

Dance on my nose with your tickling feet,
Blue bird fly!
Sing in my ear with your buzz to greet
Me, the flies!

You will seek me out in my dark retreat,
With an eager zest for the scents you can beat,
And I'll sing you clear in the dark,
Sweet and by.

I havn't seen you since 'seventy-eight,
Little house fly;

And I see you now with the bitterest hate
You're a dirty, dirty fly!

Oh, how I have you nobody knows,
Author of half my summer woes,

Oh, how I pray that you might be froze,
Villainous fly!

All through the winter you did not freeze,
Nor catch, Mary Ann,

Now all the summer you'll do as you please,
When, in winter evenings we would sleep,

Now you wake us, vigils you'll keep,
Precious is sleeping, but waking is cheap;

Sleep, man, if you can.

Oh, how I wish with my two broad hands,
Spread left and right,

Streng to Equators bands,

Giants of might,

Some summer day in my wrath I would rise,
Sweat all the hands of millions of flies

Clear out of sight.

Vain are my wishes, oh little house fly,

You're hard to smash;

Strong men may swear and women may cry,

Testing the strength of your wings,

But in the cause your friends you'll lug,

You'll beat your feet in the syrup jug,

And your ears you'll ring in the baby's

Cheeky and brash.

Still, precious lessons, dear little house fly,

You teach to me,

Hated or loved, you tell me that I

Happy may be,

Why sit I here? I'll stink a nose,

Whether its owner's conduct shows a

That's just so,

Pleasant to me?

These lines should read "Gnashin' their teeth," but a little poetic license was necessary to bring in the rhyme.

—Burlington Hawkeye.

TURNED FROM THE DOOR.

"No tramps here," said I; and shut the door in his face. I did. The wind blew so I could hardly do it, and the sleet was beating on the panes, and the bare trees were groaning and moaning as if they suffered in the storm. "No tramps here; I'm a lone woman, and I am afraid of 'em."

Then the man I hadn't seen yet, for the dark, went away from the door. Champ, champ, champ, came the man back again, and knocked on the door—knocked not so loud as he did before—and I opened it, hot and angry. This time I saw his face—a pale ghost of a face with yellow-brown hair, drooping, slow and weak, staring blue eyes, and he put his hand against the door and held it open.

"How near is the next house, ma'am?" said he.

"Three miles or more," said I. "No," said I; "no drinks to be got there; it is Miss Mitten's, and she's as set again tramps as I am."

"I don't want drink," said the man, "though I do want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in, ma'm. I've been wounded, and am not able to walk far, and my clothes are thin and it's bitter cold. I've been trying to get to my parents at Greenbank, but the road can't tell I'm better; and all my money was stolen from me three days ago. You needn't be afraid; let me lie just before the fire, and only give me a crust, to keep me from starving, and the Lord will bless you for it."

And then he looked at me with his mild blue eyes in a way that would have made me do it if it hadn't been I'd seen so much of these impostors. The war was just over, and every beggar that came along said he was a soldier traveling, and had been wounded and robbed. One that I had been foolish enough to help, limped away out of sight as I thought, and then—for I was at the garret window—shouldered his crutches and tramped with the strongest.

"No doubt your pocket is full of money," said I; "and you only want a chance to rob and murder me. Go away with you!"

Drusilla, that's my niece, was baking cakes in the kitchen. Just then she came to the door and motioned with her mouth: "Do let him stay, auntie," and if I hadn't had good sense I might, but I knew better than a chick of 16. "Go away with you," says I, louder than ever. "I won't have it any longer!"

And he gave a kind of a groan, and took his hand from the latch, and went champ, champ, through the frozen snow again; and I thought him gone, when there was once more, hardly with a knock at all—a faint touch, like a child's now.

And when I opened the door again, he came quite in, and stood leaning on his cane, pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than ever.

"Well, I'm all impudent," said I. He looked at me, and he said:

"Madame, I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go any further to night."

"They all want to see their mothers," and just then it came to my mind, that I hoped that my son Charlie, who had been a real soldier, an officer he had come to be, mind you, wanted to see his, and would soon.

"I have been wounded, as you see," said he.

"Don't go showing me your hurts," said I; "they buy 'em, so they told me, to go a beggar with now. I read the paper, tell ye, and I'm principled, and so is our clergyman, agin' givin' anything, unless it's through some well-organized society. Tramps are my abomination. And as to keeping all you night, you can't expect that of decent folks—go!"

Drusilla came to the door and said:

"Let him stay, auntie," with her lips agap, but I took no notice.

So he went, and this time he did not come back, and I sat down by the fire, and smelt the baking cakes and the apple stewing, and the tea drawing on the kitchen stove, and I ought to have been very comfortable, but I wasn't. Something seemed tugging at my heart all the time.

I gave the fire a poke, and lit another candle to cheer myself up, and I went to my work-basket to get a sock I had been knitting for my Charlie, as I went to get it, I saw something lying on the floor. I picked it up. It was an old tobacco pouch, ever so much like the one I gave Charlie with the fringe around it, and written on it in ink, "From C. F. to R. H." and inside was a bit of tobacco, and an old pipe, and a letter, a rumped old letter; and when I spread it out I saw on the top, my dear son."

I knew the beggar must have dropped it, and my heart gave one thump,

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My grandfather's breath was too strong for

the house.

He slept ninety years in the shed;

It was strong by far than the old man

himself.

At least that's what grandmother said.

It was got on the morn when he swallowed

his first horn:

You could smell it as you passed by his side;

But it stopped short, never to smell again,

When the old man died.

Ninety years he kept swimming on

Tick, tick, tick.

His breath nearly killing from

This tick, tick, tick, tick.

But it stopped now, let us thank heaven,

And the old man's dead.

"'Em' in Inter Ocean.

CONDIMENTS.

A double house, with two families, is

rent in twain.

All jokes on the Rev. Joe Cook we

hang on the joke hook until wanted.

A saw for the times: "No man

should live beyond the means of his

creditors."

A young lady in Utica is so refined

that she invariably alludes to the Spitz

as a "cuspido dog."

Rain is rain is earnest;

But thou art, to dust return,

Was surely written on the mud.

The injurious effect of "fortyrod

whisky," we presume, is attributable

to the fact that forty rods make one

rule.

A young lady was heard to remark

a day or two ago, "Why, I haven't

had a wooden hoe on my limb this

week!" That's cuth.

Two men went down the street this

afternoon. One slipped and fell, and

the other entered an eating-house.

One got shaked bad and the other got

shak bad.

The woman who put her tongue to a

a hot flat iron to see if it was hot, now

sits calmly and sees her husband pull

off his dirty boots on the parlor carpet

without a word of dissent.

How much more bitter than worm-

wood gall it is, when you attempt

to k—that is to press your girl's head

close to your own, to be jabbed in the

ear by the pin that holds her hat on.

A Southerner says, "Now look yar!"

A New Englander says, "Now yew,

say!" A New Yorker chips it, "Now

say!" A Hoosier puts it, "Now lookee here!" An Englisher get it, "I say, aw!"

A damsel applied for a place behind

counter. "What clerical experience

have you?" asked the man of dry

goods. "Very little," she said with a

blush, "for I only joined the church

last week."

A bright boy was walking along the

street with his mother, and, observing

a man with a peculiar hitch in his

gait approaching, he drolly exclaimed,

"Look, mamma! See how that poor

man stutters with his feet."

Butcher—"Come, John, be lively,

now; break the bones in Mr. Smith's ribs

in the basket for him." John (briskly)

"All right, sir; just as soon as I've

saved off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

"What a rogue fellow that Sniggins is!" petulantly exclaimed the Hope-

dale girl after a struggle with the aforesaid Sniggins. "He nearly smothered me!" "And did you kiss him for his smother?" asked the other miss,

"When I was a boy," said a very

prosy, long-winded orator to his friend,

"I used to talk in my sleep."

"And now," said his friend, "you sleep in your talk." But so nethow that didn't seem to be just exactly the point the orator was going to make.

If the young man who went to call