

THE SERENADE.

An Old Romantic Custom That Has Fallen Into Desuetude.

In recalling the serenade of the Philharmonic society to Miss Nilsson I am reminded of a custom now fallen into desuetude, but which at the time I speak of (1870) was a favorite method of bestowing a marked compliment upon any one whom you wished particularly to honor.

The serenade was not only offered to visitors of distinction, but prevailed extensively as a delicate attention which you might pay to the lady of your choice. It was thought the proper thing at that period for a man to engage the best brass band he could afford and to proceed with it after midnight to the house of his preferred and then to stand beneath the windows while the musicians played their most sentimental and sonorous selections.

These romantic attentions have taken flight with the advent of electric lights, elevated railroads and other voices of the night, but even New York had a few hours of stillness after midnight, and the night watchman lent an indulgent ear to these revelers, who would doubtless be locked up as disturbers of the peace did they hazard such an enterprise under our modern regime.—Richard Hoffman's "Musical Recollections."

HE WAS THANKFUL.

But Still He Thought There Was a Little More He Might Get.

Old Simon, as we will call him, is quite a character in his way. He believes in asking for a thing until he gets it, and then—well, he is immediately in need of something else. He has lived on the same estate all his life, and until quite recently he was paying a merely nominal rent—\$1 a year—for the small cottage he occupied.

Simon, however, wasn't quite satisfied. Whenever he paid an installment of his rent he called his master's attention to the fact that this thing wanted doing and that thing wanted doing to the property. At length Simon's master decided on a bold move. The next time Simon turned up with the quarter's rent and the usual list of suggested repairs the owner was prepared to meet him.

"Look here, Simon," he remarked, "I've been thinking the matter over, and in recognition of your long and faithful service I'm going to make you a free gift of the cottage you live in. From this moment it's yours to do as you like with. Now, what do you say to that?"

"Thank 'e, sir—thank 'e," returned the old fellow. "An' now, sir, what about that bit o' paint for the back door? Ye'll throw that in, o' course?"—London Answers.

Waterlogged Servians.

An Englishwoman traveling in Serbia thus gives a striking glimpse of her own prejudices and tastes. "The Servians drink too much cold water, and they drink it till they are pulpy. An average Serb drinks enough cold water for an English cow. I doubt whether the language contains an equivalent for 'bad training,' for when I tried to explain the idea it created surprise. A doctor told me he had never heard the theory before. To him it seemed a natural and wholesome habit. Moreover, he added, 'there is plenty' and seemed to think it was rather wasteful to leave any unswallowed. To me it explained the lack of activity. The nation is waterlogged. All day long and every day the Serb calls for a glass of cold water, and when he has drunk it he calls for another. Perhaps owing to this he has little space for alcohol. At any rate, I never saw a drunken man, even among the peasants."

Washington and the Artists.

Writing to a friend May 16, 1783, Washington thus described his experience with portrait painters: "I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil that I am now altogether at their beck and sit like patience on a monument while they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom can effect. At first I was as impatient of the request and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less frowning. Now no dray moves more readily to the thrill than I do to the painter's chair."

Infinitesimal Webs.

Mexico, the land of Montezuma, prickly pears, sand, volcanoes, earthquakes, etc., has many subtropical wonders both in vegetable and animal life. Among these latter is a species of spider so minute that its legs cannot be seen without a glass. This little arachnid weaves a web so wonderfully minute that it takes 400 of them to equal a common hair in magnitude.

A Great Descent.

"I can trace my descent from Homer," said Lord Slates proudly. "Indeed," replied Miss Cresce, who didn't seem to be at all impressed. "It is certainly a great descent."

ROYAL ETIQUETTE.

In England It Assumes a Number of Curious Phases.

THINGS THE KING CANNOT DO

He is Barred From Accepting Gifts From Individuals, He Must Not Belong to a Club and May Not Marry Without Parliament's Consent.

It may sound a little curious, but there are quite a number of things which, despite his exalted position as sovereign of the realm, King George V. cannot do. These disabilities range over all sorts of matters and concern etiquette, politics, religion and law. To begin with etiquette, it is an established practice that his majesty must never call upon or grant an audience to a foreign monarch except in the presence of a responsible minister. Etiquette also precludes him from accepting a gift which a loyal subject may wish to make him. Should, however, the gift be a joint offering the prohibition does not apply. This enables King George to accept gifts which are subscribed for by a number of people together.

A king never writes a letter to anybody outside his family circle. All other correspondence has to be conducted through one of his secretaries. Nor does King George accept invitations to dine or stop with a subject. What he does when he wishes to pay such a visit is to invite himself. Another strictly observed point of etiquette is that on ascending the throne a king shall withdraw from any clubs to which he has hitherto belonged. Similarly he cannot become a Free Mason, and if he happens to be one at the date of his ascension he must resign from the craft. King George, however, has not been initiated.

Even in affairs of the heart a sovereign must bow to the will of others. Although King Cophetua might have loved and shared his throne with a beggar maid, the royal marriage act would render the occurrence of any such romantic union impossible in England. Members of the blood royal must have the sanction of parliament before they can marry, and this would certainly not be accorded unless the birth and position of the lady were beyond reproach.

An English king's position toward the law is somewhat peculiar. Theoretically he is above the law. In practice, however, he has to obey it, just as have his subjects. He must observe the established legal system of the country. Any royal proclamation which he issues is only binding in so far as it is founded upon an existing law. It cannot alter the common law or create a new offense, nor can a king set up private tribunals, such as the star chamber, or add to the jurisdiction of a court. By a special act of parliament it has also been decided that if his majesty were to lose an action brought against him by the revenue authorities he would be liable for the payment of costs.

By the law of the land the king cannot possibly commit an offense. Any injury or wrong suffered by a subject at his hands has to be attributed to the "mistake of his advisers," hence it happens that King George is the only person in Great Britain who cannot arrest a suspected felon, even if such a one were to be seen by him entering Buckingham palace or Windsor castle. The reason for this is because no action for wrongful arrest could lie against him, and therefore if the person arrested by him were proved innocent there would then be a wrong without a remedy. Another legal disability of the king is that he is barred of all rights in matters relating to land after a lapse of sixty years. He is also prohibited from serving on a jury or from giving evidence.

Until so comparatively recent a period as 1870 if a subject were convicted of treason or felony the king could claim his property. Another lapsed prerogative of the crown is one known as "corody." During its existence a king who wanted to advance the interests of a royal chaplain could compel a bishop to support such a clergyman until a benefice had been found for him. Nowadays he has not even the right of founding a bishopric or creating ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Similarly he must always be a member of the Church of England and cannot change his religion.

The theory that the king "reigns, but does not govern" is amply borne out by the political system of the country. While the members of parliament are his majesty's "faithful commons," they have certain privileges which he himself does not possess. Thus King George can summon or prorogue parliament at will, but he cannot prolong it beyond a definite period. Similarly he is absolutely debarred from imposing any sort of taxation whatever without first securing the consent of parliament. So jealously guarded is this privilege that a king cannot create new officers with new fees or annex new fees to existing offices, as such a course would be considered as imposing a fresh tax. In bygone times, however, when an English monarch was in want of funds he would levy taxes right and left and without asking anybody.

The franchise does not extend to English monarchs. King George is one of the few men possessing a genuine stake in the country without the privilege of recording a vote.—London Bellman.

God pays, but not every Saturday.—Alphonse Karr.

PERFECT HEROISM.

Rare Courage of Dr. Franz Mueller in His Tragic Death.

Heroism has been defined as "the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh"—that is to say, over fear—fear of suffering, of sickness, of isolation and of death. An instance of this dazzling and glorious concentration of courage is given in Mr. Frederick Rowland Marvin's book, "The Excursions of a Book Lover."

Dr. Franz Mueller of Vienna, who fell a victim to the bubonic plague when that disease was first under bacteriological investigation in that city in 1897, contracted the malady from bacilli in culture tubes. When he became certain that he was infected, he immediately locked himself in an isolated room and posted a message on a window pane:

"I am suffering from the plague. Please do not send a doctor to me, as in any event my end will come in four or five days."

At once a number of his associates, all of them young physicians, with much to live for and with full knowledge of the chances to which they would expose themselves, stepped forward and not only offered their services, but in some cases begged to be sent to Dr. Mueller. The patient refused to permit it and died alone within the time predicted.

At the end he wrote a farewell letter to his parents and placed it against the window so it could be copied from the outside and then burned the original with his own hands, fearful that it might be preserved and carry out the mysterious and deadly germ.

VANILLA BEANS.

They Are Not Beans at All, but Pods Filled With Tiny Seeds.

The vanilla plant is the only orchid of any industrial value. As orchids go, the plant is not unattractive, for the foliage is much greener and more enduring than in the case of most of the species. It is a climber, and when the leaves are fresh it brightens a small tree trunk wonderfully. The Vanilla planifolia, to give it its full name, is a terrestrial parasite. It climbs from the ground, but once established has feeding stations on the bark all along the line. The leaves—long, very smooth and light green—are alternate, and at the axil of each is a sucker a few inches in length that fastens itself securely to the tree, lying flat against the bark.

The blossoms are inconspicuous. It is the resultant pods that are the vanilla of the industrial world. They are slim pods six to eight inches long and when dried for the market are of a rich, deep reddish brown. These are called vanilla beans, but without warrant. They contain no bean; the seed in them is as fine as dust. These seeds are the black specks that are

usually found in the finest grade of vanilla ice cream, the best chefs of the world over preferring to grind the "bean" rather than use the extract. Vanilla is found growing wild in the Bahamas, West Indies and Central America. In Madagascar and some of the neighboring islands it has been introduced and now forms an important article of export. But American vanilla is the best.—Harper's Weekly.

Played No Favorites.

John Addison Porter, once secretary to the president, overrode his account on one occasion, when he went off on a vacation, and Comptroller Tracewell disallowed it. When Secretary Porter returned to Washington he told the president about it, and President McKinley telephoned to Tracewell to come to the White House. On his arrival there Tracewell was asked why he had disallowed that account, and he replied:

"I disallowed it, Mr. President, because it is my duty as comptroller of the treasury to protect the money of the people from every kind of misconstruction of the law. If you should draw one month's salary in advance I should certainly disallow it."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Into the Next State.

A disheveled citizen rushed into the police station and shouted for vengeance.

"The motorcar that hit me five minutes ago was No. 41144," he screeched. "I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit, and I want—I want!"

"You want a warrant for his arrest?"

"Warrant, nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going? I want extradition papers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The modesty of women naturally makes them shrink from the indelicate questions, the obnoxious examinations, and unpleasant local treatments, which some physicians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be had, it is better to submit to this ordeal than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman undergoes all the annoyance and shame for nothing. Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispenses with the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so sure and safe for delicate women as "Favorite Prescription." It cures debilitating drains, irregularity and female weakness. It always helps. It almost always cures.

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Plumbing.

Good Health and Good Plumbing GO TOGETHER.

When you have dripping steam pipes, leaky water-fixture, foul sewerage, or escaping gas, you can't have good Health. The air you breathe is poisonous; your system becomes poisoned, and invalidism is sure to come.

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Travelers Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Condensed Time Table effective June 19, 1911.

Table with columns: READ DOWN, STATIONS, READ UP. Lists stations like Bellefonte, Hecla Park, Nittany, etc. with times.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Schedule to take effect Monday, Jan. 6, 1910

Table with columns: WESTWARD, STATIONS, EASTWARD. Lists stations like Bellefonte, Coleville, Morris, etc. with times.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Clothing.

Clothing.

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