

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

AUTHORS AND WRITERS.

Rider Haggard in Reminiscent Tales of Some Coincidences.

Rider Haggard was feted recently at the Authors' Club, London. In the course of a response to a toast to his health, proposed by Sir Walter Besant, he said several things as to the profession of authorship that are worth reproduction.

"I have been subjected to considerable attacks in my time, I may say very bitter attacks. For example, gentlemen, I remember a literary man writing to me, not merely accusing me of being the instigator of the crimes committed by another gentleman—Jack the Ripper—but of actually preparing them. Criticism we expect; but, why, if a man writes a novel more or less successful, should he be accused of the crimes attributed, perhaps falsely, to the Ripper? Another gentleman, who did not go quite so far as that, stopped at plagiarism; everything I have written he has found somewhere else. I have no doubt that at this stage of the world it is very easy to find an original for everything. I thought that in she I had given the world something fairly new—if I did—but not a bit. Do you remember a writer called Homer? He had a lady living in a cave that was the prototype of She.

"If I had time I could say something interesting, not about plagiarism; you, as experts, know that this is all rubbish; but about literary coincidences. There is some faculty of the brain that exercises a mysterious foresight. I could tell you some very odd things which have happened to me in confidence. Most of my humble efforts about the dark continent I have invented at large and freely all around. I am astonished, almost dismayed, when I find books of travel sustaining what I have invented. In King Solomon's Mines and Allan Quartermain are things which I evolved out of my fertile imagination which have been verified since, why, I know not. I never had the slightest conception that they would be duplicated in fact. One instance will suffice. When I was going to write Allan Quartermain I took the map and hit upon a spot then unknown. I located a mission station there, had it attacked and all its occupants killed. Three years later some religious body went there and fixed a mission, and all its occupants were killed—a most unpleasant coincidence. I could give a dozen other instances of the kind, but I must content myself with this one: A year or two ago I wrote a book of romance for boys, 'The People of the Mist' was its title. In it I picked out a spot in Africa, and made a land company take it up—at present I am the director of a company which has taken up that actual spot. From all the reports that I can learn, brought down from natives, my description was essentially accurate.

Sir Walter Besant left no doubt in the minds of his hearers as to his own opinion of Mr. Haggard. "I don't say that the masses are always right, but in the long run they always are. I made inquiries at representative free libraries to find out who were the favorite authors. They seem to be Scott, Marryat and Dickens among the dead authors. Scott certainly first, and Marryat, I think, before Dickens. Among living authors our friend Rider Haggard is unquestionably first. I find two very remarkable qualities in Mr. Haggard's novels—a power of imagination, in which, for audacity and strength, he is unequalled since the Elizabethan dramatists. I have been glancing through his books again today, and I do not think this is too strong a thing to say; secondly, there is the mesmeric influence which he exercises over readers."—Current Literature.

**Those Bicycle Costumes.**  
The men seem to be having almost as much trouble over their bicycling costumes as the women. There are hotels, it seems, that will not entertain men in knickerbockers, and they are by no means as welcome in all places in their bicycle clothes as with trousers that flap about their ankles and modish skirts. It is largely to this consideration of clothes that the far-seeing look for the preservation of the horse and the continuance of some of the old-fashioned methods of conveyance. If men could live and move and transact their business in golf stockings and knickerbockers, and women in bloomers or short skirts, the bicycle progress might be as sure as it has been swift. But it is, the formalities of life, such as they are, militate gently but firmly against the bicycle, and though they are not effectual to hold it back, they do make a little for its retardant.—Harper's Weekly.

**Petrified Man Twenty Feet Long.**  
The petrified body of a man twenty feet long was found on Thomas Barker's farm, near the Apauouee county line, about twenty miles south of Albia recently. The discovery was made while Mr. Barker was making excavations on his farm to sink a coal shaft. The face is a perfect stone image of a man, with the exception of a nose, the end of which, fully as large as one's fist, had apparently been broken off by the pick or shovel.  
Mr. Barker and his two men set to work to excavate the body. For two hours they worked hard and had only brought to light the head and shoulders of the giant. Some of the men were sent to Centerville to summon assistants. The diggers were as large and long as an ordinary man's arm and could be traced very readily in the rock in which they are embedded. The hands are of enormous proportions and the arms fully as large as one's body.

Edith—So you prefer a long engagement? Well, I wouldn't. Marriage—if you liked the other as well as I do you would.

## SPRY AT SIXTY.

### THE REMARKABLE VITALITY OF AN AGED CALIFORNIAN.

Stand Today Unscathed by Disease—How He Conquered Rheumatism—A Story Full of Interest.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.  
There is at least one happy man in San Francisco today—one man who can enjoy, despite the fact of his being sixty years of age and of corpulent build, the full and free use of all the powers of mind and body.

James Keenan is a prominent liquor dealer at 256 Brannan street, and it is he who is now lauding those who have restored him from a bed of pain to his former youthful activity. Mr. Keenan had, to within a year ago, been beset with the enjoyment of almost perfect health.

It was a year ago that Mr. Keenan first suffered the hand of disease to take hold upon him. At that time he was stricken down by an aggravated attack of rheumatism, which robbed him of the use of his lower limbs and of both his hands. For fully six weeks he lay on his couch, a helpless victim of the dread disease, and all the time he suffered intense pain in the affected portions of his body. He could not move himself upon his bed, and all that he ate had to be fed to him by those in attendance. He had about despaired of ever gaining relief from the clutches of the frightful disease, when one morning his attention was drawn to an advertisement in a morning paper, of a remedy for rheumatism. The story of what succeeded this casual glance at a medicine advertisement can best be told in the words of Mr. Keenan himself, who, when asked for an explanation of his seemingly miraculous cure, gave the following account:

"It seemed to me that after all the weeks of terrible suffering that I had endured that there could not possibly be a relief. I had no faith in patent medicines, and when I saw the paper advertisement of Williams' Pink Pills I was induced to try them only in sheer desperation. I do not feel any relief until I began taking the second box of the pills, but the pain began gradually to leave me, my appetite became better, and I could sleep soundly throughout the night without experiencing any of the jolting pains that had before kept me awake. I continued to take the pills and it was only a short time until the rheumatism had entirely left my hands, and I had so far recovered the use of my legs as to be able to walk about the house without assistance. In about two weeks more I was entirely free from the disease, but I took two more boxes of the pills as a precaution against a return of the rheumatism. From the time that the last trace of the disease left me I had not felt the least sign of its return, and I can truly say that I now enjoy the free use of my limbs as ever I did before the rheumatism attacked me.

"I have taken the pains to recommend Williams' Pink Pills to a number of my friends who are suffering from rheumatism. I think I know of no other remedy that will afford such quick and permanent relief from rheumatism as do Williams' Pink Pills, and I only hope that any others may be brought to see and feel the high curative powers that the pills possess."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and strength to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppurations, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (ever in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

### GRIEVANCE OF A SUBURBANITE.

He Quickly Resented the Imputation That He Was Lazy.

"I'm a pretty easy-going kind of a fellow," he said as he poked his head into an Illinois Central suburban ticket office window, "but it seems to me you're sort of running it in."

"What's the matter?" asked the ticket seller.

"Oh, I suppose I ought not to complain, but I always get the worst of it everywhere, and I thought maybe I could get this one matter fixed just for a change."

"I think the company is anxious to do anything it can to please its patrons," said the agent. "What is your trouble?"

"Well, you see, I am an inveterate smoker."

"Yes."

"And out where I live the entrance to the station is at the south end of the platform."

"Yes."

"It's the same way at Randolph street."

"And you get the smoking car at the north end of each train, no matter which way it is running."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Can't you see that I have to walk the whole length of the train to reach the smoker and the whole length back again when I get down town. It's a fair, I ought to get the best of it at least at one end of the line. You can't change it? Well, then, would you advise me to move or give up smoking?"

"Smoking?"

"Well, I can't know. If it wasn't for the work, I'd move. By the way, you don't think I'm lazy, do you? Of course not. I'm only justifiably indignant over an adverse fate."

## TO MIDIA.

What dear country which men call,  
With somber phrase, "your pretty face,"  
Tis no spring, there is no fall,  
And biting winter winds no place,  
O'erlight, one warmth, one tender air,  
O'erless summer harbors there.

So that dear country, side by side,  
There be two placid lakes that sleep,  
There wait a kingdom to divide  
Each spot, unfathomable deep,  
And darling all things to possess  
The secrets of your soul's recess.

In other lands 'tis passing sweet  
To watch the whispering western wind  
So ruffling all the whitened wheat  
Nor leave the thinnest track behind,  
To see the wanton waybirds rear  
Their crests along the grassy mead.

So does the rapture of your smile  
Lead on its fairy footed dance  
From end to end of that dear life  
And dimples all the fair expanse,  
And stoops its course and flits and flies  
In ripples of its laughing eyes.

—Full Mail Budget

## A CHANGED CRITIC.

Mr. Aubrey Everdene looked out upon Sackville street and yawned. Only an instant before he had written "finis" to a magazine article with a dash of the pen across the last sheet, and now the MSS. lay ready for the post among the debris of printer's proofs, new novels awaiting review, etc., with which the writing table was strewn.

One of the best known litterateurs in London and a brilliant conversationist, his tongue could be as scathing as his pen, and it was said of him, with regard to the latter weapon of warfare, that in half a dozen polished sentences he could do more toward damning a book than any two of his compeers. A big, loosely made man was Mr. Everdene, with shrewd gray eyes and the positivism of a modern. Studying his face as he lounged by the window, his hands in the pockets of his smoking jacket, one could see that he had a lively sense of humor combined with his other characteristics and understood the interest his personality aroused.

Presently a servant brought him a visiting card on a salver.  
"The lady would be obliged if you would grant her an interview, sir."  
"Lady Hilyard," muttered Everdene, reading the inscription. "Can't recall the name. Both the woman! What does she want? However, ask her to come up, Black."

When she entered, a fair, elegant woman of perhaps 25, in an irreproachable Parisian toilet, he was still more convinced that he had not the privilege of her acquaintance.  
"Mr. Aubrey Everdene?" she queried.  
"Pray take a seat, madame."  
"No," she said. "I have come to quarrel with you, and I don't sit down in the house of my enemies."  
"To quarrel with me?" His eyebrows went up. The thought came to him that his visitor was not in her right mind.  
"Yes. Perhaps I had better explain myself at once. I am the author of 'Fashion and Footlights.'"

Mr. Everdene, standing perforce because she would, pulled his mustache, while the fair stranger tapped her No. 3 shoe on the carpet with impatience and looked pitifully and dangers.  
"Fashion and Footlights," he repeated aloud. "Fashion and Footlights? Ha!"  
Comprehension stole over his face and with it a slight amusement. He fished among a pile of volumes and brought out three bound with an elegance destined to win the hearts of suburban circulating libraries.

"Here it is. Reviewed it in The Centurion, didn't it?"  
"No," she said, "you hanged and quartered it!"  
"I am sorry. May I ask how you found out that I was the culprit?"  
"Oh, by accident. It's a long story and unimportant, since you don't deny the imputation. Now, Mr. Everdene, I know it is very impertinent of me, a stranger, to come to your private address and worry you. I am doing a very unusual thing, I am afraid, and Mrs. Grandy would be horrified. But I feel that you, who know, and who are privileged, you must have a little patience with me because"—for the first time her lips relaxed, and she smiled a smile that was sweetness itself—"well, just because I'm a woman and you're a gentleman. Acknowledge the truth, now, on your honor. Don't you think you were unnecessarily harsh to my poor little literary effort?"  
"No," he said bluntly; "I always give my true opinion of things, and I consider your book had many faults."

If she had been a man, he would have said, "I thought it was — bad, bad," with the brusqueness of conviction and probably declined to discuss the matter, but to a lady it was impossible to be rude. He regarded her absurdly unconventional presence with a tolerant kindness.  
"Of course, I admit that there are faults, but upon one or two points in your criticism I cannot agree with you. I should very much like to discuss them with you. May I?"  
"Certainly." His mouth was twitching under his heavy mustache. "But don't you think, pending the verdict, that you had better sit down? You will be fatigued. If you'll permit me to wheel this armchair nearer the fire for you—"

Having carefully arranged it so that she should face the light, he seated himself opposite her—the A. B. C. of diplomacy, but she did not appear to notice it. She was drawing arabesques on the carpet with the point of her ivory handled umbrella.  
"I should very much like to know," she said, "what you think of my coming here?"  
"I think you are plucky—yes, and recklessly unconventional."  
"Candid, at any rate! And I like that." She looked up. "Now for the first indictment on the list, Mr. Everdene. You accuse me of improbability. I deny it."  
His manner bordered on preoccupation. In truth, he was thinking what wonderful ladies she had, and how becoming a flush of excitement could be to a clear, pale skin.  
"You assert," she continued warmly, "that it is ridiculous to suppose that a man and woman of the world could fall in love at first sight, as I make my hero and heroine do, and that such proceedings are limited to boys and girls in their teens and the pages of penny fiction." "I should have thought that Mr. Aubrey Everdene would have shown wider sympathies."  
"Then you really believe, Lady Hilyard, that adult, sensible people conceive such abrupt attachments?"  
"I am convinced that it happens frequently."  
"Oh, come, not frequently!"  
"Well, sometimes," she amended. "I could give you a dozen instances."  
He looked the heart to argue with her. It would have been like breaking a butterfly on a wheel. And, after all, there might be more sentiment in his due stoic humanity than he thought. Women have wonderful intuition in those matters.  
"Well, suppose we let that slide for the moment and proceed to indictment No. 2. What other phrase of mine do you take exception to?"  
"You said that I had not the remotest idea of construction, and that 'Fashion and Footlights' was evidently a specimen of that objectionable class of fiction which you regretted to see growing so prevalent—the amateur novel, born of vanity and a lack of wholesome occupation."  
Her voice died away with a tremor. He had only stated the truth, but that fact did not prevent the speechless Mr. Everdene from feeling as if he had committed a particularly brutal murder and the ghost of the victim had come to arraign him before all the people whose opinions he valued most.  
"—I cried," she murmured pathetically.  
Her lips quivered. Beads of perspiration rose to the man's forehead.  
"Good heavens, if I had only guessed how much I should hurt you! It was harsh, unmonstrous. No doubt I was in a bad temper, and your unfortunate book was the first thing that afforded me an opportunity to vent my spleen."  
Lady Hilyard applied six square inches of cambric and lace to the corner of an eyelid.  
"If you'll only believe me, my dear Lady Hilyard, when I tell you that I'm sorrier than I can say."  
"Then you acknowledge that you were needlessly cruel?"  
"I was brutal." He would have committed blacker perjury as she wiped that tear away.  
"And that I had just cause for indignation?"  
"You were perfectly right."  
A smile broke like April sunshine over her face.  
"In that case, I suppose I must forgive you."  
He was ridiculously grateful. He heaved a sigh of relief and hesitated, with his hand on the button of the electric bell.  
"Lady Hilyard, you know the Arab custom of taking salt with one's friends? As a token of good will permit me to give you the prosaic English equivalent of a cup of tea."  
The offer was tempting, the room was hot, and she had talked a great deal. She yielded—and more. When the refreshments came, accompanied by wonderful sweetmeats from Bond street round the corner, she asked permission to pour it out for him with a winning graciousness which charmed him. It afforded him an odd sense of pleasure, too, to see her white fingers moving about the china. He was unaccustomed to the presence of women in his home.  
With the Japanese table between them, they chatted for awhile, and then the clock on the mantelpiece struck 6. She rose, with a pretty gesture of dismay, like a second Cinderella. "Do you know, Mr. Everdene, that I have been a whole hour wasting your valuable time?"  
"I thought it had been 10 minutes," he answered, "and the pleasantest time of my life."  
"Very pretty!" she said, blushing faintly. "And, in return for it, let me tell you my address is on my card, and that my 'day' is Thursday. Also I must thank you very heartily for your kindness and courtesy to an impertinent intruder. Very few men would have been so considerate."  
"Please don't thank me. It is I who owe you a debt of gratitude. You have taught me something I never expected to learn."  
"What?"  
"That the conduct of your hero and heroine was not improbable at all."  
Their eyes met. The woman's dropped, self-conscious, pleased.  
"You really mean that?"  
"On my soul, I do."  
The most delicious softness was in her voice.  
"It makes me so proud and happy to think I have convinced you."  
There was a silence. She smoothed a wrinkle in her suede glove. He twisted a button on his coat. Then she aroused herself, with a little laugh, and extended her hand.  
"Well, goodbye, Mr. Everdene, and once more, thank you."  
He pressed her fingers ever so lightly—her prosylete.  
"Not goodby," he murmured. "Au revoir."—Black and White.

## A KINGDOM FOR SALE.

It is Called Matopia and Is One of the Diamond Group.  
A genuine kingdom, with a capital, residence and seaport, is at present offered for sale in Berlin. It consists of a part of the island of Tofoto and is called Matopia. The island is part of the Bismarck group between New Zealand and New Mecklenburg. The "empire" covers just seven square miles (German) and was purchased during the eighties by Herr Georg Weisser, a retired paymaster of the German navy and afterward director of the New Guinea company.

Herr Weisser had several bloody fights with his Samoum and Kanakan chiefs, but managed to quell all rebellions and become very popular with his subjects. He died last year, and his heirs, who reside at Kalaokalarn, do not wish to exercise their royal duties and have instructed their agents to sell the unique property. Matopia, the capital of the little kingdom, contains about 1,000 inhabitants, many of whom are Europeans. It is one of the best harbors in the archipelago.—Literary Digest.

**A Queerly Service.**  
An attaché of the Netherlands legation recently persisted in keeping a crowing cock under the bedroom window of a neighbor, and all the power of English law was brought to bear in vain to secure an abatement of the nuisance. The diplomatic privileges of the owner protected him, and he defied his critics. The tortured man explained in court Monday how he finally triumphed. He could not have lived if the nuisance had continued, and not knowing what to do wrote to the queen of the Netherlands. The gracious young lady did not reply by letter, but the offending cock was immediately taken away. In that way he accomplished what the whole law of England could not do for him.—London Sun.

**What Senator Hill Said.**  
With the echo of his defense of President Cleveland still ringing in the ears of his colleagues, Senator Hill walked into the cloakroom and dropped into an easy chair to chat with Senator Smith. Presently a page appeared, carrying a note inclosed in a large square envelope addressed to Senator Hill.  
"Ah!" said Mr. Smith, with a tone of inquiry, "an invitation to dine with the president tonight?"  
Senator Hill looked up from the note with a twinkle in his eye. "Not at this stage of the game," said he.

**NEW WAY EAST—NO DUST.**  
Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla, or E. & N. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakotas, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, East and South. Rock Island track, new scenery, new equipment, Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Dining Cars, Family Tourist Cars, Buffet-Library Cars, Write C. C. Donovan, General Agent, Portland, Oregon, or F. L. Whitely, G. E. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

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If so, then permit us to say that Doctor Pierce's Favorite Medical Adviser, "The Mother's Friend," is indeed a true "Mother's Friend," FOR IT MAKES Childbirth Easy by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening Labor. The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also shortened, the mother strengthened and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted. Send twenty-one (21) cents for The People's Medical Adviser, two pages over 300 illustrations, giving all particulars. Several chapters of this great family doctor book are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women, and suggestions as to successful home treatment of same. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Hoping to be cured by this celebrated treatment, but very soon became disgusted and decided to try S.S.S. The effect was truly wonderful. I commenced to recover at once, and after I had taken twelve bottles I was entirely cured—cured by S.S.S. when the worst of my disease had been known for years.  
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IT IS THE BEST FOOD  
FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS, CHILDREN  
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**Not Quite Right.**  
No man is a hero to his valet, and perhaps no poet to his baker. He lives in Putney, and almost every day he walks a few miles to Wimbledon and goes to a cnequesh there, where he buys cakes to give to a little group of poor children, who have learned to look forward to this frequent treat. Some one who knew the poet by sight said to the shopkeeper, "Do you know who this gentleman who buys so many cakes of you is?"  
"Oh, he's a poor gentleman who isn't quite right in his head. He's always buying cakes for the children."—Chap Book.

**Aguardi's Voice.**  
Aguardi, better known as La Bastardella, had an incredibly high range of voice. Mozart heard her in 1770 and expressed the greatest delight. She sang B in altissimo with perfect ease and performed cadenzas deemed impossible for the human voice. During a great part of her professional career she received about \$500 a night, a sum then equal to about \$2,500 in the money of our time.

## SMALL BEGINNINGS.

Make great endings sometimes. Almonds that we are apt to consider trivial often grow, through neglect, into notorious nuisances. Dangerous in themselves and productive of others, it is the disregard of the earlier indications of ill health which leads to the establishment of all sorts of maladies on a chronic basis. Moreover, there are certain disorders incident to the season, such as malaria, and rheumatism, against which it is always desirable to fortify the system since exposure to the conditions which produce them. Cold, damp and malarial air is surely counteracted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters directly afterward from their influence, a safeguard of two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters directly afterward should be swallowed. For malaria, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney and bladder trouble, nervousness and debility it is the most decidedly beneficial of remedies and preventive. A whetstone before meals promotes appetite.

**DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED**  
By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give one Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, etc.

**PIRO'S CURE** is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colics.—Mrs. M. G. Buxton, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

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Send for circulars of Radam's Microbe Killer, 360 Morrison St., Portland, Or.

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Radam's Microbe Killer  
Is the one True Blood Purifier, the after dinner pill and family cathartic, etc.

**BEFORE I could get relief from a most horrible blood disease I had spent hundreds of dollars trying various remedies and physicians, none of which did me any good. My finger nails came off and my hair came out, leaving me perfectly bald. I then went to HOT SPRINGS**  
Hoping to be cured by this celebrated treatment, but very soon became disgusted and decided to try S.S.S. The effect was truly wonderful. I commenced to recover at once, and after I had taken twelve bottles I was entirely cured—cured by S.S.S. when the worst of my disease had been known for years.  
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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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