

pastime, fishing, when a sad faced individual in solemn tones addressed him thus; "My Brother, we follow the same calling, you a fisher for fish, I a fisher of men". Steve deliberately removed his pipe and answered; "Yes Brother, I guess we are both fishing for Suckers".

Layton Huffsmith in his early teens, arrayed in Cowboy hat, long boots with a pistol sticking out of his boot leg, red shirt and blue neckerchief—this was before the days of Boy Scouts—was an interested spectator at a session of the "Big Meetings", when a personal evangelist accosted him with the query, "My Young Brother, do you love Jesus?" Layton, with all seriousness, answered, "I hain't got nothing against Him".

The next one can best be told in Bobby Rogers own words as he related it to the writer more than fifty years ago and Bobby was far from young at that time." When I was a boy about ten years old, Dad told me one night as I was going to bed, to get up early and put on my boots for I would haft to move the Dominie tomorrow. In the morning I hitched up the team and loaded the Dominie, his wife and yungins, his chickens and his books into the wagon and we started. We stopped for dinner with a farmer he knew near Dushore and after dinner the farmer found out that I was my Dad's boy. Dad had beat him out of his eyes in a horse trade and he wanted to get even, so he stumped me to trade his grey colt for my bay mare. "I said, I didn't think Dad wanted to trade the old mare off because she was twenty-seven years old, we had her a long time, but I would trade if he would give twenty dollars to boot. He argued a long line for a time but was so sure of beatin Dad, he finally agreed. The Dominie then said, "Boy the mare is twenty-seven" and spoiled the trade.

We got started and the Dominie said, "Boy, do you know you are on the road to hell?" I told him if that was where he was moving to, then take the team and on—I was going back to the "Grove," if I had to go all the way on foot." When nite

came and we got where he was going it wern't hell at all 'twas Wyalusing."

Jake Shufelt was telling a fish story to some older men in which he was the hero having caught a twelve inch sunfish in the Sock and he called upon Dan Graffius to prove his claim. Dan, having seen the fish, corroborated the story okey but added that he had seen Jake feed the fish to his Aunt Lizzie's old yellow cat and the cat was more than twelve feet tall.

When the older boys told them they told them big. Steve Harrison told the story of a Jersey cow that he had owned which gave milk of such quality that when a quart of her milk was placed in a glass fruit jar it would raise three and one-half inches of cream over night. Horace Greene told of a short horned Durham then in his possession that when milked into a five quart pail, a two pound roll of butter would be churned by the vibration of the milk. The top of the roll of butter would be stamped with sheaf of wheat and invited the boys to his barn for a demonstration.

Charlie Haas had occasion to relate a few of the many virtues of his watch dog, Bounce, to Ben Dunlap. Ben not to be outdone told of his wonderful new dog and when asked what breed he claimed for his canine; Ben replied, "He is a mail dog, every day when the stage driver leaves the mail in the box along with the mail for Roge Davis, the dog goes to the box and sorts the mail and brings me mine leaving Roge's mail in one corner of the box," some dog!

He got his she's slightly mixed. In the days of long ago, a Polish boy was given a kitten, he carried it home proudly but returned the gift in a short time, explaining his action in the following words; "My Ma he said, that this cat he is a she cat, if he would be a he cat my Ma she would keep him but he is a she cat and my Ma she don't want him". The boy, now a prosperous business man in a distant city will get a good laugh when he reads this and no doubt wish the pages of time could be turned back far enough for him to get the same pride in the possession of his expensive car as he had