SWEET DREAMS...

You've just pulled the shades, put the cat out, set the thermostat back to an energy-saving 62° and turned the electric blanket to "warm."

You slide under the covers and close your eyes with a sigh. You're determined not to worry about the washing machine that your wife says is making a "funny noise." Or the dentist bill. Or the grocery bill. Inflation and the fact that your weekly check can't seem to keep up with it isn't going to keep you awake—no sir!

Instead of counting sheep to take your mind off your troubles and get some well-deserved rest, you begin to count want ads. Observer & Eccentric want ads. You mentally rummage through the attic, the front hall closet, the garage. You come up with about \$200 worth of things you can sell without even really trying.

You drift off to the land of Nod planning to call your Observer & Eccentric Classified Ad Taker in the morning.

And she'll be here. Happy to help you put together a sweet dream of an ad.



