

The Smart and Silberberg Co.

# A Superb Display of Tailor Made Suits Coats and Gowns.

We can safely state that no other house between Buffalo and Pittsburg has sold as many suits as this store has this season. Why? No where else can you see the style of garments that are shown here. Every garment in our house is new and exclusive—exclusive with us alone.

This store has been noted and a reputation established for carrying only exclusive garments. Hence the volume of business. You may go to every store in the city, then come here and you will see the truth of this assertion. Every day brings fresh arrivals.

## My What a Wonderful Toy Store.

The little folks that have been coming here in hundreds must have thought that they were stepping directly into Fairyland. They were hardly prepared for such a toy store—for it was all so big and beautiful and grand. Don't their eyes open wide as they spy the wondrous things, the beautifully dressed dolls, the realistic railways, the almost life like animals and the hundreds of other novel things. It's a great scene—one even the "grown ups" seem to enjoy. Let the youngsters come every day. Bring the ones that are too little to come alone. Just think, but a few short weeks for them to enjoy it in.

The Smart & Silberberg Co. OIL CITY, PA.

## Your Savings

This company will pay four per cent. on either savings book or certificate. Interest allowed from day of receipt.

Assets, \$2,500,000.00

## Oil City Trust Company.

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

**Trying the Wrong Man.**  
An unusual verdict was rendered by the jury in a case tried in a California town a good many years ago. The question was as to the ownership of several head of cattle which the defendant was accused of having stolen from the plaintiff. As the case proceeded and different witnesses gave their evidence, it became apparent to all listeners that the defendant was an innocent man. When it came time for the jury to retire to consider their verdict, they did so, but returned to the courtroom in a few moments. The foreman looked the judge straight in the eye and said with a drawl and twang which betrayed his New England origin:

"Hedge, we find the plaintiff guilty."  
"The court is not trying the plaintiff, but the defendant," said his honor hastily, and the matter being explained, the foreman was at length induced to express the jury's opinion that the defendant was not guilty.

"Howsomever," added the foreman solemnly, "pears to me, we're considering the wrong man, your honor!"

**Holy Land a World Center.**

It used to be a fancy that the Holy Land was the center of the world. In a sense not then meant it was indeed central. It occupied a strategic position. Three continents converge here—all the continents known as the ancients—Asia, Africa and Europe. Conspicuous to Palestine on the south lies Egypt and on the north Syria. Or, taking a wider view, on one side of it were India, Persia, Assyria and Babylonia, while on the other side of it were Egypt, Greece and Rome. A lazar among giants the land of Jesus was indeed little among the geographical tribes; but, like a lazar, it was monarch of the household of lands.

From its central vantage tiny Palestine saw through the march of centuries the procession of these mighty empires—Assyrian, Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Greek and Roman, being itself during much of the time a center of influence and determining force that had helped form the character and history of the civilized world.—Exchange.

**A Clash of Prayers.**

Maggie, with her fair face and blond hair, and Nina, with dusky skin and

kingy wool, had played together at mud pies and had swung on the same gate ever since they could remember, for Nina's mammy was Maggie's nurse, says the housekeeper. They were now seven years old. Maggie loved Nina in spite of her color, yet she had a feeling that her friend deserved to be white, so she added to her prayer each night:

"Please, God, make Nina white." As the weeks went by and Nina remained unchanged Maggie felt that her petition needed re-enforcement, so she confided in Nina, begging her to pray for the greatly desired bleaching. But Nina in surprise looked at Maggie with wide open eyes and exclaimed:

"Me? No, sir-ee. Fo' de Lawd, Maggie, I don't want to be no white child, an' I's jes' prайer with all my might for you to come black!"

**The Intelligent Bird.**

Two negroes in Washington were overheard discussing the intelligence of birds in general.

"Birds is shore sensible," observed one darky to the other. "Yo kin learn them anything. I uster work for a lady that had one in a clog, an' when it was time to tuck de time it uster come out an' say cuckoo jest as many times as de time was!"

"Yo don't say so?" asked the other negro incredulously.

"Shore thing!" responded the first darky. "But de mos' wonderful part was dat it was only a wooden bird too!"—Harper's Weekly.

**The Builders.**

"The Egyptians were the builders," said a contractor enviously. "No wonder their monuments will endure forever. Labor was nothing to them. As you would spend a cent on a newspaper so would an Egyptian king put 10,000 men to work upon a temple. Labor, you see, cost nothing. A striking example of the Egyptian prodigality of labor lies in this fact: No less than 2,000 men were employed for three years in carrying a single stone, a stone of unexampled size, from Elephantine to Sais."

**Little Willie.**—Say, pa, what are the dogs of war?

Pa.—Almost any two strange dogs when they meet, my son.

## BOSTON'S LACK OF HUMOR.

An English View of the Landmarks of the "Hub."

I have said that Boston loves relics. The relics which it loves best are the relics of England's discomfiture. The stately portraits of Copley are of small account compared to the memorials of what was nothing else than a civil war. Faneuil hall, the Covent Garden of Boston, presented to the city by Peter Faneuil some thirty years before the birth of "liberty," is now but an emblem of revolt. The Old South meeting place is endeared to the citizens of Boston as "the sanctuary of freedom."

A vast monument, erected a mere quarter of a century ago, commemorates the "Boston massacre." And wherever you turn you are reminded of an episode which might easily be forgotten. To an Englishman these historical landmarks are inoffensive. The dispute which they recall aroused far less emotion on our side of the ocean than on the other, and long ago we saw the events of the Revolution in a fair perspective. In truth, this insistence on the past is not wholly creditable to Boston's sense of humor. The passionate paeans which Otis and his friends sang to liberty were irrelevant. Liberty was never for a moment in danger, if liberty, indeed, be a thing of fact and not of watchwords. The leaders of the Revolution wrote and spoke as though it was their duty to throw off the yoke of the foreigner—a yoke as heavy as that which Catholic Spain cast upon Protestant Holland. But there was no yoke to be thrown off, because no yoke was ever imposed, and Boston might have celebrated greater events in her history than that which an American statesman has wisely called "the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right."—Charles Whitely in Blackwood's Magazine.

**Classed as an Antique Also.**  
A charming hostess of one of the "big houses," as they are called by those who are welcomed into them, has the added beauty of prematurely white hair, says the Washington Star. That which seems to her contemporaries an added charm may appear to the credulous young a mark of decline, at least so it appears in one instance of which the hostess herself tells with enjoyment.

The lady is a connoisseur of antiques. At one of her teas a debutante rich with the glow of youth, but sadly constrained with her sense of her own novelty, was handed a cup of tea. The cup was beautifully blue and wonderfully old. The hostess, desiring to lighten the strain on her youthful guest by a pleasingly diverting remark, said, "That little cup is 150 years old."

"Oh," came the debutante's high strained tones, "how careful you must be to have kept it so long!"

**Trades That Kill.**  
One of the most dangerous of trades, according to the Pilgrim, "is the covering of toy animals with skin, chamois leather being used, for instance, for the elephants, calf-skin for the horse and goatskin for the camels. This covering must of course fit without a wrinkle to look natural, so the wooden model is first dipped into glue, then sprinkled with chalk dust; then the skin is put on. The chalk is so fine that it fills the air and is drawn into the throat and lungs. A year of this sort of work often results in death. Another very injurious toy is the rubber balloon. The fumes and solvents used in reducing sheet rubber to the necessary thinness while retaining its strength and the dyeing of the brilliant yellows, greens and purple are most of them poisonous."

**A Swelled Head.**  
A typical Englishwoman, when some one spoke the other day of a certain man having a "swelled head," looked dazed. "Really? You don't mean it?" cried the Englishwoman. "I'm very sorry." A day or so later the Englishwoman, happening to meet the wife of the man in question, observed that she was so sorry to hear that Mr. Blank was ill.

"But he isn't!" cried the wife. "He was never better in his life."

"Is that so?" said the Englishwoman. "Why, what could Mrs. Dash have meant the other day when she said he was suffering from a swelled head?"

**His Narrow Escape.**  
A jolly old steamboat captain with more girth than height was asked if he had ever had any very narrow escapes.

"Yes," he replied, his eyes twinkling, "once I fell off my boat at the mouth of Bear creek, and, although I'm an expert swimmer, I guess I'd be there now if it hadn't been for my crew. You see, the water was just deep enough so's to be over my head when I tried to wade out, and just shallow enough" he gave his body an explanatory pat—"so that whenever I tried to swim out I dragged bottom."—Everybody's.

**Horrible Example.**  
"My dear," said Mrs. Strongmnd, "I want you to accompany me to the town hall tomorrow evening."

"What for?" queried the meek and lowly other half of the combine.

"I am to lecture on the 'Dark Side of Married Life,'" explained Mrs. S., "and I want you to sit on the platform and pose as one of the illustrations."—Chicago News.

**A Financial Pessimist.**  
Gaye—Yes, he is what you might term a financial pessimist. Myers—What is a financial pessimist? Gaye—A man who is afraid to look pleasant for fear his friends will want to borrow something.

**Accidental.**  
Alice—How did you come to meet your second husband, Grace? Grace—It was purely accidental. He ran over my first one with a motor car and afterward attended the funeral.

**A Crash.**  
"John, what was that awful noise in the bathroom just now?"

"Don't worry, my dear," replied John sleepily. "It was merely a crash towel falling."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**Opinion.**  
Opinion is a light, vain, crude and imperfect thing settled in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of reason.—Ben Jonson.

**A Home Made Happy by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.**

About two months ago our baby girl had measles which settled on her lungs and at last resulted in a severe attack of bronchitis. We had two doctors but no relief was obtained. Everybody thought she would die. I went to eight different stores to find a certain remedy which had been recommended to me and failed to get it, when one of the storekeepers insisted that I try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I did so and our baby is alive and well today.—Geo. W. Spence, Holly Springs, N. C. For sale by Dunn & Fulton.

## A Hideous Dream.

I had a horrible dream a few nights ago. I dreamed that I was the sub-editor of a religious weekly. There is nothing dreadful in that, of course. The horrible part comes later. My editor, just off for a holiday—editors generally are, you know—instructed me to write to several people of eminence and ask them to tell me their favorite prayer. (I record this little story in all reverence, you understand.) Well, many of the eminent people replied, including a lady novelist of great fame. The lady wrote:

Dear Sir—In reply to your esteemed favor, I have much pleasure in informing you that my favorite prayer is, "Give us this day our daily bread."

I placed it at the head of the column, put the paper to bed and went there myself, feeling pleased. Next morning when I opened my copy of the religious weekly I found that three letters had been dropped from the lady novelist's favorite prayer, which, to my consternation, now read as follows: "Give us this day our daily ad." I woke up screaming.—Kebble Howard in Sketch.

**Grotesque Spanish Honor.**

There is a story about the Duke of Wellington that illustrates the fantastic idea of honor held by many Spaniards, contrasted with the practical common sense of Englishmen. When the duke was co-operating with the Spanish army in the peninsula against Napoleon he was desirous on one occasion during a general engagement that the general commanding the Spanish contingent should execute a certain movement on the field. He communicated the wish to the Spaniard personally and was somewhat taken aback to be told that the honor of the king of Spain and his army would compel him to refuse the request unless Wellington, as a foreign officer graciously permitted to exist and fight on Spanish soil, should present the petition on his knees. The old duke often used to tell the story afterward, and he would say, "Now, I was extremely anxious to have the movement executed, and I didn't care a twopenny damn about getting on my knees, so down I jumped."

**A Dog and His Name.**

"There was a dog case which excited much attention in Berlin some years ago," said a former resident of that city. "A citizen complained to the authorities against a neighbor who, he said, to annoy him, gave his name to a mongrel cur. 'He calls my name,' he said, 'and when I turn around he laughs and says he was calling his dog.'"

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate.

"My name is Schultz."

"And do you call the dog Schultz?" he asked the other man.

"Yes, your honor, but I spell it with a T—Schultz."

"Call him without the T," commanded the magistrate, trying to look serious. The man did so, the dog came to him and an order to change the name or be fined followed."

**The Water Bottle's Shape.**

Three useful purposes—and probably many more than three—are served by making the familiar water bottle of such a distinctive pattern. In the first place the narrowness of the neck prevents the entry of much dust that would inevitably settle on the water were the entire surface exposed; in the next place the same narrowness prevents excessive and rapid evaporation of the water, and in the third place the shape of the neck makes it a capital handle, thus doing away with the necessity for a separate handle fastened to the body of the bottle, a course that would render it much less convenient and more liable to be broken.—Pearson's.

**The Coquet of the Joke.**

Many years ago a visitor to Edinburgh was being shown over the high court of Justiciary. He made some remark concerning the dock and its duties, and in reply the official jokingly said the visitor might one day be sentenced to be hanged in that very room. The sightseer was the notorious Dr. Pritchard. Two years had barely passed when in the dock he had so closely inspected he was doomed to death for poisoning his wife and mother-in-law.

**A Superior Brand.**

Mrs. Jenkins—My little boy's got the measles.

Mrs. Tomkins—So has mine; he got it from the grocer's children.

Mrs. Jenkins (disdainfully)—Oh, my little boy got it from the clergyman's children.—London Tit-Bits.

**The Visible Signs.**

"The Golts have been doing some mountain climbing in Switzerland."

"There! (Guessed it the minute I set eyes on them the other day."

"How could you tell?"

"They had such a peaked look about them."—Baltimore American.

**The Art of Talking Back.**

"I hardly know how to answer you," said she when the widower proposed.

"I would not let that worry me," said he soothingly. "That is something a woman learns perfectly soon after marriage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**The Support.**

Teacher—Who was it supported the world upon his shoulders? Tommy—Atlas, sir. Teacher—Who supported Atlas? Tommy—The book don't say, but I spect his wife did.

That is the best government which desires to make people happy and knows how to make them happy.—Macaulay.

—Boes Laxative Cough Syrup for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough grows in favor daily. Mothers should keep it on hand for children. It is prompt relief to croup. It is gently laxative, driving the poison and phlegm from the system. It gives immediate relief. Guaranteed. Sold by J. R. Morgan.

—The man who really knows how to run things isn't around taking orders from somebody else.

—The M. Wile Co. clothing continues in the lead of all other makes. Hopkins sells 'em.

## The Danger of Soap.

When a man goes to some thermal springs to "boil out" all the old Satar that is in him he quickly learns one of the more important lessons of life and civilization—that is, he acquires a supreme contempt for soap. When he takes his first tub, at 90 to 102 degrees, twenty minutes in the water to soak the attendant gives him a terrible scrubbing, using a sharp soap and 5 loofa. After that first bath no more soap is used. The man continues to soak daily in water of the same temperature for twenty minutes and is rubbed with the loofa, but no soap. "Soap," the expert attendant will tell you, "clogs up the pores of the skin. Our object is to keep 'em open. We cure all diseases by giving the pores a chance to breathe and excrete." Your hands chap? Wherefore? Because when you last washed them you neglected to rinse them thoroughly. You left the pores clogged with soap. Your complexion is muddy. Wherefore? You forgot to wash the soap off your cheeks. Hereafter rinse, rinse, rinse. Keep on rinsing. Continually rinse.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**James Oil City, Pa.**

## Preparation for Christmas.

This morning we inaugurate an energetic, aggressive Christmas merchandizing campaign. Many months ago, in fact away last February, we started laying plans for this Christmas, 1907, business. At that time we placed "Import Orders" for one of the largest and most complete assortment of Toys and Dolls ever brought to this city. The Toy Department is open now and every one interested is cordially invited to come and see the display, children particularly. Store decorations, under way now for several days, we hope to have completed some time today. These we propose making more elaborate than ever before. Every where all over the store a thought and suggestion of Christmas. The display of Christmas merchandise will go on now from day to day until completed, and it's being prepared on a scale never attempted before by this house, and we don't imagine any one will be disappointed. Regular staple items of practical Christmas merchandise have been provided in widest variety and assortment. From day to day we'll go into more extended detail regarding the character of merchandise we hope to interest you. This morning we say, most cordially, come and see.

WILLIAM B. JAMES, OIL CITY, PA.

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WILLIAM B. JAMES, OIL CITY, PA.

If you only knew how good, now durable, how satisfactory  
**Paroid Roofing**  
really is; if you only knew how easily it can be put on and how long it lasts; if you only knew what a good all-round roof it is, you would save money by using it for every building on the place. Weather proof, wear proof, contains no tar, slate color, any one can lay it. Let us prove to you what the genuine Paroid Roofing will do.  
Send for Free Sample and book on "Building Economy." It will save you money. Don't take a cheap imitation. Get the genuine—the roof that lasts. A complete roofing kit in every roll.  
**J. J. LANDERS**  
Tionesta, Pa.

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CAPITAL STOCK, \$50,000.  
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Collections remitted for on day of payment at low rates. We promise our customers all the benefits consistent with conservative banking. Interest paid on time deposits. Your patronage respectfully solicited.

## FREE TILL CHRISTMAS

A Handsome Unbreakable Rubber Comb Free

The comb retails at 50c, and will be given away to anybody who purchases one of

**Dr. Scott's ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSHES**

My brush is guaranteed to cure falling hair, dandruff and all scalp disorders. It relieves nervous headache and neuritis. Made of selected bristles. No wire to injure the hair or scalp.

Beware of imitations. My brush is packed in neat box, with compass to test power. Appropriate Christmas Gift—sent by insured mail, postpaid, for \$1.00 with our 30-day guarantee. Send for book on specialties, mailed free. Don't forget to accept this offer.

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Send stamp for Particulars and Testimonials of the remedy that clears the Complexion, Removes Skin Impurities, Makes New Blood and Improves the Health. If you take  
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