

THE MOUNTAINS

perfunctorily, and that you are a little more irritable than your naturally evil disposition.

And gradually it is borne in on you exactly what is the matter. Then say you to yourself:—

“My son, you know better. You are no tender-foot. You have had too long an experience to admit of any glamour of indefiniteness about this thing. No use bluffing. You know exactly how hard you will have to work, and how much tribulation you are going to get into, and how hungry and wet and cold and tired and generally frazzled out you are going to be. You’ve been there enough times so it’s pretty clearly impressed on you. You go into this thing with your eyes open. You know what you’re in for. You’re pretty well off right here, and you’d be a fool to go.”

“That’s right,” says yourself to you. “You’re dead right about it, old man. Do you know where we can get another pack-mule?”