

pet of all the children in town.

In 1888, Mr. Harrison and his eldest son Frank, took over the mail route from Hillsgrove to Glen Mawr. Later they added other routes, carrying mail by stage from Forksville and Proctor to Hillsgrove. The children and grandchildren still cherish memories of Dad's returning, laden with gifts given him by friends on one or another of the mail routes, for "Dad" Harrison was loved by young and old.

In 1900, the Harrison family moved to the house owned by Ham Biddle. There were fewer of them to move this time, however, as the children one by one had meantime been marrying and leaving home. After the death of his wife in 1891, William returned home with his two young sons and assisted on the mail routes. Mr. Harrison himself, continued in the routes until 1911 when at the age of 80, he retired, to devote his time to his favorite hobbies of reading and discussing politics. One of these pleasures was later denied him as during his eighty fourth year, his sight began to fail. This later culminated in complete blindness.

Despite his infirmity, Mr. Harrison maintained to the end of his life his deep interest in politics and affairs of the modern world and his faith in the Republican Party which he believed could do no wrong. He was also, during the last four years of his life, deeply engrossed with the World War, and one of his greatest pleasures was discussing battles and maneuvers with Walter Huffman, who came every night to read the paper to him.

The death of Stephen Harrison in 1918 at the age of 87 was felt an irreparable loss by his family and his community. His personality was loved by everyone, his character and attainments demanded admiration and respect,—and after all of what man who ever lived can more be said.

DEWAR LEWIS ALLEN,

Great-grandson.

If the final solution of the here after's mysteries prove that the conscious souls of Stephen and Ellen Harrison have been permitted to see

the successes of their posterity, and to know that their honesty and clean living bear fruit to the fourth generation of their decedents these facts alone would make their labor and sacrifice worth while.

We wish it were possible to add the names of the third, fourth and fifth generations scattered over many states, who will thrill with pride in the memories, this fine word picture of a clean living ancestor, painted by a great-grandson, revive.—(Editor)

THE GREENE FAMILY

This tribute may represent a gross section in the lives of the present race of Greenes, being far removed from the group headed by Horace and Lucy Greene, who cherish memories of kind and indulgent parents ever ready to deny themselves pleasures that their children might have greater advantages.

My grandparents sold their farm on the banks of the Delaware in 1883 and joined several of their former neighbors in the newly developed industrial settlement that they hoped, to them would prove an El Dorado.

I have listened with interest to my grandmother's stories of the ride in a wagon box from the railroad at New Albany over the rough hill roads to Hillsgrove twenty-two miles and it consumed a whole winter day. The family consisted of Addison, George, Emma, Bert, Lucy, Grace, Harry, and Herman a nursing baby, Andrew the eighth child died in the spring of 1882 and Nina and Sidney the tenth and eleventh first saw the light of day in Hillsgrove.

My grandfather worked in the tannery for small wages as did all of my uncles one time or another and they lived and had a good time but just how or why I can't imagine as there seems never to have been a family car or a movie in any of their young lives.

My aunts, uncles and cousins interest me and I have a wonderful time at the reunions but I am glad to have been born in 1912 instead of back in the dark ages and think most of my cousins concur in this, though grand father in uniform seems more real