

The Smart and Silberberg Co.

In the Cloak Department

A Most Unusual Sale of Women's Caracul Coats, Black Coats, Long Covert Coats, Children's and Misses' Coats.

We have too many of these coats on hand. Our determination to reduce these stocks at once is responsible for the extreme price reductions which bring to you these tremendous bargains:

\$15 caracul coats now	\$ 9.50
\$20 caracul coats now	12.50
\$25 caracul coats now	15.00
\$35 caracul coats now	22.50
Children's coats, special, at	2.00

Children's coats in red, white, green, navy, curly bearskin, gray Astrakhan and a variety of other cloths, ages 1 to 4 years, value \$3.50 and \$4, now \$2.

Girls' \$5 and \$6 coats, now \$2.50

Long ankle length, of fine wool mixtures, heavy, serviceable materials in medium and dark colors, in plaids and plain colors, ages 6 to 14 years, for \$2.50.

Women's Long Coats

Women's coats of very fine chevot, in navy blue and red diagonal, oxford coating 50 inches long, half fitted

\$20 coats now	\$10.00
\$15 coats now	7.50

The Smart & Silberberg Co.

OIL CITY, PA.

Oil City Trust Company.

Report to the Commissioner of Banking, (condensed)

At Close of Business December 16, 1907

Time loans	\$1,392,221.91	Capital	\$ 300,000.00
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	89,659.49	Surplus and profits	300,587.98
Stocks and bonds	896,240.00	Reserves for interest	7,875.63
Demands, loans up on collateral	634,486.11	DEPOSITS	1,988,739.52
Overdrafts	4,192.85		
Due from banks	338,722.89		
Cash on hand	141,679.08		
Total quick assets	\$1,205,320.71		
Trust funds not included in above	\$2,687,193.13		
	\$176,189.06		

An After Christmas Sale.

All House Coats, Smoking Jackets, Bath Robes and Study Gowns one fourth off in price from original plainly marked prices as follows:

All \$5 Jackets and Robes, now \$3.75
All \$6 Jackets and Robes, now \$4.50
All \$8 Jackets and Robes, now \$6.00
All \$10 Jackets and Robes, now \$7.50

Our entire stock of Overcoats and Rain Coats at one-fourth off the regular prices at which the coats have been sold:

\$10 Overcoats and Raincoats at \$7.50
\$12 Overcoats and Raincoats at \$9.00
\$15 Overcoats and Raincoats at \$11.25
\$20 Overcoats and Raincoats at \$15.00
\$25 Overcoats and Raincoats at \$18.75

We give you good values here for your money, not hot air.

THE McCUEN CO.

25 AND 29 SENeca ST. . .
OIL CITY, PA.

WHITE PINE Flooring, Siding, and material for Window Casings and Inside Work.

A good supply to select from always in stock. Call on or address.

JAS. J. LANDERS, TIONESTA, PA.

Dress Footwear.

We're now upon the threshold of the social season, with balls, parties, receptions and entertainments of all sorts. Every society man and woman will want handsome and correct dress footwear.

For Women

We've choice dress shoes, fancy evening slippers and ties. Many dainty bow and strap and pump effects—in white, dull and patent leathers.

For Men

We've a fine line of dress shoes, button or lace, gun metal, colt or patent calf—in all sizes and numerous styles

JOE LEVI,

Cor. Center, Seneca and Sycamore Streets,
OIL CITY, PA.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington, D. C.

EVADES WIFE AND NURSE.

Jumps From Window, Runs Onto Railroad Track and Is Killed by Train.

Pittsburg, Jan. 7.—Evading his wife and the nurse who had been employed to attend him, G. W. Groom leaped 15 feet from the second story of his home in Quaker Valley, near Sewickley and ran onto the Fort Wayne railroad tracks in front of a freight train. He was instantly killed.

Groom, at the time of his death, was suffering from nervous prostration. He was 35 years of age and had been employed by the Ritter-Conley Manufacturing company at that concern's Pittsburg office.

About a week ago Groom was stricken with nervous prostration and his mind became temporarily unbalanced. Last Friday midnight he evaded his wife and nurse and, clad only in his night clothes, left the house. He was found later in Sewickley, suffering intensely from exposure. Owing to this incident a closer watch was kept on the patient. Sunday morning he was sleeping soundly with his wife and the nurse in the room.

Awakening with a start, Groom sprang out of bed and rushed toward a window. Mrs. Groom and the nurse attempted to stop him, but he fought like a maniac.

While the two women hung onto him, the frenzied man, who was of powerful build, cast both of them aside and, unlocking the catch of the window, sprang to the ground.

The house is not far from the railroad tracks and Groom, heading in this direction, went onto the tracks just as a freight train came along. He was struck and instantly killed.

Mrs. Groom and the nurse, who had taken up the pursuit, appeared just too late to witness the accident. They found the body, still warm, however, and had it taken home.

Groom was born in Franklin, O., and had lived in the Sewickley Valley for ten years. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and was well known socially. Besides his widow he leaves a young daughter. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey Groom, live in Franklin, O., as do two sisters.

Child Drowned and Another Poisoned.

Binghamton, Jan. 7.—John Kaich, four years old, while playing on the ice on a small pond in this city, broke through and was drowned. About the same time Fern Dunbar, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Dunbar, living a short distance from the Kaich home, obtained some strychnine pills and swallowed several of them supposing that they were candy. She died during the afternoon.

Bend in Pipe Threatens Death.

Ely, Nev., Jan. 7.—Late yesterday the six-inch water pipe through which air is fanned to the embowed miners became bent by the pressure of rock and earth at the 600-foot level and no air could be sent to them. Rescuers by redoubled efforts reached the break in a few hours and repaired the pipe.

MARKET REPORT.

New York Provision Market.

WHEAT—No. 2 red, \$1.08 1/2 f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 northern Duluth, \$1.24 1/2. CORN—No. 2 corn, 65 1/2 c f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 white, 63 1/2 c. OATS—Mixed oats, 26 to 32 lbs. 54c; clipped white, 32 to 40 lbs. 56 1/2 c. PORK—Mess, \$14.50@15.25; family, \$17.50@18.00. HAY—Good to choice, \$1.00@1.05. CHEESE—State full cream, fancy, 15 1/2 c. BUTTER—Creamery specials, 30c; extras, 29 1/2 c; western factory, 15 1/2 c; state dairy, 19c. EGGS—State and Pennsylvania, 36@38c. POTATOES—State and Western, \$1.75@2.10 per sack; Maine, \$1.75@2.15.

Buffalo Provision Market.

WHEAT—No. 1 northern carload, \$1.18; No. 2 red, \$1.05. CORN—No. 2 yellow, 64c; No. 3 yellow, 62 1/2 c. OATS—No. 2 white, 55c f. o. b. afloat; No. 3 white, 52 1/2 c@53 1/2 c. FLOUR—Fancy blended patent, per bbl., \$6.20@7.00; winter family, patent, \$5.65@6.45. BUTTER—Creamery, prints, fancy, 30 1/2 c@31c; state and Penn. creamery, 29 1/2 c@29 1/2 c; dairy, choice to fancy, 26@27c. CHEESE—Fancy full cream, 16c; good to choice, new, 14@15c. EGGS—Selected white, 32@34c. POTATOES—Home grown, fancy, per bu., 70c; fair to good, 65@68c.

East Buffalo Live Stock Market.

CATTLE—Choice export steers, \$5.40@5.75; good to choice butcher steers, \$4.25@5.25; choice to extra fat cows, \$4.35@4.50; fair to good heifers, \$4.00@4.40; choice heifers, \$4.50@5.00; bulls, common to good, \$3.00@3.75; choice veals, \$9.25@9.75; fair to good, \$9.00@9.25. SHEEP AND LAMBS—Choice spring lambs, \$7.65@7.75; choice yearlings, \$5.75@6.50; mixed sheep, \$4.25@5.00. HOGS—Light Yorkers, \$4.70@4.80; medium and heavy hogs, \$4.70@4.80; pigs, \$4.70@4.80.

The Invention of Spinning.

The invention of the art of spinning was ascribed by the ancients to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. The date 1500 B. C. is given as that of the beginning of the art in Greece, under the direction of the king of Arcadia, but pictured inscriptions on Egyptian monuments show that the use of the spindle and distaff was known in that country much earlier. The first distaff was simply a stick, around which the fiber to be spun was loosely coiled, held in the left hand; the spindle was a sort of top set in motion by a twist of the hand, the fiber passing between the finger and thumb of the right hand. This invention was improved upon in the course of time by placing the spindle in a frame and making it revolve by mechanical action of the hand or foot in connection with a wheel or treadle, thus giving the true spinning wheel. The first recorded use of this in the early years of the sixteenth century, but it was probably made and used long before this. The first spinning jenny, a machine working eight spindles, was invented in 1767.

A Mistake.

Not one of us, even the most good natured, likes to have his mistakes pointed out. We may appear not to mind corrections and accept them with a smile, but it is human nature to smart under correction, although some of us may be clever enough to conceal the smart; hence the fewer mistakes we call attention to in others the better. Two-thirds of the mistakes we make are trivial. Their correction is unimportant. Why, then, notice them? Yet some people do, and do so constantly. A person speaks of having done a certain thing on Thursday, when in reality it was done on Wednesday. If no important point is involved, why call attention to the mistake? What good does it do to have the exact day set right? It is a matter of no importance, so why insist upon correcting the trivial error? Starch friendships have often been pricked by this needless of useless correction. It is a great art, this art of learning to allow others to be mistaken when the mistake is unimportant. Few learn it, but those who do are among the most comfortable friends one can have.

Arbiters of Hairdressing.

"I want to learn the latest thing in hairdressing," said the visitor as soon as she landed in New York. "Take me to a hairdresser's establishment, so I can look things over."

"No, indeed," said her New York friend. "We will go there after you know what you wish to buy, but the place to learn how to dress your hair is in the dry goods shops. All you have to do is to study the salesgirls' hair. It is always done in the latest mode, and they all do it alike, so you cannot mistake. Sometimes it is badly exaggerated, but, of course, you don't have to copy that."

"I didn't know the shopgirls were your arbiters of fashion in New York."

"Not in all respects, but, you see, hairdressing doesn't cost anything. To have the latest styles in clothes or jewelry is expensive, but one can be a very howling swell in the matter of hair without its costing a cent. Besides, they are usually restricted in the matter of gowns to plain black or possibly white blouses, so they take it all out in doing their hair."—New York Press.

What It Costs to Feel and Think.

Every throeb of pleasure costs something to the physical system, and two throbs cost twice as much as one. If we cannot fix a precise equivalent it is not because the relation is not definite, but from the difficulties of reducing degrees of pleasure to a recognized standard. Of this, however, there can be no reasonable doubt—namely, that a large amount of pleasure supposes a correspondingly large expenditure of blood and nerve tissue, to the stunting, perhaps, of the active energies and the intellectual processes. It is a matter of practical moment to ascertain what pleasures cost least, for there are thrifty and unthrifty modes of spending our brain and heart's blood. One of the safest of delights, if not very acute, is the delight of abounding physical vigor, for, from the very supposition, the supply to the brain is not such as to interfere with the general interests of the system.—Alexander Bain.

Nothing Doing.

A playwright discussed at a dinner in New York the art of acting. "I believe," said he, "in subtlety and restraint. A nod, a shake of the head, a silent pause—these things are often more effective than the most violent yelling and ranting."

"Life is like that, subtle and silent. What, for instance, could be more expressive than this scene, a scene without a spoken word, that I once witnessed in the country?"

"An undertaker stood on a corner near a noble mansion. He elevated his brows hopefully and inquiringly as a physician came from the house. The physician, compressing his lips, shook his head decidedly and hurried to his carriage. Then the undertaker, with a sigh, passed on."

Mary Knew All About It.

Little Mary's father had been teaching her to walk properly. "Walk slowly and turn out your toes," he admonished her.

While she was undergoing this teaching she attended Sunday school one day. The golden text was, "Teach me to walk humbly." After reciting it several times the teacher asked: "Who knows what that means?" "I do," replied little Mary. "Walk slowly and turn out your toes."

His Poetic Imagination.

"Doesn't the delay at the telephone annoy you?"

"No," said the slow spoken person. "I kind of like silence and solitude, and I never feel more alone than I do with the receiver at my ear and no sound save that of a low sad voice now and then in the dark distance that sighs, 'Waiting.'"—Washington Star.

Not Guilty.

Employer (to his clerk)—Is it true that when the clock strikes 6 you put down your pen and go, even if you are in the middle of a word? Clerk—Certainly not, sir. If it gets so near 6 that I never begin the word at all.—Rire.

The Flax Expert.

Parvenue (going over his estate with his steward)—The flax is very short this year. Seems to me they will only be able to make children's shirts with it.—Fleegende Blatter.

Laziness is the deadliest of all diseases, for the disease itself prevents one from taking the remedy.

Just Possible.

"I waited fifteen minutes on the corner for a car this morning," said the landlady as she poured the tea, "and when one finally came along the motorman wouldn't stop for me."

"Had he ever boarded here?" asked the man at the pedal extremity of the mahogany.

"Not that I know of," replied the landlady. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh," rejoined the other as he continued to saw away at his steak, "I thought perhaps he recognized you and didn't want you to board his car."—Chicago Daily News.

It Would Improve It.

A clergyman speaking on charity held that charity which was not graceful and clean was bound to fail, bringing to the donor scorn instead of gratitude.

"Thus," he once said in a Sunday school address, "a rich landlord while making the round of his tenants' cottages collecting rents met a little girl whose beauty much impressed him."

"In the shabby front room of the cottage the landlord talked for awhile with the little girl, and as he rose to go an unvoiced feeling of kindness warmed his heart."

"Let me see," he said, fishing in his pockets—"let me see if I haven't something to give to this dear little girl."

"And, smiling and chuckling, he went through his pocket after pocket. Finally in his hip pocket he found a peppermint drop, a white peppermint drop. He dusted the buff and lint from it and extended it gayly to the little girl."

"Here we are," he cried. "I thought we had something. Here is a nice peppermint drop for you. And now," he ended, "what will you do with it?"

"Wash it," said the little girl gravely."

Beginnings of Baseball.

The history of the American game dates from the first National Association of Baseball in New York in 1858. The first series of important matches was played between picked nines of Brooklyn and New York, at Flatbush, in the same year. Nearly 2,000 persons—a large crowd for those days—paid their 50 cents a head to see the contest. The rules of baseball were very crude in those days. The pitcher's position was simply limited to a twelve foot line forty-five feet from the home base, behind which he could take any number of slips he wished. All he was required to do was to pitch the ball as near as possible over the home base. There was no penalty for wild pitching or for refusing to strike at fair balls. One saw a pitcher deliver sixty balls to a single batsman in one inning before there was a strike. Not until 1870 were there any paraphernalia for defense. Old time catchers' hands were a sight with their cracked joints and bruised palms.—Harry Chadwick in Outing.

French Bulls.

The number of phrases of the class called "bulls" to be found in polite works are not all the product of the Irish brain.

A novel that was crowned by the French academy as possessed of unusual merit contained a sentence of which the following is a translation:

"It was midnight. A man who lay in ambush listened to their conversation, but suddenly a dense, dark cloud passed in front of the moon and prevented him from hearing more."

Another phrase, written in downright seriousness by a master of French criticism, runs something like this:

"It was one of those duels in which one of the blades literally buries itself in the heart of the other."—Minneapolis Journal.

Their Little Surprise.

They were elopers, and the stern parent was supposed to be in pursuit. But he wasn't. On the contrary, a telegram awaited them at the next town. "Is it forgiveness?" asked the agitated youth as he handed it to the angelic one. She read it through and burst into tears. Then the startled youth took it and read it aloud. "Your mother and I offer congratulations. Your hasty action meets with our approval. We can now carry out a plan that we have long contemplated and that was delayed only because we had you with us. In other words, we are about to break up housekeeping and go into a flat!"—Argonaut.

Helpless!

A city man had a friend in from a north county farm on a business matter the other day, and they lunched together at a restaurant. The cork man ate his meal entirely with his knife. When he was near the end he discovered that he had no fork.

"Look here," he said to the city man, "that waiter didn't give me a fork."

"Well, you don't need one," replied the city man seriously.

"The deuce I don't!" came from the farmer. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"—London Opinion.

A Graceful Withdrawal.

"Do you know who that old man is talking to our hostess?" asked Mrs. Blunderer of the lady sitting beside her.

"That," answered the woman coldly, "is my son."

"Oh," gasped Mrs. Blunderer in confusion, "he's a good deal older than you are, is he not?"—Lippincott's.

Concentration.

The Servant—Professor, there is a thief in the dining room! The Astronomer (deep in calculation)—Tell him I'm too busy to see him!—Translated From Transatlantic Tales From Il Motto per Ridere.

Not Improbable.

"I understand in France a fine is imposed when a train is late."

"Do you believe they fine the train?"

"As to that I can't say. I know they always dock the boats."—St. Louis Republic.

Why He Was Happy.

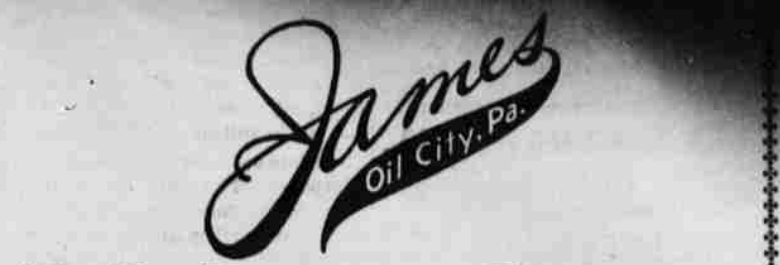
Briggs—Hudson seems to be happy. Griggs—Yes; he has little money, but he possesses a philosophical temperament and simple tastes. Briggs—I see. He is independently poor.—Judge.

It is not your duty to live that you will be satisfied with yourself, but to live that your wife will be satisfied with you.—Houston Post.

Jos. H. Ravey, PRACTICAL BOILER MAKER.

Repairs Boilers, Stills, Tanks, Agitators. Buys and Sells Second-hand Boilers, Etc.

Wire or letter orders promptly attended to. End of Suspension Bridge, Third ward, OIL CITY, PA.



Muslin Underwear Exposition. Display and Sale to Last One Week.

A display particularly attractive by reason of the exquisite beauty of the undermuslins shown and the exceedingly moderate prices that rule. No slightest indication of the very radical advances in price of all materials that go into ladies' lingerie.

These undermuslin exhibitions are so small affairs here. All the center aisle tables set aside for exclusive display of undermuslins. All side display racks cleared of other merchandise and used entirely for lingerie display.

Aside from the beauty of the display, which we feel sure you will greatly appreciate and admire, the one particular element which we know will appeal to you are the prices. Knowing that prices, after all, determine the success of these annual undermuslin sales, we have provided a lot of special merchandise—merchandise that you will easily recognize the exceptional value of. If wide assortment, beauty of design and extremely moderate cost appeal to you, don't miss this sale. All have been carefully arranged and grouped according to price, each separate lot ticketed.

WILLIAM B. JAMES, - OIL CITY, PA.

Babes as Bait.

"Got do ye think," said the sailor, "of us live babies for bait? We done it in Ceylon."

"Babies for bait? Fishing for shark?"

"No, Crocodile. Baby bait is the only thing for crocodile, and everybody uses it. Ye want a baby down there for half a dollar a day, of course," the sailor went on, "the thing ain't as cruel as it sounds. No harm ever comes to the babies, or else, of course, their mothers wouldn't rent 'em. The kid is simply sold on the soft mud bank of a crocodile stream and the hunter lays hid near him, a sore perfection. The crocodile is lazy. He basks in the sun in midstream. Nothin' will draw him in to show where ye can put him. But set a little fat naked baby on the bank and the crocodile soon rouses up. In he comes, a greedy look in his dull eyes, and then ye open fire. I have got as many as four crocodiles with one baby in a morning's fishin'. Some 't'ingolose women wot lives near good crocodile streams make as much as \$2 a week regular out o' rentin' their babies for crocodile bait."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Has a Job Waiting.

"I hear you're getting to be a real sport," a veteran in that line remarked to a youthful acquaintance of the conservative sort recently married.

The young man repudiated any such intention.

"Just placed the little bet among the boys in office, you know," he added. "But in \$1.50 and won \$40 in a triding pool."

"Well, that's a good beginning, anyhow," said the veteran. "You'll grow up after awhile. What did you do with the \$40—put it on the races or open wine?"

"Bought a ton of coal and a set of false teeth for my wife," was the reply.

When the veteran revived his young friend had disappeared.

"Gee," he soliloquized, "that's a new one in sport! If I win tomorrow guess I'll buy my mother-in-law a new cork leg and some darning cotton."—New York Globe.

Given Her Choice.

Little Harry's experience with death was limited to the decease of a pet canary which had been sent to a taxidermist and now adorned the parlor mantel.

His grandmother, of whom he was very fond, was taken suddenly ill. For some time after he learned of her condition he sat in a brown study. Then, as if coming to a sudden resolution, he tiptoed into the sickroom and, cautiously approaching the bed, fixed his serious big brown eyes upon his dear relative and said, with a little quiver in his voice:

"Say, grandma, if you die, which would you rather be—buried or stuffed? 'Cause if you're buried we can't see you no more, but if you're stuffed we can set you in the parlor."

Grandma immediately began to mend.—London Scraps.

Matter of Fact.

A visitor from London found in a cafe at Rotterdam a Dutchman who had been about a bit and who spoke English perfectly well.

This Dutchman was smoking a china pipe of remarkable size and beauty, and the Londoner, an admirer and collector of such bric-a-brac, took the liberty to comment upon it.

"You could not stumple upon a pipe like that every day," said the Englishman.

The Dutchman took three or four whiffs at the pipe and then slowly removed it from his mouth.