PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—

The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER VI.

The next day Philip told Amine that he was bound on a mission which would take him to the Indian sea, and that while he was gone she and her father should dwell in his house and take care of his money. These matters being arranged, Philip left Terneuse.

In two days he arrived at Amsterdam, and having made the necessary inquiries, found that there was no chance of vessels sailing for the East Indies for some months. The Dutch East India Company had long been formed, and all private trading was at an end. The company's vessels left only at what was supposed to be the most favorable season for rounding the cape of Storms, as the cape of Good Hope was designated by the early adventurers. One of the ships which were to sail with the next fleet was the "Ter Schilling," a three-masted vessel, now laid up and unrigged.

Philip found out the captain, and stated his wishes to sail with him, to learn his profession as a seaman. The captain was pleased with his appearance, and as Philip not only agreed to receive no wages during the voyage, but to pay a premium as an apprentice learning his duty, he was promised a berth on board as the second mate, to mess in the cabin; and he was told that he should be informed whenever the ship was to sail. Philip having now done all that he could in obedience to his vow, determined to return to the cottage; and once more he was in the company of Amine.

We must now pass over two months, during which Mynheer Poots continued to labor at his vocation, and was seldom within doors, and our two young friends were left for hours together. Philip's love for Amine was fully equal to hers for him. It was more than love—it was a devotion on both sides, each day increasing. Two months had thus passed away, when Father Seysen, the local priest, who often called, and had paid much attention to Amine's religious instruction, one day came in as Amine was encircled in Philip's arms.

"My children," said he, "I have watched you for some time; this is not well. Philip, if you intend marriage, as I presume you do, still it is dangerous. I must join your hands."

Philip started up.

"Surely I am not deceived in thee, my son," continued the priest, in a severe tone.

"No, no, good father; but I pray you leave me now; tomorrow you may come, and all will be decided. But I must talk with Amine."

The priest quitted the room, and Amine and Philip were again alone. The color in Amine's cheek varied and her heart beat, for she felt how much her happiness was at stake.

"The priest is right, Amine," said Philip, sitting down by her. "This cannot last; would that I could ever stay with you; how hard a fate is mine! You know I love the very ground you tread upon, yet I dare not ask thee to wed misery."

"To wed with thee would not be wedding misery, Philip," replied Amine, with downcast eyes.

"'Twere not kindness on my part, Amine, I should indeed be selfish."

"I will speak plainly, Philip," replied Amine. "You say you love me—I know not how men love—but this I know, how I can love. I feel that to leave me now were indeed unkind and selfish on your part; for, Philip, I—I should die. You say that you must go away—that fate demands it—and your fatal secret. Be it so; but cannot I go with you?"

"Yes, death; for what is death but a release! I fear not death, Philip; I fear but losing thee. Nay, more, is not your life in the hands of him who made all? Then why so sure to die? You have hinted to me that you are chosen—selected for a task; if chosen, there is less chance of death; for until the end be fulfilled, if chosen, you must live. I would I knew your secret, Philip; a woman's wit might serve you well; and if it did not serve you, is there no comfort, no pleasure in sharing sorrow as well as joy with one you say you dote upon?"

"Amine, dearest! Amine, it is my love, my ardent love alone, which makes me pause; for, oh, Amine, what pleasure should I feel if we were this hour united? I hardly know what to say, or what to do. I could not withhold my secret from you if you were my wife, nor will I wed you till you know it. Well, Amine, I will cast my all upon the die. You shall know this secret, learn what a doomed wretch I am, though from no fault of mine, and then you yourself shall decide. But remember my oath is registered in heaven, and I must not be dissuaded from it; keep that in mind, and hear my tale—then if you choose to wed with one whose prospects are so bitter, be it so—a short-lived happiness will then be mine, but for you, Amine—"

"At once the secret, Philip," cried Amine, impatiently.

Philip then entered into the detail of what our readers are acquainted with. Amine listened in silence; not a change of feature was to be observed in her countenance during the narrative. Philip wound up with stating the oath which he had taken. "I have done," said Philip, mournfully.

"'Tis a strange story, Philip," replied Amine; "and now hear me—but give me first that relic—I wish to look upon it. And can there be such virtue—I had nigh said, such mischief—in this little thing? Strange; forgive me, Philip—but I've still my doubts upon this tale of Ebila. I do not say that it cannot be true; but still, one so unsettled as I am may be allowed to waver. But, Philip, I'll assume that all is true. Then, if it be true without the oath you would but be doing your duty; and think not so meanly of Amine as to suppose she would restrain you from that is right. No, Philip, seek your father, and, if you can, and he requires your aid, then save him. But, Philip, do you imagine that a task like this, so high, is to be accomplished at one trial? Oh! no; if you have been so chosen to fulfill it, you will be preserved through difficulty and danger until you have worked out your end. You will be preserved, and you will again and again return—be comforted—consoled—be cherished—and be loved by Amine as your wife. And when it pleases him to call you from this world, your memory, if she survive you, Philip, will equally be cherished in her bosom. Philip, you have given me to decide—dearest Philip, I am thine."

Amine extended her arms, and Philip pressed her to his bosom. That evening Philip demanded his daughter of her father, and Mynheer Poots, as soon as Philip opened the iron safe and displayed the guilders, gave his immediate consent.

Father Seysen called the next day, and received his answer; and three days afterward the bells of the little church of Terneuse were ringing a merry peal for the union of Amine Poots and Philip Vanderdecken.

CHAPTER VII.

It was not until late in the autumn that Philip was roused from his dream of love (for what, alas! is every enjoyment of this life but a dream?) by a summons from the captain of the vessel with whom he had engaged to sail.

One morning in the month of October there was a tapping with the knuckles at the cottage door. As this precaution implied a stranger, Amine obeyed the summons.

"I would speak with Master Philip Vanderdecken," said the stranger, in a half whispering sort of voice.

The party who thus addressed Amine was a little meager personage, dressed in the garb of the Dutch seamen of the time, with a cap made of badger-skin hanging over his brow. His features were sharp and diminutive, his face of a deadly white, his lips pale, and his hair of a mixture between red and white. He had very little show of beard—indeed, it was almost difficult to say what his age might be. He might have been a sickly youth early sinking into decreptitude, or an old man, hale in constitution, yet carrying no flesh. But the most important feature, and that which immediately riveted the attention of Amine, was the eye of this peculiar personage—for he had but one; the right eyelid was closed, and the ball within had evidently wasted away; but his left eye was, for the size of his face and head, of unusual dimensions, very protuberant, clear and watery, and the most unpleasant to look upon, being relieved by no fringe of eyelash either above or below it.

Philip was greatly surprised at the appearance of the stranger, who, as soon as he entered the room, without saying a word, sat down on the sofa by Philip in the place which Amine had just left.

"Philip Vanderdecken—he! he!—Philip Vanderdecken, you don't know me?" he began.

"I do not," replied Philip in a half-angry tone.

The voice of the little man was most peculiar—it was a sort of subdued scream, the notes of which sounded in your ear long after he had ceased to speak.

"I am Schriften, one of the pilots of the Ter Schilling," continued the man, "and I'm come—he! he!"—and he looked hard at Amine—"to take you away from love"—and looking at the buffets—"he! he! from comfort, and from this also," cried he, stamping his foot on the floor as he rose from the sofa—"from terra firma—he! he!—to a watery grave perhaps. Pleasant!" continued Schriften, with a giggle; and with a countenance full of meaning he fixed his one eye on Philip's face.

Philip's first impulse was to put his new visitor out of the door; but Amine, who read his thoughts, folded her arms as she stood before the little man, and eyed him with contempt, as she observed:

"We all must meet our fate, good fellow; and, whether by land or sea, death will have his due. If death stare him in the face, the cheek of Philip Vanderdecken will never turn as white as yours is now."

"Indeed!" replied Schriften, evidently annoyed at this cool determination on the part of one so young and beautiful; and then fixing his eye upon the silver shrine of the Virgin on the mantel-piece: "You are a Catholic, I perceive—ha!"

"I am a Catholic," replied Philip; "but does that concern you? When does the vessel sail?"

"In a week—he! he! only a week for preparation—only seven days to leave all—short notice!"

"More than sufficient," replied Philip, rising up from the sofa. "You may tell your captain that I shall not fail. Come, Amine, we must lose no time."

"No, indeed," replied Amine, "and our first duty is hospitality. Mynheer, may we offer you refreshment after your walk?"

"This day week," said Schriften, addressing Philip, and without making a reply to Amine. Philip nodded his head, the little man turned on his heel and left the room, and in short time was out of sight.

In the week that followed Philip completed all his arrangements for leaving; then came the sad parting from Amine.

As soon as Philip was clear of his own threshold he hastened away as though he were attempting to escape from his own painful thoughts. In two days he arrived at Amsterdam, where his first object was to procure a small, but strong, steel chain to replace the ribbon by which the relic had hitherto been secured around his neck. Having done this, he hastened to embark with his effects on board of the Ter Schilling. Philip had not forgotten to bring with him the money which he had agreed to pay the captain, in consideration of being received on board as an apprentice rather than a sailor. He had also furnished himself with a further sum for his own exigencies. It was late in the evening when he arrived on board of the Ter Schilling, which lay at single anchor surrounded by the other vessels composing the Indian fleet. The captain, whose name was Kloots, received him with kindness, showed him his berth, and then went below in the hold to decide a question relative to the cargo, leaving Philip on deck to his own reflections.

"Had you not better go below?" said a mild, voice, which made Philip start from his reverie.

It was that of the first mate, whose name was Hillebrant, a short, well-set man of about 30 years of age. His hair was flaxen, and fell in long flakes upon his shoulders, his complexion fair, and his eyes of a soft blue; although there was little of the sailor in his appearance, few knew or did their duty better.

"I thank you," replied Philip; "I had indeed forgotten myself, and where I was; my thoughts were far away. Good-night, and many thanks.

The crew of the Ter Schilling was composed of the captain, two mates, two pilots and forty-five men. The supercargo had not yet come on board. The cabin (under the poop) was appropriated to the supercargo; but the main-deck cabin to the captain and mates, who composed the whole of the cabin mess.

When Philip awoke the next morning, he found that the topsails were hoisted, and the anchor short-stay apeak. Some of the other vessels of the fleet were under way and standing out. The weather was fine and the water smooth, and the bustle and novelty of the scene were cheering to his spirits. The captain, Mynheer Kloots, was standing on the poop, with a small telescope made of pasteboard, to his eye, anxiously looking toward the town. Mynheer Kloots, as usual, had his pipe in his mouth, and the smoke which he puffed from it for a time obscured the lenses of his telescope. Philip went up the poop ladder and saluted him.

(To be continued.)

PHILOSOPHICAL FRENCHMEN.

Give the Impression of Being the Happiest People in the World.

The more nations I make the acquaintance of, the more deeply confirmed I get in this conviction, that the Frenchman, with all his faults and shortcomings, is the happiest man in the world, says the North American Review. Of course, the wealthy classes have everywhere found the way of enjoying life, more or less; but to the observer of national characteristics these classes are uninteresting. Good society is good society everywhere. For a study, give me the masses of the people. And it is among the masses in France that, after all, I find the greatest amount of happiness. The Frenchman is a cheerful philosopher. He knows best of all how to live and enjoy life. Moderate in all his habits, he partakes of all the good things that nature has placed at his disposal, without ever making a fool of himself. He understands temperance in the true acceptation of the word, which means, not total abstinence, but moderation. When you say that a country has a temperate climate you do not mean that it has no climate at all; you mean that it has a climate that is neither too hot nor too cold. We have no teetotalers, because we practically have no drunkards. A Frenchman would be as astonished to find that the law prevented him from enjoying a glass of wine, because a few imbeciles use wine to get drunk with, as he would to find that the law forbade him to use knives in his quiet and peaceful home, because there are a few lunatics who use knives to commit suicide with or kill their fellow creatures.

She Comprehended.

"The Filipinos are rising," he read aloud from the newspaper. "Yes, Charley, dear," young Mrs. Torkins answered. "I can understand that perfectly. As soon as they heard General Lawton was coming they all probably climbed palm trees."—Washington Star.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

A Letter from a Cat—Saw Herself in the Mirror—A Queer Indian Legend—Running from Death, a Strange Story from One of Our Seaport Towns.

Letter from a Cat.

Dear Editor; I hereby take
My pen in paw to say,
Can you explain a curious thing
I found the other day?
There is another little cat
Who sits behind a frame,
And looks so very much like me
You'd think we were the same.
I try to make her play with me,
Yet when I mew and call,
Though I see her mew in answer,
She makes no sound at all.
And to the dullest kitten
It's plain enough to see
That either I am mocking her,
Or she is mocking me.
It makes no difference what I play,
She seems to know the game;
For every time I look around
I see her do the same.
And yet no matter though I creep
On tiptoe lest she hear,
Or quickly dash behind the frame,
She's sure to disappear!

—St. Nicholas.

An Indian Legend.

A curious legend, which we are told that the Indians believe and relate to this day, is about a huge natural spire of weather beaten sandstone, which rises sheer and stark eight hundred feet from base to top. This natural obelisk is in Arizona, in Dead Man's Canyon, and is called "The Spider's Tower."

It happened, many centuries ago, that one of the peaceful cave dwellers was surprised and pursued by a hostile tribe, and driven into this canyon. On and on he fled, vainly seeking a hiding place in which to take refuge.

The enemy was steadily gaining upon him, and his strength was nearly exhausted, when, coming near to this huge pillar of stone, he descried a silken cord hanging from the top of it.

With trembling haste he fastened one end of the rope to his belt, that his enemies could not reach it, and taking fast hold of it as high as he could reach, he began to climb, hand over hand, resting his feet in the jagged rock.

Nearer and nearer the hostile band came, but when he had gained the summit of the rock, their arrows could not reach him, for the protruding edges protected him. Many days they waited for him at the base, but he fed upon dew and eagles' eggs and defied their siege.

And when at last they departed, and he returned to earth by means of the silken cord, he had learned that a spider, seeing his distress, had spun this cord of extra strength, and fastening one end to the rock, had dropped the other that he might be saved.

For, like all the brute creation, the spider loved the quiet cave-dweller better than the unmerciful hunters; and it was in gratitude to his preserver that the Indian told his story to his tribe; and you, to this day, may visit the spot and see the "Spider's Tower."

Sly Mr. Coon.

Mr. Goodrich, of Potter County, Pa., missed a great many of his chickens, and one night not long ago he hid near his henhouse to catch the thief. He had not waited long when he saw a four-footed coon come stealing along the fence and squeeze in at a small hole near one corner, which he had not noticed before. As soon as the coon was safe inside Mr. Goodrich clapped a big stone over the hole and went inside to capture the coon, and closed the door after him. Through a window in the henhouse the moonlight came in so that he could see plainly all over the floor, but he could not find the coon any place, and had almost made up his mind that it had found some other way out when he chanced to look up at the roosts, where the chickens were sleeping, and saw two great eyes staring at him out of the dimmest corner. The coon had slipped up on the roost among the chickens, thinking that perhaps Mr. Goodrich would not see him. At first he had his back turned, but he was curious and had to see what was going on. And that is why he got caught.

Running from Death.

In one of our seaport towns lives a mother who determined that, whatever happened, her son should never be drowned. Her father was a sailor, and was drowned at sea. She lost her husband and her brother in the same way. The horror of the great deep was upon her. Only those that have lived by the sea know what this terror is. To guard her only son from a watery death became a real passion with her. The thought qualified all her plans for his future and kept her in ceaseless watch of his movements.

As the boy grew he was not allowed to paddle in boats or to learn to swim, and when he was old enough to earn his own living his mother sent him to an inland town in the neighborhood of Boston.

"When you get started," she said, "I will come and live with you. I don't ever want to see the water again."

It was not long before the young man found work as a teamster. His work was satisfactory to him and to his employers, but one day the horses took fright and ran away. The heavy wagon swerved and upset upon a plank bridge, under which a little stream flowed. The driver was struck, and becoming unconscious was hurled into the brook. The water barely covered him. He was drowned.

There is an ancient Jewish proverb, "Wheresoever a man is destined to die, thither will his feet carry him." A curious corroboration of this saying is related in the Talmud. On one occasion King Solomon, attended by his two scribes, met Azrael, the angel of death. Seeing that the angel's countenance was sad, Solomon inquired the reason, and was told that the king's scribes had been demanded at his hands. On this, Solomon transported his two favorites to the land of Lus, where, according to a current legend, no man ever died. The next morning Solomon beheld Azrael again, but this time the angel was laughing.

"Why do you laugh?" demanded the king, surprised.

"Because," he answered, "O King! You have sent these men to the very place whence I had been ordered to fetch them."

To live one's life naturally and righteously, without faithless worry and fret, is both good sense and good religion. Over-anxiety not unfrequently invites the very disasters that imagination dreads.—Youth's Companion.

This Cat Works.

Near Stockton, Cal., is a cat by the name of Bildad, whose mistress, Miss Angie Eddes, also owns some almond trees. When these nuts are ripe, and start to fall, Bildad begins work. His mistress sets a large basket out in the almond grove and goes back to the house. Then Bildad picks up all the plump brown nuts, and carries them to the basket, never stopping till it is full, when the useful cat goes in and pulls at the apron of its mistress to let her know that it should be emptied, so Bildad can fill it again. Bildad also churns. Mr. Eddes has made a treadle to work the churn, and upon this Bildad stands and churns away. The cat can tell by the sound of the milk when the butter has come, and strikes with his paw on a little bell to let his mistress know that he is through. Besides all this Bildad plays and enjoys a romp as much as any other cat.

Horses That Count.

A Russian doctor has spent a great deal of time finding out how much animals can count, and has found that horses can count more numbers than any other animals. He has found that a parrot can count four, a cat six, crows ten and some few dogs twenty. But he found horses that could count more than this. One would plow across a field 20 times, and would then stop and rest, but it never stopped at 19 or 21. Always just 20. Another horse always counted the miles along the road by the white mile posts that were set up, and stopped every 25 miles, as it had been taught to do, to be fed. Another one was always fed when the town clock struck 12. When the clock struck 11 it would lift up its head and listen, but when the bell had stopped would again droop its ears. But when the clock struck 12 it always neighed loudly for its dinner.

Bear Liked Sugar.

In a Vermont maple sugar camp, owned by a Mr. Forsythe, the owner this spring often missed cakes of the maple sugar which had been set out in the snow to harden. For a long time the men at the camp watched for the thief, but never caught him, until at last one day they found bear tracks leading away from the camp, and followed them until they came to a cave in the hillside. Mr. Bear was not at home, but in one corner of the cave they found their cakes of maple sugar neatly piled up. Mr. Bear had hidden away nearly 200 pounds of the sweet stuff, and when they went to carry it away they met him coming through the woods, walking straight up on his hind feet like a man and carrying more sugar in his arms. When he saw the men he did not wait to be shot, but dropped his sugar and ran away like any other thief.

Wise Squirrels.

In Kansas City there is park which is near a school, and in the trees of this park are many squirrels. All day long they frisk and scamper about, with their bushy tails up over their backs, peering around the limbs of the trees with their little, beady eyes, at the grown-up people without a bit of fear. But as soon as they hear the bell for school to let out they scamper for their nests, and by the time the first boy is out of the door there is not a squirrel to be seen. The wise little animals know that when the bell rings the boys will come out and stone them. More than this, the squirrels have learned never to show themselves on Saturday. This speaks well for the smartness of the squirrels, but it speaks badly for the Kansas City boys.

Long-Lived Prime Ministers

Speaking of Lord Salisbury, who entered on his 70th year February 3, the London News says for a British statesman he can hardly yet be considered an old man. He is younger than Sir William Harcourt by some three years, and he has colleagues in his cabinet who are his seniors. Moreover, measured by the duration of the life of the queen's prime ministers, his career should have still many years to run. The cares of office seem to be favorable to longevity. Peel's career was short by a tragedy, and Melbourne did not live to a great age. Other of her majesty's premiers, however—Lord Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, all exceeded the allotted three-score years and ten. Lord Salisbury is one of the oldest members of parliament, having entered the Commons so far back as 1853 as Conservative member for Stamford.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.

Tiny Mites That Are Worth Their Weight in Gold.

The first duke of Marlborough presented some of his Blenheims to the mikado of Japan of that period, and, curiously enough, the present duke's private secretary, Mr. Holdsworth, informed the writer that he had recently seen some of the descendants of these dogs, which had been brought over lately from Japan. They were strangely altered, for they were dwarfed in size and far more like the Japanese spaniel in all save color. It is possible that the crossing of those Blenheims sent to the mikado with some of the native dogs has produced the Japanese spaniel so fashionable to-day. However this may be, the Japanese spaniel is a dainty little mite, and is "the thing" to-day. His value increases as his weight decreases, provided, of course, that the points which fancy dictates are correct, and good specimens weighing about two pounds will fetch £80 to £100. A dog weighing less than three pounds is a good one, and of this class Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison, who is very fond of her Japs, has several lovely specimens. The head should be broad and well-rounded, the nose as short as possible, eyes large and liquid, the carriage lively, the tail carried closely over the back in a fan-like curl, and the weight as little as possible. Color and markings form a great feature in the value of a Jap. The coat should be thick, soft as silk and long, pearly white, with black splotches. The ears and cheeks must be black, the black coming down to the base of the nose and going under the eyes. The lower part of the cheek and chin must be white, and a blaze of white must extend from the back of the head over the forehead to just above the base of the nose. In Japan this blaze is termed the "V," and in the center of this "V" on the top of the head should be a black spot of about the size of a shilling. In Japan these little atoms are carried in their owner's sleeves, but whether the sleeves have been enlarged to carry the dog or the latter dwarfed to fit the sleeve, tradition does not say. Lady Probyn has an almost perfect specimen of this dainty dog, and the Countess of Warwick, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lenox, Lady De Ramsey, and Lady Burton are also great lovers of this charming little pet.—Cassell's Magazine.

KISSED THE BLARNEY STONE.

Dr. Hughes Diplomatically Keeps His Flock from Backsliding.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath;" addenda, a soft speech removeth hats. When Dr. Matt S. Hughes entered his pulpit in the Independence Avenue Methodist church yesterday morning the audience presented the usual flower garden appearance— due to the many beautiful hats of the female portion. "I want to begin by thanking the ladies," began the doctor, after prayer, "for the very kind manner in which they observed my request in regard to head covering last Sabbath." At several points in the audience delicate fingers could be seen searching deftly about the borders of lovely picture hats for invisible hatpins. "It is a matter of great satisfaction," continued the pastor, "to one in my position to find such kind consideration for one another manifest among the members of his congregation," here and there a posey or a plume was seen to nod, indicating that a disturbance was going on near its foundation. "It is by these little sacrifices"—again from the pulpit—"the sweetness of human nature is brought out, and all are made to feel the true neighborly spirit with which we are endowed. Every woman is made lovable by her own thoughts for the pleasure of others"—all over the house there was a quiver among the colors, delicate and bright, as when the first puffs of a rising breeze reach the meadow grass, and the next instant each sprig of artificial flowers and bow of lace and ribbon seemed to grow momentarily taller and then move forward and sink out of sight, and a flourish of soft hands followed, smoothing the stray threads of gold and auburn and brown that followed as though loth to part with the "dreams" in millinery that had pressed them. The women of Dr. Hughes' congregation again sat uncovered before him.—Kansas City Journal.

A Nice Thing of Napoleon.

On the day of Waterloo it was late before Napoleon left his quarters. About noon he came down from his quarters to take a horse. The equerry having gone off to snatch a hasty meal, the duty of helping the emperor on horseback fell to a youth named Gudin. The lad had had no experience in this line, and gave the little Corsican such a vigorous hoist that he nearly rolled off on the other side. Napoleon called him a little fool and rode away in a fury, Gudin very "down in the mouth," following him some way behind. By-and-bye the youth saw the staff officers open to right and left, and Napoleon came riding back. Laying his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder he said, "My child, when you help a man of my size to mount, do so gently." Fifty-seven years afterwards, as Gudin, now grown a gray general, related the incident, his eyes filled with tears at the memory of Napoleon's thinking at such a moment of the wounded feelings of the young man.

Even at Last.

"Seems to me I've seen your face before," said the judge, peering through his spectacles. "Yes, yer honor, you have," replied the prisoner. "I am the professor who gives the young lady next door to you lessons on the piano." "Six years!" came from the judge quickly.—Tid-Bits.