

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 15, 1905.

"GOING TO THE FAIR.

Hitch the ox team Johnny-ain't no time

Jenny, put yer bonnet on-we're goin' to the Hurry up yer mammy-comb the young un

Johnny, hitch the ox team; we're goin' to the

Trot the brindle helfer out-get the pigs in Put in forty gallons of that old Blackberry

An' then, the quilt yer mammy made when

Billy wuz a boy; An' my cure fer rheumatism-"Everlastin Oil o' Joy!"

An' then, that Autermatic Hoe that took the county prize;

An' don't forgit a cord o' wood-fer coal is the rise;
An' then, that big prize pumpkin that wu sunnin' on the shed,

An', fallin' on the parson, knocked the ser mons out his head!

Hurry up the women-folks-time's a flying fast; We want to take the first prize—whoever

takes the last; The bands air playin' "Dixie"-ain't a mi nte now to spare.

Johnny, hitch the ox team-we're goin' the Fair!

FRANK L. STANTON.

YOUNG BOB KEMP.

As you did not know the Whist Set of Palmerton, I an 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 aquiline-nosed lady, one of the De Mortimers of New Rochelle), and was the cream of the cream

of the little Iowa town.

To play whist was in itself a token of aristocracy, or was in those days-now it is played by very common people, I hear,—and to play whist with the Whist Set was to be above the struggle for social position. It was to be cultured and refined and gentle to know how to pronounce "caliope" and "isothermal" so correctly that no one outside the set could understand them. Dear gentle ladies! Only "Mrs. De" remains now; and the gentlemen? — they are all gone, every one, even Young Bob Kemp! It is a different Palmerton now than when I was a girl. My Palmerton was a hilltop on which the Whist Set lived in gentle consciousness of the "down-town" and of the "meadows" where business and labor was supposed to be. Now Palmerton is sawmills and shops, and the main street, and public libraries, and improvements, and noise, and prosperity. It is a great decadence.

dient little girl in those days, for I was allowed to go to the whists with my aunt. I suppose I went to sleep in a chair very soon after the playing began, for I recollect always finding myself on "Mrs. De's" big bed when going-home time came, but while I remained awake I was blissfully happy. I used to look forward to the whist evening all the week. "Mrs. De's" house always smelled so good. It was the odor of sandalwood, I know now. And always she met me with the same. "And Elsie too! Well! well!" which was like a clean aristocratic benediction. Then there were wafers for me at once; thin cakes that melted on your tongue and tasted very much like the wafers we fed the goldfish on at home, but with a tantalizing flavor that was almost tasteable, but not quite. And preserved ginger! Just a little piece, but there was no other in all Palmerton, and it was

like a bit of edible fairy-land. "Mrs. De's" house was a wonderland to me then. Its china was so thin, its linen so fine and white, and everything so unusual and delicate and gentle. Things can have gentleness, I am sure, and in De's" house one wished to be polite to the very china and teapots. And "Mrs. De" herself was more gentle and delicate than anything in her house. Tall and gray and thin and very, very proud, in a sweet way that hurt no one's feelings, but was con-

stantly hurting her own. The other ladies were quite as gentle and sweet; Miss Sophy and Mrs. E., my aunt Lou, Mary Wentworth, the Warren sisters, and all the rest. Then there were the men. Mr. De, big and bluff and serious and kind; Mr. Howard, grayhaired and a bank president, and occasionally the rector.

They all considered whist a most serious the little "Locals" were looked for eagerly. occupation. Even my aunt, who couldn't remember trumps or what had been played share in the Eagle. and who led the wrong card regularly, felt, I am sure, that next to religion came whist. fact he usually posted Van Dorn, stopping You can imagine, then, how odd and quaint in at the littered editorial-room on his way Bob Kemp must have seemed among these home to smoke a cigar and give full particgentle, serious whisters. For there was not. serious thing apparent about Bob Kemp Bob Kemp at the whist night was like-let me see!-like a harlequin in church.

This was Bob Kemp: A tall man, iron-gray hair parted at one side and brushed smoothly over the bald place and fluffed up just over the ears, thin white face and narrow, square forehead, dozens of little smile wrinkles at the sides of his eyes; a good chin; a white mustache, with long One of the things that few people have drooping ends; wee feet and hands, and the the bardihood to admit is that they like to brightest, most twinkling, gray eyes man

Usually Bob Kemp said, "Miss Lou" be an annoyance to any of the better players. It did not matter to Rob Kemp. And the others agreed to this, because it was hoped that some time Bob Kemp would enough and good enough for Aunt Lou but Bob Kemp, and every one thought it would be best for Aunt Lou and hest for Bob Kemp, and Bob Kemp really meant to marry Aunt Lou sometime, but he thought there was no hurry. He was young yet and so was Aunt Lou, and he did not believe in a man marrying too young! Bob Kemp was only fifty nine and "straightened up." hat the larness, and, like so many others in the West, his was a real genius oramped and stunted by the bands liquor had forged around it in his early years. Like so many others in the West, his was a real genius oramped and stunted by the bands liquor had forged around it in his early years. Like so many others in the West, his was a real genius oramped and stunted by the bands liquor had forged around it in his early years. Like so many others in the West, his was a real genius oramped and stunted by the bands liquor had forged around it in his early years. Like so many others in the West, his was a real genius oramped and stunted by the bands liquor had forged around it in his early years. Kemp was still a baby, Van Dorn had "straightened up." hat he was young yet and settlers of the West, his was a real genius oramped and stunted by the bands liquor had forged around it in his early years. Like so many others in the West, his was a real genius oramped and stunted by the bands liquor had forged around it in his early years. Like so many others in the West, his was a real genius oramped and stunted by the bands liquor had forged around it in his early years. Like so many others in the West, his was a real genius oramped and stunted by the bands liquor had forged around it in his early years. Like so many others in the West, his was a real genius oramped and stunted by the bands liquor had forged around it in his early years. Like so many others in the West, his was a real genius oramped and stunted by the bands liquor had forged around it in his early years. fifty. He had felt too young to marry for forty years, and he swore he felt younger

of course there was no engagement, nor even anything understood between Aunt Lou and Bob Kemp, but it was understood by all the other "whisters." Bob Kemp always walked home with Aunt Lou and me, and I have been told that he began

dinner with us once and Aunt Lou foolishly asked him to say grace, and he rattled off the alphabet under his breath! Aunt

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 of-fended, but that it was Bob Kemp did them. They forgave him because he was Bob Kemp, and especially because he was Young Bob Kemp. I think they liked his youth-fulness. They must have felt, at times, fulness. that they were quite old, and have joyed in the companiouship of a young man. They really believed he was young. They had believed it so many years that it had be-

He was always a gentleman, and besides he was their only link with the newer and

play trumps.

younger Palmerton.

Bob Kemp danced. 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 young-er 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 if Bob Kemp's invitation arrived at the same time. He was so witty, so well dressed, so gentlemanly, and such a splendid dancer that to have him for an escort or a partner was a great happiness. I im-agine that my aunt rather liked this popu-

agine that my aunt rather liked this popularity of Bob Kemp; I know she thought of him as a boy rather than a man.

It seems a trite thing to say, but it was the youthfulness of Bob Kemp that 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 creal but he met it more than 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 raw town 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 gadflies 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 anodynes 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. we young girls used to think, when we were old enough to think, that Bob Kemp was a great buffoon 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

combat his weakness. There was something magnificent in the way he fooled not only our little world, but himself also, into believing in his youth, in spite of the bald spot and the smile wrink-

enough to call to his aid a second self to

les and the gray hair. Whether his misdemeanor had been so great that no one dared give him a position a boy. of trust, or whether the first year of distrust seemed killed his ambition, or whether his gayeties 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 wage must have been very small. He took a room at this or that boardinghonse 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-or for the expenses his social gaveties 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 scarce a day passed that the Palmerton Eagle did not record some doing of his, either in society or in the way of some harmless prac

tical 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.

I know Bob Kemp enjoyed its items. In home to smoke a cigar and give full particulars, for the Eagle had no society editor. I know, too, that Bob Kemp had a scrapbook in which he pasted the items. He laughingly said he intended writing a history of Palmerton's social gayeties sometime, and that the clippings were his document. ments, but it would have been an incomplete history, if he had ever written it, for the affairs in which he took no part were

not recorded in the scrap-book. see their names in the newspapers, and in Palmerton this was elevated to the dignity of a principle, but there are few who do (that was my aunt), "we will let these old fogics cut for partners, but you and I will to have their doings thus publicly recorded play together tonight. We must redeem our for all their protestations, and with Bob play together tonight. We must redeem our errors of last week," and my aunt would agree, because she, dear lady, knew she played miserably, and she did not like to be an annoyance to any of the better players. It did not matter to Rob Kemp. And the others agreed to this because it. the Eagle and young Edgren took the edi-

ing 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 overloads of mankind in the West, the common failing of his youth democratized 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.

Being so much older than Bob Kemp, it was but natural that Van Dorn should walking home with her some twenty years before I was born. Bob Kemp gloried in his youth. He felt young, and he boasted that he felt young, and by filling his life with boyish pranks he kept himself young. He was always up to some kind of trick. I was but latural that was but latur

remember how shocked I was when he took after year, as Bob Kemp grew balder and and forced a smile and a twinkle 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 Lou did not hear him, but I did, and like Kemp, Lillian Vose, and several other a little minx, I told her. He took the up-braiding 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 ing 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 foun-tain 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 buffoon 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 guiltless of a soul, I suppose being all stomach—he was as young as he imagined him-self. I know that I looked on him as a meet playmate for one of my tender years. come an accepted fact, like"When in doubt I would have been astounded if any had told me that Bob Kemp was old, just as I would have been surprised if I had heard that my aunt Lou was an old 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 praclaiming 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

that Edgren was the best man for the town. No one missed Van Dorn so deeply as Bob Kemp. The midnight chats in the ed-itorial office had become a habit with him, and although Van Dorn had introduced him to Edgren and he tried to continue the chats with the newcomer, he found Edgren too serious in his work and too busy, as was natural for a man who had all the

ropes of a new location to learn.

Bob Kemp climbed the dark stairs to the office several times and received only scant, although courteous, attention before Edgren realized that in Bob Kemp lay the mine of society news he had sought so

vainly.
"Mr. Kemp," he said, one night, was told on the street today, while I was nosing around for news, that you were Van Dorn's stand-by for society gossip. I hope you won't go back on the Eagle now, just when it needs all the help it can get to patch out a poor editor sufficiently to fill he chair of the big, good man it has lost."

Bob Kemp smiled pleasantly.
"I didn't like to press my services on on," he said, "but if you want my tittletattle I am as eager to let you have it as you are to get it. I get around a bit in the social element and I like to stick by the Eagle. Help the old bird out, you know." He laughed, and after that they were the least. He only shook his head slow-best of friends. Bob Kemp never had an ly on the pillow and eyed her wearily, and

enemy; at least not long.

It was not to be expected that Edgren would look at people and sets from Van Dorn's point of view. Van Dorn was old; Edgren was very young, hardly more than To Edgren, Bob Kemp must have seemed almost patriarchal. The entire paper showed the change in editorship. There was more personal news of the very popular young people—of the Y. M. C. A. those of the dancing-school age, -and less news of the elderly men and women who formed the Palmerton that Van Dorn knew

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" the ladies laughed gently as was their gentle way, and "Mr. De" roared out his guffaws, and my aunt Lou, was quite hysterical. I giggled. Bob Kemp bad turned up his coat-collar and came in with his back bent, leaning on a cane, and with his lips 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 his voice trembled over the words h 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, ha

taken a praiseworthy part in the organiza-tion of the dances of the Friday-Night Club working untiringly to promote the pleasure of our young society people."

His eyes fairly sparkled with the fuu this paragraph afforded bim.

"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-' " "Mrs. De" coughed her prefatory lady-

like cough and smiled. "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 "M1s. De" shook her fan at him and smil-

ed, but not ill-pleased. I remember, the next night, as Aunt Lou was reading the Eagle, she said:
"I wish the paper would not call Bob
Kemp old. It makes me feel old too."

I do not know what the paragraph was that night, but Edgren could not, it seemed, speak of Bob Kemp without insisting on his agedness. I do not suppose he even gave the matter a moment's thought. It was natural that he, a newcomer, should classify Palmerton folks into "the young people," "the old people," and the others who were just "people." He was seeking to lay out the puppets that meant his news, as one separates and classifies the suits in a whist hand, and Bob Kemp fell

into the elderly group.

The next Thursday Bob Kemp was not with us—there was a dance or something that required his attendance, but Edgren's that required his attendance, but Edgren's paragraphs appeared almost daily. The following whist night the paragraphs poke 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 night; I had already ha

my candied ginger, and was asleep on the at once. Now is the time when the procouch in the hall when he entered. He duots of the field and garden are maturing. 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 puzzled by the change in him. Instead of his straight, military bearing, he was slouched forward in the cholders and his cheeks looked flahly and the county and the marcality include anything grown or made in Centre cheeks looked flahly and the marcality in the county and the cou cheeks looked flabby, and when I saw his eyes they 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.

pinched 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 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 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. Tom-bridge, who lived next door to us, but the doctor was very grave about the case. He said Bob Kemp seemed to have no ambi-tion to get well, and that there seemed to be nothing particularly wrong. It was just 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

The good doctor could not be expected to see that the weak spot was in the columps 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 who was dying, and then, before I could put on my hood, she changed her mind and put on her own things and took me with her to Mrs. Fulson'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 Aurt Lou had come prepared to say. Whatever it was she was unable to say it. I think she was terribly Whatever it was she was 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 hopeless weakness and

dullness in the human eyes.

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. looked at Aunt Lou a long time. She could not take his hand if she wished to take it. for both his hands were under the coverlet. 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 bid not change his expression then he said, quite as wearily:
"I'm too old! Too old!" and continued

to shake his head, 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 I kept my emotions down and trodden out of sight, and I followed Aunt Lou, sneak ingly, 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, calling me dear names.—By Eli Parker Butler in Harper's Monthly.

An Attractive New Feature for the Great Centre County Fair.

The Great Centre County Fair having rown to be a permanent enterprise among the institutions of this county, the gentle men who have it in charge have adopted a policy of progress. There will be no in-difference, no standing still in the matter of making it the great moral, social, inlustrial exhibition it ought to be.

Centre is a great county and should have great fair. That the fair association intends that it will have one is insured by this latest and lovel 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 town-

hip in the county and in order to add interest and zest to it three grand prizes will be awarded as follows: To the township baving 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 pools of the townships and will be award

ed in the following manner:
With each paid admission to the fair grounds will be given one ballot which the older 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 rom which most of the exhibits making 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 deeires, 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 o the most interesting and attractive exhibits ever made in this county, and it will

The men could save these articles, the women could prepare products of culinary, household and fancy work excellence, an In order that there may be no handicap 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. Death 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 to which will be added many new parties. these two survive. These are: Robert Blair, of Unionville, Centre county, a brother, and Mrs. Harriet Heaton, also of be from the best class of people of town and Unionville, a sister.. He was one of six | country. 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, continning 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 | public. church on Sunday, September 3.d, 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.

Mitro 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 WATCH-MAN 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 the so-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

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 pea. 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 bac-teria are most active in the absence of this element. The pots were kept in the greenhouse 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 lavor 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 saud 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 be-tween the inoculated and the uninoculated. The exact figures were as follows:

On 12 Alfalfa plants Not inoculated... On 6 Soy bean plants Inoculated...... Inoculated.... On 6 Cow pea plants Inoculated..... Not inoculated.

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 Granges Park, with a Splendid Street Fair of a High Order.

This week arrangements for the ncampment and exhibition of the Patrons of Husbandry, at Grange Park, Centre Hall, were completed, and from present indications it will be the eargest 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, The arrangement of camp will be greatly improved with new furniture and every

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 Hall.

Monday, the 18th, will be the opening of the exhibition and completion

Monday evening, "A Noble Outcast," by the Media Dramatic club, in the andi-

Tuesday, 19th, will be formal opening of the exhibition with a carnival of all exhibitors and business men that should not he missed Tuesday evening, "Shaun Aroon," by the Media Dramatic club, in the audi-

Wednesday, 20th, the Knights of the Golden Eagle of Clinton and Centre counties will have charge of the meetings with

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 Central 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, Mas-

ter of the State Grange, United States Senator Boise 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

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 Siberia 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 into exile their husbands and fathers. Behind them rumble "telegas," 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 al-

lowed three pounds of bread and one pound each day, and they are not forbidden to receive alms. But when they arrive at their destination their lot is a pitiful one. Their cells are damp and fungus covered, their food is less than the allowance dur-ing the journey and their work in the sait 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 alloted tasks their punishments are very cruel. The English "cato'-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.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Reduced Rates to Centre Hall, Pa.

To accommodate visitors to the encamnment 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 see round-trip tickets from all statious in Pennsylvania, from Baltimore, New Freedom, od intermediate stations, and from Elmira to Centre Hall, Pa., at special reduced

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 honds 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 bave you cracked the nuts. Hannah? Maid-All but the biggest ones, ma'am. I couldn't get them into my mouth .- Town

and Country.