been on shore this hour waiting for him, and we shall be last of the fleet under way. I wish the company would let us sail without these gentlemen, who are, in my opinion, a great hinderance to business; but they think otherwise on shore."

"What is their duty on board?" replied Philip.

"Their duty is to look after the cargo and the traffic, and if they kept to that it would not be so bad; but they interfere with everything else and everybody, studying little except their own comforts; in fact, they play the king on board, knowing that we dare not affront them, as a word from them would prejudice the vessel when again to be chartered. The company insist upon their being received with all honors. We salute them with five guns on their arrival on board."

"Do you know anything of this one whom you expect?"

"Nothing, but from report. A brother captain of mine (with whom he has sailed) told me that he is most fearful of the dangers of the sea, and much taken up with his own importance."

"I wish he would come," replied Philip; "I am most anxious that we should sail."

"You must be of a wandering disposition, my son; I hear that you leave a comfortable home, and a pretty wife to boot."

"I am most anxious to see the world," replied Philip; "and I must learn to sail a ship before I purchase one, and try to make the fortune that I covet." (Alas! how different from my real wishes, thought Philip, as he made this reply.)

"Fortunes are made and fortunes are swallowed up, too, by the ocean," replied the captain. "If I could turn this good ship into a good house, with plenty of guilders to keep the house warm, you would not find me standing on this poop. I have doubled the Cape twice, which is often enough for any man; the third time may not be so lucky."

"How long do you expect your voyage may occupy us?"

"That's as may be; but I should say about two years; nay, if not detained by the factors, as I expect we shall be, for some hostile service, it may be less."

"Two years," thought Philip, "two years from Amine!" and he sighed deeply, for he felt that their separation might be forever.

"Nay, my son, two years is not so long," said Mynheer Kloots, who observed the passing cloud on Philip's brow. "I was once five years away, and was unfortunate, for I brought home nothing, not even my ship. But here he comes at last; they have hoisted the ensign on the staff in the boat; there—they have shoved off. Myneer Hillebrant, see the gunners ready with their linstocks to salvo the supercargo."

"What duty do you wish me to perform?" observed Philip. "In what can I be useful?"

At present you can be of little use, except in those heavy gales in which every pair of hands is valuable. You must look and learn for some time yet; but you can make a fair copy of the journal kept for the inspection of the company, and may assist me in various ways, as soon as the unpleasant nausea felt by those who first embark has subsided. As a remedy, I should propose that you gird a handkerchief tight round your body so as to compress the stomach, and make frequent application of my bottle of schnapps, which you will find always at your service. But now to receive the factor of the most puissant company.Mynheer Hillebrant, let them discharge the cannon."

The guns were fired, and soon after the smoke had cleared away, the boat, with its long ensign trailing on the water, was pulled alongside. Philip watched the appearance of the supercargo; but he remained in the boat until several of the boxes with the initials and arms of the company were first handed on the deck; at last the supercargo appeared.

He was a small, spare, wizen-faced man, with a three-cornered cocked hat, bound with broad gold lace, upon his head, under which appeared a full-bottomed flowing wig, the curls of which descended low upon his shoulders. His coat was of crimson velvet with broad flaps; his waistcoat of white silk, worked in colored flowers, and descending half-way down to his knees. His breeches were of black satin, and his legs were covered with white silk stockings. Add to this, gold buckles at his knees and in his shoes, lace ruffles to his wrists, and a silver-mounted cane in his hand, and the reader has the entire dress of Mynheer Jacob Janz von Stroom, the supercargo of the Honorable Company, appointed to the good ship Ter Schilling.

Mynheer von Stroom did not appear very anxious to remain on deck. He requested to be shown into his cabin, and followed the captain aft, picking his way among the coils of ropes with which his path was encumbered. The door opened and the supercargo disappeared. The ship was then got under way, the man had left the windlass, the sails had been trimmed and they were securing the anchor on board when the bell of the poop cabin (appropriated to the supercargo) was pulled with great violence.

"What can that be?" said Mynheer Kloots (who was forward), taking his pipe out of his mouth. "Mynheer Vanderdecken, will you see what is the matter?"

Philip went aft, as the pealing of the bell continued, and, opening the cabin door, discovered the supercargo perched upon the table and pulling the bell rope, which hung over its center, with every mark of fear in his countenance. His wig was off, and his bare skull gave him an appearance peculiarly ridiculous.

"What is the matter, sir?" inquired Philip.

"Matter!" spluttered Mynheer von Stroom; "call the troops in with their firelocks. Quick, sir. Am I to be murdered, torn to pieces and devoured? For mercy's sake, sir, don't stare, but do something—look, it's coming to the table! Oh, dear, oh, dear!" continued the supercargo, evidently terrified out of his wits.

Philip, whose eyes had been fixed on Mynheer von Stroom, turned them in the direction pointed out, and, much to his astonishment, perceived a small bear upon the deck, who was amusing himself with the supercargo's flowing wig, which he held in his paws, tossing it about, and now and then burying his muzzle in it. The unexpected sight of the animal was at first a shock to Philip; but at a moment's consideration assured him that the animal must be harmless, or it never would have been permitted to remain loose in the vessel.

Nevertheless, Philip had no wish to approach the animal, whose disposition he was unacquainted with, when the appearance of Mynheer Kloots put an end to his difficulty.

"What is the matter, mynheer?" said the captain. "Oh, I see! it is Johannes," continued the captain, going up to the bear, and saluting him with a kick, as he recovered the supercargo's wig. "Out of the cabin, Johannes! —out, sir!" cried Mynheer Kloots, kicking the breech of the bear till the animal had escaped through the door. "Mynheer von Stroom, I am very sorry—here is your wig. Shut the door, Mynheer Vanderdecken, or the beast may come back, for he is very fond of me."

As soon as the door was shut between Mynheer von Stroom and the object of his terror the little man slid off the table to the high-backed chair near it shook out the damaged curls of his wig, and replaced it on his head; pulled out his ruffles, and, assuming an air of magisterial importance, struck his cane on the deck, and then spoke:

"Mynheer Kloots, what is the meaning of this disrespect to the supercargo of the puissant company?"

"God in heaven! no disrespect, mynheer; the animal is a bear, as you see; he is very tame, even with strangers. He belongs to me. I have had him ever since he was three months old. It was all a mistake. The mate, Mynheer Hildebrant, put him in the cabin, that he might be out of the way while the duty was carrying on, and he quite forgot that he was here. I am very sorry, Mynheer von Stroom; but he will not come here again, unless you wish to play with him."

"Play with him? I, supercargo to the company, play with a bear! Mynheer Kloots,the animal must be thrown overboard immediately."

"Nay, nay; I cannot throw overboard an animal that I hold in much affection. Mynheer von Stroom, but he shall not trouble you."

"It must immediately be sent out of the ship, Mynheer Kloots. I order you to send it away—on your peril to refuse."

"Then we will drop the anchor again, Mynheer von Stroom, and send on shore to headquarters to decide the point. If the company insists that the brute be put on shore, be it so; but recollect, Mynheer von Stroom, we shall lose the protection of the fleet, and have to sail alone. Shall I drop the anchor, mynheer?"

This observation softened down the pertinacity of the supercargo; he had no wish to sail alone, and the fear of this contingency was more powerful than the fear of the bear.

"Mynheer Kloots, I will not be too severe; if the animal is chained, so that it does not approach me, I will consent to its remaining on board.

CHAPTER VIII.

We must allow the Indian fleet to pursue its way to the Cape with every variety of wind and weather. Some had parted company, but the rendezvous was Table Bay, from which they were again to start together.

Philip Vanderdecken was soon able to render some service on board. He studied his duty diligently, for employment prevented him from dwelling too much upon the cause for his embarkation, and he worked hard at the duties of the ship, for the exercise procured for him that sleep which otherwise would have been denied.

He was soon a favorite of the captain, and intimate with Hillebrant, the first mate; the second mate, Struys, was a morose young man, with whom he had little intercourse. As for the supercargo, Mynheer Jacob Janz von Stroom, he seldom ventured out of his cabin. The bear, Johannes, was not confined, and therefore Mynheer von Stroom confined himself; hardly a day passed that he did not look over a letter which he had framed upon the subject, all ready to forward to the company; and each time that he perused it, he made some alteration,which he considered would give additional force to his complaint, and would prove still more injurious to the interests of Capt. Kloots.

In the meantime, in happy ignorance of all that was passing in the poop-cabin, Mynheer Kloots smoked his pipe, drank his schnapps, and played with Johannes. The animal had also contracted a great affection for Philip, and used to walk the watch with him.

There was another party in the ship whom we must not lose sight of—the one-eyed pilot, Schriften, who appeared to have imbibed a great animosity toward our hero, as well as to his dumb favorite, the bear. As Philip held the rank of an officer, Shriften dared not openly affront, though he took every opportunity of annoying him, and was constantly inveighing against him before the ship's company. To the bear he was more openly inveterate, and seldom passed it without bestowing upon it a severe kick, accompanied with a horrid curse. Although no one on board appeared to be fond of this man, everybody appeared to be afraid of him, and he obtained a control over the seamen which appeared unaccountable.

Such was the state of affairs on board the good ship Ter Schilling when, in company with two others, she lay becalmed about two days' sail to the Cape. The weather was intensely hot, for it was the summer in those southern latitudes, and Philip, who had been laying down under the awning spread over the poop, was so overcome with the heat that he had fallen asleep. He awoke with a shivering sensation of cold over his whole body, particularly at his chest, and half opening his eyes, he perceived the pilot, Shriften, leaning over him and holding between his finger and his thumb a portion of the chain which had not been concealed, and to which was attached the sacred relic. Philip closed them again, to ascertain what were the man's intentions; he found that he gradually dragged out the chain, and, when the relic was clear, attempted to pass the whole over his head, evidently to gain possession of it. Upon this attempt Philip started up and seized him by the waist.

"Indeed!" cried Philip, with an indignant look, as he released the chain from the pilot's hand.

But Shriften appeared not in the least confused at being detected in his attempt; looking with his malicious one-eye at Philip, he mockingly observed:

"Does that chain hold her picture?—he! he!"

Vanderdecken rose, pushed his away, and folded his arms.

"I advise you not to be quite so curious, Master Pilot, or you may repent it."

"Or perhaps," continued the pilot, quite regardless of Philip's wrath, "it may be a child's caul, a sovereign remedy against drowning."

"Go forward to your duty, sir," cried Philip.

"Or, as you are a Catholic, the finger nail of a saint; or, yes, I have it—a piece of the holy cross."

Philip started.

"That's it! that's it!" cried Schriften, who now went forward to where the seamen were standing at the gangway.

"News for you, my lads!" said he; "we've a piece of the holy cross aboard, and so we may defy the devil."

(To be continued.)

A WILD ROSE SKIN.

How it Can be Easily and Healthfully Obtained.

When a Swedish woman has a clear, beautiful skin, it rivals almost in exquisite loveliness the bloom of the "English rose" or her cousin, the "American lily." To lie in bed and be waited on by a nurse with a wild-rose complexion and to discover that when health returns one may hope to attain such a complexion by the use of very simple means, seems to make up in some degree for the weary days in bed. "Oh, nurse, if I only had your complexion! If I could change my dull, spotted skin for one like yours, it seems to me I would be willing to jump into a barrel of boiling oil." "Well, den, mees," was the reply, "you can haf it, sure, if you do but one leetle ting. My skin vas all spots vat you call 'peemples' and the doctor he say it change of climate. He den tell me to buy 25 cent vorth of phosphate of soda. I take a teaspoonful in glass varm vater at bed time, and de same before breakfast. It not nasty. So, for von veek I also take the same before each other meal; after dat for von veek I take only night and morning. In two veek, behold me as now." Reader, I have followed the advice for "von haf veek" only, and already my skin seems like "that of a little child." To those who desire to change a thick, unresponsive skin for a clear, bright complexion, this simple and practical advice is gladly given by a convalescent.

Looking Ahead.

"I's huyd white folks put in heaps o' time," said Uncle Eben, "ahgufyin' 'bout whethuh we's descended f'um monkeys. Dat ain' de question. It's whut direction is we gwine now."—Washington Star.

WASTING THEIR TIME.

FOREIGN FREE-TRADERS ARE CHASING RAINBOWS.

Baseless Rumors That President McKinley Looks Favorably Upon the Policy of Giving Outsiders a Wider Entrance to the American Market.

If we may credit what purports to be a dispatch from London to one of the New York papers, the free trade guild of Great Britain is being fooled into building up hopes upon an expected abandonment of the protection policy by President McKinley. The very statement of what is expected by the Cobdenites will sound so ludicrous to all who know the sentiments of President McKinley on the question of protection to American industries that no statement that Mr. McKinley has not changed his opinions in respect to that doctrine in industrial economics need be made. But, so prompt are the free trade advocates of this country to take up the London gossip about an alleged statement by the president to one of the Canadian members of the high joint commission now engaged in efforts to make a treaty for reciprocal trade relations between this country and Canada—which statement was to the effect, as quoted, that the president has changed his views and will recommend a revision of the tariff before he leaves the office of president—that it is worthy of some notice.

The fact is that the comments by the free trade press upon the workings of the Dingley tariff have been so replete with misstatements and misrepresentations that when the little coterie of Cobdenites in this country set about to show the necessity of tariff revision upon the ground that the Dingley law is not producing sufficient revenues, they will find themselves confronted by a pretty big contract. The facts are, the Dingley protective tariff is producing, every month of its operation, more revenue from customs duties than was raised in any month during the life of the Gorman-Wilson free trade tariff, and more revenues than have been raised from customs tariffs during any time since the McKinley tariff was stricken down by the free trade victory in this country in 1892. Not only is the law successful as a revenue producer, but it is successful in giving encouragement to domestic industries by removing competition from goods the like of which are produced in this country.

There is no doubt that President McKinley is desirous of seeing a treaty concluded between the United States and Canada which would settle some of the vexed questions which have arisen in our relations with the Dominion government. But the Cobdenites may rest their souls in contemplation of the fact that Mr. McKinley will not advocate the making of such treaty if to do so will place in jeopardy a single industry in this country, or detract in the least from the free operation of the protective policy in respect to such industries.

There is no better evidence of that fact than the reports which come from Washington as to the treatment accorded by the American members of the high joint commission in matters which come up in connection with the proposed reciprocal trade treaty. It is stated upon reliable authority that in these considerations the commissioners give full credit to those principles which underlie the protective policy in respect to entry of competing goods of foreign production. There is no doubt that the American commissioners are in constant consultation with the president. The fact that they will consider no class of commodities upon which reciprocal trade is proposed without going carefully into consideration of all matters pertaining to cost of production and competing elements, is evidence that there will be no abandonment of the protective principle in the formulation of the proposed reciprocal treaty. If not in this case, wherein do the Cobdenites find occasion for floating their visions of free access to the American markets of British-made goods?

The organs in this country of the British manufacturers, and the entire brood of visionary speculators upon the "grandeur and glory to come to the United States from the policy of permitting British manufacturers to fabricate goods for the American market," should take their cues from the free trade apostles in congress. The spokesmen of the Cobdenites in the halls of the national legislature have practically ceased their clamor about the alleged unsuccessful workings of the Dingley tariff. Improved business conditions throughout the country since that law was enacted, and increased customs revenues under the law, have practically silenced the carping critics of the protection policy. If the organ editors for the Cobden clubs in this country can find no better evidence that William McKinley will turn his back on the policy of protection to American industries than gossip in the London press, whose editors are straining their vision for a glimpse of even a possible return to the days of Wilson-Gormanism and a British revel in American markets, they are wasting their time.

The Tariff Wall.

English journals are seriously discussing the inroads already made and projected by American manufacturers in British home markets and in neutral markets hitherto in the almost undisputed possession of British traders. Trade rivalry from this time forth is sure to become more strenuous between the United States and Great Britain, and there is more danger of an interruption of the present cordial relations from this cause than from any other. The policy of the "open door" which Englishmen both preach and practice would give to the United States a seeming advantage in the terms of competition, but it is to be noted that more and more English capitalists are availing themselves of the obstructive taxation on imports in the United States by investing their money in American plants, and thus taking a hand themselves in the plunder of the American consumer behind the tariff wall.—Philadelphia Record.

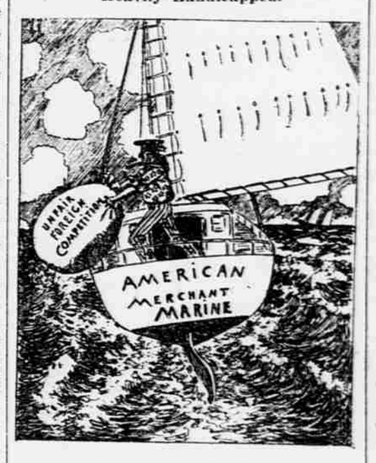
It will be pretty hard to convince the American consumer that he is being plundered when American manufactures are driving British manufactures out of the British market. It will be still harder to convince the American workingman that he does not profit when American competition compels British manufacturers to erect plants in the United States and thus increases demand for American labor. It ought to be needless to say that British manufacturers are investing in plants on this side of the Atlantic because thereby they save cost of ocean transportation on products designed for American consumption and because they are able to purchase much of their raw material and machinery cheaper.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Protection and Export Trade.

The Boston Herald quotes from an article in the Textile Record to show that protectionists are becoming despondent concerning the future of the protective tariff. The Textile Record deplores the fact that some Americans who have hitherto supported the policy of protection have become so much enamored of the idea that export trade is for the country's greatest advantage that they have parted with much of their ardor for the tariff. This is not a novel discovery; that kind of "Protectionist" is always with us.

The Textile Record sees that the great menace to some of our protected industries and the interests of our wage-earners comes from the prevalent craze for foreign markets. This threatens a reduction of wages in some manufacturing lines, a consequent diminution in the purchasing power of the workers, and impairment of the home market. But that journal does not admit, as the Herald's article implies, that the Dingley tariff is a failure, or that the prosperity of the country has become dependent upon a vast increase in our export trade. On the contrary, it says: "We express the opinion again that the American market, under conditions which give fair recompense to its farmers and factory hands, is worth to us more than all the other markets in the world."—Boston Home Market Bulletin.

Heavily Handicapped.



Protection in Minnesota.

A joint committee of the Minneosta legislature has reported in favor of a bounty of 50 cents per ton for all pig iron made in Minnesota for the next ten years. Minnesota finds the reward of labor distributed in that state does not exceed $1 per ton of iron ore mined, whereas Bessemer pig sells for $10 per ton, steel rails for $18, tin plates for $70. Most all of the advance in prices over the cost of the ore in the ground is paid to labor, either in manufacturing or transporting. Now it is proposed that much of the cost of transportation shall be saved to the consumers of the northwest and the money paid for converting the ore into useful products shall be distributed in Minnesota, where the laborers shall be consumers of the products of Minnesota farmers.

It is noticeable that a year from next fall the Minnesota farmers will be assured that they are injured by the near market and will be asked to vote for those who will send all manufacturing to England and Germany.

Manifest Destiny.

All the statistics show that Canada has gained nothing by its unfriendly legislation against the United States, and that its efforts to help the United Kingdom by discrimination in its favor has been a complete failure. Canada's interests are parallel with those of the United States, and the sooner its people recognize this fact and act accordingly the sooner our great northern neighbor will approach its manifest destiny.—Port Huron (Mich.) Times.

Should Be All American.

From abolishing the old British winter load line the next step should be the building of American ships and the carrying of American commerce in American bottoms.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

DUE TO BREAK DOWN.

The Importer Was Boss of the Road Until He Struck a Snag.

Puck's cartoons are always in the interest of free trade, but they do not always teach free trade lessons. The large cartoon by Keppler in the issue of February 1 is a case in point. The artist has drawn a spirited picture, but has put over it a foolish caption: "Its good is doubtful—its harm is certain." The picture shows an exporter and a farmer, prosperous nabobs in appearance, seated in a handsome carriage drawn by a dashing team named respectively Agriculture and Manufacturing, with a modernized figure of Mercury mounted on the box as driver and labeled Commerce. Team and vehicle sweep along the road majestically, while a single rig, with Importer as driver and Import Business the nag, has come to grief alongside through running up against a log entitled Dingley Tariff. Below is this legend:

"It is Not Quite Certain that the Dingley Law is Responsible for our Good Crops; But it surely is Responsible for the Break-Down of the Importer."

Hence Puck's characteristic deduction: "Its good is doubtful—its harm is certain." For such harm as has come through the increased use of domestic and the diminished use of foreign products the Dingley law can well afford to be held resopnsible. When the farmer and the exporter are carried swiftly along the road of prosperity by agriculture and manufacturing, with commerce holding the reins, the people of the United States are not going to lose any sleep or shed any tears because the importer has a fall. He was the boss of the road during four of the darkest years ever known in this country, and he was due to break down. That is the way Puck's cartoon will be construed by every level-headed American.

"Error, Wounded, Writhes with Pain."

Let all the others who writhe under prohibitory protection keep the faith at the next election and we shall get the better of the tailors and their Board of Trade.—New York Times.

Thus we see there is hope for those that writhe. A time limit may be set to the duration of agonies caused by heartless attempts to stop genteel smuggling. Others who groan with the pains of constriction in the matter of bringing in dutiable foreign goods without paying the duties prescribed by law may also look forward to relief from their sufferings. Surcease of sorrow is possible to all these unfortunates, provided they "keep the faith at the next election." Their hour of joy will strike when custom houses are abolished and appraisers are no more. Unrestricted foreign competition is the free trade Utopia which "the next election" is always going to create. The question is whether those who writhe outnumber those who don't. "The next election" will tell.

That Terrible Tariff.

According to some of the Democratic papers, the real cause of the sickness among the soldiers of the United States army in Cuba was the Dingley tariff. They claim that by the shutting out of foreign importations American packers were forced to use cans made of domestic tin in which to pack the meat for army use, and that the lead used in this cheap tin poisoned the soldiers! It is, of course, nothing to the point that millions of packages of American tinned meats are constantly in use by the families of this and other countries, and that sickness from this cause has been hitherto unknown. The fact remains that a considerable percentage of our troops did not thrive in the hot climate of the tropics, and it must be that the Dingley tariff was the cause of it.

Their Preference.

If it has to choose between a free silver Democrat and a high tariff Reture in England. He speaks four vote for the Democrat.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

This, from an earnest enemy of depreciated dollars, shows what may be expected in 1900 when anti-Bryan Democrats are called upon to make a choice between unsound money and sound economics. If protection wins next year it will win on its own merits, and on its strength with the intelligent voting masses. It may expect no help from free traders who would rather see silver and Democracy in the saddle than see protection and sound money continue to travel in double harness for another term of four years.

Ought to Hear Less About It.

With the full restoration of the purchasing power and consumptive capacity of our people, the multiplication of our industries, the expansion of our export trade by the judicious and peaceful methods which have thus far been pursued with unexampled success, and the firm maintenace of our present protective tariff, we believe that we shall hear much less about the impaired value of the home market.—Boston Home Market Bulletin.

Proportions Never Dreamed Of.

Treasury statistics prove that in time of peace the Dingley act would have provided the revenues necessary for the expenses of the government and thus have vindicated the claims of its framers. It also has been even more of a success in reviving the industries of the nation and in expanding its foreign commerce to proportions never dreamed of before. The Dingley tariff is the most successful act of that nature ever enacted.—Springfield (Ill.) Journal.