

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1866.

VOL. XII.—NO. 25.

## NEW SKIRT FOR 1866!

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New Patent Duplex Elliptic (or double)  
Spring Skirt.

THIS invention consists of Duplex (or two) Elliptic pure refined steel springs, ingeniously hooped together and firmly together, edge to edge, making the toughest, most flexible, elastic, and durable spring ever used. They select the best of steel, like the single spring, and consequently preserve their perfect and beautiful shape more than twice as long as any single spring skirt that ever has or can be made.

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## INTERESTING DIALOGUE.

Wheat—Meat—Cabbage—Potatoes—Apples—Grapes—Beets—Tomatoes—Bread—Coke—And some other Things—And the Boys and Girls Besides.

SCENE—John Smith's Country Store—TIME, Evening—SPEAKERS, Sundry Villagers, and Farmers who have "happened in as usual."

Mr. Smith.—Trade is very dull nowadays; I don't sell half as much as I did five years ago.

Mr. Jones.—Good reason. Things 're so high, we can't afford to buy. You charge such awful prices, Smith.

Mr. Smith.—Can't help it. I have to pay so much more. When I sold sugar at 10 cents a pound, I made a cent a pound, and I only make a cent now on 20 cents, and this cent profit don't go so far to keep my family.

Mr. Brown.—I buy just as much as ever. I don't see as there is much change. I used to sell my 600 bushels of wheat for 75 cents a bushel, or \$450. Of this, \$250 went for family store bills, and \$200 to pay off my farm debt. Now, when I sell for \$1.50 per bushel, or \$900 it takes about \$500 for store bills, and leaves \$400 to pay off the debt. In fact these high prices suit me. I wish Mr. McCulloch had kept out of the Treasury for he threatens to make Greenbacks par, and knock down prices.

Mr. Price.—I don't see as it makes much difference. If there is twice as much money going, and everybody gets twice as much for everything he raises, and pays twice as much for everything he buys, it all comes out square at the end; and there is this gain in the operation: those who save money, or make a profit, make double, as neighbor Brown explains about paying his farm debt.

Mr. Butler.—That's so.

Mr. Greene.—So I think.—Mr. Moore.—So do I.

Mr. Baker.—There is a little drawback. I keep the accounts of Widow Roberts, who has the mortgage on Mr. Brown's farm, and the \$400 he pays, don't go only half so far in supporting her, and educating her children.

Mr. Travis, (the School Teacher).—Yes it does, for I only get \$30 a month for teaching Mrs. Robert's and other's children, and I used to get \$25, with wheat at 75 cents.

Rev. Mr. Corey.—And I only get \$600 a year, while I always had \$500 with wheat at 75 cents and sugar 10 cents.

Several Voices.—That ain't quite square.

Mr. Knox, (Editor).—And you only pay me \$2 a year for my newspaper, which you thought cheap at \$1.50, five years ago, though I have now to pay three times as much for everything I use in making a newspaper.

Mr. Greene.—Why don't you raise your prices, too?

Mr. Knox.—People won't stand it. I must keep along with no profit, or even at a loss, hoping for better times, or else lose my subscribers, and let the paper go down. Why, when I raised the price from \$1.50 to \$2 a year, a good many stopped the paper—among them Mr. Brown himself, though I paid him double for his wheat.

Mr. Brown.—I didn't stop it so much for the price; I went in for paying for my farm by extra economy.

Mr. Knox.—Yes, he followed my advice for people "to economize and pay their debts now." But let us see if Mr. Brown began at the right place. On one Saturday I published in my paper that wheat had advanced 15 cents a bushel. On Monday Mr. Brown went to market with his wheat, and sold 60 bushels at one cent advance over the old

price, and thought he did well. He came home boasting about it, until he met neighbor Johnson, who got the 15 cents advance, because he read my paper, and was wide-awake. Mr. Brown's loss on 60 bushels would pay four whole years' subscription.

Mr. Brown.—Don't say anything more about that, Mr. Knox, and put me down a subscriber for life.

Knox.—I have heard of several other such losses by those who stopped my paper. Not to be too personal, as some of them are here, I will call them A, B, C, etc. Mr. A. paid 4 per cent more fees on \$71 taxes, because he did not see the collector's notice in my paper, and thus lost \$2.84, to save \$2. Mr. B. paid \$3.60 the same way. Mr. C. failed to bring in his claim against an estate, because he did not see in my paper the legal notice limiting the time. That cost him \$34, to save \$2 subscription. Mr. D. sold 200 pounds of wool at 62 cents, because he did not see an advertisement of Mr. Smith, right here at home, offering 70 cents. That cost him \$16, to save \$2. Mr. E's boys went down to the village every night or two, to get the news and local gossip, because they had no paper at home, and one of them fell into bad company, and is ruined. I know twenty cases where people lost money for not learning what is going on. I gather up all that is going on in business and society, and condense it into my columns. It is important for every man to know all about home matters, and I doubt if there is a man in this whole town who would not, in the course of a year, get some information, that would pay him back more than \$2 a year. And then think of a household sitting down together 365 days in a year, and having nothing to talk about, except their own affairs, and a few items of gossip, gathered up by occasional contact with other people.

Taylor.—Let me help Editor Knox's argument. Wife read to me an item he published about a hump, which he copied from the American Agriculturist, of New York City. Next day one of these same humps came round with his article, and was so plausible that he almost persuaded her into paying him \$3, for his swindling recipe; but the editor's caution kept her back.

Knox.—Yes, and do you know that the fellow sold more than fifty of the hump recipes hereabouts, at \$3 a piece? But not to any of my subscribers.

Potts.—Put me down as a subscriber, Mr. Knox, here is your two dollars.

Shaw.—And me too.

Knox.—Thank you, gentlemen. I'll try to make a better paper than ever. Every dollar helps; a new subscriber only adds to my expense the cost of paper. If everybody took the paper, and thus divided the cost of getting news, setting, type, office rent, etc., I could double the value of the paper to each. Please talk the matter over with other neighbors and see if it cannot be done.

Several Voices.—We will.

Smith.—And now while you are about it, I want to make up a club for a good New York paper.

Brown.—We can't afford to take so many papers.

Smith.—You have just seen that you could not afford to stop your home paper; let us see if it will not pay to join our club. Mr. Rich, you have taken the American Agriculturist for several years. Does it pay?

Rich.—Pay? Yes, fifty times over. Why I got two ten-acre fields ready to sow to wheat, and put in one of them. That night my Agriculturist came, and I read a simple recommendation about preparing seed wheat. I called John and we put 15 bushels in soak for the next day. It cost 50 cents for the materials. Well, that second field yielded 5 bushels an acre more than the other—50 bushels extra, and better wheat too. Pretty good pay for \$1.50 expended for a paper. And I have got lots of other hints almost as profitable. You know I get better profits on my beef, pork and mutton, than any other man in the place. Now this does not come from a direct hint, like the wheat, but from a good many suggestions that I have picked up in reading the Agriculturist, and from the course of reasoning that I have been led into, by reading in it what others do, and think, and say.

Smith.—You are another subscriber to the Agriculturist, Mr. West; does it pay?

West.—Pay? Yes. You know what good cabbages and potatoes I had last season. Why, the large and beautiful double-ears, in town, for market or for home use. I had 400 heads, worth 5 cents a piece, extra; and they only cost

20 cents extra for seed. My 250 bushels of potatoes are all engaged for seed at \$1.50 a bushel, when other kinds bring only 50 cents. That's \$250 clear gain, for the \$14 extra I paid for seed, and the \$1.50 I paid for the Agriculturist. It was through this paper that I learned about both the cabbages and potatoes. Its editors are careful, intelligent men, on the constant lookout for anything new that is really good, while the paper abounds in cautions against the poor and unprofitable.

Smith.—What say you, Mr. Taylor? Does it pay to invest \$1.50 in the Agriculturist?

Taylor.—Most certainly. A hint in the paper led me to look after certain insects at the proper time, and the result was, I had 160 barrels of splendid apples, which brought me a clean \$5 per barrel, and this you know was better by \$1, than the average prices here, or \$160. Then I have read so much about good and bad grapes, the method of treating them, etc., that I can beat the town in raising grapes profitably. My son, William, got a kink in his head about Tomatoes, from something the Editors said, and sent for some seed. He made more money on the crop raised in his spare hours, than was cleared by half the farmers in this town.

Smith.—Let's hear from Mr. Crane.

Crane.—I only read in the paper what was said about hogs—what kind paid best, how to feed them, and the like; but if you will call around and see my porkers, and my expense account, I'll bet a pipkin I can show fifty dollars more of pork for the same money, than any other man here. And this comes from reading what other men think and do. But Wife ought to be here to speak. She and the girls read the Agriculturist next to the Bible. They think the household department is worth more than all the fashion magazines in the world. They say, it is so full of good hints about all kinds of house work. All I can say is, that we do have better bread and cake; and wife says the cake don't cost so much as it used to do. She has learned from the paper how a hundred other housekeepers do their work.

Rev. Corey.—Let me say, also, that Mrs. Crane and her daughters have added a good many beautiful but cheap home-made fixtures to their parlor and sitting-rooms, which certainly make their homes more attractive. They told me, the other day, they got those up from pictures and descriptions in the Agriculturist.

Travis.—My salary has not allowed me to take the paper; though I must squeeze out enough to do so this year. My school boys have brought me some copies to look at, the past year or two, and I find the Boy's and Girl's department of the Agriculturist the best thing I ever saw. It is full of items, etc., that amuse and at the same time instruct the children. Why, I could pick out the boys and girls in my school whose parents take the Agriculturist, just by hearing them talk—they are so full of new and good things they have learned from the paper. The paper has many beautiful engravings.

Rev. Corey.—As small as is my salary, I would have the paper if it cost 5 a year, instead of 1.50. The fact is, it helps out my salary. My little garden plot at the parsonage has yielded us almost all our table vegetables, besides many beautiful flowers. The Agriculturist has been my constant guide. I know but little of gardening; but this paper is so full of information about the best things to plant and sow, when to plant, and how to cultivate—all told in so plain and practical a way, by men who seem to talk from their own experience, that I know just what to do, and how to do it well. The high moral tone of the paper, its common sense, the care it takes of all parts of the Farm, the Garden, the Orchard—the Household work, and the Children as well, with its hundreds of beautiful and instructive engravings—make it the most valuable periodical I have ever seen. I heartily wish every one of my parishioners would take it for himself and family. It would awaken thought and enterprise, give interest to the town and neighborhood talk, stimulate improvement, introduce new and profitable crops, animals and implements, and add to our wealth. Take my advice, and all of you try the paper a year. The \$1.50 it costs, is only three cents a week, and it is worth that any way. Why the large and beautiful engravings are worth many times that.

Davis.—I took the Genesee Farmer last year; and as that has stopped, I thought I would take a new paper.

Smith.—The "Genesee Farmer," was not really stopped. The Publishers of the Agriculturist invited Mr. Harris to join the Farmer to the Agriculturist, and put his whole force into the latter paper. They paid him a large price for his office, and moved it with everything connected with it to their office. So the Agriculturist is really two papers joined into one, and of course better. I think we better go with Mr. Harris to the Agriculturist, that has been published for 25 years, and has a hundred thousand circulation, which, as Mr. Knox has told us, supplies the means and facilities for giving us a great deal more for the same money. Mr. Harris carries on his large farm, and in his "Walks and Talks on the Farm," and other things he writes for the Agriculturist, he tells us a great deal about all kinds of farm work.

Davis.—Put me down for the Agriculturist.

Smith.—I am glad to do so. I know you will like it. The January number, which has just come to hand, is alone worth the cost of a year. See here, (showing it), there are 40 pages, twice as large as the magazine pages, and there are thirty-five engravings in it, two of them full page size, and see how beautiful! Why, I'll give any man who takes the paper a year, a dollar and a half in goods out of my store, if he says at the end of a year he has not got many times his money's worth.

Butler.—Put me in your club.

Greene.—And me too.—Brown.—And me.

Smith.—I have no interest in the matter, except to do a good thing for the place. You can join our club, or any one who desires can get the Agriculturist for all of 1866. (Volume 25), by simply enclosing \$1.50, with his name and post office address, and sending it to ORANGE JUDD & CO., 41 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY. The paper always comes prompt and regularly, and, what is a good thing, it stops when your time is up, without you having to write about it. I predict that there will be plenty of others next winter, to talk as Mr. Rich, Mr. West, Mr. Crane and Parson Corey have done to-night.

Fetid Feet.

Some persons can be "smelled" a mile off, more or less; it is a misfortune, and a source of very great mortification to the refined and sensitive. It may be "born" with some; with others, if not all, it is the result of a diseased condition of the system, or a neglect of personal cleanliness. There is a peculiar odor emanating from the feet, which is perhaps, always the result of uncleanness. If daily washings do not remove these odors, a very efficient wash is found in red oxide of lead, one part to twenty-nine parts of the liquor of the sub-acetate of lead; the first to be bruised in a porcelain mortar, gradually adding the latter; apply a few drops once a week, oftener in summer.

A specific odor escapes every one, and is peculiar to the individual; the dog knows it, and by it follows his master through any crowd of human beings, and never makes a mistake. A man's organ of smell is not thus acutely developed; still there are persons whose peculiar penetrating odor is readily recognized. This does not come from the "sweat" of a person, as no such odor issues from the hands, but from the arm pits and other parts kept covered by the clothing, so that the air cannot penetrate; nor is the application of soap and water too frequently allowed. When the "sweat" remains in contact with the skin, it undergoes a chemical change, and it is this which disengages the peculiarly disagreeable odor, as to the feet, particularly; thus this chemical formation is a kind of fetid fat, which is absorbed into the pores of the leather, and there it is detained with fresh additions daily, for weeks and months, with increasing rancidity, as the smell of any old boot or shoe will demonstrate. Some persons wear stockings without changing from the time they are first put on until they are worn full of holes. Very many do not wash their feet oftener than once a month, only a few as often as once a week. The feet ought to be washed every night before going to bed, and no stocking, boot or shoe should be put on a second time, until it has had a whole day's sunning, at least by those who have an ambition to be and feel as sweet and clean as a dew-drop on the rose of summer; or put two table-spoons of the compound spirits of ammonia (hartshorn) in a basin of water, and wash the face, hands, arms, arm-pits and feet with it. The skin is left fresh, clean, and sweet; it is perfectly harmless and costs but little.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A VERY PROPER ANSWER.—Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, in charge of the Bureau of Refugees and Abandoned Lands for Kentucky and Tennessee, has his headquarters at Nashville, and has much trouble with the "poor whites," who are beggarly, mean and impudent. A Nashville letter says:—

"Not long since a woman from the refugee camp, which the Government has been supplying with subsistence for some time, called on Gen. Fisk for the purpose of getting transportation or rations. She was a fair specimen of the tobacco-chewing, snuff-taking 'white trash' of Tennessee. After considerable conversation of a general character, the following occurred:—

Refugee.—"Mister Fisk, be you an Abolitionist?"

General F.—"Indeed, madame, I be a Refugee." But you don't believe in nigger equality, do you?"

General F.—"I do not think, madam, that you have occasion for the slightest uneasiness on the subject of negro equality; for you must certainly learn a great deal more, and do a great deal better before you can possibly be on an equality with a great many of the negroes."

Our female refugee departed without much ceremony, and it is predicted that she will throw her influence in favor of the conservative candidate at the coming Congressional election."

WAS IT A "WATERFALL?"—In that admirable book "The Canoe and the Saddle," by the lamented Theodore Winthrop, in the description of the manner of catching salmon by the Klamath Indians up in Puget's Sound, we find the following: "They don a head-gear like a 'rat's nest,' confected of wool, feathers, furry tails, ribbon and rags, considered attractive to salmon and highly magical." This sounds very like a description of the modern "water-fall." Perhaps our belles took the hint from the Klamaths and think their "head-gear" will make them more successful "fishers of men."

WHYENING.—The attention of the mistress of a family was lately called to the fact that a little colored girl was constantly seen lying on the grass-plot, with her face turned up to the sun. Upon being questioned why she assumed that posture, she answered, "Why, Miss always lays de things on the grass what she wants to make white. I want to get white too."

A traveler relating his experience in the East Indies, alluded to the great number of servants employed by gentlemen in that country. "To take care of my pipe," said he, "I had four servants. Is it possible! 'Yes; it was the duty of the first to bring me the pipe; the second filled it; the third lighted it. 'And what did the fourth do? 'The fourth smoked it—I never could bear tobacco myself."

As father Taylor was giving a temperance address in Rocky Hill meeting-house a certain drunkard was so much offended with his severe but truthful remarks, that he rose up and began to hiss the speaker. Instantly after, Taylor turned the attention of the large audience to the insolent rowdy, and then forcibly said, as he pointed to his victim: "There's a red nose got into cold water; don't you hear it hiss?"

Dr. Letson, a famous physician of the last century, used to sign his prescriptions "I. Letson," which gave rise to the following epigram:—"When any patient calls in haste, I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em. If after that they choose to die, Why then, of course, I. Let's 'em."

A parrot in a confectionary store at Waterbury, Conn., has been taught to say 'pretty creature' to each lady that enters the store. The result is that the store is crowded all day—to see the parrot, of course, not to listen to its flattery.

Jones says a person's character depends on good bringing up; for instance (says he), a man who has been brought up by the police seldom turns out respectable.

Dr. Carlyon describes a dinner party as "a hospitable attempt upon your life."

Age is venerable in man, and would be in woman—if she ever became old.

Man leads woman to the altar—in that act his leadership begins and ends.

He who lives for himself alone lives for a mean fellow.