

# THE BOY MONARCH OF THE PORTUGUESE

King Manuel II., Who Now Rules His Troubled Country, Was a Lieutenant in the Navy. Quaint Lisbon, the Capital, One of the World's Most Beautiful Cities—Relics of the Moors.



CHARLES PAGE BRYAN.

THE new king of Portugal, Manuel II., is but a boy of eighteen and comes to the throne under circumstances that entitle him to an unusual degree of sympathy. When revolutionists struck down his father, King Carlos, and his elder brother, the Crown Prince Luis, they intended to kill him, too, but only succeeded in wounding him in the arm. His full name is Manuel Maria Philippe Carlos Amalia Luis Miguel Gonzaqua Xavier Francisco d'Assisi Eugenio, and before his accession to the throne he held the title of Duc de Beja. He is a handsome young fellow and devoted to his mother, Queen Amelia, by whose counsel he has been guided in the recent crisis. He was born in Lisbon on Nov. 15, 1889, educated under private instructors, entered the navy at fifteen as midshipman and rose to be lieutenant. He has fair hair and complexion and has always been in much favor with the Portuguese people.

The first diplomat to offer condolence to the bereaved royal family of Portugal was the American minister, Charles Page Bryan. Mr. Bryan succeeded Francis B. Loomis in his present post about five years ago and previous to that time had made a good record as our minister to Brazil. It was while he was in South America that he acquired a collection of cockatoos which learned to surprise the natives by crying in chorus, "Hurrah for the United States!" Minister Bryan was born in Chicago in 1856 and graduated from the University of Virginia and Columbia Law school. Previous to his diplomatic service he was a member of the legislatures of Colorado and Illinois.

The city of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, sits grandly on seven hills, like Rome. It is one of the most beautiful cities of Europe. The sides of the steep hills are terraced with white blocks of stone, capped with tasteful balustrades, and at varying elevations gardens may be seen luxuriant with flowers. The city is full of small parks and beautified squares, or plazas, oftentimes abounding in statuary. The finest street in the city is the Avenida da Liberdade. In the center is a broad driveway, flanked by granolithic walks twenty-five feet in width. Then on each side come twenty-five feet of grass and flowers and twenty-five feet of walk again. Roadways with car tracks and sidewalks again reaching to the houses complete the space between the rows of splendid residences. There are eight rows of trees, and out of jars in the hands of two huge river gods spring two rivulets which wind their way along the avenue, crossed here and there by bridges, and disappear at length into tunnels in cross streets.

It was as his carriage was approaching one of the handsome squares of the city, the Praça do Comercio, that King Carlos was assassinated and with him the Crown Prince Luis. This square is surrounded on three sides by the naval arsenal, to which the monarch and his son were taken as they

were dying; by the exchange, the custom house and other public buildings, while on the remaining side is the river Tagus. It is on one of the hills that the Ajuda palace, the principal residence of the royal family, is situated. It is an imposing structure of white marble. King Carlos spent much time in the country palace at Cintra. The cathedral of Lisbon was once a Moorish mosque, and there are numerous reminders of the days of the Moors, among them the Church of the Martyrs, erected on the spot where Alfonso I. mounted the walls of the city and rescued it from its Mohammedan conquerors. The occupation by the Moors lasted from 716 to 1147. Even today there is a large population of Moorish descent—in fact, Lisbon is divided into two parts, occidental and oriental.

Very soon after the death of King Carlos and Prince Luis their bodies were embalmed. It has for some time been the custom to embalm the bod-



KING MANUEL II., THE BOY MONARCH OF PORTUGAL.

ies of members of the royal family, and sometimes in this way a favored traveler is permitted to gaze upon the face of a dead monarch. One writer describes seeing the features of Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, the king consort, who was grandfather of the late sovereign. The visitor looked upon him through a pane of glass, and the long deceased monarch seemed, merely asleep. Although the embalming custom is not of very ancient date, it has for centuries been the habit to place the coffins containing royal remains in the pantheon of the old monastery of St. Vincent on one of the hills of the city and the place of interment of Carlos and Luis. Most of the monarchs of Portugal for nearly 300 years lie here in boxes ranged along the walls, and a tourist once said the sight reminded him of old-fashioned trunks set in rows and all in readiness for a hasty journey should one become necessary.

## Stories Told In Congress.



ANDREW J. PETERS.

THERE is an interesting coincidence concerning two new members of the Sixtieth congress from Massachusetts and representing Boston districts. These new members, are Andrew J. Peters and Joseph Francis O'Connell. Mr. O'Connell represents the Tenth Massachusetts district and Mr. Peters the Eleventh. Both are Democrats, both were born in Boston in the same year, 1872, both are bachelors, both graduated from the Harvard Law school, and both practice law. Congressman Peters received both the degree of bachelor of arts and that of bachelor of laws from Harvard. He served three years in the Massachusetts legislature, two years of that time in the senate. He has also served in the militia of the state of Massachusetts.

So much attention did little Lucile Hughes, the pretty six-year-old daughter of Representative Hughes of Paterson, N. J., attract when she visited the house of representatives recently that it was difficult for Leader Williams to summon the full Democratic strength whenever tellers were demanded. That evening she was asked by a friend what she had learned at school during the day.

"I didn't go to school today," she re-

plied. "I went up to the house with papa, and you don't learn anything up there."

Senator Porter J. McCumber of North Dakota is the most serious minded statesman in the world and has a bad memory for names. When he was a member of the all star aggregation headed by Theodore Roosevelt that toured the west in the campaign of 1900 another member of the cast was Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., of Massachusetts. Governor Guild is extremely sensitive about the pronunciation of his name, which has the "I" long, as in "mild." He also insists on his full name, with the "Jr." included.

As long as Senator Hansbrough introduced him Guild was happy, for Hansbrough pronounced his name correctly and always described him as "Curtis Guild, Jr." Finally Senator McCumber took the introduction end of the job and could not get Guild's name right to save him. He introduced him as General Gill and as Colonel Gills and as Major Gild and finally capped the climax by calling him General Miles. Guild went into President Roosevelt's car and exploded.

"If I have a profound contempt for anybody, it is for an idiot who cannot get a name right. If this lunatic goes on mispronouncing my name I'll"

"Why, who has been mispronouncing your name, Curtis?" asked Roosevelt.

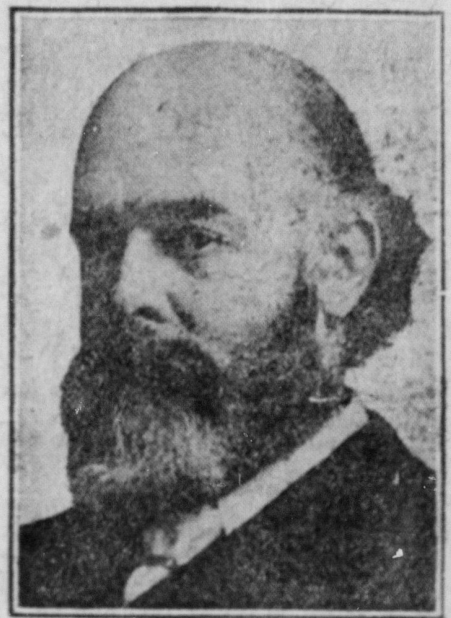
"Why, this man from North Dakota," replied Guild heatedly—"this man named—named—what is the fellow's name? Oh, Cucumber!"

## SIR OLIVER LODGE.

His Ideas on Immortality and His Scientific Achievements.

The fact that a man of the high scientific attainments of Sir Oliver Lodge should announce his belief in the possibility of intercourse between this world and the next has attracted much attention. Sir Oliver and Sir William Crookes stand at the very front among English scientists, and both have recently declared their belief in the genuineness of some spiritualistic manifestations. Sir Oliver's ideas on immortality and his so called "catholicism" have also come in for much discussion. The catechism is a statement of belief as to the existence of God and the duties of men in reference to this life and that to come from the standpoint of an evolutionist.

Sir Oliver thinks belief in the survival of the consciousness and the will—in other words, the immortality of the soul—perfectly reasonable from the point of view of science and even goes so far as to hold that science is perhaps on the point of being able to demonstrate the existence of another world than the material one in which we now exist. He is the head of Birmingham university, an institution which is spending millions of dollars for the de-



SIR OLIVER LODGE.

velopment of scientific and technical schools on a scale unprecedented in Great Britain. He is sometimes called the father of wireless telegraphy, as he was experimenting in that direction before Marconi was heard of and as far back as 1887 was flirting with the elusive electro magnetic waves. He and Hertz working independently, found them about the same time. For his researches in this field he received the Rumford medal of the Royal society. Sir Oliver is fifty-seven years old.

### Cleaning the Skin.

Owing to the oiliness of the skin, it cannot be efficiently cleansed by water alone; hence the morning cold bath, which is delightfully tonic and invigorating to those with whom it agrees, is a delusion and a snare so far as efficient cleansing properties are concerned. The rubbing which one undergoes after the cold bath undoubtedly assists in the removal of the dried secretions from the skin, but there is still need of some substance which will so modify the greasy coating as to render it capable of being washed off. Such an agent we possess in soap, which is essentially a combination of an alkali (soda or potash) and a fat or oil. There is always some free alkali in soap, and this, when rubbed with water on the body, unites with the oily material of the skin and renders it soluble. Soaps made with potash (soft or black soaps) contain too much alkali, so that when they are used to wash the skin the natural oil is so effectually removed as to leave the skin dry and harsh and altogether "too tight," as commonly expressed, for its owner.

### Koch Coming to America.

Prof. Robert Koch, the celebrated bacteriologist, of Germany, who has long labored to convince the scientific world that bovine tuberculosis was not the same as human tuberculosis, and that, consequently, man could not take the disease from animals, will leave Berlin toward the end of March for a trip around the world.

## THE TOBACCO WAR

Competition Destroyed by Combination of Buyers—Independent Growers Attacked.

THE so called "tobacco war" in Kentucky and Tennessee is the latest industrial ruction to attract national attention. It was back in the days immediately succeeding the Revolution that there was what was called in those times a "whisky rebellion." The enforcement of the laws respecting the fragrant weed and the products of the distilleries have more than once in the history of the nation threatened disturbance of the peace. The events of the past three years in the so called "dark tobacco district" of Kentucky and Tennessee recall the days of the famous Kuklux Klan. The new band of masked marauders is known as the "night riders." Its operations have



GOVERNORS WILLSON AND PATTERSON AND A NIGHT RIDERS' RAID.

left buried warehouses and ruined tobacco plantations in their train. Damage to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars has been done by the members of this mysterious outband conspiracy, and the subject of suppression of the raids has taxed the executives of the two commonwealths to the utmost. Both Governor Augustus E. Willson of Kentucky and Governor Malcolm R. Patterson of Tennessee have declared in the most positive manner their determination to maintain the law and suppress the raiders and their organization.

It is in the dark tobacco district that the government tobacco monopolies of Spain, France and Italy and the Imperial Tobacco company of Great Britain obtain a large portion of their supplies of the weed. Formerly the grower sold his crop to the buyer who offered the best price. Then it was only in years when crops were larger than the extent of the demand that prices were low. The scale was fixed, generally speaking, by the operation of the law of supply and demand. The foreign companies kept buyers in the district, and the competition between them kept up prices, but after a time the spirit of combination resulted in the elimination of this competition. The foreign buyers got together. To what extent the American Tobacco company, commonly known as the tobacco trust, was involved in the combination has been a matter of dispute. This company recently issued a statement saying that it was not affected

by the night riders' operations. It asserted that in the districts where its purchases have been chiefly made there has been no disorder. Whatever the facts in this regard, when the growers found that prices had dropped to a point which made the production of tobacco minus profits they on their part tried combination. They formed the Dark Tobacco District Planters' association, their object being to pool their tobacco in the warehouses and hold it for their own prices. Not all the growers joined the association, however. The independent farmers and the tobacco companies have been made the victims of midnight raids which have resulted in such widespread damage. The Dark Tobacco District Planters' association was disclaimed responsibility for the raids. It has even charged that persons outside it had ruined their own plants and tobacco crops in order to discredit the Planters' association and turn public sentiment against it. The raiders wear a white badge in the shape of a triangle on the right breast. They are usually mounted, and both rider and horse are disguised. Their visitations prove that when once a raid is decided upon the raiders are ready to carry their work to a bloody end.

### His Thanksgiving Invitation.

A young man who had got into the habit of spending all his evenings away from home was asked by his father if he had any engagement for Thanksgiving evening. The young man had nothing in particular.

"Well, I'd like to have you go somewhere with me," replied his father.

"All right," said the boy. "Where shall I meet you?"

"Father suggested a hotel at half past 7, and I was there," the boy goes on to tell. "When he appeared he said he wanted me to call with him on a lady. 'One I knew quite well when I was a young man,' he explained.

"We went out and started straight for home.

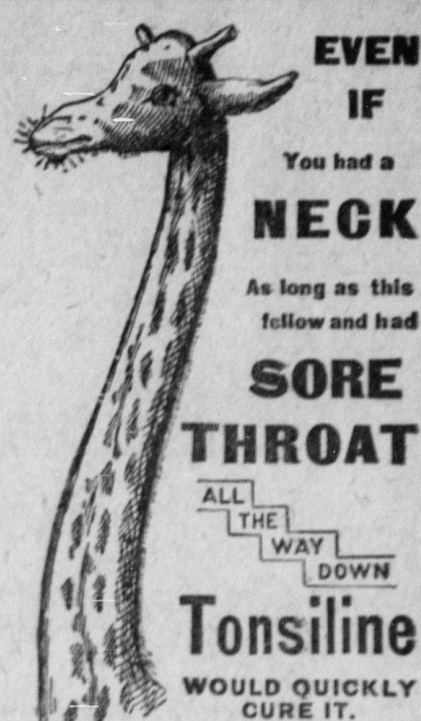
"She is staying at our house," he said.

"I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for a hotel under those circumstances, but said nothing.

"Well, we went in, and I was introduced with all due formality to my mother and sister.

"The situation struck me as funny, and I started to laugh. My mother and sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated.

"It wasn't a bit funny then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down, and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed for a little. Then we played games for a while and enjoyed some light refreshments that mother had prepared. When I finally retired I was invited to call again. I went upstairs doing a good deal of thinking."—Ladies' Home Journal.



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