Dimly the form of the W. M. glided in through the fog this a. m. "Fair tonight and Thursday," muttered he.

The Tacoma Times

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Did you see the dispatches telling of snow in the east yesterday? Blizzards and such! Ugh! Tacoma's good enough.

HORDES DIE IN FIGHT

NOCTURNE.
(Sure, you know what a nocturne is, Helene!)

I

The night was dark and stormy,
The rain came down in sheets;
I wish you would inform me,
The price of Yellow Beets.

II

The night was dark and dreary,
Indeed, it was intense;
"Do not be fearful, dearie,"
He cried, then leaped the fence.

JIM DASH.

* * *

Looky here, Jim; you gotta stay away from the Cursed Stuph, if you intend to get anything more in this Colyum. We can't even understand that up above, ourselves. We print it, however, in the hope that there may be some more highly cultured—shall we say gifted?—nuts in town than us!

* * *

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