

WOMAN AND HOME.

MORE MONEY IN CANDY MAKING THAN IN MANUSCRIPT.

Hints for the Household—An Undesirable Habit—Care of Lamps—Woman's Friendship—Her Specialty—Good Breeding. Bostonian Desserts—Stray Items.

"The one or two literary friends I had advised me to write a novel, and give up all other duties to do it. I had not sufficient faith in myself for that, but was persuaded by an experienced friend to write a serial story of a melodramatic character, merely as a pot boiler, for to make money had become a stern necessity. As the story had to be full of moral purpose, and would do good rather than harm, I swallowed my instincts and began it without the smallest belief in my own powers for writing sensational work. Nevertheless, I was determined to finish it; if not good of its kind, at least I had not neglected to make the effort.

"Just as it was finished there was a great stagnation in the periodical trade, and I received the manuscript back, saying that it had not been read because, in consequence of the dull times, no manuscripts were being purchased. I then gave up the idea of sensational literature and returned to Plainfield, N. J., where I had formerly resided. The friend with whom I stayed, like myself, was short of ready money. In considering the means of making it, she suggested if I could make certain articles she had eaten at my house during the days I was studying Gouffe, she could find a ready sale among her friends, of whom she had a very large circle.

"We devoted \$1 worth of material to the experiment. Our thought turned only to candy and candied fruits. Gouffe gave one form of candy, which I had tried in former days, because I could not realize that sugar and water, boiled, could ever be rolled out like dough. I satisfied myself that it was so and went no further into the matter and thought no more of it until reminded of it by my friend. I experimented and succeeded in making little squares, or tablets of cream candy, which seemed quite wonderful at the time. After many experiments and failures I succeeded in candying some fruit.

"These were sent out as samples by my friend, and during the interval I went on experimenting and succeeded in making candies that made me ashamed of the sample. It was suggested, also, that English plum puddings, for the making of which I had some reputation, on account of their keeping qualities, could be very likely to sell. My hostess attended to the sale, took the improved samples of candies to New York, and found her friends delighted with them. The woman's exchange also took them. She returned home with orders for Thanksgiving, to be all filled within a week, which, considering that I was only in a convenience and were on the top of a hill three miles from town, knew nothing of wadded paper or almond paste, or anything of the kind, was simply appalling, for the orders were for many pounds of candies and many others for Christmas puddings and cakes. We knew not one must be refused. We had no servant and could get none, but did get a woman at odd times during the week to wash up. Myself and friend worked far into the night from very early morning. For hours I stood boiling sugar, put a drop pot, while as it boiled she worked it, then during an interval we washed currents, stoned a few raisins, or blanched almonds, in short, working incessantly, not stopping even for meals.

"Every order was filled, and before we had time to look around, orders began coming in again, and then they came not only for articles we professed to make, but for many others. One lady wanted macaroons, if she could have them. I had made macaroons years before, and as it became our business to refuse no order whatever, the macaroons were experimented with, until such as would compare with the best were produced. Many of these were sold at the woman's exchange, as was our candy also. But before Christmas, private or came to think that nothing could be sent to the exchange. For Christmas and New Years, over sixty pounds of French candies, one hundred and odd plum puddings, besides sponge cake, macaroons, pound cake and jumbles, were ordered, and very order filled; we worked for weeks, before and after Christmas, eighteen hours a day, for the demand continued all through the holiday season. And we carried our own orange and lemon peel, and had none of the aids to labor we might have procured had we anticipated such success.

"During Lent, when there was a lull, I went for a few weeks to New York, and read and made notes on everything I could find on confectionery in the Astor library. There were few modern books of much service, and then, for the first time, I found my acquaintance of Italian and French stand me in good stead, for I was able to glean some valuable ideas from old Italian and French confectioners. During this interval I was asked, by the owner of one of Sardon's plays, to translate it for her, as she was not satisfied with the translation she had. I agreed to do it in the summer, and went back to my friend to experiment on the contents of my note book.

"A few weeks later I took a cottage much nearer the depot, with the intention of carrying on the business of making plum puddings, cakes, etc., the next winter. But, meanwhile, I translated the play and turned some notes that I had ready for a lecture, which I found I had not the courage to deliver, into some articles, afterward printed in Scribner's Monthly. I then wrote 'Culture and Cooking,' and sent my sensational story again on its travels, as times had become more prosperous. This time it did not come back, but with the acceptance and a liberal check came an offer of steady work on a weekly journal, provided I agreed to write only for that one periodical. This agreement was made, with the privilege of writing for Cassa's Magazine, in London, to which I had been some time a contributor, and the engagement justified me in giving up for the time being the business of candy and pudding making entirely to my former hostess and friend, who, by her energy and business ability, had helped so largely to make it a success."—Catherine Owen in Good Housekeeping.

**An Undesirable Habit.**  
A habit very common with a number of our thoughtless young ladies, who do a great many things quietly which they would not like to have known of at home—a habit deserving of the strongest condemnation—is that of promiscuous correspondence with gentlemen, whether the gentlemen be married or single. The young ladies who find pleasure in this habit use their pens on any pretext that turns up, and sometimes on no pretext at all. We are not really sure that this does not come less under the head of an undesirable habit than a sin, for there is an indelicacy about it quite amounting to immodesty, of which no girl who respects herself or who desires the respect of others will be guilty.

These young letter writers, however, generally get a fit reward for their thoughtlessness or their culpability in the end. For if their correspondent is a man of systematic habits, their letters are docketed and tickled, and his clerks have as much of a laugh over them as they wish; and if he is not a

systematic man, then those letters are at the mercy of any and every one who chooses to waste time in reading them. And if their correspondent is a married man, then his possession of their letters, even of the most trivial kind, places the writers at a disadvantage. Sooner or later, too, in that case, the letters fall into the hands of his wife; his wife, who, long after the brief correspondence has been done with, usually remains mistress of the situation, reads the folly or the wickedness with clear eyes, and holds the writer not only in contempt, but in her power. No young girl can be sure that her correspondent is not merely amusing himself with her; and it is often the case that her letters are unwelcome and a nuisance, and he does not check them and does reply to them, not from interest in her, but merely manly chivalry.

And when the writer has recovered from her folly, or forgotten about her idleness, there is the letter, in all probability still extant, in the possession of somebody, she knows not whom, ready to rise like an awful leering ghost after she herself has possibly undergone a change that will make her face burn, branded with shame, should the letter ever chance to confront her, or perhaps even the memory of it. Her motive may have been all innocence at the time, but it is left forever under doubt; and, in fact, except in the haldest business affair, there can be no excuse, and therefore no innocence, in the matter of a young girl's writing letters to any man not her personal relative or guardian, for about most of these letters there is an unmaidenliness almost amounting to indecency, and in the end her correspondent himself never thinks other than lightly of her on account of them.—Harper's Bazar.

**Hints for the Household.**  
Salt and water clean willow furniture.  
For scraping kettles a large clam shell is excellent.  
To save table scrubbing have your dish table covered with zinc.  
Clean stoves when cold with any stove polish mixed with alum water.  
The foot of a coarse cotton stocking is superior to a sponge for bathing purposes.  
Fry some apples occasionally. Fried apples will remove the edges from many a hard meal.

New tins should be set over the fire with boiling water in them for several hours before food is put into them.  
Lemon juice and sugar, mixed very thick, is useful to relieve coughs and sore throats. It must be very acid as well as sweet.  
Spots may be taken from gilding by immersing the article in a solution of alum in pure soft water. Dry with sawdust.

A little borax added to the water in which scarlet napkins and red bordered towels are washed will prevent them from fading.  
Plaster busts may be cleaned by dipping them into thick liquid starch—clear starch mixed with cold water—and brushing them when dry.  
The latest wrinkle for luncheons in New York is to serve the soup in cups instead of plates, and the china stores are selling two handled cups for the purpose.

Plaster of paris mixed with water about like paste is good for closing cracks in stove ovens, firebricks, old coal scuttles, water pots and a great many other things.  
When the nose threatens to bleed excessively, it can sometimes be arrested by putting the feet into hot water, or by applying a mustard plaster between the shoulders.  
For making hair oil that is not injurious to the hair: Castor oil, 1/2 pint; 95 per cent. alcohol, 1/2 pint; tincture camphor, 1/2 ounce; oil of bergamot, 2 drachms. Color the mixture a pale pink with alkanet root.

The bottom of an old keg or butter firkin makes a good mat to set your kettle on. Have one or two hanging near the dish table. Make a hole and put a string through to hang it by.  
Finger marks may be removed from varnished furniture by the use of a little sweet oil upon a soft rag. Patient rubbing with chloroform will remove paint from black silk or any other material.  
Steel knives which are not in general use may be kept from rusting if they are dipped in a strong solution of soda, one part water to four of soda; then wipe dry, roll in flour and keep in a dry place.

Tea stains are very difficult to get out if neglected. They should be soaked in either milk or warm water as soon as possible, and then scraped and rubbed out. The next washing will offset them wholly.  
One of the most common causes of stomach and bowel troubles in children is the common custom of feeding very young children potatoes, rice and bread before their digestive apparatus is capable of digesting these starchy ingredients.  
To take creases out of drawing paper or engravings lay the paper or engraving face downward on a sheet of smooth, unglazed white paper, cover it with another sheet of the same very slightly damp and iron with a moderately warm flatiron.

**Woman's Friendship for Women.**  
In spite of what satirists and socialists may have to say on the matter, so far as our own view has extended we have always seen one woman ready to be the friend of another when she has once been plainly given to understand that her friendship is required and will be of service, and we should advise no young girl, no young wife, no woman of mature years, to seek aid and friendship, on any occasion when she finds real need of those commodities, from the other sex if there is a good and gentle woman within her reach. The mother that is in every woman, that is with her from the day before her first doll came, and will be with her after her last grandbaby has done with dolls, rises at appeal, brings her emotions into play, and all her resources with them, enlists all her energies, and makes her ready to use every effort for the other woman, whether in sore distress or just in teasing trouble.  
If she feels that vice must not be smiled on, that malice must be checked, that pathos which lead to death must be made hard to tread, shall she be kinder than or superior to that nature which, in visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children as a law of heredity, does the same thing? Yet where this moody city is not to be found in a woman or righteous call, and she neither feels nor responds to the cry of trouble in another, then that person may be a woman far enough in outward seeming, but in her heart she is no woman at all.—Harper's Bazar.

**Woman's Specialty.**  
We often speak of the various differences, mental and otherwise, between man and woman. Among them all there is none more striking than this, that man's work has been highly specialized, while woman's has not. True, several specialties have been evolved out of her original specialty—as weaving, spinning, baking, etc. But these new specialties have usually been given to men, not women. To all intents and purposes woman has now, as always, one specialty—house-keeping.

Hence the intense heredity of it. It is bred in the bone. The carpenter's son may fail to develop a special aptitude for working in

wood; but the son of a long line of carpenters, whose male ancestors on his mother's side were also carpenters, would be sure to do so. This case never occurs. Masculine specialties are numerous. Their specialties are not one, but many. Now, if it happens that one of those ancestors had a specialty particularly adapted to transmission, which had become a part of his nature before his children were born, his heredity may have inherited his special aptitude regardless of the occupations of their immediate male parents. But, of course, it would all the time be diluted by its mixture with aptitudes inherited through other strains.

In the case of woman, every circumstance conspires to make the special aptitude intensely hereditary. It is acquired before the birth of children, hence it is always transmitted. It has been transmitted, undiluted, from the female side through countless generations. In a certain sense woman inherits masculine aptitudes from her male ancestors, but almost her only use of them is to transmit them to her sons.—Henry J. Philpott in Popular Science Monthly.

**Lights of the Home.**  
If you burn your lamps all night cleanse them daily; otherwise every other day will be sufficient.  
Sweeping days remove the lamps from the room, and do not return until the dust settles.  
Be sure to handle the chimney by the bottom; it is always cool there and the finger marks will not disfigure.  
In fly time make some neat paper caps for the chimneys.  
Keep your burners bright. If boiling them once in six months in salt soda will not do it cast them aside and buy new ones. Throw away defective ones as quickly as a piece of dynamite.

Remember that wicks often become candied, work badly and emit an offensive odor. To remedy this wash them once in six or eight months in soda, rinse and dry.  
Sew to the wick a strip of red or blue flannel just its width and length; it looks pretty and enables you to use all of the wick when quite short.  
In purchasing lamps be sure they are well put together if of different materials. Those with transparent reservoirs are more agreeable to the eye.

Learn to blow out a light and teach your children, thus avoiding danger, a disagreeable odor and a smoky chimney. Turn the light down quite low, when a slight breath from the top of the chimney puts it out, then turn up the wick a trifle, leaving it ready to light.—Estelle Mendell in Good Housekeeping.

**Essence of Good Breeding.**  
When you enter a room and are presented to the hostess, her reception of you proves her good breeding or her bad. The way in which her children meet you—the way in which they speak beyond the merest babyhood they speak and hold themselves—as an eloquent of their gentle training or ungentele as is a correct accent or a provincial. No idiosyncrasy marks the real essence of good breeding, and all excuses made for lapses and lesions are futile. A well bred person may be as shy as a hawk, and her limbs may be as awkwardly lumped together as so many crooked sticks badly planned. All the same her good breeding will be evident, and neither her shyness nor her awkwardness will tell against it. Though it costs her the well known agonies to sustain a connected conversation, and though by the very fact of her shyness her brain will run dry, she will sustain it with the most consummate politeness if not always with the most flawless fluency. She will put a restraint on herself and talk her best, but that best may be, because she is versed in the art and mystery of good breeding and thinks of others rather than herself.

But an ill bred person, if shy, is simply boorish, and takes no trouble to conquer the dumb demon within him, but gives way to it and lets it conquer him at pleasure. You feel that the excuse made for him or her by those who want to smooth over asperities with varnish—that excuse of being so "dreadfully shy" is no excuse at all. For you know by experience how sweet an anxious to be so polite and at ease—for all the talk it costs her—can be that well bred bundle of nerves and fears, who is as timid as a hare and as sensitive as a mimosa, but also who is as thoughtful for others as the boor is disregarding.—Home Journal.

**Favorite Bostonian Desserts.**  
The Bostonians are fond of odd novelties of the table. A favorite dessert of theirs is to hollow out a block of ice and place within cubes of muskmelon. It is cut up in the morning, placed in the ice, covered with a block of ice and served at 6 o'clock dinner. Over this frozen melon is sprinkled sherry and powdered sugar. Brown bread ice cream is a favorite Boston dish. The brown bread is permitted to become stale; it is then grated into the usual ingredients for ice cream and is delicious. How lovely an cream is also appetizing and looks pretty. It makes an ice cream almost as black, and is a novelty. Huckleberry griddle cakes for breakfast, and fried sliced bananas are favorite dishes with the wealthy Bostonians, as are also stewed red currants. Almost all fresh fruits are cooked as breakfast dishes, and stewed cucumbers never prove injurious, while they are an attractive dish. There is also at hand to sip all day an ice pitcher filled with cream of tartar water sweetened. This not only cools the blood, but is a wonderful nerve, as the French know, who invariably sip sweetened water.—Boston Cor. Washington Post.

**Lady Graduates.**  
The ladies have done well at Cambridge and Dublin. At the English university eleven of the superior sex have succeeded in taking mathematical honors, while in Ireland the degree of bachelor of arts has been conferred on nine women, of whom four took honors. One lady was capped master of arts, and another lady, who obtained the first place in the honors list in modern literature, was awarded a valuable scholarship. Seventy-eight women presented themselves for the matriculation examination, and of those seventy-one passed, twenty-seven obtaining honors.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**The Baby's Album.**  
An accomplished amateur photographer has a set of rough Manila albums, each one devoted to one of his children. The first page shows the baby a day old, and not a month passes without a picture of that child or some of its surroundings—the nursery, the house, its books and playthings. On some pages are family groups in which the child figures. Beneath each picture is written the date, and the album will constitute a curious record for the future.—Harper's Bazar.

**Neglect of Women's Interests.**  
The neglect of women's interests by workmen and their organizations is clearly a mistake, even if looked at from the most uncompromising selfish point of view, and the selfish instinct of the labor organizations should prompt them to aid an effort for the protection of women from underpay, although those who make that effort are moved by much higher and more generous considerations.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE PRINCETON'S GUN.

HOW IT EXPLODED AND KILLED TWO OF TYLER'S CABINET OFFICERS.

The Story as Told by a Sailor on Board the Vessel—The Scene Upon Deck After the Peace-maker Had Carried Out Its Work of Destruction.

Charles R. Lawrence, sitting on his doorstep the other night, his head enveloped in a tightly drawn bandanna handkerchief and his knees and chin but a few inches apart, raved out the story of the Princeton from a throat hoarse with a twenty years' cough.  
"It was on Feb. 28, 1844," said the old man, "and I mind it well, for I had a son born that day. Capt. Stockton built the Princeton on his own plan at the Philadelphia navy yard, and after she was launched I helped to rig her. Then she went round to Washington and lay at the navy yard in the Potomac. When the 28th came she steamed down the river, with the president, most of his cabinet, young John Tyler, a lot of senators and representatives, a dozen or two naval officers and ever so many ladies aboard, all the guests of Capt. Stockton. There was fiddling and flirting and dancing and champagne drinking all the way down. Officers on shore were mighty polite to the wives of those that were away in the Mediterranean or cruising with the Asiatic squadron, and there was no end of fun among the young folks. The president was merry, too, for Miss Gardner was aboard. Her father was killed that day, but saw her on the Princeton again when the vessel was off the battery at New York. She was Mrs. Tyler then, the wife of the president. I saw her again, a long time afterward, at John Tyler's home, on the James river. The president showed me his children that day and gave me thirteen gold dollars.

**THE EXPLOSION.**  
"Well, they fired the Peace-maker twice on the way down the river, and then everybody went below to dinner. There was plenty of champagne again and the president gave the toast, 'The Princeton's three guns—the Oregon, the Peace-maker and Capt. Stockton, and the greatest of these is Stockton.' At last Secretary Gilmer asked to have the Peace-maker fired again, and some of the company followed, then availing danger, a disagreeable odor and a smoky chimney. Turn the light down quite low, when a slight breath from the top of the chimney puts it out, then turn up the wick a trifle, leaving it ready to light.—Estelle Mendell in Good Housekeeping.

Some senators and a few ladies were not far away. The secretary of war walked off before the gun was fired. Capt. Stockton called out 'Stand clear of the gun,' and then she was fired. There was an awful explosion, a cloud of smoke and a loud scream from the wounded. When the smoke cleared away every one could see that the top of the gun was blown off from trunnions to breech, and two dozen people were lying on deck. Capt. Stockton was hurt, but he jumped to his feet and mounted the gun carriage to see the damage. There lay Col. Gardner with both legs and both arms gone, Mr. Maxey with an arm missing, Mr. Gilmer with his skull crushed, Mr. Usher with one leg blown off, Capt. Kennon with his watch blown clear through his body, and still a running, so they said, the president's servant, wounded so that he died soon after, and ever so many more hurt with pieces of the gun or shocked by the concussion. Senator Benton was hurt a little and secured a good deal, and Senator Woodbury's daughter had her pretty face splashed with the blood of the injured. One lady's headress was singed with a hot piece of the gun. Senator Phelps' hat was blown off and almost everybody on deck was knocked down.

**THE SCENE ON DECK.**  
"The ladies below deck didn't know what had happened, and before they came up flags and canvas were thrown over the dead bodies. A senator said to the president, 'You've lost two of your cabinet,' and Mr. Tyler burst right out a crying. When the news spread everybody rushed on deck. Capt. Kennon's wife wouldn't be satisfied until she had lifted the president's coat and looked at his eyes, moaning and saying it couldn't be true that her husband was dead. There was no merrymaking on the way back, except that some of the sailors broke in and drank up what was left of the champagne. One fellow, they said, tried to steal Kennon's watch after it had gone through the poor captain's body. 'After the accident the Princeton looked as if she'd been in action. There was blood and bits of flesh all about the place where the gun exploded; the bulwarks were carried away; the rigging was tangled, and one of the yards was cut clean through by a big chunk of the gun. The new up and went half through the deck when it came down. The piece weighed over 700 pounds, and there was more than 1,500 pounds of metal blown off the gun. When we landed the dead bodies were taken to the White House. Capt. Stockton was dreadfully cut up about the accident, as the Princeton and her guns were his pets. The court of inquiry cleared him of blame, but he never got over it, even after he was made a commodore.—St. George's (Del.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.

**Where the Helirooms Come From.**  
One of the largest dealers in old furniture and bric-a-brac in New York city told me the other day that the principal parts of his sales were with the Long Island farmers. 'You don't sell me,' said I, 'but those hardheaded tillers of the soil have taste for this sort of thing?' 'I don't, indeed,' he replied; 'there is nothing they care less about, but they keep a constant supply on hand to sell as helirooms, with which they are very loth to part; and the fun of it,' he added, 'that they often get bigger prices than we would dare to ask, and for furniture in a very bad state of repair, too. All we sell out of our place is put in perfect order, and at a very large expense, while these old rascals get just as good a price for theirs in the last stages of dilapidation.'—New York Letter.

**Thoroughly Polite.**  
Peabody Jamison is one of the most courteous men on the road, and he can be polite under every trying circumstance. The other day while he was riding in a Clark street car, a lady burdened with much more than her share of avoidpous entered. Peabody was on his feet in an instant, but the space he left was, comparatively speaking, woefully small.  
"I am very much obliged to you," said the lady, as she balanced herself on the edge of the seat.  
"Don't mention it," replied Peabody gallantly. "I am only sorry there isn't more of it."—Merchant Traveler.

**A Suggestion for the Poets.**  
Celia Thaxter writes all her poetry between 4 and 6 o'clock in the morning. It would be a good thing if some other poets would follow her example. The habit would insure their being up in time to do an honest day's work, anyhow.—Somerville Journal.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brer Gardner's Able Address on Women's Extravagance.

It was two minutes after the triangle sounded before the smoke in Paradise II would permit the members to see each other. When it had at last thinned out Brother Gardner said:

"Nicodemus Pembroke Scott, a local member of his lodge, has crossed into Canada and will not reappear among us. Fur de las' three months I have bin expectin' some such climax 'dis darwinin', when a messenger informed me dat he had disappeared arter fallin' in an attempt to shoot himself wid an ole boss pistol. I war not a bit surprised. He leaves a wife an' two chill'en an' about fifty creditors.  
"What sent him off? De same reason dat am daily workin' to bring about another climax—de same reason dat explain de hundreds ob bizness failures—de same reason dat am cripplin' de efforts of thousands of hard workin' men to secure homes of der own—family extravagance. No, you can't call it extravagance; foolery am a better name for it. Up to a year ago Brudder Scott was jobbin' aroun' an' makin' \$1 a day. Den he got a situation by which he aimed \$14 per week. He was poof' off in de house an' had delts hangin' ober him, but heah was a chance to get eben. How was it improved? In less dan one month his wife was rigged out wid a \$20 dress, twelve shillin' kids, a \$5 hat an' an opera fan. He had no peace ob min' unless he obeyed her. In six weeks she became too high toned to wash an' iron for oder folks. In two months she wanted a better house, wid a red parlor carpet an' cane seat ch'airs all aroun' de room. In three months she had to have a black silk dress, gold bracelets, a tony bunnet, kid shoes an' gold fillin' in her teeth.  
"Dat foolery has reaped its harvest. De husband found dat he was runnin' behind, his home was neglacted, his wife was belabored, gossiped about, an' in despair he has p'ched up his feet an' slid out. It was de natural result. I tell you, my friends, de tomfoolery of de women of dis kentry am strainin' ob de chalk line till de cord can't stan' much mo', an' it am high time dat somebody sots his foot down. De man who aims \$25 per week has somehow got de ideal in his head dat de world expects him to dress his wife as if he aimed a banker's profits. Wives of men who can't keep up wid der house rent am canterin' up an' down wid saikins sacques an' \$6 shoes. Wives of men who have to dodge de butcher an' grocer an' tailor am now selectin' fall carpets an' orderin' \$30 lambrques. Wives of men who couldn't raise \$50 to de bank to save der necks am rushin' to baile an' partion an' havin' der expensive dresses described fur de benefit of de public.  
"De so called society of de age am composed of false hair, false pretenses, debt dodgin' an' base deceptions. Our rich people am distinguished by der plain dress an' quiet manners. De snides an' dudes an' dolos do all de swaggin', rush on all de colors an' monopolize de biggest sheer of de street. You want! De man who lives fur another ten years will h'ar sunthin' drap, an' arter de drap takes place de thousands of idiots who now selectin' fall carpets an' orderin' \$30 lambrques. Wives of men who couldn't raise \$50 to de bank to save der necks am rushin' to baile an' partion an' havin' der expensive dresses described fur de benefit of de public.  
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