

Two Men and a Shark

By H. P. BAILEY.

[Imprisoned in a cave, with a shark keeping guard outside and only waiting for the rising of the tide to enter and seize his victims! Such was the position in which the author and his companion found themselves. What happened afterwards is graphically told in the subjoined narrative.]

I was in San Francisco taking my late employer's advice—a rest. One morning he had failed to meet his habitues—and me. He just left a clean pair of heels and a little note. The note advised me to follow his preceding example, or remain and take a moneyless rest. I acted on the latter; I had to.

After a week's very active "rest" my liabilities were sold to a newly-formed copper syndicate, "The San Francisco and California Copper Company." I was to accompany another gentleman as a surveyor on a copper prospecting expedition in Southern California.

That week one of the Pacific Mail Company's boats—the City of Panama, I think—sailed for Mexico and Peru, and in her we took berth. In a few days we were dropped at Mazatlan, a port on the west coast of Mexico. From there we crossed the Gulf of California to La Paz—an idle-born, listless town, having then but little, if any, excuse other than its existence. Here we procured some over-ripe Mexican "plugs"—a species of quadruped, or, rather, active volcano on four legs—to jolt us into the mountains. I do not intend to inflict upon the reader the results of a scientific expedition which had for its object the examination of the copper-bearing rocks in that region; let it suffice to say that during this metal-chasing trip Dr. Butler, geologist, of Chicago, and myself were the unassuming victims of a very nerve-trying adventure, which befell us on the southwest coast of the Gulf of California.

One sun-bathed morning fifty or sixty miles south of La Paz, Dr. Butler and I found ourselves upon the coast. He was examining and obtaining specimens of basaltic and trachytic rock. I accompanied him, ready to take bearings and measurements of the locality if necessary.

We had just wended our way around the foot of a bluff and rocky headland when we saw before us a "U"-shaped inlet, rock-girt on three sides. About 150 feet across at its widest part, the cove penetrated several hundred feet into the rocky coast. Precipitous were its sides and sullen its outlines, but its deep and sparkling waters looked cool and inviting.

In the blank and shrouded cliff across the inlet we discerned the gaping mouth of a cavern, with its lower lip, to the extent of a few inches, appearing above the water's edge.

"I should like to examine the rock formation of that cavern's interior," said the doctor, presently, half to himself and half to me. Then, after a momentary pause, he added, "But by the dickens are we to get there, Bailey?"

It could be seen at a glance that there was no land approach to the cavern. Neither was there any material around us with which to construct a raft. However, it needed no sixth sense to solve the problem.

T GAMBLING H MANIA

By JACOB A. RIIS.
Author of "How the Other Half Lives."

My work takes me traveling a great deal from October to June. One day, everywhere impressed by very substantial realities. From Philadelphia to Chicago, and farther, the railroads are glutted with freight. The problem of the managers is how to handle the business of the roads; it is not solved yet. Every town is prosperous; every man willing and able to work has his hands full. But when I wanted to be quiet in my car, a party of traveling farmers would crowd into the adjoining seats, intently discussing the crops—not those that grow on their fields, but crops that had not yet been sown, and the rise and fall of them in a market of futures, of chances, of plain gambling; or the profit on stock, on cattle yet unborn, on iron that might or might not be found in a thousand miles away, which they had never seen. In a certain town that has seen one boom and was then in the middle of another I found the "society" women coldly gambling on chances of finding ore in a range recently opened, as other women play bridge whist. It was the oil country in the seventies over again, the scenes I witnessed there, with the reckless haste to make money and the even more reckless haste to get rid of it.

When in the evening I settled down in a chair in the hotel lobby, all about me was the din of the stock market and the wheat-pit. On change the ticker was long silent, but out here its clamor was more urgent than ever it was in the feverish city I thought I had left behind. Crowds of old men and young men and boys stood about the slot machines and fed them nickels. The favorite was the poker machine, which gives you a clear, a lucky hit. I watched one young man, evidently a commercial traveler, feed \$5 in nickels to it at one sitting, in a determined attempt to "beat the game." Beating a slot machine is something like trying to "beat policy." "The house" gets all the money and the player all the experience.

I live in Long Island. More than once in summer the time-tables on my local railroad have been upset by the crowds clamoring for transportation to the race tracks at Brighton Beach and Jamaica. A man need be in them only for the briefest of rides to find out that the one thing that propels them is the betting. They seem to think of nothing else; they certainly talk of little else—the chances of this horse being "pulled in" or that one being "pulled in" by its jockey. The expectation of crookedness is all over it, and is taken as a matter of course. It seems to be part of the game, properly, for the game is gambling undisguised. The horses are nothing. Perhaps there was a time when the exterior aspect of it, the breeding of the horses, justified the description of horse racing as a gentleman's sport. I think there must have been, but I am sure the pretense is all there is left of it as far as New York racegoers are concerned, and the purpose it serves is not good.

Gentlemen's sport! Read this in to-day's evening paper that comes in as I write with an account of the swamping of an old trusted bank by directors who "plunged"—in the stock market I suppose. This other thing went on the while at the race track:

What a taint of savagery is in the average modern crowd to be sure! It cropped out after the first race yesterday in which the Boston Stable's three-year-old gelding, Harry, broke down so badly that he had to be shot. Harry had been heavily backed and was just making his run in the race, close up with Tristesse and Osgood, when suddenly he faltered, threw up his head and fell back rapidly to the rear.

"Harry is cut down!" arose the cry of the experienced grandstand crowd.

"I wish he'd break his neck!" growled a burly fellow just back of the press stand who had bet on the horse.

"I'm not kicking!" shouted another man, gleefully, as Osgood romped home, followed by our Nugget. "If he hadn't broken down he'd have beaten our Nugget sure, and I bet on our Nugget for place."

By this time McCafferty had dismounted and Harry was hobbling about pitifully on his two broken fetlocks. His trainer led him away to the paddock and a few moments later the gelding was shot to end his sufferings.

"I can't lose any more money on that dog anyway!" growled the burly fellow.

WHY ANIMALS BECOME EXTINCT

Scientists Study the Origin and the Progress of Every Species.

Scientists have for many years been considering the origin of species and the extinction of some varieties of animal life. The catastrophic idea was the one formerly held, and until recently Professor Osborne, of Columbia University, New York, discussed the whole subject matter in an excellent article in the American Naturalist.

The subject is of considerable interest to us in Louisiana because of the probable existence here of the spores or germs of that dread animal disease, anthrax or charbon. Its absolute disappearance at some times for many years and its sudden reappearance without any apparent or adequate cause would indicate influences at work with which we at present are unfamiliar, and the references made by Professor Osborne to poisonous vegetation would seem to have some bearing upon the case. In discussing it Professor Osborne says:

Lyell enumerates causes of extinction as follows: (1) competition as affected chiefly by the introduction and extension of new forms; (2) agency of insects, that is, caterpillars, ants, locusts, in favoring or checking increase of plants and thus affecting the food supply of animals; (3) intimate reciprocal relations of animals and plants in the delicate balance of food supply; (4) disturbance of the equilibrium or balance of nature by the introduction of new insects, plants, vertebrate animals; (5) changes in physical geography affecting zoological and botanical provinces by new land or water connections, facilitating introduction of new competing forms; (6) causes especially potent in island life.

Darwin also dismissed all ideas of catastrophes, and attributed extinction to a combination of world-wide conditions of life favorable to the larger quadrupeds. Causes quite inappreciable by us, he thought, might determine the extinction of a species—some slight variation in climate, food or the number of enemies. In the article from which we quote, the writer confines himself to what he calls "external causes" of extinction, which include changes in physical environment—such as the alteration of land masses and their connections, and changes of climate; and changes in the living environment, such as deforestation, alteration in food supply, the development of noxious plants or insects, etc. Any such changes as these might be sufficient to kill off a whole species in the course of centuries without recourse to any kind of "cataclysm."

Many Uses For the Bison. Preserving the bison on sentimental ground is sufficient reason for the more intelligent of our people, but the sentimental ground is not at all sufficient to the average American mind. And it is, therefore, with wisdom that Mr. Baynes has sought to extend the appeal which the bison has for many different kinds of people. For example, last summer he took up the question of buffalo wool. A small quantity was obtained just as it was shed by the animals, was carded at a factory and later spun and knitted into gloves which proved very warm and, so far as could be judged from a few months' wear, durable as well. Samples of this wool and yarn have been submitted to manufacturers, who all agree that the wool is of a very good quality, that for a while it would demand a high price on the novelty and later a very good price for general utility purposes where light colors are not required. Other men Mr. Baynes has found who are interested in the bison as a beef animal, and still others who are inclined to give ear to the voice of the society because they believe that by crossing the bison with certain breeds of domestic cattle, a valuable new breed may in time be evolved. Indeed some rather conservative scientific men have expressed the opinion that bison farms would prove profitable in any of the States included in the animal's former range.—From Caspar Whitney's "View-Point," in The Outlook Magazine.

The Dog Was Tired. A little incident related by the late General Shafter in an article on the capture of Santiago illustrates the spirit of the American soldiers who entered Cuba, and at the same time contains a bit of humor that was none the less enjoyable because it was unconscious.

The men had been in battle all day, and weary as they were, had then walked eleven rough, muddy miles in the dark, a remarkable and arduous performance, which served to show their sterling military qualities.

A correspondent noticed a corporal of the Twenty-fifth Colored Regiment carrying a pet dog in his arms. Surprised that an overworked soldier should voluntarily burden himself, he said:

"Corporal, didn't you march all night before last?"

"Yes, sah."

"Didn't you fight all day yesterday?"

"Deed I did, sah."

NOTHING DOING.

The dawn of a day was breaking fast As through the street a merchant passed. He turned up his well-dressed store. He stood, expectant, at the door— "Nothing Doing!"

He went within and told his clerk To sled his coat and get to work. To decorate the windows gay For passers-by who glanced that way— "Nothing Doing!"

He stood outside and smiled serene On those who passed the lonely scene; He laughed at them with cheery eye, And begged them step inside to buy— "Nothing Doing!"

At noon he lured a crowd inside To see the goods that he had piled; He showed them all without appeal, He did not make a single sale— "Nothing Doing!"

Throughout the afternoon he sat And wondered just where he was at; The people passed—repassed his door— But would not venture in the store— "Nothing Doing!"

He stayed until the shades of night Were falling on his business bright; Untroubled each counter, box and shelf; He softly muttered to himself— "Nothing Doing!"

He told a friend of his surprise, "You chump! why don't you advertise?" The friend replied, "Do that and see That there will very quickly be— "Nothing Doing!"

That very night he placed an ad, Although the cost it made him sad. He went to bed and dreamed a dream— It was a money-making scheme— "Nothing Doing!"

Next morning he was up betimes, For a with him was worst of crimes. With trembling haste he sought his store— A dozen people round the door— "Nothing Doing!"

He let them in, himself and clerk And wondered just where he was at; From then till noon, from noon till late, The merchant was indeed elated— "Nothing Doing!"

The ad, continued; so did trade. The merchant saw his greatest aid. He realized—and he was glad— The consequence of every ad— "Nothing Doing!"

—J. S. G., in Fame.

Keep your temper; nobody else wants it.—Judge.

Self-made men always think well of their creator.—Life.

Elsie—"What did he do when you told him he must not see you any more?" Ada—"He turned down the light."—Ally Sloper.

I sing you a very strange song (And the fact it is just as I cite)— Some people will sit at no wrong. Just to make other people do right!—Life.

She—"That Mr. Scarey is the most chicken-hearted fellow I ever met." He—"Possibly he was an incubator baby."—Boston Record.

"Do you believe that the good die young?" "I guess they do, if all my wife tells me about her first husband is true."—Houston Post.

"Why did you have the sun-dial moved, Amy?" "I wanted it where the moonlight would shine on it, so we could tell the time of night."—Life.

Her poor sister did not discern That her gowns cost much more than he'd of earn. Said she, "How could you dress me?" He blushed and said, "Bless me! That's something I think I could learn."—Life.

Sam—"Ah thought you done said dat horse couldn't lose." Pete—"So Ah did; but dat horse done develop moh versatility dan Ah him credit foh."—Puck.

Lady—"You said this parrot had the gift of speech. He does nothing but holler and shriek and say nothing." Dealer—"I meant de gift up 'political speech,' lady."—Judge.

A man boasted of having fought all through the Civil War, from the first battle to the last. "I suppose you were at Bull Run?" queried a sneering listener. "I was." "And I suppose you ran away, didn't you?" "I did. Them that didn't are there yet."—Minneapolis Journal.

Beauty Hints. To reduce your flesh, increase your troubles. To develop a bust, get on the wrong side of the market. To remove freckles, pry them gently out with a nut-pick. Should this fail, try blasting. Brilliance may be imparted to the complexion by powdering with diamond-dust. Hair on the lips may sometimes be avoided by requiring the young man to shave before calling. Nails which do not yield readily to the manicle may be driven in with a hammer. For developing the grace and beauty of the fingers nothing is equal to piano exercises, provided police protection be available. When "crow" feet will not yield to massage, fill them suddenly with cement and smooth quickly with a trowel. Falling hair may be avoided by stepping nimbly aside whenever you see it coming your way. The "drooping lash," so much affected by some, may be encouraged by sitting up late at nights.—Thomas Speed Mooby, in The Bohemian.

Analogs. A teacher had a very dull pupil whom he found extremely difficult to instruct in the letters of the alphabet. "This is letter A," explained the teacher for the tenth time, as he wrote it down on the blackboard. "And this letter B," he went on, putting down the second letter of the alphabet. "Now, my boy," he began, kindly and encouragingly, as he turned to the stupid boy; "let me see if you can remember them?" "What is this?" pointing to the initial letter of the alphabet. "Letter A," came the slow response from the dense scholar. "And this?" questioned the teacher, indicating letter B. "Let 'er alone," returned the pupil instantly, his stupid face lighting up with pleasure at his own quick reply.—From the Bohemian.

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