

LIKE A VISIT TO TARTARUS ITSELF

Weird Effects Discernible in the Famous Lake of Fire.

BAHAMAS' GREATEST NATURAL CURIOSITY

Small Body of Salt Water Which Is So Phosphorescent That Under Proper Conditions It Resembles a Sea of Flame—Cause of the Phenomenon and Curious Negro Legend Concerning It.

James Foster, in Providence Journal.

There are several great natural wonders in the Bahamas, but one stands without a peer in the world. It is the Lake of Fire. This lake is a body of salt water some 100 yards long by 70 broad. The phosphorescence is strong at all times, and a visit to it under proper conditions insures a sight grander than any of nature's fireworks excepting the volcano or the lightning, and possessing a weird fascination of its own.

It is only of late years that the lake has been noted as a show place. It is located some distance from the city of Nassau. The natives do not say much about it, as there is an underlying superstition which makes it one of the things about which they do not care to talk. The story related by the merchants of the island about the phosphorescent lake is that a number of years ago one of the residents entertained this pond, cutting away the solid rock to make it of suitable size for a turtle nursery. He had the idea that it would be a profitable place in which to raise turtles for market. The enterprise failed, as the negroes said it would, and for many years the place was deserted. That is all there is definitely known about it.

ISLANDS' ONLY POND.

One peculiar feature about the pond is what is called the ocean hole, probably a subterranean passage connecting it with the ocean from which the supply of water may come. Of late years a canal has been cut in the solid rock to the sea, thus insuring a plentiful supply of water. Another peculiarity about this lake is that it is the only pond or sheet of water on the island, for there are no rivers, brooks or streams of running water. In fact, as the waters surrounding this island are remarkable for their clear quality, even so is this one pond remarkable for the wonderful light which it waters give forth when disturbed.

The natives do not care to go near the "Lake of Fire." Yet on close questioning they will give the stranger no reason for their aversion. A traveler asked one of the negroes who lived within a mile of the spot if he knew where it was. His answer was characteristic: "Never, no, sah. Never hear of him, boss." On further questioning he reluctantly admitted that he did know, and directed the stranger to the ground and the grounds that contain it. The stranger who the natives do not tell the reason about it may be surmised from the account which was abstracted from an old Congo man with much Santa Cruz spirit. In fact, it is only when the old man was convinced that the stranger knew and had heard part of the story from the "Obizzo" man that he would impart the story of the "cassova."

NEGRO SUPERSTITION.

Obizzo, or witchcraft, is the underlying vein of superstition that the negro brought with him from Africa and still lives. He is not communicative on this subject for he is keenly sensitive to the ridicule of strangers. Again, he realizes that in his language and folk lore he possesses something that the white man has and guards it with jealous care. To see the "cassova" is accounted bad luck, except by a "cord" (evil), one born with a "cord" (evil), or it presages some fateful event in the life of the negro who has the vision. The legend about the lake is that in the early days of the island there was not a pond or lake on it. Then the "cassova" or white hog had his great battle with the great snake. As the great snake possessed all wisdom and had supernatural powers he was jealous of the white hog and wished to lessen his powers, so he compounded a magic preparation of light which he intended to smear over his enemy which would make him visible to all eyes, for the white hog is invisible to all except the obizzo men. But the white hog heard of the ruse and evaded the wiles of the great snake for many days. Finally the great snake entrapped the white hog and the two did battle. During the conflict the great snake accomplished his purpose and smeared the notion all over the white hog.

Then for a long time the white hog hid in the palm and palmetto. He knew that he had lost the power of being invisible. After a time the great obizzo man told the white hog if he would make a lake of water on the island and wash in it, the light would wash away and he would once more be invisible. The "lake of fire" is the result.

THE LAKE APPROACHED.

However this may be, the lake is worthy of a visit. The drive, but to it is over a splendid road. Then the carriage enters the gateway and follows the cart path, somewhat overgrown, past two deserted houses and stops on a wide expanse flanked by a stone railing. As the visitor steps from the carriage he sees that he is

near the landing at the lake, and by the stone balustrade with its greenish tints that he is in what was once a profuse garden.

There is a courteous manager who explains the peculiarities of the water, and after a little delay the tourists are placed in a row boat. The negro at the oars is a very uncommunicative man. He does not say a word during the entire trip. As the boat is pushed away from the stone landing the manager signals to a little girl who has been sitting on the railing. With a rush she darts into the water after the boat. Her every movement is followed by a trial of fire. Then you note that every time the oars touch the water there is a yellow light. Some distance from the shore the oarsman stops rowing and the girl swims alongside. Then with a sudden shove she darts her body a few feet back, and treading water, you note that her legs, body and arms are all aglow with golden radiance. Why her wily movement her skirt sweeps around, and as she slowly moves her arms, they seem to be on fire. It is a splendid sight. Loie Fuller never did a skirt dance like this. While you watch it with amazement, she sinks beneath the surface. Then from the curly hair to the tips of her feet every part of her body is distinctly illuminated with the golden glow. Slowly, with graceful stroke she swims under water and directly under the oars, she will float silently, without movement on the surface of the clear water, until every particle of light has died away. Without warning, with a strange cry she will suddenly make a great splash. Every particle of the disturbed water is aglow with the strange light, she looks like a fury risen from the infernal regions and struggling in the very lake. Then, as you watch her slowly swim ashore, followed by a pathway of radiance, you realize that nature may produce effects more startling than those brought out by all the art of the stage carpenter and gas man.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

What you have seen is the prelude to what is to follow. The guide now rows the boat over to the farther shore where the shadows of the trees are deepest in the dim starlight. The water is not deep here, perhaps three or four feet. He lets the boat drift along. There is an uncanny sensation as you see from out of the depths of the water a fiery streak shoot like a falling star towards the center. Your voice sounds strange as you ask the negro, "what was that?" He does not answer.

Perhaps your companion suggests that it is a fish. A minute more and from a dark sheet of water a number of streaks shoot out from a common center, just like the bursting of a shell. If you keep silent, you may here see one of the big fish, for there are a great many in the pond of all kinds, swimming in his own light. As the boat moves along under the shadow of the trees, every dip of the oars produces a blue, sulphurous-like flame in the water. Every now and then, half a dozen startled fishes shoot out like a sunburst in the water, making zig-zag lines and a display of golden light finer than fireworks.

The brightest phosphorescence is seen over by the ocean hole. This is the reason why the natives do not tell the stranger about it may be surmised from the account which was abstracted from an old Congo man with much Santa Cruz spirit. In fact, it is only when the old man was convinced that the stranger knew and had heard part of the story from the "Obizzo" man that he would impart the story of the "cassova."

EXPLANATION.

The lake is always a good show at night. The phosphorescence is so vivid that even on a bright moon-light night it appears as if the water were on fire when dark and stormy. The finest sight at this remarkable natural wonder is on a dark, stormy evening, when the breeze is fresh and strong, lashing the calm water into the white caps. The effect is grand. It is a sea of fire. The whole lake is ablaze with the bluish light while where the waves break into foam they seem to be turned into flames and one thinks that it must be enchantment that keeps the forest on the farther shore from catching fire. Yet there are cold, uncanny flames, almost the kind that would form a fitting foothold for a gigantic Satan. At the season of the tropical rains, the lake is said to be even better. During a heavy shower every splash of a rain drop means a brilliant display of phosphorescence, and the effect of a rain of fire is produced. The lake resembles a perfect inferno.

The explanation of this remarkable phosphorescence given by the manager is that there is always a very rank growth of vegetable matter, both on the banks and on the bottom of the pond. Then there many fish of different species in the water, these two causes, the decaying vegetable matter and the fish, he thinks, produce the growth which causes the light.

THIRTY MILES FOR AN ACORN.

The Industry of a Mexican Bird in Bringing Up Winter Provisions.

From St. Nicholas.

Down in Mexico there lives a woodpecker who stores his nuts and acorns in the hollow stalks of the yucca and magueys. These hollow stalks are separated by joints into several cavities, and the sagacious bird has somehow found this out, and bores a hole at

the upper end of each joint, and another at the lower, through which to extract the acorn when wanted. Then it fills up the stalks solidly, and leaves its stores there until needed, safe from the depredations of any other thievish bird or four-footed animal.

COURTSHIP IN ZUNILAND.

Women Do the Lovemaking and Pop the All-Important Question.

From the Woman's Home Companion.

The powers freely extended the women of Zuni are many, being particularly favorable to them in domestic matters. When one of the women of the tribe takes an amorous liking for a young man, she very frankly confesses it, and her parents are informed of her choice of a prospective husband. If they approve, the interesting information is imparted in due time to his family; and if the yet father unsuspecting subject of the selection is suited, in turn he makes, through the mutual parents, an engagement to visit his admirer at her home. He is received somewhat formally by the maiden and her family, when something like the following laconic conversation ensues between the young people, while the father and mother, with the other members of the household, sit apart, anxiously awaiting not to listen:

"Thou comest," she says, "I am answered."

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Spring Shirt Waists—Ginghams—Revival of the Crepon Weave—Grenadines—Silks—Spring Millinery.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

New York, Feb. 11.—Shirt waists sound the first note of spring—differing sufficiently from those of last year to bring many business, millinery, manufacturers or dressmakers, and disappointed regarding the "left over" favorites of last summer. The radical changes are in yokes, fronts and sizes of sleeves, the latter being much smaller than at the close of the winter.

Exactly similar to a gentleman's shirt sleeve, square or pointed yokes are in equal favor in cambie, pique or gingham but do not extend to the front, and may be cut in one piece, or have a bias seam at the center of the back. Loose fronts are so far universal, and fly-fronts with clusters of diagonal tucks produce a pretty effect in plaided materials, or three independent, graduated bias folds may be set on at the back, from shoulder to waist.

TUPTED GINGHAMS.

(which if in wool, would be called boucle fabrics) are now a favored material for shirt waists, showing three, four or five colors, and in every imaginable combination of plaids or stripes; often varied by white silk stripes on both dark or pale hued plaided grounds. This fabric is thirty-two inches wide and is made of a rounded cuff, in short, and is a very popular fabric for shirt waists—and being somewhat thick is no disadvantage, as it is a protection against sudden changes of weather, and keeps clean longer.

GOOD GUESS ABOUT ANDREE.

The Ballonist and Explorer Has Probably Settled Down for the Winter Near the Pole.

Dr. Ekholm, the Swedish meteorologist, in a lecture recently on Andree's balloon voyage, said it was possible from the study of the known facts as to the meteorological conditions that prevailed on July 11 and the fortnight following to arrive at some definite idea of what happened to the voyagers. He declared it was highly probable that at first the balloon was carried to the northward, then came a one day's calm and then a drift to the northeast. This being so, Dr. Ekholm

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THE CREPON WAVE IS PROMINENT.

likewise in black or colored grenadines, which is the leading fabric for summer use; and this season's styles include every variety, from the plain iron-frame grenadine to the beautiful ribbon-striped, plaided or bayadere grenadine, in every stylish evening hue, in a color, or in black; large black lace-like leaves on plain grenadine, being particularly attractive this season.

FOULARD SILKS.

fancy taffetas, and startling plaids claim attention at present, the first named in waving lace ribbon, polka dot, or small square designs, the second largely in bayadere effect, or dots, and the third, in plaid design, so to speak; as upon a modest ground work of very small plaids, are broad, plain satin stripes near the selvage edge. Over these are narrow satin stripes, in another color forming squares, and still another set of squares, and still another set of squares, these are, however, extremes, but still nothing seems just now too glaring for silk shirt waists.

FANCY SATIN BRAIDS.

lead in spring hats, and although many colors are represented, yellow in every shade is the fashionable fancy, both in hats or trimmings, often combined with white or dark red; but the key-note of millinery is soft effects; consequently the entire absence of stiff outlines. Many medium-sized hats are rolled up on one side, and another style rolls off the face and droops at the back, which is especially intended for the Pompadour style of hairdressing. The most prominent shape at the present time is "The Shepherdess," which droops the front, admits of many modifications, and whether the hat be large or small, the tendency to droop is noticeably popular. At the same time, some stylish hats turn up at the back and many will be worn down over the eyes.

AS YELLOW IS THE LEADING COLOR.

Leghorns seem to suit the season's requirements, and two brims to one crown (each one gracefully twisted) produces a novel and attractive effect. A heavy roll of straw on the edge of a trim gives a pretty finish, and great popularity is predicted for low, round crowns. In trimming, a pronounced change has taken place, and wreaths, garlands and drooping grasses are in great favor, and if a high effect must be had, standing flowers are used. Trimmings are as full as they possibly can be, and a huge satin-ribbon bow at the back, with three very long loops falling at each side, with a knotting at the centre, commands attention from its peculiarity.

This may be called a "flower season" and many of all flowers from Illinois to the valley to huge poppies are called into requisition; roses, however, lead, and crushed roses are especially handsome as an under trimming, massed close together.

WOMEN DO THE LOVEMAKING AND POP THE ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION.

From the Woman's Home Companion.

The powers freely extended the women of Zuni are many, being particularly favorable to them in domestic matters. When one of the women of the tribe takes an amorous liking for a young man, she very frankly confesses it, and her parents are informed of her choice of a prospective husband. If they approve, the interesting information is imparted in due time to his family; and if the yet father unsuspecting subject of the selection is suited, in turn he makes, through the mutual parents, an engagement to visit his admirer at her home. He is received somewhat formally by the maiden and her family, when something like the following laconic conversation ensues between the young people, while the father and mother, with the other members of the household, sit apart, anxiously awaiting not to listen:

"Thou comest," she says, "I am answered."

AND FORGOTTEN HIMSELF.

"As the immortal William once said," remarked Prince Henry, "there's a divinity that shapes our ends rough how they please."

"I don't know," she says, "I am answered."

"I'm thinking of you," in a whisper, "indeed! You must be mistaken."

"No," she says, "I am answered."

"Then do you love me?" "I love you!" "Truly?" "Truly!" "Possibly we shall see. What think you, father?" as she turns in apparent perplexity to the family group.

"As you wish, my child," her parent replies.

She then appears to ponder the matter for the first time, and after due consideration of the momentous question consents to become his yi-lukia-ni-ba, or "his-to-be," and from that time on they are as devoted to each other as are lovers in any clime.

THE MISSES BELL'S COMPLEXION TONIC.

has almost immediate effect in clearing and brightening the skin. It is a cosmetic that does not cover up the blemishes as powder and make-up, but is a colorless liquid that cleanses the pores of the skin of all impurities and foreign filth and dissolves entirely the dirt and grime that clog the pores, thus restoring the skin to its natural beauty and giving the best result. It is a simple and a child can follow the directions and get the best result. The Misses Bell have placed the price of their wonderful Complexion Tonic at \$2.00 per bottle, which is sufficient to clear the ordinary skin.

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If the effect is not exactly as claimed, so that you take no risk in trying it. It costs nothing, and you get the best result. It is a simple and a child can follow the directions and get the best result. The Misses Bell have placed the price of their wonderful Complexion Tonic at \$2.00 per bottle, which is sufficient to clear the ordinary skin.

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concluded that the following assumption was therefore allowable: 1. That Andree was taken quite close to the North Pole. 2. That he reached some point to the north of Franz Josef land. 3. That he came down in that vicinity, reached Franz Josef land, and made arrangements for wintering there.

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Mrs. Lord is the mother of three children, two of whom are twins; until the twins came nothing marred the joy of her life. Then she was attacked with heart failure and for a year was unable to attend to the ordinary duties of the home. In describing her own experience Mrs. Lord says:

"I had heart failure so bad I was often thought to be dead."

"With this I had neuralgia of the stomach so bad it was necessary to give me morphine to daunt the pain."

"Sometimes the doctors gave me temporary relief, but in the end it seemed as if my suffering were multiplied."

"Medicine did me no good and was but an aggravation."

"I was so thin my nearest friends failed to recognize me."

"No one thought I would live."

"I was in despair and thought that my

days were numbered. My mother brought me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the first box made me feel better. I continued the treatment and to-day I am well."

"When I commenced to take the pills I weighed 120 pounds; now I weigh 146 and feel that my recovery is permanent."

"I owe my happiness and my health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My husband was benefited by them. I have recommended them to many of my friends and will be glad if any word of mine will direct others to the road of good health."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have cured many cases of almost similar nature.

The vital elements in Mrs. Lord's blood were deficient. The haemoglobin was exhausted. She was unfit for the strain she was compelled to undergo. Her nervous system was shattered and her vitality dropped below the danger point.

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DR. RIDPATH'S CONSENTS

January 13th we should have been compelled to announce the closing of the Wanamaker History Club, as the club limit had been reached.

Such a course would have keenly disappointed thousands who had neglected to join the club. The case was laid before Dr. Ridpath, and he generously consented to our having another edition, but only one-half as many as the former one. But he insists that no more shall be sold at this price.

With this absolute limit reached, there is NO TIME TO LOSE if you would secure this greatest of histories of the World's nations and peoples—at half the publishers' regular prices.

Ridpath's History of the World. Eight massive volumes. No other history contains one-half as many essential facts of the world's past.

No other history ever recorded the progress of the Races of Mankind from the beginning down to the present day—in fact, there is no other history of mankind today—in any language. True, you can procure histories of some of the greater and a few of the minor races—separately—partial records for the most part—by various historians. True, also, you can consult the encyclopedias for abstract facts and incidents of various times and countries, though no consecutive or accurate record can thus be obtained except by the student. But in Ridpath's History of the World you read page after page of the most delightful, interesting narrative—in which is linked together the story of man—from the original stock, through every one of the many ethnic branches of the black, the brown and the ruddy races—fill without effort of memory, you've a clear idea of all the existing branches of the great Human Family—as well as the paths they've followed down the centuries from the beginning.

You'll know why some nations have declined—why others have risen—why others are yet destined to rise and fall. You'll read of every important incident in every nation's history—of every age—with no cumbering of unnecessary detail. You'll start at random any one of the

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