

A STERLING OLD POEM.

Who shall judge man from his manner,
Who shall say what is his dress?
Princes may fit for Princes,
Princes fit for nothing else.

Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
Fit for a man of deepest ore
Or the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vest can do no more.

There are streams of crystal pector
Ever flowing out from one's breast;
There are pearls beyond compare,
Hidden, crushed and overthrown;

God, who counts by souls not dresses,
Lives and loves me, and me loves;

Wishes and values throng the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, uprisen above his fellows
Oft forgets his friends then;

Masters—rulers—remember
The poorest man is man;

Men of labor men of feeling,
Men of thoughts and men of fame,

Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's enabling name.

There are foam embroiled oceans,
There are life-blood-clad ribs;

There are cedars on the hills,

God, who counts by souls not stations,

Wishes and values throng the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Tolling hands alone are builders
Of the nation's wealth and fame;

Tolling hands alone are builders;

Fingers fastened on the same;

By the sweat of others' foreheads,

Living only to rejoice.

Wishes and values outraged freedom.

Wishes and values feebly voice.

Truth and justice are eternal
Born with loveliness and light;

Secret wrongs shall never prosper

While there is a sun to light.

God's world-wide voice is singing

Boundless love to you and me,

Links oppression with its tides,

But as pebbles in the sea,

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

A Story of the Diamond Green.

Fever-heat would have but little expressed the state of feeling in Glenmore when it became known to a certainty that a city base ball club was coming to play a match with the ambitious home organization. Even the elders became somewhat enlivened, though as a rule they "plashed" and "phashed" in the entire thing, and vowed they could see nothing in it but "splintered ankles and broken thumbs and fingers, and waste of time and money"—voted it useless, expensive and dangerous, and "not one-half so good as the game they used to play when they were young—no indeed."

But this was entirely different from the customary "squabbles" of the country boys, and "they gave in as gracefully as they could, and resolved to see "how the thing worked" for once in their lives, though they knew it would not amount to much anyway.

The advent of "gentlemen from the city" in the quiet, hum-drug village was in itself sufficient to create quite a huge ripple upon the surface of society at any time. With the additional incentive of base ball it rose to a furor, and never had there been such a demand for blue ribbons and ties and sashes—that being the color of the uniform of the visiting club.

Indeed, so great was the run upon the one village fancy store, that the slender stock was soon exhausted, and the somewhat antiquated spinner owner not-only drew to her wits end, but was disconcerted. By "hook or by crook," however, the numerous wands were supplied, and blonde and brunette, able to flash out in the most dainty attire, with ribbons and bows and streamers of navy blue, looking their sweetest and intent upon "catching" hearts, even though it had to be upon a "fool."

They were a manly looking set of young fellows that came in the evening (so as to be "rested" for the game of the morrow), and as they strolled through the streets were wa-ched from behind half-closed blinds, and disengaged at length—they enjoying the same privilege with the girls of beauty, and on playing croquet in the ample and tree-shaded doorways.

"A handsome, dinstinguishing fellow," commenced Laura Osborn as a trio passed.

"Which?" was questioned by Worth Seymour, who was wasting the time of early evening at the shrine of his divinity.

"The one with black hair and mustache—the tallest. I never saw a more perfect model of an athlete, or a man move with so much grace."

"Oh, that is the catcher of the Agates—a smart player, and a very clever fellow."

"As handsome as Apollo! One could be reconciled being a man, if he could be such a one."

"And that being impossible, the next thing to do is to make love to him."

She withdrew from the blinds and flashed her blue eyes upon him mischievously, looking superbly beautiful in her robe of soft white, relieved at the throat and wrist by knots of azure; with her golden amber hair similarly relieved, her color richer and deeper than usual, and her face truly a speaking one.

"And if I should, what then?" she questioned, with more of fire than fervor than he deemed her possessor of.

"In love with a base-ball player!" he sneered contemptuously and jealously.

"The base applies to the game, not to the man, I take it," she answered with spirit. "Honor and shame—you know the rest. I can see no reason why a man cannot indulge in such pastimes and still be a gentleman. It is an exhibit of strength, skill and practice, of perfect muscular manhood, and is much better earning a living than 'rolling' around in Sybaritic ease."

"But that does not make it incumbent upon a lady to fall in love with him."

"The insinuation to that effect was your own, not mine. Women can appreciate and praise perfections in the opposite sex without instantly becoming 'raving mad in love,' though I fancy such is the poor opinion mankind are accustomed to entertain of them, that, in the 'slang' of the day, they are perfectly ready and willing to 'throw themselves away' upon the first specimen of masculinity that gives them the slightest opportunity."

"And, you could marry a man who devotes himself to such an amusement?" he asked in both astonishment and bitterness.

"Of course, other respects he was worthy—if I loved him as a wife should love a husband—yes" was the decisive response.

THE RENSSLAER STANDARD.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 13, 1879.

NO. 13.

VOL. I.

The Standard,

RENSSELAER, IND.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:	
One column, one year.....	\$50.00
Half column, one year.....	40.00
Quarter column, one year.....	30.00
Eighth column, one year.....	10.00
BUSINESS CARDS.....	\$5.00 a year.
READING NOTICES.....	5 cents a line.

JOB PRINTING

Of all kinds neatly and cheaply executed rates on application.

CONDIMENTS.

No bald-headed man was ever converted by a sermon during the dry season.

When yesterday I asked you, love,
Only with a smile, say,
Your brother informed me;
So please say ter-yester-day.

A Pulaski boy recently swallowed a penknife. Although not quite out of danger, he finds some consolation in the fact that the knife belonged to another boy.

The man who fell off the fence into the brambles was much nettled by the occurrence. We hope thistle be appreciated," says a punster. Weed have said the same thing.

A Canadian girl carried a twenty-foot ladder 100 yards, placed it against a burning house, climbed up, and fell backwards on a man and nearly killed him.

We know a girl who will wrestle with a croquet mallet in the hot sun for hours and not complain. But just as she to hold on to the wooden end of a broom for a few minutes and she'll have a fit.

Economical: Young Wife (shopping)

"I'm giving a small dinner to-morrow, and I shall want some lamb." Butcher—"Yes 'm; forrester 'o' lamb, 'm" Young Wife—"Well, I think three quarters will be enough!"

Eulalie's sweet poem entitled "The Cucumber's Victim," has been received, and is respectfully and firmly declined, on the grounds that we cannot encourage a muse which makes "really gorgeous" rhyme with "cholera." Was dot vay since I was a schidit,
My hopes day vay go dedit,
I never lofed somebody's wife,
Except dot feller broke my head,
I never lofed dot feller's wife,
To tick dot neighbor's gose ne'x door,
But when he's ready for der chob,
Bing shingoo! he don'dif no more.

Lo! the poor printer, sitting on his stock and rule—sighs all mournfully o'er this and that, with one eye pealed upon the hook for fat; or, waiting for copy, o'er the stone he stoops, and two-enz quads in hand, he jeffs for dups.

If the person who sent us the following conundrum will forward his address, we will hear of something to his disadvantage: "What is the difference between a slice of ham and a newly-married woman running off with another fellow? Ans.—One is being fried, and the other's a fleeing bride."

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said Mr. Phelps to the twelve men of Worthington, Minn., who had convicted his daughter of selling cider without a license, "all I've got to say is you're a set of jackasses, and you may waye your ears over that solemn truth." Mr. Phelps was fined \$100 for contempt of court.

Last year a man patented a fan which fastened to the back of a rock-chair, and was made to work by the motion of the chair. This year some one has fashioned a fan whose motive power is the sewing-machine; and next year we see no reason why a combined fan and fly-brush should not be invented, to be attached to boarding-house tables and operated by the inmate strength of the butter."

He was a worthy pastor.

Wife saw with grief and care,

Her son was ill, her daughter sleep,

Or—which was worse—elsewhere.

He pondered long and deeply,

Then at last hit on a simple

And most effectual plan.

Next Sunday, of her son's bed,

He slid down the pupit stairs

And stood upon his head.

By this he drove the people

That preacher great to his

To seven thousand a year.

Old Phineas Rice was one of the quiet types of itinerant Methodist preachers. He had a hard path to follow, once, when he made his report to the conference following his return. The church "looking up," The Bishop representing his pleasure, but asked for an explanation, because no one expected salvation in that parish. Dr. Rice was equal to the occasion, and added: "Well, bishop, the church is on its back, and can't look any other way." There was a roar of laughter all over the conference.

The Right of Privacy in the Delivery and Receipt of Letters.

In a matter involving the question whether a postmaster required under the laws to testify in a judicial proceeding as to who rents a box in his office, who took the letters from it, etc., tending to show what became of certain correspondence, the subject was referred to Assistant Attorney General Freedman of the Post Office Department, and he had advised the postmaster should not be required to answer the inquiry. He says, "The Postmaster is an agent of the Government, and there is no relation which the Government maintains toward the postmaster of such high trust, and of such peculiar and confidential a character as that which it sustains in the transmissions of sealed communications. The name of the person addressed is written on the outside of the letter for one purpose alone—that of enabling the postmaster to deliver it to the proper person. For any other purpose the postmaster is presumed to have no knowledge of the address. Not only so sacred was the law regarding the right of privacy and confidential correspondence that it requires letters addressed to a particular box or place to be delivered at that particular box or place, even though directed to no particular person, thus enabling parties, if they choose, to protect themselves against the unlawful disclosures of any one holding the mail."

He recommends that the postmaster appear, and, if required to purge himself of any supposed contempt by the statement that the questions addressed to him relate to matters within his knowledge only, in his official character acquired in the discharge of his duty as postmaster, and not in his individual capacity as a private citizen, and that by the law and the regulations of the department, which have the force of law, he is forbidden to answer the questions.

Pastures which are not closely grazed send up seeds stalks early in summer, the ripening of which exhausts the soil and plants, and prevents the animals from reaching the fine grass beneath. By passing the reaper, set low in the stalks, over the pasture as soon as the stalks are thrown up, the pasture is saved, and a handsome, even surface of green herbage is presented to the eye.

Pastures which are not closely grazed send up seeds stalks early in summer, the ripening of which exhausts the soil and plants, and prevents the animals from reaching the fine grass beneath. By passing the reaper, set low in the stalks, over the pasture as soon as the stalks are thrown up, the pasture is saved, and a handsome, even surface of green herbage is presented to the eye.

The discussion was neither a profitable nor a pleasant one for Seymour, and he changed the subject mentally owing that the beautiful girl had both outshined and outfielded him, and if the argument were to be continued he would be most strikingly "Chicagoed."

Accident threw Laura Osborn and her admirer in the society of the catcher of the Agates later in the evening. A hop had been unwise, and the girl saw him under other auspices than those of the "diamond green"—danced with and found him a gentleman in manners—had him talk and prove himself to be educated—listened to his clear, rich, tenor voice when singing that convinced her he was a gifted and cultivated musician; and, being piped by her conversation with Seymour, made herself more than usually agreeable.

To Charley Morton she proved the most so of any girls present. It was pleasant for him to pass the evening in the society of one so beautiful and accomplished. He exerted himself accordingly. It was to all the Agates a "game" for that one evening only would never result in any lifetime "match," and it didn't seem to have won, for to-morrow the "ball" would be a "dead" one and no "score" remain, save it might be in memory.

Laura Osborn turned away from the "ball" to another, "tear" of the game, but Frank Lee, an old college chum of his, educated and of the best in the land, had him talk and prove himself to be educated—listened to his clear, rich, tenor voice when singing that convinced her he was a gifted and cultivated musician; and, being piped by her conversation with Seymour, made herself more than usually agreeable.

"It is much—very much injured," said Charley Morton, "but I am a man of the world, and I have a good deal of tact, and I can manage to get along with it."

"It is much—very much injured," said Charley Morton, "but I am a man of the world, and I have a good deal of tact, and I can manage to get along with it."

"It is much—very much injured," said Charley Morton, "but I am a man of the world, and I have a good deal of tact, and I can manage to get along with it."

"It is much—very much injured," said Charley Morton, "but I am a man of the world, and I have a good deal of tact, and I can manage to get along with it."

"It is much—very much injured," said Charley Morton, "but I am a man of the world, and I have a good deal of tact, and I can manage to get along with it."

"It is much—very much injured," said Charley Morton, "but I am a man of the world, and I have a good deal of tact, and I can manage to get along with it."

"It is much—very much injured," said Charley Morton, "but I am a man of the world, and I have a good deal of tact, and I can manage to get along with it."

"It is much—very much injured," said Charley Morton, "but I am a man of the world, and I have a good deal of tact, and I can manage to get along with it."

"It is much—very much injured," said Charley Morton, "but I am a man of the world, and I have a good deal of tact, and I can manage to get along with it."

"It is much—very much injured," said Charley Morton, "but I am a man of the world, and I have a good deal of tact, and I can manage to get along with it."

"It is much—very much injured," said Charley Morton, "but I am a man of the world, and I have a good deal of tact, and I can manage to get along with it."

"It is much—very much injured," said Charley Morton, "but I am a man of the world, and I have a good deal of tact, and I can manage to get along with it."