

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 20.

BRITTON & MUSSER'S FAMILY DRUG STORE, Market Street, Marietta, Pa.

BRITTON & Musser, successors to Dr. F. W. Bradley, will continue the business at the old stand, where they are daily receiving additions of their stock, which are received from the most reliable importers and manufacturers. They would respectfully ask a liberal share of public patronage.

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LATEST FASHIONS DEMAND J. W. BRADLEY'S Celebrated Patent Duplex ELLIPTIC [OR DOUBLE SPRING] SKIRT.

THE Wonderful flexibility and great comfort and pleasure to any lady wearing the Duplex Elliptic Skirt will be experienced particularly in all crowded assemblies, operas, carriages, railroad cars, church pews, arm chairs, for promenade and house dress, as the skirt can be folded when in use to occupy a small place as easily and conveniently as a silk or muslin dress, an invaluable quality in crinolines not found in any single spring skirt.

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They will not bend or break like the Single Spring, but will preserve their perfect and graceful shape when three or four ordinary skirts will have been thrown aside as useless. The hoops are covered with double and twisted thread, and the bottom rods are not only double sprung, but twice (or double) covered; preventing them from wearing out when dragging down steps, stairs, &c.

The Duplex Elliptic is a great favorite with all ladies and is universally recommended by the Fashion Magazines as the standard skirt of the fashionable world.

To enjoy the following inestimable advantages in crinolines, viz: superior quality, perfect manufacture, stylish shape and finish, flexibility, durability, comfort and economy, enquire of J. W. BRADLEY'S Duplex Elliptic or Double Spring Skirt, and be sure you get the genuine article.

CAUTION.—To guard against imposition be particular to notice that skirts offered as "Duplex" have the red ink stamp, viz: "J. W. Bradley's Duplex Elliptic Steel Springs," upon the hoops. No other name is genuine. Beware that every hoop will admit a pin being passed through the centre, thus revealing the two (or double) springs braided together therein, which is the secret of their flexibility and strength, and a combination not to be found in any other skirt.

For sale in all stores where first class skirts are sold, throughout the United States and elsewhere. Manufactured by the sole owners of the patent,
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October 20, 1866-3m

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A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNTAIN JOBBER PRESS," together with a large assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., &c., to the Job Office of "THE MARIETTIAN," which will insure the fine and speedy execution of all kinds of Job and CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

BABY TALK.

The following production, in its peculiar line, can hardly be improved upon. Why the King's English should be so miserably bungled in talking to a baby, is a question unanswerable to all save mothers themselves. We opine that the production referred to is descriptive of the home scene that takes place when the mother's work is overcome by the artless cooing of the "darling sweet," and she snatches it rapturously from among its playthings on the floor, to kiss and talk to it. Here it is:

Where's ze baby, berry it's art,
Muzzer's little darling boy,
Tam and time into its tart,
Suck its little sugar toy.

No we'll take it ridy widy,
Dearest, precious, birdy, honey,
Ma won't let it slidy idy,
Cause 't would hurt her little sonny.

Oh, you pitty sugar plummy,
Does it want its story talky?
So it sail, you ducky tummy,
Let its muzzy see it walky.

My! what ails its sweetest moufy,
Mamma fad its going to ky,
Oney see its ipeeps pouty,
Hushey, darley, rocky bye.

Does the cabbage mammy eaty
Make its little tummy ache?
Is its eyes so sleepy,
Hickup keep it wide awake?

Does it want to see its daddy?
So it sail in a little while.
See it trow its tinny paddy,
What does all ze blessed chile!

Ugh! you naughty pin, go away!
Hushey, deary, go to sleep,
Mamma by her baby stay,
Uggy flies from baby keep.

STICK TO YOUR BUSINESS.—One great principle for success in business is learning a trade well and sticking to it. It requires a long time to know everything connected with successful business. An acquaintance, seed dealer, stated that the first five years he could not ascertain that he made anything; but he was learning. Before ten years he was clearing five thousand dollars a year. Another was doing well in manufacturing ropes; but he was unstable in his mind, and although his friends advised him to "hang to the ropes," he was not getting rich fast enough, but he meddled with business he had not learned sufficiently, bought a mill, bought grain, and then broke a bank by his large failure.

While the rebel Gen. Johnson was marching with his men to Bristol Station, in the fall of 1863, he perceived one of his men up a persimmon tree, and called out to him: "I say there, what are you doing up there? Why ain't you with your regiment?" "I'm getting 'simmons, I am," said the soldier. "Persimmons, thunder! They are not ripe yet. They are not fit to eat." "Yes, but General," persisted the Confed., "I am trying to draw my stomach up to suit the size of my rations. If it stays as it is now I shall starve." The General had nothing further to say, but rode on.

From the Lady's Friend for December. Mrs. Brent's Christmas.

BY BELLA P. BURTON.

It was the day before Christmas, Mrs. Brent stood at the window, drearily watching the snow fall, as though neither summer's sunshine nor winter's snow could ever have charms for her. A great sorrow had come to this pale, saddened woman, and changed the glad summers of her life to dreariest winter.

Last Christmas Eve how happy and busy she had been. How impossible it seemed to keep certain articles from prying eyes and little meddling fingers till the proper time for displaying them arrived! How little arms went round papa's neck, and red lips whispered close to his ears that he must "teep it se'tret, but mamma had some slippers hid away for him, 'Trixmas," and that Santa Klaus was going to bring her a dolly, 'cause she saw it in the clothes p'ess."

Mrs. Brent thought of these things with an agony words cannot express, for the little pet was done with all earthly things. Months before, when the October leaves were piling the ground with gold and crimson heaps, she had closed her eyes and gone to keep her next Christmas in heaven. There was none left. She was the one pet lamb of the fold, this little three-years-old girl that they had made their idol. Oh, if any who reads this are mothers who love their little ones with too tender, too all-absorbing a love—think of it in time; set them not up in your hearts before Him who gave them to you, for the time may come when you will waken to the fact that your idol was only clay; beautiful clay, and dear as the casnet that held the gem so dear to you—but only clay after all. And you comb out the fair hair for the last time; how often you have wished you could keep it smooth a moment. Poor mother, you can keep it smooth now; the little restless head is forever still. Close the dear eyes whose glance will never make you glad again; fold the little waxen hands that will never "bother" you any more in all time to come. Close the coffin lid, mother, lay your baby in the churchyard, that never seemed so far away and cold as now. Go back to the deserted house that will never be "home" to you again; take up your "burden of life again." You will see happy mothers from time to time who have missed no lamb from their fold—you will hear little voices cry "mother" just as she used, whose lips are now so white and mute in death. All this will be too much for you sometimes, and you will cry out in your agony, but you will have learned a lesson—that it is not well to make yourself idols when He has said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Mrs. Brent had been alone all the morning. All of her preparations for the morrow were complete. Her husband was a minister, and she had prepared many gifts for his poor parishioners. As she stood by the window in her bonnet and cloak, a brick battle was going on in her breast, between duty and inclination. Inclination whispered, "Stay at home; go up to the nursery and look over baby's playthings—the things you gave her last Christmas. There is no little stocking to fill tonight. You need not go out." Duty said, "Go out and distribute your gifts. You will then meet your husband with a bright face instead of eyes swollen with weeping. Go."

Duty had almost prevailed; she moved a step forward, but the patter of little feet in the hall arrested her. She listened with bated breath; little bumbling hands turned the knob—how natural it sounded—a little head peeped in, curly and golden, but matted and unkempt; the little hand that held the key was purple with cold. She advanced unhesitatingly into the room. "Is this heaven? Is my mamma here?" Mrs. Brent took one little hand in hers. "Are you lost, little one? How came so small a child as you out alone on such a day?"

"No, I'm not lost; I live in that street where the high steps go up. Ole Moll sent me out to beg and I ran up the steps and thought maybe they went up to heaven. My mamma is there?" Mrs. Brent thought of little idle garments up stairs, of the pairs of idle shoes and stockings, as she looked at the numb little feet, but her heart rebelled. "No, no," she thought, "my darling's clothes I cannot give them away."

She took the child to the kitchen and bade Bridget warm her and give her something to eat, then wended her way up stairs. Going into her own room, she took off her cloak and bonnet, then went into the nursery. There had been a fire there that morning and the room was warm, and had the appearance of being used every day. There was a little chair with a large doll in it, a Noah's ark with part of the animals set up in procession; altogether the room looked as if the little occupant had gone out for an airing instead of lying cold and coffined under the winter snow.

Mrs. Brent took one little garment after another. There were the little house dresses, bright colored and warm, with the pockets full of little trinkets just as she had left them—then dresses of softer fabric and daintier make. She took them out with tender, caressing touch, the soft little stockings and dainty little shoes, and with the thought of how busy and tireless the little feet that were them used to be, how cold and silent now, she bowed her head with an agonized prayer for help in this terrible trial. Peace came after a while and with her Sleep; and as she slept, she dreamed she saw her darling, beautiful beyond expression, in her heavenly happiness. Her heart stood still as the bright vision approached. The words came to her clearly, "Take in the little wanderer in Allie's place, love her as you loved me, keep her for your own." The voice, the glow, the form faded, and Mrs. Brent awoke to a new resolution. It was only a dream but it taught her a lesson.

She had been selfish in her sorrow, never thinking that while applying balm to the wounds of others she could heal, in a great measure her own. She gave up and selected a suit of the clothes and carried them down stairs. Opening the kitchen door she found the little girl asleep on two chairs, with pillows brought from Bridget's own bed. Bridget herself sat before the fire with her face buried in her apron, sobbing.

"Why, Bridget!" was Mrs. Brent's amazed ejaculation, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, ma'am, she's so like—so like—look at her, ma'am."

Mrs. Brent did look. Bridget had washed the fair little face and combed out the golden hair, but her hands, all unused to such work were too clumsy to curl it, and it had gathered itself up into little irregular curls around the white temples. Ah, she was "like?"

"Bridget go up stairs and build a good fire in my room, and leave the nursery door open, and air the blankets on poor little Allie's bed."

"What ever's come over the missus. She spoke so cheery, like; and it's the first time I've been allowed to go anigh the nursery."

Something had "come over the missus." She took up the little waif, washed and dressed her without waking her. "Poor little lamb, she is so tired!" then she carried her up stairs herself and laid her on Allie's little crib. Then she gathered up the playthings and put them away, closed the door and went softly down stairs.

When Mr. Brent came home that evening, the little parlor was bright with fire and lamplight. Bridget was singing in a high quavering key, in the kitchen, and Mrs. Brent sat by the fire filling a little stocking with toys and sweetmeats.

"Annie, this is wrong—it is sinful to indulge—"

"No, it isn't wrong; you shall see why. Come up stairs."

So they kept the little wanderer, and years afterwards, when the old house rang with merry childish voices, Mrs. Brent found in this sweet elder daughter an invaluable assistant in her household cares.

A. Raymond, a New Hampshire correspondent of the Rural New Yorker gives the following recipe for salting butter: Take two quarts of good salt, one ounce of sugar and one ounce of saltpetre. Use one ounce of the composition for one pound of butter. It should be stamped and left to cool before putting in jars. Butter prepared in this way should not be used for two or three weeks. You will find that your butter will be very fine, as it will have no brittle or salty look or taste. By following this course your butter will keep the year through, in warm as well as cold weather.

Lord Dundreary has expressed himself favorable to marriage with a deceased wife's sister on this ground: "It is economical, because when a fellow-marries his deceased wife's sister, he has only one mother-in-law."

STUFF FOR SMILES.

Wiggins was one day with a friend, when he observed a poor dog that had been killed, lying in the gutter. Wiggins paused—gazing intently at the dead animal, and at last said:—"Here is another shipwreck." "Shipwreck where?" "There's a bark that's lost forever." His companion growled and passed on.

A great Methodist orator in Dublin once attempted to preach from the text, "Remember Lot's wife," and made a failure. Afterwards remarking to Dr. Bond that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable doctor replied that "he had better hereafter let other people's wives alone."

A Boston Judge recently refused to divorce a husband and wife, whose complaints of ill temper and incompatibility were mutual, on the ground that it would never answer to allow such uncomfortable persons a chance to get others into such a scrape as marrying them would involve.

A wee bit of a boy having been slightly chastised by his mother, sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterward. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish pa'd get another housekeeper—I'm getting tired o' seein' you around."

Alexander Dumas, the elder, returning from a day's sport at the country seat of a friend with a perfectly empty game bag, was asked: "Well, Dumas, what have you killed?" "Time," was the quiet reply.

A pretty girl says: "If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on the earth, how criminally guilty are the old bachelors, with the world fully of pretty girls."

A lady, writing on the subject, says: "When men break their hearts, it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouting immediately and growing in its place."

A smart young lawyer's clerk, hearing it stated by a lecturer that "man is merely a machine," remarked, "I suppose an attorney may be a suing machine."

The crier of a court in Ireland endeavored to suppress the crowd by exclaiming: "All ye blackguards what isn't lawyers, love the court."

Why is a "tilting skit" like a slaughter pen? Because lean and fat calves are seen in them.

Young ladies should set good examples for the young men are always following them.

Because a Colt's pistol has six barrels can it be told exactly how many barrels a horse pistol should have?

Why is John Smith like a badly cooked buckwheat cake? Because he isn't Brown.

When is the best time to read the book of nature? When autumn turns the leaves.

A little four year old girl went with her aunt to a revival meeting. The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and she was very much interested. "Mother," said she, when she came home, "I have heard such a smart minister—he stamped and pounded and made such a noise! and by-and-by he got so mad he came out of the pulpit and shook his fists at the folks, and there wasn't anybody dared to go up and fight him!"

A man was saying in company that he had seen a juggler place a ladder, in open ground, upon one end, and mounted it by passing through the rounds and stand upon the top erect. Another, who was present, said he had no doubt of it, as he had seen a man who had done the same thing, but with this addition, that when he arrived at the top he pulled the ladder after him.

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HAS located permanently in Columbia, and offers his professional services to the citizens of that place.
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From politicians who pray, and from saints who tittle, from rye coffee, red herring, and all grass widgers, good Lord deliver us.

When a young lady promises her hand to her lover on a bright night, she may be said to have made "a star engagement."

We may joke when we please, if we are careful to please when we joke.