

W-E-T.

If you go along the street Every man you chance to meet Says, it's wet!

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

The flames glowed and sparkled in the wide-mouthed fireplace, leaping and dancing in joyous glee o'er the rugged sides of the great Yule log...

circumstances were such that they could not afford to keep her. Again it is Christmas eve, and once more the wintry winds are making drifts and mounds of the newly fallen snow...

Bernhardt and the Whale. Sara has returned. I mean Sara Bernhardt, the only, real, authentic and unique Sara. She has been absent for five months and gained her million...

been coachman, journalist, millionaire, omnibus conductor, etc., etc. I will begin again. But will the great Sara accept a "tell me what it is?" It was the skeleton of a whale? Sara thanked him greatly...

Changing Places. A citizen who had an office on the top story of a block on Griswold street had half a ton of coal dumped on the walk the other day...

SENSE AND NONSENSE. How to make a slow horse fast—don't feed him. Speaking of duels, the year of Jubal E. has come. Thieves don't have a very quiet life even if they do take things easy...