

## FRENCH SUSPICION.

IT HAS PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE COUNTRY'S HISTORY.

In France the Element of Suspicion has Reached the Prerogative and is No New Thing—How It Influenced the Actions of Robespierre.

At all the great crises of French life the element of preternatural suspicion has played an important part. Like some mischievous Puck it hovers over the land, whispering doubts here, misgivings there, converting the whole nation into monarchs, whose business it is to set a watch on their neighbors day and night. We have such a profound admiration for many qualities of the French people, such a sincere belief in the necessity of a powerful French factor in the complex mesh of modern civilization, that we can afford to bring this charge of undue suspicion against France as a whole. No student of French history can fail to see the confusion it has wrought. It is not the growth of yesterday, but it is almost as evident in the memoirs of the France of the seventeenth century as on the Paris boulevards at the present moment.

It pervaded the court and the official classes in the time of Richelieu, it was constantly present in the mind of Mazarin when negotiating with Cromwell, and it is visible all through the pages of the memoirs of De Retz. This spirit of preternatural suspicion naturally attained its climax in the French revolution, when, for the first time, the monarchy was involved in its infinite entanglements.

From the moment when the national assembly met at Versailles to the day when Napoleon was banished to Elba universal suspicion filled the air and dictated the cruel aspect of French policy. The queen was, of course, suspected, and justly, in political matters, and perhaps it was not altogether unreasonable that the suspicion in which she was enveloped should have attached to her weak but perfectly honest husband, who was assumed to be absolutely under her fatal influence.

The attack on the Bastille was animated not merely by memories of the past, not in the least because of actual cruelties at the time, for there was none, but mainly because it was suspected that the Bastille was to be utilized as an armed fortress to overawe Paris. The day of the "black cockades" and the march of the Marseillais (to use Carlyle's graphic phraseology) were due to excited suspicion. The assembly had scarcely organized itself before the demon of suspicion spread its dusky wings over that body, and Mirabeau and Barnave, at first popular idols, became suspected of intrigue with the court. The vigorous personalities who came to the front all suspected one another. To them the famous warning which Benjamin Franklin addressed to the founders of the American republic, "Gentlemen, we must hang together or we shall hang separately," would have been useless. They could not hang together, and they did hang, or were guillotined, separately. It was Danton's suspicion of an aristocratic plot which caused the September massacres. It was pure suspicion that created the most revolting and unjust of all the revolutionary excesses, the tribunal of Fouquier-Thiville. Danton in his turn was suspected and fell.

We may, of course, justify the suspicion of Danton, but what possible explanation can be given of the suspicion of the harmless astronomer Bailly, with his precise virtues, who paid with his head for the dangerous folly of meddling with things he did not understand? It was obviously a question of war to the knife between Jacobin and Girondin, for each took an absolutely different view of both foreign and internal politics; but why could not the struggle have been confined to party warfare within the walls of the convention? Why was it necessary to declaim the Girondin chiefs? The only answer that can be made is that suspicion had grown to such a pitch that the very existence of Girondism was considered incompatible with the security of the republic. Men had become frenzied, insane, through constant spying on one another's actions and perpetual attempts to fathom one another's inmost thoughts, and the "law of suspect" was simply a formal expression of national craziness. That was madness lies. In the person of Robespierre preternatural suspicion attained its most complete incarnation. His feline nature was ever on the dart for its prey. He could not bear a good word said of any man but he instantly began to revolve in his mind the question as to whether there were not some concealed motive in the praise. The shout of triumphant relief which reverberated over France when Robespierre's head fell into the basket marked the break of the straining point of that suspicion which had created and sustained the terror. When we remember that but for an accident Carnot would have fallen a victim to Robespierre's suspicions and that this suspicious disposition had led a man of sentimental virtue to become a wholesale murderer, we can understand that feeling of relief.—London Spectator.

### Nothing to Work On.

"Fellows, I tried to get that blooming mind read, don't you know, to come up to the club some evening and give us one of his deuced queer entertainments. By Jove, he said he couldn't come."

"Did he give any reason, dear boy?"

"Why, he said he couldn't make a success of his efforts where there wasn't any material to work on."

"I wonder what the deuce he meant by that?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Reaching the Teacher.

Teacher—How far north does the Mississippi river run, Tommie?

Tommie—Don't run north at all. It runs south. See!—Chicago Journal.

## OLD CATERER ON TERRAPIN.

When It Is Ready, the Satisfaction Is in "Eating It All Yourself."

James Prosser, a famous colored caterer of this city, dead long ago, furnished the following formula for preparing and serving terrapin, which was published in a gastronomic journal at the time when he was on earth:

"You can't enjoy terrapin unless the day is nippin'. Temperature and terrapin go hand in hand. Now, as to your terrapin. Bless you, there is all the difference in the world in them. The more northerly is the terrapin found the better. You eat a Florida terrapin—you needn't despise it, for terrapin is terrapin everywhere—but you get a Chesapeake one or a Delaware bay one, or, better still, a Long Island one, and there is just the difference between \$10 a dozen and \$20. Warm water kinder washes the delicate flavor out of them. Don't you let Mr. Bergh know it, but your terrapin must be boiled alive. Have a good big pot, with a hot fire under it, so that he shan't languish, and when it has got on a full head of steam pop him in. What I am going to give is a recipe for a single one. If you are awfully rich and go in for a gross of terrapin, just use your multiplication table. Just as soon as he coves in watch him and try his flippers. When they part when you pry them with your finger nail, he is good. Open him nicely with a knife. Bilin of him dislocates the snuffbox. There ain't overmuch of it, more's the pity. The most is in the joints of the legs and side lockers, but if you want to commit murder just you smash his gill, and then your terrapin is gone forever. Watch closely for eggs and handle them gingerly. Now, havin' got him or her all into shape, put the meat aside. Take three fresh eggs—you must have them fresh. Bile 'em hard and mash 'em smooth. Add to that a tablespoonful of sifted flour, three tablespoonfuls of cream, salt and pepper (red pepper to a terrapin is just depravity) and two wineglasses of sherry wine. Wine as costs \$2.50 a bottle ain't a bit too good. There never was a gotega in all Portugal that wouldn't think itself honored to have itself mixed up with a terrapin. Now you want quite a quarter of a pound of the very best fresh butter and put that in a porcelain covered pan and melt it first—mustn't be browned. When it's come to be oily, put in your terrapin, yolks of egg, wine and all. Let it simmer gently. Bilin up two or three times does the business. What you are after is to make it blend. There ain't nothin' that must be too pointed in terrapin stew. It wants to be a quiet thing, a suave thing, just pervaded with a most beautiful and natural terrapin aroma. You must serve it to the people that eats it on a hot plate, but the real thing is to have it on chafin dish, and though a man ought not to be selfish there is a kind of divine satisfaction in eatin it all yourself."—Philadelphia Times.

## ANCIENT STUTTART.

Postal and Travelling Accommodations of the Old German City.

The post relations of ancient Stuttgart were unpretentious. The two mail-servants of the postmaster distributed through the city the daily letters, which they carried in the same basket with the family marketing. Letters were carried out of the city by postillions. There was a number of couriers, and as a surety against mistakes there hung in the post office, beside the curious mail bags, a huge whip, with which, when the commission had been given to the courier, a powerful blow for the strengthening of his memory was dealt him.

Coches and post wagons were innocent of any suggestion of comfort—a high, clumsy wooden box was secured by thick leathern straps, and in the cavernous bottom were confined together packages and passengers. Up and down hill, over ruts and rocks, the cumbersome vehicle rattled on its way, the hapless travelers being ever on the defensive against the assaults of tumbling boxes and bundles. And then the weary slowness of the way! Formerly the journey from Stuttgart to Tubingen was made in 12 hours. The same journey is now made in four hours. The postillions alighted to take refreshments when it pleased them, and one traveler has left a dismal record of a journey that he once made, during which the driver took the horses from the carriage and attached them to a hay wagon that had been left mired in the mud. The man drove the wagon into the next village, and when there he joined the grateful neighbors in a carousal, while the tired passengers languished on the dusty country road.—Elise J. Allen in Harper's Magazine.

### The Modern Agnostic.

We look at our churches with their congregations, growing in numbers and dwindling in faith, says H. G. Chapman in The Atlantic, and we ask ourselves: In all these buildings, cheap or costly, what real prayers rise, and of those that rise do any get above the roof? What God hears them and has there ever been an answered prayer? We look at the face of the dead and repeat a burial service. If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantage it me if the dead rise not? And as we say the words we ask ourselves, "Do the dead rise?" And if any one is found who believes these things he knows that there is another at his elbow who believes them not a whit or an atom, and these two can hit on no universe that shall satisfy both, nor can one be poet to the other.

### Suspicion.

"Do you remember that girl who came here and said that what she most desired was a good home?" asked the housewife.

"What is the matter now?" responded her husband.

"Have you missed something?"

"Yes, I know she has a good home pretty nearly paid for by this time."—Washington Star.

## CALIFORNIA.

Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The next Personally-Conducted Tour to California via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh by the "Golden Gate Special" on Wednesday, February 16, stopping at the Great Mammoth Cave and New Orleans during the Mardi Gras Carnival. Four weeks will be allowed on the Pacific Coast. Returning, stops will be made at Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs (Garden of the Gods), Denver, Chicago, &c. Round-trip rate, including transportation, meals, carriage drives, hotel accommodations, and Pullman berth Los Angeles to San Francisco, and transportation in California, \$35.00 from all stations east of Pittsburg; with hotel accommodations, meals, transfers, and carriage drives through California for four weeks, \$125.00 additional. An experienced chaperon will accompany the party for the benefit of the lady tourists.

For itineraries and full information, apply to ticket agents: Tourist Agent, 1190 Broadway, New York; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

### Wells in Sahara.

Artesian wells sunk in the Sahara desert appear to find an abundant supply of water without going very deep for it, and this fact may in time put a new face on desert conditions, involving important political, climatic and economic consequences. The English have begun sinking them along the Berber-Sudan road, finding water there as abundant as it was in the regions near the Nile when their first experimental wells were put down. Flowing under the Saharan sands there may be water enough to fertilize cases all over its sterile expanse and rescue it in a measure from its historic barrenness and desolation. Some years ago a French engineer proposed to cut a canal from the Mediterranean to the lower desert levels, thus creating a new inland sea, or, rather, restoring an old one, but for some reason the project was abandoned.

Local irrigation by means of artesian borings is a more judicious expedient, and the English having pointed the way in this direction, the French are quite likely to follow it. Only a narrow desert belt separates their possessions in north and middle Africa, reaching from the Mediterranean to the Niger, and it is quite worth their while to fertilize it and plant it with palm groves and date orchards if possible, at any rate to provide water enough to supply their present caravans and perhaps their future locomotives.—New York Tribune.

### French Secret Police Methods.

I once spent an afternoon in a pleasant little villa on the banks of the river Marne with the former chief of police in the time of Napoleon III up to the proclamation of the republic. No one would have thought, to look at the present figure of the proprietor, a little man in sahois, with gray beard a la Millet, absorbed in cultivating the magnificent hortensias that covered his terraces, reaching to the water's edge, that his head had been a storehouse for all the machinations and turpitudes of this period of decadence which ended in a disastrous war and revolution. It was on that afternoon that I learned how the fatal Clivier ministry was decided upon by M. Thiers and his political friends one evening in the conservatory of a beautiful Frenchwoman living not far from the opera. Two brothers, well known in the best Paris society, meanwhile distracted the attention of the guests in the salon by sleight of hand tricks and gymnastic feats on a Persian rug, and when I asked the old man how he knew all this with such precision, "From a femme de chambre," he answered tranquilly. "All persons of importance at that time, at their own request, took their servants only from my land."—Harper's Weekly.

### More Than He Could Stand.

"Hold up yer hands!"

The citizen thus addressed suddenly shot out his right fist. It caught the murderous footpad squarely on the nose and stretched him motionless on the frozen ground.

"That was a nery thing to do," said the policeman who happened by some mysterious dispensation to be in the neighborhood and had come running to the scene.

"It was a pretty nery thing for the scoundrel to do," replied the citizen, scowling at his damaged hand. "He didn't know he was tackling a desperate man. I had just paid a gas bill."—Chicago Tribune.

### Ignorance.

Two country men went into a hatter's to buy a hat. They were delighted with the sample, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking glass.

"What is the glass for?" said one of the men.

The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, said: "What for? Why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits."—Pick Me Up.

### How to Keep Cattails.

Cattails will keep for several years if they are hung by the stems, head down, until thoroughly dry. They may be dipped as soon as picked in a weak solution of carbolic acid to prevent insects from destroying them.—Ladies' Home Journal.

It is necessary to hope, though hope should be always deluded, for hope itself is happiness, and its frustrations, however frequent, are yet less dreadful than its extinction.—Dr. Johnson.

How often we hear middle-aged people say regarding that reliable old cough remedy, N. H. Down's Elixir: "Why my mother gave it to me when I was a child, and I use it in my family; it always cures." It is always guaranteed to cure or money refunded. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

Every mother should have Arica & Oil Liniment always in the house in case of accident from burns, scalds or bruises. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

Costiveness can be permanently cured by the use of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. For sale by H. A. Stoke.



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Or "out of sorts" and so not in harmony with your neighbor? For a headache or nervousness

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STOKE, the Druggist,

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### ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.

Whereas, letters of Administration to the Estate of Joseph S. Morrow, late of Reynoldsville, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent will make known the same without delay to

HARRIET L. MORROW, Administratrix.

### Notice of Application for Charter.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 18th day of February, 1904, by S. B. Elliott, H. Alex. Stoke, Solomon Shaffer, Charles A. Hergel, C. Mitchell, et al., under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1851, and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of an intended Corporation, to be called The Reynoldsville Land and Improvement Company, the character and object whereof is the purchasing, holding, leasing, selling, donating and improving real estate, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

C. MITCHELL, Solicitor.

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For sale by H. A. Stoke.

## First National Bank

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FOR DOMESTIC ANIMALS  
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