

## THE TRAIL OF A TENDERFOOT

Once upon a time there was a particular Tenderfoot; hence this story. The condition of being an amateur has its compensations—the bliss of ignorance, mainly; otherwise the writer might be ashamed to confess that the particular Tenderfoot was about his own size, age, and color of eyes and hair. But that was a long time ago and to-day he landed a nine-pound pollock on a fly-rod in the Bay of Fundy. (Incidentally the rod snapped, which would indicate that in the game of Rod-and-Gun a man never quite ceases to be a tenderfoot.)

But to come to the story. This particular Tenderfoot woke up one morning with a primeval fire in his blood. It was a September morning in New York City. For months the Tenderfoot had been stewing in a very unprimitive office building and rebellion had accumulated to the revolting point. On this September morning there was russet and gold among the park trees; the air had the tasty taint of autumn woods, with a vague suggestion of haze on still waters, and—and a picture on a railroad