Submarine Adventure Off Cuba.

This story does not deal with any experience of mine as judge or statesman, but of a period of my life when I was a young—a very young—and very inexperienced lawyer.

Had I been less young and less experienced I would not have risked my newly acquired foothold at the New York bar by accepting an invitation from a friend of my father's to spend three months at his Cuban plantation. But I was a bit run down by overwork, and I fancied I could wrestle more doughtily with the problem of snatching fame and fortune from a profession already overcrowded if I could first get a change of air and complete rest.

So, early in November of a certain year, farther back than I care to remember, I found myself a welcome and a decidedly happy guest at one of the finest plantations on the Cuban coast.

The whole place was like a fairyland to my New York eyes—a dreamy, lazy, tropical, multi-colored fairyland. For weeks I amused myself loafing about, studying native customs, exploring the hills and sailing on the broad waters of the bay that flashed and sparkled at the very foot of the cliff on which the plantation house was built.

The one great drawback to my perfect enjoyment was the fact that, despite the nearness and delicious warmth of the clear water, I was implored most urgently by my host never to go swimming.

"But why not?" I asked him, when he first broached the subjet. "That is an ideal sheet of water for bathing, and just think what fun it will be to write to my friends at home, who are beginning to shiver under the advance of winter, and tell them I swim in the ocean every day in November."

"I'm sorry," he replied courteously, "to deprive you of any pleasure, and more especially to rob you of the delight of crowing over your Gotham friends. But I'm afraid you might not live to record that swim."

Now I pride myself on my skill and power as a swimmer. At the seaside I usually found little trouble in surpassing the average bather when it came to sprinting, to "distance swimming," or to swimming under water. Also I had won one or two prizes for the same sport while at college.

"It isn't through any fear of your drowning that I ask you not to go swinging here," said my host when I had explained this. "But—well, the waters of the bay aren't safe for swimmers."

Being, as I have said, very young, and being, moreover, strongly possessed of the legal spirit of investigation, I pressed him to explain.

"We don't like to speak of it around here," he said at length, "because it is a tragic subject to none than one of us. Have you heard the native negroes or Spaniards around here mention el lobo marino?"

"Yes," I said, after a moment's thought. "Passing by the quarters last night I heard a negro mother telling her baby that unless it stopped crying, 'el lobo marino' would catch him. My Spanish is still a bit rusty, but 'lobo marino' should mean "sea wolf.' I supposed it was some local bugaboo when she said it."

"It is not," answered my host gravely. "It is a shark."

"I thought tiburon was the Spanish for shark," I said.

"It is," replied he. "It's the generic name for shark. But the shark that has made this bay a terror to swimmers has the local nickname of 'el lobo marino.' Sometimes he is spoken of as 'el calamidad del mar' (the scourage of the sea.) He it is that keeps our beautiful bay free from bathers."

"You speak of 'him' as if there were but one shark there," I laughed. "Does this particular monster monopolize the shark business in these parts?"

"No, there are many sharks in the bay, just as there are all along these islands, but for the most part no one minds them much. They are usually too small to do any great damage even were they not more afraid of man than is man afraid of them. A six-foot shark could not make very much headway in eating a six-foot man. But," added my host, more seriously, "el lobo marino is a very different proposition."

"How large is he?" I asked curiously.

"All sorts of reports are abroad as to his size responded the narrator. "Personally I have seen him but once. From that one quick glance I should say he must have been close to 20 feet long."

"But," I protested, "I've always heard that sharks don't molest men. They say the theory that sharks are man-eaters is just an old superstition invented by the sailors, and that sharks feed only on dead bodies."

"They say so do they?" retorted my host; "then they couldn't have been with me in my yawl when my best fisherman, Andrea, fell overboard. There was a rush through the water and I caught just one fleeting glimpse of the monster as it dragged him under. He never came up. There are a dozen other men along this bay who can tell you similar stories of 'el lobo marino.' That is why I beg you not to swim in these waters."

For at least a day I was greatly impressed by what I had heard. Then I began to experience a longing to get one glimpse of this dreaded monster. While I could not doubt my host's word, yet I felt the stories concerning the huge shark must in some way have been exaggerated.

I caught myself floating along the bay's surface by the hour, in my boat, leaning far over the gunwale to scan the perfectly clear depth beneath me for some trace of "el lobo."

In northern latitudes, no matter how clear the water may be, the human eye can seldom penetrate it more than a few feet. But along Cuba's coast, in many places where coral formation is most prominent, a man can look down from his boat through three fathoms of crystal-clear water and discern every object lying on the gleaming white coral sand below.

Yet, though I gazed with straining eyes, I could never catch a momentary glimpse of the great shark. True, I saw several other sharks, ranging from four to perhaps eight feet in length, but nothing larger. Hundreds of other fish too, flashed here and there through the transparent water—pilot fish, dogfish with scales that blazed like diamonds, and odd-shaped jelly fish. Once I saw, crawling crablike along the bottom, a devil-fish, whose tentacles must have had a reach of six or seven feet from tip to tip. As the shadow of my boat fell on him he hid himself behind a mass of inky fluid, drawing his body and arms up into a compact ball.

Still no "lobo," and at last I decided he was a myth.

One morning I rowed around the point a half mile beyond the house and anchored to a tiny coral reef that rose to about 12 inches below the surface a quarter of a mile from the shore. From thence I cast my line and watched the baited hook sink slowly through the clear water. This was my favorite fishing ground. Yet to-day I cast for a solid hour without getting a single bite.

The tide meantime was running out. At last my rock rose above the surface of the water. I decided to return home. On pulling up the anchor, however, I found one of the flukes was entangled in a jutting bit of rock a foot or two beneath the surface. I could not reach it, so I stepped out of the boat on the rock and plunging my hands into the water disengaged the anchor and lifted it back into the boat. A light breeze was blowing, and, as I was wiping the water from my hands I did not notice that the boat was slowly drifting away.

By the time I turned to step aboard it was at least ten feet distant. I watched it recede with more amusement than chagrin. I had longed for a chance to swim, yet I had not wished to go counter to my host's request. But under circumstances like these he surely could not object to my recovering his boat before the tide bore it off to sea.

I disrobed quickly and laid my clothes on the rock, meaning to swim to the boat, climb aboard and then row back for my garments.

At last I was ready. The boat was nearly a hundred yards away by this time. Reveling in the prospect of a plunge in those cool waters on so warm a day, I drew in a deep breath and dived off the reef. Down, down I went, far beneath the surface, until I had almost descended to the coral sands that carpeted the bottom of the bay. Then I struck out, swimming under water in the direction I knew the boat had taken. It was a delicious sensation to feel the cool caress of the crystal clear water, to have made myself part of that marvelous submarine world.

On and on I swam. At last I looked up, for a large oblong shadow lay athwart the glittering white sands, almost directly above me.

"I must have swum further than I imagined," thought I, "to have reached my boat by this time."

The next moment I felt as though the waters about me had turned to ice.

For it was no boat that swung idly above me, but an enormous fish.

I can shut my eyes and see it now—the white underside, the tremendous expanse from the snubbed oval head to the faintly quivering tail. And it turns me half sick to recall it.

It was undoubtedly "el lobo." I had seen enough sharks to know their unmistakable shape. And this fish was a shark, but far larger than any other shark that I had ever seen.

I did a lifetime of thinking in the next ten seconds. It had not seen me, for it was facing in the same direction as I, and I was not yet quite up to it.

I had a general idea where the boat should be, and I swam for it with all my strength, still keeping close to the bottom of the bay, and making a detour to avoid the shark's eye.

I swam hard, putting into every stroke all the power and speed of which I was the master. My heart throbbed like a trip hammer and I could feel the blood banging against my temples. Moreover, it was growing momentarily harder to keep from breathing. My lungs ached and burned and my chest seemed bursting. Still I swam on, not daring to rise to the surface until I should be far out of the shark's line of vision.

Finally I looked up once more. A short distance ahead of me I could see the shadow cast by my boat. But, the same instant, my blood turned cold again. For, still almost directly above me, hung the shark.

That he had not seen me I was sure. At first I fancied that I had made no real progress at all, but was still where I had first seen the monster. Then the truth dawned on me. The shark had seen the boat and was creeping gradually up to it; perhaps in the hope that someone might fall overboard; perhaps merely for such food as a fisherman might toss into the sea from his lunch basket. He and I had been swimming at the same rate of speed toward the same object.

I was no more secure from him than I had been before. And my lungs were paining me horribly. Perhaps he had loitered thus about my host's boat the time the luckless Andrea fell overboard. With a last effort I took a half dozen very rapid strokes forward that brought me under the boat and a yard or two beyond it. Then, driving my feet into the sand and putting all my remaining strength into the movement, I sprang upward toward the surface.

Before I reached the upper air the shark saw me. The shadow of the boat, luckily, veiled me until I was nearly at the surface; otherwise I might not now be writing this.

He rushed forward, displacing the water and rocking the boat. That was my last submarine view of him, for the next instant my head was above water. I drew in a big breath and swam for the boat, which was barely six feet away. I splashed as hard as I could, churning up the water in the hope of frightening the monster. He reached the spot where I had risen, then wheeled and, turning on his side, struck again for me. I was hauling myself over the gunwale of the boat when he struck.

I felt something brush my foot; the boat whirled sideways from a sudden jar, and he had wheeled once more to the attack. By this time, however, I was already safely over the gunwale and lying panting and exhausted in the bottom of the boat.

I had missed death in a horrible form and had missed it by barely an inch. A second's delay and I would have been seized in those terrible jaws and dragged down.

I raised myself to my knees and looked over the side of the boat.

There, not three feet below me, poised "el lobo marino," motionless, alert, waiting patiently for me to fall overboard.

I was moderately safe, of course, in the big, heavy Cuban boat. But I confess I did not draw a really free breath until I had recovered my clothes, rowed back to the plantation and once more felt solid ground beneath my feet.

Saved by a Ventriloquest.

Mr. Fred High, the Well Known Ventriloquist and All Around Entertainer, Tells the following Strange Story.

At the Kansas City depot, where I was one time waiting for a train, an Irishman sat down on a rough box that contained a coffin. A faint voice was heard within the box: "Oh, please, take me out of here, I am dying." The Irishman looked around, and seemed utterly astonished when he saw what he was sitting upon. The voice still cried: "Please get me out of here." The Irishmau said: "Is this the dead speaking?" To this question he only received the faint moan: "Oh, oh!"

The Irishman called two of his friends to his assistance and proposed that they open the coffin and rescue the dead man, and as they all heard a faint groan within, it was decided to remove the lid; but as they were in the midst of their work, a middle-aged woman, in widow's weeds, put in a fierce objection. She raged with indignation. It was explained to her that the man was not dead, that he had called for help, but she said: "I know that my husband is dead, and I won't have him disturbed." But the son of Erin would not allow a mere widow to stop him in a humane work. "I heard the corpse call for help," he said, "and if there is any help to be brought to him I'm going to bring it." So, 'while one man argued with the woman in tears, she wept, sobbed and scolded—they went right on, removed the top from the box, and while the woman shrieked and appealed to heaven, they lifted the lid from the casket, and to their utter surprise found the coffin filled with flasks of gin, whiskey and other products of the Kentucky mountains.

The funeral that was supposed to be billed for a small town in Kansas did not take place that day for the want of a corpse.

The supposed widow was smuggling this contraband fire water into prohibition Kansas. When I boarded the train for Texas, I saw all hands were sharing the widow's grief, and, like Rip Van Winkle, were trying to drown their sorrows in the flowing bowl.

Advice to the Aged.

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Who is shiftless in everything.
Who is selfish, mean and stingy.
Who never works unless he has to.
Whose word you cannot rely upon.
Who is an inveterate cigarette smoker.
Whose highest ambition is to become rich.
Who is namby-pamby, weak and effeminate.
Who associates with women of low character.
Who is a bully at home and a coward abroad.
Who is not particular about his intimate associates.
Who is jealous of every man who looks at his fiancee.
Who thinks woman was created for his convenience.
Who thinks it cowardly to refuse to drink and gamble.
Who has no sympathy with your ideals and aspirations.
Who is always making excuses for not meeting engagements.
Who believes that all courting should be done before marriage.
Who sneers at religion, woman's virtue and everything sacred.
Who thinks that a woman should have no interests outside her home.
Who has one standard of morality for men and another for women.
Who does not respect you enough not to presume to be overfamiliar.
Who is unsympathetic, cold and deaf to any demands outside of business.
Who loses his temper and indulges in profanity on the slightest provocation.
Who is always thinking of himself and expects everybody else to wait on him.
Who regards a gambling debt as a debt of honor and a tailor's bill as a nuisance.
Who brags about how much he can drink and dissipate and not show any signs.
Who claims all the prerogatives of a lord of creation, but tries to shirk all his duties.
Who forgets his betrothed as soon as he meets somebody who can interest him more.
Who lets his landlady wait for her rent while he puffs it out in 25-cent cigars.
Who is so dreamy or unpractical as to seriously impair his ability to support a family.

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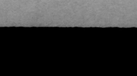
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Corner of Main and Liberty Sts.,
ja 20 Westminster, Md.

L. A. HALLER,
Practical Machinist,
Westminster. Repairing of
Engines, Boilers,
Steam Pumps, Mill Work, Threshing Machines, BINDERS, REAPERS, Mowers and Agricultural Implements.
I also have the patterns of the
Lyon Feed Cutter, Hominy Mills, &c., built by the late E. Wagoner of Westminster, and will build and repair the same. Sole agent for Ohio Injectors. Full supply of all sizes on sale.
L. A. HALLER, Machinist,
Cor. Green and Liberty Streets,
ap-13-1y Westminster Md.

Painless
Dentistry.
DR. W. J. SELBY, formerly of this city, has opened a Dental Office at the property recently purchased by him from Mr. Leander Gladhill, adjacent to Westminster, and will practice Dentistry on the premises named, on
EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK.
All work previously done by me which is not satisfactory will be replaced free of charge.
Teeth extracted positively without pain.
Sets of Teeth.....$4.00 and up.
Teeth filled with Gold..... 1.00 and up.
Teeth filled with Silver..... 75c.
Teeth filled with Amalgam.. 50c.
Gold Crown.....$4.00 and up.
Vitilized Air..... 75c.
Teeth cleaned..... 50c.
Bridgework at Reduced Rates. All work guaranteed.
DR. W. J. SELBY,
ap 15 tf Westminster Md.



Dr. J. W. Helm
New Windsor, Md
Surgeon Dentist.
Crown and Bridge Work, Plate Work, Filling Teeth, and Teeth extracted without pain.
I will be in TANEYTOWN, 1st WEDNESDAY of each month. Engagements can be made with me by mail, and at my office in New Windsor, at all other times except the 3rd Saturday, and Thursday and Friday, immediately preceding that day. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.
J. W. HELM, D. D. S., Graduate of Maryland University, Balto.
ju 01 1y

WESTERN Md. RAILROAD.
MAIN LINE AND CONNECTIONS.
CONNECTING WITH
P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg, Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown, B. & O. Railroad at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Penna. R. R. at Hanover and Hanover; and P. W. & R. N. C. at U. B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.
Taking effect FEBRUARY 27, 1905.

TRAINS WEST.

STATIONS.	FM	W	Ac.	Ac.	TPs	Ac.
	AM	A	A M	P M	P M	P M
Hillen Station	4 30	8 15	10 12	4 15	5 00	6 15
Union Station	4 35	8 20	10 17	4 20	5 04	6 20
Penna. Ave	....	8 24	10 21	4 24	....	6 24
Fulton Station	4 41	8 29	10 24	4 27	5 10	6 27
Walbrook	4 43	8 30	10 31	4 30	5 16	6 30
Arlington	....	8 37	10 38	4 37	....	6 40
Mt. Hope	....	8 40	10 43	4 40	....	6 43
Howardville	....	8 43	10 46	4 43	....	6 46
Sudbrook Park	....	8 45	10 48	4 46	....	6 48
Pikesville	....	8 47	10 50	4 48	....	6 50
Greenwood	....	....	....	....	....	....
Owings Mills	....	8 57	11 03	4 57	....	7 07
Glyndon	*500	9 00	11 15	5 11	....	7 19
Emory Grove	....	....	....	....	....	....
York, ar	....	....	....	1 25	....	....
Hanover, ar	....	....	....	1 10	....	....
Gettysburg, ar	....	....	....	1 45	....	....
Glen Falls	....	9 11	11 26	5 14	....	7 32
Finksburg	....	9 16	11 28	5 20	....	7 34
Carrollton	....	9 20	11 41	5 31	....	7 46
Westminster	5 36	9 45	11 55	5 4	6 05	8 05
Avondale	....	9 51	12 01	5 51	....	8 13
Medford	....	9 54	14 04	5 55	....	8 17
New Windsor	5 49	10 01	12 11	6 05	6 21	8 27
Linwood	....	10 06	12 16	6 11	....	8 34
Union Bridge	5 56	10 10	12 20	6 15	6 30	8 40
Middleburg	....	10 15	....	....	6 35	....
Bruceville	6 02	10 20	....	....	6 40	....
D. P. Creek	....	10 24	....	....	6 44	....
Rocky Ridge	....	10 32	....	....	6 50	....
Emmittsburg, ar	....	11 02	....	....	7 22	....
Loy's	....	10 36	....	....	6 53	....
Graceham	....	10 40	....	....	6 57	....
Thurmont	6 .0	10 45	....	....	7 02	....
Deerfield	....	10 55	....	....	7 15	....
Sabillasville	....	11 0	....	....	7 21	....
Blue Ridge Summit	6 43	11 13	....	....	7 30	....
Highfield	6 45	11 15	....	....	7 32	....
Buena Vista Springs	6 48	11 19	....	....	7 37	....
Pen-Mar	....	11 22	....	....	7 50	....
Blue Mountain	....	....	....	....	....	....
Edgemont	1 00	11 33	....	....	7 55	....
Waynesboro, Pa., ar	7 26	11 50	....	....	8 12	....
Chambersburg, ar	8 05	12 27	....	....	8 48	....
Shippensburg, ar	....	12 55	....	....	9 15	....
Smithburg	....	11 38	....	....	7 55	....
Cavetown	....	11 39	....	....	7 56	....
Chewsville	....	11 43	....	....	8 01	....
Potomac ave	....	11 50	....	....	8 10	....
Hagerstown	7 30	11 55	....	....	8 15	....
	AM	A	P M	P M	P M	P M

TRAINS EAST.

STATIONS.	Ac.	Ac.	TP	Ac.	WE	FM
	AM	AM	A M	P M	P M	P M
Hagerstown	....	....	7 10	....	2 10	4 10
Potomac ave	....	....	7 15	....	2 15	4 15
Chewsville	....	....	7 24	....	2 25	4 25
Cavetown	....	....	7 28	....	2 28	....
Smithburg	....	....	7 30	....	2 30	4 28
Shippensburg, Pa	....	....	6 00	....	....	2 55
Chambersburg, Pa	....	....	6 26	....	1 45	3 52
Waynesboro, Pa	....	....	7 05	....	2 17	4 10
Edgemont	....	....	7 38	....	2 40	4 40
Blue Mountain	....	....	....	....	....	....
Pen-Mar	....	....	7 47	....	2 50	....
Buena Vista Springs	....	....	7 49	....	2 5	4 53
Highfield	....	....	7 53	....	2 55	4 55
Blue Ridge Summit	....	....	7 58	....	3 00	5 00
Sabillasville	....	....	8 04	....	3 05	5 05
Deerfield	....	....	8 08	....	3 09	....
Thurmont	....	....	8 20	....	3 2	5 20
Graceham	....	....	8 23	....	3 23	....
Loy's	....	....	8 26	....	3 26	....
Emmitsburg	....	....	7 55	....	2 55	....
Rocky Ridge	....	....	8 30	....	3 30	5 28
D. P. Creek	....	....	8 37	....	3 36	....
Bruceville	....	....	8 44	....	3 45	5 40
Middleburg	....	....	8 46	....	3 48	....
Union Bridge	5 25	6 05	8 52	12 10	3 53	5 47
Linwood	5 30	6 10	8 56	12 54	3 59	....
New Windsor	5 37	6 18	9 01	12 59	4 06	5 55
Medford	5 54	6 28	9 17	1 06	4 15	....
Avondale	5 54	6 32	9 09	1 18	4 1	....
Westminster	6 00	6 40	9 18	1 15	4 25	6 10
Carrollton	6 19	6 57	9 30	1 30	4 38	....
Finksburg	6 31	7 17	9 40	1 41	4 48	....
Glen Falls	6 36	7 09	9 41	1 4	4 50	....
Gettysburg	6 28	....	....	....	....	....
Hanover	5 54	....	....	....	....	....
York, lv	....	....	....	....	....	....
Emory Grove	....	....	....	....	....	....
Glyndon	6 44	7 25	9 48	1 52	5 05	6 42
Owings' Mills	6 56	7 35	9 55	2 05	1509	....
Greenwood	....	7 43	....	....	....	....
Pikesville	7 05	7 5	10 03	2 14	1517	....
Sudbrook	7 08	7 48	10	2 17	1518	6 57
Howardville	7 10	7 50	10 05	2 18	1519	....
Mt. Hope	7 1-	7 53	10 07	2 21	1521	....
Arlington	7 16	7 57	10 10	2 24	1528	....
Walbrook	7 22	8 05	10