

THE Smart & Silberberg STORES.

We Make This Store Thoroughly a

Christmas Store

"How many stores of this size between New York and Pittsburg?" was the interrogation of a visitor last evening as he stood on the stairway and looked over the store's main floor. Very few, we think, and only those in two or three of the largest cities. Even those excel us in floor space only; in equipment and merchandise stocks we hold our own with any of them.

Today this store is thoroughly a Christmas store, pre-eminently Oil City's first Christmas store. Every department is ready—every department is at its best.

Superior Values in Silk Petticoats

Between 200 and 300 Silk Petticoats, seven numbers, ranging in prices from \$3.90 to \$10, will give a zest to personal and gift purchasing here today.

In these seven numbers there are a great variety in style and color. As to values, and from \$1 to \$2 to a number and you will run pretty close to the mark.

Why Not Make the Gift a Rug?

When you associate Rugs with Christmas you cannot go far wrong. We have Rugs without limit—Rugs of all kinds and sizes, and then, too, the price here represents a saving of sufficient importance to buy several other Christmas gifts.

For example: One hundred French Wiltons, 9x12 feet, at \$2. Elsewhere same Rugs are \$40.

Furs Make Ideal Christmas Gifts

The store for fashionable, reliable Furs is surely the place to buy your Furs for gifts because you want the assurance of style correctness and quality. Another thing you are certain to find here—Economy.

SMART & SILBERBERG, OIL CITY, PA.

Oil City Trust Company.

President, JOSEPH SEEP. Vice President, GEORGE LEWIS. Treasurer, H. R. MERRITT.

Assets Over \$2,100,000.00

Accounts invited. Trust business of all kinds solicited.

FOUR PER CENT.

Paid on certificates of deposit. Certificates continue to draw interest until returned.

Call, Write, Telephone or Telegraph.

WANTED.

Bright, intelligent young men and women to prepare themselves for office positions. MIDWINTER OPENING

JANUARY 8TH, 1906.

We have been unable to supply the demand for our graduates this fall. Send for a copy of our new Journal.

Meadville Commercial College. THE SCHOOL THAT GETS RESULTS.

POINTS FOR SMOKERS.

Some Advice to Follow if They Must Use the Weed.

Very few people are aware how much harm is done to young men by the almost universal habit of cigarette smoking. The man who smokes cigarettes has one always in his mouth and is continually inhaling nicotine until the system is saturated with the poison.

The result of this practice is a catarrhal condition of the nose, throat and bronchi, a disordered and very irritable state of the nerves, a weak and rapid action of the heart and indigestion.

This, anaemic, weak, with clammy hands stained with nicotine poison, unstrung nerves and degenerated muscles, the youth of the land go on ignorantly suffering the consequences of a pernicious habit until attacks of heart trouble, nervous prostration, melancholia, etc., bring their condition to the attention of the physician.

If a man must smoke—and we admit the charm of the habit to those who have become accustomed to its soothing influences—let him choose a mild cigar and have certain set times for indulging. If he puts a certain restraint upon himself from the start in the matter of smoking, he will not overdo it, and there are few men who can smoke more than three cigars a day without injury.—Medical Brief.

Wooded, Won and Wedded. The Mexico (Mo.) Ledger thinks merchants should be more prompt in presenting their accounts. A druggist of that place recently brought a young man in the town a bill two years old, and the first part of the bill was a charge for a box of chocolates and on the other end was a charge for one nursing bottle. How time does fly!

Fig Sunday.

Palm Sunday is known in England as Fig Sunday because in many districts figs are freely eaten on that day. The custom is common in the villages of Bedford, Bucks, Hertford and Northampton and is found in some parts of north Wales. As Palm Sunday approaches the shop windows of Dunstable are filled with figs in readiness for the crowds who go to the top of Dunstable downs to regale themselves on that day. At Kempton, in Hertfordshire, to "keep wassel" is to feast on figs or fig puddings with your friends on Palm Sunday. Fig Sunday is probably connected with the story of the barren fig tree, which forms part of one of the lessons for the day.—London Mail.

When Reptiles Die.

A Vietnamese naturalist declares that nearly all reptiles that die from natural causes close their lives between midnight and midnight, only a few between midnight and morning and few or still in daylight. Most reptiles seem aware of their approaching death, seeking out particular places and there awaiting the end, while those whose lives are spent underground come to the surface before death.

Old and Young.

"Well, well, that's a funny thing." "What is?" "Miss Passway was an old maid before she married, and now that her husband is dead she has become a young widow."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Anticipation.

Duncan Jones—in the better land everything will be made known. Mrs. Freys—Won't that be fine? I've always wondered how old Sarah Wilson was.—Boston Transcript

JUST LAUGHS.

HAD MADE A MISTAKE.

The late Bishop Dudley of Kentucky was on a hunting expedition near Louisville during the last few years of his life, and happened to fall in with a local nimrod whose un concealed admiration for the city man's marksmanship paved the way for further conversation. "What's your name?" the countryman finally inquired. "Dudley," was the reply. After some change of incident and experience the bishop's interlocutor hazarded. "Say, Dudley, what business do you follow?" "I'm a preacher," "O, get out. What are you giving me?" "But I am. I preach every Sunday." "Where?" "In Louisville." "Well, well; I never would have thought it. You ain't stuck up a bit like most of the preachers down this way."

An invitation to hear this new made acquaintance preach was accompanied by a scribbled card, and the next Sabbath saw the rustic, in his "Sunday best," ushered into the bishop's own pew, where he listened intently to both service and sermon. He was manifestly amazed, afterward, to have the orator of the morning come down to greet him as cordially and familiarly as in the woods. He managed to stammer his thanks, and added: "I ain't much of a judge of this kind of thing, parson, but I riz with you sat with you, and saw the thing through the best I knew how; but all the same, if my opinion is with anything to you, the Lord meant you for a shooter!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Scolding Set to Music.

In one of the beer gardens a brass band was playing what purported to be a Wagnerian selection with positively deafening effect. The good-natured people around the tables had wisely abandoned all effort at conversation. Not so with one woman, a shrewish-looking person, who was leaning over a table shaking her finger at her husband and doing her best to make him hear the abuse that she was evidently hurling at him. Suddenly, with one grand blare, the music stopped and the woman's voice, pitched in a veritable scream, was heard: "You bald-headed, sour-faced idiot, I'll—"

Checked by her own strident tones, she looked about her in consternation. Not so the husband. He was calmed to abuse. Picking up his stein, he looked at his wife and growled: "Shut up till the band starts again."—New York Times.

How She Won Out.

She was busy holding one end of the sofa down and the other, and for seventeen consecutive seconds silence had reigned supreme. Then he said: "I wonder if any girl ever really did propose during leap year?" "I don't know," replied his fair companion, "but I'm sure no girl would do such a thing unless she was obliged to." Several more silent seconds passed. "Um—yes," he said. "I hadn't thought of it in that light." "And I'm sure," she continued, as she moved over and laid her hand softly on his arm, "you would never permit a girl to humiliate herself in that manner, would you?" "Why—er—I—that is, of course not," he stammered. The ice having been broken, the rest was easy, and five minutes later they were engaged in looking up the advertisements of firms that sell furniture on the installment plan.

FORTIFIED.

Mother—Horace, you must not go outside while it is raining or you will catch a cold. Little Horace—"How kin I catch a cold when I got one already?"

Goat With a Charmed Life.

A well-known suburbanite who had been greatly troubled by the depredations of a neighbor's goat was driven to desperation one day when he learned that the animal had consumed a favorite red flannel coat of his. Determined on the goat's destruction, he employed an unscrupulous small boy who lived in the neighborhood to secure him to the railroad track just before the daily express was due. Some days afterward a friend inquired with interest if the goat had been effectually disposed of. "Not on your life," was the disgusted answer; "that goat had a charmed life. He coughed up that red golf coat of mine and flagged the train."—Harper's Weekly.

Boxed.

They were returning from the husking bee. "And were there any red ears?" asked the friend. "Oh, yes," responded the girl in the gingham dress. "I had two when pa caught that city fellow kissing me."

Boxed.

—Eczema and all skin diseases, pimples, boils, piles and anything foreign to a sound, healthy skin is quickly cured by San-Cura Ointment and San-Cura Soap, 25c each.

Boxed.

A Consoling Thought. Lady (calling on new vicar's wife)—Have you seen the library at the Mall? Sir (rejoice is quite a bibliophile, you know). Vicar's Wife (warmly)—Oh, I'm so glad to hear that! So many wealthy men have no religion!—Punch.

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CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

MRS. TIM'S VAIN SEARCH.

"He must take the medicine in a recumbent position," said the physician who had been called to attend an injured Irishman. The man's wife was puzzled, but would not admit it. She confided her dilemma first to her husband.

"Tim, dear," she said, "here's your medicine all right, but the doctor do be saying ye must take it in a recumbent position, and niver a wan have we in the house."

"Ye might berry wan," suggested Tim. "There's Mrs. O'Marra, now she do always be having things comfortable and handy looks."

So the wife made her appeal to the more provident neighbor. "Mrs. O'Marra, me Tim has been hurted."

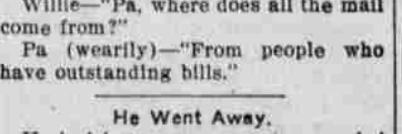
"The poor soul." "Yes, and he's that had the doctor says: 'Give him his medicine in a recumbent position, and Mrs. O'Marra, we haven't wan in the house. Would ye mind giving me the loan av yours?'" Mrs. O'Marra was puzzled in her turn, but she, too, refused to admit it. "Faith, and ye can have it and welcome," she said heartily, "but me friend, Mrs. Flaherty, has it; she borried it Chewday week—just around the third corner beyond, forinist the poom." So the quest was continued.

"Mrs. Flaherty, excuse me fer troubling yez, me being a stranger on firely to yez, but me man is hurted, and the doctor says, 'N hope av saving him unless yez give him his medicine in a recumbent position.' Me self didn't happen to have wan, so I stepped over to borra Mrs. O'Marra's. Would ye mind me taking it the while, me Tim being so bad?"

"Mind? Av course not!" returned Mrs. Flaherty, with the polite readiness of her nationality. But sorra the day! Flaherty—he do be mighty on-stiddy betimes—he dropped it on the fire last night and broke it."

"I'll have to pour it into him the best way I can, poor man!" said Tim's wife, as she hurried home.—Baltimore Sun.

PA'S IDEA OF IT.



Willie—"Pa, where does all the mail come from?" Pa (wearily)—"From people who have outstanding bills."

He Went Away.

He had been away on a two weeks' vacation and on the first day of his return he gave the following to his typewriter to strike off and post up in the office: "Yes, I've been away. "Yes, I had a good time, thank you. "No, I didn't gain seven pounds. "I believe there were a few mosquitoes. "Can't say whether I brought home a case of the malaria or not. "I didn't go hunting. "I didn't go fishing. "I didn't go sailing. "I can't say that I feel a heap better. "I didn't get sunburned. "I don't think it has added ten years to my life. "Yes, I may go again next year. "Can't say whether I prefer the mountains to the seashore. "All this is very satisfactory," observed one of the merchant's friends after reading the placard, "and I am glad to see that you didn't name the place you went to. It wouldn't look well in cold print. "Didn't I put in the place? Well, I went—"

"Yes, I know. You went to Hades and had a good time and have come back looking better, but don't give it away for fear there'll be a rash to the spot and knock your fall trade out!"

Jim Comes First.

"There is no doubt," said the savant to the old farmer in the seat beside him, "that if everybody would go to work in earnest the mosquito pest could be eradicated within five years." "But they won't do it," replied the farmer.

"No, they won't." "I'd be willin' to, and I believe I've killed more'n fifty 'skeeters this year, but there's Jim Hill, a nuybur' mine, who won't do a darned thing. Even when a 'skeeter lights on the back of his wife's neck and she yells murder Jim takes so much time goin' on after the crowbar that the pesky insect most allus gets away and builds a nest and hatches out thousands of others. We want to get rid of 'esters, of course, but I'm tellin' you we want to get rid of Jim Hill first and scare two or three others like him most to death."

Shooting the Rapids.

Two old farmers met on the road. "Where you been, Sile?" asked the one in yellow boots. "Been shooting the rapids," drawled the other. "Canoeing?" No; shooting at those pesky automobiles that run over my chickens."—Baltimore Herald.

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Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Never fails. Buy it now. It may save life.

AN OVERDRAFT.

The Reason For a Peculiar Request Received by a Bank.

"We often receive peculiar requests for overdrafts," said a banker the other day. "A client whose standing account had never exceeded \$1,000 requested us to grant him an overdraft of \$4,000, stating that he was not able to offer any explanation at the present, but assured us that at no time would the bank be in any danger of losing, as the overdraft would not be real."

"After some hesitancy we consented, but stipulated certain conditions and reserved the privilege of refusing if these conditions were not followed."

"Shortly after his departure a well dressed gentleman came in and handed to our paying teller a check for \$5,000 bearing the signature of our client and with it a letter requesting us to honor the check with cash. This letter was one of the conditions we imposed for our safety. Still feeling that he was taking a chance, the money was passed out to him. After holding the currency a moment in his hands he returned it, with a request for the check, which he destroyed before us."

"On the following day our client thanked us for our courtesy and waived the overdraft privilege, saying that he had no further use for it. He had with him a check for \$5,000, which he deposited. This he had won from his friend on a bet. He had bet that he could negotiate an overdraft for that amount without first explaining that it was a bet and the nature of it, and his friend wagered that no bank would trust him for that amount."—Kansas City Star.

IRISH STORIES.

Some Droll Answers and Ready Wit From Hotel Waiters.

Of stories of Irish hospitality Mr. Macready had a full supply; also of hotel attendants and the peasantry. On one occasion he asked the girl in attendance for poached eggs. She looked a bit nonplussed at first, but after a little hesitation replied, "There are no poached eggs in the place, sir, but I think I could get you some poached salmon."

In a poor little cottage of two rooms he saw a married couple and seven children. Hearing a baby cry, he asked to see it and explained that he took an interest in babies, having one at home. The infant was produced for inspection, and the mother asked proudly, "Is yours as big as that, sir?" To which he replied, "I think it is a little bigger." Instantly the instincts of the mother were roused, and, tossing her head, she said: "So well it might be. That's only half of ours; the other half is with God. We had twins."

At a hotel one of the party asked, "Have you got any celery, waiter?" "No, sir," was the significant answer. "I relies on me chances." That man deserved an extra tip. On another occasion the dinner was especially good and well served. At the conclusion one of the party remarked, "You're an angel, Pat." "I am, sir," assented Pat, "but I fly low."—London Telegraph.

"Thou" and "You" Abroad.

The only safe rule for the Englishman abroad is to stick to "you" in French or German. "Tutolement," or "thee and thouing," would imply a deliberate intention to insult, a patronizing assumption of indisputable superiority to the person addressed or such familiarity as is proper only between lovers, parents and children and intimate friends. At one time every individual was "thou," but after flatterers began to call Roman emperors "you" (monarchs remain "we" to this day) the polite plural spread until in Louis XIV's time only servants were "thou" in France. The restoration of "thou" as a pronoun of familiar endearment is due to Rousseau and the revolution. It has survived throughout in poetry and in addressing the Deity. —London Chronicle.

The Buried Bell.

Near the little village of Raleigh, in England, there is a hollow, said to have been caused by an earthquake centuries ago, which is said to have swallowed up a whole village, including the church. To this place the villagers of Raleigh were in the habit of repairing every Christmas morning, putting their ears to the ground and listening, as they asserted, to the church bell ringing beneath them! What was really heard was the bell of a neighboring church, the sound being borne along the surface of the ground. This custom was in existence, we believe, as late as half a century ago.—London Tit-Bits.

WANTED.—To appoint resident agents in Forest County, Pa., to represent our full line of Lightning Rods. For full particulars address Hum & Leatherman, 103 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa. 4t