

Bellefonte, Pa., August 7. 1908.

A FREAK OF THE CRAZY KING.

He Frightened and Enraged the Great Diva by His Strange Whims, and When She Finally Sang For Him In Munich It Drove Him Wild.

When Patti was in the first beyday of her fame Ludwig II., the mad king of Bavaria, set his heart on having her sing for him at his private auditorium in Munich. He wrote letter after letter, begging, imploring, offering extravagant sums of money, but Patti resolutely refused to go. She had heard too many stories of Ludwig's freaks and was desperately afraid of him, but at last the king offered her a sum so enormous that it seemed ridiculous to refuse it. Then the singer plucked up courage and started for Munich. When she and her maid alighted at the station not even a carriage was there to meet them, and they had to inquire the name of the best hotel and call a cab. That was the first shock to the diva's nerves and temper. After luncheon she started out to see the town and incidentally to examine the posters announcing Europe's greatest singer. Not a mention of her name could she find. She rushed back to the hotel and told her maid to pack the trunks.

Just at that moment a resplendent officer delivered a letter from the king. The letter stated curtly that his majesty would wait for her at 7 o'clock precisely in the royal palace, where his singer in ordinary, Mme. Fischer, would give her further directions. Mme. Fischer would also sing with Mme. Patti the duets which his majesty wished to hear. A programme was inclosed. Patti wept with rage.

"I have never been treated so brutally," she said. "I shall leave at once. Tell the king so. I will not singnever, never, never!" The officer pleaded with the irate prima donna. His majesty had been wild with excitement ever since he knew she would come and had not slept for three nights, so great was his joy at the prospect of hearing her.

"Besides," added the officer, "you know your king is-is-is"-"Crazy," snapped Patti. "Yes, that's very comforting, isn't it? I don't know why I ever came." Just then she

caught sight of this postscript: "The king commands Mme. Patti to appear in pure white, without any color whatever, and not by any means to wear a satin gown, but soft wool. Silk is painful to his majesty."

"His majesty will have to be pained. I have no white woolen gown except my peignoir. I shall wear red velvet." "Red!" groaned the officer. "Oh, no, no! Red sends his majesty into fits. and have convulsions. Oh, do be patient, madame! I will bring Mme. Fischer to you. She understands the

king's nerves. She will explain." He fled from the room, and shortly after Mme. Fischer appeared upon the scene. She soothed Patti into good humor and also attacked the white wool peignoir and transformed it into a most becoming Greek robe.

Before 7 the royal carriage arrived at the hotel and Patti went to the palace. She was led through dimly lighted rooms and corridors into Ludwig's private theater, which was in utter darkness save for the moonlight that entered through the windows. Patti stood upon the dark stage, while

terror. There was a pause. The king sprang up and leaned forward out of the box, his white face gleaming in the moonlight. The violins repeated the prelude. Patti gathered herself to-gether and made one heroic effort. Her voice rang out into the great empty place, and the king sank back into the dark box.

Patti, though badly scared, made the effort of her life and finished the aria from "La Traviata" triumphantly and stood flushed with victory. Dead silence. Not a sound came from the gloom before her. She went off the

stage in a temper. Mme. Fischer was behind the scenes, and Patti waited with her for the signal to sing the next number. A messenger appeared at the door. His majesty had had enough music and had gone to his apartments. For a moment Patti stood stunned. Then she laughed. The rudeness was so colossal that it was funny. Mme. Fischer took the diva to

supper and then home. The next morning Mme. Fischer called at the hotel once more, accompanied by the court chamberlain, who bore the promised check, an autograph letter of thanks from the king and some jewels of great value. King Ludwig. Mme. Fischer said. was in one of his maddest moods, wild with regret, cursing himself and cursing Patti. He had walked the floor all night. groaning that he was a traitor, for Patti's voice had so ravished his senses that for one moment he had gone over to Italian music and had been false to Wagner, the one musician who alone had satisfied his majesty's soul.

"That was better than having bored him." added Patti, shrugging her shoul-

BARNUM'S OLD LION.

How the Great Showman Turned His Death to Account.

Among the features of the parades of the Barnum circus there was formerly one that never failed to attract attention. On the top of one of the wild beast cages lay an enormous lion. He was not confined in any way, and nervous people watching the parade would shudder at the sight and contemplate the terrible possibility of the lion springing into the midst of the crowd.

But the venerable old king of beasts had reached the leonine dotage, and stiffened muscles and blunted claws rendered him harmless. He was as mild as a kitten and in the winter quarters, where he was allowed to roam at will, sometimes had to be protected from the onslaughts of irreverent and mischievous pupples.

One night he wandered from the quarters. In the course of his travels he chanced on a barn where a meek eyed cow was placidly chewing her cud. A faint flicker of the slumbering jungle spirit stirred his pulse, and. with a crashing blow of the huge fore paw, the cow was slain; then, lying down beside his victim, he went to sleep and dreamed of the time when he was a shaggy little whelp playing with his brothers under the bright sun of his faroff African home.

In the morning the owner of the cow, stalwart female with the blood of Irish kings in her veins, entered the barn with milk pail in hand. She was filled with wrath at the sight that met her gaze. With a keen edged ax in her hand and grim determination in her eye she fearlessly approached the sleeping lion, and when the men sent out to search for him arrived he lay cold in death. Barnum promptly paid for the dead cow and engaged to appear on exhibition "the woman who in mortal combat had slain a lion."

The Oldest Treaty.

The oldest text of a real treaty now in existence is that of the convention between Rameses II., king of Egypt. and the Prince of Kheta, which embraces the articles of a permanent offensive and defensive alliance, with clauses providing for the extradition of emigrants, deserters, criminals and skilled workmen. This treaty was drawn up in the fourteenth century B. C. and is the earliest record that we have of any international transac-

Patti stood upon the dark stage, while an orchestra, somewhere out of sight, began a soft prelude. Through the gloom she could just make out a white face in the royal box opposite the stage. Not another auditor was in the great hail.

Patti felt the cold shivers creeping over her. She shook with nervousness and fear, and when she should have begun her aria not a sound could she make. She opened her mouth, but her throat was paralyzed from nervous terror. There was a pause. The king the soft of so many who pay the costly penalty Nature exacts even for sins of ignorance of the laws of health and physicial heing when these are taught with the purest science and in plainest English, in a book which is given away. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, and over 700 illustrations sent free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo N. Y. ' If I had only known !" That is the cry

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Travelers Guide.

No 1 No 5 No 3 No 6 No 4 No 2.

(N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.) 10 10 9 00 p. m. a. m. Arr.

tWeek Days
WALLACE M. GEPHART, BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAIL-Schedule to take effect Monday Jan. 6, 1908. read up read down fNo. 2 †No. 4 No.

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7 27Strubles 8 45 7 31 ...Blocmedor.... 7 40 7 35 Pine Grove M'ls 7 35 F. H. THOMAS. Supt.

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