

Smart & Silberberg.

THIS STORE BEGAN IT'S

- BIG -

CLEARANCE

- SALE -

Saturday Morning Jan. 3.

What this sale means to you

In the first place it means money saving. Such money saving as is possible at any other time or season of the year. There's a plain business reason for it. Soon after the close of this sale we take our annual inventory. It is imperative that the stock should be at its lowest ebb. It is also necessary that the stock reduction should be made in the shortest possible time. Now, as there is nothing in this world that will reduce stock quicker than reduced prices, we have made these reductions. Every department has been gone through, and such liberal price concessions made that you cannot fail to be impressed with the importance of this event. The history of previous sales of this sort has been the store has been thronged with pleased purchasers each of the seven days of its continuance.

As this store is progressive, its aim this time is to put in the sharpest previous records. With your co-operation we shall accomplish our object.

This Sale will Continue Just Seven Working Days, Closing on Saturday, January 10.

Economy Will Prompt You to Buy Liberally. The Money Loss is Ours, But there is Good Merchandising Sense in Giving You this Buying Benefit

SMART & SILBERBERG, OIL CITY, PA.

DOCTORS IN CHINA.

They Feast Themselves Before They Physic Their Patients.

When a man in China becomes ill, his family sends for a doctor, and as no Chinese physician of established reputation will walk to a patient a carriage or a donkey must be sent to fetch him. As soon as he reaches the house he is conducted into the best room and is entertained with tea, brandy and sweetmeats; or, if he has come a good distance, with a meal of several courses. No matter how ill his patient may be he will not approach him until he has thoroughly refreshed himself in this manner.

When at last he goes to his bedside, he first asks the patient if he is still able to eat, and next examines his pulse. After the patient has bared his entire forearm the physician places his finger on the pulse and for several moments does not utter a word. Sometimes only one of his fingers and at other times all of them are employed at this work. When he breaks his silence, he describes minutely the disease from which the patient is suffering and writes a prescription.

Then the doctor takes his leave, promising to call again if necessary. He receives, as a rule, no fee for this service, but if he is a druggist he charges a large price for the medicine, or if he is not a druggist he receives a satisfactory commission from the one who prepares it. Moreover, the patient, if he recovers, generally gives him a handsome present.

If the Bible Perished?

If every complete copy of the Bible were destroyed, would it be possible of reproduction by ministers, theologians and others? The probability is that it would, even if, as the question supposes, all the type kept up by the various printers of Bibles and Testaments and prayer books were also destroyed. In the first place, such a vast number of commentaries have been published in different languages on various portions of the Bible that it would almost be possible to reconstruct the Scriptures from them, and such deficiencies as existed would be supplied by ancient writings, mainly controversial works, which reproduce the text very fully. Sermons, homilies and kindred works would also be of great assistance, and such deficiencies as might still remain would certainly be supplied from the memories of the vast numbers of Biblical students who have studied the Scriptures in so many different languages.—London Answers.

Would Make Mummies.

No reason exists, says a foreign journal, why persons should not keep their beloved ones with them after death, since their bodies can very easily be mummified. The ancient Egyptians, it continues, were experts at this art, and a close study of some of their mummies shows how they did the work.

The body is placed in a boiler which contains chloride of calcium and which is heated to 125 degrees and after remaining there for a certain time is taken out and steeped for twenty-four hours in a cold solution of sulphate of sodium. By that time it is transformed

into a perfect mummy, and the mourning relatives or friends can safely take it home and install it in a place of honor.

Women in New Zealand.

A man with daughters need not feel ashamed in New Zealand. He's a political power, a big man in the district who he resides. All women over twenty-one years of age can vote, so the man with many daughters often decides a closely contested election. Then, again, women are much sought after matrimonially, for they are outnumbered by the men two to one. There is no need for a woman becoming an old maid. The women are good dressers, and the styles are as nearly up to date as those of London and New York.

Sea Talk.

Bobby—You have always shown a predilection for sea tales, haven't you? I know you always used to be reading them when we were in college.
Dicky—Yes; and I still like them as much as ever. By the way, on that sea voyage I took last year I was much astonished to find how unfamiliar the sailors were with sea language. They didn't talk a bit like the sailor the books tell about.—Boston Transcript.

Plenty of Thought.

"Auntie," said the judge to the battered lady of color, "did your husband strike you with malice aforethought?"
"Deed he didn't, judge," was the indignant reply. "He didn't hit me with that mallet afore he thought. He'd been fignerin' on dat er long time, judge; deed he had."—Baltimore News.

An Easy Problem.

The beggar had a notice up, "Deaf and Dumb," and the passing philanthropist stopped in front of him.
"I'd like to give this man something," he said to his companion, "but how am I to know that he is deaf and dumb?"
"Read the notice, sir," whispered the beggar cautiously.—Chums.

Rubbing It In.

He—If you refuse me, I shall put a bullet through my brain.
She—The idea! How could you?
He—I suppose you think I'm talking like a crazy man?
She—Oh, no, like a sharpshooter.—Philadelphia Press.

Great After Dinner Speech.

Spencer—The best after dinner speech I ever heard was once when I was out with Goodley.
Winks—And who made the speech?
Spencer—Goodley. He said, "Let me have the check, please, waiter."—Philadelphia Record.

Street Car Speed.

"Ever notice," asked the street car philosopher, "how the speed of street cars is regulated by our frame of mind?"
"In what way?"
"Notice how slow a street car is when you are in a hurry to catch a train and how fast it goes when you run to catch it."—Baltimore Herald.

Her strenuous effort to live up to the expectations of her neighbors is what causes the roses from a woman's cheeks.—Chicago News.

Two Dinners, One Meal.

"I have a lawyer friend whose name is not Henry Peck, but it might be," said a city official.
"Last week my wife and I were invited to his house for dinner, and you never saw finer silver and china on a table, but food was at extreme low tide. My wife gave me a significant glance, and I saw the color rise to the cheeks of our host, but he played the agreeable without a word or look of disapproval.
"Both my wife and I were awfully hungry when we started for home, and she at once accepted my invitation to enter the first restaurant we saw for a good square meal. We were no sooner seated than we saw our dinner host come sneaking in and take a seat in an obscure corner.
"Make believe that we don't see him," said my wife, with a woman's tact. We did make believe, and, the funny part is, so did our late host! By the friendly aid of a mirror I saw when he first observed us the color come to his cheeks, as it had at his own table. He turned as far from us as possible and ate as though he were not enjoying his meal very much."—New York Herald.

The Word "Cafe."

It is really difficult to understand how the word "cafe," a French term, has come into such general use in this country and how it happens that it is so grossly misapplied. The term means coffee, or a place where coffee is sold, and what relation there is between a coffee shop and a place where liquors are sold we are at a loss to know. It is not improbable that the idea comes from combinations of bars, rooms and restaurants. In the latter of which of course coffee is sold, but our mind nothing seems more absurd or more emphatically marks the modern disposition to follow blind custom than sticking up on the window where only beer, liquor and wines are sold the word "coffee," and that in a foreign language. Were it not that an age of misnomer gives recognition to this anomaly we would just as soon the word "meat" or "bread" signified places where liquors are sold. Either would have as much sense and logical application as "cafe."—Exchange.

A Delicate Position.

Wedding presents are frequently distinguished for their uselessness, and giftmaking at any time is attended with some danger. A faithful Irish employee announced his desire to take a month's holiday to visit his brother. He had worked so well and steadily that his employer not only granted the request, but made him a present of a new traveling bag.

The night before Tim was to leave he received the gift, accompanied by a few appreciative words.

Tim stared at the bag for a moment, and then asked, "What am I to do with that?"

"Why, put your clothes in it when you go away, of course," answered the employer.

"Put me clothes in it, is it?" said Tim. "An' phwat will I wear if I put me clothes in that?"

Not a Compliment.

"Old war horse" has long been a complimentary and affectionate sobriquet bestowed on veteran political workers by their party confederates and admirers. A Washington correspondent once endeavored to compliment Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and other women suffragists by referring to them as "old war mares." He protested that he had heard them say there could be no opprobrium in sex, but the old ladies kicked like young fillies, and the correspondent lost his job.

A Tale of a Typewriter.

A quaint tale of a typewriter is told by an Anglo-Indian. An English judge in India, an expert on the typewriter, used it for the taking of judicial notes. The machine was taken into court, when a certain novelty was imparted to the proceedings by the click of the keys and tinkle of the bell. The prisoner was found guilty and sentenced. Promptly he appealed on the ground that instead of listening to the evidence the judge had whittled away his time by playing on a musical instrument.

Mean Advantage.

On attempting to question a loquacious patient one day the late Dr. Sands was irritated beyond all endurance. After vainly endeavoring to stem the torrent of gabble, he said sternly:

"Madam, let me see your tongue. That's good. Now keep it there while you hear what I have to say to you."

No Annihilation.

Though man can gather and scatter, move, mix and unmix, yet he can destroy nothing. The putrefaction of one thing is a preparation for the being and being of another. Thus a tree gathers nourishment from its own fallen leaves when they are decayed, and something gathers up the fragments that nothing is lost.

A Color Clash.

"Madam," said the maid, "the dyer has brought your silk dress back and says it is impossible to dye it to match your hair, as you requested."
"Well," said the lady, "ask him what he would charge to dye my hair to match the silk. The colors clash as they are now."

Possession No Proof.

A name on the handle of an umbrella is not sufficient identification at a bank.—Philadelphia Record.

A Timesome Story.

"What's the matter with you?"
"I've just been asking old Jenkins for his daughter."
"And he cut up rough, eh?"
"He did. After he had said 'Yes' he insisted upon telling me the story of his life, and it took a full hour!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Man in the Room.

Mrs. Caudle—Wake up, Jeremiah. I do believe there's a man in the room.
Caudle—Yes, dear, and he's trying his best to get a few winks of sleep. Good night.—Tit-Bits.

Piscatorial Truthfulness.

"Fish will do singular things," says a local contemporary. But nobody ever heard of a fish lying about the size of the man that caught it.—Detroit Free Press.

People Who Enjoy Being Miserable.

How can anybody enjoy being miserable? Men do, and so do women. They surround themselves with an atmosphere of gloom. They hug trouble to their breasts. They make mountains out of molehills, and there are tears and groans when there should be smiles.

Perhaps you have a cynic in your employ. You can pick him out with your eyes shut. He has the blues from Monday morning till Saturday night. He will tell you that he always gets the worst of it from everybody; that his talent isn't recognized; that his genius is wasted; that he isn't getting enough money; that there is no future for him, and a lot of tommyrot like that.

After that comes the brooding stage. Any man who broods over real or fancied wrongs is dangerous. He is not sane, and he is also a mighty poor workman, whether he is making hoe handles or counting money in a bank. He deliberately destroys his own efficiency and chance for success, and all for the perilous and questionable happiness of being miserable.—Cleveland Press.

This Sounds Right.

Sometimes it happens that a severe shock restores health to persons who are suffering from nervous prostration, and this is how the phenomenon is explained in a foreign medical journal:
"Every external stimulus impresses the afferent centripetal fibers, or, rather, excites the molecular waves of change. The latter in turn decompose the unstable molecules of a flexus, and, through the intervention of other fibers, this decomposition, being the source of new molecular movements, gives an impulse to a certain mass of connected flexus.

"The new vibratory modification thus obtained forms a new nervous fluid. A portion of the current flows over the afferent fibers to the contractile muscles of the periphery, while the other portion is propagated by the reverberation of indistinct waves to the most ramified centers of the organic economy, and thus a complete and natural nervous diffusion takes place."
Physicians, of course, understand what this means, but how many laymen can interpret it?

The Chinese Language.

Chinese is an ideographic language. It conveys the idea and not the word for a thing, as the figure 8 represents the idea and not the word. The Chinese have invented more than 40,000 marks for their writing, but it requires only about 3,000 marks for mercantile correspondence, and it is said to be easier to learn than the words of an ordinary foreign language. Russian is more difficult for Americans than Chinese. It takes much longer to learn the spoken language because of the variety of dialects, but any one can learn enough of the writings to answer ordinary purposes in a few months and have his knowledge perfected by a linguist within about a year. Exact instruction in one of the Chinese languages can only be given by a Chinaman.—Detroit Free Press.

To Bring Him to Terms.

"Yes," said young Mrs. Solo, "Henry and I had some words this morning, and I can't deny that he got the best of it."

"That will never do," returned the experienced neighbor. "You can't afford to start in married life that way."

"I know it," answered the young wife. "I've thought it all over, and when he comes home tonight I'm going to bring him to terms so quick that he'll hardly know what's happened."

"That's right, my dear. Show some spirit. What are you going to do?"
"I'm going to bring up the subject again and then cry."

No Dispute.

Good stories come from Scotland as well as porridge and bagpipes. The last is quite admirable in its way. A traveler observing an ancient couple arguing and gesticulating in the road, in order to avert bloodshed, asked the cause of the dispute.

"We're no desputin' at a'," answered the man; "we're both of the same mind. I hae got a half crown in ma pocket, an' she thinks she's no ganna get it, an' I think the same!"—London Globe.

Felt Injured.

Two good natural little Irish boys once occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them said to the other:
"Dennis, did you hear it thunder last night?"
"No," said Dennis. "Did it really thunder?"

"Yes; it thundered as if heaven and earth would come together."
"Well, phay in the world didn't ye wake me? Ye know I can't snape whin it thunders!" said Dennis.—Pittsburg Courier.

How He Won Her.

She—Some persons claim that they cannot look from a height without wishing to cast themselves from it. Did you ever have that feeling, Mr. Yearn-co?

He—Once.
Indeed? Where were you?
"I was in an elevated car, and I saw you in the street."—New York Weekly.

Possibly True.

Mamma (to a friend who is lurching with her—) I don't know why it is, but I always eat more when we have company than when we're alone.
Tommy (helping himself to the third piece of cake—) I know why it is; 'cause we have better things to eat.—Brooklyn Life.

Disappointing.

"I gave you a shilling the other day on the plea that your child was seriously ill—at death's door, in fact. And yesterday I saw him as lively as a cricket."

"Yes, kind lady. He's the most disappointing boy you ever see!"—Moonshine.

Authoritative.

Meeks—The author who tries to change a woman's views is a fool.
Weeks—How do you know?
Meeks—My wife told me so.—Chicago News.

The one eternal lesson for us all is how better we can love.—Henry Drummond.

Unknown to Women.

Every woman should read, without fail, the following paragraph. She will learn something about herself she never knew before.

Thompson's Barosma is not only a wonderful kidney, liver and bladder cure, but has a particular advantage as a remedy for Chronic Female Weakness, Palpitation of the Heart, beating-down sensations, Nervous Debility, Leucorrhoea or Whites, and Dropsical Swellings. Its peculiar advantage lies in the fact that it is both a female regulator and kidney, liver and bladder cure. The womb is situated back of and very close to the bladder. A woman having any pain or distress in the back or side, at once attributes it to female weakness when many times her trouble is entirely from the kidneys or bladder. Hence a woman making this grave mistake will find a sure remedy in Barosma, for whether she is suffering from womb disorder or any disease of the kidneys, liver and bladder, Barosma will effect a permanent cure. For this two-fold reason Barosma is the best woman's remedy on the market. Thompson's Dandelion and Mandrake Pills should be used with the Barosma, for the liver and constipation. They are purely vegetable and do not gripe.

Was Losing Control of Her Mind.

I was losing control of my mind and could not remember names of people, caused by female weakness, chronic inflammation of the liver, kidneys and bladder, scalding of urine and non-retention of the same, which had troubled me, making me very nervous, the past twenty years. All the medicines I used only relieved me for the time. You don't know how delighted I am to think I am so much better and stronger all through my system, and Thompson's Barosma, Barosma, Liver, Kidney and Lumbago cure did it. I used six bottles. It was worth more than money to me. It gave me health and strength, as I was very weak and miserable before.
MRS. M. A. COX, Titusville, Pa.

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