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Our Evening Out.

We Visit An Old Cemetery and Meet Norman P. Gray—An Old Timer.

Things old and people old appeal to the editor of The Statesman as they appeal to but few people. We have always had a penchant for visiting deserted houses, but we draw the line on haunted houses. We are odd enough to find pleasure in loitering around in a bone yard, picking up the bones and thinking about how life once clung around them, and thinking

"Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her if she paint an inch thick, yet to this favor will she come at last."

"Poor Yorick. I knew him well. I've borne him on my back a thousand times and now how abhorred this skull is."

Less grewsome, however, is a visit to that old house where father, mother, brothers and sisters once dwelt in peace and sweet content that no more

from which every human voice has disappeared, the weeds have grown up around it, the paths that led from it have long since become obliterated, the cool and the wren have grown shy, the dove sits on the roof of that house and coos out its plaintive air and general sadness pervades the place. Thinking backward we see the family again that was once housed there. We hear the voices over again that have long been silent, but as the little girl would have it in the old poem, "Yet we are seven."

Last Sunday Rev. C. M. Truax pastor at large for the Lamine Association, invited us to go with him in his automobile down to Oak Grove Baptist church, four miles south of town. He was to preach there. On arriving at the church we found ourselves among the first there, and the editor dropped out in the cemetery—that old burying ground where many old timers sleep.

There lies Pernelia, wife of W. H. Padgett, born June 2, 1818. And Elizabeth, wife of Wm. Mobley, born in Kentucky in 1806. On another slab is "Lucy G. Dornan, born in 1806." On another hard by is found "Joseph Dornan, born in Virginia in 1804." On a slab dingy with age is this one: "Agnes, wife of Joel Meador, born in 1801." Next to it on another slab is: "Joel Meador, born in 1801." But older than any other were these two "Sarah Moore, wife of Thomas Moore, born in 1798. The other said "Thomas Moore, born in 1797." Mr. and Mrs. Moore were the parents of the late John Moore and were the grandparents of Joe and Wes Moore.

Thinking back into that dusty, musty and dingy past we saw the people without railroads, telegraphs, telephones, portable engines, large herds and wide fields. We saw a generation—yes, generations—fighting life's battles in the most simple way. We thought of the changes that have been wrought by the human MIND since that distant day. We saw again new proof of the fact that we progress in proportion as the MIND overcomes MATTER, and reduces it to the practical affairs of life.

Among the graves were those of infants that fell asleep in their mother's arms long, long time ago. There were also the graves of lad and lass, some, perhaps lovers and sweethearts, who died with their lover unrequited. And from the slabs that mark their last resting place and the old fields whose

soil has long since lost its productivity there is nothing left to prove the existence of that old generation except the memory of Norman P. Gray—an old timer—a gnarled oak that has weathered many, many winters and northern blasts and stands today the lone sentinel binding the long past to the fleeting present. For 62 long years Norman P. Gray has dwelt on the same farm near Oak Grove. We talked with him Sunday and we wish we had the space to tell

his story. "Yes, these fellows that sleep here were my early day neighbors—good ones, too," Mr. Gray would say, as he looked slowly round as if looking for one of them now. "We had hounds in them days. I had twelve hounds and Meadors had twelve, a great pack they made together. Matched in mouth like bells. We could go about in the woods close home where these old fields now are and jump twenty deers in a few minutes. And turkeys—the woods were full of them and squirrels with-

full of fish in them days. When I get to thinking about them days and my old neighbors my old eyes get to watering. In them days I was nimble and never got tired, young man, but now these rheumatism have sorter crippled me up. Yes, I was born in 1835, my wife sleeps out there. Guess I'll join her some of these days and then we will walk down the shady lanes of heaven arm and arm again."

There is a lonesome sadness in the story that Norman P. Gray tells, but we like it and some day we expect to hear him tell it all over again.