

SEE NEW ADVERTISEMENTS OF A. M. RAMBO, ODD FELLOWS' HALL, IN TO-DAY'S PAPER.

See Tendersmith's advertisement of Holiday Goods. A large and elegant assortment.

NEW OYSTER SALOON.—Mrs. Hunter invites the attention of the public to her New Ladies' Restaurant; and we bespeak for her encouragement in her present enterprise.

All eyes were now turned upon the traveler, who, at the request of the court, entered the witness-box, when the prisoner testified interrogated him: "Have you ever before seen me to your knowledge?"

"I am quite sure I have."

"Will you give the court your name and business?"

"My name is Henry Edgeford, of Leeds, and I am a manufacturer of cutlery."

"Will you state when and where you met me, and under what circumstances?"

"I was traveling about the middle of June last from Dover to Aldoboro, and upon arriving at the latter place I saw you waiting at the lower stage house. Being encumbered with baggage, I engaged you to carry my box to the hotel, afterwards to other lodgings, and I clearly remember your person and features."

"At what time was this?"

"About the middle of June."

"Can you state the precise date of your arrival there?"

"No. I think it was on the 15th or 16th of the month." Then turning to the court, the witness added: "I am not clear, your honors, as to the exact day, but if your honors will allow me to send to my hotel, where I am temporarily stopping here, I can obtain my memorandum book, which will assist me, your honors permitting it."

Leave was given at once, and in a few minutes a small trunk was brought into the court from the stranger's room at the little hotel. Upon opening the box the diary was found, and the witness returned to the 16th of June, under which date the following "item" occurred:

"Mem.—Paid Porter for carrying luggage to lodging in Aldoboro, half a crown. Arrived at 2 1/2 p. m."

The judge now asked again, "And do you state that this prisoner was the identical person who did this service for you, Mr. Edgeford, at that time?"

"I am perfectly clear, your honors, in this belief."

Here was a singular statement, that staggered the court, the jury and the populace—and by no means least, the honorable member of Parliament who had been robbed on the highway? If this statement was correct, Aldoboro being near a hundred leagues distant from Barrington road—surely Burrows could not have been in both places on the same night, to wit, 16th of June, 1854.

"I paid him a half crown piece, your honors which had an unusually large hole in it; and I remember a remark that he made at the time—that it had been sadly Jew'd, alluding to its lightness from this cause."

Mr. Edgeford sat down, and the prisoner then asked that the officer who arrested him might be called for a moment, who was subsequently required to produce the contents of the prisoner's pockets, found on him when taken. Among the small amount of silver thus secured was a mutilated half-crown piece, which was shown to Mr. Edgeford, who instantly declared it to be the one paid to the porter, to the loss of his belief.

This settled the verdict at once. The crowd applauded, the judge sat down in amazement, and the cause went to the jury, the result was an unqualified acquittal on their part, without leaving the box.

The same evening "Henry Edgeford, Esq." and John Burrows left the town of Barrington together. They were two confederates in crime, both being accomplished "gentlemen of the road." Burrows was the robber of the Hon. M. P. he was really guilty, but his friend and companion in crime assumed the disguise of a gentleman traveler, and being aware of all the circumstances of the case from the beginning, found no difficulty in coming a story adapted to the moment and the imminent emergency of his associate. His letters were forgeries, his bills of credit the same; he learned what coins were found upon Burrows when he was arrested, and his determination to clear him was entirely successful. There was no time or opportunity for rebutting the testimony of Edgeford—his whole plan was a perfect coup de grace, and to his confederate in crime he proved eminently, on that occasion, a timely witness.

PENNY'S TESTS OF GOODNESS.—The Test of a Good Husband.—Look at the key-hole of the latch-key on the street door. If the point is not rubbed off two or three inches round it, if the edges are as sharp and clean as when the door was first painted, you may be sure that it is a truthful indication of a good husband, who is most regular, and so early as scarcely ever to have occasion to use his latch-key, or supposing he does, is so accurate in his use as to be able to hit the key-hole the very first time of using it at it. How many husbands who go home late, would be able to do the same?

The Test of a Good Young Man.—This test takes pretty nearly the same circle as the above. However, instead of the street door, look at his watch. If the key-hole, which is wound up is bright, and without the smallest marginal note—if there be no scratches, running in a giddy maze around it, such as betrays decided marks of fumbling, you may look upon it as a shining mirror of a good young man, whose hand, when he goes to bed, is as steady as his conduct has been through the day.

OUR HALL.—Who remember's the enthusiasm excited in our community when the magnificent project of a public Hall, worthy of the bustling, thriving town of Columbia and capable of containing our lecture-going, concert-loving, ball-attending population, was first projected? Has the energy with which the very creditable edifice which first strikes the eye of the York County traveler was run up, and pulled down, and rebuilt, been forgotten? Do we not remember the eagerness with which its completion was looked forward to, and the imposing ceremonies with which that consummation was celebrated? One warm summer's evening the entire community turned out and filled the really commodious and bright new Hall, of which we were justly proud, trying the spring of the floor to merry music—dancing and feasting away into the small hours.—It was a fine Hall—at that time superior in every respect to any public room in the city of Lancaster—and during many succeeding months was liberally patronized by our citizens. Whether the proceeds of the opening ball or of a succeeding entertainment were devoted to the furnishing of the room we cannot remember, but an effort, more or less successful, was made we know, to procure funds by such means for such purpose. This was many, many years ago—so long ago that our town has had time to grow solemn, and slow, and opposed to the gayeties of the Hall, and, alas, not ever disposed to encourage some of the gravities of the Hall. So the Hall has grown to be a staid, proper (except under the larger invasions) sadate old Hall; yes,—we say it with tears in our eyes—a scrubby (it's not scrubbed half often enough, by the way!) fusty, austere, filthy, offensive old Hall, and that's plain, unadorned, unmistakable English, as well as simple truth.

The recent attraction to the Hall of two large and respectable audiences, on the occasions of Miss Dean's Concert and Mr. Forney's lecture, has moved us to these few mild, inoffensive remarks. On the former occasion the contrast between the young lady's charming costume, double gilt Indian notes, stage courtesy, mitigated Prima Donna-ship and general fascination, and the dim light and dingy walls of the apartment, was marked and not flattering to town pride. At Mr. Forney's lecture last Wednesday evening, the appearance of the Hall was equally humiliating.

Our complaint thus far has been general; may we particularize? Firstly, the Hall is dirty. We believe that it has not been painted since its completion, and the wood-work and walls are unfit for civilized contact; stained and greasy, they are positively disgusting. Then the curtains are shabby and the walls disfigured with spikes and nail holes—the legitimate result of endeavors to cover up their nakedness and filth on gala occasions with pictures, wreaths, &c. The Hall is badly lighted. The chandeliers are too small by about eight burners, and to remedy this defect two lights have been introduced, in the rear of the stage, which are very excellent accessories on occasion of Balls, Fairs &c; but against their illumination while the platform is occupied by performer or lecturer we beg most earnestly to protest. Whoever amongst the audience is unfortunate enough to obtain a side seat has the light of one of these burners glaring over the shoulder of the occupant of the stage, blinding and dazzling, and converting the face of speaker or singer into a black inexpressive patch. Had we not been ashamed to look the lecturer of Wednesday evening in the face, the fierce eye of that gas burner, boring us through from behind him would have caused our head to hang.

Now we suppose that in the opinion of the Odd Fellows' Hall Association we are meddling with what does not in the least concern us, and the members of O. F. A. are doubtless correct in so believing. But we are notoriously of a meddling disposition; minding outside business rather than our own; exercising ourselves more for our neighbor's note than for our own heavy timber. So we trust that in consideration of our little infirmity, we may be held excusable in thus pointing the notorious deficiencies of "our Hall." We do it in the kindest and most benevolent spirit, and in the hope that improvements, in all seriousness very much needed, will be undertaken by the Association.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—Harper for December, commencing a new volume, is a model number, not only in contents but illustrations. "A Winter in the South" is embellished with admirable cuts after drawings by "Porte Crayon." "The Mosquito" is magnificently depicted. "An Old Fillibuster," is profusely illustrated. Thackeray's "Virginians" is accompanied by the usual number of cuts, and last and best, John McLennan perpetrates a couple of pages of really humorous hits at English exaggeration of American "eccentricities." "Have we a Bourbon amongst us?" and "Hark from the Tomb," are the best things we have seen in Harper, in this department. The tales are good, as usual, and the editorial chat amusing.

PETERSON'S DETECTOR.—Peterson's Counterfeit Detector for December describes 66 new counterfeiters issued since Nov. 1st. Among them we find five on the Bank of Chester Valley, at Coatesville, and five on Peterson's Detector for the merchant and every man doing business cannot be exaggerated. Not only every store but every house should be provided with a copy of this safeguard against imposition and fraud.

ALBANY AGRICULTURIST.—This great Journal for farmers is undoubtedly the best published in the country. We can recommend it not only from our own judgment but from the verdict of experienced agriculturists of this neighborhood. The subscription price is only one dollar a year. The periodical is published monthly by Orange Judd, New York.

THE CANALS.—We see it stated in the Baltimore American that it is intended to keep the water in the Pennsylvania and Susquehanna and Tide Water Canals until the 27th inst.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1, 1858. Progress—Financial and Moral—Railroad Progress—The Wisconsin System—Farm Mortgages—The Crisis—The Last Resource—The Mortara Petition—City—Coal, &c.

"Progress" is a term so applicable to the development of our country's resources, and so significant of the genius of our people that it has virtually become an Americanism in the vocabulary of the English language. The progress which the American nation has made in commerce, manufactures, education, the improvement of their territory and the acquisition of new fields in which to display their extraordinary genius for improvement, is so plain to every man who has the use of his eyes and ears, that further illustration of these facts would be as tedious as the subject is trite.

But there is a kind of progress, also so purely American, that we would be safe in boasting of no fear from competition in any quarter, but that a feeling of something akin to shame will prevent the faintest show of exultation or self-approbation. And the field of this last named species of mental development, is our "Railway and financial system." The agents by whom this peculiar species of "human progress" is created into a tangible and permanent "Institution" and exhibited to the gaze of all the slow-moving, benighted nations of the earth—are the men who are known and who delight to be known, as the enterprising citizens of the republic, whose palladium is individuality, whose boast is a self-creating faculty, and who being, in the language of their egotistical tirades, "without antecedents," are reckless of the consequences and careless of the results, except only just so far as they tend to the acquisition of wealth. These are the gentlemen who, (in the language of a gifted member of the fraternity) in early youth, "fell out with hard work, and took to figuring." Nowhere in the United States are so many of these Napoleons of progress to be found, as in the State of Wisconsin; and nowhere else have they crowded progress so close upon the brink of ruin. In Wisconsin,—the favorite child of "glorious New England"—there was initiated the shrewdest, the most plausible and, for the first part of the game, the most thoroughly successful system of Railroad projecting.

The foreign market had been glutted with Railroad bonds on public land security, and the representatives of the people had donated to the Roads of Illinois, Arkansas and other States, so many millions of acres, that it seemed to be necessary to devise some new kind of security which would be able to once the startle the capitalists by its boldness, and captivate them by its superior merits. Acting under the stimulus of this necessity the figuring citizens of Wisconsin conceived the happy idea that the improved farm lands of their territory—of which there was more than enough to meet the exigency—must furnish the means to construct the Railroads and keep within their own borders the trade which was building up Chicago and Cairo, at the expense of Milwaukee and Racine.

Their plan was to engage numbers of "smart men," a kind of Internal Improvement missionaries, or canvassers, vulgarly termed bores, who traveled over the country in pairs, taking an accurate census of the agricultural community for five miles on each side of a projected line, an inventory of the improved property, and thus apportioning the shares of stock necessary to be taken by each farmer within the range of their operations. No money was required, but only the pledge of the subscriber to so many shares—just the number which the figures had bound themselves to get out of him—but this subscription was to be guaranteed by a mortgage upon the improved land and appurtenances of the subscriber. As startling as this proposition may seem to the reader, and even at first to the careful husbandman, the most astonishing part of the story is, that the plan under the persevering efforts of the mercantile interest, was completely successful; and so it happens that the liabilities of the farming interest in Wisconsin for Railroad purposes, are at this moment \$7,265,000 secured by mortgages on their homesteads.

On these securities the Railroad companies issued bonds bearing high interest—some as high as ten per cent, within the knowledge of the writer—which were sold in the Eastern market at various rates of discount, often as high as 20 per cent, to raise the necessary means for the prosecution of the work. Now the time draws near when this splendid financial scheme must be closed up—pay day is at hand, there is no money in the country to pay the subscriptions. There is nothing left but the usual course of sale to satisfy the mortgages. Here is the crisis, in a country which needed no "protection," and never had any, because it never was a manufacturing region. This is the crisis which the most reckless speculation has produced, the crisis in a scheme utterly hopeless of anything but a disastrous result; cunning in its inception, delusive or deceptive in its operation, and inevitably ruinous in the end.

Now the Legislature is petitioned to assume this "farm mortgage" Railroad debt in the name of the State, to call in and cancel the mortgage bonds bearing from 6 to 10 per cent interest, and to replace them with State bonds bearing 5 (5) per cent interest. Ingenious device! Cool, amiable and deliberate swindle! But in the event of the failure of this plan "for the benefit of the creditors," what remains to be done? Nothing. There is no resource—save repudiation. Of course the farmers will not permit their lands to be sold; all action will be resisted on the ground of alleged fraud or misrepresentation on the part of the Railroad managers.

Having reached the sublime acme of high-toned morality, the culminating point in the march of "progress," nothing remains now but for Wisconsin to sink gradually into the abyss of average wickedness; and by way of a beginning in her downward career, it may not be amiss to change her politics next year or the year following.

The case of Edgar Mortara, the Italian child of Jewish parents, who was by order of the Romish hierarchy taken from his parents (and committed to the care of Catholic instructors, because he had been in infancy baptized by a Roman Catholic servant—has been disposed of, so far as our Government is concerned, by the declaration of Secretary Cass, that is out of the province and contrary to the policy of our Government to interfere with the internal affairs of other countries except in regard to the rights of American citizens. But, as a city paper very justly suggests, this action of the Romish Church will tend to "widen the breach which is now so clearly defined between the Catholic and Protestant members of our community, and Protestant families will be more careful than ever in the selection of servants." Such will undoubtedly be the effect; for though it is not possible that a decree of any church, like the one referred to, would be tolerated in our country, the mass of the people will not stop to reflect upon this fact, but regardless of it, will carefully avoid what they consider an impending danger.

There is nothing new or exciting in the city just now. We observe a vast number of stumped-tailed grey coats parading the city in every direction, and are frequently distracted by the near rattle of the "kettle drum" and the squeaking of the wry-necked fife," but cannot divine the meaning of it all, unless it is the prolonged welcome home of the Hibernal Engine Company, who have lately returned from a visit to New York and Boston to exhibit the powers of their new and beautiful Steam Engine. We saw a trial of this machine, as we supposed, a few weeks ago, which was very satisfactory—at least it caused the most lively admiration of the successful appliance of steam power for the most useful and beneficent purpose. The Engine stood near the curbstone on the North side of Arch street, half way between 11th and 12th streets, the hose extending to the line of 11th street, and at an angle of about 20 degrees with the horizon, threw a four inch stream more than half a square.

The old quarrel of last winter about the weighing of coal is still progressing; the coal dealers generally are violently opposed to any laws on the subject, lest the public weighers may be bribed by some dishonest men, and the citizens defrauded. This is an exceedingly kind and considerate view of the subject; and it is also tolerably absurd. Certainly it is very strange that the custom of having coal weighed and certified by public weighers has prevailed for a quarter of a century in other large cities, and here we are in Philadelphia wrangling about whether it is best to have it weighed at a cost of 25 cents per ton, or continue to be cheated by a majority of the dealers.

The weather has become very cold, the ground is frozen hard, the gutters are tight, and so is money—which circumstances naturally suggest the need of fuel and its cost.

TO THE EARLY BIRD.—"Heads bowed down" for the mortifying lack of nature's covering, why do you droop? We can understand the depressing effect of premature baldness on the young man full of life and health and spirits. He is in the midst of life's pleasures and gayeties, and with, possibly, a handsome pre-ence, prepossessing manners, a fund of wit and humor, he yet wants the crowning glory, a "head of hair." See him in the street—proud in carriage, bright-faced, happy looking, he shows no care or sorrow; you believe him the "fortunate youth." He meets a fair damsel—a brilliant, beautiful butterfly, who smiles and nods and greets him as a friend! But why does his countenance fall? Where is the proud elasticity of his step—the erect and manly bearing of the young fellow? Gone! Gone! With a despairing look he raises his head and discloses—the scanty locks of his early bald! My young friend, why do you suffer? See O. J. Wood & Co.'s advertisement! Buy a bottle of his wonderful Restorative and our word for it you will find your youthful locks return in more than primitive luxuriance!

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—We have received Blackwood for November. Its contents are Buckle's History of Civilization; What will he do with it?—Part XVIII; Edward Irving; The Light on the Hearth—Part III; Cherbourg—The Port and Fortress; Lord Canning's Reply to the Ellenborough Dispatch.

Published by Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

A PERFECT SNOW OF ACES.—I see a mighty funny poker game on the Macespin, a gony' up from Orleans. There were four old coast Frenchmen, all sugar planters, just sold their crap and got their pockets full of rocks. They went it strong, I tell you. They'd got their backs and tails up. Captain Whisky had got a powerful grip on 'em, and if they warnt' a humpin' in, "hark from the toombs."

At last they went to the bar to stretch their legs and wood-up; and while they were gone I see a mischievous lookin' chap a changin' his papers.

"Keep shady," says he, a winkin' to us that were standin' round the table, "and you were standin' round the table, 'and you'll see the old boy riz directly.'"

"Back come the old chaps, the keards war dealt round, and I see their eyes a snappin', but all a tryin' to look powerful solemn."

"A blind" war bet, and up spoke the nex hand.

"I seee blind, an' four beets bettair." "I see zat an go file dollar." "Twenty bettair fan you—ah, ha!" "Sacray toomb! one hundor bettair zan you."

every man got five aces, and thinkin' another ace had crawled into the pack somehow, they all eched one, and kept the others.

One run for his pistols, another pulls out his knife, and if they'd ondly diskivered who served 'em out, thar'd a been a mighty small chance for him; but they went on so that the captain had to interfere and shut 'em up.—Sam Slick in Texas.

BRITISH VIEW OF AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—The London Critic has a genial and very complimentary notice of the Atlantic Monthly, in the course of which it says:

To speak the truth, our Transatlantic cousins are running us hard in the matter of magazines, and bid fair soon to beat us in them as completely as they have done in chess-playing, yachting, and trotting horses. Difficult would it be for us, even now, to prove that we have a better magazine than the Atlantic Monthly; nor is it so much to be wondered at when we know that some of the best men in America—Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Prescott, Reed and Lowell—are engaged in filling its pages.

Dr. O. W. HOLMES.—A writer in the Boston Transcript says: "While every newspaper in this country has been full of the Autocrat's praises, has quoted his poetry, his puns and his epigrams, we learn that literary men in England give him even higher commendation. Several London journals have alluded to these papers in high terms, but from private sources we have more reliable opinions. At a dinner party in London, some months ago; Thackeray spoke of this series of papers as among the foremost in modern literature, adding with emphasis, that no living Englishman could have written them. Wilkie Collins, after alluding to these articles, and to the new essays of Emerson, said, that with such contributions, the Atlantic need not fear competition anywhere in the civilized world." And recently Charles Reade, alluding to the Atlantic Monthly, held this language: "The stories are no worse than Blackwood's and Fraser's, &c., and some of the other matter is infinitely beyond our monthly and trimestrial scribbles, being genuine in thought and English in expression; whereas, what passes for criticism in our land of the sun, is a mixture of cack-oo and hee-haw—a set of conventional phrases, turned, not in English, but in Nurmal French and the jargon of the schools. After five and twenty years of these \* \* \* without a spark of thought novelty or life among them, I turn to such papers as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," with a sense of relief and freshness."

DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR. In all diseases of inflammation more or less predominant—now to rally inflammation strikes at the root of disease, and causes more or less of the following:—DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR, and nothing else, will allay inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR will cure the following among a great catalogue of diseases: Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Chafes, Sore Nipples, Corns, Bunions, Bruises, Sprains, Bites, Pains, Chilblains, Bites, Scrofula, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Felons, Itch, Acne, Piles, Sore Eyes, Gout, Swelling, Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Sore Gums, Headaches, Erysipelas, Ringworm, Barber's Itch, Small Pox, Measles, Rash, &c., &c.

TO THE EARLY BIRD.—"Heads bowed down" for the mortifying lack of nature's covering, why do you droop? We can understand the depressing effect of premature baldness on the young man full of life and health and spirits. He is in the midst of life's pleasures and gayeties, and with, possibly, a handsome pre-ence, prepossessing manners, a fund of wit and humor, he yet wants the crowning glory, a "head of hair." See him in the street—proud in carriage, bright-faced, happy looking, he shows no care or sorrow; you believe him the "fortunate youth." He meets a fair damsel—a brilliant, beautiful butterfly, who smiles and nods and greets him as a friend! But why does his countenance fall? Where is the proud elasticity of his step—the erect and manly bearing of the young fellow? Gone! Gone! With a despairing look he raises his head and discloses—the scanty locks of his early bald! My young friend, why do you suffer? See O. J. Wood & Co.'s advertisement! Buy a bottle of his wonderful Restorative and our word for it you will find your youthful locks return in more than primitive luxuriance!

HAIR DYE—HAIRDYE—HAIRDYE. WM. A. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE. The Original and Best in the World! All others are mere imitations, and should be avoided, if you wish to escape ridicule.

WIGS—WIGS—WIGS. Batchelor's Wigs and Toupees surpass all. They are elegant, light, easy and durable.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. SIR JAMES CLARKE'S CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS. Prepared from a prescription of Sir J. Clarke, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.

TO MARRIED LADIES. It is peculiarly suited. It will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity.

NOTICE. The stockholders of the Odd Fellows' Hall Association will meet at the Hall on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858, between the hours of 7 and 9 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing Trustees.

Goods for the Holidays. Family Grocery Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Dec. 4, 1858.

English and American Pickles. Family Grocery Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Dec. 4, 1858.

ALL wanting to emigrate to a mild climate, good soil, and fine market, see advertisement of Hammon Land. [Aug. 28-30]

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