Perplexity.

Upon the shawm he nightly played, within his chamber high,
And over opposite a maid would nightly sit and sigh.
"Why grieve you so, O maiden fair? Why are your eyes so red?
Why sit you at the window there when you should be in bed?"

"I am from Boston, gentle sir," the maiden spoke; said she:
"A feminine philosopher you now before you see.
I know a shawm is a cornet, and that's a little corn,
And corn, as you may not know yet, is just the same as horn.

"But yet I can not cipher out and rightly set to rights,
Although it's what I think about and dream about o' nights,
Why he who over opposite doth nightly play one horn
Is not the ancient what-is-it, the bible unicorn.

"And if a little corn be called a cornet properly,
Why not a hornet? I'm appalled; the thing doth puzzle me!"
And then she sighed and moved the man to ardent pity wawm,
And a little romance thus began, all owing to the shawm.

—Warren Tribune.

HER LOVE'S GRAY LENT.

All lent that year had been exceedingly dreary.

Outwardly it was "gray lent" indeed.

Perhaps Valeska le Vere would not have noticed it so much had she been less wretchedly unhappy.

But it seemed so like what her life had become—just as devoid of light, color and sweet, vivifying influences.

"Alas, if I could only feel it would endure only for a season. But for me it is the long lent of love, to end in the grayer gloom of the grave," she said to herself.

She had gone into the pretty conservatory where even the lovingly tended flowers seemed to pine for the sunshine.

She had paused before a marble pedestal holding a costly china pot, in which was growing a slender rose-tree.

It was a rare and precious variety, and in its native air it would no doubt have bloomed luxuriantly.

But it bore only a single, perfect blossom—an exquisite disk of strange, pearly white, tinted at the daintily crimpled edges with the faintest luminous purple—and the fragrance was subtle and sweet, like eastern incense.

That rose was all Valeska possessed to recall the days which were no more. It was the sole thing in her possession which seemed as a link between her and the man she had learned to love only after she had spurned him from her.

And it was his gift—the cherished gift of Noel St. Regis!

He had been her guardian, although still a young man.

She had believed herself to be an heiress, and she had lavished money upon every sort of fancy and extravagance.

And after her imperious and frivolous prodigality she learned one fatal day that instead of having a fortune, as she had believed, she was absolutely penniless—a beggar—dependent upon her guardian's generosity.

In her bitter mortification, in her wild shame at her unbounded waste of another's means she reproached her indulgent guardian.

"Did you think I had no pride, no conscience, no sense of honor, that you should deceive me so meanly?" she demanded in passionate anger and pain. "Did you plot such an outrage that you might force me into your power—that you might hold me at your mercy, bound under obligations I could never cancel?"

Even now, as she stood there gazing with tear-blinded eyes at the precious gift rose, she could see the white agony of his face as he winced under her fierce denunciation.

Even now she could hear his voice as he answered her.

"Dearest child," he said, "try to believe that I only wanted you to be happy. I value money only for your sake. All I possess is subject to your command. I love you, my sweet darling; and I have tried to think that some time you would care for me enough to become my wife. But I would not compel you, my little love. And whether you can ever care for me or not, sweetheart, I shall worship you to the end of my days. You will be first and best and dearest with me always; everything I own on earth is yours now, and will continue yours when I shall be no more."

His forbearance, the startling knowledge that he loved her, only seemed to aggravate her torture and indignation.

"I be your wife?" she cried, in scathing mockery. "Why, I despise you! I hate you! There is nothing on earth I hate so profoundly and irrevocably as I hate you."

And with that wild speech she fled from him.

She had never met him since that tragic day.

The same night she closed his doors behind her forever, determined to seek employment of some sort—resolved to labor as woman had never labored before, until she could pay back dollar for dollar and so cancel her hateful debt to him.

Strangely enough, before the eventful day had ended Valeska le Vere had in very fact and truth become an heiress.

An only brother, much older than she, whom nobody had seen for years, and of whom nobody ever expected to hear again, had just died in far Australia, making her the sole heiress of $500,000.

The instant her fortune was in her possession she scrupulously computed her debt to her guardian and sent it to him with liberal interest.

"And now I am free. Dear heaven, I am free!" she had cried, exultantly, to herself.

But her freedom brought her no joy no peace.

Now that she had surrendered herself completely from Noel St. Regis, an unaccountable sense of dissatisfaction beset her.

She cared for none of the advantages and pleasures which riches command.

Something more priceless than wealth, dearer than the world's delights, and sweeter even than her freedom, had passed from her life, leaving her helpless and bewildered.

Memories of Noel St Regis haunted her throughout the long, lagging days and the wakeful nights.

With an almost maddening shock she at last realized that she actually loved the man she had so unfeelingly spurned.

She was bowed to the dust in her humiliation, her unavailing remorse and yearning despair.

"I love him; oh, pitying heaven, I love him!" she wept, with such anguished tears as she had never shed before. "I loved him even when I was most cruel, even when I wounded and repelled him. And I can never charm him back to me; my offense is beyond pardon. It is my just and deserved punishment that he should now despise me."

All during the dreary lent he had seemed near to her.

A ring of the door-bell, footsteps upon the pavement behind her, carriage wheels suddenly stopping near her—all would cause her to start with a foolish happy feeling that it was Noel come to pardon her.

"And it will always be so," she thought, miserably. "I shall think of him and pine for him every moment as long as I live. But alas! no prayers will bring him back to me, no penance. It is my lent of love—a long gray lent, with no angel to roll the stone away from the sepulcher where I buried my own happiness."

She plucked the strange, gleaming rose and pinned it in the corsage of her walking-dress, and presently she started for one of the aimless and solitary strolls which had come to have a fascination for her.

It happened to-day that she had reached one of the most thronged and fashionable avenues before she noticed the direction in which she was going.

She carried an umbrella, for one of those gray, lenten mists filled the air with a slowly falling drizzle.

Her face was hidden, but the gleaming rose was conspicuous against the lusterless black of her cloak.

A gentleman passing caught a glimpse of the rare and peculiar flower, started, paused, then turned and followed her.

"Great heaven! To think how I have searched this city for her, and to think how I should have lost her again but for that little flower, he" murmured, as he kept the slowly moving figure in view.

Valeska unconsciously continued on her way for a block or so.

Then she turned suddenly upon a crossing which seemed for the moment passable.

She was scarcely half way across when there was a sudden tumult; men shouted and women screamed, and she was startled by somebody warning her back.

She stopped, bewildered. And at the instant a great gaunt steer, mad with thirst and the terror of pursuit, plunged directly toward her, its eyes bloodshot and fierce, its immense horns lowered as if to attack her.

The suddenness of it dazed her and held her rooted to the spot.

Those terrible horns were tearing through her garments, in a second more her death would have been almost inevitable, when a powerful arm was clasped about her waist and she was lifted bodily to a place of safety, while the wild creature of the prairies rushed bellowing down the street.

"You are not hurt! But your umbrella is useless! Will you permit me to offer you mine?" her rescuer said in the calm, masterful voice which used so to exasperate her in the old days.

She turned with a start, glanced in a scared piteous way at his inscrutable face, and then began to cry softly behind her veil.

"Do you still hate me, Valeska?" he asked as she walked humbly enough beside him.

"I hate only myself. Oh, I hate myself more than words" can tell, she confessed in a low voice.

They reached a cab-stand, and Valeska did not object when he lifted her to a seat in a coupe and placed himself beside her.

It was so sweet, so dear, to have him care for her in the old tender fashion.

"If you would only forgive my cruelty and let me care for you always, sweetheart," he ventured.

Her great eyes opened wide.

"You cruel to me? Oh, Noel, Noel, how can you say that when the cruelty was all mine?—when I am dying with grief because I know you can never forgive me?" she panted, recklessly.

St. Regis laughed softly, joyously. And the next moment his arms were about her, and his lips were pressed to hers.

"My love, my bride," he said, brokenly.

Then he touched the crushed rose upon her bosom and added:

"It was this little flower which has restored you to me, darling. Only for it I should not have followed you and been near to save you from that terrible animal."

Valeska shuddered.

But her past peril soon vanished from her mind in the knowledge of her great happiness. For she knew the gray lent of her love was over.—*Family Story Paper.*

FOREIGN PAPER MONEY.

Bank Notes in England, France, South America, Germany, China, Italy, Etc.

The Bank of England note is about 5x8 inches in dimensions, and is printed in black ink on Irish linen water-lined paper, plain white, and with ragged edges.

The notes of the Banque de France are made of white, water-lined paper, printed in blue and black, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures, and running in denominations from the 20-franc note to the 1,000-franc.

South American currency, in most countries, is about the size and general appearance of American bills, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors, and the Spanish and Portuguese are the prevailing languages engraved on the face.

The German currency is rather artistic. The bills are printed in green and black. They run in denominations from 5 to 1,000 marks. The latter bills are printed on silk fiber paper.

The Chinese paper currency is in red, white and yellow paper, with gilt lettering and gorgeous little hand-drawn devices. The bills, to the ordinary financier, might pass for washing bills, but they are worth good money in the Flowery Kingdom.

Italian notes are of all sizes, shapes and colors. The smaller bills—5 and 10 lire notes—are printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine inks, and ornamented with a finely engraved vignette of King Humbert.

The 100-ruble note of Russia is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when shown through a prism. In the center, in bold relief, stands a large, finely executed vignette of the Empress Catherine I. This is in black. The other engraving is not at all intricate or elaborate, but is well done in dark and light brown and black inks.

The Austrian bill is printed on light colored thick paper, which shows none of the silk fiber marks or geometrical lines used in American currency as a protection against counterfeiting. Each bears upon it a terrible warning to counterfeiters, threatening the penitentiary confinement "to any one who shall make, sell or have in possession any counterfeit or fac-simile of this bill."

ARTISTIC WALLS.

How to Select Wall-Paper that Is Cheerful and Effective.

The highest art is now displayed in the designs for wall-papers, and there is no discounting the magnificent appearances of some of these latest patterns when properly placed on the sides of the room. Large figures in old gold, especially scroll work in borders, are used. In selecting wall-paper it should be chosen in accordance with good taste, and the most important question to decide is whether it is to form a decoration for itself or whether it is to become a mere back ground for pictures. In either case the colors should be subdued in tone, and two shades of light drab or silver-gray will be found the most appropriate for this purpose. Where water-color drawings are hung in a drawing-room paper of embossed white or cream color, with very small spots of gold, will not be amiss. The patterns should also be selected with reference to the place. Where a large part of the wall is to be presented to the eye a greater play of line in the patterns may be attractive, but in all other situations the patterns should be comparatively simple. It is a mistake to make the wall-paper decorations of the same color of the furniture. Instead of repeating the color of the furniture and hangings it should oppose it. Contrast is as essential as simplicity to good taste in household decoration.

In selecting papers for the walls one should not trust simply to the pattern-books. A paper that has been ordered will often look darker or lighter after it is hung than it did in the pattern-book. In order to avoid disappointment in this respect it is advisable to take several lengths of the paper and suspend them side by side on the wall, and notice carefully the general effect it has upon the eye and the room. The leaves of certain plants conventionally treated are very effective decorative forms. The ivy, maple, oak and fig leaves are beautifully adapted to this purpose, and they come in large and small designs on wall paper. Where two shades of the same color are employed, and quietness of effect is especially desired, the overlaid tint should be but very little darker than the ground; and if drawings and other things are to be hung upon it the pattern should be hardly discernible from a little distance.

The most dreary method of decorating the wall of a sitting-room is to cover it all over with an unrelieved pattern of monotonous design. Yet many housewives who are careless about such matters, or probably do not know the secret of the art, will do this every Spring that their paper is changed. Paper-hanging should in no case be allowed to cover the whole space of a wall from skirting to ceiling. A plinth space of plain color, either in paper or distemper, should be left to a height of two or three feet from the floor. A light wood moulding, stained or gilded, should separate this from the paper above. A second space of frieze, left just below the ceiling and filled with arabesque ornament, is always effective, but, of course, always involves more expense. Gold, when judiciously introduced, is always a valuable adjunct in the design of paper hangings, but it frequently doubles and sometimes trebles the price of a piece.—*N. Y. World.*

NONDESCRIPT ANIMALS.

Bird Fish in the Bay of Bengal—Marine Ox in China.

A reporter in Portland recently noticed an old sailor seated on the deck of a ship, busy stuffing the skin of some kind of nondescript animal which looked like a flying fish which had died before acquiring much of its plumage, says the *Oregonian.* When asked about the creature, the old salt replied:

"I hardly know what it is. It isn't a bird and it isn't a flying fish, but it has some of the marks of both. It could sing and it lived in the water most of the time. It came aboard in the Bay of Bengal. I was on the lookout just before daylight one morning and was standing near the heel of the bowsprit when I heard something chirping and twittering near me. I could not imagine what it was, as we were far from land, but, peeping down in a coil of rope near the rail, I saw this queer bird fish sitting on the deck trying to sing. I had a large bamboo cage in the forecastle, and so I put the fish in this cage and filled one of the pans with salt water and thought if it was a bird it could get on a perch, and if it was a fish it could go into the water."

"Which did it take to?"

"Well, it lived most of the time in the water, but often, especially at night, it would fly out and amuse me and my mess-mates by trying to sing. One night as we were passing through the Straits of Malacca we had the cage upon the caboose, and the thing was singing its best, when suddenly flying fish began coming on board by the dozens, and in half an hour we had a biscuit-box full, and we had fried flying fish for everybody on board as long as we were in the straits. When we touched at Singapore the native fishermen said it was a king flying fish, and that it would call the other flying fish on board whenever they were within hearing." The sailor added that he owned the animal about a year, and that neither he nor any of his companions had ever seen another like it.

A story similar to the one from Portland is contributed to the Pittsburg *Dispatch* by a Hong Kong correspondent: There is a big lake in the Linchuen district of Foochow, China, about 30 li in circumference. During winter the farmers, by the aid of rude and primitive machinery, pump out its water to irrigate their fields. Lately some fishermen, when the water was rather low, were fishing on the lake and saw through the clear water a huge animal resembling an ox in every particular, except that the head had no horns. The news of the discovery of this strange beast caused great commotion, and with much difficulty and excitement, it was finally caught. Its hairs, or rather bristles, were hard and thick, and it weighed several hundred catties. The most learned of the village patriarchs failed to designate the animal by its proper name.

Hotels in Buenos Ayres.

The visitor's first experience of the hotels in Buenos Ayres is his first disappointment. With the exception of the Grand Hotel, which would rank with third and even fourth class houses in Europe, all the thirty or forty hotels of Buenos Ayres occupy inadequate buildings, and they are badly furnished, badly managed, and altogether wretched, dirty, and comfortless. Nevertheless the proprietors make good profits. They charge from $2.50 to $12 gold a day for each person, and their houses are always full.

MISSING LINKS.

About seven hundred and fifty couples are divorced annually in Berlin.

Capt. William Bruce of San Francisco has just cut his third set of teeth at 82.

Ex-Congressman Morrill of Kansas has taken out a commission as notary public.

Mr. Gladstone's idea of bequests is thus set forth: "What is wrested from me by the grip of death I can in no sense be said to give."

The daughters of the Princess of Wales are said to be able to go into the kitchen and cook a meal's victuals, but they never do it.

Mr. Depew is said to have been offered $100,000 a year to edit a newspaper, but he is so busy editing a railroad that he can't accept.

Seaweed is now made into a tough paper, which takes the place of window glass. When colored the effect is similar to stained or painted glass.

Texas claims 1,512,285 horses and heads the list. Illinois is next with 1,123,973. In valuation Texas claims $49,618,323 and Illinois $69,214,809.

Senator Worst is said to be one of the best members of the North Dakota senate. He is the author of the best code of school laws in the northwest.

John Stephenson, the man who built the first street car, is a very hale old gentleman at the age of 80. He is frequently seen walking on Broadway in preference to taking a car.

More land is owned by railroad companies (211,000,000 acres) than would make six states as large as Iowa. Since 1861 no less than 181,000,000 acres of land have been given to railroad companies.

Paulus, the famous singer of Boulangism, has refused an offer of 30,000 francs a month to sing at Berlin. He replied: "Magnificent offer in the case of any other country, but in Berlin—never!"

Kate Upson Clarke writes that there are no snakes in Bermuda. It is presumed, therefore, that a native case of delirium tremens consists largely in fighting centipedes, which may or may not be an improvement.

The first gun made for the Confederacy is now in the possession of Mrs. H. I. Miller, of Chattanooga, whose father made it at Holly Springs, Miss., in 1861. It originally had a rifled barrel, and is still in good condition.

John J. Ingalls says he never felt better in his life than now and never happier. It is a relief to get rid of responsibility and feel that he is a free man again. Some people will not believe this, he says, but it is a fact all the same.

James Whitcomb Riley lives on the wing; now in the best Indianapolis hotel, then with his sister. The next he is off somewhere lecturing. "Think of it," he says, "I never owned a desk in my life, and don't know what it is to have a library."

Twenty-nine-thirtieths of all the diamond mines in the world are controlled by one company, whose capitalization is $18,000,000. In the mines of Kimberly, South Africa, eight-tenths of one carat is found in every 1,600 pounds of dirt taken out.

The three or four French artists who started out two or three years ago to introduce men angels in their pictures of heaven have had to give it up and return to all females. If there is any heaven for men the public won't admit it, at least in the angel business.

Queen Victoria has a good heart. She has responded to a call for help from a leper hospital by sending two of her photographs. It was a gracious act. A look at the queen's picture may not cure a leper, but it may serve to make him more contented with his lot.

Frank R. Stockton was invited to dinner in Washington some days ago by an artful hostess, who had the ices served in the form of a lady and a tiger. "Now, which?" she coolly asked when they came on. "Both, if you please," he replied; and the problem is still unsolved.

Dr. John Ege, of Reading, in Pennsylvania, who has of late been experimenting with skin grafting between white and black persons, has found that the transferred skin does not maintain its original color, but gradually assumes that of the man of whom it has become part and parcel.

A woman of Valley City, Dak., wagered that she could put the slips on five pillows while any man present at a church fair could encase one, and seven different men took her up and suffered defeat. No man can ever acquire the knack of holding a pillow in his teeth to work with both hands.

The monument to be erected in Tennessee over the remains of Davy Crockett, the famous hunter, is to be of Tennessee granite, and something over thirty-seven feet high. It is to have various designs representing pioneer life. Col. Crockett looks down over the grizzly bear he loved to hunt, but the wise coon that always came down without waiting to be shot is strangely left out of the design.

Edwin Knowles, a Brooklyn theatrical manager, recalls an incident in connection with Lawrence Barrett's appearance in Paterson, N. J., his native town. Whenever he played there his father donned his best clothes and occupied a conspicuous seat in the audience. On one occasion, after the actor had scored unusual applause, the old man, carried away by the enthusiasm, jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "That's my son Larry!"

There are about 200 tea-tasters in New York. The habits of these men are exceedingly curious. Some of them refuse to ply their trade save in the morning, on the ground that the sense of taste can not be trusted after it has been bewildered by hours of work. Most of them avoid the use of tobacco and of highly seasoned food. Their accuracy of taste is astonishing. A tea-taster will grade and price a dozen qualities of tea all from the same cargo.

Dr. Carl Peters, in his published account of his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, relates that when the natives attempted to plunder a carrier and steal his mule he seized 600 head of their cattle, and at another place, when the natives attempted to seize some of his goods for tribute, he appropriated 2,000 head of their cattle, and, in the battle that ensued, he killed nearly 150 men. And yet the African is slow to appreciate the beauties of civilization.

Mourning Paper.

Mourning paper is going out of fashion abroad. Instead, a little triangle is printed in the corner of the envelope and the note paper.

BRAZILIAN CANNIBALS.

Anthropophagic Experiences Described by a Rival of One of Gilbert's Creations.

There is in prison at Salinas, state of Minas Gercles, a monster in human form, says a Rio Janeiro letter to the N. Y. *Herald.* In a degree he is a living personification of one of W. S. Gilbert's very queer characters—the jack-tar who sang:

I am the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the midshipmite and the bo's'n tight,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

The following, from the journal *Cidade de Leopoldina,* tell his strange story:

Learning that there had been confined in the jail of this town by the energetic police delegate an individual who for months had been living on human flesh a desire arose for seeing him, nothwithstanding the horror that as regards him is inspired in every heart. His name is Clemente Viliza. He is a mulatto, about 28 years old, medium height, and of slight body; a flat forehead, oblique eyes, with black pupils; deformed feet, with concave soles; a native of this district.

Without the slightest disturbance of manner he replied to my question as to whether it were true that he had been living on human flesh, that not only he, but Basilio, Leandro, and others for a long time had been living on this food.

"What purpose led you to practice such acts, barbarous before God and man?"

"To kill my hunger, master."

"How did you make your first victim?"

"I was at Leandro's house when he invited me to eat a piece of a boy that he had killed in a thicket, where the lad was gathering fruit, and as I was very hungry and had no other resource I accepted the invitation for the first time. On the next day returning home I found a woman asleep by the roadside and was at once tempted to kill her. I took a stone and made my first victim and carried her home to satisfy my hunger.

"Some days after I killed Simplicio, and invited Francisca and Severa, who were dying from starvation, to help me eat him.

"When Simplicio's flesh was finished and I being without any means of satisfying my hunger Francisca told me to kill her two children for us to eat, which I did. Two weeks after, in the same straits, Basilio and I killed Francisca for the same purpose. Afterward I found that Basilio had stolen a shirt from me and I killed him when he was unsuspiciously gathering roots for supper. I only ate a little of him, for I was arrested two days after killing him. This was the last I killed."

The police found a part of Basilio salted down and the cannibals eating the calves of the victim's legs with a good appetite.

"Does human flesh have an agreeable taste?"

"No, it is rather sweetish. The best things I found in those that I killed were the brains, tongue, and marrow; I suffered slightly from diarrhœa while I was eating people's flesh."

"How did you prepare the flesh for eating?"

"We ate it roast or boiled with a good deal of pepper."

"Did not the remains of your victims inspire you with fear?"

"When I looked at them I felt a slight tremor."

"Did you sleep well?"

"Perfectly quiet."

"Have you no remorse for having practiced such abominable and wicked crimes?"

"I no longer remember having done such acts."

A Joke on the Joker.

A young man who seemed to be boiling over to do something smart was a passenger on a Michigan avenue car the other day. After racking his massive brain for awhile, he took out a silver dollar and laid it on the seat, and took a seat opposite. The car soon stopped at a crossing to let on an old woman with a market basket. She saw the empty seat and the dollar, and it didn't take her over thirty seconds to drop herself into the place and the dollar into her pocket.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the joker, "but I've lost a dollar. I think I left it on that seat."

"I don't," she bluntly replied.

"But I'm sure of it. Did you pick up a dollar?"

"None o' your bizness, sir!"

"But all of us saw you pick it up, ma'am, and I can prove it was mine."

"Look-a-here, young chap!" she said as she put down her basket, "if it's a row you want you'll find me ready! I allow no one to walk on me!"

"But, ma'am I left——"

"Come on, then!" she said as she stood up and doubled up her fists. "I am a peaceful woman, and I want to get along the easiest way, but if I must fight I will!"

Everybody began to clap and laugh, and the smart Alec took a drop off the platform without asking what it was all about.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Irish Legend.

Among the legends of Ireland is this beautiful and suggestive myth—the islands of life and death. In a certain lake in Munster there were two islands. Into the first death could never enter, but age and sickness and the weariness of life and the paroxysms of fearful suffering all were there known, and they did their work till the inhabitants, tired of their immortality, learned to look upon the opposite island as upon a haven of repose. They launched their barks upon the gloomy waters; they touched its shore and they were at rest. This legend represents with pathetic fidelity the sad Erin of to-day, looking over to Atlantis across the sea—America, the haven of repose, the shores of rest. Of the 4,500,000 of Irish people now left in Ireland it is safe to say 50 per cent have an ambition some day to see the land of the free and the home of Yankee Doodle.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Tender-Hearted.

Judge Q——, who once presided over a criminal court down east, was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench, says the *Youth's Companion.* His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge.

A man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked.

"Never — never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry—don't cry," said Judge Q—— consolingly; "you're going to be now!"

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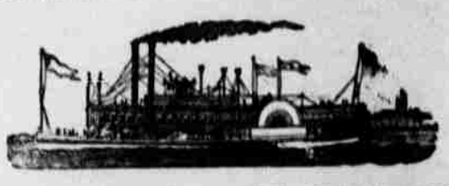

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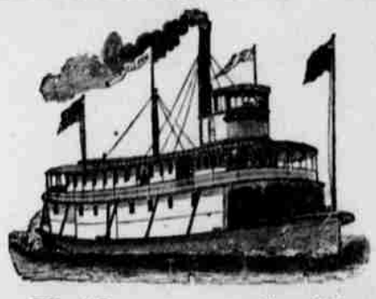

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