

could step along lively; Green's family horse, impervious to whip and geared with three speeds, slow, slower and slowest; Homer Peck's, big silver tailed cream racer, Jim; and Geo. Darby's humpbacked iron roan ponies, Frank and Dick, they were so small that when the men of the family rode them it was necessary to put the ponies on stilts.

Good horses owned by Dr. Christian and Dr. Gamble, especially a sorrel mare owned by Dock Gamble, tough as they made them and dangerous to drive in the moonlight as she was liable to kick with both hind feet at the moon. There was Dan, the one eyed grey devil that never tired and owned by Geo. Walker and Flora, a bright bay racer of Dr. P. W. King.

Dave and Dan, the black team driven for Colonel Wm. Hull on his fifty-six mile trips to Towanda bank after a satchel of money, usually five thousand dollars per month, this would have been easy picking for a modern gangster.

Lastly there was Gyp, Bill Boyles' black mare and a team of bay mares won in a raffle by Melvin Lewis for \$1.00.

Horses! Horses!! Horses!!! Hills-grove was no one horse town and many of us old timers talked horse, traded horses, lived horse and when we bought old fashioned canned beef, ate horse until some of us suspected of having horse manure on the brain.

#### THE LOYALSOCK

'Mid nature's castles, ancient and sublime,

Majestic stream it is thy lot to flow,

'Mid forests where the graceful sighing pine

And sturdy oak and stalwart hemlock grow.

Deep in the recess of the forest lone,  
That trim thy shores in living shades of green,

Timid deer and pheasant make their home.

And keen eyed lynx and sly red

fox are seen.

Thy crystal fountains, clear as maiden's tears

Where speckled trout and silver pickerel dwell,

And gamey bass, the happy sportsman cheers

Of health and rest and sweet contentment tell.

Before thy sons were made ambitions slaves,

Ere happy boyhood knew relentless care,

How oft have they beneath thy cooling wave

Sheltered themselves from noon-day's sultry glare.

Or on thy placid bosom rode with joy,

When Winter's fetters had o'erpowered thee.

What care had they for book or senseless toy?

The ringing skate seemed sweeter far to be.

In youth's green Spring, when life with hope was proud.

Thy banks their wandering meditations knew,

Or when with disappointment they were bowed.

What comfort then to tell their woe to you.

In early manhood, glorying in their strength,

Thy banks demanded ruthless hours of toil

Where forest giants crashed their mighty length,

Or plowshare cleft thy rich productive soil.

Thy swollen tide weighed down by forest freight.

To feed the ever busy marts of trade,

Oft claimed the lives of victims to a fate.

Stern nature's law, and thy decree has made.

Oh, conscious stream, what pain it cost to leave

Thy verdant banks and crystal rip-