

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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TERMS.

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OUR BABY.

Did you ever see our baby,
Little "Tot,"
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lily white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light?
Tell you what,
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Ah! she is our little darling,
And to me
All her little ways are witty;
When she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
As can be;
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You don't think so— you ne'er saw her!
Wish you could
See her with her playthings chattering,
Hear her little tongue a chattering,
Little dancing feet come pattering,
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do—
If you could!

Every mother's baby darling,
I suppose,
Is as sweet and bright a blossom,
Is a treasure to her bosom,
Is as cheering and endearing
As my "Rose."
Heavenly Father, spare them to us
Till life's close.

What is "One-horse Power"?

The use of the term "horse-power" is very common; yet few, except good mechanics and engineers, attach a definite meaning to it, but regard it as indicating, loosely, about the power which one horse could exert. It is, however, when used in the sense under consideration, as definite as possible, and means the power required to lift 33,000 pounds avoirdupois one foot high in one minute.

A horse h'ched to the end of a rope over a pulley one foot in diameter placed over a deep well, traveling at the rate of about 2 1/2 miles per hour or 220 feet per minute, will draw up 150 lbs. the same distance he travels. The force thus exerted is called, in mechanics, "horse-power," it being an approximation to the average amount of continuous power it is fair to demand of a strong horse. If we multiply the weight raised (150 pounds) by the number of feet it was moved per minute (220), the product will be the number of pounds which the same power would raise one foot high in the same length of time (33,000 pounds).

The dynamometer is an instrument made for measuring power, particularly that exerted in drawing. Those used for testing the draft of agricultural implements are simply very strong spring-balances, or spring steelyards, graduated to indicate the power required to raise any weight, within reasonable limit, at the rate of 2 1/2 miles per hour. When we apply the dynamometer in ascertaining the draught of machines, if the index indicates 150 pounds, it is shown that the horse is required to draw just as hard as he would do if raising 150 pounds out of a well with a rope over a pulley one foot in diameter at the rate of 2 1/2 miles per hour, and so for other weights.

The velocity at which a team moves is to be considered, as well as the weight to be raised, or the load to be drawn. If the horse travels faster than 2 1/2 miles per hour, he exerts more than one-horse power. If he walks slower than this, he does not exert a force equal to one-horse power.

In ascertaining the draught of a plow, or mower or reaper, by drawing faster than 2 1/2 miles per hour, the dynamometer would indicate more than the correct draught; and by driving slower, the draught would appear to be less than it really is. In testing the draft of machines a team should always move at the rate of 2 1/2 miles per hour; or 220 feet per minute, which is the universally accepted rate with reference to which dynamometers are graduated, and an easy one to which to approximate in driving with almost any kind of team.—*Portland Price Current.*

"Job printing!" exclaimed an old woman the other-day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing week after week, ever since I first learnt to read, and if he wasn't the most patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, no how."

For "The Mariettian."

On the Temperance power of 'Yes' or 'No.'

There is in human life that which answers to desiles in mountains. The pass of Thermopylae will be for ever memorable as the place where a few thousand determined men kept at bay for days two millions of Persians; and those few thousand would have kept at those two millions forever had not treachery revealed the secret to the Persians of a path over the mountain. Those few said "No" and they made good their no. Difficulties almost always abridge themselves to one narrow pass, which, if you can hold or go through, saves you. In battles there is a key point, the possession of which secures the victory.

In moral contests it is the same way, defeat or victory usually hangs upon holding or forcing one point. That point is almost always held or lost by a "Yes" or a "No." "Yes" and "No" are short words, but it takes little to bar a defile. If the walls of duty rise up on both sides of you, a simple "yes" or "no" will hold the passage way. Let us suppose the case of a young man nurtured in the bosom of a holy social love. At length he goes abroad to do for himself in the world, he meets the good and evil disposed. He is invited to take a drink of liquor. The counsel and teachings, and prayers of his early home rise up on the right and left of his soul, Satan can make no flank movement upon him. He is assaulted squarely on the front. The contest is reduced to a yes or a no. The "yes" opens the passage and the enemy, disguised as a friend, marches on him. The "No" is a barrier which cannot be battered down. Behind his "No" he can hold the enemy at bay forever. Many an individual has fallen because he would not say "No," many an individual has stood, and stood like a rock because he could and did say "No."

Those with whom it is difficult to say "No" find it also difficult to say "Yes," when "Yes" should be said, as determinedly as at other times "No" should be said. The parties here cross, one another. Those who cannot say "No" when "No" should be said, will not be able to say "Yes" when "Yes" should be said, and those who can say "No," when "No" should be said, will say yes when yes should be said. Take the feeble one who cannot say "No" when the glass is tendered, and he will not be able to say yes when the pledge is presented, and on the other hand those who can say no to the glass, can say no to other vices, and yes to the pledge and other roads to virtue. The power to will for right in one case helps to will for right in all other cases. No to every vice means yes to every virtue, and yes to every vice means no to virtue.

There are some things which should not be reasoned upon. First truths are beyond reason, they help reason, but reason cannot help them. The Mathematics have their first truths, Religion has its first truths, and Sanitary Science has its first truths too, one of these is that fiery fluids are only deleterious to the system, and all solicitations to partake of them in any degree or under any circumstances should be met with a decided "no."

Sometimes the saying of yes or no is matter of simple pluck, sometimes there is as much courage in saying a word as there is in planting a blow, the truth is that a word well put at the right time is a blow which sends the enemy of all good to the other side of the ring and not infrequently renders him incapable of coming to time. I dislike battles of the fist, but own to a hearty appreciation of battles of the heart, and when I hear a prompt decided No when the case is for vice, I feel Satan has been struck plump between the eyes, and sent as he always should be, reeling to his place. Satan makes men reel with liquor, but men make him reel with their well put in "Yes" or "No."

"No" to ALL LIQUORS.

A poor woman and her child lately settled in a western city, and were greatly reduced and in need of food. The child, seeing a chicken in the backyard, wanted to kill it and have a pot pie. "No, no," said the mother, "that would be wicked, and God would surely punish you." "Then," said the youngster, looking up, "let us move back to New York; there ain't any God there."

Somebody says: "To fatten geese, put up three or four into a darkened room, and give each bird one pound of oats daily, thrown on a pan of water. In fourteen days they will be found almost too fat."

Shooting Stars.

There was a man who, when the stars were complaisant below, used to rig up a telescope, wherewith to study astronomy at a sixpence a squint.

One night as he was getting under way, I saw two Irish gentlemen taking observations of his movements. Both were policemen.

"Jemie," said one, "what in the world is you fellow after with his machinery?"

"Whist, ye spalpeen," whispered the other, "and sure can't you see that it's an air-gun cannon that he's got. He's shooting stars, he is."

"Haddn't we better be gettin' out of the way thin?" inquired his friend.

"Shure and it's not us," was the answer, "didn't ye ever hear of shooting stars?"

By this time the telescope man had arranged his instrument and squinted through it at the stars. The policemen gazed up likewise in wonder. Just then by an odd chance, a large meteor shot down the sky.

"Bedad, he hit it—he's fetched it down," cried both the Paddies in one breath. "Shure and that's the greatest shootin' I ever saw in my life!" But a sense of duty prevailed and one of them at once rudely accosted the man of science.

"Ye'll jist stop that now misther, ev' ye please. The night is dark enough now, plenty, and if you go on shootin' stars at that rate, we'll not find our way about the strate, shure."

And the telescope man had to pack up and be off.

HOLLOW HEARTED SENTIMENTALISM.

The following incident shows the difference between practical beneficence and maudlin sentimentalism:

"Eugene Sue used to visit almost daily one of the most fashionable ladies in Paris, Madame de—, and hold forth in her richly furnished boudoir on the condition of the poor."

"Do you ever relieve their distress?" asked Madame de—, at the close of one of these harangues.

"To a trifling extent," answered Sue; "but though my gifts are small, they are always cheerfully bestowed. I give one-fourth of my income in alms."

"That afternoon, as he left the Cafe de Paris, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman clad in rags, prayed for charity.

"Go away," was the stern reply.

"But I am starving, give me a single copper to purchase bread with."

"I will give you in charge to a police officer, if you thus annoy me."

"You will?" said the beggar; "and yet, Monsieur Eugene Sue, you are the man who writes about the misery of the poor you are the workingman's champion—you are—"

"Who are you?" exclaimed Sue.

"Madame de—," was the reply, and the disgusted lady left the novelist to his reflections.

Killing games, natural in Ireland, for half the places begin with kill. There is Killboy (for all Irishmen are called boys), and what is still more ungalant, there is Killbride; Killbaron after the landlords; Killbarrack, for the English soldiers; Killcrew, for the navy; Killbritain, for the English proprietors; Killmore, for deliberate murder Killmore, if that's not enough, and last, though not least, Killpatrick.

A picture in Faneb, called "Rather Cute," represents a man at a ticket office. "Look here!" he says, "you didn't give me the right change just now!" Clerk—"Too late, sir? You should have spoken when you took your ticket!" Passenger—"Should-I? Well it's of no consequence to me; but you gave half-a-sovereign too much!" Exit.

A person meeting with an acquaintance, after a long absence, told him he was surprised to see him, for he had heard that he was dead. "But," said the other, "you find the report false." "Tis hard to determine," he replied, "for the man who told me was one whose word I would sooner take than yours."

What singular creatures girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman can spare one of her girls. But just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a lifetime for their victuals and clothes.

Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not set so well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a bad turkey." He got a glass of water in his face.

A Wretched Tale.

The wife of a highly respectable and wealthy citizen of St. Louis, residing on one of the most aristocratic avenues of that city, was lately brought, dressed in silk and decorated with diamond rings, before the Recorder's court, and fined for drunkenness. Her story is a singular one and illustrates the remarks in the Round Table some time since, "that drunkenness was a growing and common vice among American ladies." The lady in question has been moving in the higher circles, lives in style, with her coach and servants and has enjoyed the unenviable reputation of being an excellent hostess. Her husband's sideboard always glittered with a formidable and inviting array of goblets and decanters filled with sparkling champagne and pale Otard "whose vintage was old and mellow." The house was always open. She was hospitable, and bore the reputation of being a loving and worthy "better half." Time wore on. Her husband, who was an artist of character and position, accumulated and won the respect of all who knew him. His wife became addicted to the bottle, and from taking occasional "snifters," as humor disposed every now and then with her husband's friends or invited guests, she came to love her hot punch at bedtime and dashed off with no inconsiderable gusto her highly spiced gin cocktails before breakfast. Then her child died, and she took all the more to "John Barleycorn," and the servants declared "she was often top heavy and shaky about walking." To the ears of her loving spouse these doings at length came. In vain he remonstrated. Sometimes she repented, and was for a time abstemious, but the least indisposition or most trifling grief or disappointment brought back the love of "the ardent," till it had grown quite unbearable. Her husband's friends shunned her and decent society cast her out some six months since. Every effort was made to reclaim her. Her broken-hearted husband had grown well nigh discouraged, and were it not for an overweening affection that he bore her, would long since have packed her off, "bag and baggage." Last week she was public in her demonstrations of drunkenness, and the officers of the law seized her and carried her to jail, and her name and family were disgraced by the fine imposed as a common drunkard, "found drunk in the streets."

How to see a Brother.—The following anecdote is told of Prince Oscar, of Sweden: When a boy he was one day roaming over his father's palace in quest of his brother, who was lately appointed Viceroy of Norway. Not finding him, he asked a chamberlain he happened to meet where he was.

"His royal highness," answered the officer, "is now under arrest." "For what?" "For having in a passion broken the mate to the porcelain vase you see on the mantel-piece." "Well, I would like to see him." "Impossible," was the answer; "his Majesty, your father, has given me orders to the contrary."

Whereupon young Oscar, walking up to the mantel piece, smashed the costly Sevres, saying as he did so, "Now, sir, you will please have me arrested, and mind you see to it that they put me in the same room with my brother."

An arch-little fellow told his pretty cousin that he could jump as high as a hoghead in the yard full of rain-water.

"Impossible," said she.

"Well," said he, "if you will go out with me, I'll prove it to you."

They together went, and the lad jumped up about a foot, snickering "all the while."

"Why, that isn't a quarter as high as the hoghead," said the little girl.

"Well," said the boy, "you may see if the hoghead can jump higher, if you have a mind to. But I don't believe the hoghead can jump as high as I can."

Thad Stevens, according to a Washington correspondent, "has large teeth." We wish that they were as large as an elephant's; and that he had a jumping-toothache in the whole of them.—*Louisville Journal.*

Do you? We wish if they were that you were between them. At any rate, you must grin and bear him.

At a recent railroad dinner in compliment to the fraternity, the toast was given: "An honest lawyer; the noblest work of God." But an old farmer in the back part of the house rather spoiled the effect by adding in a loud voice "and about the scarest."

Stuff for Smiles.

A gentleman called on a rich miser and found him at the table endeavoring to catch a fly. Presently he succeeded in entrapping one, which he immediately put into the sugar bowl and shut down the cover. The gentleman asked for an explanation of this singular sport. "I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin over spreading his countenance as he spoke. "I want to ascertain if the servants steal the sugar."

On the road to Epsom a moustached youth, on the top of a drag, thus saluted a fat coachman, who was gravely driving his master and family, "Hullo, you sir, where's your shirt collar? How dare you come to the Derby without a shirt collar?" Jehu growled forth without lifting his eyes from his horse, "Ow could I, when your mother has not sent home my washing?"

A sick man was telling his symptoms—which of course appeared to himself, of course, dreadful—to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming! Delightful! Pray go on!" and, when he had finished the doctor said, with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

The following somewhat remarkable advertisement appeared in the columns of a recent number of a newspaper: "Lost, by a poor lad tied up in a brown paper, with a white string, a German flute in an overcoat, and several other articles of wearing apparel."

"My dear young lady," exclaimed a gentleman, "I am astonished at your sentiments. You actually make me start—upon my word you do!"

"Well, sir," replied the damsel, "I've been wanting to start you for the last hour."

"Madame," said a gentleman to his wife, who was vainly importuning him for money to go shopping with, "let me tell you, facts are stubborn things."

"You don't say so," quoth the lady, "why what a fact you must be."

The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse.

"Isn't there an awfully strong smell of pigs in the air," asked Smith of Jones.

"Yes," replied Jones, "that is because the wind is from the sow-west."

An exchange says, a savings bank in Mobile, established by the negroes collapsed the other day in consequence of the depositors withdrawing all the funds to attend a circus.

An old hotel keeper in Washington once posted on his dining room door the following notice:

"Members of Congress will go to the table first, and then the gentlemen—Rowdies and blackguards must not mix with the Congressmen, as it is hard to tell one from another."

A fellow at a race course was staggering about the track with more liquor than he could carry.

"Hallo, what's the matter now?" said a chap who had been run against.

"Why, why—hic—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes for them."

"I say, what are you about—sweeping out the room?"

"No," answered Pat, "I am sweeping out the dirt."

Artemus Ward says: "Let us be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borrow money to do it with."

A very romantic young man says that a young lady's heart is like the moon, it changes continually but always has a man in it.

At what age do pigs end their existence? says-age.

Artemus Ward says: "Some kind person has sent me Chawcer's Poems. Mr. O. had talent but he couldn't spell. No man has a right to be a literary man unless he knows how to spell. It is a pity that Chawcer, who had genyus, was so uneducated. He is the wass speller I know of."

It is so hilly in New Hampshire that the people look up the chimney to see the cows come home, while in Wisconsin it is so flat that they have to lie down to see the sun rise.

"Oh, anty, make Freddy behave himself. Every time I happen to hit him on the head with the mallet he bursts out crying."