

GOING TO THE FAIR.

Hitch the ox team Johnny—ain't no time to spare; Jenny, put yer bonnet on—we're goin' to the Fair!

FRANK L. STANTON.

YOUNG BOB KEMP.

As you did not know the Whist Set of Palmerton, I am sure you will die without knowing the best and the dearest people the world has seen. The Whist Set met every Thursday evening, usually at Mrs. De's (for so we called the gentle acquaintance lady, one of the De Mortimers of New Rochelle), and was the cream of the cream of the little Iowa town.

remember how shocked I was when he took dinner with us once and Aunt Lou foolishly asked him to say grace, and he rattled off the alphabet under his breath! Aunt Lou did not hear him, but I did, and like a little minx, I told her. He took the upbraiding that Aunt Lou gave as part of the good joke, and assured her that he had given the Lord all the graces that could be possibly said. It was only a matter of arranging the letters of the alphabet properly.

Some of the things he did were so shocking that the dear old ladies of the Whist Set would have been mortally offended, but that it was Bob Kemp did them. They forgave him because he was Young Bob Kemp, and especially because he was Young Bob Kemp. I think they liked his youthfulness. They must have felt, at times, that they were quite old, and have joyed in the companionship of a young man. They really believed he was young. They had believed it so many years that it had become an accepted fact, like "When in doubt play trumps."

He was always a gentleman, and besides he was their only link with the newer and younger Palmerton. Every night he seemed to have a dance, or a party, or a straw ride, or some pleasuring on hand, and he was as popular with the girls of the younger set as he was with the old ladies of the Whist Set. There were few of the younger men and boys who had a chance with the girls of the Whist Set. Palmerton, it kept him young, just as the knowledge of her beauty keeps a woman beautiful. Bob Kemp lived his youth and joyed in it. I can hardly say that he cultivated it, for that is too cruel, but he met it more than half-way, and he needed the spur it gave to him.

In his truly young days Bob Kemp had gone the pace, which, in a way, like Palmerton, is a brutal pace indeed. I never learned just what it was he did, but there was a horrid scandal, and he was never to be trusted by cold-blooded business men again. It must have been very brave of him to stay in Palmerton. The gossips are like gophers there. But he stayed, and after the debauch that led to the wickedness, whatever it was, he was never seen intoxicated again, but he never forgot, and his gayety and youth were but a disguise that eased the pain of a great wound. He hid from himself in the new self he created, but the old self was just outside, ready to step in and render his life miserable. I know we young girls used to think, when we were old enough to think that Bob Kemp was a great bluff and laughing stock, but when I became older and knew his story I, for one, saw in him a hero such as the world has but few of—a weak man with strength enough to call to his aid a second self to combat his weakness.

There was something magnificent in the way he fooled not only our little world, but himself, into believing in his youth, in spite of the bald spot and the smile wrinkles and the gray hair. Whether his misdemeanor had been so great that no one dared give him a position of trust, or whether the first year of distrust killed his ambition, or whether his gayeries absorbed all the ambition he had I do not know, but he never had a position above that of a common clerkship in a book-store, and the wages must have been very small. He took a room at this or that boarding-house as old ones discontinued or new ones began, but it was always the smallest room and the cheapest. He spent most of his wage for clothes—for a young man must dress well—for the expenses his social gayeries demanded.

He was in many respects the life of the town; always foremost in organizing pleasures, as subscription dances, moonlight excursions on the river, and so on, and it is a pity that the Palmerton Eagle did not record some doing of his, either in society or in the way of some harmless practical jokes. The Whist Set very seldom got into the Eagle. I think Van Dorn, the editor, left their names out purposely, for he had a good sense of the fitness of things, and the Whist Set was too genteel and retiring to be dragged relentlessly into the glare of print; Van Dorn felt that it would mar one of the finest things in Palmerton,—he had an artistic soul in his hard-worked body.

Just because the Whist Set was so seldom in print it enjoyed the more the frequent allusions to Bob Kemp. The refined ladies were so far from the bustle of society that the little "Locals" were looked for eagerly. The printed doings of Bob Kemp were their shining in the Eagle. I know Bob Kemp enjoyed its items. In fact he usually posted Van Dorn, stopping in at the littered editorial-room on his way home to smoke a cigar and give full particulars, for the Eagle had no society editor. I know, too, that Bob Kemp had a scrap-book in which he pasted the items. He laughingly said he intended writing a history of Palmerton's social gayeries some time, and that the clippings were his documents, but it would have been an incomplete history, if he had ever written it, for the affairs in which he took part were not recorded in the scrap-book.

One of the things that few people have the hardihood to admit is that they like to see their names in the newspaper, and in Palmerton this was elevated to the dignity of a principle, but there are few who do not feel a sense of consequence and honor to have their doings thus publicly recorded for all their protestations, and with Bob Kemp it went farther. He was inordinately proud of the publicity. It was the balm that eased the sore of his otherwise inconsequential life, but no one ever guessed how vital it had become until Van Dorn sold the Eagle and young Edgren took the editorial chair.

Van Dorn had grown old in the harness, and, like so many others in the West, his was a real genius cramped and stunted by the bands liquor had forged around it in his early years. Like so many other, old settlers of the West, too, he had won a thrilling battle against his vice, and while Bob Kemp was still a baby, Van Dorn had "straightened up," but the stigma always remained. He must have felt the soil of it all his life, and, like so many other born overlords of mankind in the West, the common falling of his youth demoralized one who was at heart an aristocrat, and the Eagle politically went with the "masses," who, paradoxically, were a minority in Iowa, although Palmerton itself usually went strongly democratic.

after year, as Bob Kemp grew bolder and grayer, Van Dorn wrote the same little items, telling how "Bob Kemp, one of our younger set," did so and so; and how "Bob Kemp, Lillian Vose, and several other young people," made this or that excursion, or how "Bob Kemp, the popular young bachelor," arranged a dance, or decorated a church with greens, or made a flying visit to Eastbourne.

Between the elderly ladies and men of the Whist Set, who considered him a spoiled boy, and the columns of the Eagle, Bob Kemp was perpetually bathed in the fountain of youth, and did not know he was growing old. I suppose there were some in Palmerton who saw in him only a worn-out old dandy, making a bluff of himself, but they were not his friends or those who knew him best. To me and to all of the better souls—I was so young then that I was guileless of a soul, I suppose as he imagined himself—he was as young as he imagined himself. I know that I looked on him as a mere playmate for one of my tender years. I would have been astonished if any one had told me that Bob Kemp was just as I would have been surprised if I had heard that my aunt Lou was an old maid. Age had nothing to do with my Aunt Lou; and Bob Kemp was, equally, just Bob Kemp.

There was a peculiar irony—or shall I call it malice?—in the fate that made Van Dorn break his leg on a slippery walk. He lay in bed for months, cheerfully proclaiming a quick recovery, and the leg was amputated and he failed rapidly; but not before he had chosen his successor carefully, feeling that to leave the Eagle in bad hands would be to play a scurvy trick on the town he loved so well. He sold the Eagle to Edgren for less than he could have had from another bidder, because he felt those of our young society people, and those of the older men and women who formed the Palmerton that Van Dorn knew best.

I remember Bob Kemp coming into "Mrs. De's" parlor the first evening his name appeared in the Eagle after Edgren took charge. He made us all laugh, and he looked as nervous as was their wont, and "Mr. De" roared out his guffaws, and my aunt Lou, was quite hysterical. I giggled. Bob Kemp had turned up his coat-collar and came in with his back bent, leaning on a cane, and with his teeth drawn in over his teeth to mimic the toothless jaws of old age. It was a capital take-off. His hand and his knees trembled, and he mumbled out, and then he straightened up and turned down his collar and joined us in our laugh. He had a copy of the Eagle, and he showed us a paragraph: "Robert Kemp, one of the older set, has taken a praiseworthy part in the organization of the dances of the Friday-Night Club working untriflingly to promote the pleasure of our young society people."

His eyes fairly sparkled with the fun this paragraph afforded him. "See what associating with 'De' and Howard here has brought me to," he taunted. "Because I mix with them I am branded as one of the older set! What is that quotation?—'He who touches pitch—like one and soiled.'"

"Why do you blame the gentlemen only?" she asked. "We ladies are quite as guilty—except Miss Lou,—are we not?" Bob Kemp bowed in his immutable way. "Ladies are always young," he said, and "Mrs. De" shook her fan at him and smiled, but not ill-pleased.

I remember, the next night, as Aunt Lou was reading the Eagle, she said: "Mrs. De's" coughed her paragraph pole of Bob Kemp as one of the "old settlers." Of course he was that—many Palmertonians much younger than he were entitled to admission to the Old Settlers Society, but Bob Kemp would have been the last man to join the society.

He was late coming to "Mrs. De's" that night; I had already had my wafers and my candied ginger, and was asleep on the couch in the hall when he entered. He went in to give his greetings and then came into the hall again to remove his overcoat, and I was awakened. Sleepy as I was at the moment, and young as I was, I was puzzled by the change in him. Instead of his straight, military bearing, he was slumped forward in the shoulders and his cheeks looked flabby, and when I saw his eyes were dull and tired-looking. His whole appearance was of weariness.

When he saw me he straightened up with a suddenness that was almost a jerk, and forced a smile and a twinkle and plucked my cheek as he always did, and I heard the bravado of his jest when he went into the parlor, but when I went with my aunt Lou to the bedroom where the ladies donned their wraps after the whist, I heard them commenting with sweet concern on the change in Bob Kemp.

"He looks quite old, for so young a man," said dear little Miss Sophy, and "Mrs. De" murmured: "Overwork, my dear." As if Bob Kemp ever did any real work. He missed the next whist night, too, but we did not learn until the following Monday that it was because he was ill. Aunt Lou inquired every day of Dr. Tombridge, who lived next door to us, but the doctor was very grave about the case. He said Bob Kemp seemed to have no ambition to get well, and that there seemed to be nothing particularly wrong. It was just a general breakdown.

"If I were not sure of the facts," he said, "if I did not know Bob Kemp, so well, I should say it was a case where stimulants had been used for years to keep the patient going, and that a sudden discontinuance of the stimulants had caused a complete collapse. I may be able to do something for him yet, but I don't know how to take hold of the case. I can't find the weak spot." The good doctor could not be expected to see that the weak spot was in the columns of the Eagle he read every morning. Then there was one morning when the doctor said that he had no hope. When Aunt Lou came into the house her face was a little paler than usual. She bade me go to "Mrs. De's" at once and say that she wanted her company for a visit to Bob Kemp and who was dying, and then, before I could put my foot, she changed her mind and put on her old things and took me with her to Mrs. Fulton's, where Bob Kemp was boarding. The widow apologized for the appearance of the room—and the apology was needed,—and then she left us alone with the sick man.

I do not know what Aunt Lou had come prepared to say. Whatever it was she was unable to say it. I think she was terribly shocked by his appearance. I was. I did not know the man on the bed for Bob Kemp at all. His long hair hung in strings of white about his thin face, his cheeks were great hollows, and his eyes were sunken, and, oh, so tired-looking! Never, never have I seen such utter hopelessness and weakness and the humanness of it.

He evidently lacked nothing that friends could give. The ladies of the Whist Set had sent dainties enough for a hospital, and softer pillows and even flowers and books. I believe I drew back from him frightened but he did not seem to notice me. He looked at Aunt Lou a long time. She could not take his hand if she wished to take it, for his hands were under the coverslet. It must have been very painful for her to stand there trying to speak and unable to, and presently she put her hands over her face and sobbed.

Bob Kemp did not change his expression in the least. He only shook his head slowly on the pillow and eyed her wearily, and then he said, quite as wearily: "I'm not dead, and I continued to shake his hand, and after a while again, "Too old." People cannot be held accountable for their feelings, and my Aunt Lou felt more deeply, or at least more powerfully, than most, and she presently turned and ran from the room and down the stairs moaning. I have always felt a sense of shame in the presence of big emotions, and I felt it then. I kept my emotions down and trodden out of sight, and I followed Aunt Lou, sneakingly, I dare say. She let down her thick brown veil before we went on the street, and we walked home silently, but once we were in our own house she clasped me close and wept over me, half moaning and half speaking of our dear names.—By Eth Parker Butler in Harper's Monthly.

An Attractive New Feature for the Great Centre County Fair. The Great Centre County Fair having grown to be a permanent enterprise among the institutions of this county, the gentlemen who have it in charge have adopted a policy of progress. There will be no indifference, no standing still in the matter of making it the greatest moral, social, industrial exhibition it ought to be. Centre is a great county and should have a great fair.

The fair association intends that it will have one inured by this latest and novel feature that is to be added. In a building specially designed for the purpose there will be a GRAND COMPETITIVE TOWNSHIP EXHIBIT. This exhibit will be open to every township in the county and in order to add interest and zest to it three grand prizes will be awarded as follows: To the township having the best general exhibit, a handsome organ. To the township having the second best exhibit \$30 to be applied to the purchase of charts and maps. To the township having the third best exhibit, the Standard dictionary.

All of these prizes are intended for the schools of the townships and will be awarded in the following manner: With each paid admission to the fair grounds will be given one ballot which the holder can mark and cast for the township he or she judges has the best exhibit. When a particular township has won one of the prizes, it shall belong to the school district from which most of the exhibits coming up the general township exhibit have been collected. It is also understood that the exhibits making up the respective township displays will also be entered for competition in their respective classes, if the exhibitor so desires, and in that way he will be able not only to contribute to the success of the schools, but to receive whatever cash awards the exhibit may merit.

This undertaking should prove one of the most interesting and attractive exhibits ever made in this county, and it will certainly be that if the townships enter into it with the proper spirit. Here is the opportunity to secure some of the best school material without a single cent of outlay further than the little trouble in collecting and arranging the display. School directors, school teachers, school children, and parents should all interest themselves in it, and the work should begin at once. Now is the time when the products of the field and garden are maturing, because of the isolation of any particular district, the competition will be open to every township and borough in the county with the exception of Bellefonte.

Obituary Notes.

JOHN BLAIR.—On Sunday evening, August 20th, Mr. John Blair died at his home in Lanark, Ill., at the age of 84 years, 4 months and 14 days. Deceased was the result of dropsy and old age. The deceased was born in Centre county, Pa., where he spent the earlier years of his life. He was married to Miss Sarah Gilt, and in the spring of 1871 they settled in Carroll county, Ill. His wife survives him as does one adopted son, Robert. The deceased was the oldest of a family of ten and of these two survive. These are: Robert Blair, of Unionville, Centre county, a brother, and Mrs. Harriet Heaton, also of Unionville, a sister. He was one of six brothers who served in the ranks of the union during the Civil war.

MARY CONFER MCKINLEY.—This young christian mother was born Jan. 1st, 1880, and passed away after an illness of a few weeks duration on August 29th, 1905, aged 25 years, 7 months and 20 days. The family have resided for a few months in Johnstown. As her illness became more pronounced she returned to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Confer, of Snow Shoe, where she died. She is survived by her husband, Charles McKinley and two small boys, the younger being but a few months old; her parents as above noted and two sisters, Mrs. Sarah Shank, of Snow Shoe, and Maria M., at home; also three brothers, Solomon, Charles and Wilbur F., all at home. About seven years ago she was converted and connected herself with the Methodist Episcopal church of Milesburg. She was a faithful christian woman who not only endeared herself to her family but the entire community. On Friday, September 1st, the body was brought to Milesburg where funeral services were held in the M. E. church at 10 a. m., conducted by pastor A. C. Lathrop and assisted by Rev. A. S. Carver. These services were largely attended by many sympathizing friends. Interment was made in the Advent cemetery.

ECKLEY.—Mrs. Laura E. Fetzer Eckley died after months of agonizing suffering on August 31st, 1905, aged 45 years, 2 months and 9 days. Her death occurred at her home in Milesburg, where the family have resided since moving from Marsh Creek several years ago. Early in life she united with the Milesburg Baptist church, continuing in the fellowship of this church her entire life. She is survived by her husband, William Eckley, two daughters, Mrs. Olie Shawley and Mrs. Tressie Hipple, both of Milesburg; her mother, Mrs. Hannah Fetzer; three brothers, William, Oscar, and Orvis, and four sisters, Mrs. Alice Poorman, Mrs. Nettie Malone, Mrs. Hattie Dunkle, and Miss Myrtle Fetzer, all of whom are living in the vicinity of Marsh Creek. A number of these are ill with typhoid fever and could not attend the funeral. Services were held at the Advent church on Sunday, September 3rd, at three o'clock p. m., conducted by pastor A. C. Lathrop, assisted by Revs. Zeigler and Bingham. Interment was made in the adjoining cemetery.

Nitro Cultures. Nitro Cultures is the name of bacteria, or super-phosphate, manufactured in West Chester, and which has already been sold to some extent in this county. The WATCHMAN has knowledge of at least one large farmer who tried it the past year and who told the writer himself that so far he had noticed no difference in the crops grown in soil inoculated with Nitro Cultures than those grown in the same soil that was not inoculated. Apropos of Nitro Cultures the State Experiment Station has sent out the following bulletin of the personal experiments of George C. Butz, horticulturalist: Early in the year the Station secured, through third parties, specimens of the so-called Nitro Cultures, sold by the National Nitro Culture Company, of West Chester, Pa. These cultures are stated to consist essentially of the bacteria which produce these-called tubercles on the roots of leguminous plants, and thus enable these plants to acquire nitrogen from the air. In view of the extravagant claims made for these cultures, it was deemed desirable to attempt to learn something of their actual value. Since the Station lacks a bacteriologist, pot experiments in the green-house were made to ascertain whether tubercles were actually formed on the roots under the influence of these cultures. Four different legumes were used, namely: Alfalfa, vetch, soy bean and cow peas. The seeds of each were inoculated with the corresponding culture exactly as directed and planted in six inch flower pots filled with sterilized sand. A sufficient quantity of mineral plant food was added to each pot but no nitrogen, it being claimed that these bacteria are most active in the absence of this element. The pots were kept in the green-house and watered as needed. Germination took place equally well in all the pots. The plants made a comparatively small growth, but in three cases out of four there was slight difference in favor of the plants which were not inoculated, the exception being the alfalfa. When the plants had nearly completed their growth, the roots were carefully separated from the sand by washing and examined with a magnifying glass for nodules. Many of the plants were entirely free from them and on none were more than a few found, and no material difference was noted between the inoculated and the uninoculated. The exact figures were as follows: On 12 Alfalfa plants inoculated..... 3 nodules Not inoculated..... 3 On 12 Vetch plants inoculated..... 3 Not inoculated..... 3 On 6 Soy bean plants inoculated..... 0 Not inoculated..... 0 On 6 Cow pea plants inoculated..... 0 Not inoculated..... 0 The above experiments fail to show any beneficial effects from the use of the nitro cultures. While the Station would not be justified in passing final judgment on the basis of a single experiment, our results certainly indicate the desirability of caution on the part of the farmer in investing in these cultures.

Grange Encampment and Fair.

The largest and grandest ever held at Grange Park, with a splendid street fair of a High Order. This week arrangements for the encampment and exhibition of the Patrons of Husbandry, at Grange Park, Centre Hall, were completed, and from present indications it will be the largest and best encampment and grange fair ever held at Grange Park, which will deserve the patronage of the best people of the land. The encampment will open tomorrow, September 16th, with all the old campers, to which will be added many new parties. The arrangement of camp will be greatly improved with new furniture and every convenience possible. Those camping will be from the best class of people of town and country. The formal opening will take place tomorrow evening, 16th instant, with a grand festival by Progress Grange. The harvest home services will be held Sunday, the 17th, 2.30 p. m., in the auditorium. Dr. James W. Boal, of Centre Hall, will preach the anniversary sermon, and the music will be conducted jointly by the choirs of all the churches of Centre Hall. Monday, the 18th, will be the opening of the exhibition and completion of camp. Monday evening, "A Noble Outcast," by the Media Dramatic club, in the auditorium. Tuesday, 19th, will be formal opening of the exhibition with a carnival of all exhibitors and business men that should not be missed. Tuesday evening, "Shaun Aroon," by the Media Dramatic club, in the auditorium. Wednesday, 20th, the Knights of the Golden Eagle of Clinton and Centre counties will have charge of the meetings with a grand parade by their order. Wednesday evening, "Down East," by the Media Dramatic Club, in the auditorium. Thursday, 21st, a grand rally of all the Granges of Centre Pennsylvania, at 10.30 a. m. Addresses by Rev. A. C. Lathrop, of Milesburg, and J. T. Ailman, Secretary State Grange. 1.30 p. m., address by W. F. Hill, Master of the State Grange. United States Senator Poise Penrose, and Dr. B. H. Warren, Dairy and Food Commissioner. Thursday evening, "The Home Guard," by the Media Dramatic Club, in the auditorium. Friday, 22nd, 1 p. m., grand auction sale of live stock, to which all persons are admitted and can bring stock for sale, application to be made to the superintendent of the stock department or the chairman. A nominal fee will be charged for each animal entered, to defray the expenses of sale. All animals for sale to be entered by Wednesday, so as to give opportunity to properly advertise. Special trains will run on account of the Encampment and Fair at Grange Park, Centre Hall, September 16th to 22nd, leaving Bellefonte Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 10 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., stopping at intermediate stations. Also leaving Grange Park for Bellefonte on the same days at 9.45 p. m. Special trains to Coburn and all intermediate stations, leaving Grange Park at 7.30 p. m. on Wednesday and Thursday. A telegraph, telephone, and distributing postoffice will be on camp ground during the exhibition for the convenience of the public.

Sakhalin a Tragic Island.

Sakhalin, the island which Japan is now taking, or, rather, retaking, from Russia is the place to which Russia sends her violent convicts. The convict at Sakhalin has some liberty to console him for his detention, but the convict at Sakhalin none. When a party of convicts (having been pronounced "violent" by the governor of the Siberian) is landed at Sakhalin the procession to the jail is as follows: First among the prisoners come men with fetters on their legs and linked together in pairs, the clanking of their chains making a lugubrious noise. Next come half a dozen men each without fetters, but secured by the hands to a long iron rod. Then follow the female prisoners and after them the most affecting part of the whole—the wives and children who have elected to accompany their husbands and fathers and fathers. Behind them "trundle" "trundle" or rough wagons wherein are transported baggage and those children who are too young or infirm to walk. When on the march the prisoners are allowed three pounds of bread and one pound each day, and they are not forbidden to receive mail. But when they arrive at their destination the food is all gone. Their cells are damp and fungus covers their food is less than the allowance during the journey and their work in the salt mines is most exhausting. Many of the prisoners are very ignorant, few can read excepting the Caucasians, but they are all put to the same laborious work and in the event of their being physically unable to perform their allotted tasks their punishments are very cruel. The English "cat-o-nine tails" is nothing to the terrors of the "bodiga." In this instrument of torture the prisoner is so fixed that he can neither move nor cry out and wire thongs bound at the end with pointed tin strike his back at frequent intervals. Other tortures to which prisoners are subjected are too dreadful to write about, and during all these tortures the prisoner is prevented by gags from obtaining even the poor relief of a scream. Surely the horrors of the salt mines of Iletskaya are nothing compared with the abominations of Sakhalin.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Reduced Rates to Centre Hall, Pa.

To accommodate visitors to the encampment and exhibition of the Patrons of Husbandry, to be held at Grange Park, Centre Hall, Pa., September 16 to 23, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets from all stations in Pennsylvania, from Baltimore, New Freedom, and intermediate stations, and from Elmira to Centre Hall, Pa., at special reduced rates. These tickets will be on sale and good from September 16 to 23, inclusive, and return passage until September 26.

With the Jokers.

Teacher—Now, Bobby, if a rich relative should die and leave your father \$10,000 in cash, \$5,000 in bonds and \$2,000 in stocks, what would your father get? Bobby—Oh, he'd get a big jag and mother'd take the rest away from him.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. Mistress—And have you cracked the nuts, Hannah? Maid—All but the biggest ones, ma'am. I couldn't get them into my mouth.—Town and Country.