

PHANTOM SHIP

The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER IV.

Two days later the widow's funeral was over, and Philip having found the key in a secret drawer of his mother's cabinet, was standing in the room that had been locked up for so many years. The room was about twelve or fourteen feet square, with but one window; opposite to the door stood the chimney and fire-place, with a high buffet of dark wood on each side. On a table near by was a bunch of keys. With one of these he opened the wooden doors of the buffet, revealing an iron safe.

A second key on the bunch opened the iron doors; and Philip found himself in possession of a considerable sum of money, amounting, as near as he could reckon, to ten thousand guilders, in little yellow sacks. Philip replaced the sacks, and locked up the cupboard, after having taken out of one, already half emptied, a few pieces for his immediate wants. Then turning and gazing at the table again he beheld partly concealed under some embroidery, the sealed letter which his mother had declared had been left there by his father seventeen years ago. He dashed forward, seized the letter, and burst out of the fatal room. "I cannot, dare not, read it here," exclaimed he; "no, no, it must be under the vault of high and offended Heaven that the message must be received." Philip took his hat, and went out of the house; in calm despair he locked the door, took out the key, and walked he knew not whither.

Philip looked about him for some spot where he might be concealed from observation—where he might break the seal, and read this mission from a world of spirits. A small copse of brushwood, in advance of a grove of trees, was not far from where he stood. He walked to it and sat down, so as to be concealed from any passers-by. Then he broke the seal, which bore the initials of his father's name, and read as follows:

"To Catherine: "One of those plying spirits whose eyes rain tears for mortal crimes has been permitted to inform me by what means alone my dreadful doom may be averted. "Could I but receive on the deck of my own ship the holy relic upon which I swore the fatal oath, kiss it in all humility, and shed one tear of deep contrition on the sacred wood, I then might rest in peace. "How this may be effected, or by whom so fatal a task will be undertaken, I know not. Oh, Catherine, we have a son—but, no, no, let him not hear of me. Pray for me, and now, farewell. "I. VANDERDECKEN."

"Then it is true, most horribly true," thought Philip; "and my father is even now in living judgment. And he points to me—to whom else should he? Am I not his son, and is it not my duty?"

"Yes, my father!" exclaimed Philip, aloud, falling on his knees, "you have not written these lines in vain. Let me peruse them once more." Philip raised up his hand; but, although it appeared to him that he had still hold of the letter, it was not there—he grasped nothing. He looked on the grass to see if it had fallen—but, no, there was no letter; it had disappeared. Was it a vision? No, no; he had read every word. "Then it must be to me, and me alone, that the mission was intended. I accept the sign."

"Hear me, dear father—if thou art so permitted—and deign to hear me, gracious Heaven—hear the son who, by this sacred relic, swears that he will avert your doom or perish. To that will he devote his days; and having done his duty, he will die in hope and peace. Heaven, that recorded my rash father's oath, now register his son's upon the same sacred cross, and may perjury on my part be visited with punishment more dire than his! Receive it, Heaven, as at the last I trust that in Thy mercy Thou wilt receive the father and the son; and if too bold, oh, pardon my presumption!"

Philip threw himself forward on his face, with his lips to the sacred symbol. The sun went down and the twilight gradually disappeared; night had for some time shrouded all in darkness, and Philip yet remained in alternate prayer and meditation!

But he was disturbed by the voices of some men, who sat down upon the turf but a few yards from where he was concealed. The conversation he little heeded; but it had roused him, and his first feeling was to return to the cottage, thence he might reflect over his plans; but, although the men spoke in a low tone, his attention was soon arrested by the subject of their conversation when he heard the name of Mynheer Poots mentioned. He listened attentively, and discovered that they were four disbanded soldiers, who intended that night to attack the house of the little doctor, who had they knew, much money in his possession. "What I have proposed is the best," said one of them; "he has no one with him but his daughter." "I value her more than his money," replied another; "so recollect before we go it is

perfectly understood that she is to be my property."

"Yes, if you choose to purchase her, there is no objection," replied a third. "Agreed; how much will you in conscience sake ask for a puling girl?"

"I say five hundred guilders," replied another. "Well, be it so, but on this condition, that if my share of the booty does not amount to so much, I am to have her for my share, whatever it may be."

"That's very fair," replied the other; "but I'm much mistaken if we don't turn more than two thousand guilders out of the old man's chest." "What do you say—is it agree?"—shall Baetans have her?"

"Oh, yes," replied the others. "Well, then," replied the one who had stipulated for Mynheer Poots' daughter, "now I am with you, heart and soul. I loved that girl, and tried to get her—I positively offered to marry her, but the old hunk refused me, an ensign, an officer; but now I'll have revenge. We must not spare him."

"No, no," replied the others. "Shall we go now, or wait till it is later? In an hour or more the moon will be up—we may be seen."

"Who is to see us? unless, indeed, some one is sent for him. The later the better, I say."

"How long will it take us to get there? Not half an hour if we walk. Suppose we start in half an hour hence, we shall just have the moon to count the guilders by."

"That's all right. In the meantime, I'll put a new flint in my lock, and have my carbine loaded. I can work in the dark." "You are used to it, Jan." "Yes, I am—and I intend this ball to go through the old rascal's head." "Well, I'd rather you should kill him than I," replied one of the others, "for he saved my life at Middleburgh, when every one made sure I'd die." Philip did not want to hear any more; he crawled behind the bushes until he gained the grove of trees, and passing through them, made a detour, so as not to be seen by these miscreants. That they were disbanded soldiers, many of whom were infesting the country, he knew well. All his thoughts were now to save the old doctor and his daughter from the danger which threatened them; and for a time he forgot his father, and the exciting revelations of the day. Although Philip had not been aware in what direction he had walked when he set off from the cottage, he knew the country well; and now that it was necessary to act, he remembered the direction in which he should find the lonely house of Mynheer Poots; with the utmost speed he made his way for it, and in less than twenty minutes he arrived there out of breath.

As usual, all was silent, and the door fastened. Philip knocked, but there was no reply. Again and again he knocked, and became impatient. Mynheer Poots must have been summoned, and was not in the house; Philip therefore called out, so as to be heard within, "Maiden, if you father is out, as I presume he must be, listen to what I have to say—I am Philip Vanderdecken. But now I overheard four wretches, who have planned to murder your father, and rob him of his gold. In one hour, or less, they will be here, and I have hastened to warn and protect you, if I may. I swear upon the relic that you delivered to me this morning that what I state is true."

Philip waited a short time, but received no answer. "Maiden," resumed he, "answer me, if you value that which is more dear to you than even your father's gold to him. Open the casement above, and listen to what I have to say. In so doing there is no risk; and even if I were not dark, already have I seen you."

A short time after this second address, the casement of the upper window was unbarred, and the slight form of the fair daughter of Mynheer Poots was to be distinguished by Philip through the gloom. "What wouldst thou, young sir, at this unseasonly hour? and what is it thou wouldst impart, but imperfectly heard by me, when thou speakest this minute at the door?"

Philip then entered into detail of all that he had overheard, and concluded by begging her to admit him, that he might defend her.

"Think, fair maiden, of what I have told you. You have been sold to one of those reprobates, whose name I think they mentioned was Baetans. The gold, I know, you value not, but think of this own dear self—suffer me to enter the house, and think not for one moment that my story is feigned. I swear to thee by the soul of my poor, dear mother, now, I trust, in Heaven, that every word is true."

"Baetans, did you say, sir?" "If I mistook them not, such was the name; he said he loved you once." "That name I have in memory—I know not what to do, or what to say; my father has been summoned to a birth, and may be yet away for many hours. Yet how can I open the door to you—at night—be not at home—I

alone? I ought not—cannot—yet do I believe you. You surely never could be so base as to invent this tale." "No—upon my hopes of future bliss I could not, maiden! You must not trifle with your life and honor, but let me in."

"And if I did, what could you do against such numbers? They are four to one—would soon overpower you, and one more life would be lost."

"Not if you have arms; and I think your father would not be left without them. I fear them not—you know that I am resolute."

"I do indeed—and now you'd risk your life for those you did assail. I thank you, thank you kindly, sir—but dare not open the door."

"Then, maiden, if you'll not admit me, here will I now remain, without arms, and but ill able to contend with four armed villains; but still, here will I remain and prove my truth to one I will protect 'gainst odds—yes, even here!" "Then shall I be thy murderer! But that must not be. Oh! sir—swear, swear by all that's holy, and by all that's pure, that you do not deceive me."

"I swear by thyself maiden, than all to me more sacred!" The casement closed, and in a short time a light appeared above. In a minute or two more the door was opened to Philip by the fair daughter of Mynheer Poots. She stood with the candle in her right hand, the color in her cheeks varying—now flushing red, and again deathly pale. Her left hand was down by her side, and in it she held a pistol half concealed. Philip perceived this precaution on her part, but took no notice of it; he wished to reassure her.

"Maiden," said he, not entering, "if you still have doubts—if you think you were best advised in giving me admission—there is yet time to close the door against me; but for your own sake I entreat you not. Before the moon is up, the robbers will be here. With my life I will protect you, if you will but trust me. Who indeed could injure one like you?"

CHAPTER V.

She was indeed (as she stood irresolute and perplexed from the peculiarity of her situation, yet nor wanting in courage when it was to be called forth) an object well worthy of gaze and admiration. Her features thrown into broad light and shade by the candle which at times was half extinguished by the wind—her symmetry of form, and the gracefulness and singularity of her attire—were matters of astonishment to Philip. Her head was without covering, and her long hair fell in plaits behind her shoulders; her stature was rather under the middle size, but her form perfect; her dress was simple but becoming, and very different from that usually worn by the young women of the district. Not only her features but her dress would at once have indicated to a traveler that she was of Arab blood, as was the fact.

She looked in Philip's face as he spoke—earnestly, as if she would have penetrated into his most inmost thoughts; but there was a frankness and honesty in his bearing, and a sincerity in his manly countenance, which reassured her. After a moment's hesitation she replied:

"Come in, sir; I feel that I can trust you."

Philip entered. The door was then closed and made secure.

"We have no time to lose, maiden," said Philip; "but tell me your name, that I may address you as I ought."

"My name is Amine," replied she, retreating a little.

"I thank you for that little confidence, but I must not dally. What arms have you in the house, and have you ammunition?"

"Both. I wish that my father would come home."

(To be continued.)

Happy Mark Twain.

Few items of news from the other side of the Atlantic are more likely to please American readers than the tidings that Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) is no longer in financial straits. It is well known that some years ago the failure of a publishing house in which he was a partner left him saddled with heavy obligations. He undertook to pay his debts and regain a competence by work more speedily lucrative than the production of books. He signed a contract to lecture, and, notwithstanding occasional attacks of ill-health, he has fulfilled his agreement in the course of which he has made a tour around a large part of the globe. We are now told that his lectures have come to an end, for the reason that the profits already acquired will enable him to restrict himself henceforth to writing. This means that we may soon look for a new book from the pen of the author of "Innocents Abroad."—*Collier's Weekly*.

A Poor Showing.

"No," declared Horace Hardrocks, "I cannot consent to let you marry my daughter. A man who confesses bankruptcy as you did shall never become a member of my family if I can help it." "But," Albert Allingham protested, "many another man has gone into bankruptcy and still come out all right. Some of our ablest financiers have had that experience." "Very true, but that will never happen in your case. You have no financial ability whatever. Your assets were only \$5,000 less than your liabilities."

If the history of humanity had not the blood water out it, the lines would be too dim on pale to follow.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes—Gibes and Ironies, Original and Selected—Fitsam and Jestsam from the Tins of Humor—Witty Sayings.

A Scientific Grandpapa. "See, grandpa, my flower!" she cried; "I found it in the grasses!" And with a kindly smile the sage surveyed it through his glasses.

"Ah, yes," he said, "Involucrata. And all the forest Inguilata, Corolla gamopetalous, Compositae, exogenita—A pretty specimen it is, Taraxacum dens-leontina!" She took the blossom back again, His face her wistful eyes on; "I thought," she said, with quivering lip, "It was a dandelion!" —Margaret Johnson in St. Nicholas.

Sagacious Rat. One day a well-fed and sagacious rat came across an object made of wire, whose sole occupation seemed to be to take care of a liberal piece of cheese. Having had several years' experience with men and their machinations, the rat looked the ground over with great care, and he was still engaged in this occupation when a mouse appeared and wanted to know what was up.

"Why, the fact is," replied the rat, "I have more cheese here than I can possibly eat at one meal, and as cheese quickly spoils in this climate, I was waiting for some one to come along and accept a portion."

"You are generous," said the mouse. "Don't mention it. Just step inside and pass the cheese out, will you?" The mouse had no sooner alighted at the bait than there was a crash and he found himself trapped.

"Ah, that's the way it works, is it?" queried the rat. "I couldn't just make it out. Um! I see. Spring there somewhere. Good idea."

"But I'm caught," exclaimed the mouse in great agitation. "So I observe."

"And what's to be done?" "Well, I leave that for you to decide. I let you in on the ground floor and my responsibility ceased there. Fine day. Hope we shall have a good harvest."

Moral.—Experience acquired at the expense of others is soothing as well as valuable.—*Boston Journal*.

His "Supreme Moment."

Novelists are all wrong when they mention "the time he proposed" or "the moment their eyes met" as the supreme moment of some sentimental couple. A charming woman who has been in love with her husband for five years told me how she always remembered "Tom," who, by the way, is an artist and a romantic figure at most times, says the *Home Journal*. "I always think of him," she said, "as he looked once when he came into the studio after having had a long and heated argument with an obstreperous cook. He came in rubbing his hands, and his face was positively transfused. 'Lu,' he said, 'I'm successful. She's discharged us.'"

Any Way to Get In.

"He comes not!" she faltered, wringing her hands. "The hour of the tryst was long past. 'He will never come!' cried the distracted girl. 'But happily I know a neat song and dance which will perhaps enable me to earn my living. Let her go, professor!" The audience thundered applause, appreciating at once the exquisite art with which the specialty had been interpolated in the melodrama.—*Detroit Journal*.

A Needless Question.

Housekeeper—"How about the people in the flat above—have they any children?" Agent—"Mercy, no! The general secretary of the Mother's Mutual Experience Association lives there."—*Chicago News*.

Getting His Own Back.



Slender Individual (who is not at all comfortable)—These "busses ought to charge by weight." The Fat 'Un (sharply)—Ah! if they did, they would never stop to pick you up!—*Ally Sloper*.

Two Points of View.

"My children," said the poor man, sadly, "are crying for bread." "Which shows," replied the rich man, coldly, "how much you have to be thankful for. Now, mine are crying for bon bons."—*Brooklyn Life*.

The Entree.

"They should not allow one indigent immigrant from Europe to land in this country." "Not one, papa—unless he has a title."—*Life*.

A Bellicose Youth.

The boy is still father to the man. A certain prominent political hustler, who, like the British tar in "Pinafore," is ever ready with his fists, showed his pugilistic taste at an early age.

The first day he went to school the family was, of course, anxious to know his impression of the new occupation.

"Well, Sammy," said his father, "what did you learn your first day at school?"

Straightening up and assuming a bellicose attitude, Sam replied, "Father, I learned I can lick every boy in my class."

A few days later his love of pugilism and frequent battles led to his expulsion. He came home that day and surprised his good mother with the remark, "Well, mother, thank the Lord I have been turned out."—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

Cheerful Idiot.

"We hardly ever see any congress gaiters now," said the elderly boarder.

"That's a fact," said the Cheerful Idiot, "though I can remember when they might have been seen on every hand."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A Trying Moment.



Slugem (from the West)—Say, young feller, if yer don't keep your end of dat contract, yer'll hear something drop!

And Then He Fainted.

At a dinner party not long ago a certain young gentleman, an enthusiastic golfer, started off with the white-hat to enumerate to his partner the details of a match that he had been playing that day. It was not until the fessert was brought on that he suddenly bethought himself that he had been doing all the talking; indeed, the young lady had not said a single word during the progress of the meal. It was possible that she was not interested in the subject—incredible, but still possible.

"I am afraid I have been boring you with this talk of the shop," he said, in half apology. "Oh, no; not at all," was the pretty maiden's polite response. "Only, what is golf?"—*Tit-Bits*.

He Had Reason to Run.

The man came out of an office building on the run and started down the street. "Here! Here!" cried the policeman on the corner. "What's your hurry?" "There's a man back there trying to sell me a book on twenty-eight weekly instalments of \$2.33 each!" cried the victim. The policeman instantly released his hold.

"Run!" he cried. "Run like a white-head! Maybe you can get away from him yet!"—*Chicago Post*.

Animal Bangles.

The newest bracelet is exceedingly Oriental in design. It is a heavy gold ring, which slips on and off over the hand and is studded with three gems, a jade stone, amethyst and coral. Another novelty in the bracelet line is also a heavy gold hoop, from which is suspended no less than half a dozen bangles in animal designs. Pigs, goats, dogs and horses appear to be the favorites. These animal bangles are also much used as watch charms.—*Kansas City Star*.

Worth It All.

"Yes; we pay that girl \$5 a week, but she's worth every cent of it," said the experienced housekeeper. "Six dollars," said the novice. "Why you can get as good as you want for \$4 or \$4.50." "Oh, I don't know," returned the experienced housekeeper. "I think this one saves me more than the excess. She's been flirting with the plumber all winter, and now she's just beginning to smile on the iceman."—*Boston Journal*.

The Purport.

"This court martial hasn't anything to do with canned beef, has it?" asked the Spanish admiral. "No," answered the officer; "we merely want to see about the manner in which our battleships were put in brine."—*Washington Star*.

The Proud Father.

"My boy says his ambition is to grow up to be a man just like his father." "I wouldn't let that worry me. When I was your boy's age I had a burning desire to be a pirate."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

How It Began.

"I hear that Dr. Frytalk has had a row with his wife." "Yes. Deacon Brown's wife put a button in the collection that matched those on Dr. Frytalk's coat."—*St. Louis Star*.

Passed Many Bills.

The Grubbs Industrial school bill came up in the senate Thursday, and Davidson moved to recommit it to the committee on education. Lost—yeas 10, nays 12.

Miller moved the previous question, upon which motion Grinnan secured a call of the senate and Miller's motion to excuse absentees was lost.

Galveston charter bill passed. At the afternoon session Yanits introduced a bill to change the penalties in the present anti-trust law to conform the same to the penalties in the new law.

Lewis called up his bill, with house amendments, providing for the investment of permanent school fund in bonds of cities.

Lewis secured the adoption of an amendment to the house amendment providing this act shall in no wise affect or repeal the former bill passed by this legislature on this subject.

The senate concurred in house amendments. The chair appointed Dibrell, Patterson, James, Turney and Atlee as free conference committees on the appropriation bill.

On motion of Goss the free conference committee report was adopted on bill allowing certificates of deposits to be accepted as cash by county commissioners in counting the money in county treasuries.

On motion of Grinnan the senate refused to concur in house amendment, and asked for a free conference committee on this bill making all mortgages, deeds of trust, contracts and other liens on land subject to taxation.

Grinnan, Davidson, Patterson, Terrell and Yett were appointed as such committee.

Senate adjourned with Grubb's bill pending.

Bill to authorize the several counties to invest the permanent school fund belonging to such counties in their own bonds and to use the proceeds thereof for general county purposes, and to make the county liable for such investment passed house.

On motion of Mr. Greenwood the senate bill to validate acknowledgments to all instruments constituting links in the chain of title or affecting the title to any lands in the state, and to quiet title of the same, was taken up and out of its regular order.

An amendment by Mr. Dies to strike out the enacting clause prevailed—yeas 76, nays 22—and thus the bill was killed.

The house took up and passed the bill for the promotion of medical science by the distribution and use of unclaimed bodies for scientific purposes and to prevent unauthorized uses and traffic in human bodies and to legalize dissections by authorized persons.

House non-concurred in senate amendments to general appropriation bill.

The speaker appointed Messrs. Henderson of Lamar, Stewart, Shropshire, Collins and Willacy on the free conference committee on the general appropriation bill.

Texas Press.

Dallas, Tex., May 19.—The twentieth annual convention of the Texas Press association was called to order in the city hall auditorium at 10 o'clock yesterday morning by President Rankin. Mayor Traylor delivered the address of welcome, to which President Rankin responded.

Rev. George C. Rankin, editor of the *Texas Christian Advocate*, invoked the divine blessing.

The membership fee was reduced to \$5.

President Rankin's annual address, full of information and otherwise interesting, was then read.

Editor M. J. Cox of the *Forney Messenger* read the annual poem, which was loudly applauded.

Mr. E. W. Harris of the *Greenville Herald* read an interesting essay.

The oration by Rev. George C. Rankin was a masterpiece of rhetoric, and was liberally applauded, particularly that portion referring to the libel law.

A telegram of sympathy was sent First Vice President W. H. Mayes of the *Brownwood Bulletin* over the death of his wife.

Invitations to visit various institutions were read and accepted, and the Consolidated Street Railway company tendered the association 2000 tickets over its lines.

At night a grand reception and musicale was held at the Oriental hotel.

Killed Two.

Columbus, Tex., May 19.—Dick Reese of Orange and Dick Gant, colored, of Alleyton, were killed here by officers while resisting arrest.

Pharmacists.

Waco, Tex., May 19.—The pharmacists elected the following officers: President, J. L. Hazlett, Hearne; first vice president, J. J. Schott, Galveston; second vice president, J. J. Thomas, Taylor; third vice president, G. M. Foreman, Bowie; secretary-treasurer, R. H. Walker, Gonzales; trustee, P. H. Dean, Waco. Next convention meets at Dallas.

The Case of Rev. S. A. Harden vs. J. B. Cranfill is on trial at Dallas.