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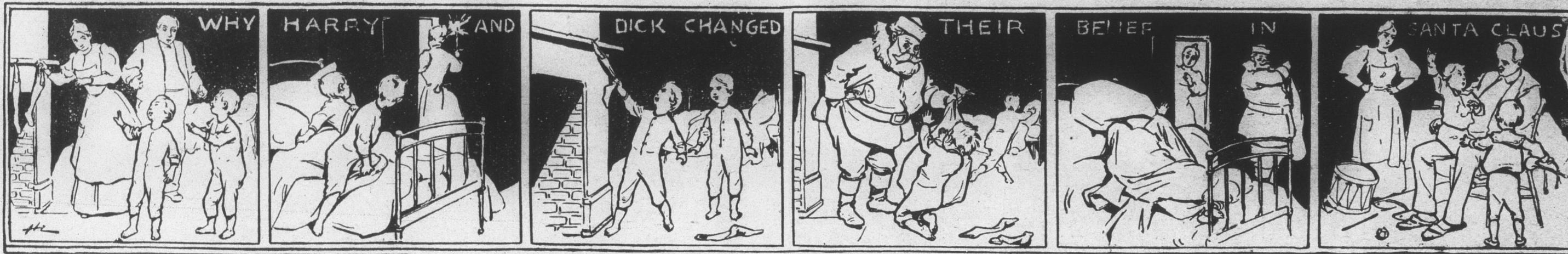
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RENSSELAER, IND.

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THE BEST OPPORTUNITY for money saving ever offered to the people of Rensselaer and vicinity, (saving money is the same as making it,) is now being offered at C. D. Nowels' Cheap Cash Store. In every article handled over his counters you realize at least a ten per cent saving. The quality is of the best, and prices the cheapest, to be found elsewhere. Our Ladies' Capes, Coats and Jackets we are selling at actual wholesale prices, as you will see when you visit us.

Come soon if you want one of these choice bargains. You can't help but say, "they are so cheap."

Our ready-made clothing is of the best merchant tailor make, and we are selling it at remarkably low prices. Don't fail to see our suits before buying. You will save money by it, and what we are all working for is money. Then why not buy of us and save a goodly per cent on your clothing. We have a few nice boys' and men's overcoats yet. Come soon, before they are all gone. Shoes well, it is not worth while saying anything about them, you all know we have the best shoes in town, and we make our prices reasonable. Everybody knows our shoes, in fact, every thing in our line is a bonanza to the purchaser. The finest line of staple dress goods in town; can suit the most fastidious. We expect you all to see us the first of the New Year; don't all come the first day, we can only wait on five hundred that day, but after that come when you can, as we can then wait upon one thousand customers daily. Wishing you all a Happy New Year.

I am yours to serve.

C. D. NOWELS,  
CHEAP - CASH - STORE.

RENSSELAER, IND.

## Farmer Stebbins as Santa Claus.

By WILL CARLETON.

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We went to Pegtown visiting, my good old wife an' me, An' thought that we would bathe ourselves in Chris'mas joy an' glee; For Sarah Ann, a buxom dame, an' daughter, too, of mine, Resides there with her older half an' children eight or nine; An' so we gathered gifts enough to make 'em all content An' took the train an' landed there the very day we went.



The children warmly greeted us an' crowded round my chair, With four a-perchin' on my knees an' young uns still to spare; An' asked about my spectacles, an' how I grew my wig, An' if my papa bought my teeth before I got so big, An' how my whiskers come to bleach an' other questions prone To make a mortal realize that younger days have flown;

An' if I ever looked it up how fur I was around, An' when I run if it would shake the whole adjacent ground, An' if the your-correct-weight box didn't think I was a lot, An' if I wouldn't have to put two pennies in the slot, With other questions well designed to give a hint to me That I was not a first class sylph so far as they could see.

An' when I told 'em fairy tales they wouldn't believe a word, An' said the Sin'bad sailor things could never have occurred; An' all the pleasant little lies that used to cheer my youth They set upon without delay as destitute of truth. An' when of Christmas mysteries in solemn tones I spoke, They laughed an' said that Santa Claus was all "a bloomin' fake."



So Christmas eve I slyly told my daughter Sarah Ann: "I'll show the tots a little sight to laugh at if they can. You rake the fireplace clear o' fire, not tellin' them the cause, An' I'll come down the chimney way dressed up as Santa Claus. It isn't very fur to climb—the weather's pretty mild, An' I would do three times as much to interest a child."

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YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

I went an' clad in hairy garb, with whiskers long an' white  
An' other things to paralyze the inexperienced sight,  
An' had some sleighbells bright an' new a-hangin' on my arms  
An' pockets full o' Christmas things to add unto my charms,  
An' with the strongest ladder rope that I could find in town  
I entered in the chimney top an' clambered slowly down.



My goodness sakes! Who ever heard of such untimely luck?  
The chimney narrowed all to once, an' suddenly I stuck  
An' hung there like a roastin' hen a-waitin' to be brown,  
For spite of all my effortin' I couldn't get up or down.  
An' then the chil'ren heard the noise an' run distressin' fleet  
An' looked an' yelled: "It's Gran'pa Steb. We know him by his feet".

An' then their mother had to tell what I had tried to do,  
Whereat their little fancies sprung the subject to pursue.  
Thy asked me if I'd traveled far, if chimneys injured coats,  
An' where my span of reindeers was, an' if they'd like some oats,  
An' told me with a childish greed for Christmas gathered self,  
If I would throw the presents down, I needn't come myself;



An' there I hung for quite awhile, with fury in my heart,  
Until they brought a mason in, who took the bricks apart;  
An' though they made the children stop, an' sent 'em off to bed,  
I knew what they was thinkin' of an' what they probly said,  
An' when the mornin' did appear an' breakfast time occurred,  
They set around the table there forbid to say a word;



A-sufferin' so to laugh at me, afraid that I'd be gruff,  
An' longin' for their presents, too—I knew it well enough.  
An' then a tear come in my eye, an' like a fond old dunc  
I went an' dug the presents out an' give 'em all to once.  
An' then I says, "If Santa Claus is what you call a fake,  
These pr'nty things he brought fur you is real an' no mistake."

An' then they up an' danced around an' kissed me, one by one,  
An' hugged me harder than the blamed old chimney just had done,  
An' with a thousand looks of love inumbered me with thanks  
An' made me like 'em more an' more in spite of all their pranks.  
An' one, the prettiest of the whole, who always took my part,  
She smiles an' says: "It's Gran'pa Steb. We know him by his heart!"

J. F. WARREN. S. C. IRWIN. J. F. IRWIN.

WARREN & IRWIN.

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S. C. Irwin, attorney at law, will attend to legal business.

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