

THE SHADOW TRAIL

Memories of Theodore Roosevelt
at Medora, North Dakota.

Gray sage along the Little Missouri,
Gray sage, and sapphire sky,
The wild wind moans its requiem,
And the river sings, "Goodbye".

The ranch house still stands by the river,
And the Chimney Butte gleams in the sun,
But the long, long trail has called him,
Where the shadow ponies run.

There is no roundup by the river now,
No cattle tramp the sage;
The rope and bridle are rotting,
And the saddle is green with age.

But the buttes gleam green and yellow,
Gray ghosts they are, under the moon;
At night they join the other shades
That haunt Bill Jones' saloon.

Since the long, long trail has called him
From the sage 'neath the autumn haze;
Does his shadow pony still ride these trails,
Which he rode in those wild, free days?

For Ida M. Tarbell,

from

Allen Walton Blodgett.