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TENDERFOOT GOES A-HUNTING

folder of a bull moose nosing the wind by a pine-shadowed lake did the rest.

"I'm going a-hunting!" said the Tenderfoot, none the less emphatically, because the ejaculation was mental.

Thereafter, the days between the making of his decision and the taking of his vacation were in the nature of a prolonged excited reverie (a queer condition, you will allow, but quite a common one). At intervals he unbosomed his overwrought mind to a sole confidant (one at a time) who remarked with monotonous, pathetic repetition:

"Gee! I wish I was coming along with you."

Which convinced the Tenderfoot that he was going to have a really enviable time.

His evenings were spent in planning routes, buying duffel, explaining the uses of various articles of kit to his relatives (who never failed to remark, "Gee, I wish," etc.), and his bedroom was swamped with railroad guides to the happy hunting ground in the Adirondacks. The rifle—a 38-55, and