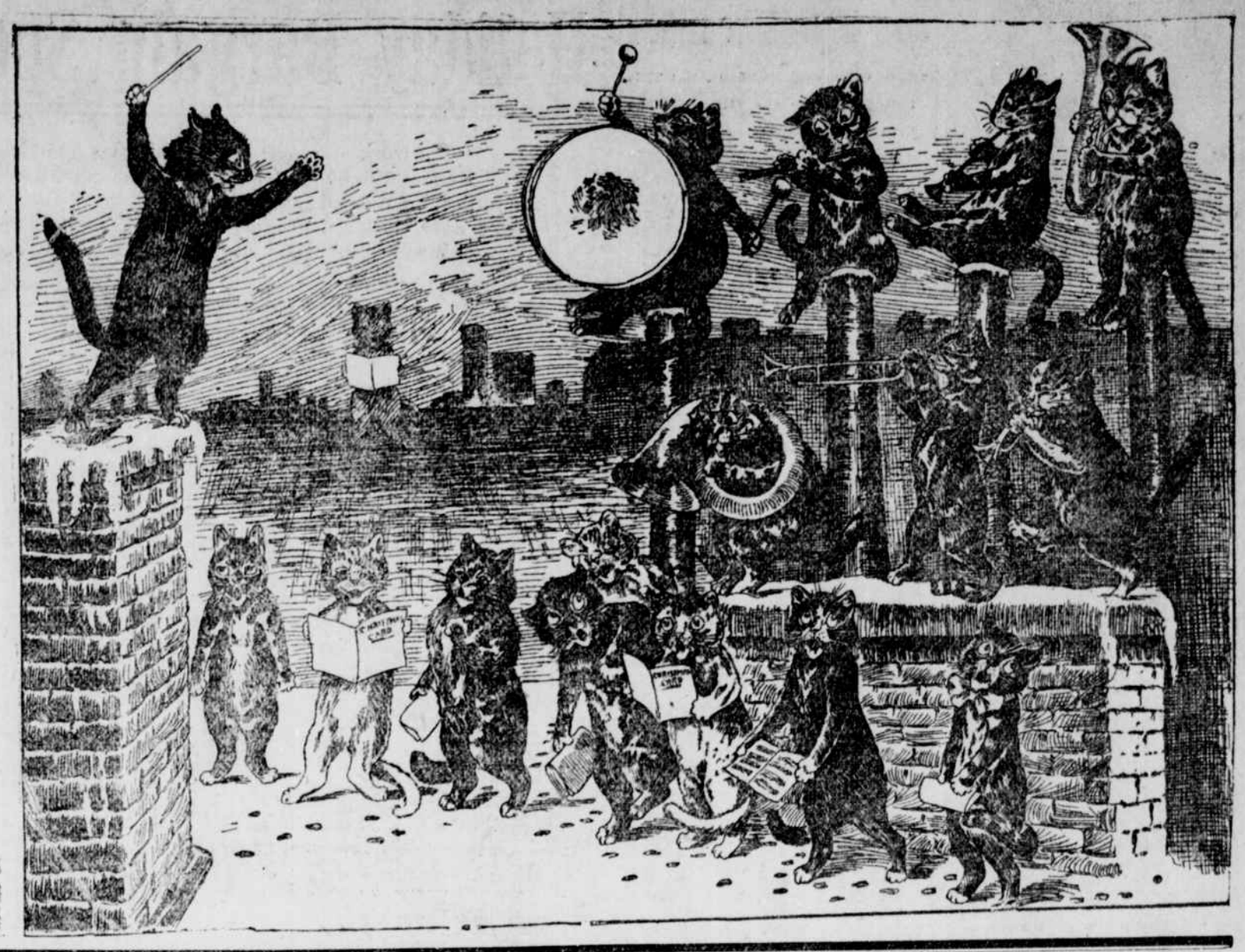
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



is a box of wrighting paper and a little dolless and a lock bracelet. O, Sandy Claws, I would be just delighted. I know, Sandy Claws, is poor for Christmas things for the children. Let the children have their merry Christmas. Let all the children be well and thanking for Christmas. I will close my letter as it is getting late and near bed time. Your dear friend. ANNIE HENDRICKS.

My Dear Santa Claus:
I'm a good little girl,
Except when I'm naughty, my hair doesn't curl,
Though if it grows longer 'twill hang on my "forrid,"
And when I am bad, I am certainly "horrid,"
So now, if you think I deserve anything,
I would like a new dolly, a pretty gold ring,
A table with dishes, so dolly can eat,
And a little red chair when she wants a nice seat;
And, dear Mr. Santa, I'd welcome with pride
A cute little carriage, so Dolly can ride.
But if you should find that you cannot bring all,
Just get Dolly's presents. I won't cry at all
If you've nothing for me; but please don't forget her,
Though I do want a muff, and a collar of fur,
And now as you drive through the bleak winter scenery,
Please remember
ELIZABETH CARDWELL CHENERY.

Good Old Santa:
If does not rain
Bring to me a book and train,
A box of chekers and some other toy,
I will try to be a good boy.
At 7 o'clock I will be in bed,
So don't forget your little red head.
JOHN EPPS FLOURNOY.

Dear, old Santy, so good and kind,
Please don't let my house pass your mind.
I'll be as good, as good can be,
And I know you will bring me a Christmas-tree.
I want a wagon with a shaft and seat,
For I got my "billy" goat last week;
And bring me a harness, a whip, and bit,
And this will complete "billy's" outfit;
Fill my stocking with candy, nuts, and fireworks bright,
I'll be asleep, Dear Santy, when you come in the dead of the night.
THOMAS DOLAN, JR.

I am 4 years old and busy all day,
And bad as most boys, mamma and papa say,
Will try and be better with express-wagon
Will stay in yard and have my own fun,
And pray, Old Santa, my wish may come.
CARLISLE NOEL.

I am 6 years old and stout,
And love to run around and out,
With good boots and overcoat,
Can run and ride the billy goat.
LEON NOEL.

We are so many I seriously fear
Old Santa won't stop with his deer
To remember each one. He would find
His sleigh too small, he too kind;
Whatever my deserts, will wait and see
And ever thankful to Santa will be.
Am good as average girls of eight,
But mamma and papa says not first rate.
ELSIE NOEL.

Dear Santa Clause:
I want a big picture book,
And a cane with a crook.
I want a pair of skates,
And some candy and dates;
And a skyrocket and squibs,
Now, Santa Clause, tell us no fibs.
BLEDSOE BEAL.

Dear Santa Clause:
I am a little boy of only six,
But I do not like things mixed.
So please send me candy in sticks,
And all my toys nicely fixed.
Of books I have a plenty,
Of those you last year sent me.
I want a watch to tell the time,
So that I can get to school before nine—
And if you will give me a buck and saw,
I'll promise you I will not jaw;
And anything else you think best to send
To your loving little friend,
WILLIAM TAYLOR DABNEY, JR.

Dear Santa Claus:
From among your Christmas treasures
A lock bracelet will be one of my pleasures;
Little brother wants a train,
And I hope he will not want in vain;
A doll, and books, and other toys;
A horn and firecrackers to make a noise.
Now Santa, brother and I
Have for you a nice, big pie.
Do not forget in your stock of sweets
To have everything for children to eat;
And now as your coming is drawing nigh
I will close my letter and say good-by.
HAZEL AND ELMO PEARMAN.

Dear Mr. Santa Claus, the little folks' friend,
The things I want there's hardly an end,
But at my Sunday school they make me believe
"It is more blessed to give than to receive"
Now, give me a doll-house, won't you please?
All furnished throughout this Christmas-eve.
There is one at "The Globe" for ten cents a chance,
And I'se gladly risked that much for such a nice "ranch."
I will make haste and run to bed,
Leaving all to you, Santa, you have a wise head,
To know the things that are best for me,
But I want, O, so much, a Christmas-tree.
MINERVA MURDOCH ADAMS.

Dear Santa Clause:
From out of your stock of toys
A tool chest would be one of my joys,
With plenty of fireworks, games, and books;
A happier boy you would long for look.
TOMMIE MURDOCH.

Dear Santa, I am only a little boy of four;
I hope you will not pass my door,
But leave to me a plenty of toys;
You know what suits the little boys;
Please don't forget my brothers, two,
They will be glad to hear from you.
LITTLE CHARLIE MURDOCH.

Dear Santa:
If you please, you may bring me these:
A work-box so fine
And a thimble to shine,
A knife that will cut
And is easy to shut.
Your little girl,
MARGARITE NOBLE.

Dear Santa Claus:
I will write you a little letter to tell you what to bring me: First, please bring me a good teacher, and bring me a good report, and some toys for Christmas. But please don't forget to bring me a ring with a ruble in it. And if you bring me some of these things I will be a good girl in school and out of school. Please don't forget to bring the schools some money, and bring father some money, too. Yours truly,
RUBY CHEWNING.

Dear Santa Claus:
"I'm Alyse Bates, four years old,
And sister Elva's two;
And now I'll try, as I've been told,
To write a note to you.

"Sister wants a big, big bopa (baby),
A carriage, and some 'nanas,'
And we both want some pretty books
To teach us pretty manners.

"I want a doll (my Bruce got broke),
A trunk, a stove, a ball;
And papa wants cigars to smoke,
Now, Santa, dear; that's all.

"Now, if you'll bring us all these things,
We'll be good as good can be;
And mama says that next Christmas
We'll have a Christmas-tree.
ALYSE AND ELVA BATES.

Dear Old Kris Kingle:
It won't be long before your sleigh-bells will jingle,
And your reindeers prancing o'er house-tops high,
With lots of toys for my playmates and I.
Please bring me a little piano and a great big doll,
Fill my stocking full of candy and nuts, and that will be all.
LIZZIE TAYLOR.

Dear Santa Clause:
I am a little girl, and very small,
And I would like so much to have a doll.
I know you like to give me joy,
By bringing me a little toy.
LLOYD SPINDLE.

Dear Santa Claus:
Bring me something sho—
A big doll baby, fiddle and bow;
And Cousin Marshall, he's my friend,
Bring to him good things without end.
LITTLE CUSSIE FLOURNOY.

Dear Santa Clause:
Please come, because
I want a baby,
Before I go crazy;
A furniture set
For my baby pet;
I'll remember you yet,
And don't you forget.
GRACIE MELTON.

Dear Santy:
I am a little pet,
And I want a tea set,
A carriage and a doll,
And a nice rubber ball,
And that will be enough,
Except a collar and a muff.
EDNA HERNDON.

Dear Santa:
I am a little girl,
With a pretty little curl;
I want some candy,
If it is any ways handy;
A few nice toys,
To complete my joys,
And that will do-do-do-do.
ROSIE MELTON.

My Dear Old Santa:
To me please bring a tool-box and gun,
And I think I can have lots of fun;
Also, a hatchet and knife,
And I will be satisfied the rest of my life.
Hoping you will come to see me, I remain, your little friend,
OSCAR MOORE.

Dear Old Santa Claus:
A rifle, drum, pistol, and knife to me please bring,
With nuts and candies and other good things,
And I will think you very sweet,
If you leave them at 1311 Decatur street.
Very truly yours,
A. W. FAHR, Jr.

Dear Santa Claus:
We are too little children, but this you know,
'Cause Emma is six years and I am four,
And she says, far back as she can remember,
You've always come the last of December.
I remember twice, but taint supposed
For me to know all my sister knows.

Last Christmas you brought me a nice little drum,
And next day I punched in two holes with my thumb;
Then papa looked tired, and almost swore,
And set me down real hard on the floor,
And told me, as he left the room,
He would scare you off next year with the broom.

But I don't think he ment what he said,
So please come, Santa, and don't feel afraid.
Emma wants a nice tricycle,
Yellow-haired doll, and a big cucumber pickle,
And candy and nuts, and a bag of raisins,
For things of this kind our appetites amazing.

A carriage and a doll-baby bed,
Four chairs and a table painted red,
A tea set and a little piano,
Three apples, two oranges, and a bananna.
Now, that's enough, don't bring her no more;
If you do, she will make herself sick, I am sure.

I want a nice, strong velocipede,
That will equal Maud S. or Three Tips in speed,
And Santa, please bring me three candy cigars,
A pair of rein bells, and a long train of cars,
I don't want no pickle, they make my mouth pucker,
But bring me instead, a big all-day sucker.

And, Santa, please bring me a white hobby horse,
One that is gentle, and not savage and cross,
And won't you please bring me a nice little sled?
And—but, I am tired, Santa, and must go to bed.
PERCIE BATES.

Dear Santa:
How do you do? I am well,
And hope you are, too.
I want a baby and a set of dishes,
Some nuts, and a few candy fishes,
This will do, so good by to you.
HETTIE H. MELTON.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am 6. I been so most half a year. I am a red-hot railroad man. I am bigger'n oster tosler, and I am a C. and O. man, too. One day Tom said I was a mean little cus. I ain't none. When I was walking with "Buckwheat" that Sunday, he said I was a good little boy. I want a dum and a yellow kid, and a candy basket, and a train with C. and O. on it, and a bicycle. I have got a three-wheeler, but even Oster can ride that. I want a two-wheeler. Weger says you don't come when it is warm weather, but it is cooler to-day, and I am going to wear my overcoat. Please don't forget Mamer and Leslie; he was sick nine weeks, but he can go all about now; and please don't forget, I ain't named Dick. Brooks's horse is named Dick. Don't forget my Mama calls me
CESTON SYDNOR.

Dear Santa Claus:
Come as of old
And bring to me
From out the cold,
A doll baby, scrap-book, and tree,
Some cakes and candy,
If you will to me.
Don't forget Cousin Doris—
Bring a doll that goes to sleep;
She is good and will not peep;
And little Clarence, he's so cute,
Bring to him a gun to shoote;
Cousin Henry has a nice boy,
Bring to him a pretty toy.
HONOR FLOURNOY.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a doll,
A table, tea-set, and all;
Some candy, nuts, and everything;
But please don't forget my ring.

When you come, if I am asleep,
Down the chimney softly creep,
Leave me a carriage full of toys,
I'll awake if you make much noise.
MARY L. HERNDON.

December 14, 1897.

Dear Santa Claus:
When you come out to visit
The boys in the cold,
Bring me something to suit
A boy seven years old.
CABELL C. DAVIS.

Dear Santa Claus,
Without a pause,
And for a very good cause,
I'll tell you what I want.

When you come in the night,
Bring a tricycle bright,
A box of handkerchiefs small,
And a game that can be played by all.
There are some kinds of candy I like very much,
Though there are others I will not touch.
Now, don't forget my brother, two,
And dear little baby Lou.
MARGARET MAUDE SNELL.

To Santa Claus:
As Christmas is approaching fast,
Some Christmas gifts I'd like to ask,
For Little Nita and Sister Nan,
Of Santa Claus, that dear old man.

First of all I would choose
A pretty doll with golden shoes,
With large eyes of color brown,
And a real, pretty, nice blue gown.

Again, I want a pretty mug;
Also, a Japanese painted jug;
A set of nice dominoes,
Cakes, candies, and nigger toes.

Now, I want a pretty book,
With many pictures at which to look.
And firecrackers—I want some;
And with this request I am done.
Miss ANITA HANCOCK,
7 years old.

Mr. Editor: Please send this to Santa Claus.

Dear Santa Claus:
I don't want you to think
That I am greedy, for I want
A nice mink,
And a nice, pretty doll,
All dressed up in pink,
And you can bring anything
Else that you think.
I remain your little friend,
JULIA HALLIHAN.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a gun. I have a wagon, but would like to have a drum. I have several brothers, and we can have a soldier company, and I can be the drummer. Do not forget to bring me some fireworks. I am not greedy, but would like some candy, nuts, oranges, raisins, and other things included at Christmas times. I will be satisfied with these, and greatly obliged. Yours truly,
HERBERT TAYLOR.

Dear Santa Claus:
I'se a tiny little tot;
I like most anything you've got,
In line of toys
For little boys.
So you I'll expect to greet
At 603 west Marshall street,
Christmas morn,
Just before dawn.
HERBERT BOSCHER LAYNE.

Dearest Santa Claus, kindest friend,
Your little boy Ned lives in the East-End.
I want so many things I hardly know what;
Be sure to bring a billy-goat that won't butt.
Dear Santa, I'll be pleased with whatever you bring;
Will divide with Cousin Ellis—won't that be the thing?
Your little friend,
EDWARD WALTON.
P. S.—I will be asleep; the chimney dusted, all in readiness shortly after the sun sinks behind the western horizon.

Dear Santa Clause:
We little folkes at our house, we talkes like anything,
Bout when you a-comin', an' what you'se goin' to bring.
We little boys are just so good and true,
'Cause we know you know everything we do;
An' while you a-lodin' up you'se big stay,
you'se a-watchin' of us, too.
I'm jest longin' longin' for you'se to me bring
A big fire engine, that'll ring like anything;
A lot of Roman candles, an' firecrackers, No. 1.
An' a Uncle Sam's wagon, an' you jest bet we'll have lots of fun.
FRANK KECK.

Dear Santa Clause:
Your invitation to girls and boys
I hasten to accept.
My wishes three,
As you may see,
I hope you will respect.
A pairs of rubber boots, No. 3,
Will just fit me.
A foot-ball round,
To play on the ground,
And goodies, sweet,
For us to eat.
FRANK JONES.

Dear Santy Claues:
I am a little boy 3 years old,
You don't bring much to poor children, as I am told;
Though I am a little boy,
I would like pretty toys,
A billie goat as white as snow,
A spress-wagon and wheelbarrow.
E. H. B.

Dear Old Santa Claus:
Please at Fulton pause
Because I know you have lots of toys
For all of us boys.
My names is Karl B.
And I want a nice Christmas-tree
For my brothers, sisters, and me;
And a Yankee jumper sleigh,
So on the hillside I can play.
On Christmas-Eve night
My eyes will be closed tight.
I have always heard your name with awe,
Because you I never saw.
Effectionately, KARL B.
Karl Black, age 7 years.

Dear Santa Claus your name is a joy
To every good little girl and boy.
I have tried to be very good,
And I very much wish you would
Bring me two dolls—one large and one small—
And a great big rubber ball;
A lock bracelet, a silver tea set,
And anything else that you can get.
Just come down our chimney on Xmas-Eve night,
And I promise to have my eyes shut up tight. LOUISE NORMA ROYALL.

Dear Santa Claus:
My papa told me you had left Klondike a month ago for the beauty spot of the globe (Richmond), with something I prize more than gold, because I told him I wanted a shoo-fly bobby-horse, a drum, engine, horn, building blocks, goat that hollows, wagon, dancing monkey, ten pins, picture book, firecrackers, and plenty of candy, nuts, and cakes. Don't forget to bring my Grand Pa and Grand Ma something, too.
I am the only boy in the house, and there are others that will know it. Your good boy, GARLAND MOLTZ.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am only a little tot,
Two years old, not quite;
Now, I fear, I want a lot
Of things Christmas-eve night.
Now, Santa dear, a dolly sweet,
A hobby-horse, a piano that will play;
Dolly must have choes on her feet,
And I want sandy to last all day,
And if you have anything else to spare
I don't want to ask again,
But just put in another share
For Lillian Alice Flanagan.

Christmas—Santa Claus, Santa Claus:
Marie and Herbert want some toys,
A carriage and doll, with pretty hair,
And everything else that you can spare—
Candy and nuts, and a full tree,
All these pretty things bring to Marie;
A wagon, a drum, and toys of rubber,
A horn and building blocks for my little brother
And Marie and Herbert will be so sweet
If you will bring them to 403 Nicholson street.
MARIE AND HERBERT ANDREWS.

Dear Mr. Santa, as Christmas is near,
And all children are writing to old Santa dear,
I thought I would write and see
If on Christmas night you'd bring me,
A nice little sled—
If you like, paint it red—
And the game steeplechase and a small baby bed;
A pair of kid gloves and a little popgun,
A double-key harp and a nice bass-drum.
Your friend, BELLE HOOPER.

My Dear Santa Clause:
I hope you are well,
I have been a good boy,
And my name is Roy Wells.
I'm not greedy,
I do not want much,
But I would like to have
Some nice, sweet stuff.
A two-seated wagon
And a velocipede,
A drum and a horn,
Is all—that is all I need.
Mamma wants a castor,
Papa wants a cane,
Sister wants a bracelet,
And brother wants a gold chain.
Yours truly,
ROY HUDSON WELLS.

Dear Old Santa:
I'm 9, you see,
The oldest of three,
Please come, not only to me,
But to we, all three.
Please bring to me a blackboard like I did see,
A pair of skates, too,
And that will do.
Except a book or two.
Brother John wants
A pair of gloves, so warm
That the cold cannot his hands harm;
Slippers, too, so that coming in at night,
He can leave off his shoes.
Baby Ruth says, Dear Old Sandy,
If your money is handy,
Please bring along some candy,
And bells that will ring,
You will please bring
A doll that will move around
And be the talk of the town.
Your little friends,
EDITH, JOHN, AND RUTH YARBOROUGH.

My Darling Santa:
I am a little boy 9 years old. Mamma says I am a good boy. I go to school every day. All I want is a lot of fireworks, any kind you chose to bring. Please don't forget I will go to bed soon.
Your darling,
ALEXANDER JONES.

Dear Mr. Santa Clause:
Please bring me a saddle and a horse to put it on. I would like to have a bicycle or a "Billy" Goat, a box of marbles and some horn agates, a cannon, a air rifle, a train of cars, and a track to run on; a little dog and a pretty picture book, a horn, and a overcoat. A "man-in-ring" set. Yours very truly,
CHARLES H. STOUT.

Dear Santa Clause:
Please bring me a lot of toys and popcrackers. I would like to have a doll and and carriage and some furniture for my doll-house. Please bring me a little piano and a stove, a parasol, a little lamp, and a "Devil in the band-box," and a little rocking-chair for myself.
Mama says I'm 8 years old,
Papa says I'm four;
Mama says I'm old enough
To have a little bow.
Your little girl, ALICE STOUT.
You will find my picture inside.

In the Dispatch, dear Santa, your letter I read,
And of you I will dream when I sleep in my bed;
Not many things will I ask you to bring,
But I want a sleigh, with a bell that will ring.
I am fond of reading, and would like a nice book,
Full of nice pictures, at which I may look;
Some candy and nuts, and fireworks, too,
If my stocking won't hold them, fill up my shoe;
A goat, dear Santa, would be the very thing,
But papa thinks best that I wate until spring;
A game I would like, and a new suit of clothes,
And anything else you please, Santa Claus;
And dond forget my Noah's Ark,
I live on Broad st., near the park.
TOMMIE BURTON WALKER.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little girl eight years old, and can write my own letters. I wish you would please bring me a table and a set of dishes and a pair of mitts and a muff, if you have the money. I have my doll you brougt me last Christmas, and it is just as nice as it was then, and I hope you will carry all the little girls and boy something. EMMA ELLA JONES.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a tool chest and express wagon and pistol and musical top and some popcrackers.
CHARLIE IRWIN.

Dear Santa Claus:
Bring me a rocking chair and a ring and some candy and nuts. That is all I want. FLORENCE IRWIN.

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:
Mamma says times is so hard, I don't expect anything, but I would like very much to have a big doll. Please don't forget to come. With love, yours, loving,
KATIE JONES.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a pair of skates, a box of handkerchiefs, a gold watch, and lots of games, and that is all. Please bring them. From VIRGINIA,
To Santa Claus.

Dear Santa Claus:
As Christmas is near at hand I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you no what I want you to bring me Christmas. I would like a nice Christmas tree and some nice things on it, so my little friends could enjoy it with me.
BELLE WALTHALL.

Dear Santa Claus:
I thought I would write to you. I would have written to you before, but did not know where to address my letter. A friend of mine told me she would see that this letter would reach you, and I want to thank you for the many times you have thought of me, and wish you a very happy Christmas.
Your affectionate friend,
ANNIE ROBINSON.

Dear Santa Clause:
There are six of us, and I am the oldest. They asked me to write to you for them. Johnny is the 9-months-old baby, wants a shoo-fly, rattle, or something he can bite on. Eunice is 3 years old, wants two doll-baby's carriage. Emma, who is 5 years old, wants a big doll-baby [illegible] and ring. Bessie, who is 7 years old, wants ring, doll baby, picture book. Bernard is 9 years old; says he don't want anything but a horn and fireworks, and anything else you choose to bring him. I am 12 years old, and have got most anything a girl my age would want. You can bring me anything you think I would like. I liked to forgot candies and nuts.
Yours truely, ANNIE WILLIAMS.

Dear St. Nicolas:
I don't like to ask for too much, for I know you have a good many places to go besides here, but I would like to have a pair of mittens and a black Dinah, and some candy and nuts. Don't forget to come. MINNIE LEE.

Dear Old Santy:
I would like for you to bring me a diamond ring, a work-box, a silver thimble, a jewelry case, and a nice book. Please send me your address, and I would like to visit you in the spring. If you will bring me all these I will be a good girl. I am, ever your loving child,
MATTIE MIDYETTE.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little boy 8 years old, and I would like to have a velocipede and a foot-ball, and a little candy in my stocking. And please bring my ma Holmes something, and oblige.
RUSSYLL BARNETT.
P. S.—Don't forget my Xmas-tree.

Dear Santa Claus:
This is the first time I've asked you for anything. Pleas bring me a lock braciet and a plain gold ring, and dress my dolls over.
From your little friend,
KATIE ARMSTRONG.

Dear Santa Clause:
I am a little girl only 7 years old. I do not want much. I want my doll dressed over and a nice pink dress, and a large iron stove, a large horn, a large sheep, waiter and a Christmas-tree, and a plenty of candy and nuts, and have a good time, ant that is all.
Good-by, dear old Santa Clause. Now don't forget the No. 820 west Broad street.
MARY LIZZIE POHLIG.

Dear Old Santa:
I will write to you and ask that you please remember me, as I have tried to be a good girl, and not slap my sisters, unless they hit me first. So now I want you to bring me a doll baby that can go to sleep, and a horn and lots of nice candies, and please do not forget where I am now living, next to Mr. Horner, on Cross Patch street, in Grumble Row.
LOUISE.
Please don't forget to bring Bongie a shooker.

Dear Santa Claus:
I now take my pencil in hand to tell you to bring me a wagon, a hourse, a drum, a slate, a book and pencil, all the pretty things you can get for me. Don't fail to come to see me. From
WILLIE JEFFERSON WADE.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little girl 5 years old. I did not write you last year, but I am going to write this year. I wish you would please bring me one large doll—a pretty one—so I can take her on the streets with me, and one beuro and sideboard, and one real large tea set, nuts and candy, and some oranges, too. I don't like to ask for too much, so I will be very thankful for them. From your little friend, ALMA LEE JONES.

Dear Santa Claus:
You have been very kind to me in the past. Would it be asking too much of you to bring me a doll and carriage, nice large tea set. That is all I wish, because if I were to ask for more there would be others who would not get anything. Now, may God bless you, Dear Old Santa. I am still cheerfully yours,
HILDEGARD M'OLIVER.

Dear Santa Clause:
I am a boy of 9 years old. I have no mama this year, for God called her away from Johnie and I last winter, so I know, dear Santa, you won't forget us, will you? We live with Grandma and Aunt Kate, so you can find us there. I would like to have a wagon and a box of tools, and some fireworks. Brother Johnie wants a magic lantern and some fireworks. With love and kisses, I am your dear little boy,
MARTIN TRAYLOR.

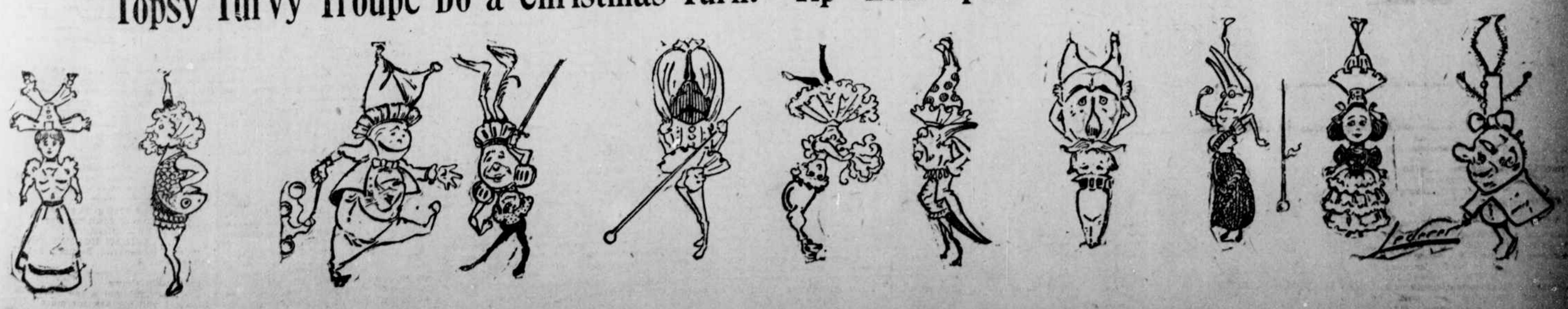
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little girl 8 years old, and have always loved you very dearly, so please don't forget me this Christmas. I would like a book, a doll, and a little bed to put my doll in. I will not write for anything else, as I know you have so many stockings to fill. Dear Santa Claus, do not forget to bring my little brother John something, too. Your little girl,
ELSIE.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a xilophone, with round things going across and red things on the side, and balls on the end of the sticks; a clown's suit and a soldier's suit; a banjo, trombone, hunting horn with a black mouthpiece on it and red and white strings; goat and wagon. Bring me a Christmas-tree with things on it. I want some baby-wakers and little popcrackers, and sky-rockets and Roman candles. Dear Old Santa Claus, I'm going to leave a dollar on the mantelpiece for you. Good-bye,
TOM WINSTON BOLLING.
P. S.—I forgot; I want a tomahawk and dog-knife. T. W. B.

Dear Santa Claus:
I hope you will reach Richmond without many trials and tribulations. I am eight. I want a nice book and some popcrackers to make a lot of fuss. I am going to get up early. I think of Christmas a month ahead. "And just before Christmas I will be as good as I can be."
Yours truly, HENRY STAPLES.

Dear Santa Claus:
As it is near Xmas, I thought I would write you a letter. I have been endeavored to be a good boy this year, and I thought I would ask you to remember me, as you go around, for I know you know what suits a little boy like me.
Very respectly, SAMMIE HARRIS.

Dear Santa:
I wish you woud bring me a littel car, with 2 littel iron horses hooked to the litti car. This here you can read. Am a littel boy 6 years old, and am 2 littel to go to schol, and can't make written letters yet. GORDON GRACE.

Dear Santa Claus:
I want a little race-track, what has a little round fence to it, and it has three men what is riding bicycle, and bring me a sled, and bring me a billy goat, jumper, and a little whip and a little pair of reins. HANSON M'KENNEY.

Topsy Turvy Troupe Do a Christmas Turn. Tip Them Upside Down and See What It Is.