

The Smart and Silberberg Co.

Centre Street at Elm, Oil City, Pa.

Rousing Values in This January Clearance Sale.

Two elements must enter into every sale to make it a rousing success—desirable goods of dependable quality and prices decisively less than regular so as to convince you that it is to your advantage to purchase. And these elements are particularly prominent in this sale. The values are absolutely the very greatest of the present season. Do you wonder then that the shrewd buyers have attended in throngs and bought liberally?

The stern necessity of the immediate clearance of our Winter stocks is the sole reason for the reckless disregard for value which rules here now. Clearance must be accomplished in the shortest possible time.

It Will Be Worth a Special Trip

To take advantage of the tiny clearance prices now ruling throughout this store, Worth filling household and appareling needs for months to come, when values are so extraordinary as during this period of price cutting.

And the Trip Won't Cost You a Cent.

On purchases amounting to \$10 or over, we'll pay your car-fare one way—on purchases of \$20 or more we'll stand for the round trip ticket.

You'll Have Nothing to Lose,

And everything to gain, by an early visit to our store.

The Smart and Silberberg Co.

OIL CITY, PA.

There is no Wall Street in France, for Everybody has a SAVINGS ACCOUNT. Every street is a Wall Street.

Four Per Cent. on Your Savings.

Oil City Trust Company

Oil City, Pa.

GRIM STORY OF MISSIONARY

Converted Dyak, Forced by Sweet heart to Hunt Heads, Brought Those of Her Relatives.

The missionary lighted a fresh cigar.

"Yes," he said, "I have seen grim happenings in my time. The grimest, I suppose, occurred among the Dyak head hunters.

"We had converted a young Dyak, and the lad had abandoned head hunting forever. But he met a girl, a beautiful girl, and then—"

The missionary shook his head and sighed.

"The girl listened to his wooing, for he was a handsome lad, but smoked heads to a Dyak maid are what jewels are to a chorus girl, and with a curl of the lip she said:

"You vow you love me, but you bring me no heads to prove it."

"But I am a Christian," he replied.

"When did a Dyak wooer ever go a-wooing without heads?" said she.

"You are not a man; you are a girl!"

The young convert ground his teeth and left her. The next morning early he staggered into her presence with bloodshot eyes. There was a bar on his shoulder.

"You asked for heads," he said.

"Look!"

"And he emptied from the bag onto the floor the heads of her father and her two brothers!"

The missionary smiled sadly.

"That wasn't playing the game," he said. "It's the heads of enemies that the head hunter must bring in, not the heads of one's own brother tribesmen. They shut the young convert in a slatted cage of bamboo to starve to death. He died under his sweet-heart's eye."

CALLED HER HIS ANGEL PIE

Negro Cook Didn't Permit Use of Such Language to Her, Especially Over Phone.

The telephone bell rang yesterday afternoon in a South Side apartment.

The negro woman cook answered it.

"Hello," she said.

"Is that you, cookie?" asked a man's voice at the other end.

"I'm Mr. B.—'s cook, but I ain't no cookie."

"Don't try to fool me, cookie. I know your voice."

"Look heah, what you talkin' about?"

"Now, angel pie, you fooled me once, dear heart, that way, but you can't do it again. You are by little sweet cookie, aren't you?"

"You get away from that telephone. You ahe talkin' like a fool."

With that the receiver was slammed on the hook with all the virtuous indignation of an insulted maiden.

The head of the house was standing near. Turning to him she said still fuming:

"Some man wanted to know of I wuz 'cookie.' An' he called me something like 'angel pie.' I don't let no man call me them names—specially over the telephone."—Kansas City Star.

Primogeniture.

The law of primogeniture sends back its roots to the most ancient times. Away back in the patriarchal ages the first-born son had a superiority over all his brethren, and in the absence of his father was in every important sense the head of the house.

Upon the death of the father he became, by the unwritten law, which could not be questioned, the priest and lord of the family, and naturally to him fell the property as well as the honors of the household. Primogeniture, wherever it is found today, is the lingering remnant of the ancient custom—a custom which common sense and justice pronounce to be as unfair as it is superstitious.

Mere Details.

A writer was describing a forthcoming work of his. He spoke most enthusiastically of the progress he had made on it.

The idea, he said, was clear in his mind—clear as crystal. All the situations were sketched out, everything that was to happen in each chapter decided upon. Why, even the titles of the chapters were written!

Just as he was riding astride the high-water mark of his enthusiasm one of those clammy, literal friends that all men have suddenly remarked:

"I see. You have everything about that novel completed except the writing and the selling of it."

Irreverence.

You know how it is when a man grows fat and the rolls of fat at the back of his neck are sort of piled one above the other, until stopped by the base of his skull. Well, a man with the rear of his neck disposed that way was sitting at the theater one evening in a seat just in front of one who isn't reverent.

The latter contemplated the exuberant layers of flesh surmounting the fat man's collar. Then, pointing to them, he remarked, sotto voce, to the companion beside him:

"Look at the plate of buckwheat cakes!"

Circuitous Retribution.

"Did you help elect that man he cause of his personal popularity?"

"No," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "I had my suspicions of him for a long time and wanted to shove him along to where the nutcrackers could get a good go at him."—Washington Star.

Humps and Mumps.

A hump-backed woman was passing when a little five-year-old, with a pitying look, said: "What's the matter with the lady, mamma? Has she got the mumps in her back?"—Philadelphia Record.

No Soft Winter.

"It's going to be a hard winter," said Mr. Growcher. "I hope so," replied the cheery citizen. "Let it freeze up and stay that way. I have no use for one of these mushy, thawing winters."

He Is Immune.

The curious thing is why the book-worm never seems to attack the middleman.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

KNEW WHEN TO QUIT.

A delegation of three entered the office of the young and rising lawyer, and the spokesman laid a box of cigars on the table and stepped back and said:

"The Quill club, of which you are a member, desires to present its compliments."

"But—I—I—stammered the lawyer.

"You made a speech at the club last night?"

"But, you see—"

"It was a speech on Washington."

"But—but—"

"You arose and said that George Washington was a great man."

"And then I broke down and could say, no more."

"That's why the club presents you these cigars—because you knew enough to break down when you had said enough."

BOARD AND LODGING.



Poet—I lived three weeks on that lost poem of mine.

Artist—Then the editor took it? Poet—Oh, no; but he threw me down six flights of stairs and I was in the hospital three weeks.

Mary's Luck. Mary went to cook school. She thought it simple great. She made her pa a biscuit once—Now he has a paper weight.

They All Do. First Author—Has Scribbler returned from abroad?

Second Author—Yes. While there he was introduced to the Car and had a three minutes' talk with him.

First Author—What is he doing since he got back?

Second Author—He's at work now on a three volume work on 'The Nicholas I Knew.'—Puck.

Not Much of a Dream.

Elsie—I had such a beautiful dream last night. Oh, it was glorious. I dreamt that I was in heaven and that everything there was a thousand times more beautiful than any mortal had ever imagined it to be.

Evelyn—Pshaw! I thought you were going to say you dreamt that you had married a man with a title.

Keep It Dark.

Wife (whose husband, the local mayor, has just been knighted)—Have you heard from the man who offered to trace our pedigree?

Husband—Yes; he has found out more than enough.

Wife—What did you pay him?

Husband—Fifty pounds—to hold his tongue!

Can Handle Bills.

Muggins—Women are gradually usurping the place of men. I heard the other day of a woman bill collector.

Buggins—Well, if a woman is as successful in running down a bill as she is in running one up she should be a wonder.

FEW MILLIONAIRES.



Pete—Say, Larry, how many makes a million? I forget!

Larry—Very few, that I know personally, has.

Worked Both Ways.

A fool man once lost his health while striving to get wealth; Then he straightway lost his wealth while trying to gain health.

Cause for Congratulation.

The Boss—Mr. Stubben, when you came in this morning I detected a trace of liquor about your person.

The Bookkeeper—That's fine, sir! Fine! That shows how much better your cold is, sir.—Puck.

Preparing for the Future.

Friend (of dying magnate).—Then you think the end is near?

Doctor—Yes, he has made out a list of the epigrams, good deeds and stories that he wishes to be attributed to him.—Puck.

Foster Innocent Amusement.

He is an enemy to the young who makes any innocent amusement appear to be sinful. Natural and wholesome impulses may easily be made to appear as temptations to wrongdoing.—Christian Register.

The Duke's Dream.

The duke of Devonshire, who passed away some years ago, once said to a friend: "Yesterday I went to sleep, and I dreamed that I was addressing the house of lords, and when I awoke I found I was addressing the house of lords."—London Telegraph.

"Balled Out."

Every Odd and End Suit or Overcoat for Men, or Near Men, or Coming Men, is hereby sentenced to the humiliating punishment of a further price cut.

So It Is That

<p>T.A.P.</p> <p>Our \$40.00 Suits and Overcoats this week are 24.50.</p> <p>Our 35.00 Suits and Overcoats this week are 21.00.</p> <p>Our 30.00 Suits and Overcoats this week are 17.75.</p> <p>Our 25.00 Suits and Overcoats this week are 14.50.</p> <p>Our 20.00 Suits and Overcoats this week are 12.95.</p> <p>Our 18.00 Suits and Overcoats this week are 10.50.</p> <p>Our 15.00 Suits and Overcoats this week are 8.75.</p>	<p>T.A.P.</p> <p>In spite of these remarkable reductions the alterations are free.</p>
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Oil City, Pa. Oil City, Pa.

MADE SOME GRAVE BLUNDERS

Embezzling Banker Admits He Overlooked Missionary Fund and Property of Orphan Child.

The embezzling banker's friends were congratulating him.

"How in the world did you keep it up so long without being discovered?" they asked, breathlessly.

"My friends," came an anguished voice from the other side of the bars. "I am unworthy of this laudation. I have been guilty of grave tactical blunders. I failed to have myself elected Sunday school superintendent, and I did not show myself at prayer meeting more than once a month. I could have landed a \$700 missionary fund, but heedlessly I allowed it to slip through my fingers and go to another."

"Besides, I might have become the guardian of some poor, dead millionaire's child. I am ill-deserving of your well-meant, but misdirected, praise. My work has been coarse and amateurish, indeed, or I could be free this evening to join you in our tri-weekly poker fest. 'Woe, woe is me!'"

And they left him weeping bitterly. —H. M. Silvers, in The Sunday Magazine.

WARM REBUKE FOR SARCASM

Western Senator Who Made Many Enemies Was Given Good Advice by a Friend.

For many years there served in the United States senate, from the west, a man of brilliant mind and fine qualities, but who was forever estranging himself by reason of his incurably sarcastic manner both of speech and action.

Once an intimate friend wrote the senator urging the appointment of another friend to a minor position in the government. The senator returned a most sarcastic reply, declining to recommend the appointment. It is said that he never forgot the merited rebuke he received from the friend who had suggested the appointment.

"My Dear Senator: I think it would be well for you to reserve your sarcasm for the rapidly increasing number of your enemies, instead of offering it to the decreasing number of your friends, of whom I am one."

Expensive Tree. We do not think much of trees in the United States, and let several million acres of them burn without getting excited, but in England small forests, and even individual trees, are maintained at great expense. If there is not actually an outlay of money, the trees occupy land that could otherwise be profitably employed.

Probably the most noteworthy tree in the world, so far as expensiveness is concerned, is a plane tree which grows in Wood street, in the city of London. This tree occupies a lot which would bring in ground-rent to the amount of \$12,000 per annum. It says much for the nature-loving qualities, and, incidentally, for the fortune, of the owner of that lot that the ancient tree flourishes safely year after year.

Respect Due to Rank. Alice Wenham is a cliff dweller and, as such, accustomed to the whereabouts of the lordly janitor by whose kind permission her people live and have their being.

Right across the street they are building another apartment, an activity which greatly interests the young lady. She spends many hours in the contemplation of the job. The excavation filled her with breathless interest. The foundation proved even more exciting. And now, that the building is in a fair state of progress, she is quite beside herself.

And she wants to know you know. "Mother," she asked when the bricklayers began on the ground floor work, "they've built the janitor's house first. Isn't that funny?"—Cleveland Leader.

In Modern Politics. "I don't see anything that man has ever done that warrants his official importance," said the man who finds fault. "No," said Senator Sorghum. "Some of us get on not by what we have done, but by what we are willing to promise not to do."

Heading Him Off. "Our rooms are \$3 a day including meals. I should like to call your attention to the fact that the laws of this state provide a severe penalty for attempted suicide."

"But, good heavens! man, I have no desire to commit suicide."

"But you may when you have been here for a while."

Dear Lost Days. "You used to say," she complained, "that you counted that day lost when you did not hear the sound of my voice."

"Yes, I know," he replied, "and I shall never cease to long for those dear lost days."

Educational Advancement. The children at an Erith school were taken the other day to a traveling menagerie and circus in order to give them a practical lesson in natural history. Later on, we understand, they are to be taken to see a classical dancer in order to learn anatomy.—London Punch.

Cure for Sleeplessness. If one is restless and cannot sleep at night, take a common towel, double it four times, dip in cold water and pin around the waist with a dry towel on the outside. For a couple of sore throat, put the towels around the neck and they will give almost immediate relief.

NOT TO BE MADE LIGHT OF.

Marie Dressler is as famous for her epigrams as she is for her generosity. An actor at the opera house was recalling one of her justly famous hits of repartee.

Miss Dressler was inviting her friends to a birthday party.

"There'll be a birthday cake, I suppose?" someone remarked.

"Yes, there'll be a cake, never fear." was the reply.

"And candles, of course?" went on the alleged wit.

"My friend," said Miss Dressler, "this is to be a birthday party, not a torchlight procession."—Rochester Herald.

An Accurate Statement. "Is you goin' duck huntin'?" asked Miss Miami Brown.

"No," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I ain't gwino special after ducks. An' I is sufficiently acquainted wif de premises I's movin' on so dat I won't have to hunt."

WHEN HE CAN'T BE STOPPED.



Even a man who gives up after his first serious defeat is willing to try, try again when he is endeavoring to smoke a broken cigar.

Fashionable Trouseurs. Right here and now we speak our mind; We will not wear 'The skin-tight kind!'

Demoralizing Example. Man with the Bulging Brow—Why do you want to take a taxicab when you can get an ordinary cab for about half the money?

Man with the Bulbous Nose—What do I care how much it costs? I don't expect to pay for it in either case. I'm going to pass the debt on to posterity, just the same as a big city does.

Exploring the Catacombs. Thus the inquisitive boarder: "What has become of the old fashioned woman who used to call a wedding reception an infarne?"

Response by the white haired boarder: "I think she married the old fashioned man who used to crack his knuckles regularly twice a day."

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Church For Funerals Only. New York has one church which is devoted entirely to funeral services. It is called the Funeral church, and its usefulness comes from the fact that many families living in small apartments in the city desire to have the last services for their dead conducted in a larger place than is provided by their home. Having no fixed church affiliation, they seek this place for the services.

Faithful to Duty. When the army of Pompey stormed and took Jerusalem, at the moment the temple was taken, the priests were engaged with the daily sacrifice, and amid all the horrors which surrounded them, they continued their solemn duties unmoved, thinking it better to suffer whatever came upon them at their very altars than to omit anything their law required.

Results—Definite. The latest methods known to science are employed. No Drops. Artificial eyes in stock. Lenses duplicated on short order.

Dr. Morek in charge.

Optometrist

and Manufacturing Opticians.

We examine your eyes and grind the glasses on the premises.

Results—Definite.

The latest methods known to science are employed. No Drops. Artificial eyes in stock. Lenses duplicated on short order.

Dr. Morek in charge.

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A thin, pale oil distilled from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Feeds freely. Will not congeal.

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Best oil for either air-cooled or water-cooled machines. At your dealers. If not, write to us. A test will delight and convince you.

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FREE 200 Page Book—Tells all about oil.

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The STEVENS No. 335 Double Barrel Hammerless Shotgun—is strongest where other guns are weakest. The barrels and legs are drop-forged in one piece—of high pressure steel, choke bored for nitro powder—with matted ribs.

Pick up this gun and feel the balance of it—examine the working parts closely and see the fine and smooth of detail—you will say it's a winner. It lists at only \$20.00 and will be expressed prepaid direct from the factory in case you cannot see it.

Send for new Art Catalogue—100 pages—100 illustrations—100 descriptions—100 prices—100 names—100 addresses—100 companies—100 agents—100 dealers—100 places—100 times—100 ways.

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Out-Romancing Romance.

The diver prowls over the ocean bed bearing a water-tight searchlight and a water gun, one shot from which will blow the liver out of an octopus.

His helmet telephone (more convenient and clear than yours) keeps him in constant communication with the surface and directs his boat.

Science has equipped him with a kit of deep-sea tools, operated by pneumatic pressure, with which he can accomplish prodigious amounts of work. Altogether, he has a very comfortable and interesting time of it.

And to think that Jules Verne was considered a hair-brained dreamer!

Unimaginative romance! How weak and short are threads of your fancy.—Woman's World.

What They Both Said.

Horace Greeley once wrote a note to a brother editor in New York, whose writing was as illegible as his own. The recipient of the note, not being able to read it, sent it back by the same messenger to Mr. Greeley for elucidation. Supposing it to be the answer to his own note, Mr. Greeley looked over it, but likewise was unable to read it, and said to the boy: "Go take it back. What does the fanned fool mean?" "Yes, sir," said the boy; "that is just what he says."</