

The Smart and Silberberg Co.

Centre Street at Elm, Oil City, Pa.

Shop Here

In Person Or By Mail.

The Best of Service in Either Case at Oil City's Greatest Store.

Don't forget that we are to pay all your shopping expenses. On purchases amounting to \$10, we shall be glad to pay your fare one way; on purchases of \$20 or more, you are entitled to a rebate covering the amount of your round-trip ticket.

But if you can't come in person, mail us your order. It will be filled by capable, experienced shoppers, and mailed to you the same day, free of charge, via Uncle Sam's Parcel Post.

Are You Going to Buy a New Sewing Machine—Be Sure to See the Free.

We sell this wonderful sewing machine at a price way below the amount asked for the other best makes.

It has 32 distinct important improvements, all combining to help you to do every stitch of every kind of sewing easier, better, and faster than you ever did it or ever saw it done before.

Come to our store and see The Free in operation.

\$1.00 down puts The Free into your home.

\$1.00 a week for a limited time pays for it.

January White Sale Starts Monday, January 5th.

It will be the biggest winter White Event this store has ever staged—so big and out of the ordinary that we are mentioning it at this early date, in order that you may plan for it.

The Smart and Silberberg Co.

OIL CITY, PA.

A Practical Christmas Present

one that will long be remembered and fully appreciated.

A Savings Department Book,

with an initial deposit. Any amount will answer and we add

Four Per Cent.

Oil City Trust Company

Oil City, Pa.

Japanese Food Boxes.

"Japanese dishes fail to satisfy American cravings," says an officer in the United States army. "Imagine a diet without milk, bread, butter, jam, coffee, salad or any sufficient quantity of nicely cooked vegetables without pudding, stewed fruit and with comparatively little fresh fruit. The European vegetarian will find as much difficulty in making anything out of it as the ordinary meat eater. Along the main railroad artery neat little boxes of Japanese food bento are offered for sale at the principal stations at a cost of 7 1/2 cents; also pots of tea, including teapot and earthen teacup, for 2 cents. The bento may contain in neat separate compartments prawn fish, chicken, rice, preserved ginger, Johnny-cake, omelette, a broiled mushroom, a slice of radish, glazed herring, kind of sweet pickle, tripe, a slice of cooked chestnut, licorice, etc. The bento is inviting to the eye, is garnished in green, is neatly wrapped and the contents varied as the resources of the locality admit."—New York Mail.

A Famous Window.

York minister, in addition to its many other notable features, contains one of the most remarkable windows in the world—the east window, which is the largest in England, except that in Gloucester cathedral. It is seventy-five feet high and thirty-five feet broad. The window is divided into 200 compartments, all of which illustrate leading events in sacred history. Each pane of glass is three feet square, the figures measuring two feet four inches high. The upper part is filled with beautiful tracery and is divided from the lower by the narrow stone gallery which runs across. John Thornton of Coventry began the window in the year 1405. The ancient glazing, all of which he executed with his own hands, stands unequalled to the present day, and for this enormous task he received as wages 4 shillings a week for three years and £10 on completing his work to the satisfaction of the cathedral authorities.—London Graphic.

Just Where He Sweeps.

Stude—Don't you ever sweep under the carpet? Janitor—Yes; I always sweep everything under the carpet.—Yale Record.

A Strong Argument.

Pianos on the installment principle was his theme. You pay \$3 a week and torture the neighbors.

As he knocked gently at one door he suddenly remembered he had been here before and received a curt refusal. This time it was different, says the New York Mail.

"Oh, it's you again, is it?" asked the housewife cordially. "Come in, won't you?"

"Full of hope he entered and followed her down a dimly lighted hall. She threw open a door and he walked in, 16 hours the key click sharply in the lock behind him.

He was locked in a room with five children, all howling, who beat even their own records at the sight of a stranger.

And the woman resumed her washing.

An hour later she came to his rescue.

"Now," she said sweetly, "if you still think I need more music in this house I am ready to listen to you."

But he had gone before she had finished.

Now and Then.

A young wife after a stormy scene cried: "It was different before we married. Ah, yes, you loved me then—and now!"

"I love you now and then," said her husband calmly. "Revised version, don't you know?"

A Mystery.

"There's one thing I can't understand."

"What's that?"

"Why any man ever makes up his mind to be a cook?"—Detroit Free Press.

Always Something.

I find 'his life' upsetting, quite. Things never seem to come my way. It's hard to get asleep at night and hard to keep awake by day.—Washington Herald.

Argument.

Bobbs—When it comes to an argument a man generally gives in. Slobs—Yes. But have you noticed that a woman seldom gives out?—London Tit-Bits.

The Distinctive Garment Store

As You Enter the Store

Furs and Marabout Sets

in front of you!

Neckwear, Hosiery and Bags

to left of you!

Japanese Robes, Kimonos and Petticoats

to right of you!

If you knew the values are the greatest in the city you'd come at once—do so.

Hundreds of Happy Christmas Shoppers are daily saving money by trading here.

The Distinctive Fur Store.

Decide on the kind of furs you want. Come here and find the proper size.

That's all you need do. A season lengthened by warm weather has fixed the prices for you. It's a good time now to buy furs.

The Corset Store.

Money saved on a corset is as good as money saved on anything, if you get a proper corset, and the one proper corset is a GOSSARD.

The Distinctive Garment Store

Henry J. McCarty,

111 CENTRE ST.,

OIL CITY, PA.

Monarchs in Mourning.

Periods of court mourning are apt to be regarded with something akin to alarm by people in the official social world, for court mourning means to their submission to published rules and regulations, from which there is no appeal.

In most eastern capitals white garments are the usual sign of mourning, and purple is frequently in Europe given preference to black. Mourning, of course, is strictly enforced in the court of St. James; also in that at Madrid and in the Austrian court. At the latter, by the way, etiquette is exaggerated to an extreme.

At the court of Berlin, where ceremony is regarded as the language of power, the blackest of mourning is worn during the day, but not in the evening. The empress objects to black evening frocks and insists on her maids wearing white dresses trimmed with black.

In Denmark also black is not allowed, but the wives of high officials and of noblemen are permitted to wear a high peaked headdress when in mourning.—Pearson's Weekly.

Montenegro's Stones.

Montenegro has, after all, some reason to be grateful for its stones. "It is in these stones," writes William Miller, "that the Black mountain has found its best fortification—for artificial forts it has none—and it was not till the time of the present prince (now King Nicholas) that the Napoleonic idea of making a road across the country was carried out. Even now it is not by any means certain that this improved means of communication will not be a source of danger in the future."

Napoleon in the early years of the nineteenth century offered to construct a roadway across the principality at his own expense, but his overtures were summarily rejected. He then threatened to lay waste the country with fire and sword till its name became Monte Rosso ("the red mountain") instead of Montenegro. The threat, however, was never carried out.—London Chronicle.

Sightseeing.

The visitor from Wyoming was seeing New York under the guidance of his friend Washington Square.

"I'd like to see the Bronx zoo," he said. "I have read about it for years. How do we get to it?"

"Search me," said Mr. Square. "I've never been there."

"And you have lived in New York all your life? That's humorous."

Later the New Yorker confided to his friend that one of his fondest ambitions was to see Yellowstone park. "It must be glorious out there among all those mountains and geysers and lakes," he said. "You know all about it, of course, coming from Wyoming as you do."

"To tell the truth," replied the westerner, "that's a place where I have never been."—Newark News.

The Beautiful Lyre Bird.

The largest and handsomest of all the song birds is the lyre bird. Its home is in Australia, where its song is heard morning and evening. It is heard oftener in winter than in summer. The chief beauty of the lyre bird is in the plumage of its tail, which is elegant and in the form of an ancient lyre. While singing the lyre bird spreads its tail over its head like a peacock and droops its wings to the ground. "This bird is not only a fine songster, but can imitate the songs of all birds. One living near a wood sawyer's but even imitated the sound of the filing of saws. The crowing of cocks, the cackling of hens, the barking of dogs and the meowing of cats are within its range. Its own song is also different from that of other birds, being a louder and fuller tone.

Norway and Trotting Horses.

From tales of travel and other sources of information it appears that Norway was one of the first countries to develop speed in the trotting horse, which centuries ago seems to have been common to the nations of northern Europe. Sigfried Petersen says that as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century there were informal trotting races in Christiania. The principal name in the history of the sport is that of Jacob Meyer, chief of the royal mounted militia, who was born in 1781. He owned the noted horse Slejner-Varg that on March 15, 1821, trotted an English mile in 2:37 and repeated in the same time. This was faster than any horse had then trotted in America, so far as is known. In Sweden and in Finland the sport of trotting horses dates back, it is said, to prehistoric times. With long winters and nothing else to do the people raced their horses to sleighs on the ice. Sunday morning was the great occasion, men and horses coming from miles around to take part in or witness the sport.—New York Herald.

Her Early Life in Germany.

In her book entitled "Scenes and Memories" Walburga Lady Paget has this to say of her early life in Germany: "We ran about without shoes or stockings in the grass; we wore a minimum of clothes; in summer we were plunged into the river, a wide and rushing mountain stream; in winter we had to break the ice in our tubs and our nurses dished basins of icy water over our backs. I can still feel the little bits of ice mixed with the water slithering down over me. A fire in our bedroom was never thought of, and the schoolroom was never more than 9 degrees Reaumur (52 F.). I was fourteen or fifteen before I knew what it was to have something to drink at breakfast, as I did not like milk bread, with a little butter, was all I ever had. An egg for a child, if it was not ill, was considered quite absurd. Between meals we were given abundance of fruit."

Romance of a Picture.

Half a century ago a medical student lodging in London so ingratiated himself in the eyes of his landlady that on his departure for Hobart to practice she asked him to accept a souvenir of his London home, and he took a picture which had been in his sitting room. This picture remained in his house for upward of forty years without attracting any particular notice, but then its hour struck, for a visitor detected merit in it and advised the owner to forward a description of it to London. He did so, and the picture, which turned out to be a Romney, fetched 3,500 guineas. The Boston editor who printed an account of the matter gave the price as 350 guineas, saying that he did so because he did not believe that any picture could be worth the larger sum.—London Sphere.

Balked.

"There are some things," said the man with the high brow, "that money won't buy."

"I s'pose there are," replied the one with the overlapping chin, "but there's no use tryin' to use 'em to get an extension of your credit."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Lincoln's Desire.

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.—Abraham Lincoln.

Odd Case.

"The man they ejected from the hall was burning with rage."

"Yes, and, strange to say, he was full of fire after they put him out."—Baltimore American.

Shirts made to order \$2.00 and upward.



Suits made to order \$15.00 and upward.

The Fellow Who Stole The Feed

From his best race horse didn't have anything "on" the person who gives a present—just as a matter of fact. In either case the "comeback" is disappointing. Gifts for Men should be bought at a store that sells men's goods. Because the goods are bought by men who know what men want; who know what men wear; who know what's what in the correct things for men to wear.

We would sell ladies' goods but we don't know what ladies want; it's not our business. You can't be a "Jack of all trades" any more; you must specialize in one line and then you have to hustle and think in order to be nearly successful. The place therefore to

T. A. P.

Buy Your Gifts For Men—

Silk Hose, Shirts, Gloves, Sweaters, Suspenders, Neckwear, Pullman Slippers, Underwear, Collar Bags,

Or the things you want a man to appreciate is at a store that sells qualities that no one is ever ashamed of. See that your gift to him bears the Printz Co. label—that's all the proof he wants.

Oil City, Pa.



Oil City, Pa.

A Surprise For Her.

One of the greatest singers of France was returning from New York on a German liner. One evening, glancing at the program of the concert that was to be played at dinner, she saw a triumphal march celebrating the German victory of 1871.

She immediately conceived that the selection of such a piece was an insult to her and announced to a friend that she would express her disapproval at the proper time.

The captain noticed the great artist's agitation and glanced at the program to see what caused it; then, with a faint smile, he spoke to one of the waiters in a low tone.

At the moment when the German triumphal march was due to begin the French singer, who could not control her agitation, prepared to leave the table.

The first chord was played, the artist arose and stood, pale, agitated and amazed, while the officers and other passengers also got up and smiled sympathetically at her.

And the band played "The Marseillaise!"

Prompt Lesson.

Some years ago there was in a certain town a judge whose ideas of the majesty of the law at the time of his accession to office were unbounded, and his sense of his own importance as the representative of justice was also great. At one time two persons quarreled in the judge's presence. One man struck the other, and the judge immediately ordered his arrest on a charge of assault and battery.

On the day of the trial the defendant pleaded not guilty.

Instantly the judge, who was a short, stout man, was on his feet, crimson faced and puffing with indignation.

"What do you mean?" he demanded of the prisoner without any preamble. "What do you mean by saying that, when I saw you and had you arrested? I fine you \$100 for breach of peace and another \$100 for contempt of court, sir. I reckon," said the judge, his nostrils dilating with rage and injured dignity—"I reckon that'll teach folks to be careful how they call this court a liar!"

Not a Thunder Expert.

The masterful manner in which some people evade an issue was mentioned at a recent dinner when this one was recalled by a naval official: "In New Orleans one night," the officer said, "there was a man on the stage who offered to answer by mental arithmetic any question that might be asked by the audience. Just so long as the questioner remained in the expected channel the sailing was easy, but finally one man got beyond the bearings."

"If you please, sir," said the man, fishing from his seat. "How far off can you hear thunder?"

"I can't tell you, sir," was the prompt response of the wonder on the stage.

"You can't tell me?" responded the fan. "Why, I thought—"

"Not about thunder," replied the stage party, doing a quick piece of dodging. "You see, I am a lightning calculator."—Washington Post.

Would Take a Long Chance.

John D. Rockefeller once called two little boys over to him. He said to one: "Johnnie, if I give you a dollar what will you do with it?" Johnnie said: "I'll put it in the bank and let it draw interest until it gets to be a hundred, then a thousand and so on until I get as much as you got." "Very good," said John D. "Here's the dollar. Now, Tommy, what would you do with a dollar?" Tommy said: "First I would change the dollar into two halves, the two halves into four quarters, the four quarters into ten dimes, the ten dimes into twenty nickels, the twenty nickels into a hundred pennies." "Why would you do all this?" asked John D. Tommy replied, "Well, somebody may make a mistake."—Kansas City Star.

Crime and Penalty.

When Mrs. Wilkes recently meted out punishment to Master George Wilkes with a carpet beater that young gentleman gave vent to such weeping and wailing that the lady next door was constrained to perk her head over the back yard fence, and inquire what was the matter.

"Got about a couple o' hundred feet o' gas inside him, that's wot's the matter," Mrs. Wilkes replied.

"Couple o' hundred feet o' gas!" echoed the lady somewhat incredulously. "Wot on earth's 'ee been doin', takin' in the gas pipe for a feedin' bottle?"

"No, 'e ain't," snapped Mrs. Wilkes. "E's been swallowin' the shillin' wot I laid by for the gas meter."—London Tit-Bits.



December In The Second Floor Garment Section

While Down Stairs Departments are putting forth every effort to entertain the Christmas crowds a vigorous pruning campaign is under way up stairs.

Very much after the manner of pruning hedge or fruit trees we "weed out," "lop off" or "clear out" Cloak Room Cabinets during the month of December.

It's a Good Time of Year to Buy a Suit or Coat

While not every garment up there is reduced a sufficient number have prices cut and cut forcibly enough to make it well worth any person's time to pay a visit to this store's Second Floor Garment Section during December.

Some \$40.00 Suits.....	\$27.50	Some \$35.00 Coats.....	\$32.50
Some \$40.00 Suits.....	\$25.00	Some \$35.00 Coats.....	\$30.00
Some \$35.00 Suits.....	\$27.50	Some \$35.00 Coats.....	\$27.50
Some \$35.00 Suits.....	\$25.00	Some \$32.50 Coats.....	\$27.50
Some \$32.50 Suits.....	\$27.50	Some \$32.50 Coats.....	\$25.00
Some \$32.50 Suits.....	\$25.00	Some \$27.50 Coats.....	\$25.00
Some \$32.50 Suits.....	\$22.50	Some \$27.50 Coats.....	\$22.50
Some \$27.50 Suits.....	\$22.50	Some \$25.00 Coats.....	\$20.00
Some \$27.50 Suits.....	\$20.00	Some \$25.00 Coats.....	\$15.00
Some \$27.50 Suits.....	\$17.50	Some \$22.50 Coats.....	\$20.00
Some \$25.00 Suits.....	\$20.00	Some \$22.50 Coats.....	\$17.50
Some \$25.00 Suits.....	\$15.00	Some \$22.50 Coats.....	\$14.50
Some \$22.50 Suits.....	\$17.50	Some \$20.00 Coats.....	\$16.00
Some \$22.50 Suits.....	\$14.50	Some \$20.00 Coats.....	\$14.50



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