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Farmer Stebbins as Santa Claus.

By WILL CARLETON.

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We went to Pegg town 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 grewed
my wig,
An' if my papa bought my teeth before I got so big,
An' how my whiskers come to bleach an' other ques-
tions 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 ad-
jacent 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 be-
lieve 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."



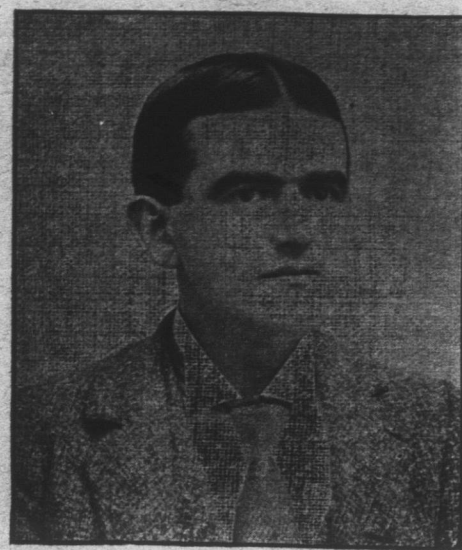
So Christmas eve I slyly told my daughter
Sarah Ann:

"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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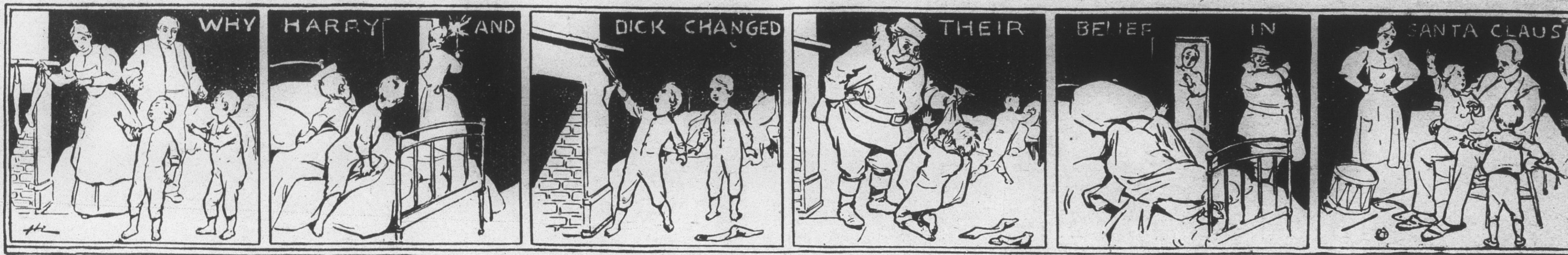
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I am yours to serve.

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CHEAP - CASH - STORE.

RENSSELAER, IND.



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 un-
timely 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 in-
jured 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 pelf,
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 knowed what they was thinkin' of an' what they prob'ly 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 knowed it well
enough.
An' then a tear come in my eye, an' like a fond old
dunce
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'tty 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 incumbered 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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