

How's your shirt.

If it doesn't fit right, it's because it isn't made right. Try the "Summitt" shirts at

Barnes' Cash Store

and end your shirt troubles

We undersell regular Stores.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Tuckahoe resident who was going home one night after a festivity happened to stumble into a tree with an iron grating around it. After feeling his way about it twice, he sank to the ground with a moan. "Horrors!" he said, "locked in!"—Ex.

Mistress—"Jane, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I shall bring in the milk."

Jane—"Twouldn't be no use, mum. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me."—Ex.

"When I started in life I had to walk."

"You were lucky; when I started, I couldn't walk."—Ex.

Mick to his wife at the theatre: "Fly for your life, Bridget. The man says the next act will bring down the house."—Ex.

Foreman (at the door)—"Did your husband hov a new suit of clothes on this mornin', Mrs. O'Malley?"

Mrs. O'Malley—"He did."

Foreman—"They're rooned entirely."

Mrs. O'M.—"How did it happen?"
Foreman—"He was blown up by a charge of dinnymite."—Ex.

A friend of a man who had absconded was asked why he left. He replied, "I apprehend he was apprehensive of being apprehended."—Ex.

"Sir, there is really no end to your wit."

"Heaven forbid that I shall ever be at my wit's end."—Ex.

Some land in Ireland is so poor one cannot raise a disturbance upon it.—Ex.

"Say, papa, this is roast beef!" exclaimed little Archie at dinner, when Mr. Chumleigh was present as guest of honor.

"Of course," said his father, "what of it?"

"Why you said this morning you were going to bring a mutton head home to dinner this evening."—Ex.

A lawyer placed on his door, "In from 10 to 1."

A wag wrote beneath it "10 to 1 he's not in."—Ex.

"What makes such a bad odor in the postoffice?"

"I don't know, unless it's the dead letters."