

## Tombstone Hounds.

"Some hounds point their snootzes  
Into every passing breeze  
We hounds stick our noses  
Into other's family trees."

The big bronzed man dressed in shabby old sports' clothes grinned as he came up to Van by the hitching post after quoting his rhyme.

"We're not crazy," said the man waving his hand toward the half dozen men and women straggling after him, "and we're not tramps. We heard that there was an old cemetery on this farm, - visiting old cemeteries, hunting family names, and reading epitaphs is our hobby."

"It isn't much of a cemetery," said Van, "but you're welcome to visit it. You'll find it over yonder on that low cedar hill. There are a number of sunken graves with only a field stone at the head and foot of each grave; only one marble slab with a name on it in the lot."

In half an hour the stragglers returned "We didn't find any epitaphs, but we did find as pretty a spot as I ever see. The white birches among the cedars there is a picture and that little graveyard is a peaceful place to sleep. Quite a crop of running blackberry vines we find them in all the old forsaken burial plots - that's the

reason for our shabby clothes.  
No accounting for tastes, is there,  
but we, who are interested in family  
history get quite a kick out of it."

The Tombstone Hounds had seated  
themselves on a pile of lumber  
near the barnyard. "We have  
another old cemetery to visit today.  
'Tisn't likely we'll have as good  
luck as we did last Saturday. We  
visited a private cemetery at the  
head of the Oranogue Reservoir,  
the only cemetery we know of  
where the bodies were not moved  
when the reservoir was made.  
It's on a knoll entirely hidden  
from the road by trees, and fences

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in with a high wire fence. We knew about the old burial ground, and we were determined to get in. We walked outside the fence until we came to a gully, then we laid down flat and worked our way under. It was a squeeze for most of us. There's no less than a hundred graves there, the largest private burial ground we ever found, some good looking headstones too, and we had the good luck to find the names we were looking for.

We found one epitaph that  
delighted us. "

"Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here;  
Blest be the man who spares these stones,  
And curst be he who moves my bones."