

# THE Smart & Silberberg STORES.

## A Greater Store Than Ever!

What we have in Anticipation.

We are pleased to announce that arrangements have just been perfected whereby we have acquired part of the stock of George J. Veach, together with the lease of the store room occupied by him at the time of the fire. As soon as contracts can be drawn up, architects' plans made and other matters completed, workmen will start tearing down the rear wall of the Veach store, throwing the entire floor into one room. We have in view plans for the furnishing and equipment of the most up-to-date mercantile establishment in Western Pennsylvania outside of Pittsburgh, details of which we will furnish our readers in a few days.

At present we are particularly interested in the

## Sale of the Veach Stock.

This includes about \$12,000.00 worth of China, Glassware, Brice & Brice, Statues, Pictures, Fancy ware, etc., all of which we intend to offer for sale at the old Veach store.

## Sale is Now On.

It is needless to dwell on the character or worth of this stock; the reputation enjoyed by Mr. Veach is too pronounced. No finer wares can be found anywhere in this country—the finest Haviland China, the most artistic brice & brice, the perfection of cut glass—all of which we will offer at about half value.

It is our intention to sell every piece of this stock before the first of the year; prices will be made accordingly.

## SMART & SILBERBERG, OIL CITY, PA.

"SAVE FUEL" "SAVE MONEY" "SAVE WORK"



**JEWEL**

**HOT BLAST HEATERS**

will hold fire 26 hours, with no more attention than is required to run a good hard coal base burner, and will supply heat for rooms for from one to two hours every morning from fuel put in the night before.

WILL SAVE A FULL THIRD OF THE FUEL

as compared with lower draft stoves. Inlet upon your hot blast stove having a roomy air tight ash pit, and a balled ash pan—saves a lot of work, and muzz-and look for the above trade mark.

Jewels are sold by

**J. C. SCOWDEN, Tionesta, Pa.**

## A REVOLTING SPORT

### THE HORROR AND THE SAVAGERY OF THE BULLFIGHT.

A Sunday Afternoon of Bloodshed and Brutality in the Arena in Mexico City as Graphically Described by an American Spectator.

"The better the day the better the deed" is not a Mexican maxim, for Sundays and feast days are given over to bullfights, cocking matins and gambling.

A beautiful Sunday afternoon found me in my seat, facing an audience of over 8,000 people, to witness the great bullfight that had been extensively advertised for that occasion.

The Plaza de Toros is the bullring, a great circular building with an interior that is an immense amphitheater, seating thousands of people. The seats are circular and in tiers, rising from the ground to the top, where the private boxes are. There is no roof except over the private boxes, and as the sun beats down there is of course a shady side and one side in the blazing sun.

Prices in the sun are as low as 25 and 50 cents and graded upward to \$2 per seat. Boxes are from \$5 and \$10 per seat, eight persons occupying a box. Our entire party of over sixty occupied boxes, and they were all in their seats ready for the greatest novelty of their life, as not one in our party had ever witnessed such a scene.

The ring itself is an arena over a hundred feet in diameter, enclosed by a strong board fence about five feet high, with a foot rail on the inside two feet from the ground. This is to assist the capadors too closely pursued by the bull to escape by a leap over the fence to a passageway that extends around the ring between the fence and the seats. A gorgeously decorated box near the center of the shady side, down low near the ring is for the president

veiner. They march quickly across the arena, bow to the governor and then to the audience. First in the gay procession as they march around the ring are the matadores, the stars, who handle the swords to the death of the bulls; next the banderilleros, second in honor, who place the banderillas in the bulls' shoulders to enrage them; next, and third in rank, the espadadores, who manipulate the capes or colored flags to distract the bulls' attention when any of the company are being pressed too hard and in unusual danger; next the picadors on horseback, their lance in hand; next four men gayly habilitated; behind these, two men with wheelbarrows, shovels, and then some attendants called wise monkeys from their good suggestions and advice to the performers.

All now retire from the ring except the capadors to enter in their turn. Again we hear the bugle blast, the door is thrown open, and the bull is entering, coming from a dark stall where he has been kept three days in darkness. As he enters under the rail a barbed steel point covered with flowing ribbons is placed in his shoulder. Maddened by the pain, he bounds forward to the center of the ring, where, with head up and tail lashing the air, he stops and looks around, seemingly bewildered.

Now before the carnage begins it is a magnificent sight. I shall never forget it. The great, splendid beast pawing the earth, shaking his huge bulk to dislodge the barbed steel in his shoulder, which only increased the pain, and he bellows in rage and fury, the bands playing, the thousands shouting, impatient for the carnage. A look to the right and left by the bull, and the unequal fight is on. A cape is waved in front of him. He lowers his head and makes the charge, only to find it draw away, and he nearly breaks his neck in trying to recover from the impetus, but he never learns, for this is repeated seven or eight times before the death of the bull, who always charges at the bright object and never at the man. Always when the bull is fresh at the start he chases the cape throwers around the ring, and to save their lives they leap the barriers. They did on this occasion many times.

Now comes the really artistic and interesting feature of the bullfight, the placing of the banderillas, which are darts about two feet long with a sharp barbed point and covered with fancy colored ribbons. A man without a cape or any means of defense takes two banderillas, one in each hand, holds them up facing the mad bull, slanks the ribbons to call the bull to him, and as he charges with his head down the darts are placed just over the horns in the shoulders of the beast. The barb causes them to hang as if they were for ornaments, but as he shakes himself they goad him to rage and madness, and he bellows lustily. These darts must be put in like lightning, for the rule is that the man must be facing the bull, and the animal must be in action and on the attack.

It is said that the bull in the moment of attack closes his eyes, so it is but a quick decision of the instant to thrust the darts, step to one side, and the bull passes, only to find another man ready to do the same trick for his further decoration. Eight or ten are placed in every bull. While this is going on and before all the darts are placed in the bull he finds a picador on a horse in his way, a poor, broken down, blindfolded horse that cannot see his danger. The picador manipulates the guidance of the animal to save himself. The bull madly charges. Bull, horse and rider are mixed up in a bloody, revolting scene that is impossible to describe. The horse is not always killed the first time, but is taken out, sewed up, cold water dashed all over him and brought back to enact the same scene over again until dead.

The bull has killed two horses, is covered with darts, bloody from horns to tail, panting heavily, and the bugle again sounds the call for the matador to enter and kill the bull. Sword in right hand and little red flag in left he crosses the ring to the front of the governor and tells him he will kill the bull in the most approved style. The red flag is on a pole in his left hand. He crosses his left arm over his breast, throwing the flag to his right and with the sharp sword in his right hand and held high. This gives him fair play for the thrust. He flutters the flag before the enraged animal, and as the bull lunges forward to attack the flag the matador drives the sword to the hilt in the bull's shoulder or between them, cutting the spinal cord or piercing the heart. The bull falls to his knees and lies down to die. Then an attendant gives what is called the stroke of mercy by plunging a dagger between the horns, which causes instant death, and now come the matadors to hunt off the dead bull. Then men with wheelbarrows clean out the ring, which is done instantly, and by the time the dead bull is out of sight the bugle sounds for the second performance, and the second bull enters. Less than thirty minutes have passed since the killing of the first bull.

In the foregoing I have told you of the killing of one bull and two horses. Six bulls and many horses were killed on this afternoon. I remained until four bulls were killed and was the last one of our party to leave, for the reason that I wished to see enough to be able to better describe it. In the killing of the four bulls the scene was just the same, differing only in fierceness and intensity. The third bull charged on one horse and rider and, thrusting his great horns into the horse's side, lifted horse and rider from the ground and carried them at least fifty feet. Horse and rider fell in a great mixup, and for a few moments the man was in great danger. Attention of the bull was diverted by a red flag being thrust before him. The man recovered, mounted the same horse and attacked the bull again before leaving the ring. In every case the dead bull is taken out, dressed and quartered ready for the market before the bull following him is killed.

But enough, I have given you the facts without comment. I have seen a Mexican bullfight in all its ghastly and revolting horror. Pain and not pleasure thrills one's being in witnessing such a spectacle. —J. C. Barlow in Streator (Ill.) Independent Times.

A man of business may talk of philosophy; a man who has none may practice it.—Pope.

### HARD LUCK WITH HOGS.

An Incident Which Shows a Little Learning is Dangerous.

William McFarland, a wealthy Wash county (Ill.) farmer, lost a drove of fifty fine blooded hogs a few days ago in a most peculiar manner. Though the story may sound somewhat "fahy" it is nevertheless true and vouched for by any number of his neighbors.

Some time ago Mr. McFarland lost his voice, and he was unable to call his great drove of hogs, in which he took great pride, but he bridged over the difficulty by training them to respond at feeding time to his pounding on a board.

In time they became thoroughly accustomed to this, and whenever they heard the sound would race to the yard it as if their life depended upon getting there first. Running short of corn a few days ago, Mr. McFarland thought to economize by putting his hogs in a woods pasture, where they could shift for themselves. Unfortunately the pasture was full of dead trees, and in consequence woodpeckers were correspondingly thick. He had scarcely turned his back on the hogs, after turning them into the pasture till an old red-head on the far side began drumming on a tree.

Being hungry for corn and recognizing in it the old familiar call, the hogs with one accord raced for that locality. They had no more than arrived at the place indicated and discovered there was no corn in sight till they heard the call again, but far away in another direction. Away the hogs raced again, only to be once more disappointed, and again hear the call from afar off. The day was rather warm, and those hogs chased the woodpeckers back and forth across the field till the last one dropped dead from heat and exhaustion.

Mr. McFarland prized the stock highly and the hogs will be hard to replace.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### GREILEY IN THE ROCKIES.

The Way He Sobered Up a Botoxerous Hotel Crowd.

In the "Memoirs of Henry Villard" there is a chapter in which the author describes a meeting with Greeley in the Rockies. The "Tribune philosopher," having met with an accident which crippled him for several weeks, was an unwilling guest at the Denver House, the only "hotel" in the city, a rude shack of a building, with canvas partitions, the greater part given up to the bar and gaming tables, and therefore not a place conducive to the quiet and repose of invalids. Mr. Villard noticed a change gradually taking place in the usually benign features of the philosopher, his Christian virtues gradually losing control over him, until finally one day he lost his temper completely, and swore at his disturbers "so violently that I dared not believe my ears." His wrath, however, did not culminate until the third night of his tortures. About 10 o'clock he got up and limped into the barroom, where he thus addressed the astonished tipplers:

"Friends, I have been in pain and without sleep for almost a week, and I am well nigh worn out. Now I am a guest at this hotel, I pay a high price for my board and lodging and am entitled to rest during the night. But how can I get it with all this noise going on in this place?"

"Then," adds Mr. Villard, "he addressed one of the most pathetic appeals I ever heard to those around him to abandon their vicious ways and become sober and industrious. He spoke for nearly an hour and was listened to with rapt interest and the most perfect respect. He succeeded, too, in his object. The gambling stopped, and the bar was closed every night at 11 o'clock as long as he remained."

### To Preserve Cut Carnations.

To prevent that premature bursting of the calyx which so often injures the appearance of several varieties of carnations, especially the cut blooms, turn down the calyx of each blossom and slip beneath it close to the base of the sepals and cut out of sight a tiny coil of soft silk or cotton thread. Tie and cut off the ends of the thread, then turn the calyx back to its natural position, smoothing it carefully over the thread collar, and the flower will retain its perfect shape until it fades and dies.—Ladies' Home Journal.

### When Honeymoons End.

The late Mrs. John Ridgway of Paris was noted for her ready wit. At one of her receptions apropos of marriage Guy de Maupassant said:

"The honeymoon ends when the wife first asks the husband for money."

"No," Mrs. Ridgway retorted. "It ends when the husband ceases to ask the wife how much he can have the pleasure of giving her."

### Strengthened His Suspicion.

Hugh Miller in "My Schools and Schoolmasters" tells us that while he was making his first after dinner speech he began to suspect that he was making a failure of it. This suspicion was strengthened when he took his seat, for the band at once began to play "A Man's a Man for A' That."

### Saves Children's Lives.

THOMPSON'S BAROSMA.

Have you a family? Do you realize that the annoying kidney trouble of your young children, of your baby, evidenced by irregular and involuntary emissions, will lead in time to fatal results if not remedied? Thousands of children, of young men and women, die every year because of the neglect of parents to give the proper care in this respect in their early years. Generally this is due to a non-realization of the meaning of the symptoms, often to lack of knowledge of the proper remedies. Even your physician, man of science that he is, may be led astray by the varying symptoms of liver and kidney disorders. If your little one gives any evidence of a weakness of the kidneys or inaction of the liver, get Thompson's Barosma for it. The remedy is unerring. It is absolutely harmless, composed of pure vegetable ingredients, and prescribed all over the world by medical practitioners of the highest skill and reputation. Mrs. Fred Lobens, of Tionesta, Pa., writes that her little son, four years old, after being given three bottles of Thompson's Barosma, was permanently cured of bed-wetting, an annoying trouble since babyhood. Mrs. N. F. Leslie, of Oil City, Pa., says her five year old daughter, after several months of ineffective treatment by physicians for bladder trouble, and being in dangerous condition, was completely cured by six bottles of Thompson's Barosma or Kidney and Liver Cure. Ask your druggist for it. 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. To cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

### A New Machine Gun.

A new machine gun, invented by a young soldier named Eugene Dumortier of the 15th Infantry Regiment, is receiving the close attention of the committee on new inventions at the French War Office. Dumortier claims that the gun will completely sweep a given zone, leaving no intervening space in which it would be comparatively safe for any body of troops to move. While one battery of the gun is firing at a range of 2,000 yards another will simultaneously fire at 300 yards, increasing or diminishing its range as may be necessary. The gun rests on a four-wheeled carriage, and works on an adjustable swivel steel platform, so that it can be turned in any direction. Each of the two batteries has ten barrels, and the magazine is loaded automatically. It is said that 450 Lebel balls can be fired per minute.

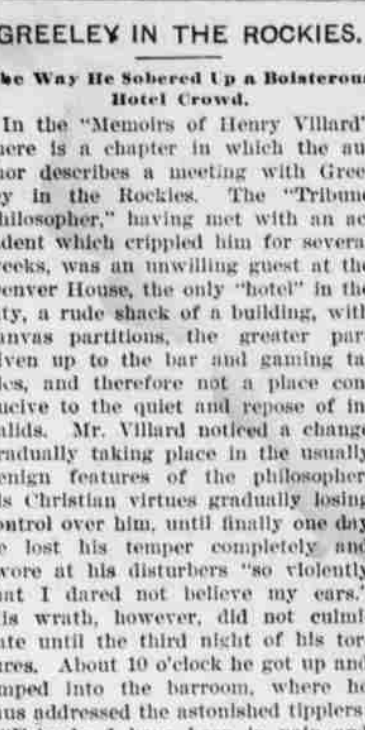
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Cuts, Burns, Bruises,

Tetter, Salt Rheum, Old Sores, Ulcers, Chiribias, Carbuncles, Head and Lice, Boils, Catarrhes, Felons, Itching, Bleeding, Frothing Piles, Insect Bites, Poison Ivy, and all such Diseases are cured by

### San-Cura Ointment

Which will stop at once that itching, burning pain. We guarantee that San-Cura Ointment will not heat a cut or sore of any kind until the poison is all removed; then it heals rapidly. Prevents scars. Druggists 50c and 90c.



**James Taffetta**

**Gloria,**

27 in. wide, 75c yd

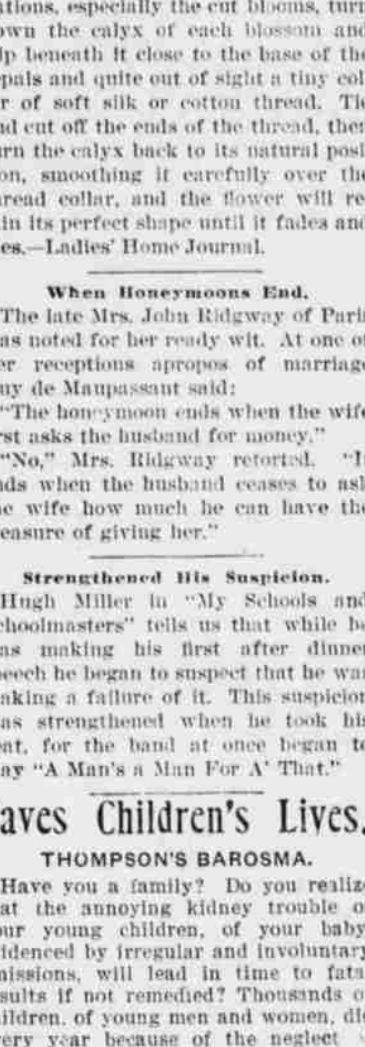
Silk to wear and give good satisfaction has a dull suede finish that gives it a richness that Silks having a high lustre—many of them—do not possess. A refined, dressy, elegant that fits it particularly for waist purposes. Colors are Lavender, Bright Navy, Dark Navy, Brown, Sky Blue, White and Black.

Be pleased to mail you samples of this Silk should you be interested.

## Suit and Cloak Department.

Coming to Oil City to buy Suit, Coat or Skirt you owe it to your own best interests to see what this department offers before making a selection. If we cannot show you wherein it is to your advantage to do your Suit or Coat buying here, we cannot, of course, expect your patronage. Realizing then, how important it is that all garments should be Stylish, Well Made, and Attractively Priced, we have labored earnestly to that end, and you can come here expecting to find these garments possessing all those attributes, at prices that will appeal to you.

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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Facsimile Signature of  
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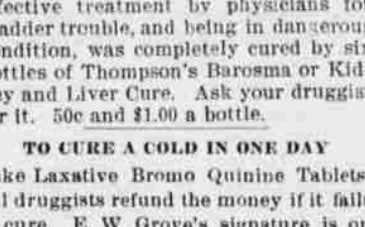
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"I suffered from bladder trouble for about 25 years, and had tried all the doctors about here, and not getting any help. Last August I bought a bottle of Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. Kennedy's medicine. I had not been able to work and my trade (fruit making) for some time, but after taking one bottle of Cal-cura Solvent, I began work and have been working ever since."—Martin Fuller, Mattawan, N.Y. All druggists, \$1.

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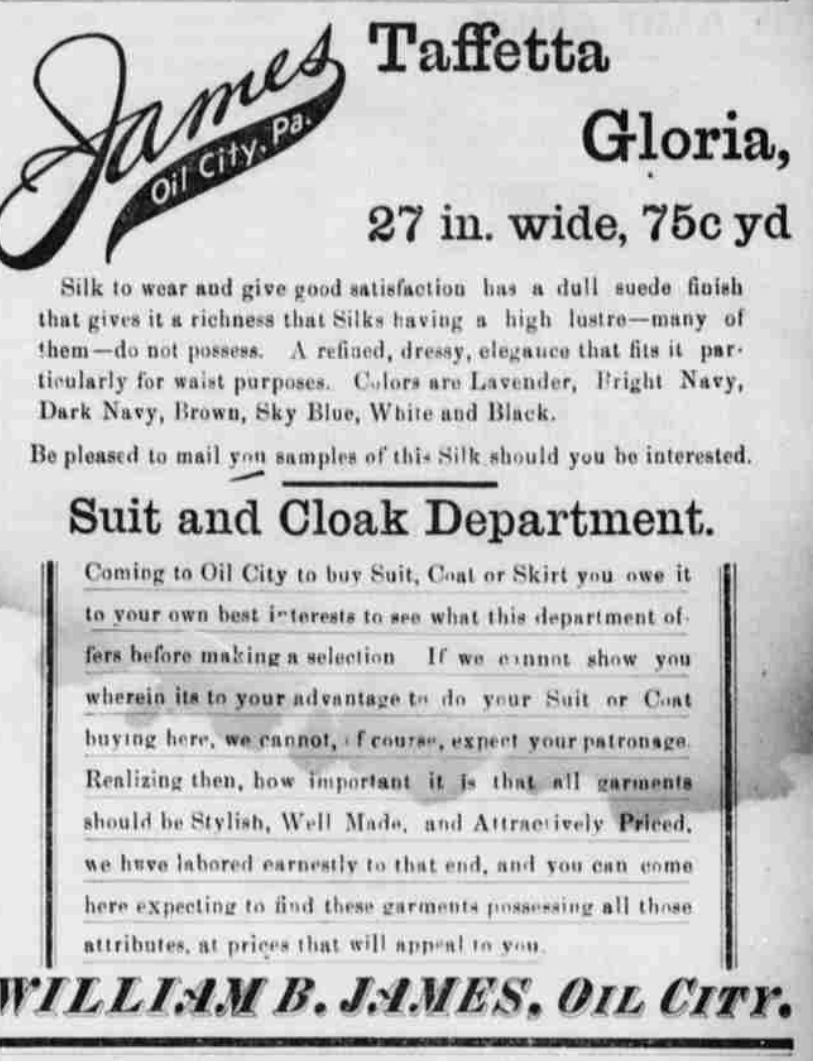


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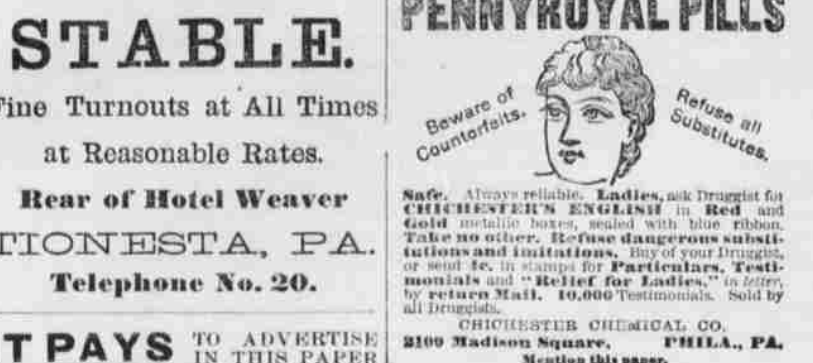
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