

**A BARGAINING PHYLLIS.**

"Pretty Phyllis," said I, "truly you have cheated me unduly."  
 "How, I prythee?" said she to me. "I have only what is due me."  
 "You have more," said I, beguiling Phyllis with my smiling.  
 "I have given you a hundred chances to say 'Yes,' and wondered why you have not said it. Don't you say it now?" She answered, "Don't you think try 'Yes' of greater value? Let me ask you one thing, 'Shall you stop your giving?' If I thought so, then perhaps 'Yes' might be bought so; but it is so sweet to hear you giving me the chance I fear you."  
 "Hold!" cried I. "You do but banter, and I closed the deal instantly."  
 —W. J. Lampton in New York Sun.

**THE DIVER'S DRAMA.**

"It was almost enough to craze a man outright," said the old diver. "Aye, it was a tight fix—that in the Conqueror. She was coming in from the Mediterranean after a three years' cruise with the 'middles,' and went down in a gale in sight of home with every soul on board. I was young then and anxious to be the first sent down into her for the sake of the reputation it would give me, for reputation meant money, and money, you see, was the only reason why Hettie and I were deferring our marriage. "The sea was running high as I was carried down in my heavy armor from the deck of the steamer to the float alongside, where the ropes by which to haul me up again were fastened on. The india rubber tube, through which I was to be supplied with air, was adjusted. "Now, dear boy," said my old friend and instructor, Lott, the famous deep sea diver, who came forward to close the little glass window in my helmet, 'take good care of yourself and don't stay long below. The currents are swift. "I dropped into the waves with a splash, sinking swiftly down through the brilliant sunlit waters, which, though rough and boisterous at their surface, suddenly grew calm as I passed below. I glanced up at the sun, which appeared as a great ball of fire, but growing smaller and smaller as I sank lower, it finally seemed like the tiny red spark of a candle and then faded from sight. "I cleared a bank of thick seaweed and stood at last upon the bright sandy bottom. "Passing around a reef of rocks fancifully honeycombed, I came upon a mass of tangled rigging, and a few steps brought me to the man-of-war half buried where she lay in the sand. "Great caution was necessary lest I should become entangled among the ropes or caught under the shifting timbers, and making my way slowly to the companionway I sent up the signals: "I am about to enter the vessel!"—"I shall be in danger!"—"Play out rope freely, and give me plenty of air." "I made my way to the lower deck and found myself in the forward cabin. I groped about for the doorway, knowing that once in the main saloon the deck lights would enable me to see more distinctly. "Clearing the rubbish and drifted sand from about the doorway, I put my shoulder to the door, shoved it back against the waters and resolutely entered. An awful silence was upon everything—a silence as of death. I was alone, at the bottom of the sea, in the saloon of the Conqueror, and close about me were postured, like grim sentinels set to watch me in my work, the officers and crew of 200! "Yes, there were the ill fated men as they stood when death overtook them on that awful night, when they were sinking. Before they could reach the stairway the mighty water had rushed in upon them and they died where it had met them, at the threshold. "The eddying waters carried them here and there through the cabin, but still so close were they to one another that I had to part them now and then to reach the after cabin, and more than one turned, as I slowly passed along and followed in the wake I made behind me. Their faces were often close against my helmet, and it horrified me to notice that they all were still upon their faces the impress of the terror that had come upon them with death. "A moment passed and I was terrified at receiving no response from a second or third signal! "I pulled the rope again violently—waited—still no reply. "Great heavens! What did it all mean? Had they forgotten me? Were they to leave me there at the bottom of the sea with that awful crew? I no sooner realized my helplessness than an uncontrollable terror took possession of me. Surely they would not desert me! Surely they had not forgotten me! I pulled madly at the cord once more, and glancing up perceived that there was something steadily resisting my efforts from the masthead above. "Was it some monster who was playing with my rope—some great fish that was holding it in his jaws? In my desperation I threw my whole weight on it, and it gave way and fell slowly, silently, on the deck at my feet. The ragged, frayed ends, which had become entangled in the rigging, were in my hands and the upper half of the ropes had floated away with the tide. "I was alone at the bottom of the sea, with no means of signaling my distress! The india rubber tube, which was my only means of breathing, was yet fast to me, but as soon as they should begin to wind in the ropes and tube, on some supposed signal from me, it would snap in two and the waters would come in upon me. "My terror grew wilder. I knew the men were close to me—only 30 yards above me—yet I must die because I could not reach them. I raved like a madman and tried to tear my armor

from me, but its iron rivets held me fast. I snouted pitiously, uselessly. "I fell upon the deck at last, exhausted—in an ominous stupor—a sullen despair—and sank into unconsciousness. When I recovered I was calm—prayer came to my lips. "I closed my eyes quietly and waited for the death I was powerless to defer; waited for it with my head laid on my arms as I used to sleep in the dear old days at home; waited quietly for its coming, praying God that it might come upon me gently. "Was I crazed? Was I mad, or was this a new torture for me in my last moments? I had lain quiet but a moment, when I started up in terror, uttering a cry, a weak, miserable cry, which died on my lips as I sank again on the deck and closed my eyes to a terrible sight before me. "I had left the cabin door open and freed the imprisoned dead men. One of the dead sailors had floated up to the deck, and, by some horrible chance, the tide bore him directly toward me. Was I to die surrounded once more by those ghastly sentinels as a death watch? "He was borne slowly along on the current, his eyes wide open in an awful stare, his arms outstretched as though to embrace me, welcoming me to the unknown world. I fell prostrate on the deck in my terror, but he floated on slowly, the tide casting him up against me, when he fell at my side. "I caught him in my desperation, to fling him from me, but his arms closed tight about me in an iron embrace, and his face was close to mine—the face of old Lott, the diver, who had come down through the waters to save me, and in whose stout arms I was borne up and carried insensible to the boats above. "We saw what was wrong right away," he said to me afterward, "when the ragged ends of your rope floated to the surface. There was only one way of reaching you, old fellow, and I can tell you we flew around quick. We had no 'bell' to go down to you in, so we just fastened some weights to our feet and ropes to my arms. I took a rubber mouthpiece between my teeth and dropped overboard. The water oppressed me fearfully, and I couldn't have stood it more than a few minutes. In that few minutes I found you, caught you in my arms and signaled to them to haul us up pretty quick. It was killing me." "I took his dear hands in mine, and looked into his good, honest eyes. With a swelling heart I told him, in such words as I could, of my gratitude for his heroic efforts when he came down through the waters at the risk of his own life to save mine. "Hettie and I were married a month later."—Chicago Tribune.

**The Dutch in Japan, 1640.**  
 The Dutchmen were confined within the narrow bounds of their island prison—which, as Kaempfer tells us, was by his own measuring 236 paces long by 82 paces broad—and shut in by a high palisading topped with spikes. A more monotonous existence could scarcely be conceived. In the earlier days some half dozen ships would arrive during the year, but from the beginning of the eighteenth century not more than one or two annually—generally about September. They had scarcely anchored when the resident, with his retinue, had to set out on his long and costly journey to Tokyo, to deliver the customary presents to the shogun. The humiliations these poor Dutchmen were compelled to undergo are well described by Kaempfer in his immortal history: "As soon as he (the Resident Van Brutenheim in 1691) came into the emperor's presence the commissioners cried out, 'Oranda Kapitain.' \*\*\* Accordingly, he crawled on his hands and knees to a place between the presents and the emperor. \*\*\* Then, kneeling, he bowed his forehead quite down to the ground, and so crawled backward like a crab, without uttering one single word. So mean and short a thing is the audience we have of this mighty monarch."

In the following year, 1692, the new resident, Van Outhoorn, was subjected to even greater indignity. "We were commanded," writes Kaempfer, "to sit upright, take off our cloaks, stand up, walk, turn about, sing songs, compliment one another, be angry, etc., and to jump, dance, play gambols, etc., and even 'to kiss one another like man and wife, which the ladies of the court showed particularly by their laughter they were well pleased with.'—Athenaeum.

**Something Like Red Tape.**  
 It is stated that an operative star of some note connected with one of the principal Moscow theaters, wishing to make a short excursion into the country, went to get her passport countersigned by the local authorities. The presiding official received her politely, and, having learned her business, inquired for her "written petition." "My written petition!" cried the lady. "I have none. I never knew that anything of the kind was required." "Not required, madam? On the contrary, nothing can be done without it." "What am I to do, then?" "Nothing easier. Be good enough to take this sheet of paper and write according to my dictation." The applicant obeyed, and transcribed word for word a formal petition requesting leave of absence from the city for a stated time, which was then duly signed, folded and sealed. "And now," quoth the man in office, "you have only to deliver it." "To whom, pray?" "To whom?" echoed the official, with a slight smile at the absurdity of the question. "To me, of course." The document was accordingly handed across the table. The great man adjusted his spectacles, broke the seal, gravely read over his own composition from beginning to end, folded it and docketed it with methodical slowness, and then, turning to the impatient artist, said, "To whom, pray?" "Madam, I have read your petition, and regret to tell you that I am unable to grant it."—Moscow Correspondence.

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