

## THE TRAIL OF A TENDERFOOT

there was added charm in the mystic and to him incomprehensible figures—stood in ostentatious splendor in a corner, except when the Tenderfoot showed it to an admiring sister, flinging it smartly to the hollow of his shoulder; whereat the admiring sister stared, wide-eyed, either in admiration of the mighty man, or in silent, sympathetic comprehension of his almost childlike enthusiasm.

His nights, of course, were spent in the silent wilderness, where the dream trees were bigger and the dream forest more “likely” and gigantic dream deer dashed past, only to fall (in the dream) like collapsing mountains before the unerring 38-55. And in the nights, too, the guides, who had seen tenderfeet come and go, but never such a tenderfoot as this, crowded around the bed to congratulate him in picturesque backwoods dialect on getting the biggest deer with the biggest antlers “ever seen or heard of in these parts—Eight-pronged—*by Jim!*”

To a cynic, had he been able to peep into