

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 liabilities—and me. He just left a clean pair of heels and a little note. The note advised me to follow his succeeding 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 corporation—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 Mazatlán, 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 to offer for 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 unspiring 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 shrubless 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 how 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.

"I guess there is only one way, doctor," said I, "and that is to swim!"

Both of us were fairly good swimmers and cared little for the watery stretch that separated us from our object; indeed, the project incited within us great and pleasant expectations. In the overweening fit of enthusiasm that inspired us we considered danger of every sort out of the question. Accordingly, we stripped, dived, and struck out with all the vigor commensurate with our high spirits.

Up the other side we crawled, and together prepared to enter the dark unknown. With my eyes attuned to business I noticed that the cavern was about thirty feet long and shaped like a trumpet. Inside it was about fifteen feet wide by six or seven feet high. Once we were well inside, the damp, salt-laden air, together with the half-lit shadowy rocks, had a depressing effect upon my spirits. Next to a tomb, I decided, it was the most uncomfortable place in which I had ever been.

However, in this ocean cubicle Dr. Butler pursued his investigations, for it promised something tangible to our business hopes. Meanwhile, accoutred in the unobtrusive costume of Adam, I squatted on the floor and watched him. He flitted from one point to another with business-like zeal. Presently he commenced to trace towards the entrance a side fissure in the rock. So intent was his mind on his task, and so glued were his eyes to the fissure, that he took little heed as to where and how he placed his feet, with the unfortunate result that, moving quickly forward he stepped heavily upon a sharp conical point and lacerated one of his bare feet severely. Some of the rocky scale penetrated the wound, and to wash this extraneous matter from the cuts he limped to the cavern's mouth and bathed his bleeding foot in the water, in which task I assisted him.

The wound bled profusely; there was no stopping it for some time. Eventually, however, Butler got up,

re-entered the cavern, and resumed his investigations.

Not wishing to return into the cold and gloomy interior of the cave, I remained at the entrance, basking in the warm sunshine.

Except for a few sea birds that whirled in giddy flight far above me in the clear blue heavens, not a living thing gave signs of its existence. The transparent waters of the mighty Pacific, with the sun's rays dancing on the tiny waves, lapped melodiously at my feet. Farther seaward, and as far as the eye could reach, the solemn, stupendous grandeur of the ocean lulled one's senses into a benign forgetfulness. One felt one's helplessness, one's utter insignificance.

But hark! What was that strange swishing sound that broke the silence? It was quite close to me—beside me. Horrors! I sprang to my feet with a sharp exclamation, for there, not a dozen feet away, was a tall, triangular fin—the dorsal fin of a huge shark!

A cry from me brought Dr. Butler quickly to my side. "Great heavens!" cried he, visibly affected, as he gazed upon the hideous creature. "What a bloodthirsty brute he looks! The blood from my foot must have attracted him from the open."

A moment more and a terrible thought flashed simultaneously through our brains. This horror-creating denizen of the deep was our jailer! So long as he remained there our only avenue of escape was closed. The doctor turned and looked at me in silence, and in silence I returned his scrutiny. Each knew only too well that for us there was no way of gaining the opposite shore and liberty except by swimming across the inlet. We knew, moreover, that if we assayed the passage one of us must be taken by the monster to pay the price of the other's liberty.

But, the reader may ask, why not, in preference to such a horrible death, stay indefinitely in the cavern, even to the point of dying of starvation? Unfortunately for us, however, we had no alternative, for we knew, from the marks on the rocks, that when the tide rose the shark would be able to invade the cavern! No; as surely as the waters ebbed and flowed, a certain and horrible death awaited one or other of us.

Not a hair's breadth backward or forward did the creature move from his post outside the cave. Grim and expectant he lay there in all his repulsiveness, the vanguard of death. Once he tilted himself slightly, and by so doing showed us his horrid grey eyes and his more horrid mouth—a mouth that bristled with many rows of teeth. The great brute seemed to root us to the spot with a fascination of horror, for time passed and we knew it not. How long we remained staring at the creature I cannot say, but when we woke from our terror induced stupor our feet were being laved by the incoming tide.

"Bailey!" cried Dr. Butler, suddenly. "Come into the cavern. An idea has struck me which may save us. Quick!"

Leaving the brink, paddling through the rising water, I dumbly followed my companion. Already his face had become pale and haggard; mental anguish unrelieved soon pallid the brightest face.

"Well, doctor," murmured I, as we stood inside, "what is it?"

"Why, this," he answered, quietly. "Maybe if we keep ourselves out of his sight in this cave, and remain absolutely silent, he may get the impression we have departed, and then perhaps he will leave the inlet. I can suggest nothing better. What do you think about it?"

"I guess we'll try it," said I, with a little hope stealing back to me.

"Right; now let us take seats on these ledges."

"Doctor," said I, a moment afterwards, "don't you think you had better take your injured foot out of the water?" By this time a few inches of water covered the entire floor of the cavern. "I notice it still bleeds a little, and no doubt the shark will stay as long as he scents the blood. Try that ledge higher up."

"How thoughtless of me!" cried Butler, changing his seat. "And now, Bailey, old friend"—his voice grew grave—"give me your hand. It may be the last shake for one of us in this world, so let it be a long one and a good one." Solemnly we shook hands.

"And now, mum's the word," added Butler, calmly.

After that we maintained a death-like silence as we crouched there in that inc-cold and tomb-like hollow, each busy with his own sombre thoughts. Occasionally, during this terrible death watch, I glanced towards the mouth of the cavern and the sweet, alluring sunshine beyond. I thought of our position and shuddered. If our ruse failed, then every moment was bringing us nearer to that last awful scene, when the waiting monster would be able to enter the cave in quest of his victim.

Soon—it seemed but five minutes, yet it must have been at least an hour—the water rose within the cavern sufficiently high to enable the shark to swim inside. From our ledges above the surface we scrutinized the sunlit entrance with straining eyes. Every instant we expected

to see that ominous dorsal fin enter and cleave the water of the cave, and thus raise our sensations to the climax of horror before ending forever our nerve racking vigil. But it came not. And so we commenced to hope that our trick had been successful; to hope with an intensity that shut out all other emotions.

Now, if ever, the moment for leaving the cavern had come. Yet we felt loath to go, for blood still trickled occasionally from the doctor's wounded foot—manifestly a state of things that enhanced our danger tenfold. Still go we must, and each must take his chance.

Calming myself as best I could, I whispered: "Doctor, who leads the way?"

"You, if you like," he rejoined. In this reply there was nothing suggestive of cowardliness, for to follow in the wake of a trail of blood left by the doctor's foot was, in the event of the keen scented shark being absent from the inlet, equally as dangerous as swimming in the lead in case the brute was still present. So I decided to lead.

Quietly I slid down into the water and anxiously commenced to breast the tide. At the cavern's mouth I heard a quiet splash behind me—it was the doctor entering the water. The ordeal of our lives was now commenced in earnest.

Passing through the entrance with a prayer on my lips, I swam into the sunlit zone of my danger. For a moment I was blinded by the myriads of dazzling lights that danced upon the surrounding wavelets, and in that moment my consciousness became filmed over with the fear of death. With an effort I regained my self-control and struck out boldly. With what soul harrowing dread during those first few strokes I scanned the waters no pen of mine can adequately describe; never, I hope, shall I experience the like again. Then, with mixed feelings of pleasure and grave concern at finding the death bringing fin absent, I headed for the opposite shore with all my might and main. Would the shark scent us and return? That was the thought that rankled in my mind.

Half-way across, as I turned my head seawards, I fancied I saw the dreaded fin projecting above the even surface of the ocean. To fancy it led me to dwell upon the horrible reality of it, and my speed, in consequence, soon diminished. With a great mental effort I forced my thoughts into other channels; then I commenced to force ahead again.

It was not far now—a few more feet and I would be safe.

A moment more and I touched a rock, and pulled myself ashore. I was saved.

But what about my poor friend the doctor? Turning, I beheld him about thirty feet from the shore, swimming very feebly. In his wake floated a crimson stain and a clot or two of blood—his death scent. His face was ghastly pale, and his expression painfully haggard; and although a flash of courage spasmodically illuminated the features I could see it betokened a speedy collapse. No doubt, seeing that I was safe, he had taken an extremely pessimistic view of his own position. He commenced to swim lower in the water, and I realized he was about to drown! "Doctor, doctor!" I shouted. "Buck up! Don't be afraid! There's nothing dangerous near you. Everything's quite clear. Fire away!"

The spasm of despair had passed. Well for him that it had, for at that moment I was about to plunge in to help him the deadly fin suddenly appeared close at hand. There, a few dozen feet from the inlet's mouth, seeking the deep water ingress. My eyes traveled from the fin to the doctor, and I tried to weigh up the chances between them. If the shark delayed a little there was a chance—just a chance.

Meanwhile the doctor, innocent of his danger, was swimming a great deal better. But suddenly as I glanced furtively seaward, the huge fin abruptly turned its thin edge towards the entrance, and the brute came tearing up the entrance passage in a series of tacks as it crossed and recrossed the scent of blood. What was I to do? A few moments more and all would be over.

With a voice into which I tried to force an air of calmness I cried, "Swim up, old man! Put up more strength behind those strokes—that is better!"

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the fin drawing steadily nearer. "Keep your eye on me—don't let it stray!" I called again. "Make for this rock."

The fin was now heading directly toward him.

Beads of cold perspiration stood on my brow; I ran into the water up to my waist and fairly shrieked at him. "Doctor! For the love of heaven—swim! Swim—swim for your life—quick! Ah! Thank God!"

I bent down and seized him, swinging him by a mighty effort clear out of the water. An instant later the teeth of the shark clashed as he whisked by in all his hideousness. And then, saved from the very jaws of death, Butler and I fell upon the sand, utterly exhausted and unnerfed.—The Wide World Magazine.

Dogs in Church.
In comparatively recent years north country shepherds often attended church accompanied by their dogs. At times fierce quarrels would break out. So common was this that in some churches long iron dog tongs were part of the furniture, these articles being used to seize the dogs without the danger of being bitten and carry them outside the building.—Country Life.

NOTHING DOING.

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

He went within and told his clerk
To shed his coat and get to work,
To decorate the windows gay
For passers-by who chanced 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 supplied;
He showed them all without avail,
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 blight.
Untouched 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 with cheery eye,
That there will very quickly be—
"Something 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—
"Something Doing!"

Next morning he was up betimes,
For sloth with him was worst of crimes.
With trembling haste he sought his store—
A dozen people round the door—
"Something Doing!"

He let them in. Himself and clerk
Were busily detained at work.
From then till noon, from noon till late,
The merchant was indeed a date—
"Something Doing!"

The ad. continued; so did trade.
The merchant saw his greatest aid.
He realized—and he was glad—
The consequence of every ad—
"Something 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 stop 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 suitor did not discern
That her gowns cost much more than he'd 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 much versatility dan Ah gib him credit for."—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.

Shaved the Statue.

Near the entrance of beautiful Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown, where reposes the dust of James G. Blaine, Edward M. Stanton and other great Americans, stands a fine statue of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home." The bringing home of the remains of this famous American, who died at his post in Africa generations ago, when he was serving there as United States Consul, was the occasion of a great national function more than twenty years ago.

The late William Corcoran, the Washington banker and philanthropist, defrayed all of the expenses and also paid for the monument and statue of Payne which mark his resting place in Oak Hill. The sculptor who executed the life size statue had painted off on him as a picture of John Howard Payne the photograph of a man whose face was completely covered with a luxuriant growth of whiskers. Accordingly he faithfully reproduced the whiskers in marble. Soon after the statue was set up in Oak Hill it was discovered that John Howard Payne had never worn a beard.

The sculptor, enraged and untaunted, proceeded forthwith to "hisel the whiskers off of the marble mage of the immortal author of "Home, Sweet Home," so that to-day he visitor to Georgetown's heroic old cemetery holds the classic face in marble of John Howard Payne sans whiskers except for a moustache.—Washington Herald.

A Tale of the Rail.

By HORATIO WINSLOW.

"Well," said the President of the Railroad Board of Directors, "we won't put in any safety system because it's cheaper without."

"O. K.," said the Board. "All right," muttered General Public; "you just wait and see if you aren't taught a lesson."

"So the President and the Board of Directors waited until the next meeting, but as no one had taught them a lesson they concluded the G. P. must have been mistaken.

"This year," said the Vice-President of the Board, "we might as well make these telegraph operators understand that forty is about the right size for their monthly envelopes. Of course, this means that we'll have to hire a lot of kids, but what's the odds?"

"O. K.," snickered the Board of Directors. "All right," the G. P. nodded wisely; "but you just wait and see if you aren't taught a lesson."

So the President and the Vice-President and the Board of Directors waited until next dividend time, but as no one came around with any school books they concluded the G. P. must have been mistaken.

"Seems to me," urged the Secretary of the Board, "that we're spending too much money on extra shifts of men. If a man can't stay at his post sixteen hours a day, he ought to be fined."

"O. K.," chuckled the Directors. "All right," growled the Public; "but you just wait and see if you aren't taught a lesson. You just wait."

So the President and the Vice-President and the Secretary and all the rest of them waited for some time, but as nobody with a teacher's certificate or other credential came around they decided to start out in a private car and find out what the General Public meant.

About this time, along about the end of his sixteen-hour day, a seventeen-year-old boy at \$10 per month, and no cuts in pay for overtime, fell asleep over his telegraph instrument. There was no safety system and a few moments later two trains tried to pass hurriedly on the same track.

Unhappily the President and the Vice-President and the Secretary and the Board generally had had their car unhitched at the last station up the line to enjoy a champagne supper, tendered by prominent citizens, so that nobody was killed except 250 immigrants who couldn't vote and didn't count, and an engineer, fireman, and brakeman or two. Moral—The General Public is generally mistaken.—Puck.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

There has been a lot of happiness missed in this world by worrying about getting it.—Florida Times-Union.

Humility is not servility, by whole dictionaries of meaning. The word is from humus, the ground. The humble man is a man of position. He makes tracks, he can be followed, he can be found.—Home Herald.

No man is more miserable than he who hath no adversity; that man is not tried whether he be good or not; and God never crowns those virtues which are only faculties and dispositions; but every act of virtue is an ingredient into reward. God so dresses us for heaven.—Jeremy Taylor.

Let us cultivate and reverently cherish the honest indignations of our nature, for they are the life and fire that is in us. God has given them; and the man is most happy who has them the warmest, the truest, the least wrenched by prejudice, the least dulled by sense and sin.—Phillips Brooks.

The time will come when technical education will become the strongest link in the great chain that is being forged for the evolution of the farmer and it will be brought about by the co-operation of children with parents and parents with teachers, and so reaching on until we have the universal co-operation of the level-headed, far-seeing common people, the American farmers.—Fannie Beecher White.

In Terms of Pig.
The ingenuity of the Chinese in surmounting difficulties is well illustrated by the following dialogue, which recently took place on the Imperial Chinese Railway:

Traveler—"I wish to ship these two dogs to Peking. What is the rate?"

Railway Official—"No got any rate for dog; one dog all same one sheep; one sheep all same two pig; carbook four pig."

"But one dog is only a puppy; he ought to go for half fare."

"Can do, all right." Then, turning to his clerk, "Write three pig," he said.—Lippincott's.

All Kinds of Hammers.

The hammer, besides being a tool of universal use, is probably the oldest representative of a mechanic's tool kit. The hammer was originally a stone fastened to a handle with thones, and it was as useful as a weapon as a tool.

Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic fifty-ton hammers of shipbuilding establishments, some of which have a falling force of from ninety to 100 tons.—Baltimore Sun.

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 time 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 cessation 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 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 as a 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 unobscured.

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."

"Didn't you march all last night?"

"Yes, sah."

"Then why do you carry that dog?"

"Why, boss, 'cause the dog's tired!"—Youth's Companion.

Since the war with Russia, which terminated with the return to Japan of the southern part of Saghalien, a thirty mile railway has been built on the island and all parts of it connected by telegraphs.