

THE LAST SHOT

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cidents and experiences enjoyed in my tussle with the wilds of Nature. Though the time was comparatively short the trips were not. By land and water, by rail, steamboat, wagon, buck-board, yacht, row-boat and birch-bark canoe, the miles covered were over ten thousand. No trifling distance; and yet through it all I was never really ill but once, and the damage done then was not serious enough to prevent my returning home,

“Full of vigor, tough and glad,
Feeling like a wiry lad,”

and with a capacity for work that was well worth its cost of two months' time.

And now a parting word to you, you man of business, chained like a felon in his cell, bereft of sunlight, harassed with care, tiring your brain over the one mighty problem of money-making—or else some scheme to stave off financial disaster—'twill pay you to ponder on my words and my experience and call a halt. Make up your mind that money without health is a greater calamity than health without money. Leave your desk and turn your back on the steaming streets of civilization and your thoughts where Nature tempts with her trout streams, her mirrored lakes and her game-abounding retreats; to her forests, fragrant with balsamic odors and watered with living streams made wholesome with the leechings of the spruce, and pine,