

THE Smart & Silberberg STORES.

DRESS GOODS.

We have begun the sale of Dress Goods at the Veach store in the Smart & Silberberg block. Our entire stock—over 20,000 yards is on sale. None of these were damaged by the fire, and while a good portion were wet, a goodly part is as good as ever. Prices, 10c a yard up.

CARPETS LINOLEUMS AND MATTINGS.

at Reid's Old Shop on Elm St.

COATS, SUITS, FURS, WAISTS, WRAPPERS, NIGHT GOWNS, ETC.

at Old Hospital Building, Seneca St

MILLINERY.

Spring St., next to Harvey's Grocery.

SMART & SILBERBERG, OIL CITY, PA.

ODD KOREAN HABITS

TEAR BASKETS AND HEART CLOTHS AND THEIR USES.

"Secret" Mourning That Every One Knows of and Respects—The Quaint Toilet of a Masampho Belle. A Strange Headdress For Women.

There is a great deal of poetry about all Koreans. This does not make the visitor in their country love them less. "Why do you shake your husband's gown so ferociously every morning?" the writer said to a hostess in Seoul. "Are you afraid a spider may be weaving in it?"

"Oh, no, moonface," was the reply. "He must be in Japan now—so far it is—and his spirit comes every night to this gown. So tired must be in the morning to go back so far into his body again."

And she wept copiously, dropping each tear very carefully into a metal lined little basket hung from her waist. If her husband had died on his journey the basket would have been nearly full by this time; every one who has any regard for her would have added a drop or two, and her mourning would have been as intricate a performance as a case in international law. Even as it was the tear basket was steeped in incense and many heart-breaking songs and proverbs wailed over it. Weep flowers—that is, any sort of bloom that withers soon—may be pressed and strung around the basket. The wing of a wounded bird may decorate one side; a motherless child may imprint a kiss upon it for the good of the spirit.

"Do men ever wear the tear basket for women?" I once inquired. "Oh, moonface, you are curious so much," was the reply. "Women never go away from men in Korea." "But they die."

"Yes, and then vera often the good men wear the tear basket in secret mourning."

There is much secret mourning in Korea, and it is like the Irishman's secret—everybody knows it and respects it. A woman who has loved the wrong man may wear secret mourning clothes for him and don the tear basket filled with tears of persons who have not deigned to speak to her in the lifetime of the loved one. At certain hours she may walk round his grave and leave the best of everything to eat on his tomb for his hungry spirit. The worldly mate of the departed looks on, and often it seems she is flattered by the performance. A slave may mourn secretly for the queen, and anybody who wants to may sympathize without hurt for a beheaded criminal.

Next to the tear basket the heart cloth is the quaintest symbol of Korean emotions. One is never permitted to know this precious ornament unless it is worn for his or her sake. In old Korea it was placed over the heart of the beloved before being worn in any other breast. One heart cloth often does for a whole family, being worn by different members in turn. Characters representing people sayings are applied upon it, such as: "Without thee I dwell with the spirit of the withered tree."

"My heart beats only to thine." "Ah—peace." "The sun will come again."

In some parts of the country heart cloths are placed over the body of the dying and then given to the shang-goo, head male mourner, and the joo-foo, leading female mourner.

Masampho is a quaint and picturesque town, nearly as much so as Fusan, from which it is not far removed. One of the sights of Masampho is her shopping district, which consists of innumerable mats spread out on the ground, upon which are exhibited the wares of their owners, who squat beside them.

But the chief joys of Masampho are her deliciously strange little women—the never to be forgotten Masamphoese, wild eyed, glossy haired dumplings, with cherry lines for mouths, who waddle around and about, quacking in fascinating tones.

The Masampho belle's toilet is worthy of the time she spends upon it. Her face is washed with honey oil instead of water. Sometimes she sifts a fine powder scented with her favorite flower over it.

She may stain her complexion to suit her fancy, but generally she prefers it to be the natural color, which is a beautiful cream. Though she may never be seen by man, save husband or father, during curfew time or women's hours—8 p. m. and 3 a. m.—she may go out freely visiting friends and relatives. Her hair is brushed with a fragrant bunch of switches and glued into many different forms. Sometimes it makes a butterfly or a tortoise and at other times a lot of leaves or a little sampan.

When it is properly shaped, big jade or glass pins are stuck in. The only cap she ever wears has no crown. Its back is shaped like a helmet, and there are two long tassels hanging from the forehead and neck trim. Her cotton trousers are as full as a divided skirt and become narrow at the ankles, where they meet little socks made of grass and picturesque shoes. Her skirt is very full and shreds at the top into an eight inch band. This fits tightly around the chest and under the arms. The jacket worn is not over seven inches in length and runs the gamut of Korean blues and greens, which are somewhat the tints of the peacock's tail.

Sex in Eating.

A woman enjoys well cooked, well served food, but her happiness does not depend upon it so completely as does a man's. Without regular, abundant meals a man is disturbed in spirit and considers himself abused. When a man loses his appetite it is because of some physical ailment, never a mental one. A great blow may make the touching of food an actual impossibility for his sister for hours, or even days; but, no matter if the foundations of the earth were shaken, the ordinary man can eat. He can eat at any time or all the time. I know a man who is "living on the street" during his wife's absence, and he confesses to averaging five meals a day.

Food so often is not more than raiment with a girl. Investigate the light housekeeping arrangements of sky parlors, or even first class rooms, and consider the well gowned girl therein and see if it is. I know a girl, and a college girl, who existed on 87 cents for one week in order to buy an expensive trifle her mother's good sense had denied her. Shopgirls, they say, sacrifice their lunches to buy a Laura Jean Libbey novel, but where is the man that ever goes without a reasonable amount of good food for any need he may have?—Brown Book.

Powerful Odor of Ambergris.

The druggist held in his hand a lump of gray substance like putty. It was smaller than a baseball and as light as cork. Through it, here and there, ran streaks of yellow and black.

"This is a lump of ambergris," the druggist said. "It is worth about \$500, I judge. Smell it."

The patron put his nose to the ambergris. Then he said, surprised: "Why, it has no smell!"

The druggist, smiling, rubbed it with his sleeve, and immediately a powerful, musky odor filled the air.

"Crude ambergris," he said, "never smells until you warm it or rub it."

"This chunk of ambergris here smells like musk. That is because it is crude. The odor of prepared ambergris has not the least resemblance to musk."

He rubbed his hand over his sleeve.

"From handling this," he said, "my coat will smell for months. My hands, no matter how I wash them, will smell for several days."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Crystallizing Flowers.

The process of crystallizing flowers is simple and can be satisfactorily accomplished by any one who has artistic skill. Arrange some basket forms of any desired pattern with pliable copper wire and wrap them with gauze.

Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves—in fact, any flowers except full blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum of one pound to a gallon of water. Wait until the solution has cooled, as the colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold them faster than when formed in a hot solution. When you have a light covering of crystals that completely envelops the articles, remove cheerfully and allow it to drip twelve hours. These baskets make a unique ornament and long preserve their freshness.

Rameau and the Dog.

Many eccentricities are pardoned in musical geniuses, especially by those who do not suffer from them. Unfortunately the object of a musician's wrath is quite apt to be unable to appreciate why he has offended.

One day Rameau the possessor of the untrained voice who figures in the following story thinking hard things of the celebrated composer Rameau.

One day Rameau while calling on a lady fixed a stern glance on a little dog who sat in her lap and was barking good naturedly. Suddenly Rameau seized the poor little fellow and threw him out of the window.

"What is the matter?" asked his hostess, much alarmed.

"He barked false!" said Rameau indignantly.

A Puzzle.

At an examination in an English school the teacher was so pleased with his class that he said they could ask him any question they liked.

Some were asked and replied to. Seeing one little fellow in deep thought, the teacher asked him for a question. The boy answered, with a grave face:

"Please, sir, if you was in a soft mud heap up to your neck and I was to throw a brick at your head, would you duck?"

A DELIGHTED DARKY.

His Own Diagnosis Is Accepted and He Gets Free Medicine.

An old woolly headed darky appeared at the dispensary of one of the hospitals the other morning.

"Well, uncle, what is it?" inquired the young medic in charge.

"Ah've got de mizery pow'ful bad, boss," said the aged darky.

"Where have you got de mizery?" "Ah dun got it evuhweah."

"Well," inquired the doctor, "what do you think ails you?"

"Ah think," solemnly answered the old black, "dat Ah've dun got some thin' de mattah wif mah vermium dependix."

"What makes you think that's your trouble?" inquired the doctor, smothering the chuckle that rose in his throat.

"Well, sub, Ah had de nose bleed pow'ful bad las' night an' Ah hain't no ap'tite 'tall fo' watumillions dis yesh."

"Well, it's your vermium dependix that's bothering you all right, uncle," said the young doctor, "but I'll fix you out quick enough. Take one of these before each meal."

He handed the old darky a little box of bread pills and the old woolly-head departed with a broad grin of happiness, no less because he had got free medicine than because his own diagnosis of his case had been so promptly accepted.—Washington Post.

Small Boy's Conclusion.

Grandma—Once, some wicked children made fun of a good old man and called him "baldhead." And he

had an old bear come down out of the woods and eat forty of those children up! Now, what do you think of that?

Small Boy—My, but that old bear must have been mighty hungry!

Why She Gave In.

It was evening, and Mrs. Steel was alone in the house; but Mrs. Steel was brave. Suddenly she heard the sound of the opening of a window, and a muffled footstep echoed from the dining room. But never a tremor agitated that noble woman. Bravely she walked to the room whence the sounds emanated, and came face to face with a burglar, who held a revolver point-blank at her.

"Tell me where the money is hid," he hissed, "or I'll fire!"

"Never!" she answered determinedly. "Villain, do your worst!"

"I will!" snarled the scoundrel, baffled, but not beaten. "Tell me instantly where your husband's gold is hid, or I'll drop this big woolly caterpillar down your neck!"

Five minutes after a chuckling burglar stole out of the house carrying a bag, whence issued the chink of a hard-earned and long-treasured hoard.

Did not Fill the Bill.

A young bachelor, who was beset by a sewing machine agent, told the latter that his machine would not answer the purpose.

"Why," said the agent, with voluble praise, "it is the best on the market in every respect."

"That may be," replied the supposed customer, "but the sewing machine I am looking for must have fixen hair and blue eyes."

Clever Detective Work.

A distinguished surgeon, who was also a detective in embryo, was called to perform an operation upon a man who had been shot by an unknown assassin. The position of the man and the mystery of the shooting rendered the case notorious. The man was unconscious at the time of the operation, and nothing could be obtained from him. When the doctor examined the wound, he said to his assistant:

"A pistol has been fired at him by a person who is left handed."

While he was explaining the reasons for his conclusion Mr. —'s partner, a Mr. X., entered the room. Something about his manner attracted the attention of the eminent surgeon, and he whispered to his colleague:

"If that man were left handed, I should at once suspect him of the crime."

The next instant he turned to X. and said:

"Will you kindly hand me that lint?" X. did so, using his left hand. The man died. X. was accused of the murder and upon being tried and condemned confessed his guilt.

Enforced Church Attendance.

In the reign of Edward VI. an act was passed which provided that every one "shall diligently and faithfully, having no lawful or reasonable excuse to be absent, endeavor or themselves exercise their parish church or chapel accustomed, or upon reasonable let, to some usual place where common prayer shall be used—on Sundays and holidays—upon penalty of forfeiting for every nonattendance 12 pence, to be levied by the church wardens to the use of the poor." As the years rolled on, however, the penalties for nonattendance became more and more severe, until in Elizabeth's reign such harsh legislation as the following was passed: "All persons who do not go to church or chapel or other places where common prayer is said according to the act of uniformity shall forfeit £20 per month to the queen, being thereof lawfully convicted, and suffer imprisonment until paid."

An Eastern Tale.

"In many cases," says Sir John Lubbock, "religious differences are mainly verbal. There is an eastern tale of four men—an Arab, a Persian, a Turk and a Greek—who agreed to club together for an evening meal, but when they had done so they quarreled as to what it should be. The Turk proposed agnion, the Arab aneb, the Persian anghur, while the Greek insisted on staphylin. While they were disputing—

"Before their eyes did pass, Laden with grapes, a gardener's ass. Sprang to his feet each man and showed, With eager hand, that purple load, 'See, agnion,' said the Turk. 'And see Anghur,' the Persian. 'What should be Better?' 'Nay, aneb, aneb 'tis.' The Arab cried. The Greek said, 'This is my staphylin.' Then they brought Their grapes in peace, Hence, be ye taught."

The Tibetan Bible.

The Kabnyur, or Tibetan bible, consists of 368 volumes of 1,000 pages each, containing 1,083 separate books. Each of the volumes weighs ten pounds and forms a package twenty-six inches long, eight inches broad and eight inches deep. This bible requires a dozen mules for its transport, and the curved wooden blocks from which it is printed need rows of houses, like a city, for their storage. A tribe of Mongols paid 7,000 oxen for a copy of this bible. In addition to the bible there are 225 volumes of commentaries, which are necessary for its understanding. There is also a large collection of revelations which supplement the bible.

Attractive.

"Yes, his painting attracts a great many people."

"Great artist, eh?"

"No; just a house painter. He puts out a sign, 'Fresh Paint,' and every one touches it to see if it's dry."

A New Idea About Life Insurance.

Ever try to insure your life? Notice the extreme care taken by the medical examiner to find the exact condition of the kidneys? Thousands of people are annually rejected by the insurance companies because they have kidney trouble. Most of those people do not know it. It is an insidious disease, with various symptoms, deceiving the doctor as well as the patient. Neglected long enough, it proves fatal. Heartburn, palpitation, dizziness, singleness, indigestion, loss of flesh all indicate that your kidneys are not properly performing their functions, or that your liver is disordered. Thompson's Barosma is an absolutely infallible cure for all kidney and liver disorders. The worst cases yield to it immediately. Thompson's Barosma works like magic—a strong statement, but one borne out by thousands of authentic testimonials.

I had been confined to the house with Kidney Complaint for seven weeks and was most of the time in bed. Some time before I had refused life insurance, as I was told I could not live many months. At the suggestion of the doctor, who was a friend of mine, I began taking Thompson's Barosma, Kidney and Liver Cure, and I am happy to make the statement, which my wife will affirm that five bottles of Barosma completely cured me. Also I refer to any of my neighbors as to the above facts. ORSON HOPKINS, Townville, Pa. All druggists, 50c and \$1.00.

Getting Rid of Proofs.

"Mrs. Flutterby doesn't show her age, does she?"

"Well, no; not so much as she did before she sent those grown-up children of hers abroad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Felice—The diamond in this engagement ring is awfully small.

Henri—I told the jeweler it was for the smallest hand in all Paris.—Journal Amusant.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

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For \$3.00 invested in Cal-cure-Solvent Mr. Brandon got what he had spent thousands for in vain. All druggists, \$1.00.



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There are two different assortments of these. You can see at a glance that the cost is but a fraction over 8c a strip. Both assortments are white.

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and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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