

# PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—  
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)  
That the admiral had exceeded his powers in taking the life of the officer was undeniable, as although his instructions gave him the power of life and death, still it was only to be decided by the sentence of the court-martial held by the captains commanding the vessels of the fleet; he therefore felt himself justified in resistance. But Philip was troubled with the idea that such resistance might lead to much bloodshed; and he was still debating how to act, when they reported to him that there was a boat coming from the admiral's ship. Philip went upon the deck to receive the officer, who stated that it was the admiral's order that he should immediately come on board, and that he must consider himself now under arrest, and deliver up his sword.  
"No! no!" exclaimed the ship's company of the *Dort*. "He shall not go on board. We will stand by our captain to the last."  
"Silence, men! silence!" cried Philip. "You must be aware, sir," said he to the officer, "that in the cruel punishment of that innocent young man, the admiral has exceeded his powers; and, much as I regret to see any symptoms of mutiny and insubordination, it must be remembered that if those in command disobey the orders they have received, by exceeding them, they not only set the example, but give an excuse for those who otherwise would be bound to obey them, to do the same. Tell the admiral that his murder of that innocent man has determined me no longer to consider myself under his authority, and that I will hold myself as well as him answerable to the company whom we serve for our conduct. I do not intend to go on board and put myself in his power, that he might gratify his resentment by my ignominious death. It is a duty that I owe these men under my command to preserve my life, that I may, if possible, preserve theirs in this strait; and you may also add that a little reflection must point out to him that this is no time for us to war with, but to assist each other with all our energies. We are here, shipwrecked on a barren coast, with provisions insufficient for any lengthened stay, no prospect of succor, and little of escape. As the commodore truly prophesied, many more are likely to perish as well as him—and even the admiral himself may be of the number. I shall wait his answer; if he choose to lay aside all animosity, and refer our conduct to a higher tribunal, I am willing to join with him in rendering that assistance to each other which our situation requires—if not, you must perceive, and of course will tell him, that I have those with me who will defend me against any attempt at force. You have my answer, sir, and may return on board."

## CHAPTER XXI.

The officer went to the gangway, but found that none of his crew, except the bowman, were in the boat; they had gone up to gain from the men of the *Dort* the true history of what they but imperfectly heard; and before they were summoned to return had received full intelligence. They coincided with the seamen of the *Dort* that the appearance of the *Phantom Ship*, which had occasioned their present disaster, was a judgment upon the admiral for his conduct in having so cruelly deserted the poor commodore.  
Upon the return of the officer with Philip's answer, the rage of the admiral was beyond all bounds. He ordered the guns aft, which would bear upon the *Dort*, to be double-shotted, and fired into her; but Krantz pointed out to him that they could not bring more guns to bear upon the *Dort* in their present situation, than the *Dort* could bring to bear upon them; that their superior force was thus neutralized, and that no advantage could result from taking such a step. The admiral immediately put Krantz under arrest, and proceeded to put into execution his insane intentions. In this he was, however, prevented by the seamen of the *Lion*, who neither wished to fire upon their consort nor to be fired at in return. The report of the boat's crew had been circulated through the ship, and the men felt too much ill-will against the admiral, and perceived at the same time the extreme difficulty of their situation, to wish to make it worse. They did not proceed to open mutiny, but they went down below, and when the officers ordered them up they refused to go upon deck; and the officers, who were equally disgusted with the admiral's conduct, merely informed him of the state of the ship's company, without naming individuals so as to excite his resentment against anyone in particular. Such was the state of affairs when the sun went down. Nothing had been done on board the admiral's ship, for Krantz was under arrest, and the admiral had retired in a state of fury to his cabin.  
In the meantime Philip and the ship's company had not been idle; they had laid an anchor out astern, and hove taut; they had started all the water, and were pumping it out, when a boat pulled alongside, and Krantz made his appearance on deck.  
"Captain Vanderdecken, I have come to put myself under your orders, if you will receive me—if not, render me your protection, for as sure as fate I

should have been hanged tomorrow morning if I had remained in my own ship. The men in the boat have come with the same intention—that of joining you if you will permit them."  
Although Philip would have wished it had been otherwise, he could not well refuse to receive Krantz under the circumstances of the case. He was very partial to him, and to save his life, which certainly was in danger, he would have done much more. He desired that the boat's crew should return; but when Krantz had stated to him what had occurred on board the *Lion*, and the crew earnestly begged him not to send them back to almost certain death, which their having effected the escape of Krantz would have assured, Philip reluctantly allowed them to remain.  
The night was tempestuous, but the wind being now off shore, the water was not rough. The crew of the *Dort*, under the direction of Philip and Krantz, succeeded in lightening the vessel so much during the night, that the next morning they were able to haul her off, and found that her bottom had received no serious injury. It was fortunate for them that they had not discontinued their exertions, for the wind shifted a few hours before sunrise, and by the time that they had shipped their rudder, it came on to blow fresh down the Straits, the wind being accompanied with a heavy swell.  
The admiral's ship lay aground, and apparently no exertions were used to get her off. Philip was much puzzled how to act; leave the crew of the *Lion* he could not; nor indeed could he refuse, nor did he wish to refuse the admiral, if he proposed coming on board; but he now made that it should only be as a passenger, and that he would himself retain the command. At present he contented himself with dropping his anchor outside, clear of the reef, where he was sheltered by a bluff cape, under which the water was smooth, about a mile distant from where the admiral's ship lay on shore; and he employed his crew in replenishing his water-casks from a rivulet close to where the ship was anchored. He waited to see if the other vessel got off, being convinced if she did not, some communication must soon take place. As soon as the water was complete, he sent one of his boats to the place where the commodore had been landed, having resolved to take him on board if they could find him; but the boat returned without having seen anything of him, although the men had clambered over the hills to a considerable distance.  
On the second morning after Philip had hauled his vessel off, they observed that the boats of the admiral's ship were passing and repassing from the shore, landing her stores and provisions; and the next day, from the tents pitched on shore, it was evident that she was abandoned, although the boats were still engaged in taking articles out of her. That night it blew fresh, and the sea was heavy; the next morning the masts were gone, and she turned on her broadside; she was evidently a wreck, and Philip now consulted with Krantz how to act. To leave the crew of the *Lion* on shore was impossible; they must all perish when the winter set in upon such a desolate coast. On the whole, it was considered advisable that the first communication should come from the other party, and Philip resolved to remain quietly at anchor.  
It was very plain that there was no longer any subordination among the crew of the *Lion*, who were to be seen, in the day-time climbing over the rocks in every direction, and at night, when their large fires were lighted, carousing and drinking. This waste of provisions was a subject of much vexation to Philip. He had not more than sufficient for his own crew, and he took it for granted that, as soon as what they had taken on shore should be expended, the crew of the *Lion* would ask to be received on board of the *Dort*.  
For more than a week did affairs continue in this state, when one morning a boat was seen pulling toward the ship and in the stern-sheets Philip recognized the officer who had been sent on board to put him under arrest. When the officer came on deck he took off his hat to Philip.  
"You do, then, acknowledge me as in command?" observed Philip.  
"Yes, sir, most certainly; you were second in command, but now you are first—for the admiral is dead."  
"Dead!" exclaimed Philip; "and how?"  
"He was found dead on the beach under a high cliff, and the body of the commodore was in his arms; indeed, they were both grappled together. It is supposed that in his walk up to the top of the hill, which he used to take every day, to see if any vessels might be in the Straits, he fell in with the commodore—that they had come to contention, and had both fallen over the precipice together. No one saw the meeting, but they must have fallen over the rocks, as the bodies are dreadfully mangled."  
On inquiry, Philip ascertained that all chance of saving the *Lion* had been lost after the second night, when she had beat in her larboard streak, and six feet of water in the hold; that the crew had been very insubordinate, and

had consumed almost all the spirits; and that not only all the sick had already perished, but also many others who had either fallen over the rocks, when they were intoxicated, or had been found dead in the morning from their exposure during the night.  
"Then the poor commodore's prophecy has been fulfilled!" observed Philip to Krantz. "Many others, and even the admiral himself, have perished with him—peace be with them! And now let us get away from this horrible place as soon as possible."  
Philip then gave orders to the officer to collect his men, and the provisions that remained, for immediate embarkation. Krantz followed soon after with all the boat, and before night everything was on board. The bodies of the admiral and commodore were buried where they lay, and the next morning the *Dort* was under way, and with a slanting wind was laying a fair course through the Straits, toward Batavia, and anchored in the roads three weeks after the combat had taken place. He found the remainder of the fleet, which had been dispatched before them and had arrived there recently, had taken in their cargoes and were ready to sail for Holland. Philip wrote his dispatches, in which he communicated to the directors the events of the voyage; and then went on shore to reside at the house of the merchant who had formerly received him, until the *Dort* could be freighted for her voyage home.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The cargo of the *Dort* was soon ready, and Philip sailed and arrived at Amsterdam without any further adventure. That he reached his cottage, and was received with delight by Amine, need hardly be said. She had been expecting him; for the two ships of the squadron, which had sailed on his arrival at Batavia, and which had charge of his dispatches, had, of course, carried letters from him during his voyages. Six weeks after the letters, Philip himself made his appearance, and Amine was happy. The directors were, of course, highly satisfied with Philip's conduct, and he was appointed to the command of a large armed ship, which was to proceed to India in the spring, and one-third of which, according to agreement, was purchased by Philip out of the funds which he had in the hands of the company. He had now five months of quiet and repose to pass away previous to his once more trusting to the elements; and this time, as it was agreed, he had to make arrangements on board for the reception of Amine.  
The winter passed rapidly away, for it was passed by Philip in quiet and happiness; the spring came on, the vessel was to be fitted out, and Philip and Amine repaired to Amsterdam.  
The *Utrecht* was the name of the vessel to which he had been appointed, a ship of four hundred tons, newly launched and pierced for twenty-four guns. Two more months passed away, during which Philip superintended the fitting, and loading of the vessel, assisted by his favorite Krantz, who served in her as first mate. Every convenience and comfort that Philip could think of was prepared for Amine; and in the month of May he started, with orders to stop at Gambrun and Ceylon, run down the Straits of Sumatra, and from thence to force his way into the China seas, the company having every reason to expect from the Portuguese the most determined opposition to the attempt. His ship's company was numerous, and he had a small detachment of soldiers on board to assist the supercargo, who carried out many thousand dollars to make purchases at ports in China, where their goods might not be appreciated. Every care had been taken in the equipment of the vessel, which was perhaps the finest, the best manned and freighted with the most valuable cargo, which had ever been sent out by the India Company.  
(To be continued.)

## STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Important Improvements Since the Time of William Shakespeare.  
The clerical staff, postmen, rural messengers, and others connected with the Stratford postoffice, and the sub-postmasters of the district, were entertained at supper at the Unicorn hotel on Tuesday night, this being the twenty-seventh annual gathering. The mayor (W. Pearce) presided, and was supported by a number of the leading tradesmen, the vice chair being occupied by E. B. Wynn. Responding for "Our Postmistress" (proposed by G. Boyden), Mr. Doonan, (chief clerk) spoke of the great increase of work at the Stratford postoffice. Within the last few years the clerical staff has been doubled and the number of telegrams was increased at the rate of 10,000 a year. The year 1897 showed an increase of 10,000 over those of 1896, and now, from the returns just made up, it appeared that there was a further increase of 10,000 over those of 1897. (Applause.) The telephone was about to be added, the clerical staff was to be further increased, the duplex system of telegraphy had been authorized in order to cope with the increased work and, notwithstanding that the postoffice had been built only a few years, some important structural alterations and enlargements had become imperative and were about to be carried out. (Applause.) All this showed that they were progressing at a most satisfactory rate, and he looked forward to further important developments.—Birmingham Post.

With Apologies to A. Pope.  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast.  
But all too oft it gets knocked galley west.

# DECORATION DAY



## A Memorial Day Reunion.

By GILBERTE HOLT.

**B**USINESS had brought him to his native town in the sunny south. He was in haste that his mission should be concluded so that he might get away from the quiet, sleepy village. The very beauty of its fragrant spring dress saddened him. In a timid, hesitating way he had made a few inquiries for old friends, but the answer was ever the same. War had scattered most of the old families. Those alone remained who slept in the peaceful cemetery in the dip which formed a vale at the bend in the river.  
"And the Ralstons?"  
All were gone. Of the impetuous, high spirited family, only Miss Erma was still alive. The Ralston boys—four of them—lay in soldiers' graves beside their gallant father.  
Mrs. Ralston had seen her brave boys brought home dead one by one. But she gave them for her country's sake, gladly, but her heart was slowly breaking. She did not long survive her husband.  
"Did Miss Erma still live at Ironwood?"  
No. The old plantation was desolate and Miss Ralston lived in a little white cottage down the road, the one almost smothered in jasmine red roses. The gentleman took his cane and with a brisk step which told of some young blood still flowing in his veins, started down the street in the warm spring sunshine. The square shoulders, erect head and firm tread all bespoke the soldier.  
As he came in sight of Miss Erma's house his steady walk became jerky and finally settled into an uncertain amble. For the fraction of a second he paused at her gate, then beat a hasty and confused retreat. Completely out of breath he drew up beside the high arched gate which opened upon the soldiers' last tenting ground.  
"By Jove! It's no use. I couldn't



"WHY, THAT'S MY NAME." face her," and the old man mopped his brow. "Whew, how her eyes did blaze! Facing a cannon is play to standing the fire of Erma's angry eyes."  
He leaned against the post. The light died out of his face and he thought of that long away time when he and Erma had been lovers. And then came the war. How quickly had followed that awful day when he went to say farewell and she would not look at him, because he wore the hated blue. He tried to argue, tried to persuade, but she would not listen.  
She was a southern girl—Col. Ralston's daughter. If he fought the south, he fought her and was her deadly foe. Was it not cruel enough that

the dreadful war should deprive her of her lover, without calling him to fight against instead of for her?  
How clearly he could see her as she stood then on the low, wide steps, a slim, girlish figure clad in clinging white. Her cheeks were flushed and her mouth tremulous, but the chin was firmly set. All through the war he had carried in his heart the memory of her as she stood in the sunshine, framed by the stately pillars of the gallery; while he, with despair in his heart, and a dogged determination in his eyes, turned, when half way down the broad avenue of live oaks, and lifting his union cap murmured, "God keep my southern sweetheart!"  
How often he recalled her words. He could almost hear them now. "Go. You are a traitor. I never want to see your face again."  
The old man shook his head sorrowfully. No, she would never forgive him, not even now after all these years. Well, he would go back north on the morrow, so what matter?  
He and the Ralston boys had been college students together. He would pay a visit to their last resting place. He opened the gate and slowly made his way among the flower-covered mounds. When he reached the Ralston lot, he looked about him sorrowfully. He felt sadly desolate. He alone was left of all those merry, laughing fellows.  
Presently his eye wandered to a grave somewhat apart from the rest. The scarcity of its flowers drew his attention to it. He wandered idly toward it, thinking, "Some poor friendless chap."  
He started and then dropped upon his knees in his eagerness to read the simple inscription on the headstone. It ran:

"MERRILL FREMONT."  
"Born 1838. Killed at Gettysburg, 1863."

"Why, that's my name!" and the old man looked about him in a dazed manner as though for a moment he doubted his identity.  
"Yes, my name is Merrill Fremont and I was born in '38, but though I was wounded I did not die at Gettysburg. A union soldier in a confederate graveyard. Ah, that accounted for the lack of memorial flowers," and he smiled grimly. "But I'm not dead," and he thumped his cane vigorously upon the gravel path.  
He leaned his hands on his stick and stood gazing intently at his own name.  
"It isn't me—but it is some union soldier buried for me, and he shall have some flowers. Yes, I'll decorate my own grave," and with a chuckle Merrill Fremont started briskly down the path.  
As he neared the gate it opened, and a tall, slender figure clad in black entered, followed by an old negro fairly staggering under the weight of magnolia blossoms. Something familiar in the two figures made Fremont pause. But they did not notice him. The lady turned up a side path and walked quickly toward the end of the grounds Merrill had just quitted, followed more slowly by the old serving man.  
Merrill faced about and watched them. He was certain now that the woman was Erma. He expected her to enter the Ralston lot, but she only paused, waved her hand toward the flower-hidden graves, said something to her attendant and passed on her way until she stood beside the undecorated grave.  
Fremont rubbed his eyes and stared. The lady motioned to negro to lay his fragrant burden down.  
Merrill hastened up the path. He was near enough to hear the well-remembered voice say, "You may go, Uncle Sorney; I'll arrange the flowers myself."  
The servant shuffled away down the path he had come, while his mistress knelt to place the blossoms.

Merrill Fremont paused, hat in hand. Erma believed him dead and forgave him. How would it be when she found him alive? He stood in dumb uncertainty. She was his only love and to lose her again would be more terrible than not to have found her. Dead, she surely loved him; her action proved it. Would he not better go away in the certainty of that love than, by staying, perhaps revive the old bitterness which his return to her unharmed while all her beloved family lay dead, might recall?  
He was about to retreat. It was too late, the lady turned and saw him. He stood awkwardly before her. She looked at him in puzzled inquiry.  
Suddenly he cried out "Erma."  
She moved back a pace in surprise at being so addressed by an apparent stranger.  
Once his tongue loosened Merrill gave her no chance to escape. In quick, incoherent words he poured forth the



SUDDENLY HE CRIED OUT, "ERMA."

mistaken report of his death, his love's sorrow for her grief, and at last an earnest plea that she would prove more kind than in the past.  
As she listened a delicate flush crept into the lady's pale, sweet face. The shadow that rested in the deep, blue eyes lifted. She looked searchingly at the man before her. Could this really be her young lover, returned in the guise of this impetuous elderly man? She had never thought of him save as the soldier boy who had gone away at her bidding. At last she seemed to understand. For a moment the corners of the lovely mouth forgot to droop.  
By the light of memory the man and woman grew young again.  
When his torrent of words ceased she stood silent for some moments, and then held out her hand as she softly said:  
"We banish our anger forever  
When we laurel the graves of our dead."

How He Won Her.  
"If I were a man," she said, "you would not find me here today. I'd be away, fighting for my country."  
"If you were a man," he replied, "you wouldn't find me here today either. I, too, would be away fighting for my country."  
After that all he had to do was to gain papa's consent.—Cleveland Leader.

Confused Pupils.  
On one occasion the Prince of Wales had a hearty laugh at a Hindu school-boy in Madras. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying "Your Royal Highness" should the prince speak to them, and when the heir apparent accosted a bright-eyed lad and, pointing to a prismatic compass, asked: "What is this?" the youngster, all in a flutter, replied: "It's a royal compass, your prismatic highness."