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Some time ago I began the use of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root with the most remarkable results. For years I was almost a wreck and was a great sufferer. The doctors who treated me made me believe that my great sufferings were due to female trouble. I was so bad at times I would faint away and had sinking spells. Finally a new doctor was called in and he said that I had kidney trouble and gave me medicine, of which I took several bottles. I obtained some relief from this but I was getting weaker all the time; I could not sleep and suffered so much pain that my husband and children had to lift me in and out of bed. After this time two friends sent me word to try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which I did, and I am glad to state that the first dose gave me great relief. After taking the third dose I was helped into bed and slept half of the night.

I took several bottles of Swamp-Root and I feel that I owe my life to this wonderful remedy. The two family doctors said that I could not live three months; my urine was in a terrible condition—thick and slimy—and I would have to be helped in and out of bed ten to twenty times every night. After taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for two days I was entirely free from getting up and could sleep soundly.

MRS. D. E. HILEMAN.
Tunnelton, West Va.

Personally appeared before me this 11th of September, 1909, Mrs. D. E. Hileman, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

JOSEPH A. MILLER,
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co. Binghamton, N. Y.

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and run down and subjected to spells of **Stomach trouble and Biliousness** you cannot take a better medicine than **Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.** It removes the cause by toning the entire digestive system. **Try it and See.**

BUT INSIST ON
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"My horse had a very bad case of spavin and nothing did any good until I tried your Mexican Mustang Liniment. I rubbed the spavin frequently and plentifully with the liniment and soon saw an improvement. In this treatment I poured my palm full of liniment and then rubbed it on the spavin until nearly dry. I did this three or four times a day and my horse was completely cured. It is sure to cure if properly used."

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for COUGHS & COLDS

THE NEW EL DORADO

BY EDWIN McRRIS

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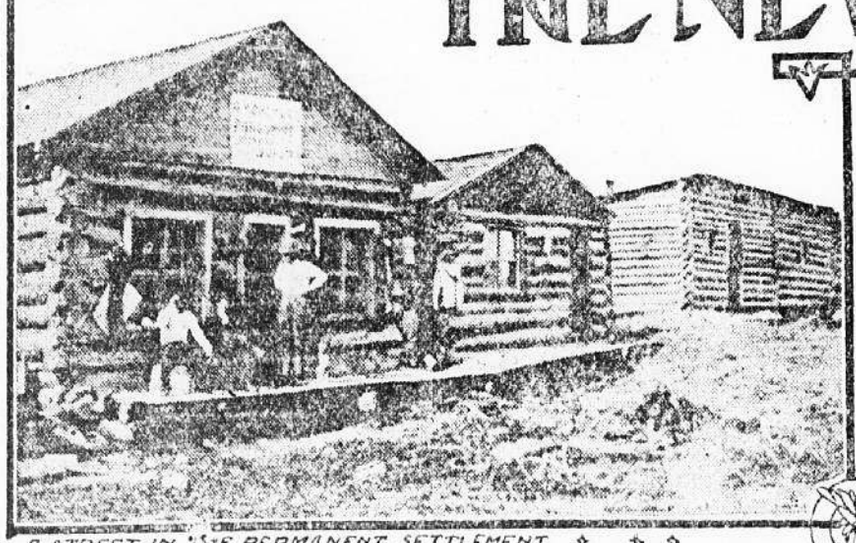


A STREET IN THE PERMANENT SETTLEMENT

A HOTEL IN THE NEW EL DORADO

IN the summer of 1909, when gold was discovered in the Porcupine Lake mining district of Canada, about 500 miles north of Toronto, the region was so inaccessible and the conditions of life were so hard that nothing except the lure of gold could have brought white men to the spot. Everywhere was a trackless, low-lying forest. Perhaps it would be more nearly accurate to say that everywhere was a great marsh filled with trees. In the winter the temperature dropped to 60 degrees below zero and the snow rose to the forest branches. In the summer there was a pest of insects. Poisonous black flies—almost invisible because of their smallness—buzzed all the day. At night the black flies laid off and the mosquitoes came on. There was never a summer hour, by day or night, when a human being could have lived at peace; when his face would not have been stinging; when his swollen features would not have made him grotesque.

But few had ever suffered, because there were only a few to suffer. Only an occasional trapper ever penetrated the wilderness. The prospector had not come, because the prospector, as a rule, goes only where mountains beckon. The prospector did not know that mountains, like teeth, may wear off until only their roots remain. Nor did the prospector know that, in the great dentistry of nature, these mountain roots are sometimes filled with gold and silver, nickel and iron.

Yet such is the fact. When the world was young a mountain range extended from Minnesota, across Ontario, to Labrador. Nobody but geologists make the statement with confidence. They say these mountains were the oldest mountains on the continent; that they were old when the Rockies were yet unformed; that the glacial drift and the disintegrating effects of untold millions of years of heat and cold have worn them away until only the "roots" remain; and they point to the roots as proof of their theory.

The roots are there. Anybody can see them. Some of them are below the surface, some are above. Over most of the roots are a few feet of earth, but, here and there, a huge shoulder of rock thrusts itself above the surface; here and there a great ledge plows its way through the forests and then disappears in the marsh; and nowhere can one dig far without coming to rock.

A singular incident explains, perhaps, why these mountain roots were not permitted to remain untouched for another hundred million years. The incident had its inspiration in politics. The Ontario government felt that it was losing strength with the farmers. Wise men in the ministry looked around to see what could be done. The farmers in the "clay belt" had been clamoring for a railroad. The ministry decided that it would be good politics to give it to them. So it was decided to build a railroad from North bay, on the shores of Lake Nipissing, to connect with the great transcontinental line, under construction farther north.

It was while this railroad was building that Fred La Rose, a member of the construction gang, blasted his way into an old mountain root, made himself rich, made Cobalt, made more than a score of multimillionaires and caused Canada, which had produced almost no silver, to produce 12 per cent. of the world's output. Two men, in six days, trundled out $57,000 worth of silver with a wheelbarrow. As an indirect result Sudbury became the world's chief producer of nickel.

All of which seemed to be against the rules made and provided by nature. Canada had never been known as a silver country. Near Cobalt there was nothing on the surface to indicate that silver might be near. But no eye had seen below the surface. No mind had dreamed of the gold and silver filled roots of worn-off mountains. An explanation was required—and geologists who examined the formations gave it.

The geological assurance that the entire region might be sprinkled with precious metals quickly caused the country around Cobalt to be prospected. But prospecting in forest-covered marshes does not proceed rapidly. Not until the summer of 1909 did prospectors push 250 miles northward, to the region of Porcupine lake.

There is about as much uncertainty with regard to who first discovered gold in Porcupine as there is with regard to who discovered America. George Bannerman, however, appears to be the Columbus of the occasion. Bannerman, an old prospector, in July, 1909, scraped the moss from a bit of the surface of a projecting rock and saw wet flakes of shining gold staring up at him from the quartz. But the first great discovery was made by a gang of prospectors headed by Jack Wilson. Wilson, or one of his subordinates—no two reports on this point are alike—found the great "Dome" that bears Wilson's name. The "Dome" is a ridge of rock, 550 feet long, 40 to 80 feet wide, 20 to 30 feet above ground, and no one yet knows how deep, that is heavily laden with gold. Pull the moss from it anywhere and there is gold.

Nothing in the history of gold mining better illustrates the eccentricities of gold miners than the discovery of the "Dome." The discovering party consisted of three men, headed by Jack Wilson. The expedition was financed by a Chicago man named Edwards, who was engaged in the manufacture of lighting fixtures. Edwards was to put up all the money in return for a half interest in anything that might be discovered. Wilson was to have a quarter interest and each of the other two an eighth.

For several weeks they prospected, first to the east of Porcupine lake, in Whitney township, then to the west, in Tisdale township. They found gold and staked some claims. But the great "Dome," although they camped, some of the time, within sight of it, almost escaped them. It was finally discovered, according to the story that is generally believed, only because one of Wilson's subordinates stumbled across it. He was not a miner, knew nothing about geology, but did know enough to scrape off moss. Also, he had eyes. When the moss was off he could not help seeing the gold. The great ridge that was henceforth to be known as the "Wilson Dome" had been found. Stakes were driven and claim laid to the huge boulder.

Perhaps the most remarkable story, however, that has come out of the Porcupine was told by a prospector named "Bill" Woodney.

A mining man whom I believe to be reliable told me that Bill came to him one day and showed him a remarkably rich piece of gold quartz, at the same time asking him where he supposed it came from.

"Not from anywhere in Canada," was the reply.

"I thought you would say that," was the comment, "but you are wrong."

Then "Bill" told his story.

He said the quartz was given to him by a widow. Her husband had been accidentally killed a short time before she gave it to him. The widow told him that the quartz came from a vein near Lake Abitibi, a frigid sheet of water up toward Hudson's bay, 300 miles north of Cobalt. Her husband and two other men whom she named had found the vein. They had not staked their claims and registered them with the government at Toronto, because such registration would have been a notification to the world that they had found gold in the region. Winter was near when the discovery was made and they wanted to return in the spring, prospect the country thoroughly and stake out everything in sight.

During the following winter the husband of the woman who was so soon to become a widow was seriously injured in a mill. In a few days he realized that death was near. He sent for the two prospectors who had accompanied him to Lake Abitibi. They came.

"Boys," said he, "I guess I've got to die. I can't go back with you in the spring to stake the claims. I want you to promise me that if I die you will give the old woman a third of what we found last year."

The men promised. The wife heard them. But she didn't believe them.

The widow had told Bill who the men were. He knew them. He knew where they were working. Bill hired out in the same place. In the course of a few weeks one of them told him that they were going to quit at a certain time in the spring and take a long canoe and hunting trip in the country far to the north.

That was good enough clew for Bill. Two weeks before the announced time for the men to start Woodney quit his job, packed his kit and started for Lake Abitibi himself.

When he reached the lake he drew his canoe from the water, hid it in the "bush," as Canadians call a forest, and prepared to wait.

On the eighth day of his vigil, as he was peering out of the bushes, he saw the sight that he had waited so long to see. Down the placid river came two canoes, cutting their ways through the cool waters and leaving flatiron wakes in the rear.

Late in the afternoon Bill saw the two specks disappear in what seemed to be an inlet.

The first night there was no fire, but the next day Bill saw a blue spiral of smoke curling from the bushes back of the lake.

For five days and nights the fires burned. Then there was no more fire, day or night. Evidently the men had gone. Bill wanted to be sure, so he waited three more days. Then he went down to the lake where his canoe was hidden, put it into the water, took pains to observe that there was on the lake no sign of human life, then slowly paddled his way along the shore, looking for the inlet.

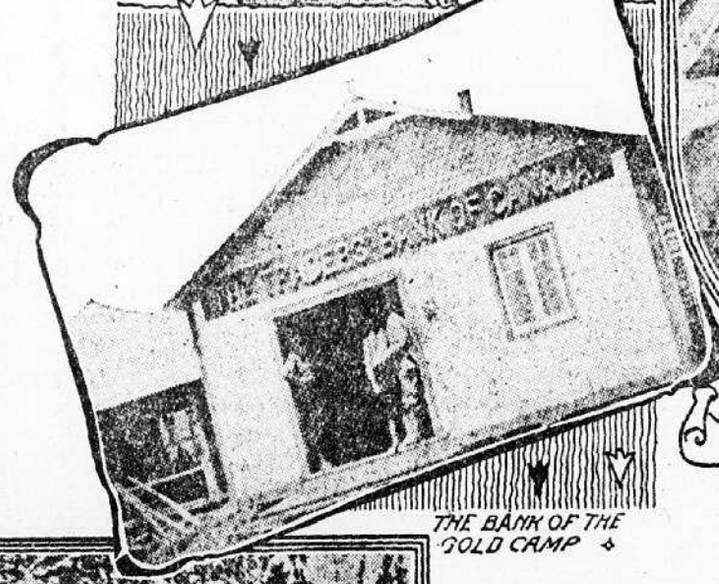
Bill was paddling as quietly as he could when, at the "knuckle" of the water finger—a point where the inlet was not more than 50 feet wide—he suddenly saw on the left bank—the two prospectors! The next instant one of them threw an ax at Bill's canoe that all but cut it in two and sunk it as quickly as a mine could sink a battleship.

Woodney doesn't know yet why he is alive. He seemed to have no chance to live. It was two against one and the one was in the water. So were his food, his weapons and his tools. If he were not murdered during the next second it seemed certain that he would starve during the next month. Not that he thought out all of these things while he was sinking. He thought out nothing. All he did was to act first and think afterward. A few strokes with his hands and a few kicks with his feet put him against the bank. No rabbit ever took a trail faster than Bill took to the brush.

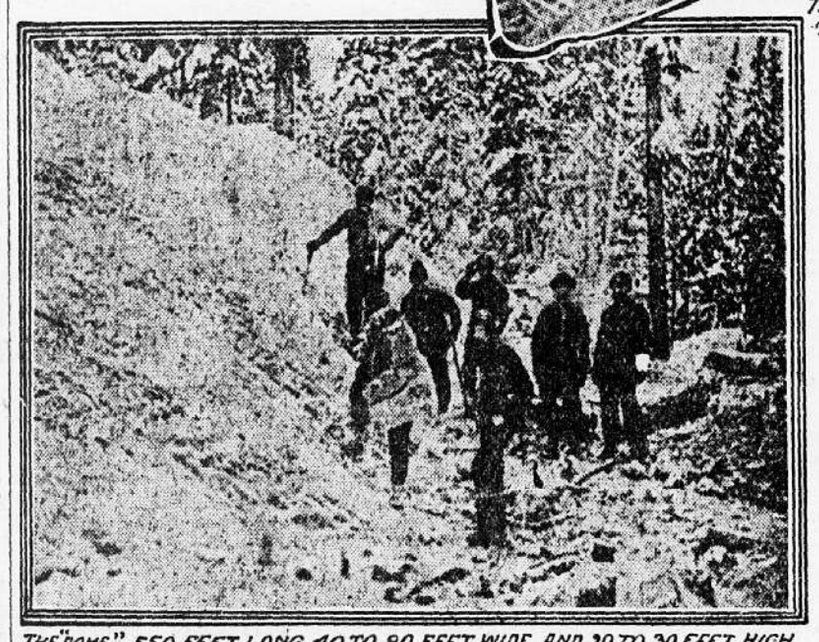
The rest of this story can be told in short sentences. Hunger, within the next forty-eight hours, drove Woodney into the very camp of the men who would have slain him. He crept up to them, late at night, and stole their food. He could not steal much at a time, but he stole enough to keep him alive. He stole, not once, but three times. The next time he went to steal they were not there. They had pulled up camp and gone, bag and baggage. He took his life in his hands the next day and went down to see the claims they had staked. He didn't find a stick or a sign of a claim. He couldn't even find anything himself that seemed worth claiming.

The prospectors never returned. Whether they were upset and drowned in one of the many rapids; whether they fell to fighting and killed each other, no one knows. Nor have they ever filed a claim to ore bodies along Lake Abitibi.

A WINTER CAMP OF GOLD SEEKERS



THE BANK OF THE GOLD CAMP



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