

NURSE'S STORY OF ULCER CURE

Case of Six Months' Standing Entirely Healed.

After long suffering and the use of many ineffectual medicines, this case from Augusta, Me., comes to light as entirely healed. The authenticity of the case is apparent when you appreciate that the bearer of the tale is a graduate nurse. The following is the letter, as received:

"I must write and tell you the good Resinol Ointment has done. I applied it to an ulcerated leg of six months' standing. Almost everything had been tried to heal it. Resinol was applied twice a day for four weeks, and the ulcers are entirely healed. It is now six months since the treatment and no indication of a return of the trouble. I have used Resinol for eruptions on children's faces, and for everything that seemed to need an ointment, with satisfactory results in every case."

Mrs. I. E. CAMERON, Augusta, Me.
The first application of Resinol will relieve itching and irritation in skin diseases, and stop pain in burns and scalds. Frequently chafing, sunburn and poison ivy eruptions are cured overnight.

It is highly beneficial as a general skin remedy, and after one trial you will appreciate this to such an extent that you will never be without it.

You can procure Resinol Ointment, Resinol Soap and Resinol Medicated Shaving Stick from any druggist. Sample sent free if you will mention Department No. 59, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

HIS MONEY'S WORTH.



"Hat ha! ha! And I was just regretting that I'd spent a whole cent for that banana!"

Some Mosquitoes.

"Yes," said the traveler who had just returned from South Africa. "I was one day so annoyed by mosquitoes that I was compelled to take refuge in an old iron safe which lay discarded on the field."

"My first emotions of joy at my happy deliverance were hardly over when the mosquitoes, scenting me, began to drive their stingers through the safe. Fortunately, I had a hammer in my pocket, and as fast as their stingers came through the iron I clinched them, until at length such a host of them was fastened down in this way that, when they started to fly away, they carried me and that safe six miles."

"Then, one by one, they died with the exertion, and I was able to come out with safety. Yes, wonderful things happen in foreign parts!"—Ideas.

The Climatic Autocrat.

"What I should like," said the self-indulgent person, "would be to have wealth enough to permit me to live in a cool place in summer, and regulate the temperature according to my own fancy in winter."

"You don't need wealth. What you want is the job of janitor."

His Blasted Life.

"You refused me ten years ago," I remember, said the heiress. "You said it would wreck your life."

"It did. I have had to work for a living ever since."

Just for the Summer.

The old woman who lived in a shoe explained. "Roomier than summer hotel rooms," she cried.

A FINE NIGHT-CAP

The Best Thing in the World to Go to Bed and Sleep On.

"My wife and I find that 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and a cup of hot milk, or some cream, with it, makes the finest night-cap in the world," says an Allegheny, Pa., man.

"We go to sleep as soon as we strike the bed, and slumber like babies till rising time in the morning."

"It is about 3 years now since we began to use Grape-Nuts food, and we always have it for breakfast and before retiring and sometimes for lunch. I was so sick from what the doctors called acute indigestion and brain fog before I began to use Grape-Nuts that I could neither eat, sleep nor work with any comfort."

"I was afflicted at the same time with the most intense pains, accompanied by a racking headache and backache, every time I tried to eat anything. Notwithstanding an unusual pressure from my professional duties, I was compelled for a time to give up my work altogether."

"Then I put myself on a diet of Grape-Nuts and cream alone, with an occasional cup of Postum as a runner-up, and sometimes a little dry toast. I assure you that in less than a week I felt like a new man; I had gained six pounds in weight, could sleep well and think well."

"The good work went on, and I was soon ready to return to business, and have been hard at it, and enjoying it ever since."

"Command me at any time any one enquires as to the merits of Grape-Nuts. You will find me always ready to testify." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in which "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Lure of the Lone Trail

BENNO ALEXANDER

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IBERIA'S first gold placers were discovered about the middle of the eighteenth century in the rugged fastnesses of the Ural Mountains, frowning along the borders of Europe and Asia. Primeval forests and pathless tundras revealed but reluctantly their long hidden secrets. Nevertheless, some forty years ago, Russian miners, ever intrepid in their eastward quest of the precious metal, had reached the auriferous drifts in the valley of the mighty Amur that rolls from the heart of China grandly down to the lonely Okhotsk sea.

After the wonderful Klondike excitement of gold deposits throughout Siberia's over-responding latitudes of similar geological formations lent additional strength to the old tradition that the gold-bearing zone extended from Northwestern America to Northwestern Asia and that consequently the further shores of Bering Sea were well worth prospecting.

The first short-lived and barbaric, but, oh! so glorious splendors of Dawson and Nome had begun to pale, when a persistent and seemingly well-authenticated rumor of valuable nuggets having been found along the shores of Northeastern Kamchatka, fanned our smouldering imagination into brightest flames.

There's a race of men that don't fit in; they are always tired of things that be; they want the strange and the new and they don't know how to rest. My dear old "pard," Austin, and I belong to this legion of forelopers, never enlisted and never discharged. The fond hope that we were going to be numbered amongst the original "Forty-Niners" of a new California over yonder, "across the bay," lured us from the Yukon even to Siberia—to Vladivostok.

There we were joined by a kindred spirit, a young Russian mining engineer, Ivan Ivanovitch—soon enough he became plain Jack—fresh from an American college and ready for adventure.

Kamchatka, dependency of the maritime province and administrative district of Petropavlovsk, has been a Russian colony for over 200 years. From Cape Lopatka, the large peninsula's southmost point, lofty mountains, overtopped by many active and more extinct volcanoes, stretch northward far into the Arctic waste.

On the northeast coast, there where the mountain chain recedes over thirty miles from the low littoral, the Pankara enters the sea, opposite to the large island of Karagin'sk. A gloriously beautiful thundercloud overshadowed the densely wooded shores when we landed at Ola, the little Koryak hamlet near the Pankara's mouth. In the course of a few hours our steamer, "Primorsk," had discharged our earthly possessions and the cargo consigned to the local agent of the Russian Chartered Company, who holds the furring privileges of Northeastern Siberia.

Open-mouthed natives gaped curiously and a thousand hostile-looking dogs snarled viciously. The Natchalnik, however, having minutely scrutinized our papers, received us with open arms, and Father Juvenal, the Pope, offered us the hospitality of his log cabin. We learned many interesting facts about this out-of-the-way neck of the woods that night. The peninsula's mongoloid aborigines, the rapidly decreasing Kamchadals proper—mostly fishermen—well around the water courses to the southward.

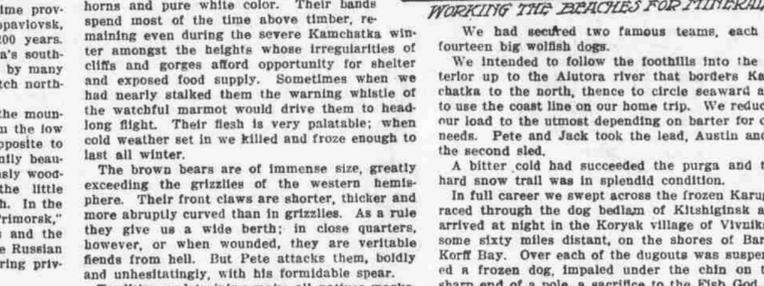
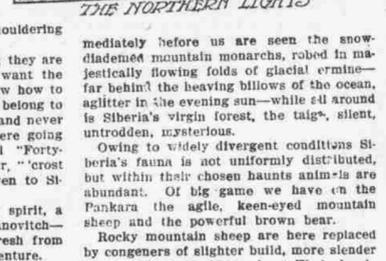
Their northern neighbors, our friends, the "dog Koryaks," mighty hunters and trappers, live in log cabins, dug-outs or skin tents. They belong largely to the orthodox church—at least nominally—are good natured and hospitable, but their notions of cleanliness are more than questionable. The occasional sight of our toothbrushes once caused a riot of an amazed mob. Both the women and the almost beardless men alike, braid their hair into two plaits, smoke the cheap Mobaraka tobacco, intermixed with birch bark, and wear nearly identical dresses of pelts or—in summer—gaidoo calico.

Further on and up to Kamchatka's border, the strictly nomadic "reindeer Koryaks," addicted to weird shamanism, pitch their yurts wherever good feeding grounds attract their herds. Beyond their territory we find, in the interior, Tungus tribes, along the seaboard the unconquered race of the Tchukches, that stoutly refuse the Yassak to this day.

The Pankara has a length of about 90 miles. The advanced season and a preliminary examination of accessible rock formation, combined with encouraging reports of white and native residents, prompted us to prospect the upper valley without delay. The Natchalnik placed the only three pack horses at our disposal, rather shaggy, but hardy Irkutsk ponies, able to shift for themselves even in winter. As guide and helper we engaged the Koryak, Peter, nicknamed Petruschka-Parsley—from his fondness for this wild plant. Petruschka of course was speedily pared down to Pete, as Ivan has surrendered to Jack long ago.

The village of Ola is happy. A sweet fragrance of fish and blubber permeates the air, for seal and salmon were plentiful. Pete, very busy, very important, helps us with our preparations for the prospecting expedition. The Natchalnik invites us to a farewell dinner (deer tongue, ptarmigan, smoked and salted fish, much tea and more vodka) and on the 17th day of August we set out.

On the third night we are encamped in the foothills. Even here, at the threshold of boreal dreariness nature unfolds an almost pathetic beauty. Im-



mediately before us are seen the snow-dimmed mountain monarchs, robed in majestically flowing folds of glacial ermine—far behind the heaving billows of the ocean, aglitter in the evening sun—while all around is Siberia's virgin forest, the taiga, silent, untrodden, mysterious.

Owing to widely divergent conditions Siberia's fauna is not uniformly distributed, but within their chosen haunts animals are abundant. Of big game we have in the Pankara the agile, keen-eyed mountain sheep and the powerful brown bear. Rocky mountain sheep are here replaced by congeners of slighter build, more slender horns and pure white color. Their hands spend most of the time above timber, remaining even during the severe Kamchatka winter amongst the heights whose irregularities of cliffs and gorges afford opportunity for shelter and exposed food supply. Sometimes when we had nearly stalked them the warning whistle of the watchful marmot would drive them to headlong flight. Their flesh is very palatable; when cold weather set in we killed and froze enough to last all winter.

The brown bears are of immense size, greatly exceeding the grizzlies of the western hemisphere. Their front claws are shorter, thicker and more abruptly curved than in grizzlies. As a rule they give us a wide berth; in close quarters, however, or when wounded, they are veritable fiends from hell. But Pete attacks them, boldly and unhesitatingly, with his formidable spear.

Tradition and training make all natives marksmen of the first order with firearms, bolos and arrows. Even small ermines and arctic squirrels stand no chance of escape at seventy-five yards; and the Koryaks have to shoot them in the head, at that, or their skins would be worthless.

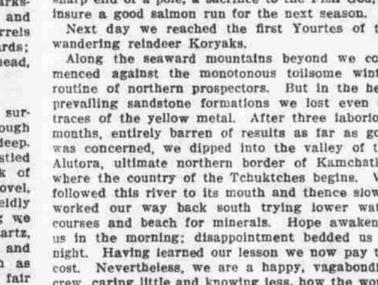
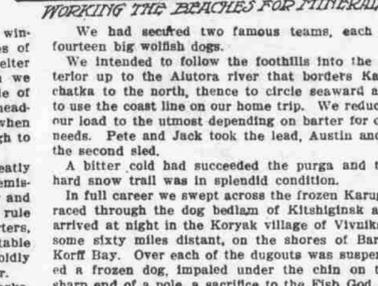
The ground was frostbound nearly to the surface, and bedrock, reached by thawing through the icy gravels, was ten to fifteen feet deep. Keeping three fires going, for which Pete rustled the wood, we made good headway. Lack of leverage, however, makes the Russian shovel, which has no bend at its neck, a most unwieldy and expending utensil. At the beginning we struck encouraging colors in addition to quartz, iron pyrites, often in the form of mispickel and all the products of its decomposition such as magnetic oxide and hematite. Despite these fair prospects we had worked our way up to the vertical headwaters without tangible results early in November. Near the source the soil was not frozen, due to warm volcanic springs, and sinking to bedrock became impossible. Therefore we crossed the divide leading southward to the Ruskoff river to examine its course down to the sea and finally to sled to headquarters along the shore. On the Ruskoff we found the same conditions; tepid springs above, a few colors below, paydirt nowhere.

Winter is now upon us in good earnest; in December our thermometer sinks to 57 below. The sheep are safe beyond the snowdrifts; bear, marmot and porcupine have retired for their long sleep; only willow grouse and rock ptarmigan remain with us.

Glorious winter stars, clear, large, unapproachable, glitter on the firmament. At midnight the Pleiades of Job and Homer flame from the zenith and then the Northern Lights, violet, silvery and rose come down and dance with the houseless snow.

Christmas eve finds us near the Ruskoff's mouth and on New Year's day we drag our sled into Ola. Just in time; already midwinter sun-dogs loom ghost-like through the frost-mist in the south; for far to the northward the weather-witch of the Yaga-Baba Pass has been brewing her dread purgation, the Siberian snow storm. The blizzard's fury raged forty-eight hours, burying the roofs of the lowly cabins under mountainous drifts.

Quickly the late orthodox Christmas-tide approaches. In the morning the entire population—and with them we—attended church, Father Juvenal officiating in full canonicals of black and gold. Before the Russian New Year we were up and away once more.



We had secured two famous teams, each of fourteen big wolfish dogs.

We intended to follow the foothills into the interior up to the Alutora river that borders Kamchatka to the north, thence to circle seaward and to use the coast line on our home trip. We reduced our load to the utmost depending on barter for our needs. Pete and Jack took the lead, Austin and I the second sled.

A bitter cold had succeeded the purga and the hard snow trail was in splendid condition. In full career we swept across the frozen Karuga, raced through the dog bedlam of Klitshignitsk and arrived at night in the Koryak village of Vivinsk, some sixty miles distant, on the shores of Baron Korf Bay. Over each of the dugouts was suspended a frozen dog, impaled under the chin on the sharp end of a pole, a sacrifice to the Fish God, to insure a good salmon run for the next season.

Next day we reached the first Youties of the wandering reindeer Koryaks. Along the seaward mountains beyond we commenced against the monotonous toilsome winter routine of northern prospectors. But in the here prevailing sandstone formations we lost even all traces of the yellow metal. After three laborious months, entirely barren of results as far as gold was concerned, we dipped into the valley of the Alutora, ultimate northern border of Kamchatka, where the country of the Tchukches begins. We followed this river to its mouth and thence slowly worked our way back south trying lower water courses and beach for minerals. Hope awakened us in the morning; disappointment bedded us at night. Having learned our lesson we now pay the cost. Nevertheless, we are a happy, yagabondish crew, caring little and knowing less, how the world may plod.

The Lure of the Lone Trail seldom pays its soldiers of fortune in cold cash. But there are other glorious compensations. In the glowing health of outdoor life, trail-hardened and the savage strength of brute in every vein, we have felt the throbbing pulse of life primeval and lain close to the loving heart of our mother, the earth.

Thus we kept on, and one bright Sunday morning in April our ice-worn Nartas drew up with a flourish in front of St. Andrew's little church at Ola, just as Father Juvenal was dismissing his feld. We encountered a perfect storm of affectionate, but terrific welcome kisses which we dodged as best we could.

The rest of sledding time we put in prospecting the upper Karuga which yielded a few colors. From its headwaters we scaled in May the Yaga-Baba Pass, 8,200 feet high, and saw in the far distance the Sea of Okhotsk, agleam in the vernal sunshine. But the "yellow stones" of native rumor proved slight sulphurous deposits of an ancient crater. After the spring breakup we sailed southward as far as possible with a Koryak fishing expedition, examining the shore sands, unearthing nothing, however, except a little souvenir amber.

In July, when our old friends, the annual steamer "Primorsk" have in sight we camped already on the beach at Ola, waiting for deliverance. Caring the rifle we had given him, Pete, faithful to the end, sat sadly beside us, loath to see us go. But Austin's mouth organ is stinging softly. We know the tune and we know its words:

"Thank God! when I'm skinned to a flint, I'll pike to the Yukon again; I'll fight, and you bet it's no sham fight; It's hell, but I've been there before; And it's better than this, by a damst— So me for the Yukon once more!"

Not in Circulation There.
An error of a new clerk in the mailing department of an eastern publisher was responsible, the other day, for the mailing of a prospectus to a world-famous statesman, who had been dead for some years. The letter was returned a few days later with the following indorsement: "In Heaven, 1911. Gentlemen: As your publications are not permitted to circulate here, I believe it would be useless for me to subscribe for them. Yours respectfully," and here followed the name of the famous statesman.

A Reader Cures His Constipation—Try It Free

Simple Way for Any Family to Retain the Good Health of All Its Members.
The editors of "Health Hint" and "Questions and Answers" have one question that is put to them more often than any other, and which, strangely enough, they find the most difficult to answer. That is "How can I cure my constipation?" Dr. Caldwell, an eminent specialist in diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels, has looked the whole field over, has practiced the specialty for forty years and is convinced that the ingredients contained in what is called Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, has the best claim to attention from constipated people. Its success in the cure of stubborn constipation has done much to displace the

use of salts, waters, strong cathartics and such things. Syrup Pepsin, by training the stomach and bowels, makes the action of their work natural, and with its tonic ingredients strengthening the nerves, brings about a healthy condition. Among its strongest supporters are Mr. John Graveline of St. Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich., Mr. J. W. Vernon of Oklahoma City and thousands of others. It can be obtained at any druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, or if you want to try it first a free sample bottle can be obtained by writing to the doctor. For the free sample address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

For **DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever, Catarrhal Fever
SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

WHAT SHE SAID.
The Lover—Den you say dat my suit is in vain?
The Lass—Not exactly, but I did say if you little, bow-legged, pie-faced mut didn't quit follerin' me around I'd bounce a brick on yer forehead!

RASH ALL OVER BABY'S BODY
Itched So He Could Not Sleep

"On July 27, 1909, we left Boston for a trip to England and Ireland, taking baby with us. After being in Ireland a few days a nasty rash came out all over his body. We took him to a doctor who gave us medicine for him. The trouble started in the form of a rash and was all over baby's body, head and face, at different times. It irritated, and he would scratch it with all his might. The consequence was it developed into sores, and we were afraid it would leave nasty scars on his face.

"When we reached England we took baby to another doctor, who said his condition was due to change of food and climate, and gave more medicine. The rash got no better, and it used to itch and burn at night so bad that the child could not sleep. He was completely covered with it at different times. It was at this time that my mother advised us to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After using Cuticura Soap and Ointment for about nine months the places disappeared. There are not any scars, or other kind of disfigurement, and baby is completely cured by the Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Margaret Gunn, 29 Burrell St., Roxbury, Mass., March 12, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 22-page book, will be mailed free on application to Cuticura, Dept. 14 K, Boston.

He Balked at That.
"I positively and absolutely refuse!" cried the candidate with great emphasis.
"Refuse what?" asked the campaign manager.
"I've kissed all the babies in my district," he replied, "but I'll be gungoggled if I'll kiss Mrs. Astorbill's poodle, even if it costs the whole suffragette vote!"

Two of a Kind.
"Going abroad this summer, Mrs. Leader?"
"Why—ah—"
"Isn't that a coincidence? I'm not, either."

A man who needs the money has no time to meddle in other people's affairs.
If you are unable to keep your troubles to yourself they will expand.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES
Men and Women wear W.L. Douglas shoes because they're the best shoes produced in this country for the price. Insist upon having them.
THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS

The assurance that goes with an established reputation is your assurance in buying W. L. Douglas shoes.
If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W.L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than any other make for the price.
CAUTION The genuine have W. L. Douglas stamped on bottom.
If you cannot obtain W. L. Douglas shoes in your town, write for catalog. Show sent direct from factory to wearer, all charges prepaid. W. L. DOUGLAS, 142 Park St., Brockton, Mass. ONE PAIR of my BOYF 65, \$2.50 or \$3.00 SHOES will positively outwear TWO PAIRS of ordinary boy's shoes.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Will purify your blood, clear your complexion, restore your appetite, relieve your tired feeling, build you up. It leads all other medicines in merit.
Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

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Broke Up Cabinet Meeting

How General Bingham Got Even With Architect at the White House.

Just outside the front door of the executive offices there is a coal hole. This is the opening to the coal chute which supplies the White House with all its fuel, and when the executive mansion is replenishing its supply of

coal all business in the offices suspends. There is a short story about this coal hole which White House attaches are still telling. It seems that when General Bingham, who afterward became police commissioner of New York, was superintendent of public buildings and grounds the executive offices were being built. He did not like Stanford White, who designed

these offices, nor the plans upon which they were designed. The superintendent was overruled, however, and the work went ahead. Finally it was finished, along with the coal hole. The President moved in and business began. Then it came General Bingham's time to get even. He took early note of the coal hole. On Fridays and Tuesdays, as at present, the cabinet met, and regularly on those days the superintendent ordered from two to five big wagon loads of coal delivered.

When it concerns himself, Who's angry at a slander, makes it true. —Ben Jonson.

Just as the cabinet would assemble the first load of coal would start down the chute. Then would come another and another, until a recess would be taken until the miserable noise would subside. This was General Bingham's revenge. The cabinet never suspected that it was all a put-up job on the architect.—Washington Times.