

G. C. Epler got out of bed Sunday night and went outside to gaze at the stars and the approaching clouds to see what they promised in the way of rain. He forgot there was a spring lock on the door of his residence till he started to go back into the house. Then he said some things that would not look well in print and did a nice "skirt dance" on the front porch in his veryabbreviated costume, which consisted of one shirt. There are different versions of how he finally got back into the house, some saying that he to the house, some saying that he crawled up on the roof and went down the chimney Santa Claus fashion, while others insist that he hunted up an empty barrel with both ends out and wore it over to a neighbor's, where he 'phoned for the hired girl at his home to unlock the door and let him in again. But he won't go out star gazing again. Oh, you pesky spring lock!—Hannaford Enterprise.