

**ON A PASSING
FRONTIER; SKETCHES
FROM THE NORTHWEST**

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On a passing frontier; sketches from the Northwest by Frank B. Linderman

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FRANK B. LINDERMAN

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FRONTIER; SKETCHES
FROM THE NORTHWEST**

On a Passing Frontier

Sketches from the Northwest

By

Frank B. Linderman

New York
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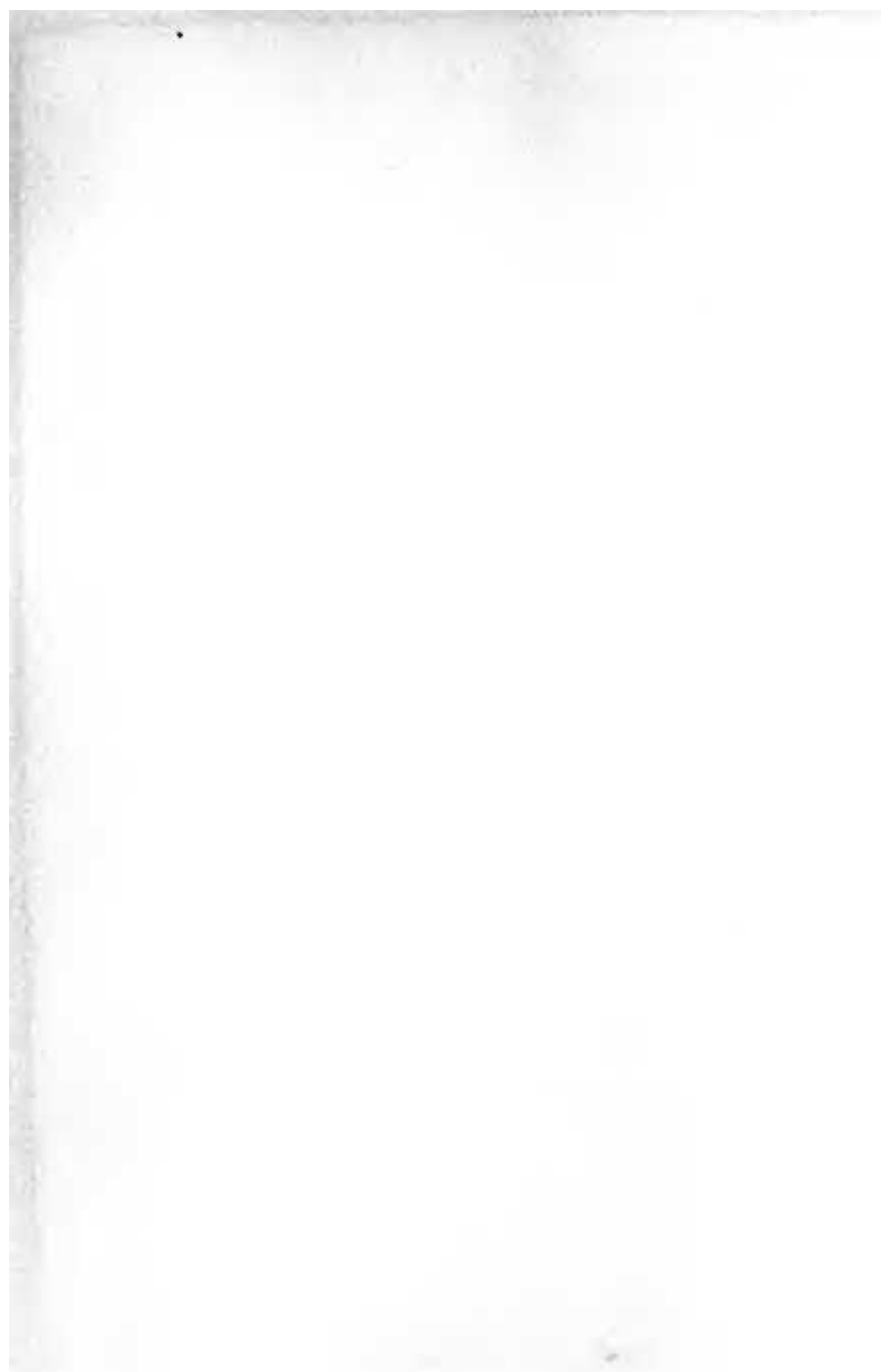
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I DEDICATE THESE STORIES
TO THE GOOD TOWN OF MALTA
AND TO THE CAMPS IN THE LITTLE ROCKIES
WHERE THE OLD WEST IS MAKING
ITS LAST STAND



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O, dimming trails of other days,
Your lure, your glamour, and your ways
Will last while those who knew you live,
And, fading, to the past will give,
To guard and to forever hold,
A wealth of stories never told.
The winters pass and take their toll;
Where tramped the bear now crawls the mole,
And grasses, spurning steps so light,
Are blotting you from human sight.
The same winds blow, the seasons change,
But white men's ways are hard and strange;
We tread on ants, and lo! 'tis thus
Eternity will tread on us.

ON A PASSING FRONTIER