



WINTER TRAILS

ELMER RUSSEL GREGOR
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If one would learn the innermost secrets of the wild neighbors about him, let him go forth into woods and fields after the first snowstorm has covered the earth with an immaculate mantle of glistening whiteness. There he will find recorded a true and exhaustive account of outdoor happenings of the past twenty-four hours.

Across the snow-covered field at the edge of the woods you trail the familiar tracks of the little cottontail rabbit. By their side, and occasionally joining and obliterating them, are the accusing footprints of that mischievous pointer pup, who should have been tied up in the barn. About a small clump of swaying weed-stalks are the four-barred prints of such hardy birds as juncos, red-polls, and the larger blue-jays and crows. A powdery mass of loosened snow comes sifting down from the topmost bough of an evergreen at the forest edge, as a large snowy owl flies noiselessly back into the silent woods. Driven from his summer hunting grounds at the far north, by the icy hand of winter, he will levy toll from squirrels, grouse and rabbits, before taking his departure for more congenial climes at the coming of spring. His hunting is methodical and constant. With set, silent, wings, he swoops suddenly down upon his victim, like some great white sparrow of the forest. Little round pellets of hair, feathers and bones found on the snow beneath his favorite perch, indicate the fate of his unfortunate prey. Pierce, rapacious and insatiable, he flies over the fields, and through the forest, ever ready to fall like a meteor on some unsuspecting bird or mammal. Unlike most of his kind, this bold assassin from the arctic does not confine his hunting excursions to the night alone, but flies abroad during certain hours of the day as well; thereby proving even more destructive and dangerous than his ally in crime, the northern goshawk.

Beneath the snow-laden branches of the balsam, the round cat-like imprints of the lynx show forth. Bold and prominent, they form an easily followed trail through the woods. The half-buried top of a fallen tree, a cavity left by the roots of an upturned stump, a thick-growing mass of rhododendron, have all been carefully examined by this soft-footed prowler in his relentless search for food. Slightly further on, his trail joins that of the varying hare, or "white rabbit," and his tread becomes measured and careful, as he creeps forward on the hot scent of his intended victim. About the edge of a dismal swamp the disturbed snow shows where, coming on the unwary hare, he has made his leap and secured his prize. The line by the side of his trail marks the drag of his prey on the snow as he has carried it to the top of an open knoll. Here are displayed all the evidences of his savage feast. Having satisfied his hunger he has circled about and several times walked to the point of his commanding elevation. One can almost hear his wild, piercing scream, uttered in bold defiance from his prominence. Evidently satisfied that nothing is to be gained by tarrying longer in the vicinity, his restless feet have been again turned toward the denser forest in which direction his trail disappears.

By the side of a gently-murmuring, ice-incrusted brook, appears the sinuous hunting trail of the blood-thirsty mink. The little footprints in sets of two and two, register in the snow along both shores of the stream, for the mink in his hunting, crosses and recrosses on the ice many times in the course of a mile. Keenly alert, he travels swiftly along, watchful for anything with which he may satiate the pangs of hunger. A disabled or careless grouse, a trout, trapped in some shallow, isolated pool, an unwary muskrat, a venturesome wood mouse, abroad from its shelter, or even the marmoset left from the repast of some more fortunate or powerful marauder, will suffice in his time of need. Up into the wind goes the slim, pointed head, with the little bead-like eyes; the tiny nose twitches, apprehensively at some scent borne on the uncertain breeze. Every nook and crevice beneath the shelving banks is thoroughly explored; into each air-hole of the



ice-coated stream, is thrust the rat-like head, to peer intently into the depths of the black pool beneath. Through one of these openings, the long, slender, brown body slips, to turn and twist with lightning-like rapidity in the icy current. Emerging from the chilling water, its wet coat glistening, its eyes flashing triumphantly, the agile little animal has its jaws fastened across the body of a luckless trout. Beneath the shelter of a fallen log, the prize is placed and closely guarded by the suspicious mink. After many little patrols about the near vicinity, made for the purpose of discovering any hidden foe, if such there be, the crafty hunter has partaken of his well-earned meal. Some telltale evidences left behind on the trampled snow proclaim all this, and then the tracks lead on down the stream.

At some distance from the brook-bed, farther back in the forest, winds the clear-cut, well-defined tracks of the red fox. The footprints are distinguishable from those of the lynx even at first glance. The imprints themselves are narrower, and placed more nearly in a straight line; while the stride, from the track to track, is half again as long as in the wider lynx trail. The drag of the bushy tail is duly recorded, as the sharply outlined footprints lead up to and over the brow of a hill. From the clean, sharp tracks left on the snow, one can readily imagine the tireless black feet. The trail leads into an old wood road along which the fox has trotted. At one place, evidently frightened by something he has jumped for to one side, then gone on at a mad gallop. Down to the edge of an ice-covered, snow-coated pond, the tracks lead. Evidently recovered from his unexplainable panic, he steals stealthily to the cover of the bushes that fringe the frozen lake. His trail proceeds to the outskirts of a frozen marsh, along which it follows. About several muskrat houses his wayward footprints circle; at one particular dome-shaped habitation the impatient fox has scraped away the snow and seemingly endeavored to scratch through the impetuous, frozen mass composing the roof. Having probably caused the terrified inmates to abandon the grass-lined living chamber, and to plunge into the black, chilling water beneath the ice, he has turned and made his way leisurely across the swamp to a hemlock grove. Cautiously he has worked his way under the drooping branches, his keen nose searching for some promising scent. He has alarmed a torpid grouse, as recorded by the disturbed area of snow, showing the dumb-like flight of the startled bird at the near approach of the silent stalker.

At one place he has jumped for a mouse, and, judged by the imprints, has miscalculated the distance and missed his quarry. Two or three playful boards mark the ascent of his trail to higher ground, where, reaching more open country it leads off to the



right, the tracks showing he has broken into a hurried trot for parts unknown.

On the crest of a neighboring hardwood ridge is the trail of a noble white-tail buck. Differing from the trail of the doe, by the larger tracks, more rounded toes, greater length of stride between prints and drag on the snow before and after each particular footprint, the tracks are sufficiently interesting to follow. From the trail it may be gathered that the animal has walked leisurely along up-wind, browsing on laurel, birch twigs, and smaller bushes. He has carefully walked a log to cross a brook, and stood drinking of the clear, cold water. Occasionally he has stopped to listen and look back on his trail for the detection of any harmful follower. He has nothing to fear from the front, for his sensitive muzzle would detect the warning taint on the breeze, long before the enemy itself hove in sight. In several places he has pawed the snow clear for considerable spaces, evidently in search of some winter delicacy beneath the glimmering crystals.

Another buck track still larger than the first, which it joins, promises interesting developments further along. For some distance it follows its rival at a walk, then impatience is shown in the recorded tracks left by the trotting animal. This second buck one would judge to be the bigger animal, from its larger tracks, although this need not essentially follow. At any rate he is evidently in a great hurry to overtake and challenge his predecessor, judging from his tracks, which show he has broken into a graceful canter.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

WILL LEAD FIGHT FOR TAFT



Selection of Representative William B. McKinley of Illinois, chairman of the Republican congressional committee, to lead the fight for delegates for President Taft to the Republican national convention at Chicago, is hailed as a drawing taut of the administration lines in an out and out contest between President Taft and Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. McKinley has hitherto been recognized as a standpat of the Joseph G. Cannon type. The Taft men assert that Cannonism is dead and that the McKinley appointment is a recognition of the fact that the standpatters have now aligned themselves with the president, a middle of the road progressive Republican, as against the more radical progressives represented by Theodore Roosevelt and Senators La Follette and Cummings.

Mr. McKinley was selected to lead the Taft fight on the suggestion of Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts. The selection of Congressman McKinley to manage President Taft's campaign for re-election will make Illinois the center of the Roosevelt-Taft struggle.

McKinley lives in Champaign, Ill., and will take a personal pride in delivering his own state to Taft. He is one of the best-known Republicans in Illinois. As head of the McKinley syndicate, which controls the interurban roads of the state, he has employes by the hundreds in the larger cities. There will be plenty of money for the Taft campaign. McKinley, as head of the Republican national congressional committee, has gained a reputation for lavish expenditure in politics. Some criticism was heard during the day in Republican circles that Mr. McKinley was not aggressive enough to lead the Taft contest successfully. His record at the head of the congressional committee was pointed to by some with misgivings as to the present contest, and it was said he would bring no new methods into the campaign. Friends of the president replied that the only work now necessary to be done for Taft's renomination is to have an official spokesman to give orders for the clearing up of a few tangled situations in various states and who can see to it that delegates are instructed for the president. This work has been done in part by Mr. Hilles and will be continued. It is assumed that a headquarters force will be employed, and this will be supplemented by a field force which will attend the various conventions.

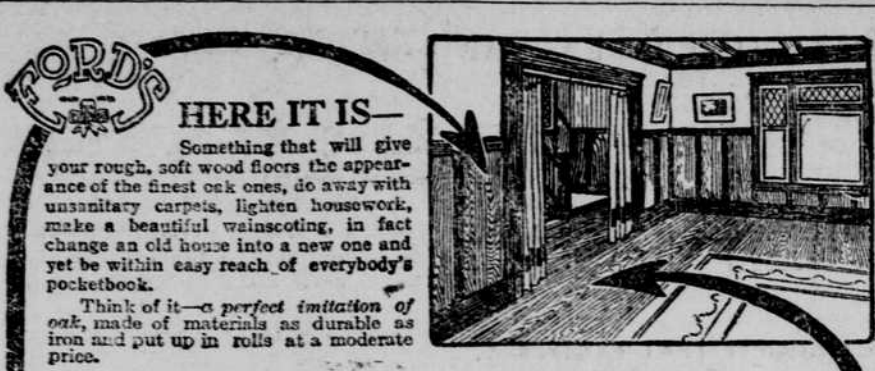
Representative McKinley has been chairman of the Republican congressional committee two terms and has just been elected to a third.

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Gal-va-nite Flooring is easy to keep clean, and will not crack, peel or blister. It is absolutely damp-proof, vermin-proof, odorless and sanitary. Makes warm floors in winter and smaller fuel bills.

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SPORN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

44 Bu. to the Acre

is a heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of Edmonton, Alberta, Western Canada, got from 44 acres of Spring Wheat in 1910. Reports from other districts in that province show that the yield was 4-5 bushels of wheat from 120 acres or 35-40 bushels per acre. 25 and 40 bushel yields were numerous, as high as 125 bushels of wheat to the acre were threshed from Alberta fields in 1910.

The Silver Cup

At the recent Spokane Fair was awarded to the exhibit of grain, grasses and vegetables. Reports of excellent yields for 1910, also from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in Western Canada.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining tracts of 80, 40 and 20 acres (all of 160 acres at \$3 per acre) in the best of the choicest districts.

Schools, churches, climate excellent, soil the very best, railroads that make it a pleasure to travel, cheap fuel easy to get and available in great quantities, easily procured, mixed farming, etc.

Write us to best place for settlement, and we will give you rates, descriptive literature, "Last West" (a booklet on application) and other information, to Sup. of Immigration, Ottawa, or to the Canadian Government Agent.

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Room 4 Box 512, Omaha, Neb.
Please write to the agent nearest you.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliaryness, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Carters Little Liver Pills

Brown's Bronchial Trochès

Conquers all Bronchial Troubles Relieved. No Opium. Sample free. JOHN L. BROWN & SONS, Boston, Mass.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY

Used in French Hospitals with GREAT SUCCESS. CURES PILES, KIDNEY, BLADDER DISEASES, CHRONIC, etc. Write for free book of descriptions and prices and state map. ANA H. HUNTER, Crawford, Kansas, Mo.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

120 A. IN ROCK CO., NEB., ALL CRASS-FENCED, STOCK, MACH., ORCHARD, TOWN. PETERS, Box 318, Chicago.

FOR SALE—40 A. IN STANTON CO., NEB.: 40 A. cult., 100 A. house, barn, outbldg., stock, mach., orchard, town. PETERS, Box 318, Chicago.

WILL SELL OR TRADE MY 30 A. IN LINCOLN CO., NEB.: 40 A. cult., 40 A. house, barn, fruit, etc.; near town, all conveniences. CARUTH, Box 318, Chicago.

BARGAIN—100 ACRES IN BUFFALO CO., NEB.: 50 A. cult., all cross-fenced, stock, mach., sheds, etc.; well located. BRUCKNER, Box 318, Chicago.

FOR SALE—10 A. DOUGLASS CO., MO.: 2 A. CULT.; house, outbldg., fruit, stock, etc.; well located; healthy climate, etc. MARTIN, Box 318, Chicago.

FOR SALE OR TRADE FOR LAND IN ZION CITY, ILL.: 90 A. in Douglas Co., Mo.; 40 A. cult.; horse, outbldg., orchard, mach., etc. Aboon, Box 318, Chicago.

75 ACRES IN CLAY CO., ILL., NEAR CITY. ALL conveniences, 30 A. cult., 8 A. house, complete outbldg., orchard, etc. must be seen to be appreciated. Best bargain in this state. ERWIN, Box 318, Chicago.

FOR SALE—BLACKSMITH SHOP IN THRIVING town of Neb. Complete in every detail, 1 a. ground, house, stable and orchard. Vrana, Box 318, Chicago.

FOR SALE—20 A. IN REDWILLOW CO., NEB.: 17 A. cult., 7 A. house, barn, outbldg., orchard, stock, machinery, etc. BARTLEY, HARTY, Box 318, Chicago.

MAYOR QUALIFIES AS A COOK

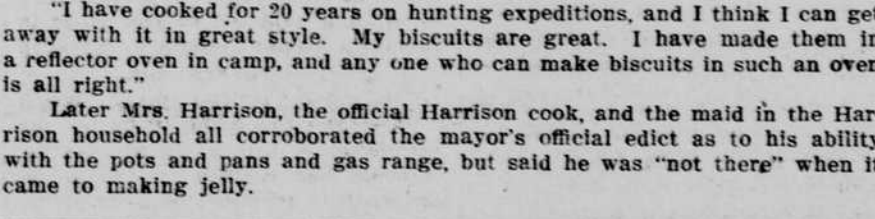
Descendants of Mayor Carter Harrison will be able to boast reminiscently of the "biscuits father used to make" and no one shall say they may—for his honor the mayor is a culinary expert. He does not have to prove it; he admits it himself.

Mayor Harrison's skill with the skillet runs through a wide repertory from boiled eggs to reflector oven biscuits—in fact, there is no end to this man's cleverness until he essays jelly, then he meets the fate of all overly ambitious persons, disaster. Mrs. Harrison is responsible for the statement that the mayoral jelly is not all that could be desired.

The question as to Mayor Harrison's qualifications as a cook arose the other day during a lull in the city hall routine in which Mayor Gaynor's unhappy experience in criticizing the cooking in New York's public schools was under discussion. The question of the cooking teachers of the metropolitan schools as to "what could any mere man know about cooking?" brought forth the mayoral ire, and with it the mayoral ability.

"I have cooked for 20 years on hunting expeditions, and I think I can get away with it in great style. My biscuits are great. I have made them in a reflector oven in camp, and any one who can make biscuits in such an oven is all right."

Later Mrs. Harrison, the official Harrison cook, and the maid in the Harrison household all corroborated the mayor's official edict as to his ability with the pots and pans and gas range, but said he was "not there" when it came to making jelly.



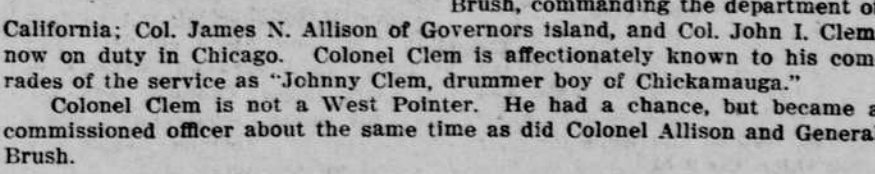
"DRUMMER BOY" TO RETIRE

A bill was introduced recently in the lower house of Congress by Mr. Ashworth of Ohio to retire with the rank of major general three of the best-known officers in the United States army. In the memorandum attached to the bill it is stated that "these three men, with a single exception, form the last remnant of that army of a million and a half men who fought for the preservation of the Union."

The exception referred to is Maj. Daniel W. Arnold of the quartermaster's department, who also retires by age limit next summer. However, he does not figure in the bill because of the fact that it was not until 36 years after Appomattox that he came into the army as an officer from civil life.

The three whose names are mentioned in Congressman Ashworth's bill and the combined total of whose services in the army add up to more than 150 years are Brig. Gen. Daniel H. Brush, commanding the department of California; Col. James N. Allison of Governors Island, and Col. John I. Clem, now on duty in Chicago. Colonel Clem is affectionately known to his comrades of the service as "Johnny Clem, drummer boy of Chickamauga."

Colonel Clem is not a West Pointer. He had a chance, but became a commissioned officer about the same time as did Colonel Allison and General Brush.



NO "400" IN NEW YORK CITY

The question whether the visit of the duke and duchess of Connaught and their daughter, the Princess Patricia, will give social leaders a long-sought opportunity to decide who's who was put to Frederick Townsend Martin. He shook his head so decidedly that his mustache-ends vibrated.

"Not at all," he said, "the day of that necessity is long past. If it ever existed, it died with Ward McAllister. New York is too enormous for its society to be anything more than a network of cliques. The time was, years ago, when there were not more than a few hundred families of great wealth and cultivation here, that they all tried to stay together—to make a social unit. Now it is different. There is no '400' in New York today. It is a collection of one-hundreds or less, usually less."

"Neither Mrs. Mills nor Mrs. Reid, or, for that matter, any social leader, could entertain hundreds of persons at one time in the space at her disposal. New York houses are not big enough, and 'crushes' are no longer fashionable."



Thunder Sound Carries Far

While Authorities Differ, It is Agreed That Reverberations Carry Many Miles.

How far may thunder be heard? One encyclopedia says in its article on lightning: "The distance away of the flash can be estimated by the time between flash and the beginning of the thunder, every 5 seconds being equivalent to 1 mile; 50 seconds or 10 miles is the greatest observed interval at which thunder has been heard. Other reference books say 15 miles; and this is the prevailing popular opinion. It nearly agrees with, and is probably founded upon, the statement in Arago's well-known work on thunder and lightning—the highest authority of its time—that De Isla once counted 72 seconds between the lightning and the thunder. This, says Arago, is the greatest interval recorded in the annals of meteorology, and is 23 seconds greater than in any other case with which he was acquainted.

It is rather rarely the case that the flashes in a distant thunderstorm are so spaced that one can tell certainly to which flash a particular peal of thunder belongs; hence the difficulty of testing the above figures. Such an opportunity was, however, recently presented to a well-known German meteorologist, Dr. R. Hennig, while he was visiting a summer resort on the Baltic. From his bed one night he observed flashes of lightning far out at sea at intervals of seven minutes. The thunder was faint, but distinctly audible. On "counting seconds" he found that from 80 to 90 seconds and upwards elapsed between lightning and thunder. The maximum interval was 96 seconds.

Commenting on this observation a German meteorological journal states that in northern Germany intervals of from 80 to 85 seconds between lightning and thunder have frequently been recorded. On the coast, with the abnormal distribution of atmos-

pheric density, much greater intervals are sometimes observed. At Norden, in East Friesland, on several occasions there has been noted intervals as great as 140 seconds. At ordinary temperatures of the air this would correspond to a distance of about 29 miles. In one case an observer believed the interval to have been 310 seconds, representing a distance of about 65 miles.

Brother's Heroism Unavailing.

The story of a brother's sacrifice was related in a compensation case at Stockport (Eng.) recently. The hair of a 15-year-old girl, named Edith Stuart, was caught in some machinery at the factory where she was employed, and she was completely scalped. A brother offered to allow skin from his leg to be grafted on his sister's head. Sixteen pieces of skin from the brother's leg were grafted on the head of the girl, but she did not recover. In the allocation of the compensation, £10 was awarded to the brother, who was in hospital for several weeks.

Strong Healthy Women

If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the many women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are untrained for motherhood. This can be remedied.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Cures the weaknesses and disorders of women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in motherhood, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic.

"Favorite Prescription" banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvellous efficacy.

It Makes Weak Women Strong. It Makes Sick Women Well.

Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good." Accept no secret nostrum in place of this *non-secret* remedy. It contains not a drop of alcohol and not a grain of habit-forming or injurious drug. Is a pure glyceric extract of healing, native American roots.