

Where the roads of men are ended, where stands the last crude shack,
Where the mountains raise their barriers and the tenderfoot turns back ;
Where there's nought ahead but Nature, and there's no such word as fail,
Where the well-worn ways are ended—'tis here begins the trail.

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And the man of the trail is the man of the wild, a creature unrecking and bold.
The trappers of fur, the hunters of game, or, perchance, the searchers of gold
Are the men who have starved and suffered, in the wilderness hewing a way,
And the trail they trod but yesterday is an empire's path to-day.

STANLEY WASHBURN.

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