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Their Flat.

Mr. and Mrs. Ebrough lived in a big brownstone house on a corner, in the heart of the uptown residential district. Their apartment was on the third floor, and they were particularly pleased with it. It had a large bedroom, a living room, and a kitchen, all of which were spacious and decorated in a tasteful manner. They had even managed to find a small office on the same floor, which they could use for their business needs.

However, their happiness was short-lived. One day, while Mrs. Ebrough was taking her afternoon nap, she heard a strange noise coming from the apartment above. It was a faint tapping sound, as if someone were knocking on the ceiling above.

"What on earth is that?" Mrs. Ebrough exclaimed, sitting up in bed. "I can hear something from above!"

Mr. Ebrough, who was working on his railroad plans, was equally puzzled. "It must be coming from the apartment above."

They decided to go up to the second floor and see if they could find out what was causing the noise. When they reached the top floor, they found that the apartment above was empty. They knocked on the door, but there was no response.

"Looks like we're going to have to deal with this ourselves," Mr. Ebrough said, knocking again. "If we can't find the source of this noise, it could be dangerous."

As they were discussing the matter, a knock came on the door. "Who's there?"

"We're neighbors," Mrs. Ebrough replied. "We heard a strange noise coming from the ceiling above, and we thought we should check it out."

"I'm glad you did," said the woman who answered the door. "We've been hearing the same thing for days, and we were just about to call the police."

"What's been happening?" Mr. Ebrough asked.

"Well," the woman explained, "we've been hearing these strange noises all night, and we're worried about the ceiling coming down."

"We'll take a look," Mrs. Ebrough said, "but it's probably just some construction work."

They climbed up the stairs to the roof and found a large hole in the ceiling. "We've got to fix this," Mrs. Ebrough said, "or we could be in for a nasty surprise."

Mr. Ebrough called a contractor, and they set about repairing the hole. A few days later, the noise had disappeared, and they were able to sleep peacefully once again.

The Next Door Neighbor.

The Ebroughs were pleased with their new neighbors, but they soon discovered that they had a problem with their apartment. The next door flat was empty, and they could hear strange noises coming from it.

"That's got to be it," Mr. Ebrough said. "We'll have to fix that flat."

They talked to the building management, who agreed to take care of it. A few weeks later, the flat was leased to a young couple, and the noise stopped.

The Ebroughs were satisfied, and they continued to live in peace. They were grateful for their new neighbors, and they looked forward to the day when they would no longer have to listen to the noises coming from the next door flat.
...
A FEW SPECIAL BARGAINS

MUSLINS, CALICOES, NOTIONS, FRESH

FARMERS

Ehrin Chief!