

THE LAKE OF INK.

A MARVEL OF ARIZONA, THE WONDERLAND OF AMERICA.

3,500 Volcanoes of Black Mud—The Marvelous Region Around Cocopah—The Earthquake Country—Blue, Green, Purple and Pink Mountains.

Nearly all of the 3,500 Cocopah volcanoes are situated near the east end of the volcanic area which they occupy. Several large mounds, once living volcanoes, are now quiet. Between these hills of lava, rock and debris, are a large number of living, active volcanoes. From the sides of the hills, 50 to 200 feet above the surrounding waters, come forth most beautiful springs of clear warm water, some so sour, others so sweet, so bitter and so strongly alkaline that no living being or animal can drink it. These waters course down the hillsides, laying a coat of white, pink, purple, blue or green, made by the mineral salts they contain, upon everything with which they come in contact.

In the midst of these hills is the Lake of Ink. There run into it scores of streams of clear mineral hot water, others that are warm and two that are cold, says the Arizona Sentinel. The lake, one-fourth of a mile in length by one-eighth wide, lies like a gem, set in these hills, or these ancient volcanoes.

This hill is alive with volcanoes, even down to the very edge of the lake. At low water in Lake Pasqualitas it is divided from the Lake of Ink by a narrow ridge of hard sulphurous clay, thrown up by the volcanoes, which have assisted in making this bank. No less than sixty volcanoes, mad, spiteful, noisy little ones, line this ridge.

Here came the Indians for leagues and gathered the rich vermilion paint, with which they decorated themselves in times of war in the ancient past, long ago. On the west the volcanoes stand as close together as they can be placed. For a space of a quarter of a mile by nearly one-half mile the tread of the lone footman rings on the fragile crust, till he stops through fear, balancing in his mind whether to advance or retreat, and while pondering as to what to do the little "kicker," the liveliest, most wicked and spiteful of all the groups of volcanoes, besmeared him with its boiling hot black mud.

The black, ink-like water which fills the lake comes up to within three or four inches of the level of its shores. Its temperature near the edge is about 110 degrees, gradually growing warmer as you get down in it, and as you approach the center of the lake, on the surface it is about 150 and, at a depth of 250 feet it is 216 degrees. Near the shore on the east, south and west sides the water is only four to six feet in depth for twenty feet or more into the lake, where the shelf breaks off perpendicularly, and there no bottom has ever been found. To the touch the water feels smooth and oily. The ashes and oil which cover the lake, when its waters are quiet, are from one-half an inch to an inch thick. The water in the lake is jet black, though it does not color the skin of those who bathe in it. Under a glass the coloring matter seems to be a minute black substance held in suspension by the water, which adheres to white cloth immersed in the lake. To the taste the water is warm, salt and bitter. To the bather the sensation on entering the water is grand, exhilarating to a wonderful degree, so much so that a bath of ten or fifteen minutes makes one feel as if he were under the influence of the very best brandy. Millions of bubbles formed by the escaping gases keep the surface of the lake agitated at times till it rolls, boils and foams as if ready to break over its banks and escape, and again only in myriads of sparkling globules, glittering in the sunlight. Whenever the volcanoes rage with anger the lake follows, and the sight of its mad-dened waters is well worth seeing.

From time immemorial these waters have been used by the different tribes of Indians, far and wide, at war, or in peace, as the great all-healing remedy, following a bath in the hot mud of the peaceable volcanoes, for all fevers, rheumatism, scrofula and venereal diseases. They take the invalid and bury him, all but his ears, eyes and mouth, in the hot volcanic mud, for from twenty to thirty minutes, then carry him covered with mud, on a blanket, the 50 or 100 feet to the edge of the lake, and put him into the water, holding his head above it, for from fifteen to thirty minutes, then rolling him in his blanket, they carry him a few feet away, to a shade which they have provided, and lay him on the hot sulphurous sand or rock, and there let him sweat. They repeat this in the afternoon. At night they move him to a place where the ground is not quite so warm, and let him sleep, and, if possible, where he can breathe the gases of vapors of the neighboring volcanoes. The cures wrought are perfectly wonderful, and could not be believed if not seen. A few white men have been there and tried the remedies, and thus far without a single failure. The Indians also drink the hot water from some of the springs, but not from all. Whenever they approach this strange, weird scene, this barren waste, even when they come on their trips for salt, which lies in great beds, a mile or so beyond, they stop on the highest mound, and with one hand shading the eyes they screech and cry, with that fearful yell of "tra, tra, la, la, hoop, ya, lip, lip, soo, oo, oo, la," which makes your blood run a little faster in its channels, and then they wait to see if the gods of the desert are there to assist them. If all is still, with naught but the half-smothered groans, mutterings and underground heavings of these mysteries of "wonder land," they turn sadly away, to come again some other time. But if after the third shriek or cry of theirs old Monarch

or some of his consorts answer with a volume of mud, thrown high in the air, as a salute, then the Indians rush for their regal baths of mud, more than contented that the desert gods will hear and answer their wildman's prayer.

FIGHTING A MAD WOLF.

A Dagerous Guest Hidden in a New Mexican House.

My room was at the end of a long hall. I was familiar with every crook and turu about the house and didn't need a light, so I passed into my room and closed the door. It occurred to me then to take a smoke, so I felt around in the dark and found a cigar and struck a match to light it. The next minute I think you could have knocked me down with a feather. Away down in the darkness under the bed two fiery eyes shone out like burning coals just for that brief moment that the match was burning and then it went out. Before I had time to think the creature was upon me and was springing for my throat, the most savage animal I had ever met. I felt rather than saw what it was. The creature was a wolf, and it was mad.

Several animals afflicted with hydrophobia had been seen in the neighborhood during the past few months. There is no animal more formidable than a wolf when it has rabies, and I knew with what I had to contend. I had to struggle with a large wolf shut up in a dark room, and that the slightest wound from its sharp teeth meant certain and horrible death to me. As it came to me first I threw out my hands, and by some good fortune happened to strike its neck. I got both my hands about its throat and managed to hold it away from my face, but it was all I could do.

I was nervous, I suppose, and the wolf was far stronger than it would have been under ordinary circumstances. The froth was dripping from its mouth, and flew into my face as it struggled. It was the most desperate struggle of my life just to hold that wolf and keep it from my face and throat, at which it constantly leaped in the most furious manner. All the time, from the moment it sprang at me first, I had been shouting and calling at the top of my voice. There was very little hope of doing any good with it, as the servants were too far away, and my room was on the opposite side of the house from their quarters, but that was the only chance.

It was very evident that I couldn't let go my hold for an instant. It was just as evident that I couldn't hold out this way long, and that unless help came after awhile my strength would eventually give way and the wolf could tear my throat, as it was struggling then to do. And how long do you think this kept up? For two hours—for two mortal hours by the clock—I stood there, fighting for my life with the savage wolf and shouting for help every moment of the time. A hundred times I thought my strength was gone and that my arm would surely sink down powerless the next moment, and yet always managed to hold him off a little longer.

At last, just as I was almost in complete despair, one of the servants was aroused by my continued shouting, and came running with his gun in his hand. I managed to hold the wolf until he made a light, and then I held him while the man put the muzzle of his gun against the wolf's head and killed him as dead as Hector. And then I went to my sister's room and had a spell of something that would have been hysterics if I had been a woman. Being a man it was nothing but a case of nervous prostration. —[Globe-Democrat.]

Economic Weight of a Hog.

Experiments made for the purpose of determining the economic weight of a hog show conclusively that he never should be fed beyond eight or nine months of age, and that the largest profit is found, as a rule, in a weight not to exceed 200 pounds. What is known as the food of support plays a very important part in the profit or loss of large weights. Suppose, as many farmers say, that a resolution is made to turn the hog when he reaches 300 pounds. He must take from his food an increasing amount each day to support the weight already gained, or else he drops back. The German experiments indicate that two per cent. of the live weight in food must be taken each day to support that live weight. If the hog weighs 300 pounds this amounts to six pounds of food daily. The only profit is in the food that is applied to make new weight.

A recent pig-feeding experiment at the Maine Station illustrates this principle excellently. The pigs were taken at ages ranging from five weeks to eight weeks. During the first 100 days of the experiment not far from two pounds of digestible food produced one pound of growth, while during the last fifty days the ratio was four pounds of digestible food to one of growth. Every pound of pork made during the last fifty days cost double to that made in the first 100 days. The lesson taught by this principle is practically stated that the most money can be made from young hogs turned at a medium weight. —[Inter-Ocean.]

The Armors of Amruz.

Near Tripolis, Asiatic Turkey, is a village called Amruz, the like of which is not to be found in any other part of the world. The place is inhabited exclusively by Jews, all of whom, from the shammas to the parnass and the Rabbi, exercise the calling of smith. From early morning till the last thing at night they are hard at work, and when their toil is over all repair to the synagogue, where the evening prayers are recited. The aged members of the community also take

part in the daily work, but, not longer able to handle the hammer, they occupy themselves by blowing the bellows. The majority of these people are armorers, who supply the Arabs with their yatagans, swords and other weapons indispensable to the sons of the desert, but who are too indolent to make them for themselves. The weapons manufactured by these Jewish armorers are exported as far as the borders of the Niger, where they are in great demand. The Jews living in Amruz settled themselves there shortly after the destruction of the Second Temple, at the time when the Romans still held sway in Northern Africa.

A CURIOUS BIT OF HISTORY.

Why Jewelers' Dummy Clocks Point to the Hour of 8.13.

There are a great many curious things in the world that are common property. They are noticed and commented upon by everybody because the objects are pointed out and all one has to do is to look in the direction indicated by the index fingers of some one who has gone before, and lo! the oddity is apparent. But there are myriads of people who pass unusual and interesting things every day of their lives without knowing it. It remains for the observant to discover them and make them known. Then the general public wonders why it never before noticed them.

There are few who have not seen the ordinary sign of a jeweler—an immense imitation of a watch hanging over the front of the store.

But it is safe to say that the number who have since detected anything curious in these same signs is very, very small. The reader may ask at once, "Well, what is there remarkable in them? I have passed them scores of times, and I know of nothing strange in their construction."

Not to keep the inquirer in suspense, the wonderful feature of these big time pieces that don't go is that on almost every one of them the time indicated is eighteen minutes past eight o'clock. And thereby hangs a tale.

On the 14th of April, 1865, at this hour, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated in Ford's Theatre, at Washington, by John Wilkes Booth. Since that fatal night every one of these watch-signs that has gone from the factory of W. L. Washburne, at No. 46 Cortlandt street, the only person east of Chicago who makes them, has shown the hour of 8.18.

In all the world there is only one other concern besides this one that makes these watch-signs. It is located in Chicago, and also now turns out signs marking the time as 8.18.

Mr. Washburne tells this story of how the first "Lincoln sign" came to be painted:

"When I first began to make these clocks I fixed the hands in any way that my fancy dictated—some at one time and some at another. The first watch-sign was for P. T. Barnum's old store on Cortlandt street, which was then the Jerome Clock Company and which has long since passed out of existence. I don't know how the hands were on it, and, as I have said, I never cared until the night of April 14, 1865. I was then working on a sign for Jeweller Adams, who kept a store on Broadway, across the street from Stewart's. He came running in while I was at work and told me the news. 'Paint those hands at the hour Lincoln was shot, that the deed may never be forgotten,' he said, pointing to the sign I was making for him. I did so. Since then every watch-sign that has gone out of here has been lettered the same as that one. I noticed at the time that it was a good place for the hands anyway, leaving the top and bottom of the dial open for lettering, and this is probably the reason why the Chicago manufacturer fixes his in the same way." —[New York World.]

The Frog and the Farmer.

A Frog who dwelt in a Puddle close by the house of a Farmer one evening overheard the Agriculturalist vigorously Praising the Notes of a Nightingale which sang from a tree near by.

"Loves Music, eh?" queried the Frog of himself. "Well, being as he is a good Man and seems to be Built that Way, I'll do my Best to make him Happy."

The Frog had not been singing over two minutes when the Farmer came down to the Puddle with a big Tomato, and nearly knocked his head off and yelled:

"If you don't shut up I'll fire the whole garden at you."

"Alas! but is this my Reward for Seeking to Make you Happy!" wailed the Frog, as he looked around for the Arnica bottle to Bathe his Head.

Moral: "You must learn," replied the Farmer, as he turned away, "that while there may be no great difference between the notes of the Nightingale and the Voice of the Frog, Man has been granted the Privilege of Choosing Which he shall Listen to." —[New York World.]

Electric Lights in Europe.

The electric light is still an expensive luxury in England, yet several small continental towns enjoy the light at a very small cost. Where waterfalls are close to any village, turbines can be turned by the force of the torrent to drive the necessary dynamo. Twelve Swiss towns are now fitting up the electric light apparatus. Triburg, in the Black Forest, familiar to tourists for its clockmaking, has been lighted in this way for years past. On the St. Gothard Railway the village of Faida, though only numbering 1,000 inhabitants, uses electric light in the houses as well as the streets, the instalment having cost only \$10,000 in \$75 shares, owned by the inhabitants alone. —[London Tit-Bits]

An Electric File Driver.
Electricity has been successfully applied to a pile-driving machine in putting down the foundation of an annex to a paper mill near Paris. As the old section of the mill was provided with an electric-light plant lying idle during the day, it was decided to use the power for operating the pile-driver. An Edison motor was mounted in the lower part of the pile-driver frame and transmitted power to a chain drum fitted with the fast and loose pulleys. By means of a suitable cut-out the current could be diverted from the motor to a resistance box when power for hoisting the pile-driver was not needed. The machinery weighed 1,100 pounds, and the height of fall ranged from sixteen to twenty feet. A current of sixty-three amperes and 100 volts was employed, and the generator was about 330 feet distant. The conductor was a copper wire, 0.2 inch in diameter. —Iron.

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