

ing Angel.

Old Round Hill, silent sphinx of destiny, has much of beauty in her ledges, mesas and her almost perpendicular slides, which were once the daring sport of venturesome coasters. All of these appeal to the eye but many of us are thankful that her rocks and glades have neither speech nor memory, tho we love to revisit the scenes, dear to adventurous youth, when the wine of living gleamed red in the cup of happiness and the primrose path knew no terrors.

The Mill Creek glen appeals to native and stranger alike, for there is no boasted feature of famous glens known to tourists that cannot be found here in miniature; the rocky palisades, which form the sides of this wonderland, can easily be imagined to be ancient streets in pre-historic cities; the added charm of refreshing coolness, lights and shadows, singing waters, crystal clear and filtered to undoubted purity by its rapid course over cataracts and gravel bars, make this a natural Eden.

The Loyalsock from the site of the Big Splash Dam to Sandy Bottom can well be compared to a gigantic harp whose magic cords struck by a master hand respond with notes high and mighty. The score of the music written in the staff of her cliffs and crags; no strains in this magnificent symphony is sweeter than those portrayed in the grandeur of the silent reaches above and below the Big Bridge, in the depths and clearness of the "Ketch All" or the verdant banks of the "Cove" when moonlight sleeps upon the silver waves and leaning willows leave their tender kisses.

The crowning glory of these fields Elysian would be a ramble with dog and gun over Gooseberry Mountain, around the southern side of Camp Mountain to the Dry Run Valley, then by the old bark road up Jackson Mountain to the High Knob. The tour would provide nature

lover with an opportunity to meet every shrub and wild flower, every wild bird and beast known to this latitude. The view of this sublime panorama from the mountain towering above the surrounding high lands is best described in a modern poet's noble lines.

"Where silence covers discontent
and petty cares are lost in
space,
The Maker of the firmament, here
meets his people face to face."

HILLSGROVE'S GIFT TO INTERNATIONAL CIVILIZATION

(By Harry H. Greene)

Few modern stamp collector's know that the suggestion for the origin of the postage stamp came from the humble hamlet of Hillsgrove and its author was none other than John Hill Rogers who lived for many years in the Rogers' homestead, now owned by Merton Snell.

John H. Rogers suffered for many years with palsy which made him a great care to his friends. He was the grandson and namesake of John Hill for whom Hillsgrove was named. He was one of the early postmasters and suggested the stamp as a more convenient way of paying postage and the post office department acted immediately on his suggestion. The first postage stamps were printed in 1857 and Mr. Rogers died forty years later in 1897.

It is not a matter of record or common knowledge that Mr. Rogers was ever given public credit for contributing to civilization, an institution destined to stick as long as time endures. The paste on Mr. Rogers' idea has done more to hold nations together than elaborate treaties have accomplished in similiar lines.