

**When Frenchmen Were Germans.**  
The name of France is derived from the Franks, a people of Germany who seized that part of the country nearest the Rhine and settled there. Later on they subdued Paris and made that the royal seat of their increasing empire.

The origin of other geographical names is interesting and will serve to enlighten us when we read of, for instance, Hibernia for Ireland. Hibernia is said to be derived from a Phoenician word meaning "farthest habitation," there being no country known to them west of Erin.

Portugal obtained its name from Porto, the haven or port where the Gauls landed their stores. This is Oporto, called by the Portuguese O Porto (the port). The town was given as a dowry to Teresa when she married Henry de Lorraine, who styled himself Earl of Portugal because the place was known as the portus Gallorum (the port of the Gauls). The name was finally extended to the whole country.

Russia took its denomination from the Roosi, or Russi, a people of the south of Russia, who possessed themselves of the country in the declining days of the Greek empire. Being the predominant inhabitants, they imposed their name on all the rest.

**A Street Parable.**

A little girl stood at a window blowing soap bubbles. Beneath stood a little boy, and as she blew bubbles toward him he tried to catch them. They broke and disappeared on all sides, but the two laughed and kept up the game, she smiling down and he gazing upward eagerly.

"Behold, a parable!" said a man to a woman. "The eternal relation of the sexes! You blow beautiful bubbles down to us from your height, and we weary ourselves in trying vainly to catch them. Poor little boy!"

The pair played and laughed in the sunshine until the boy grew tired. He called out "Goodbye!" gayly and ran away to play with other boys and girls in the street. The girl looked after him wistfully, a shadow on her face. She did not care to blow bubbles any more. She leaned out to watch him, and as she did so she tipped over the bowl of soapy water. She looked very lonely.

"Behold, a parable!" said the woman to the man. "He has tired of the game; not she. There is no other little boy to blow bubbles to, and if there were she has no pretty bubbles left to blow. Eternal relation of sexes! Poor little girl!"—New York Tribune.

**A Use For the Hyphen.**

A teacher had just given a lesson on the hyphen, and thinking that his class understood it now, he wrote the word "birds-nest" on the blackboard. "Now, boys, why do we have a hyphen between birds and nest?" asked the teacher.

Several hands went up, and the teacher pointed to a small boy who seemed very anxious to answer. "For the birds to roost on," was the reply.—London Tit-Bits.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FAULTS**

**She Was Very Vain and Inordinately Fond of Fine Dress.**

Yet Elizabeth was never really successful with her wardrobe as a successful woman might have been. Her dresses were never beautiful, only ludicrously and most inappropriately magnificent—laden with jewels, weighted down with cloth of gold, stiff with silver embroidery and so heavy that even her big, powerful frame must, without supporting vanity, have felt the fatigue of carrying them about. Elizabeth was certainly vain, but she cannot claim femininity merely on that account, for vanity is by no means an exclusively feminine characteristic. There are perhaps more vain women than vain men because women have more leisure and their costumes afford greater opportunities for vanity than the strangely hideous clothing which custom has arranged for men, but no thoughtful (feminine) observer can doubt that a vain man is rather than a vain woman.

Elizabeth's hands were her especial pride, and, judging from her portraits, they were certainly beautiful. They were laden with jewels, and it was her habit in public to pull her rings off with absent-mindedness and push them on again, moving those white hands about in the most obvious way. Once, during the grave consideration of a state paper, wherein her cold sagacity never took second place, she interrupted the discussion to ask whether the Duc d'Anjou, who was at one time one of her suitors, had been told what a pretty foot she had and how white and well rounded was her arm? This in the woman who financed the armada with hard headed economy, who dared the superstitious terrors of her own conscience in her high handed and impudent treatment of the bishop, whose interest in methods of torture for state prisoners was most mechanical and intelligent, entirely unhampered by any squeamish feminine hesitation as to blood or pain, is most curious.

In connection with this last characteristic of cruelty vanity is not at all unprecedented. Indeed, if one observe closely one will notice that excessively vain persons have almost always a strange inclination toward cruelty. The accounts of what Queen Elizabeth permitted and indeed commanded in this respect will hardly bear reading by us sensitive folk today.—Margaret Deland in Harper's Bazar.

**Slavery Protected the Negro.**

If the negro had been forced to compete for existence in America, he would have been crushed out by the civilized power, as the Indian has been, says Albert Phelps in The Atlantic, but the peculiar institution of slavery protected him not only from this competition, but also, by artificial means, from those great forces of nature which inevitably weed out the weaker organisms and which operate most unrestrainedly upon the ignorant savage. For the first time, perhaps, in the history of the world human beings had been bred and regulated like valuable stock, with as much care as is put upon the best horses and cattle. As a natural consequence the sanitary condition of the negro during slavery was remarkable, especially by contrast with his present condition, and his growth was the abnormal growth of a plant abnormally raised in a hothouse. When, therefore, this mass of helpless beings was thrown upon its own resources by the protection of slavery had been withdrawn, the direct wretchedness and suffering followed.



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**NEGRO SOCIETIES.**

**THE SOUTHERN COLORED MAN'S LOVE OF POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE.**

**Wonderfully Named Organizations to Provide For Members' Sick Benefits and Funeral Expenses—How They Flourish in Charleston.**

The southern negro's love of pomp and circumstance is nowhere exemplified more forcibly than in the manner in which he multiplies his charitable organizations. Inordinately fond of company, he has few societies founded with the sole view of promoting social enjoyment. For the most part, whatever foundations he makes have a semi-religious trend, the dues entitling members to sick benefits and funeral expenses. There is usually an elaborate regalia and an intricate ritual. Not a few negroes of a southern city, such as Charleston, belong to no less than a score of these orders, the names of which are oftentimes curiously and wonderfully mad. What, for instance, would the ordinary patron of secret organizations think of possessing membership in the Sons and Daughters of the Seven Golden Candlesticks in Charity or in the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise?

The sons and daughters idea is worked to the limit of endurance. There is scarcely a well known name in Biblical history that is not tacked on to it. There are in Charleston alone no less than seventy-five of these societies with charters from the state of South Carolina, and how many there are that have no legal status no man may say with confidence.

Dues are paid weekly, and, strange as it may seem when the great poverty of the negro of the south is considered, the arrears list is a brief one indeed. Of course the charges are small, usually about 25 cents a month, but when it is remembered that many individuals belong to six or eight or even more orders it is little short of marvelous how the funds necessary to meet the demands of the collectors are found, and yet it is so deep a disgrace to be expelled that instances of the kind are very rare. To hold membership in a number of societies is regarded as a badge of honor.

Meetings are held monthly in private residences, in public halls or, more frequently still, in churches. These gatherings begin at the fashionable hour of 10 p. m. and continue not infrequently throughout the night. Refreshments are to be had for a small consideration, and as these are for the most part of a liquid nature the sons and daughters are prone to be conspicuous by their absence from their several places of employment next morning. Often the police have to interfere to restore that harmony in which brothers and sisters should ever dwell together.

Among the societies in Charleston are the Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims, the Sons and Daughters of the Twelve Disciples, the Sons and Daughters of the Bearer of the Cross, the Sons and Daughters of the Evening Star, the Sons and Daughters of the Celestial Travelers, the Sons and Daughters of the Good Samaritan, the Sons and Daughters of the East, the Sons and Daughters of Lazarus, the Sons and Daughters of Christian Love, and there might be added to these fully two score of others. The devotion of the negroes to these organizations and their loyalty to their fellow members are absolute.

The funeral of a colored man or woman who holds membership in a half dozen of these orders is a spectacle worth witnessing. Occasionally bitter feuds arise between rival societies for the possession of a corpse, for the negro's love of a funeral is not second even to his love of melons. The ceremonies usually begin the night before the actual interment is to take place. There are sermons, prayers and personal experiences interlarded with wild bursts of incoherent melody, which arouses religious fervor to fever height. Men and women faint in the course of the exercises, many others fall into trances and talk of visions of their dead friends enthroned in glory.

The ceremonies culminate in a formal procession. It is forming for an hour before the residence of the late lamented son or daughter. Negroes from the uttermost parts of the city gather in the streets. The occasion is a festive one. They run and shout and caper. The members of the organizations to which the dead person belonged stand in solemn order, clad in elaborate uniforms and bearing the banners and other insignia of their respective orders, and when the cortege finally moves, wending its way at times through miles of the city's streets, it is followed by a mad rush of men, women and children, who block the thoroughfares, and traffic for the time being has to be suspended. The hope of such a funeral is the inspiration of many a negro's whole life. He slaves and deprives himself of actual necessities for years to meet the demands of the collectors of the societies in order that he may go to his last resting place in the midst of such strangely weird pageantry.—Charleston Letter in New York Tribune.

**Hymns at \$500 a Yard.**

A musical composer once said to Mr. Sankey with more frankness than courtesy that he could write such tunes as those of the "Gospel Hymnbook" by the yard if he were willing to come down to it. Mr. Sankey quietly replied: "Well, sir, all I have to say is that I am willing to pay five hundred dollars a yard, either to you or to anybody else, for all the tunes you can bring me like those in our 'Gospel Hymnbook.'"—Ladies Home Journal.

**His First Business Venture.**

An American capitalist who has made a fortune running far into the millions likes to tell a story of his first business venture and how he saddened the local grocer. At this time he was fond of frequenting a public sales room near his home where all sorts of bargains were offered:

One day I noticed several boxes of soap of a certain brand which I had often been sent to buy at the corner grocery. I thought to myself, "That will go cheap," so I ran to the grocery and received a promise from the man in charge to buy as much of the soap at a certain figure as I could furnish. Of course he never suspected that I could furnish any of it.

I returned to the salesroom, and when the soap was put up I bid it in, and it was knocked down to me. My name was demanded, and when I gave it in a shrill voice everybody laughed, for I was then only eleven years of age.

Amused as they were at the sale, the bystanders were amazed when I bid in the whole lot of twenty-two boxes. I had them carried over to the grocery and received the price agreed upon. The grocer wore a weary look when he heard how I had obtained the soap. He said:

"Well, I guess I could have done that myself."

I replied that I guessed he could, too, but he hadn't.—Youth's Companion.

**Man Who Named America.**

Few Americans are aware of the fact that the name of their continent is due to a German scholar. In 1507 Martin Waldseemuller, also known as Hylacomylus, of St. Die, in the Vosges, edited a book called "Cosmographie Introdutive," in which he gave a translation of Amerigo Vesputci's description of his voyages.

That was just the time when Amerigo's fame filled the world, while Columbus' disgrace overshadowed his merit, and evidently his name had never reached the quiet village in the Vosges when Amerigo trumpeted forth his own glory. So Hylacomylus proposed that, since the new continent was, after all, not a part of the Indies, no name would suit it better than that of his famous explorer, Amerigo.

The book was read far and wide, and so quickly was the proposition accepted that, when later on the true discoverer was known, the name was already rooted too deeply in general use to be abolished, and was even extended to the north part of the continent, while Hylacomylus had only meant it for the present South America.—National Geographic Magazine.

**For Tired Eyes.**

Eyes will be greatly strengthened by putting the face down into a glass of eyecup of water the first thing in the morning and opening them under water. This is somewhat difficult to do at first, but if the water for two or three days be tepid and gradually made colder by imperceptible degrees until it is no shock to put the face into quite cold water it will soon become quite easy and is very invigorating and refreshing.

If done regularly every day, this treatment alone will preserve the sight into quite old age. There is a right and wrong way of wiping the eyes after this, too, and the right way is to pass the soft towel very gently from the outer angle inward toward the nose.

If after a long day the eyes feel so hot and tired that they seem dim when one tries to read or to do a little necessary sewing for oneself, they should be bathed with cold tea from which the leaves have been removed.

**It Jarred Him.**

"Pleasant offices you have here," said a policy holder who visited a life insurance office in the Postal Telegraph building in New York to pay his premium. The windows overlook the City Hall park and the Nathan Hale statue.

"Yes," replied the insurance man, "but the inscription on that Hale statue, patriotic and inspiring though it is, strikes a discordant note in the soul of one who is underwriting risks on men's lives. Look at it—My only regret is that I have but one life to give in defense of my country."—New York Times.

**Dealing in Futures.**

Mr. Newed—I have an option on that Blank avenue house. How would you like it for our home, my dear?

Mrs. Newed—Oh, it's a pretty place, but you know it is said to be haunted. Mamma says she wouldn't set her foot inside the door for any amount of money.

Mr. Newed—That settles it. I'll close the deal for it the first thing in the morning.—Chicago News.

**Arab Music.**

Arab music has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has ruptured her voice in trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between a sharp and a flat, but does not stop even there and splits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time.

**To Save Time.**

Visitor—No, I won't come in. Could I see Mr. Jones for two minutes?  
Servant—What name shall I say, sir?  
Visitor—Professor Vondersplinkentot-telheimer.  
Servant—Och, sure y'd better step in and bring it wid y, sorr!—Punch.

**Not Necessary.**

"When you are at a loss for a suitable word, do you ever apply to your wife?"  
"No," replied the writer; "I don't have to. Her entire vocabulary is coming my way most of the time."—Chicago Post.

**ONE MAN'S LUCK.**

**Steered Into a Junior Partnership by a Chance Gust of Wind.**

"Speaking of taking in partners," said a downtown business man, "our junior was, you might say, blown in on us, and I saw him started in our direction, though I had no idea of it at the time.

"Going down town one summer morning on a Ninth avenue elevated train I saw sitting opposite to me a young man who caught my fancy, a substantial, earnest, straightforward looking chap, whose looks I liked first rate. He was reading a paper, and presently he tore off from his paper an advertisement leaf that he didn't want and threw it out of a window or tried to, for as a matter of fact it didn't go out. A gust of wind with just the right twist to it came along at that moment and blew the paper back, to fall on a vacant seat next to him.

"And as it fell something in it caught his eye, and he picked up that part which he had just been trying to throw away and began earnestly to read it and ended up by folding it carefully and putting it in his pocket.

"About four minutes after I'd got in here that morning this same young man walks in and applies for a place that we had been waiting for somebody to fill. Our advertisement for a man for it was in that paper which I had seen this young man try to throw away, and which a gust of wind, by one chance in a million or more, had blown back upon him and in such a manner as to fix his attention.

"As a matter of fact I hadn't liked the young man's act of throwing the paper out of an elevated car window. A paper floating down and around as that would do might frighten horses and lead to no end of trouble and lots of damage, but no one man thinks about everything, and he'd learn better about this, I knew, and so as a matter of fact I took this young man on the spot on my first impressions of him. He far more than made good and in due course of time he came into his junior partnership, literally and truly blown into it.

"Sort o' queer, eh?"—New York Sun.

**A CORDIAL RECEPTION.**

**The Book Agent Got One That Wasn't Intended For Him.**

There is a farmer living just north of Evanston and a book agent somewhere in the cosmopolitan desert of Chicago each of whom feels that he is a victim of a cruel circumstance.

Last week the farmer had a note from a nephew to say that the boy would visit the farm on Thursday. Uncle and nephew had not met for fifteen years, and the old man drove to the station in his most uncomfortable coat that he might welcome his sister's child. But the young man failed to arrive. After waiting till the last passenger had disappeared the old man drove away, disappointed.

The book agent entered into the dramatic personae early the next morning. Looking over the top rail of the barnyard gate, he called, "Hello, uncle!" The book agent never got such a reception before in all his life. The farmer flung the gate wide open, seized the agent's hand and pressed a whiskered kiss on the ironclad cheek.

"Say, this must be heaven," murmured the agent, following the farmer into the house and explaining that everybody at home was as well as could be expected. Not till the agent was full of a boiled dinner and attempted to see a dim light. Charged with impersonating the missing nephew, the agent explained that he greeted all elderly strangers as "uncle," that he even had a few almost real ones in South Clark street in Chicago.

When last seen by the farmer, the agent was still running, and when the real nephew does come he may find an electric current in the latchstring.—Chicago Tribune.

**The Best Man.**

For the origin of "the best man at a wedding" we must go back many centuries, to days when it was the amiable practice of the budding bridegroom to dispense with the consent either of the lady or her father. He simply waited for a suitable opportunity to capture her and make a bolt with his bride. In this enterprise he found it helpful to have the services of a friend who would assist him in the capture and keep the pursuers at bay until he had got a sufficiently long start. This friend was the prototype of the "best man" of our own unromantic day, when his duties are limited to seeing that the bridegroom doesn't leave the ring behind him or leave the church without taking his hat with him. How times do change!

**Mostly Fortissimo.**

Hunt—it seems strange to me to hear you criticize your wife's reflections as harangues, in view of the fact that in the earlier days of your married life you spoke of your wife's voice as the very soul of music.  
Blunt—That's all right, too, but you see she's drifted from the Italian to the Wagnerian school.—Richmond Dispatch.

**The Only One Eligible.**

Papa—So, Bobby, you're the president of your bicycle club. That's very nice. How did they happen to choose you?  
Bobby—Well, you see, papa, I'm the only boy that's got a bicycle.—Tit-Bits.

A statistical item of interest to women is that today women are two inches taller on an average than they were twenty-five years ago.

Lamplack mixed with turpentine to a consistency that will flow readily from the brush makes a good marking ink.

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All \$18 heavy Suits and Overcoats	\$15.
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All black and colored dress goods reduced to actual cost.

\$1.50 dress goods at	\$1.25	All 50 cent dress goods at	38 cents.
1.25 "	1.00	All 25 "	19 cents.
1.00 "	.75c	All 15 "	10 cents.
.80c "	.60c	All 12 1/2 "	6 cents.
.60c "	.50c	All 10 "	6 cents.

All black Taffeta reduced from \$1.00 to 70c  
50c to 72c  
75c to 65c

All Mercerized Lining reduced from 35c to 25c. All percaline lining reduced from 18 cents to 14 cents.  
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12 cents to 10 cents.  
10 cents to 7 cents.

And all Cambric linings at 3 1/2c.

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Paper of pins	2c	25c Belts	17c
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5c Elastic	4c	20c Sheeting	18c
7c Elastic	5c	6c Outing	5c
10c Elastic	8c	50c Table Linen	40c
Fisher's Black and colored Yarn, we sell at	18c	35c Table Linen	25c
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