

## SOME EPITAPHS

Here rest the bones of Silas Hay,  
The durn fool got too smart;  
He looked into a gun one day  
To see the bullet start.  
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Here rest the bones of Ezra Tank,  
His folly none could throttle;  
He got up in the dark and drank  
Out of the acid bottle.  
—Detroit Free Press.

Here lie the bones of Hiram Blaine,  
Who trusted to his feet,  
And wouldn't take an aeroplane  
To cross a jitney street.  
—San Francisco Chronicle.

Here float the bones of Thomas Groat,  
Who on a foolish lark,  
Though warned by all, rocked a boat  
Which pitched him to a shark.  
—Washington Post.

Here lie the bones of Reuben Wright,  
His fire was choked with cinders;  
He poked it with some dynamite,  
And he was blown to flinders.  
—The Pathfinder.

Here lie the bones of Tommy Gores,  
Who skated o'er an icy crack;  
He must have gone to other shores,  
For Tommy hasn't yet got back.  
—Chemawa American.