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when you come to us. Whether you have come to purchase or not we will be glad to explain and demonstrate the newest things for autos and autoists which are always to be seen here first. We also have all standard supplies. Anything from a pump to a set of tires, from a wrench to a kit of tools.

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Closing the Summer Cottage

"Any one would think," remarked the woman who had just got back to town, "that after a person of ordinary intelligence had gone through the agony of closing up a summer cottage every year for years and years she would be capable of doing it with her hands tied behind her back and blinders on her eyes, but it isn't so. There is something about the last few days of staying in any place that is distracting, but the country is the worst of all. After getting every last thing done you always need a full day to do the other things you hadn't thought about."

"I always allow for that. Henry never can see why, if he calculates that we can leave Thursday, I always explain to him that we will leave Friday."

"With everything done!" he roars at me in protest. "Why do you think we want to stick around here with nothing to do and everything packed and the fireplace cleaned out so we can't have a fire and the rooms full of porch furniture? It's ridiculous!"

"We will leave Friday, Henry," I tell him soothingly.

"Then everybody works like mad, Thursday morning Henry always comes in dragging off his work gloves and sits down with a thump."

"Well," he says, "I've finished up outside. I've covered the flower beds with a mulch of leaves and spaded up the garden. I've put away the hose and laid a board over the chimney."

"Go right up and take it off!" I tell him, severely. "How do you suppose we're going to cook lunch and dinner and breakfast and lunch again with the chimney stopped up?"

"Henry has forgotten all about the fact that we still have to eat, so he sheepishly clambers up on the roof and throws the board down. It gets split up for kindling by the cook an hour later, and there never is another that will exactly fit, so the next season we find chipmunks and mice and other wild creatures sociably rooming in the cottage when we get there, and are irritably disturbed at being turned out."

"I don't see," Henry pursues after he has disposed of the chimney board, "why we can't take the evening train tonight. Your trunks are all packed."

"All but the curtains and soft pillows and the candlestick and most of my clothes," I remind him. "By the way, have you wrapped those dishes for packing in the barrel?"

"That keeps him occupied for some time. Then, too, he finds a punch bowl that we borrowed from the Perkinses and forgot to return, so he has to walk two miles with that. Then he has to attend to the man who comes to set out shrubs and then I tell him about two places in the roof that leak and he has to get asphalt and mess around and fix them. Usually he still grumbles at supper time about the foolishness of our remaining over till next day, but I'm so busy fixing the canned fruit to ship back to town, folding away curtains and putting away lamps that I don't mind him."

"In the morning I ask Henry briskly if he has remembered to take off the window screens and take down the porch screens, bring in the spade and the rake and nail up the broken place in the fence. That makes him jump hastily and cry out: 'By George! If I hadn't nearly forgot that!'"

"Then when he tries to turn off the water and drain the pipes he breaks a valve or something and he has to make a special trip to the village for help while the cook and I pile rugs and bricks on the leaky places and get soaked and catch awful colds."

"Usually, just as we are locking up the house I remember that I haven't emptied the tank of the kitchen stove, and that reminds Henry that he has completely neglected to empty the hot water boiler. He comes dragging in a watering can, two flower pots and a carpet beater which have been left outside."

"However, we finally lock the last door and start. Half way to the launch I ask him if he put out the next door neighbor's cat, which had wandered in that morning. Henry is peevish by now and demands to know if I think he has nothing to do but play nursemaid to a cat, so we drop the suitcases and go back and unlock the place, raise all the window curtains and search for the animal. Sometimes we find her and sometimes we don't, and if we don't I am haunted all winter by the fear that she has died a lingering death."

"Every little while all the way back to the city I jump as I remember something I have forgotten to do. I have heated arguments with Henry over whether I have left the matches loose on the fireplace mantel or not, or whether I emptied the pint bottle of ink that will drip over the books if it freezes and breaks. I can't quite tell whether I remembered to empty all the flower vases, either, and then Henry left a box full of cigars on the writing table."

"When we reach the city we are so exhausted from weariness and wrath and nervousness that we aren't on speaking terms. Oh, it wears off and we get back to normal eventually—and, anyhow, after you've done it over and over again for years and years you naturally get used to it!"

BRILLIANT IDEAS.

"I've found a new use for those gramophone records you bought last week, and which cost such a lot of money," said his wife.

"How clever you are!" he exclaimed. "What is your latest?"

"In the first place," she began, "I hold a skein of wool over my arms, tie one end of the wool on a reel, place the reel on the gramophone pin, and then start the machine. The wool is wound up in no time!"

The fond husband gaped in admiration.

"But that is not all," she continued. "Tomorrow I shall place a little bath-brick on one end of the records, start the gramophone, and so clean the knives."

He is still gazing.

Unconventionalities.

"I don't mind your talking to me, Goovius, but I wish you wouldn't breathe in my face."

"No, Chiggers, I can't give you a letter of recommendation; I know too much about you."

"Oblige me by talking about the weather, Jack; mamma is listening at the keyhole."

"I've just been trying to think, Doctor Fourthly, where I first read that sermon you preached last Sunday."

"They tell me, sir, that any scrub lawyer can get a divorce for a man. That's why I have come to you."

"I don't know who you are, mister, but I know what you are; you ought to travel in a hog train."

CURES BEYOND ALL DOUBT.



Doctor—When can you pay me my bill for curing you of "Insomnia?"

Patient—I don't know, "Doc." I sleep so soundly now that my wife goes through my pockets most every night and takes everything.

Boarding House Row.
Fourteen pianos going
On fourteen rattling tunes;
While autumn breezes blowing
Waft th' sweet incense of prunes.

Persistent Pursuit.

"European nobility's fondness for the American dollar knows no limit," said the cynical patriot.

"That's right," replied Mr. Cumrox. "If they can't get our daughters into their families by marriage they send around heraldry experts to convince us that we are lineal descendants of distinguished but unemployed people."

Aroused His Suspicions.

"I'm beginning to be afraid my landlady has designs on me."

"What are the circumstances?"

"I sent around this morning for my trunk and she told the man that she would not let it be removed until I called and consulted her. I'll bet she doesn't want to lose me."

Even.

"Oh, George!" sighed the love-lorn maiden. "I'm sure I'm not worthy to be your wife."

"Well," replied George wearily, "I'm not worthy to be your husband, so we're just about matched."—Catholic Standard and Times.

AN AWFUL THING.



First Boarder—Why did Mr. Hall Roome faint this morning when he was reading the paper?
Second Boarder—He saw an article which said that California will ship 70,000,000 prunes to the eastern markets this year.

The Echo.

If you listen, in the ether, is a low, sad, wailing noise, which is fraught with mortal anguish—"In the mourning of the boys."

Only Safe Place.

"Want to go to the ball game to-morrow?"

"No, I'd rather go to the matinee. I'm sure of a happy ending there."

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