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Office in City Building, near Court House,
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AND
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C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Brewer's building, 2d floor, room No. 2,
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B. FRANK ZARR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office cor. Centre & Main Sts., Clark's building,
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Can be consulted in German.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office, Second floor, COLUMBIAN Building,
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DAVID LOWENBERG.

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PINE SALICUM
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Apply one or two
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Farming profits are too small to ad-
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After quality, and in proportion to
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Bone Fertilizers, for the work done, always as low in price as the lowest.
If you are going to ignore quality and results, do not buy our Fertilizers.

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| Hartford of Hartford, \$5,288,609.97 |
| Phoenix of Hartford, \$4,778,492.17 |
| Springfield of Springfield, \$6,242,951.48 |
| Fire Association, Philadelphia, \$4,512,784.29 |
| Guaranty of London, \$2,693,373.74 |
| Phoenix of London, \$2,693,373.74 |
| Manchester of Eng. (U.S. Branch), \$1,642,195.00 |
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| Imperial of London, \$9,658,479.00 |
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with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel.

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The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1889. VOL. 24, NO. 46.

MATTY'S COURTSHIP.

THINGS WERE MIXED AT FIRST, BUT ALL
TURNED OUT WELL.

"The picnic at Allen's Corners was over. Rather prematurely over, perhaps, on account of a tremendous thunder-storm, accompanied by a terrific gust of wind and jagged streaks of blue lightning, that seemed to bury themselves in the ground. Horses and vehicles were brought hurriedly to the edge of the platform; the young people dispersed like a flock of sheep in various directions.

"I don't care," said Frank Warren, speaking between his set teeth. "I wasn't having such a particularly pleasant party."

"It doesn't make much difference to me," said Miss Vail, with a toss of her curly head. "I've danced all I wanted to, and Frank Warren has been glaring at me like a Bluebeard the whole time. Such impudence, indeed! And me not regularly engaged to him, after all! One thing is quite certain, I never shall be now!"

"Oh, yes, Mad!" cried Miss Dillon, Matty's chief confidante and bosom friend, "what will he say?"

"What he pleases—when he finds it out."

So, when Mr. Warren's handsome black horse was led up, shying and rearing in the uncertain glimmer of the lanterns and the flash of lightning, Matty Howitt found herself, she scarce knew how, in the seat beside the handsome young farmer. She sat quite silent, wondering if it was improper to ride home with a gentleman to whom she had never been formally introduced, and trembling, ever and anon, at the storm and her unwonted companionship, and the wild speed of "Black Douglas," as he flew along the pitch-dark, dripping road.

"You're asked, in a low voice, when they had gone a little way.

"Not much," faltered Matty, and then she trembled more than ever, as an arm crept, slowly but surely, around her waist. But what was she to do? There was no help for it—she must do the best she could. She was in the danger of her being jerked out, in one of those sudden curves.

"Don't be afraid," soothed Warren. "You know you are safe with me—in spite of everything!"

"Ye-e-s," murmured Matty Howitt.

She was silent. This growing intimacy was beginning to be appalling.

"Matty!" accompanied with a gentle pressure of the encircling arm. "Don't be cross with me, Matty. You know how much I love you, my own one!"

"Oh, gracious!" thought Miss Howitt, "what will he be saying next?"

"You will promise to be my wife, Matty? It won't seem sudden, but—Whoa, whoa, villain!"

For "Black Douglas" had given a tremendous sideways jump, and required all his master's will and energy to subdue him; and by the time they had reached the Vail farm house, Matty Howitt found herself engaged, by implication, to a young man she never had seen before in her life until that day.

She jumped out, and ran quickly to the house. Mrs. Vail met her in the hall.

"Where's Matty?" she cried. "Who are you?"

"I'm Matilda Howitt," said the girl. "I'm here because he left me. I—I don't quite know; but the horse behaved so badly, and the place where I board is three miles beyond the swamp. Please, can't I stay all night?"

"Why of course," said Mrs. Vail. "You're the city school-ma'am ain't you, that boards to Widow Dankley's? Come in, and sit down and dry your clothes. Dreadful shower, ain't it? I do wish our Matty was safe at home!"

All this was very unconventional. But then, thought Miss Howitt, in New York they would have taken a month, at the very least, for a young man to screw himself up to the proposing point. Did she love this man well enough to marry him? Well, she was not altogether certain of that. But she was certainly a little homesick, and her heart gave out an altogether unpleasant jump when she remembered that gentle pressure around her waist. If this was love—

But there the current of her reflections was interrupted by the arrival of Matty Vail herself. "Martha Alida" was her christened name—in the company of Mr. Sam Pratt, a dashing cavalier of another village.

"It's not late," said Sam. "Can't I come in? Just for a little while."

"None sense, Sam," said the belle.

"Oh, now, Matty!"

"None sense, Sam," said Miss Vail, shutting the door in Mr. Pratt's face with a laugh.

"He's not half so pleasant as Frank, after all," said Matty to herself; and then followed an interview with her unexpected guest.

"How nice!" cried Matty. "We can sleep together, and talk everything over, can't we? Oh, no, ma, I'm not wet much, and you needn't have saved tea for us. We had a lovely supper in the woods."

"Oh! I read Matilda Howitt, clasping Miss Vail's hand. "I've so much to tell you!"

Matty's eyes sparkled.

"What did he say?"

"I'll tell you after the lamp is put out," said Miss Howitt hanging down her head.

"You don't mean—"

"Yes," whispered Miss Howitt. "He really and actually did—propose!"

"None sense!" said Matty Vail, biting her lip. "You must have misunderstood him."

"Misunderstood, indeed!" retorted Miss Vail. "I'm sure he spoke plain enough."

"But you wouldn't accept a man who was caught in such a trap as that?"

"A trap!" stammered Miss Howitt. "Yes—of course. He thought it was—"

"Do you suppose he did?" (in faltering accents.)

"There can't be a doubt about it. There, of course, there's an end of this matter," said Matilda, with a little quiver in her voice.

"But you tell me just what he said!"

"No! I certainly shall not betray his confidence."

"Confound it, indeed!" flashed out Matty Vail. "A pretty confidence! but do tell me just for the joke of the matter."

Matilda was silent. To her it was no joke.

"I have you know that I have had a proposal too," added Matty brushing out her luxuriant blonde tresses. "That ridiculous Pratt of course. I only put him off. I do think all men are crazy!"

Matty Howitt made no answer, but she shed a few silent bitter tears after she was in bed. The sensation of being engaged was very pleasant. It was a pity that it had been so brief!

"As good as engaged to Matty Vail, are you?" said Mr. Warren, who had met Sam Pratt at the post-office next day. "May I ask when this happened?"

"Last night coming home from the picnic."

"As it happened she came home with you?"

"Sam Pratt rubbed his hands gleefully.

"All that was a joke, old fellow," said he. "You brought home the little New York school teacher, who boards at Ma'am Dankley's? Matty Vail managed all that! You don't mean to say you never found it out?"

"I tell you, Sam, and I had a good laugh over it going home."

Frank Warren set his teeth tightly together. That girl who could enjoy such a practical joke as this was rapidly losing caste in his estimation.

"I congratulate you," said he, somewhat bitterly.

"Knew you'd be pleased, old fellow," said Sam, smiling broadly. "But they tell me the school teacher takes it terribly hard. Cried all night. Went home before daylight. Said she'd say to the swamp. Thought that if you were dead in love with her. Didn't like the idea of its being a put-up job."

Frank Warren turned upon him with a sudden flash in his eyes.

"And what do you say to that?"

"I don't say a word," said he. "That it was a put-up job!"

"Ah! Sam's gooseberry colored orbs dilated with surprise. "You don't tell me—"

Frank Warren went straight to the Widow Dankley's, and asked for Miss Howitt. She came to him with cheeks unnaturally red, and a restless sparkle in her dark gray eyes.

"I—I am very sorry," she began.

"Sorry for what? Not that I asked you to be my wife, I hope?" said the young man cheerily.

"She was not so pretty as Matty Vail, he thought, but she was dainty and delicate, like a violet blossoming in the shade.

"But you didn't mean it?" she faltered.

"I am not in the habit of saying what I don't mean. I am here to confirm my last night's words. Will you confirm yours, Miss Howitt?"

"But I know so little of you, Mr. Warren."

"That's a disability which can easily be remedied by time. Won't you say to the swamp, Matty?" and he held out his hand.

And she decided to trust him. The village belle was discomfited beyond measure when she heard that her practical joke had turned into reality. Frank Warren was much as it was in her to love anybody.

"Engaged to you, indeed she cried to Sam Pratt, with blazing eyes.

"How dare you to say such a thing! I wouldn't marry you if there wasn't another man in the world!"

And Mr. Pratt departed, inconsolable.

As for Mr. Warren, he never had cause to repent his sudden resolve. Matilda Howitt made him the best of gentle little wives.

Although it was rather unconventional, Frank Warren was not averse to the fact that he was now engaged to a young woman who was "Now wasn't it?"

"Well, rather so, I must admit," said the young husband. "However, Matty, all's well that ends well, you know."

And Matty Vail's practical joke had ended in a fine prospect of her being married to a young man who was "Now wasn't it?"

—Amy Randolph,
in N. Y. Ledger.

Smokeless Powders.

RAPIDLY COMING INTO USE BOTH FOR
SMALL ARMS AND ARTILLERY.

While the tremendous charges of great bodies of cavalry undoubtedly formed a leveling feature of the late German maneuvers, suggesting how much is expected of mounted troops in the future, yet upon the whole the most important result effected was the demonstration of the great effectiveness of the so-called smokeless and noiseless powder. It is not too much to say that the final maneuvers at Hanover, in which the Tenth corps, using smokeless cartridges, defeated the seventh corps, provided with the ordinary black powder, shows that the new compound is a necessity for warfare hereafter.

It was found that the Tenth corps almost held the Seventh at its mercy, since it could maneuver alike in front and on the flank of its opponent without allowing the latter to properly judge of the firing distances from sound or smoke, both being so slight.

To limited extent the action of smokeless powder has become known through experiments with the new repeating arms, and also with artillery. Earlier in the year, during the maneuvers of the artillery brigade of the guards in East Prussia, two regiments, one consisting of French and the other of eight batteries, practiced all day long with the nearly smokeless powder firing projectiles of different caliber. It produced at each shot "a ball of black smoke about three feet in diameter, which quickly disappeared." The Germans show that the powder left so little refuse in the bore that, instead of cleaning it out after every shot, it was only necessary to pass a rag through it now and then.

In Italy recent experiments with the same or equivalent powder showed practically the same results. The German powder made by the united Rhine and Westphalian factories are also highly satisfactory in point of initial velocity and moderate pressures.

The first general information obtained in regard to the smokeless powders was in connection with the Lebel rifle, the new small caliber repeating arm of the French, which created such an excitement a few years ago, and practically dictated reconstruction to small arms throughout Europe. At that time neither the Austrian Mauser rifle nor the German repeating rifle were known. The Lebel rifle, of course, that the words "smokeless" and "noiseless" are used in a comparative sense, as there is some noise and some smoke in nearly all these powders. It has been said, however, that the report of the Lebel rifle can not be heard at a distance of more than twenty or thirty yards; that it may be said to make no noise, and that the recoil is of no consequence whatever. The powder is said to be a secret compound of gun cotton and collodion, and its exact composition is perhaps the only secret now remaining in regard to the Lebel rifle.

The Germans began with the use of the Dattinoff semi-smokeless powder and have also made imitations of the French powder as nearly as it can be found out. The Russians have tried a new powder, made by the Ochtenski factory, in imitation of the Dattinoff and its manufacturers insist that it is superior to the latter in ballistic properties; that it has a little higher initial velocity, weight for weight, with less pressure on the bore. This may be the reason why the Russians have come to the use of the small caliber, which could only have the required efficiency with one of the new compounds, as otherwise the bore would foul too rapidly.

The English also have obtained a smokeless and noiseless powder, invented by the well known artilleryist, Capt. Noble, of the Elswick works, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A British military authority says that its use has almost been decided upon, both for small arms and for machine and quick firing guns.

It speaks of the power as "a curious, grayish looking material, in long threads or a whipcord-like form presumably from the shape it assumes under hydraulic pressure. Its action is most startling. At 300 yards range no sound is heard when a volley is fired with it, and only a faint haze arises, which is almost imperceptible, while a shower of bullets is seen to fall upon the targets, an effect produced seemingly without a cause." Careful experiments will be made with it at Lydd. In their quick firing guns the British at Shoeburyness have used the Chilworth smokeless powder with great effect, obtaining a very high initial velocity.

In rapid fire cannon, as in magazine small arms, the value of smokeless powders is obvious, because the peculiar advantages of these weapons might otherwise be largely counterbalanced by smoke.

"Of all the new powders Schultze's is perhaps the best known. Nearly or quite all appear to depend on the union of nitrous compounds of some sort with other substances. Some will not keep in all climates, and some give out an unendurable odor. Their introduction will perhaps call for some new studies in tactics, as certain movements now depending on the cover of smoke can not hereafter rely on this protecting mantle. But just at present the tactical considerations seem to be less important to our own country than the procuring of powders as efficient as the new ones which are finding favor in Europe.—Washington Special.

IS EDISON A HUMAN FIEND?

THE WIZARD'S LATEST INVENTION IS DIA-
BOLICAL IN ITS POSSIBILITIES.

From the New York Press.

Thomas Edison the phenomenal inventor has reached a critical stage in his career, and it would be a strange sarcasm of fate if his latest invention should make him positively abhorrent to the growing generation. Over his laboratory at Llewellyn Park is this invention. It has been tried and found perfect, and it is a photographic clock which, instead of chiming the hours calls them out at every quarter in a voice full of clearness. It may be fitted with any sort of dial, for purposes for which it is intended. To a reporter it was exhibited yesterday.

The inventor was chery and playful as he always is. "The clock," said he, "is an improvement, and if it were only on the market now it might save you reporters a good deal of worry." For instance, say you are at a political meeting with a dozen speakers carried. They are to have each a half hour. You know what a fiction that is. But now, if you had a clock like this, see how it would work," and here Mr. Edison placed a set of dials. He pointed the hand to the quarter of an hour and a voice came ringing out: "This speaker is half through." At the half hour the clock blurted out: "The audience will please not enquire. The gentleman now gives way to another."

"The only fear I have," continued Mr. Edison, "is the young unmarried folks may not relish it. You are married? No? Well, I don't give this out as a bribe, but when you get entangled in the preliminaries, come to me and I will give you one that you may present to the family into which you aspire to be admitted. It will be a big her. I'm a little in doubt about the popularity of the parlor clock with the younger people.

Mr. Edison has good reason to fear. A more tantalizing ornament to a pair of ardent lovers than a matrimonial parlor photographic clock can not be imagined. Fancy, for instance, a Sunday evening in a cozy parlor with two hearts beating as one, startled by hearing a voice from the mantle: "4:30 o'clock. A fond good night. In another hour it will be midnight. Then dolefully at a quarter past and each succeeding quarter comes out its hoarse croakings, until 11:55, when it blurted out:

"In five minutes more it will be to-morrow; and every ten minutes subsequently the air is filled with its maudlin, such as: "Ah! how still the hour." "Mable, I am watching thee, ha, ha!" "Methinks I hear the spirit of thy mamma upon the stairs." "Please don't heed me; it is my misfortune that I must warn you that the hour is half-past 12." "Did I hear you ask me to get that hat?" "Will you kindly remember me in your prayers." "Look out! I hear a footstep. Ha, ha! I was only fooling thee." "I'll soon have to call father to go to his office."

And so the clock jabbers on most exasperatingly. Of course the words are set to suit the circumstances. If the wooer be a favored person, of course the language will be much different, the tone of the clock will be sweet and smirking, and the words coy and captivating.

A NATURAL MEDIUM.

REMARKABLE MESMERIC POWER DEVELOPED
BY A YOUNG MAN IN INDIANA.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

A few weeks ago Professor Kennedy, a travelling mesmerist, spent a few days here and gave a number of exhibitions at Grosvenor Opera House. Among those who were present was Clarence N. Cheever, the Union ticket agent of Vincennes, Ind. Mr. Cheever became very much interested in the art and resolved to investigate. Professor Kennedy gave a test of his mesmeric ability. According to a large number of the friends of Mr. Cheever gathered in the dining-rooms of Union Depot Hotel, and the ticket agent was called in to give an illustration of his power. Mr. Cheever at once succeeded in starting himself, and over the five heads of the subjects the somnambulistic state would take hold of them and Mr. Cheever's power was manifest. He would have them paying tribute to an imaginary President Harrison in the palm of his hand, singing songs that they never heard before, picking strawberries out of an imaginary strawberry patch, and smacking their lips as they conceived they tasted the luscious fruit. After causing them to perform numerous antics, he gathered his subjects in a row and had them sing in a ludicrous, chaotic manner the old Methodist hymn: "Shall We Gather at the River?"

Mr. Cheever's first experience in mesmerism was marvelous, and he came out of the ordeal with only a slight headache and a little nervousness.

DON'T DRINK NEW BEER.

From the Anti-Adulteration Journal.

No premature beer is fit for consumption. A beer under four months old is as injurious as any slow poison ever consumed. No matter how pure the material is from which the beer is made, it is, however, an impure beer until it has had four months to purify itself by eliminating certain yeast germs, carbonic acid gas and other foreign matter.

A well preserved old ale, it seems, would be much better to use than the new beer, where malt liquors are needed, or, perhaps better yet for the sick, a malt tonic or extract of malt or good grape wine, until good beer is produced. In Bavaria the law enforces the aging, as well as the purity of beer, and for such laws we are always contending here.

THE BEST OIL

IN THE WORLD.

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ACME OIL COMPANY,
DANVILLE, PA.

Trade for Bloomsburg and vicinity supplied by
MEYER BROS.,
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CROWN & ACME.

THE BEST BURNING OIL THAT CAN BE
MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

It gives a brilliant light. It will not smoke the chimneys. It will not char the wick. It has a high fire rate. It will not explode. It is pre-eminently a family safety oil.

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STATE TREASURER W. B. HART DEAD.

State Treasurer William B. Hart, died at his home in Harrisburg last Saturday morning from paralysis.

Mr. Hart was born March 15, 1842, in Montgomery county, Pa., and received a common school education, he commenced to earn his own living at the age of 14, working as a farm hand; at the age of 17, he was apprenticed to the bricklaying business at which he served for about two and one-half years, when the call for three years' troops having been made, he enlisted, as a private in company F, Fifty-first Pennsylvania volunteers, participating in all the battles in which his command was engaged during his three years' term of enlistment. On the 1st of February, 1865, he received the appointment of Assistant Adjutant-General of volunteers, with the rank of captain, and served under General Hartranft until the close of the war, being mustered out of service as a volunteer officer under war department orders dated the 19th of September, 1865. In February, 1867, he was appointed to a clerkship in the state treasury department, and in 1871, succeeded Hon. Thomas Nicholson, as Cashier, holding that position until 1878, when the election of Amos C. Noyes, democrat, caused a change in that department; he was unanimously re-nominated in the republican convention of 1877 for the office of state treasurer, but suffered defeat with the rest of the ticket; in 1887, he was again unanimously nominated by the same party for the same office, and was elected; he had been secretary of the Huntington reformatory commission and secretary and treasurer of the Commonwealth guarantee, trust and safe deposit company since their respective organizations.

THE TILDEN WILL DECISION.

The annulment of the provision of Samuel J. Tilden's will creating a trust estate is a grave public misfortune. It defeats a noble project—the creation of a great amply endowed free library. It strengthens the public conviction that the wit of a man is not equal to the task of framing a will disposing of a great estate which is certain to stand the assault of disappointed heirs. It is a loss of reputation and ability of James C. Carter can not draw such a will under the inspiration and direction of such an astute, learned and experienced counselor as Samuel J. Tilden who then can be depended on to discharge successfully that most important duty.

The grounds on which the trust provision is declared invalid make the breaking of the will especially regrettable. Mr. Tilden had seen over and over again the folly and waste which result from having a dead hand laid with too inflexible a grasp on a living changing entity, a great estate. He had reflected on the unwisdom of obliging executors and trustees to fulfill instructions and execute projects which the thrifty donor would never have carried out himself, with changed conditions and better knowledge under which his representatives are called to act. Perceiving this, Mr. Tilden attempted in his will to confer upon his executors some of the same discretion which he would himself have employed in carrying out the design to be regarded and therefore the exclusion of that necessary deftness for exonerator or trust discretion can not be substituted under our system of law. It would seem reasonable that if Tilden was willing to trust the judgment of his executors rather than the Tilden trust to fail because the wise donor preferred that it should be controlled by the enlightened judgment of the living rather than by the inflexible and fallible orders of the dead.—Erie.

A New Submarine Boat.

THE RECENT INVENTION OF THE FRENCH
FOR WAR AT SEA.

The Goubet, the name of the boat built by a private firm at the expense of the State, is a little boat 5.60 meters long and 1.35 meters broad. It can hold two men. The body of the craft is cast in bronze of a single piece, and can, therefore, bear a very high pressure. It is moved by electricity, which in case of failure can be replaced by oars. Completely armed it weighs 6,000 kilograms (about 12,000 pounds), and can, therefore, be transported easily everywhere.

The electric, as may be easily assumed, is obtained from accumulators in the boat; but it seems that this propelling force can also be transferred to the boat from land or from a ship accompanying the Goubet by means of a wire, which would naturally considerably hamper the movements of the submarine. The store of compressed air are said to last for twenty-four hours, and can, by an automatic arrangement, be so distributed that the state of the air in the ship is constant. The boat was immersed for eight hours at a depth of ten metres with two sailors in it, and these latter experienced not the slightest inconvenience during that period. As a special advantage it is claimed for the boat that it can at a word of command sink any depth, greatest probably 10 metres, remain there, and change its position at will. The sailing and rising of the boat, it is said, can be effected with the greatest regularity, which is not the case apparently with the Spanish submarine boat Pearl, and the other French boat Gynote.—Cologne Gazette.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

Talking of typographical errors, the Burlington, Vt., Free Press does not remember of seeing a more horrible specimen of this class of blunders than one which appeared in a Massachusetts paper not long ago. At the close of an extended and highly eulogistic notice of a deceased lawyer the reporter wished to say that "the body was taken to Hall for interment, where reposed the remains of other members of the family." By mistake a letter "e" was substituted for the "u" in Hall, changing the sense of the sentence to such a degree that no extra copies of that issue of the paper were ordered by the family of the dead lawyer.

PRES. DR. HARVEY L. BYRD ON WINE.

President of the Baltimore Medical College has used Speer's Port Grape Wine very extensively in his practice and has written the following letter:

BALTIMORE, MD., April 17th.

I have prescribed Speer's Port Grape Wine with marked and decidedly beneficial effects cases requiring a gently stimulating tonic, believing it entirely free from adulteration of any kind, have no hesitation in recommending it to the profession and public generally, as entitled to full confidence for both professional and family purposes.

This statement is predicated upon the ascertained value of this production and not from general reputation merely.

HARVEY L. BYRD, M. D.
President and Professor of Obstetrics and also uses of Women and Children, Baltimore Medical College.

DO FISH SUFFER PAIN.

From the Naturalist.

There is a widespread notion that fish suffer very little pain in comparison with the higher vertebrates. It is probable that fish suffer pain to a much greater degree than it suits the angle to believe. "A fly fisherman of thirty five years' experience" says the sententious fish depends very much on where he is hooked. If the hook struck into a horny part, no pain seems to be felt; if it is fixed in the part of the mouth corresponding in man to the cheek, he is quite sure that the fish feels very acute pain, for, unless killed first, it quivers horribly when the hook is removed.

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