The Marietian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, News of the Day, Local Intelligence, &c.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER. MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864. VOL. 10.—NO. 24.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa.

IS NOT A BAR-ROOM DRINK, OR A SUBSTITUTE FOR RUM,

Or an Intoxicating Beverage, but a highly concentrated Vegetable Extract, a Pure Tonic, free from alcoholic stimulent or injurious drugs, and will effectually cure

Liver Complaint,
Dyspepsia, and
Jaundice.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debilty, Disease of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach.

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS

resulting from disorders of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the Pit of the Stomach, swimming of the Head, hurried and difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vission, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest, limbs, &c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

WILL GIVE YOU

A Good Appetite,
Strong Nerves,
Healthy Nerves,
Steady Nerves,
Brisk Feelings,
Energetic Feelings,
Healthy Feelings,
A Good Constitution,
A Strong Constitution,
A Healthy Constitution,
A Sound Constitution.

WILL MAKE THE WEAK STRONG,

Will make the Delicate Healty,
Will make the Thin Stout,
Will make the Depressed Lively,
Will make the Sallow Complexion Clear,
Will make the Dull eye Clear and Bright.

☞ Will prove a blessing in every family.

☞ Can be used with perfect safety by male or female, Old or Young.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest Whiskey or common Rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander seed.

This class of bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of a drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of alcoholic stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death. *Beware of them.*

For those who desire *and will have* a liquor bitters, we publish the following receipt:

Get one bottle Hoofland's German Bitters and mix with *three quarts of good Whiskey or Brandy*, and the result will be a preparation that will far excel in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous liquor bitters in the market, and *will cost much less.* You will have all the virtues of *Hoofland's Bitters* in connection with a *good* article of liquor and at a much less price then these inferior preparations will cost you.

DELICATE CHILDREN.

Those suffering from *marasmus*, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones are cured in a very short time; one bottle in such cases, will have most surprising effect.

DEBILITY,

Resulting from Fevers of any kind—these bitters will renew your strength in a short time.

FEVER AND AGUE.—The chills will not return if these Bitters are used. No person in a fever and ague district should be without them.

From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects; I yet know of no sufficient reason why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, because I was prejudiced against them for a number of years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Rob't Shoemaker, esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long debility. The use of three bottles of these bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost dispaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.

J. Newton Brown.

Philadelphia, June 23, 1862.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS.

AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "Hoofland's German Bitters" will cure nine-tenth, of the diseases induced by privation and exposures incident to camp life. In the listss published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these bitters are freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.

The proprietors are daily receiving thankful letters from sufferers in the army and hospitals, who have been restored to health by the use of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.

Beware of counterfeits! See that the signature of "C. M. Jackson," is on the wrapper of each bottle.

PRICES.

Large Size, $1:00 per bottle, or ½ dozen for $5.
Medium size, 75c per bottle, or ½ dozen for $4

The larger size, on account of the quantity the bottles hold, are much the cheaper.

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory,
No. 631 Arch Street.
JONES & EVANS,
(Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.,)
Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. [may 30-1y

Published every Saturday Morning.

OFFICE: Grull's Row, Front Street, five doors below Flury's Hotel.

TERMS, One Dollar a year, payable in advance, and if subscriptions be not paid within six months $1.25 will be charged, but if delayed until the expiration of the year, $1.50 will be charged.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, *or less*) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at $3 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, *five cents a-line.* Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, five cents a line.

A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

Having recentled added a large lot of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., to the Job Office of "The Marietian," which will insure the fine execution of all kinds of Job & Card Printing, from the *smallest Card to the largest Poster*, at prices to suit the War times.

Great Discovery.

Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

FOR the cure of Weak Stomachs, genera debility, indigestion, diseases of the Nervous System, constipation, acidity of the stomach and for all cases requiring a Tonic.

This Wine includes the most agreeable and efficient Salt of Iron we possess; Citrate of Magnetic Oxide combined with the most energetic of vegetable tonics, Yellow Peruvian Bark. The effect in many cases of debility, loss of appetite, and general prostration, of an efficient Salt of Iron, combined with our valuable Nerve Tonic, is most happy. It augments the appetite, raises the pulse, takes off muscular flabbiness, removes the palor of debility, and gives a florid vigor to the countenance.

Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to build up your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?

If you do, try

KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON!

This truly valuable Tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community, that it is now deemed indispensable as a Tonic medicine. It costs but little, purifies the blood, gives tone to the stomach, renovates the system, and prolongs life. I now only ask a trial of this valuable Tonic.

COUNTERFEITS.

BE AWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.—As Kunkel's *Bitter Wine of Iron* is the only sure and effectual remedy in the known world for the permanent cure of Dyspepsia and Debility, and as there are a number of imitations offered to the public, we would caution the community to purchase none but the genuine article, manufactured by S. A. Kunkel, and has his stamp on the top of the cork of every bottle. The very fact that others are attempting to imitate this valuable remedy, proves its worth and speaks volumes in its favor.

The Bitter Wine of Iron is put up in 75 cent and $1.00 bottles, and sold by all respectable Druggists throughout the country. Be particular that every bottle bears the *fac simile* of the proprietor's signature.

General Depot, 118 Market Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

☞ For Sale by Dr. Beane & Co., and all respectable dealers everywhere.

$100 Reward!

FOR A MEDICINE

That will cure Coughs,
Tickling in the Throat,
Influenza,
Whooping Cough,
Or relieve Consumptive Cough
AS QUICK AS
COE'S COUGH BALSAM.

OVER FIVE THOUSAND BOTTLES

Have been sold in its native town, and not a single instance of its failure is known.

We have, in our possession, any quantity of certificates, some of them from *eminent physicians*, who have used it in their practice, and given it the pre-eminence over any other compound. *It does not dry up a Cough, but loosens it,* so as to enable the patient

TO EXPECTORATE FREELY.

Two or three doses will invariably cure tickling in the throat.

A Half Bottle has often completely cured the MOST STUBBORN COUGH,

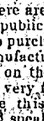
and yet, though it is so sure and speedy in its operation, it is perfectly harmless, being purely vegetable. It is very agreeable to the taste and may be administered to children of any age.

In cases of Croup we will guarrantee a cure, if taken in season. ☞ No FAMILY *should be without it.* It is within the reach of all, the

PRICE BEING ONLY 25 CENTS.

And if an investment and a thorough trial does not "back up" the above statement, the money will be refunded. We say this knowing its merits and feeling confident that one trial will secure for it a home in every household. ☞ Do not waste away with Coughing, when so small an investment will cure you. It may be had of any respectable druggist, who will furnish you with a circular of genuine certificates of cures it has made.

C. G. CLARK, Proprietors,
Sept. 24-6m] *New-Haven, Ct.*



SUPPLEE & BRO.,
IRON AND BRASS
FOUNDERS,
And General Machinists, Second street Below Union, Columbia, Pa.

They are prepared to make all kinds of Iron Castings for Rolling Mills and Blast Furnaces, Pipes, for Steam, Water and Gas; Columns, Fronts, Cellar Doors, Weights, &c., for Buildings, and castings of every description;

STEAM ENGINES, AND BOILERS,

IN THE MOST MODERN AND IMPROVED

Manner; Pumps, Brick Presses, Shafting and Pulleys, Mill Gearing, Taps, Dies, Machinery for Mining and Tanning; Brass Bearings, Steam & Blast Gauges, Lubricators, Oil Cocks, Valves for Steam, Gas, and Water; Brass Fittings in all their variety; Boilers, Tanks, Flues, Heaters, Stacks, Bolts, Nuts, Vault Doors, Washers, &c.

BLACKSMITHING in GENERAL.

From long experience in building machinery we flatter ourselves that we can give general satisfaction to those who may favor us with their orders. ☞ *Repairing promptly attended to.*

Orders by mail addressed as above, will meet with prompt attention. *Prices to suit the times.*

Z. SUPPLEE,
T. R. SUPPLEE.

Columbia, October 20, 1860. 14 tf

ST. CROIX AND NEW ENGLAND RUM *for culinary purposes, warranted genuine*
H. D. Benjamin.

UNITED STATES GRANT.

What has caused this great commotion
All the country through?
Tip. and Ty. Campaign Song—1840.

Who is this new Napoleon—
This rising star of fame?
What deeds of glory are entwined
Around his mighty name?
Why is it that throughout the North,
From all our grand array,
Of Union heroes, East and West,
He first in honors stands confess'd,
And bears the palm away?

His is a simple story,
We need no farther go,
For the christening of our hero's sword
Than the fields of Mexico.
Brothers in arms were round him there,
Who since, in some dark hour,
Stooping to treason's work, have found
Its fruits on many a battle ground,
In his resistless power.

It was first at Donelson
He "moved upon their works,"
Where, though a ragamuffin crew,
They fought like "turban'd Turks."
But, bound to win, he hemm'd them in,
And proved their tactics wrong, [all—
And bagg'd them, works, guns, Turks and
A lively batch for a single haul—
Some fifteen thousand strong.

Semi-secesh Kentucky
Was then at once set free,
And the "good old flag" was thus advanced
To the heart of Tennessee;
The fierce bluffs of Columbus, too,
Were gained without a blow.
Thus was the first grand opening made,
In the Mississippi's strong blockade,
To all the States below.

Thus, in a single triumph,
An empire was regained;
But this for Grant would not suffice
While rougher work remained
Still pushing on the rebel lines,
When other men would quail,
He proved on Shiloh's bloody field
That he knows no such thing as yield,
And no such word as fail.

But Donelson and Shiloh
Were pastimes of a day,
Compared with Vicksburg's bristling cliffs,
In all their grim array—
For leagues along the winding stream,
For leagues about the town,
Upon "the Yankees" gathering round
Tier upon tier of great guns frown'd,
In fierce defiance down.

For weeks and months still baffled,
And foiled at every turn—
West Pointers study this campaign,
If you your trade would learn,
For weeks and months, on front and flank,
Still baffled and delayed—
How terrible did Grant appear,
When, crashing on the rebel rear,
His grand assaults were made!

The glorious consummation—
How Vicksburg fought and fell,
"Our boys," for ages yet to come,
Will still delight to tell,
Link'd with the nation's natal day,
To freemen's hearts endeared,
Upon the land and on the sea,
The name and fame of Grant will be
Remember'd and revered.

Crowned with the crown of Vicksburg,
Its hero well might claim,
The highest honors of the land,
And win and wear the same.
But still, ambitious but to serve
As soldier for the right,
He asks no rest, he makes no pause,
While, menacing the nation's cause,
There's still a foe to fight.

There comes from Chattanooga
To Dalton's rear and van,
And our shattered army there,
Enclosed by hostile batteries,
A warning of despair;
When to the rescue Grant is moved,
And his sturdy veterans too,
And soon the rebel legions fly,
As Grant among them, hip and thigh,
Expels the astonished crew.

The battle of the mountains,
So admirably planned,
So beautifully carried out,
So picturesque and grand,
From Hooker's fight above the clouds
To Mission Ridge, will glow
On history's page while courage lives,
And genius its reward receives
Alike from friend and foe.

This is our new Napoleon—
This warrior of the West,
And modestly his plumes he wears
On his victorious crest.
Cool, skilful and sagacious,
Yet as a lion bold,
Full of resources, quick to see
His time and opportunity,
His simple story's told:

This hero for the crisis
Is just the man we want;
And the people's voice now says their choice
Is Union Saving Grant!
Advance him to the White House, and
We soon shall find release
From the rebellion's dying throes,
From traitors and from foreign foes,
In Union, strength and peace.

☞ A Bohemian who knew how to get a dinner! An Alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to speak at Guildhall.—"I must first dine with you," was the reply, "to see how you open your mouth, that I may know what words will fill it."

KITTY BRAGG'S HUSBAND.

"Mercy on us! What has happened to your father? Run out quick, Charlie, and open the gate. What is the matter, John? You are as white as a sheet."

"Kitty, I'm drafted!"

In place of falling to crying and moaning, as is the fashion with some of our women, Kitty Bragg laid her hand heavily on her husband's shoulder.

"John, I'm ashamed of you! If you were a child, I would give you a good shaking. Compose yourself before Charlie comes in—I would not have him think his father was a coward!"

"That is a hard word, Kitty."

"I know it, John, but the case demands it. I would not have you lowered in our boy's sight. Now, John Bragg, let you and me talk sense; let us reason the matter together. You are a good man, John—a good husband and a good father. You are a brave man, too, despite your trembling nerves. Who plunged into the river, just above the rapids, after poor Carne's only son?—Who flung himself before old Mr. Morris' mad horse, and saved the old man's life? Why just John Bragg, I know what ails you, John. You are physically nervous at the report of firearms or the sight of blood. You have spent your life poring over books, and never tried to overcome the weakness. But you can overcome it and must."

This "must" was said smilingly.

"I must, indeed, for the die is cast, and there is no escape. I do not think it want of courage; and I am sure my heart glows with love for my country. You know, Kitty, I have given freely of my poor means; but whenever I think of going to battle this strange tremor assails me, and I am reduced to the weakness of a child. I shall be disgraced, I know. Don't you wish you had a braver husband, Kitty? I would not blame you."

But Kitty did not hear. She sat by the kitchen hearth, leaning her brown head on the jamb of the huge old-fashioned chimney. Her thoughts at last formed themselves into the words—

"I verily believe, John, it is a thing you cannot help—it is your misfortune, not your fault."

"Let us sell the place. Joe Martin will give five hundred dollars for it, and then you can get a substitute. We can rent the little red house on the Murray farm, and then—"

"Never, Kitty! Talk no more; I would, indeed, be a coward then.—What! deprive my loved ones of a home to save myself from hardships? Never, never! It is not my life I am afraid of; it is just the din of battle and the dreadful carnage. I will go, my dear wife, and you must help me to be brave and do my duty."

The morning came at last that the drafted men were to join their regiment. There was many a tear shed by wives, mothers and sisters; but Kitty Bragg shed none—she had other work to do. She stood talking with John at the end of the platform.

"My little Bible is in your knapsack, John. Read it often. Whenever you feel that trembling coming over you, John, pray to God, and He will strengthen you. I know he will."

"O! Kitty, how can I ever live without you?"

This almost upset the brave little woman; but she stilled the quivering lip, and smiled through her tears. When the order to fall in was given, John laid his hand on her head, and said, tenderly—

"God bless you, Kitty! you are the best wife ever a poor man had."

She lifted up her mouth for a kiss; but the white lips were mute—for the life of her she could not have spoken.

The train moved off, and Kitty went home. She shuddered as she crossed her doorstep. The clock ticked more lonely than she had ever heard it, and all seemed like desolation. Kitty sat down in her little sewing-chair and wept like a child. Charlie came in, his face all aglow and his eyes flashing.

"What! mother crying? Why, I think it is a glorious thing to raise one's arm for one's country—a thing to die for," he said, rather dreamily.

"Yes, my son, it is glorious; but it is sad, too. I would not call him back; but I will be very lonely."

After that one burst of tears, Kitty was her own calm self again. Time passed on, and save that Kitty prayed oftener, and was more grave than her wont, one could see little change in her.

Charlie went off to school in the morning, and she was left alone all day. Broken ejaculations often escaped her lips—prayers for the safety and "strengthening" of her husband, until at last it became a habit.

One Saturday, as she was baking and churning, as usual, her heart full of prayer for her husband,

"O, God! strengthen poor John, and let him not flinch in the day of battle. Charlie, bring me some more chips; for this fire won't burn."

A neighbor, who was standing on the doorstep, smiled at the mingling of prayer and business.

"Have you heard the news, Kitty?"

The fear that John had deserted or done something cowardly took all her strength away, and she sank down faintly in a chair.

"What is it, Mary?"

"Why they had a riot in camp.—Some of the men deserted and some mutinied, and John—Bless me, Kitty, but your milk's all boiling over."

"What about John, Mary?"

"Why, John was the only one in his company that stood firm all through.—He was as brave as a lion, though some of the half crazy fellows threatened to shoot him if he did not join them. He influenced our boys to be quiet and do their duty. He told them it would only be for a little while; that after awhile they would have a better camp and better rations. My Joseph said he shouldn't wonder if John came home yet with gold straps on his shoulders. His being so brave, and having so much influence over his men, pleased the colonel very much. Ain't you glad, Kitty?"

Kitty was crying for joy—that the first news of John should be so good.

"Jacob said in his letter that he said to John, after the fuss—

"John, how could you be so brave and firm when there was so much confusion, and those fellows had their bayonets pointed at you?

"Your John replied—

"Jacob, I came here to do my duty, and I am determined to do it; and, besides, how could a man go back from the right path with such a woman as my Kitty at home praying for me?"

This made Kitty's tears flow the faster; but they were joyful tears.

All young men who fear the draft, go find a wife like Kitty Bragg.

☞ An Editor Sold.—The editor of an English paper was recently presented with a stone, upon which were carved the following letters. The editor was informed that the stone was taken from an old building, and he was requested to solve the inscription. It read:

FORC ATT
LETOR UBTHE
IETA IhAg
A In St—

Eminent men were called in to consult upon the matter, and after an immense amount of time consumed, they were informed that the stone was—"For cattle to rub their tails against!"

☞ "I remember a great man coming to my house at Oakham," said the noble proprietor, and seeing all my children standing in order of their age and stature and saying:

"These are they which always make rich men poor."

I replied: "Nay, my lord—these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of those whom I would part with for all your wealth!"

☞ "I have always been astonished," said Mrs. Smith, "at the anxiety of young ladies for beaux; but I never pitied a female more than when Miss Mountfathers left my school. Seeing her gazing toward the sky, I asked her what she was looking for?" "That bean," said she, "which is told of in Genesis as being set in the clouds. I wish he'd come down."

☞ A young officer of the British House of Commons wore a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said:—"My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches on the peace establishment?" Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list?" was the prompt and happy retort.

☞ We once saw a young man bravely turning up his glass; he was a true-hearted, glorious fellow, and was, as he said, sowing his wild oats. We afterwards saw a police-man hauling up a miserable drunkard from the gutter to the station-house. The wild oats had been harvested.

☞ What riles us. To hear a man who never read the "Constitution, nor ever heard it read, ranting about its violation.

Odds and Ends.

Generally, as soon as a man is supposed to have a little money, his wife gets too lame to walk, and must have a carriage.

It is considered to be cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it simply because you want to get his autograph.

"I don't know what to do with my feet," said a passenger, endeavoring to squeeze into a crowded stage. "You'd better leave 'em in the *boot*," said the driver.

"Union is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

Nearly every evil has its compensation. If a man has but one foot he never treads on his own toes.

A concert singer having murdered a tune, subsequently tried his voice and acquitted himself.

A dying negro was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings. "Yes, yes," he replied, "if I dies I forgive dat nigga; but if I gets well, nigga must take car."

A German being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort produced the following:—"I ish full. I wants no more money. John Smackenhammer."

"Bobby, what does your father do for a living?"

"He is a philanthropist, sir."

"A what?"

"A philanthropist, sir. He collects money for Central Africa, and builds houses out of the proceeds."

"I wish you had been Eve," said an urchin to an old maid who was proverbial for her meanness.

"Why so?"

"Because," said he, "you would have eaten all the apple instead of dividing with Adam."

"Colonel W. is a fine looking man, is he not?" said a friend of ours. "Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once." "You!" "why you're as ugly as sin." "I don't care for that, I was taken for him. I endorsed his note and was taken for him—by the sheriff."

"Won't you cut open a penny for me, father?" said a little girl, when she came home from school one day. "Cut open a penny! What do you want me to do that for?" asked her father. "Cause," said the little girl, "our teacher says that in every penny there are four farthings, and I want to see them."

"Did he not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" was the question of a lawyer in cross-examining a witness called to prove a doctor's bill, in one of our courts a few days ago. "No," replied the witness, "I thought the patient was in danger as long as he continued his visits."

"You have played the deuce with my heart," said a gentleman to a young lady who was his partner in a game of whist. "Well," replied the young lady, with an arch smile, "it was because you played the knave."

The latest style of hoop skirts is the self adjusting, double back action, bustle etrusman, face expansion, Piccolomini attachment, gossamer indestructible, polucti comorama.

A captain of a vessel loading coals went into a merchant's counting house and requested the loan of a rake. The merchant, looking towards his clerks, replied:—"I have a number of them; but none, I believe, wish to be hauled over the coals."

A lady passenger on the midnight train to New Haven from New York, was hurried off the cars and taken to the police station, arriving "not a minute too soon" to be delivered of a very nice little girl.

The henpecked husband would do well enough if only let alone. But he generally has some kind friend who is perpetually urging him not to stand it.

An exchange says that some of our farmers are afraid to sow Scotch Fife wheat for fear it will run over the barn. One of our acquaintances tried it in a field next to which were some drumhead cabbages, and they kept up such a racket together, that the potatoes could'nt close their eyes.

An editor out West wants to know "what is to become of the women if muslin goes up much higher?" Our Devil thinks the result will be that they will turn out to be a poor shift less not.