The East Oregonian.

ABOUT KISSING.

Little child, when twilight shadows
Close the western gates of gold,
Then the loving arms of mother
Tenderly about thee fold.
Over lip and cheek and forehead,
Like a shower, caresses fall;
For a mother's kiss at twilight
Is the sweetest kiss of all.

Pretty maiden at the gateway,
Shy sweet face and down-cast eyes,
Two white trembling hands imprisoned;
How the golden moment flies!
Lips that softly pressed thy forehead,
All the rosy blushes call;
For a lover's kiss at twilight
Is the fondest of kiss of all.

Happy wife, thy noble husband,
More than half a lover yet—
For those sunny hours of wooing
Are too sweet to soon forget—
On thy smiling lips unlifted,
Full of love his kisses fall,
For a husband's kiss at parting
Is the dearest kiss of all.

Weary mother, little children
With their dimpled hands so fair,
Passing over cheek and forehead,
Soothe away all pain or care;
Lend your drooping heart to heaven,
Where no dreary shadows fall!
For the sinless kiss of childhood
Is the purest kiss of all.

A Mysterious People.

Among the results that had been hoped for from the Afghan war was an accurate knowledge of Kafiristan, the land of mystery, which lies within the late kingdom of the Ameers. Military operations, however, have not brought us within reach of "the black-clad people," as the Kafirs are called, or brought any of them into our camp, so the campaign bids fair to end leaving this truly wonderful country quite unexplored. Dardistan close by, is also a place of marvels, and its folk-lore would add to Grimm and Andersen a chapter about bear-kings and the Harginn, such as would rival any of the legends of the Hartz Mountains or Thuringia. Kafiristan is even more interesting than its neighbor, for it is not only in its fables and myths that this cloud-land is so delightfully mysterious, but in every detail of the life and manners, the looks, dress, food, religion and customs of the people that inhabit it. Who are the Kafirs, and where is their country? If the question were asked of an Afghan of Cabul, he would probably answer that they infidel dogs who live "to the north" of his city, and that their women and children are of such surpassing beauty that the agents of rich citizens are always on the lookout for a purchase. The size of their country no one knows exactly, but "the love herb" grows there—a valuable plant, indeed, for whoever possesses it can command the affection of any he pleases, and gold of a very pale color, but pure gold, nevertheless, is found in their fields with the maize. They eat little grain, however, for the Kafirs live on cheese and curds, meat and fruits, chiefly the last, which grow wild all over their hills, and their orchards are wonderful. They have no earth in their country to spare, so the "black-clad" build their houses of cakes of cow-dung and sand mixed together: but water they have in abundance, since every hill is divided from the next by a stream, which the people cross by swinging bridges made of creepers. They kill every Mussulman they find within their border, and drink his blood; indeed, some of the Kafirs are cannibals. Such in effect would probably be the total amount of an Afghan's knowledge of this large body of his fellow-countrymen, for Kafiristan, partly from its sinister traditions and the memory of its traditional blood feud with Islam, and partly from the undoubted vindictiveness of the people toward Mohammedans, is a sealed book to the East. A tribe of mountaineers, known as the Nimcha Moslems, who, to suit circumstances and to accommodate themselves to local fashion in religion, are only true believers on the Mohammedan side of the frontier, and spit at the name of Allah on the Kafir side, act as a means of communication between the "black-clad" and their neighbors, and, were it not for them, it is probable that the Kafirs would never be able to hold any intercourse with the outer world at all.

If the East itself is so ignorant of this remarkable race, and if their next neighbors and reputed kingsmen, the Dards, really know nothing about them, it is not surprising that in the West, the Kafir of Afghanistan should be a complete mystery. Who are they? Some say they are Arabs, while others believe them to be Greeks. Nor, remembering how Alexander sowed colonies along the roadside as he went to and returned from India, is such a theory untenable, especially as some of the Mohammedan tribes, once Kafirs, claim European descent. The Kafirs themselves—the Siah-Posh or "black-clad," from their wearing black sheep-skin coats with the hairy side outward—cannot, or will not, explain their own origin, for the few who have been "caught" at intervals by inquisitive Englishmen have only made matters worse by cheerfully accepting for themselves any lineage that happened to be suggested—Arab, Hebrew or Hellene. The language—Kalasha—would, it might have been supposed, have given a clue; but here again a difficulty arises, for the Kafirs in communicating with their neighbors use a mongrel tongue, of which the vocabulary, as far as it is yet compiled, defies any important philological inferences being drawn from it, through its admixture of several dialects—Persian, Pushtoo, Hindi and Sanskrit—in varying proportions, with a large percentage of words and idioms to which no Eastern vernacular offers any analogy. From time to time Oriental scholars have given their attention to the ethnological mystery, and notably Burnes, Wolfe, Vigne and Bellew, though without any conclusive results; but Dr. Leitner of Lahore has now contributed a further installment of a vocabulary compiled from the lips of Kafirs—two of them being prisoners captured by the Maharaja of Cashmere in his war with the tribes beyond the Indus, in 1866—which promises to lay the foundation of something like a sound knowledge of the lingnistic eccentricities peculiar to these unknown folk. He himself, however, has not as yet any pronounced opinion upon their origin.

The people, as we have said, hate the Mohammedans with a surpassing fervor, not only from traditionary feuds, but because to this day the Afghans and others carry on a systematic brigandage upon their frontiers, for the purpose of stealing their women and children, who are then sold to the wealthy men of Cabul or Badadshan, Swat, Bajour and Chitral. On the other hand, they are said to be kindly disposed toward Hindus, and quite ready to accept Englishmen as friends. Native travelers who have visited them have come away delighted with their genial hospitality, and struck with their activity of temperament, intelligence, and singularly high standard of morality and ethics. That the Kafirs are brave needs no telling, for they have retained their isolated independence in spite of every conqueror from Timur downward, and the list of their persecutors has been well nigh continuous for several centuries, every Mohammedan chief in turn ambitious of becoming a "Ghazi" having at one time or another turned his arms against this infidel colony. In contradiction to some of the compliments that have been paid them, it is stated, and with much truth, against the Kafirs that they are but little, if at all, better than their neighbors in many respects; that their beautiful women do all the hard work of life, while their lords pass their days in singing and drinking and wishing ill to Islam; that they are cruel and treacherous to their Mohammedan neighbors; that their whole social life, its honors and ceremonies, turns upon the slaughter of Mohammedans; and that they worship idols. Apart, however, from their religion, which is no worse than many others, and their hatred of the Moslem, the Kafirs can fairly challenge our sympathy for their bravery and their personal resemblance to European races, while interest is stimulated by the little knowledge we already possess of this supposed remnant of Alexander's army—this fair-eyed people, who claim the Englishman, the detested Feringhi of their neighbors, as a "brother of blood." They alone share with us in all Asia the name, more odious than any other in the Moslem East, of "Kafir." This in itself suffices to make us hope that their secret will be cleared up before the savage encroachments of the surrounding tribes annihilate the race of brave men and blue-eyed women "of the North."—*London Telegraph.*

IS THERE AN AVERAGE YOUNG MAN?—Indeed, the classes of men are so immensely varied that I very much doubt if there is an average young man to be found. Why, man! he is everything. He comes in as many different patterns as summer silks do. He is a delicate asthetic who, through his very cultivation, may have acquired deeper capabilities for committing certain social crimes; he is an ordinary man of business, faithful to his wife and accounting himself responsible for the future of his sons and daughters; the undersigned blackleg, libertine and gambler, or he who hides those vices under a cloak of extremely moral and dignified cut; a social vampire seeking what women he may destroy with his breath; a frequenter of clubs, an irresponsible relater of slanders; a thieving politician whose life is spent in climbing through acres of mire and filth in search of the office that he will contaminate; a religious fanatic or a free-thinking one; a manly, good-hearted fellow enough without any particular end or aim in view; a Christian gentleman who believes that as his life is on earth, so will his future be when eternity sets in—and oh, dear, do you think you could count up half as many different kinds of women as that? Well, I tell you I couldn't. As far as I can see women are divided into two kinds, the civilized and the uncivilized. And that word, civilization, is capable of a dozen meanings, and it takes in a dozen different conditions, too, from Christianity down.—[Catherine Cole in New Orleans Times.

BARRELS MADE FROM PULP.—Mr. M. Howard Webster, whose office is below the Second National Bank on Griswold street, has recently become State Agent for a new invention in the barrel line, which seems to be a very valuable article. It is a barrel made of pulp, subjected to an enormous pressure. The advantages claimed for the invention are its lightness, durability and cheapness. The body of he barrel is all made in one piece, from coarse wood pulp. The pressure to which it is subjected is four hundred tons. The heads of the barrels are made of one piece in the same way, and when put together the barrels are exceedingly light, strong and satisfactory in every way apparently. There are two kinds, one for fruit, flour and other dry substances, the other for oil, lard and liquids of all kinds. It is said that a flour barrel made in this way, and filled, can be dropped from the wagon to the pavement without injury. Fruit packed in these receptacles keeps longer than when put up in the usual way, being dryer and excluded from the air. The barrels for liquid substances are made by subjecting the first form to a simple process, and oil can be kept in them without any leakage. The saving in cost is about fifty per cent. Steps are being taken ror the formation of a company to manufacture barrels, tubs, etc., by this new process. About $30,000 will be necessary to carry on the enterprise, which can hardly fail to prove profitable.—[Detroit Tribune.

WATERING HORSES.—A Berlin journal prints an interesting paper on the watering of horses. A subject, the writer remarks, to which too little attention is given by officers in command of mounted troops. The practice of allowing horses to drink only once a day, and then in the evening, which is advocated by many because it is in vogue among the Arabs, is strongly reprehended by the German writer, who points out that, while in Europe the horse's rations consist almost exclusively of corn and hay, the Arab gives his horse dates, a variety of plants, and even milk. Fed as they are in European armies, horses should, the writer maintains, be given water three times a day, and they should be allowed each time to drink as much as they like. On the march also, horses should be allowed to drink whenever circumstance permit. Formerly, men on the march were strictly forbidden to drink; but now, on the contrary, especially when forced marches have to be made in hot weather, care is taken that all be able to obtain water, as it is now recognized that the body must be compensated for the moisture it loses in profuse perspiration. As with man, so with the horse.

THE WAY HUMMING BIRDS ARE CAPTURED.—The following is an account of the method in which humming birds are caught: Let us follow little Dan; the oldest and sharpest of the humming bird hunters, as he goes out for birds. First he goes to a tree called the mountain palm, which replaces the cocoa palm in the mountains, the latter growing only along the coast. Beneath the tree are some fallen leaves fifteen feet in length; these he seizes and strips, leaving the midrib bare, a long, slender stem tapering to a point. Upon this tip he places a lump of bird lime, to make which he had collected the inspissated juice of the bread fruit and chewed it to the consistency of soft wax. Scattered over the savanna are many clumps of flowering bushes, over whose crimson and snowy blossoms humming birds are dashing, inserting their beaks in the honeyed corrollas, after active forays resting upon some bare twig, pruning and preening their feathers. Cautiously creeping toward a bush upon which one of these little beauties is resting, the hunter extends the palm-rib with its treacherous coating of gum. The bird eyes it curiously but fearlessly as it approaches his resting-place, even pecking at it, but the next moment he is dangling helplessly, beating the air with buzzing wings in vain efforts to escape the clutches of that treacherous gum.—[From Nature.

Bret Harte's Latest Sketch.

He was also a pioneer. A party who broke through the snows of the winter of '51 and came upon the triangular little valley afterwards known as La Porte found him the sole inhabitant. He had subsisted for three months on two biscuits a day, and a few inches of bacon, in a hut made of bark and brushwood. Yet when the explorers found him he was quite alert, hopeful and gentlemanly. But I cheerfully make way here for the terser narrative of Capt. Henry Symes, commanding the prospecting party: "We kem upon him, gentlemen, sudden-like, just abreast of a rock like this"—demonstrating the distance—"ez near ez you be. He sees us and he dives into his cabin and comes out again with a tall hat—a stove-pipe, gentlemen,—and, blank me, gloves! He was a tall thin feller, holler in the cheeks—ez might be—and off color in his face, ez was nat'ral, takin' in account his starvation grub. But he lifts his hat to us so, and sez he, 'Happy to make your acquaintance, gentlemen! I'm afraid you ex-per-ienced some difficulty in getting here. Take a cigyar.' And he pulls out a fancy cigar-case with two real Havanas in it. 'I wish there was more,' sez he.

"'You don't smoke yourself?' sez I.

"'Seldom,' sez he, which war a lie, for that very afternoon I seed him hangin' onto a short pipe like a suckin' babe onto a bottle. 'I kept those cigyars for any gentlemen that might drop in.'

"'I reckon ye see a great deal of the best society yer,' sez Bill Parker, starin' at the hat and gloves and winkin' at the boys.

"'A few Ind-i-ans occasionally," sez he.

"'Injuns!' sez we.

"'Yes. Very quiet, good fellows in their way. They have once or twice brought the game, which I refused, as the poor fellows have had a pretty hard time of it themselves.'

"'Now, gentlemen, we was, ez you know, rather quiet men—rather peaceable men; but, havin' been shot at three times by these yar 'good' Injuns, and Parker hisself havin' a matter o' three inches o' his own skelp lying loose in their hands and he walkin 'round wearin' green leaves on his head like a German statoo—it did kinder seem as if this yer stranger was playin' rather low down on the boys. Bill Parker gets up and takes a survey o' him and sez he peaceful like:

"'Ye say these yer Injuns—these yer quiet Injuns—offered yer game?'

"'They did!' sez he.

"'And you refoused?'

"'I did,' sez he.

"'Must hev made 'em feel kinder bad—sorter tortured their sensitive naters?' sez Bill.

"'They really seemed quite disappointed.'

"'In course,' sez Bill. 'And now, mout I ask you who you be?'

"'Excuse me,' says the stranger; and, darn my skin! if he didn't hist out a keerd-case, and handin' it over to Billy, sez, 'Here's my kyard.'

"Bill took it and read it out aloud: 'J. Trott, Kentucky.'

"'It's a pooty keerd,' sez Bill.

"'I'm glad you like it,' sez the stranger.

"'I reckon the other fifty-one of the deck ez as pooty—all of 'em Jacks and left bowers,' sez Bill.

"The stranger sez nothin', but kinder draws back from Bill, but Bill ups and sez:

"'Wot is your little game, Mister J. Trott, of Kentucky?'

"'I don't think I quite understand you,' sez the stranger, a holler fire comin' into his chocks like ez if they was the bowl of a pipe.

"Wat's this yer kid glove business?—this yer tall hat paradin'?—this yer circus foolin'? Wot's it all about? Who are ye, anyway?"

"The stranger stands up and says he: 'Ez I don't quarrel with guests on my own land,' sez he, 'I think you'll allow I'm—a gentleman,' sez he.

"With that he takes off his hat, makes a low bow, so, and turns away like this—but Bill lites out of a sudden with his right foot and drives his No. 10 boot clean through the crown of that tall hat like one o' them circus hoops.

"That's about as fur ez I remember. Gentlemen! thar warn't but one man o' that hull crowd ez could actoually swear what happened next, and that man never told. For a kind o' whirlwind jest then took place in that valley. I disremember anythin' but dust and bustin'. Thar wasn't no yelling, thar was no shooting. It was one o' them sudden things that left even a six shooter out in the cold. When I came to in the chapparel—being oncomfortable like from hevin only half a shirt on—I found nigh on three pounds of gravel and stones in my pockets and a stiffness in my la'r. I looks up and see Bill hangin' in the forks of a hickory saplin' twenty feet above me.

"'Cap,' sez he, in an inquirin' way, 'hez the tornado passed?'

"'Which?' says I.

"'This yer elemental disturbance—is it over?'

"'I reckon,' sez I.

"'Because,' says he 'afore this very electrical phenomenon took place I hed a slight misunderstanding with a stranger, and I'd like to apologize!'

"And with that he climbs down, peaceful like, and goes into the shanty, and come out, hand in hand with that stranger, smilin' like an infant. And that's the first time, I reckon, we know'd anything about the gentleman of La Porte."—*London Belgravia.*

THE CHIASMODUS NIGER.—The Smithsonian Institution has received a very curious specimen of the fish kind, recently, found on the fishing-banks of Gloucester, Mass., of Chiasmodus niger, and its peculiar and distinguishing feature is the fact that its rapacity leads it to swallow fishes which are twice as large and weigh four times as much as itself. It is enabled to do this from the fact that its mouth is very deeply cleft, its teeth bent, and that its stomach has an elasticity resembling india rubber. When it commences to swallow its dinner its jaws move alternarely, and seem to climb over the fish which is gulped down and doubled up in this curious creature's inside. As the process of digestion and decomposition takes place, and gases are originated, the distended stomach becomes lighter than the other parts of the body, and the latter consequently turns under. In this condition the fish is utterly unable to help itself, and may be easily caught. This specimen, secured by the Smithsonian, is only the third known. The first was found a number years ago floating in the sea off the Island of Madeira, and the second was discovered in the Dominican Sea. Careful drawings have been made of this particular specimen which is ten inches in length. It has in its stomach a kind of codfish eighteen inches long. It is only by contrasting the long and slender body of the fish in its normal state with its distended form after gorging, that a proper idea of the feat it so successfully attempts can be gained.—[Washington Post.

Tender-Hearted.

Yesterday a big-boned Texan, something over six feet high, with an enormous broad-brimmed hat, and a sweeping mustache reaching nearly to his shoulders, stood at the Laclede Hotel office, carelessly examining the register. A slight twitching at his coat skirts was passed by unheeded, but a more vigorous pull caused him to look around, expecting to greet a joking friend or something of that sort. He saw nothing, and was turning back to the register leaves again, when his glance fell upon such a woe mite of a girl, whose head was such a short distance from the floor that it was no wonder he had not seen her. The wild-looking face bent down to the little one, and a deep bass voice asked:

"What is it, little girl?"

"Please, mister, won't you buy my matches?" came in weak, childish tones, so low that the words could not have been understood had the appeal not been reinforced by the holding up of a box of matches, the corners of the paper box all dog-eared and miserably soiled.

The little figure was barefooted, and the one calico garment rent, faded, and torn.

"No; I don't want any to-day, sissy," said the Texan.

"Please, mister, won't you buy my matches?" with a second pull at the coat.

The man turned again, impatiently, and glanced at the little one; then, as if ashamed, and with a furtive glance around as if to see if he was unobserved, put his fingers in his vest pocket, and the next instant a bright half-dollar gleamed in the little grimy fingers. With a half sigh the big-hearted fellow said half to himself: "Poor little cuss."

"Please, mister, don't you want the matches, and I hain't got no change?"

"Oh, h—l, no; keep the change and matches, too."

Holding the precious coin in both hands, the little match girl vanished like a shadow through the door, and the Texan, with a muttered "what a fool I am," followed.

Around the corner and down Sixth street, pattered the little naked feet, unconscious that she was followed, and up one of the streets devoted to small dealers and a perfect nest of pawn-shops. Into one of the least clean and imposing of these she darted, and whispered something to the woman, who took a paper parcel out of a drawer and handed it to the child. The child tore off the paper with nervous fingers, and there was the sole treasure of her heart, her only possession—her doll. She hugged it to her breast, and kissed it. What was said between woman and child could not be heard, but when the little waif laid the half dollar on the counter the woman shook her head and pushed it back very far toward the child, as if her resolution might not hold out very steadfast. The child looked amazed, but turned to go, hugging her dolly, and at the door stood the Texan with a very suspicious moisture upon his cheek and a big lump in his throat.

"I've got a little girl like you at home," said he. "Come along and show me where you live."

Well, you may be sure that the sick mother and the little girl were rendered more comfortable, for an hour afterward she had a receipt for a month's rent in her hands, and a doctor's carriage stood at the door of that tenement house.

And such was the story that was told to the reporter by the big-hearted Texan, who last night left the Laclede Hotel for his home upon the wide plain where range his broad-horned herds.—*Globe-Democrat.*

Parental Cruelty.

Look at that young lady, nineteen years of age, who cannot read a newspaper without an eyeglass upon her pretty nose! She intended to go to Philadelphia last year to study medicine, but the failure of her eyesight prevented her from going, and her brightest hopes of the future are clouded over. At nineteen, too! Why? Because her parents were cruel to her. She liked to sit up late in the night reading fine print by a kerosene lamp, and they had the cruelty to let her do it. The worst possible cruelty is to let children have their own way, when their own way does them harm.

There is a lonely man in a handsome house, from whom his wife has fled, worn out by many years of abuse and violence. From babyhood to manhood that man was ruthlessly spoiled by cruel parents. They flattered him, laughed at his outbursts of passion, supported him in his rebellions and vulgar insolence at school.

With his little brain and his big passions, it was impossible to live with him on fair terms. It would have been less cruel to have killed him in his baby innocence than to have let him grow up so.

There are many forms of cruelty. Harsh words, harsh blows, hard fare, hard work—all these are sometimes cruel; but ordinarily the pain they inflict is of short duration. The cruelty of which we now speak may give pleasure for an hour, pain for seventy years, and shame for generations.

Remember this when you are crossed and denied. There are probably a million people in the United States—perhaps there are ten millions—who would give half of all they possess to get the mischief undone which was done to them in childhood and youth by this kind of cruelty. Bad eyes; weak digestion; round shoulders; ruined teeth; early decay; low tastes; painful recollections; shameful ignorance; ungoverned temper; gloom; distrust; envy; meanness; hate. These all result from the cruelty of letting the young have their own way, when their way is wrong. There is no cruelty so cruel as that.—*Youth's Companion.*

NOBLE ROWDIES.—Lord Herbert Vane Tempest and Hon. Ashton Harboard, young British aristocrats, have figured in the London Police Court for assaulting the police. There was some row inside Lord's cricket ground, and the two men, in company with several others, were ejected. In the scuffle the little lordling lost his hat, and endeavored to force his way back into the ground to recover it. A police sargeant, in conformity with his instructions, prevented him from doing so, whereupon, according to the testimony of the man in blue, Lord Herbert called him a "cad," and kicked his shins. The young man was taken into custody, upon which his friend, Mr. Harbord, endeavored to rescue him. Several policemen swore to the officer's side of the story, but as Mr. Fordham, who appeared for the defense, urged that both the young men were Etonians, and Etonians never told a lie, they received the benefit of the doubt, and were discharged.

A Brooklyn mother fed her year-old baby on sliced cucumbers and milk and then wanted the prayers of the church because the Lord took it away.

Wisconsin women are sharp. When they give their children matches to play with and go off on a visit they carry the insurance policies with them.

MONTREAL HEARD FROM.

R. L. Mosley, of Montreal, Canada, certified Sept. 27, 1879, that he had suffered terribly from dyspepsia, and was completely cured by taking Warner's Safe Bitters. He says: "My appetite is good, and I now suffer no inconvenience from eating hearty meals." These Bitters are also a specific for all skin diseases.

From a Distinguished Physician.

Professor Green, a distinguished allopathic physician, wrote to the *Medical Record*, of Atlanta, Ga., to the effect that after all other means had failed he sent for the Kidney Cure (Safe Kidney and Liver Cure) and to his astonishment cured a serious case of Bright's Disease by administering it, and afterwards found it equally beneficial in other cases. He advised his brother physicians to use it in preference to anything else for Kidney Disorders.

If in making any purchase or in writing in response to any advertisement in this paper you will please mention the name of the paper.

NOTICE TO PEDESTRIANS.

The first 72 hour go as you please contest on the Pacific coast will commence in Turne Halle, Portland, Oregon, Sept. 18th, 1880, at 2 o'clock P. M.; 12 hours a day for 6 days, for the Championship of Oregon and Cash Prizes as follows: First man, $125, second $50, third $25. The winner of the first prize will be entitled to admission to the match for the Andrew Belt, by depositing $100 with the stakeholder on or before May 1st, 1881. There will also be a special prize of $200 open to all on payment of an entrance fee of $25; first man, $125, second $75. Entries can be made with D. R. McNeill, Turne Halle, Portland, Oregon.

The first contest for the Andrews Belt will take place in San Francisco in October, 1881. Entries for this event will be received by the stakeholder, Adam Anlbach editor of the *Pacific Life*, San Francisco, from and after September 1, 1880. In order that none but first-class men will enter this competition the entrance fee has been fixed at $250, $100 of which must accompany the application for entry; the balance, $150, to be paid on signing articles, or twenty days before the commencement of the race. The Cash Prizes will be as follows: First man $2,000, second man $1,000; third man $600; fourth man $500; fifth man $500; total $4,500. All those who complete 500 miles and do not win either of the five prizes will receive $250. Further information concerning belt and conditions of race will be furnished from time to time through the columns of the *Pacific Life*.

aug27w2 D. R. McNEILL, Manager.

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The lower jaw of the plate in this cut is distorted in order to show the teeth more plainly.

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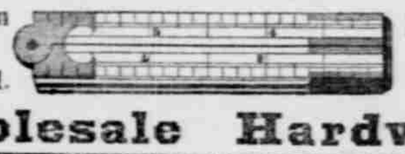

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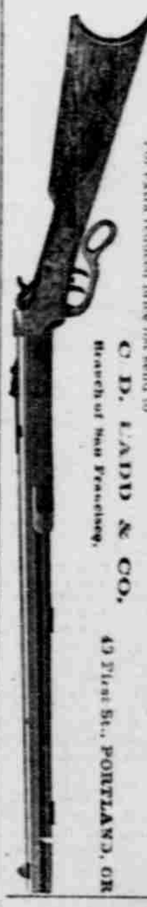

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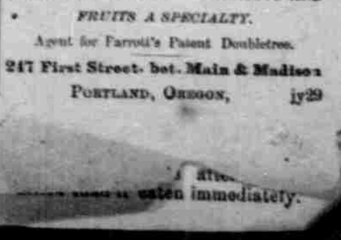

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