

Smart & Silberberg.

Over Fifty Salespeople

Busy from morning till night, looking after the wants of the throngs of shoppers; two delivery wagons kept constantly on the go, distributing the hundreds of daily packages. Did you ever stop to ponder why this store is such a veritable "beehive of industry"? Do you ever wonder why it is so well as much more than other stores? It is simply because we do more for you than others can or will. We buy everything in large quantities direct from manufacturers; secure the lowest prices available and sell at as small a margin of profit as we possibly can.

We Have Decided to Cut Prices on Coats and Garments.

We make a radical reduction in the garment place. All the finest garments are decidedly trimmed in price. We have sold a good many more than we ever sold before but we had more to sell. Between now and February we could clean up the remainder in the regular way, but that isn't swift enough.

Velour Blouse Jackets, an \$8.90, instead of \$12.50.
Velour Blouse Jackets, richly trimmed, at \$12.50 instead of \$18.00.
Monte Carlo Coats of Kersey cloth, lined with warranted satin, at \$6.90 instead of \$9.00; at \$8.90 instead of \$12.50; at \$16.50, instead of \$20.00.
25 Near Seal Ja-kets, with large collar and reverse and cuffs of beaver, at \$25.90, worth \$35.00.
Special reduction on Suits, Shirt Waists, Skirts and Petticoats.

DRESS GOODS.

Maybe the wife or mother or sister would like a new dress.
Some very special prices go on record this morning.
Black Cheviot, 52 in. wide, 89c
Black and colored Prunellas, 69c
Plain Wool Waistings, 59c
Fancy Wool Waistings, 59c
Colored Albatros, 33c

NEW SLIPPERS.

Ladies' and Misses' Felt Romeo Slippers, trimmed with fur, 75c to \$1.50
Men's Slippers, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 & \$2

FINE KID GLOVES.

Three of the best makes of Kid Gloves in the world are at your command, if you look to this Glove Store to supply your needs.
Audrey at \$1.00
Fowlers at \$1.50 and \$2.00
Perrin's \$1.50 and \$2.00
Perrin's gloves for Men, too, at \$1.50
A pair of any of these for a present will make any of your friends happy.

BOOK SALE.

The book that is readable is always a worthy gift.
We have thousands of them, 10c, 15c, 16c, 19c, 25c and up.

SMART & SILBERBERG, OIL CITY, PA.

FATAL WORDS.

The Ship That Doomed Major Andre and Saved West Point.

At Tarrytown there is a monument surrounded by a bronze figure ever on duty that marks the spot where on Sept. 23, 1780, a man sprang, as it were, out of the ground, seized the bridle of the traveler's horse and at the same instant demanded a halt. Two other men joined the first, and to these three the traveler offered the authority for John Anderson to pass on public business and signed by the major general commanding West Point.
For one moment the pass sufficed. Then there was doubt. In that moment of hesitation the traveler's eyes rested upon a coat that one of the men wore which he had obtained while a prisoner not long before, and, recognizing the garb of the Hessian soldiers attached to the British army, the traveler concluded hastily that he had fallen among friends instead of foes. "I see you belong to the army down below, as I do," he remarked, with a slight gesture of the head toward the river.

Fatal words! They sealed the doom of Adjutant Major General John Andre of the British army. He was quickly dismounted and searched without result, and still there was delay. Some intense sense of required vigilance incited these humble militiamen to renewed search of the traveler's person. West Point was saved.

A Horse's Sense of Smell.
A horse will leave misty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning snuff or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the faintest bit offered by the fairest of hands, with cooings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a mouthful at a gulp. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whiff that her colt is really her own until she has a certified nasal proof of the fact. A blind horse, now living, will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded. The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable, go direct to the gate or bars opened to their accustomed feeding grounds and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish one outlet and patiently await its opening.—St. James Gazette.

English Style Dinners.
In the endeavor to be like the English in some of their ways, curious customs are started in France. For instance, among the middle classes, when a special dinner is given in the "English style" the length of the dining table is loaded with immense dishes, their shape and form each indicating their contents, in the same way as the rounded cover of a cheese dish, in the form of a cheese, tells its own story. One of these dishes will be butter colored, and rounded knobs, representing

one of plain boiled potatoes, with ornament the cover; another of green and white will have raised cabbage leaves running over, while yet another is all in ridges, indicative of a bundle of asparagus.
The walls of the dishes themselves are all treated in the same way, and the coloring, roughly speaking, is correct.

Good Substitute.
"Father, I should like to try one of these systems of physical exercise that are advertised in the papers. They are cheap, and you don't need any apparatus."
"I'll furnish you with one, my son, that I tried with great success when I was a young man, and I'll warrant it will be as good as any in the market."
"Could I take it here at home?"
"Yes; that is one of its chief merits."
"Any apparatus necessary?"
"Yes, but it's quite simple. I'll furnish it."
"Can I take it in my room?"
"No; you take it out at the woodpile. You will find the apparatus there, all ready for you, my son."—Chicago Tribune.

W. S. Gilbert's Career.
It is said that W. S. Gilbert was meant for the bar, and his father was reluctant to see him turning in other directions. "If you would only stick to it," said the older Gilbert, "you might become lord chancellor."
"So I might," answered the author of the "Pinafore" to be, "and if I stick to the theaters I may become Sheridan. One's as likely as the other, and of the two I prefer Sheridan."
"That was a preference lucky for the lovers of the stage."

Took Nothing.
Mrs. Green (who thinks of hiring)—But is the girl honest? Can she be trusted?
Mrs. Brown (the girl's former mistress)—You need not be in the least alarmed. She is perfectly honest. All the time she was with me I never knew her to take a thing—not even my advice as to how things should be done.

Deep Sea Feelings.
Tomdix—Did you ever cross the ocean?
Hojax—Yes; once.
Tomdix—What were your feelings?
Hojax—Oh, same as usual. I wanted the earth.—Kansas City Independent.

Encouraging.
He—Darling, would you rather select the stone?
She—Not the first time, dear. I am afraid I might select one that was too small.—Detroit Free Press.

CHINAMAN AT A TELEPHONE

Celestial Gets the Worth of His Money Every Time.

"A Chinaman at the telephone is a funny thing," remarked a long distance telephone operator in the Denver News a few days ago. "You see, it is impossible to tell whether one person or half a dozen are talking, and we often become mixed up in listening to them. When one is speaking, it seems as if half a dozen are talking, and we often imagine the wires are out of order. To make matters worse the Chinese delight in talking as fast as possible, and we never know whether the Chinaman at this end of the wire is talking or if it is the one at the other end. After the conversation is ended the Chinak walks out of the booth with a self-satisfied smile on his face and pays for a three minutes' talk. We have lately discovered that he invariably says as much during that time as could have been said by a white man in fifteen minutes."

To be sure, the telephone company is not really "out" anything by the transaction, as it is paid by the minute; but, nevertheless, in the case of Chinamen, the company would be the gainer by charging for volume instead of time. A Chinaman always begins his talk in plain English. He says: "Hello. Is this Sam Ling. I bettee you don't know—yi hi li yi he yay lo benno ne," and so on, and it sounds on the wires as if several persons were at work.

Switched the Train.
A certain judge is much given to meditating upon his work while walking along the street, and his acquaintances and friends recognize his air of abstraction, pass him by with a friendly nod and never mind if he does not appear to notice the salutation. A little colored newsboy not familiar with this peculiarity of the judge accosted him one day with persistent appeals: "Buy the mornin' news boss. Have a paper, boss."
The judge waved the tiny mite of humanity aside and went on abstractedly, his mind engrossed with the case that was to come up that day in the court to which he was on the way. The dusky newsboy was not easily evaded, and he kept pace with the judge, shouting his paper cry at frequent intervals. At last the judge stopped and, grabbing his youthful tormentor by the shoulder, he said in his most severe manner:

"How dare you interrupt me when I am following out a line of argument? Don't you ever speak to me when I am pursuing a train of thought?"
The small boy looked up in surprise and said in a most apologetic tone: "Befor' de Lord, massa, I didn't know you was tryin' to catch a train. Excus' me."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Nose.
Nothing is more rare than a really perfect nose—that is, one which unites harmony of form, correctness of proportion and proper affinity with the other features.

The following are, according to the rules of art, the conditions requisite to the beauty of this organ:
The nose should have the same length as the forehead and have a slight depression at its root. From its root to its extremity it should follow a perfectly straight line and come exactly over the center of the upper lip. The bridge of the nose, parallel on both sides, should be a little wider in the center. The tip should be neither too thin nor too fleshy, and its lower outline neither narrow nor too wide. The lobes must be gracefully defined by a slight depression. Seen sideways, the lower part of the nose will have but a third of its total length.

His One Regret.
A fare was being rattled through a Dublin suburb on a rickety jaunting car drawn by a no less rickety horse. Having proceeded some distance, the horse, owing to apparent old age and sheer exhaustion, fell never to rise again. The fare was very profuse in his sympathies toward the driver, who, however, appeared to take the whole thing very coolly and explained:
"It's just like this with me, your honor. I don't regret the old brute a bit. He was bad from the start. But, somehow or other, I can't help thinking of the beautiful feed of oats I gave him this morning."

The Power of a Tip.
Experienced Traveler (at railway restaurant)—When did that man at the other table give his order?
Walter—'Bout ten minutes ago, sir.
"What did he order?"
"Beefsteak and potatoes, sir."
"How much did he tip you?"
"Sixpence, sir."
"Well, here's a shilling. Cook him another steak and bring me his."
"Yes, sir."—London Telegraph.

Too Much Like Work.
"It's terrible to be sleepy so much of the time," said Menander Mike.
"Why don't you go to sleep?" rejoined Plodding Pete. "You might as well."
"Dat's where you're wrong. If dere is anythin' I dreads, it's goin' to sleep. I might dream I was workin'."—Washington Star.

Irene's Opportunity.
Willie—What makes you come to our house so often, Mr. Hankinson? Do you want to marry our Irene?
Miss Irene (taken by surprise, but realizing with rare presence of mind that Mr. Hankinson has to say something now)—Willie, you impertinent boy, leave the room!

Usually the opportunities that come to a man are those that knock on his door on a cold morning and he has to go out in his bare feet and coat in—Acheson Globe.

Unfair.
"Don't you sometimes feel that wealth is unfairly distributed?" asked the social reformer.
"I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "Many is the dollar I have given away in a campaign that didn't do me a cent's worth of good."—Washington Star.

As Others See Him.
"Ah, he'll never be able to fill his father's shoes."
"No. But he thinks his hat would come down over the old man's ears all right."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Luxury as a Hindrance.

The history of our country is a record of the successes of poor boys who seemed to be hopelessly shut out from books, culture and education, except that of the most meager kind—from almost every opportunity for mental development. The youthful Franklins, Lincolns, Hamiltons, Garfields, Grants and Claytons—those who became presidents, lawyers, statesmen, soldiers, orators, merchants, educators, journalists, inventors, giants in every department of life—how they stand out from the pages of history, those poor boys, an inspiration for all time to those who are born to fight their way up to their own loaf!

The youth who is reared in a luxurious home, who from the moment of his birth is waited on by an array of servants, pampered and indulged by over-protective parents and deprived of every incentive to develop himself mentally or physically, although commonly regarded as one to be envied, is more to be pitied than the poorest, most humbly born boy or girl in the land. Unless he is gifted with an unusual mind he is in danger of becoming a degenerate, a parasite, a creature who lives on the labor of others, whose powers ultimately atrophy from disuse.—Success.

Pays the Current Price.
My young friend Jimmy Banks was married a little over a year ago. He had previously spent twelve months in the most furious courtship. The girl had not at first cottoned to Jimmy very much, but he moved heaven and earth so vigorously that she at last consented, she says the cosmopolitan. Now, the other day who appears before me but Jimmy, with a long face, and makes a complaint that the baby keeps him awake nights. "Good gracious, Jimmy!" I said. "Didn't you know that babies always do that? A baby has to have some relaxation. Go home and be thankful that it isn't twins." There is the reverse side to every joy. You can't have the advantages of bachelorhood and married life at the same time. You buy everything with a price—leisure, family, office, learning, wealth, fame, position. Nothing is free. Be sure you want the article, pay the current price and enjoy your possession.

Ham Baked in Cider.
A ham baked in cider is delicious. Choose a good lean ham of about eight pounds. Wash thoroughly and over the fleshy side sprinkle a little chopped onion, a little clove and allspice, a teaspoonful of cinnamon and a half teaspoonful of ground ginger. Make a dash and cover the ham. Put skin side down in a roasting pan, fill up with cider, cook slowly for three hours, basting every ten minutes. When done, take off the paste and the rind. An hour before it is wanted for the table return to the baking pan, flesh side down, brush the fat portion with beaten egg, sprinkle generously with chopped parsley and breadcrumbs and let it heat through in the oven. A gravy can be made by boiling down the cider in which the ham was first roasted.

Hard to Believe.
"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Bliggen. "What's the matter?" asked her husband in a startled tone as he turned around from his shaving glass.
"The idea of a grown man like you standing there for five minutes at a time admiring yourself!"
"I'm not admiring myself. My feelings are those of astonishment, not admiration. I can't realize that I'm the same person who years ago was called 'precious pet' and held on people's knees and kissed by the neighbors. It's an awful thought."—Washington Star.

Only in the Fall.
An Irish soldier was crossing a bar-rack square with a pail in which he was going to get some water.
A sergeant, passing at the time, noticed that Pat had a very disreputable looking pair of trousers on and, wishing to make a report, stopped the man and asked:
"Where are you going?"
"To get some water."
"What! In those trousers?"
"No, sergeant; in the pail!"

A Temperance Champion.
Mrs. Teacup—Oh, Mr. Tubbs, I was so delighted when I heard that you were such a staunch champion of the temperance cause!
Tubbs—Why—er—I'm not exactly—
"Now, don't try to hide your light under a bushel, Mr. Tubbs. I know, because I heard George say that you have been a booze fighter all your life. He said you punished more of it than any ten men in the state."—Life.

\$500 REWARD WILL BE PAID AT ONCE To any person or persons proving the following statements not genuine. Note also the cures are PERMANENT.
Cured of Bright's Disease 16 Years.
I had been troubled with kidney and liver complaint. I suffered with a dull, heavy pain across the back. I had gradually become all run down. A great deal of the time my stomach was filled with gas, I was growing very nervous and was constantly suffering with headache. Finally I discovered a white stringy sediment in my urine which frightened me, for I knew then I had Bright's disease. I began taking Thompson's Barossa at once and three bottles seemed to cure me, but to insure a permanent cure I took three bottles more. Although this was sixteen years ago I have had no bad symptoms since and have been perfectly free from pain.

FRANK STURGIS, Aug. 13, 1898, Startevant, Craw. Co. Pa.
Sciatic Rheumatism Cured Six Years Ago.
Six years ago last fall I was a great sufferer from sciatic rheumatism, starting in my kidney and running down my thigh, disabling me from any kind of work, and was compelled to walk with a cane to relieve my pain. I heard of some of the wonderful cures made by Thompson's Barossa, I bought a bottle, and to my delight, the second dose seemed to act upon my kidneys at once, and the pain began to leave in one week after I commenced taking Barossa. I took one hundred and fifty miles in a buggy and was perfectly cured. I have been a well man ever since. Will answer any queries to those who suffer as I did.

E. G. BAKER, State of Pennsylvania, Crawford Co. Pa. Sworn and subscribed before me by the above named sffiant this 10th day of December, A. D. 1897.
RUBEN E. YAPPE, J. P. All druggists, \$1.00 a bottle or six for \$5.00.

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