

**THROUGH THE TALL
PINE'S TOP: A VISION
OF THE OLD SCHOOL**

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Through the tall pine's top: a vision of the old school by Harry Roy Sweny

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HARRY ROY SWENY

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A VISION OF THE OLD SCHOOL



BY
HARRY ROY SWENY
V Form, 1885, St. Paul's School

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IN MEMORY

OF

AUGUSTUS M. SWIFT

and those of the Fifth Form of 1885, of St. Paul's School,
Concord, whose spirits have passed through the tall
pine's top—and on—and on—and over the old
creek and meadows, where, from the rock-
ribbed hills of New Hampshire, ever-
blooming arbutus gives of its fra-
grance as heavenly incense o'er
the sleepers in The Valley.

THROUGH THE TALL PINE'S TOP

A VISION OF THE OLD SCHOOL

BILL— I say, Bill ” wheezed a weak and tremulous voice from a low bunk in the far corner of a log cabin, that lay hidden in the heavy timber of a mountainside in the heart of the Canadian Rockies far north of the Montana line. “ It’s no use, old pal. No use your bothering with that broth. It won’t do any good. I’m in for it this time. Better pour me some of that red eye from the bottle yonder — then sit down here beside me on the bunk. I want to talk a little before I cash in my chips. That sharp rock staving in my side when I struck the bottom of the cañon today did the trick.”

The Bill to whom the speaker in the bunk was addressing his almost inaudible words,

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was crouched before an open hearth filled with blazing logs, holding a sauce pan over them in a vain endeavor to make some broth. Retreating a step from the glare of the fire, the frying pan tightly clutched in his hand, his massive figure was silhouetted against the dark background of the logs that walled the cabin, and every outline of his bulk, from his silver-tipped, shaggy head to his moccasined feet proclaimed him what he really was, a rugged prospector and mighty hunter. A heavy beard untrimmed up to and around the eye sockets, grown as a protection against the piercing blasts of the Rocky Mountain winter, made it impossible to determine his age.

Still standing before the fire and gazing in the direction of the man lying in the bunk, his eyes assumed a solemnized expression, and his voice trembled as he addressed his companion, "That aint no way for you to talk, Bill — You're not going ter die; but, if you should" — and with the thought a flash of pain sped over his bronzed forehead — "My God, Bill, — if you should die, I'd sure go plum loco.