

pling wave.
 New scenes could not our troubled
 souls relieve.
 Or soothe the pangs thy healing
 flood could lave.

Our lot has been to wander far from
 thee
 Amid the mills of ceaseless toil
 and strife,
 But happy boyhood ne'er forgot
 can be
 Or yet the stream that is a type of
 life.

ARE WIT AND HUMOR IMMORTAL?

Back in the late seventies, two young men in Hillsgrove developed a fondness for bug juice and an aversion for work, the attack was not serious nor long standing for both developed into worthwhile citizens. S. K. McBride Sr. then a bookkeeper for Lippincott gave them the nom de plumes that still live, though all the principals in this little drama have long since slept the sleep that knows no awakening. Mr. McBride named these pals, "Pain and Misery." There are only a few of us old timers that remember who our local "Pain and Misery" were and we won't tell, so there is no real harmin rattling these skeletons so long as we do not put meat on them.

There was a certain woman who raised a family without the formality of marriage or public proclamation as to who were the fathers of her several children. She justified her action by the declaration, "That every woman must have her number whether she was married or not."

Walt Hoffman found many occasions to contribute to local wit and humor when he related experiences of every day happenings in his general store. There was a boy who asked for "two yards of Manurleans molasses."

The kid that wanted a package of pink diamond dyes when asked if he wanted dye for silk or wool explained that it was to be used on his mother's stomach, she having stomach trouble had been advised by Dr. Mervine to

di-et and pink was his mother's favorite color.

News coming over the telephone, this being before the days of radio in Hillsgrove, of the sinking of the Titanic was relayed by Walt to Jim Tompkins, proprietor of the Sadler House, who shouted to his wife, Rickey, the fact that the Tichotinink had been sunk. The hostler then past the information to several human bar flies hovering on the hotel porch, that the Ticohochokochie had sunk in the Atlantic Ocean with ten thousand men and women in 'er.

Hillsgrove had its good and bad horses but history records the existence of but one four legged jackass, although most of us having arrived at an age when we can look backward and smile, remembering instances when we could have classed ourselves among the two legged asses, which are common to a community.

The ass referred to, was a she ass owned for one delirious week by Fred Featherbay, just how much Fred paid for that bargain in motive power is not known; it is sufficient to record that she could not stand prosperity for she died of old age before Fred had a chance to trade her for a dollar watch. Henry Darby acted as undertaker.

LOCAL HUMOR AND TALL STORIES

Echoes from Dim and Distant

Hillsgrove as a community did not hate preachers. Many men in the Holy Calling of the church were loved and respected, but unfortunately there came too often uninvited into our midst the self called traveling evangelist, men who would not have been noticed in larger towns. This class was frequently the butt of good jokes. To add spice to this chronicle we will relate a few.—
 "Then You Tell 'em Brother."

Steve Vroman, seated upon his favorite rock near the covered bridge, smoking his oldest and strongest crooked stemmed pipe, was content and happy in his favorite