

The Smart and Silberberg Co

January Clean Up Sale.

Our Greatest Price Reducing Event
--Your Best Economizing Time
--Sale Began January 11th.

Our January Clean Up Sale is an event of vital, dynamic money saving opportunities—its scope is boundless. Nearly everything in the store is sacrificed to force a decisive clean up.

Profits are unthought of—unexpected. Cost prices prevail but even most prices are relentlessly undersold—where stocks are especially heavy.

Clean up simply means that everything has got to go—that decks must be cleared for our Spring campaign. Clean up is opportunity and opportunity is knocking at your door, and tremendous savings await your welcome.

We never carry goods over a season. It's store policy—one of the unbreakable rules of our business. We dispose of our goods while they are new and seasonable. We stop at no sacrifice to effect absolute clearance of one season's goods before embarking on a new season's campaign. No eight months rest in moth balls for our merchandise.

This year we meet the clean up period with immense stocks of Winter goods. This stock must be moved, cleaned up, sold completely and quickly. Because stocks are especially big, prices have been made remarkably small. But this fact will convince you—when you come.

Let your first visit be an early one—let later visits be frequent.

See handbills for particulars, prices, etc.

The Smart & Silberberg Co.
OIL CITY, PA.

Oil City Trust Company,
Oil City, Pa.

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

1909.

We presume you have resolved to save some money during the coming year. Where are you going to deposit it? Remember we give the same attention and courtesy to your account, whether it be for \$1 or \$10,000. The bank that pays

Four Per Cent.

Assets, \$2,940,000.00.

GAINED 55 POUNDS.

Charles L. Schultz of Dunkirk Tells How He Regained His Health.

When, six months ago, I began using Thompson's Barosma, I had made up my mind to sell out and go out of business, but a friend of mine asked me if I had taken Barosma. I had not, but was willing to try most anything so I began using it as directed. I was very pale and weak, I continued using it as directed and today I weigh 55 pounds more than when I commenced using Barosma. I was a skeleton compared with what I am now and shall remain in business. When I would get up in the morning I would feel

dull and sleepy and not rested, felt like going back to bed again.

CHAS. L. SCHULTZ.

I know Charles L. Schultz; he is a man of truth, having worked as drayman in Dunkirk for years.

C. J. WIRTNER, Mayor.

P. S.—The above was written five years ago, and my health has been all that a man could desire ever since, and my weight is 285 pounds. CHAS. L. SCHULTZ. October 30, 1908.

Immediate relief from backache, pain in the side, groin or hips is experienced by taking a few doses of Thompson's Barosma, Kidney and Liver Cure. A continuation of its use will make a positive cure. Thompson's Barosma does not contain opiates and a large reward is offered for any injurious drug found in its composition. It is purely vegetable and a remedy adapted to all ages. Thompson's Barosma has positively made wonderful cures in Bright's disease, sciatic rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder diseases, lumbago, palpitation of the heart and nervousness. Thompson's Barosma is pleasant to take. All druggists, 50c and \$1.00.

THOMPSON MEDICAL COMPANY,
Manufacturing Laboratory,
8 and 10 Diamond Street, Titusville, Pa.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

STEVENS

Generations of live, wide-awake American boys have obtained the right kind of FIREARM EDUCATION by being equipped with the unerring, time-honored STEVENS

All progressive Hardware and Sporting Goods Merchants handle STEVENS. If you cannot obtain, we will ship direct, express prepaid upon receipt of Catalog Price.

Send 5 cents in stamps for 100 Page Illustrated Catalog. Replete with STEVENS' and general firearm information. Striking cover in colors.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO. P. O. Box 4699 Chicopee Falls, Mass.

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A thin, pale oil. High real viscosity—no fictitious body. Retains its lubricating powers at high temperatures. Best oil for either air or water-cooled cars.
"Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit."
Ask your dealer—a trial will convince.
WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO., PITTSBURG, PA.
Independent Oil Refiners.
SPECIAL AUTO OIL

WITH BETTY'S ASSISTANCE.

By Jane Bracken.

Billy Manning entered his club with an air of satisfaction at being once more within familiar walls. Two years of hard hunting in Africa makes a man appreciate more keenly the comforts of civilization. Billy found a goodly amount of mail awaiting him and turned to it with interest.

"Hello!" he ejaculated as he opened the first letter on the pile. "Betty has timed my arrival to a nicety. Wants me to dine with them tonight at 6. Six! Now, that's uncommonly early; unless they're taking in the play afterward. Perhaps that's it."

His other letters remained unopened and he fell to thinking of Betty. Her note was characteristic of her; breezy and cheerful, just as she was herself. He remembered that she had always seemed rather fond of him, in the old days, and now that the other affair was forgotten—Somehow, though, he couldn't imagine Betty as ever being entirely over come by the divine passions she was too matter-of-fact; too light hearted, too; he knew that, and on the whole—Yes, he decided finally, he thought he would accept the invitation.

At the stroke of 6, armed with a bunch of American Beauties, he ran the bell and was ushered into the reception room. Betty did not keep him waiting long; she came in almost immediately and greeted him warmly.

"Welcome home, stranger," she laughed, seating herself on a divan and making room for him beside her. "You're looking well, Billy," she continued, throwing back her head and eyeing him critically; "decidedly well, considering the broken heart you carried away with you. I remember you declared to me that the sun would never look bright to you again."

Billy smiled. "Africa has done wonders," he replied. "Once more I am heart-whole and fancy-free. That is," he added, sighing, "I was until I saw you come into the room. Now—" he sighed again and spread out his hands in a gesture of hopefulness, "it's all up with me."

"You do that very nicely, Billy," she said. "If I didn't know you as well as I do, I should be deceived into thinking you had really forgotten Ethel."

Billy was staring thoughtfully into the fire that glowed in the grate. "How is—" he was obliged to stop and clear his throat. "How is Mrs. Denby, now?"

Betty fairly bounced around upon the divan and faced him squarely. "Mrs. Denby!" she almost screamed. "Billy Manning, do you mean to tell me that you have stagnated in that detestable Africa, not knowing that Ethel Dudley never became Mrs. Denby, nor Mrs. anybody else? No; she's still Ethel Dudley."

"But—but—she told me herself," stammered Billy, "that she was going to marry Denby, she begged to be released from her engagement with me."

"Bah! Billy Manning," said Betty contemptuously, "you see that the poor girl was driven to it by her mother."

"This takes me back a little, Betty," he said, his voice hoarse and unsteady. "I—I—had no idea of such a thing."

"Poor boy," whispered Betty compassionately, "poor boy. But perhaps I can suggest a cure. Suppose I should tell you that Ethel is as inconsolable as you are?"

"Don't hold out a false hope to me, Betty."

"No, not a false one," said Betty earnestly; "not a false one, Billy. When you went away, Ethel asserted herself and refused to marry Rufus Denby. I've been in her confidence all the time and I know she has suffered terribly. She talks incessantly of you, and sometimes," she sighed wearily, "I almost grow tired of listening. She doesn't know you are back; I planned a little surprise for her. Now, Billy, listen. She's here, in this house; in the library. I left her there with instructions to wait until I returned. You go to her instead. Take her right in your arms, Billy, and have it over with quickly. Here, take your roses—"

"But I bought them for you," interrupted Billy.

"For me! Nonsense, Billy Manning. Roses for me at \$1 apiece. You're joking. But, wait; I'll take one, if you please, as a reward for my good offices."

Billy detached a rose and handed it to her.

"Thank you, Billy," she said carelessly. "Now run along; you have an hour and a half. Dinner is at 8. Go! Go!" and she pushed him to ward the door, almost hysterical in her eagerness.

"I wonder," she mused and a look of wistfulness crept into her eyes. "Billy seemed really glad to see me—and he brought the roses for me—I wonder—"

A mist rose up and blotted out the objects around her. She groped her way to the staircase and mounted to her own room. Once inside she locked the door and pressed Billy's rose to her heart.

"Oh, my love, my love," she murmured, her lips grown suddenly white with pain. "Oh, if it only could have been!"

Sobbing, she threw herself face downward on the bed.

A Change.

"It used to be the height of my ambition to own a motor car," said the worried looking man.

"And what is the height of your ambition now?" asked his friend.

"To sell it."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ample Cause.

"What on earth possessed you to become engaged to Herbert?" a young lady asked her friend. "You don't love him at all?"

"I know," was the candid reply, "but that horrid Jones girl does!"

UNCLE JACOB'S WILL

By E. W. Gerritson.

The fire in the wide, old-fashioned fireplace leaped and glowed and cast fantastic shadows on the ceiling of the grimly furnished library. The man in the massive rocker leaned slightly forward, his chin in his hand, deep in thought. Now and then he smiled compassionately as ominous noises from the rooms above indicated that the searchers were still persistent. For him the search was ended; the will reposed safely in the breast pocket of his coat.

Somehow his cousins, the searchers, imagined that the old uncle had bequeathed his all to their branch of the family, in which case the shares would be much more substantial than if he had died intestate, thus benefiting that despised other branch, the children of the dead man's sister. The young man in meditation before the fire was a member of that "other branch."

How they would rave, those precious cousins of his, when they learned that he, Richard Blake, was sole heir and legatee. Well, it would serve them right; they were too grasping. And yet, were they not excusable? They all had large families and seemed very much in need. He remembered that Cousin John's wife had on very shabby gloves, and her gown was much worn and faded.

Then he fell to thinking of himself; of how much he would enjoy the old place; of how he would enjoy taking up the life of country squire where Uncle Jacob had laid it down. And Amy would help him to enjoy it. Amy, with her soft, dark eyes and gentle manner, would make an ideal wife for a squire. And those others would go on needing, more and more, probably as the years rolled on. Amy would always feel sorry for that; he knew she would. Oh, if Uncle Jacob only had died intestate—if—only—had! He sat upright in his chair with a start; the thought was as sudden as it was quiet.

"Love!" he whispered, "why not?" With an equal share of the estate and his own earnings as a successful architect, he need not fear for Amy and himself. They would have enough; oh, quite enough. The lawyer who drew up the will was dead; the witnesses were scattered and would probably never know.

"Why not?" he whispered again. He cast a hurried look about the room, then drew the will from his pocket. He spread it open and looked once more upon his right, then laid it on the fire. The flame flared up and lit the room with its brilliancy.

The portiere clicked and the man turned to meet Amy's wondering eyes. Their glance wandered from his face to the paper on the fire. "Last Will and Testament," stared at her in big bold script. Like a stricken thing she turned and faced the man.

"You have burned your uncle's will!" she exclaimed, breathlessly.

The man nodded his head.

There was a moment of impressive silence, then the girl spoke again. There was no anger in her voice, only a deep, heart-wrung sorrow.

"Oh, I am grieved, grieved!" she moaned. "I had thought you so far above such greed. Think! Think! Richard, what you have done; robbed your cousins of their right! Can't you speak?" she implored. "Can't you say something in exoneration of your action?"

A stubborn anger awoke within the man. If Amy chose to think the worst of him—well, let it be so.

"I have nothing to say," he replied doggedly.

"Nothing to say!" she could not stifle the scorn that crept into her voice.

"Nothing," he repeated. "And I suppose—I suppose—I need not hope—"

"No," she said wearily, "you need not hope—after that."

He bowed and left the room. The girl controlled her feelings until she heard the front door close, then kneeling by the chair, where the man had sat, she sobbed out her grief.

Presently she raised her head and looked again at the evidence of her lover's crime. A part of the document had been detached by the draught of the fire and lay at the edge of the grate, the heavy parchment still glowing like a coal, the writing vividly distinct. She looked at it indifferently at first, then leaned forward eagerly. "And, because he has never harassed me, nor sought to advise or influence me in any way I do hereby bequeath all my property to my beloved nephew, Richard Blake," she read, ere the ember shriveled.

"Oh, my afraid—" she wailed, then rushed to the front door and threw it open.

"Richard! Richard!" she called, and an owl in the dead pine by the barn answered.

"Richard!" she called again, and out from the shadows came Richard and folded her in his arms.

"You know, Amy, you know!" he whispered.

"Yes," she answered, looking up at him, her face radiant. "I read it in the fire."

The man laughed happily.

"Do you know," he confessed, "I couldn't bear your scorn. I was coming back to tell you—just you. The others need never know."

Fever Sores.

Fever sores and old chronic sores should not be heated entirely, but should be kept in healthy condition. This can be done by applying Chamberlain's Salve. This salve has no superior for this purpose. It is also most excellent for chapped hands, sore nipples, burns and diseases of the skin. For sale by Dunn & Fulton.

Spider Cures.
In China spiders are highly esteemed in the treatment of croup. You get from an old wall the webs of seven black spiders—two of which must have the owners sitting in the middle—and pound them up in a mortar with a little powdered alum. The resulting mixture must then be set on fire, and the ashes, when squirted into the throat of the patient by means of a bamboo tube, are said to effect a certain and immediate cure.

Black spiders are evidently full of medicinal virtue, for they are largely employed in the treatment of ague as well. In Somersetshire, if one is afflicted with the unpleasant ailment, the way to get well is to shut up a large black spider in a box and leave it there till it dies. At the moment of its demise the ague should disappear. In Sussex the treatment is more heroic; the patient must swallow the spider.

Perhaps, after all, this remedy may not be so disagreeable as it appears for a German lady who was in the habit of picking out spiders from their webs as she walked through the woods and eating them after first depriving them of their legs declared that they were very nice indeed and tasted like nuts.—London Chronicle.

Asked Too Much.

In R. F. Johnson's book, "From Peking to Mandalay," the author tells the story of a poor Chinese scholar noted for his piety, who heard the voice of an invisible being who spoke to him thus: "Your piety has found favor in the sight of heaven. Ask now for what you most long to possess, for I am the messenger of the gods, and they have sworn to grant your heart's desire." "I ask," said the poor scholar, "for the coarsest clothes and food, just enough for my daily wants, and I beg that I may have freedom to wander at my will over mountain and fell and woodland stream, free from all worldly cares, till my life's end. That is all I ask." Hardly had he spoken than the sky seemed to be filled with the laughter of myriads of unearthly voices. "All you ask," cried the messenger of the gods, "know you not that what you demanded is the highest happiness of the beings that dwell in heaven? Ask for wealth or rank or what earthly happiness you will, but not for you are the holiest joys of the gods."

The Ungrateful Cuckoo.

To hear the cuckoo's cheery note you might think he had the clearest conscience in the world. He can have neither memory nor moral sense or he would not carry it off so gaily. We say nothing of the "raptores," who are a race apart, but the most disreputable of birds, as a rule, are guilty of nothing worse than peccadillos. The jack-daw will steal for the mere fun of the thing, for he can make no possible use of plate or jewelry, and sometimes under temptation may make a snatch at a pheasant chick. Sparrows are, of course, notorious thieves, but they rank no higher in crime than the sneaking pickpockets. But the cuckoo, so to speak, is a murderer from his cradle. He violates the sanctity of a hospitable hearth. His first victims are his own foster brothers, and before he tries his wings on the first flight he is imbued in fraternal blood, like any Amurath or Bazalet.—London Saturday Review.



Stop Look Listen

Stop spending all your earnings, leaving nothing for reserve.

Look at the satisfaction which comes from the knowledge that you have money in the bank. Listen to our invitation to start a savings account with just one dollar.

We Pay 4%

Capital and Surplus \$680,000.00
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PINEULES for the Kidneys
30 DAYS' TRIAL FOR \$1.00.

James
OIL CITY, PA.

Embroidery Sale.

We'll not say a great deal about this sale; prefer, rather, to let you judge of its merits by the character of the merchandise and the prices.

It's to be a big sale—upward of 4,000 yards of Embroidery, Edges and Flouncings.

The quality is exceptionally fine and the work is far superior to any we have ever sold at the prices. The lots are especially prepared "on the other side" and the fact that last season was the very worst embroidery season in a quarter of a century had a great deal to do with the prices on these lots offered now. We submit the facts for your consideration.

3,000 yards Swiss and Cambric Edges, Insertions and Flouncings. Values 12½c, 15c, 18c, 20c, 25c, 35c and 40c. Sales prices 8c, 10c, 12½c and 15c. Edges 4 inch to 21-inch including Allovers and Corset Cover Embroidery.

1,000 yards 27-inch Swiss Flouncings. Value 75c, 85c, \$1 and \$1.25 yard. Sale price 50c yard.

WILLIAM B. JAMES, OIL CITY, PA.



COLUMBIA DOUBLE-DISC RECORDS

A different selection on each side

They fit any machine

That tells the whole story except that at 65 cents for the Columbia Double-Disc you get a better record, on each side, than you ever bought before at \$1.20 for the same two selections. Get a catalog!

BOVARD'S PHARMACY
TIONESTA, PA.

Bargain Sales in Japan.

Even in pacted Japan they have bargain sales, but they conduct them on very different principles from the scrimmages we have over here. An amusing American woman has embodied her experiences of traveling alone in Japan in a most entertaining volume just published, whence may be gathered a description of a sale at the greatest trading house in Japan.

The goods are not hung about. They are shown to advantage in locked cases, and the heads of departments keep the keys. Remnants, however, are laid on mats, and, though there is keen anxiety to secure bargains, perfect order and quiet prevail.

Babies toddle about quite comfortably, others sleep on their mothers' backs. However orderly and quiet though the Japanese bargain sale may be, it is not free from the shoplifter, and it is interesting to hear that the detective is as necessary in the flowery land as in England. The kimono sleeve is a useful receptacle for unconsidered trifles.—London Ladies' Pictorial.

Expected Some Cussing.

A West Philadelphia husband had just comfortably seated himself for his after dinner cigar the other evening when his good wife arose and took the parrot from the room. This done she picked up a couple of envelopes and approached the old man, all of which occasioned that gent considerable surprise.

"Mary," said he, "what in the world did you take that parrot out of the room for?"

"I was afraid that you might see him a bad example," answered wife. "What do you mean?" demanded the wondering husband.

"I mean," answered wife, handing father the envelope, "that I have just received my dressmaking and millinery bills."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Dress Footwear

We are showing all the new creations in Fall Dress Footwear. Many choice models not to be found in every shoe store or in any other shoe store hereabouts.

FOR MEN.

Patent Button and Lace Dress Shoes, with dull kid or cloth top—on handsome lasts.

Patent Kid Oxford Ties—the new Dress Pump, with ribbon tie on vamp—a swell creation. \$4, \$5 and \$6

FOR WOMEN.

Hands-me Patent Kid Dress Oxfords and Ribbon Ties, dainty Slippers in patent kid and glaze kid—blue, pink, white and bronze colors—hand turned soles—Cuban or French heels. \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4

For choice footwear for any particular purpose we're at your service with the best maker's best.

JOE LEVI,

Cor. Center, Seneca and Synamore Streets,

OIL CITY, PA.

WANO Electric Oil.—Guaranteed for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Feet, Pains, &c. At all dealers

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
Cures Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.