Rogue River Courier.

An Independent Paper, Devoted Especially to the Interests of Southern Oregon.

TWELFTH YEAR. GRANT'S PASS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1897. 615TH WEEK.

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Relief for Drinking Men.

We, the undersigned residents of the town of Willows, Glenn county, State of California, do hereby certify that we have watched carefully the results of the treatment as given by H. R. Connelley, and known as the Connelley Liquor Cure, and can properly, cheerfully and do recommend the said cure and its remedies to any one needing treatment for the liquor habit:

Seth Milligan, Superior Judge.
J. M. Milsap, County Treasurer.
L. R. Stewart, Assessor.
John H. Graves, County Recorder.
W. A. Schorn, Editor of "Journal."
J. A. Patton, merchant.
A. A. Nordyke, Insurance Agent.
Mrs. M. M. Calder, Postmistress.
Geo. D. Dudley, District Attorney.
J. E. Putnan, druggist.
H. B. Burton, Bank of Willows.
A. Hochheimer, merchant.
F. G. Crawford, Prop. Crawford House.
Sol. Davidson, merchant.
J. P. Kimmar, hardware merchant.
William Weiss, cigar factory.
G. H. Baker, Sheriff.
C. R. Wicks, Railway Agent.
K. E. Kelly, Lawyer.
H. S. Eilerman, City Clerk.
N. K. Spect, real estate dealer.
Frank McNorton, Lawyer.
F. X. Tremblay, Physician.
W. C. Baylor, Physician.
A. Hutzler, wholesale liquor dealer.
Robert Williams, Bozeman, Montana.

The undersigned residents of Chico Butte Co., Cal., do hereby certify that they have noted the results of the treatment given by Mr. H. R. Connelley for the cure of the liquor habit and can cheerfully recommend it to any one needing such treatment.

J. Ellis Rodley, M. D.
N. Johnson, merchant.
Jo D. Sproul, Attorney-at-law.
W. Lee, Druggist.
S. H. Wilson, Sheriff.
C. L. Stilson, City Attorney.
C. N. Johnson, Prop. Johnson House.
J. H. Sawtel, merchant.
J. G. Lewis, Postmaster.
Ben Hastings, Druggist.
O. L. Clark, Chico.

The undersigned residents of Oroville, Butte county, Cal., do hereby certify that they have noted the results of treatment given by H. R. Connelley for the cure of the liquor habit and can cheerfully recommend it to anyone needing such treatment.

J. C. Gray, Judge of the Superior Court.
R. DeLance, County Treasurer.
Ed Harkness, County Clerk.
E. B. Ward, County Auditor.
J. C. Osgood, Tax Collector.
S. S. Boynton, Postmaster.
E. W. Fogg, Cashier Bank of R. S. & Co.
H. T. Batchelder, Principal High School.
Warren Sexton, District Attorney.

REFERENCES.

Board of Supervisors of Glenn county: H. C. Hulett, Willows; Frank Miller, Butte City; N. B. Vanderlord, Eel Creek; P. R. Garnett, Willows; David Markham, Orland.

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Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Frozen Mutton.

The reason why Argentine mutton generally is of inferior price to that of New Zealand has a threefold explanation. In the first place, New Zealand possesses today a mutton producing breed superior to that grown in the Plate. In the second, the New Zealander feeds his stock during the winter time with extra forage, while in the Argentine the sheep are allowed to graze upon the same bare pampas during the dead season. The result of this is that the New Zealander produces an even, well grown carcass, while there is sent home from the Plate one upon which a hasty covering of fat has been put during the spring months of the year. The difference between the two carcasses will readily be noted by any one who pays a visit to the cattle market. Thirdly, the freezer in New Zealand freezes the mutton on account of the breeder, and in the Argentine the freezer buys from the breeder. The disadvantage of the latter system, so long as the breeder has no knowledge of the requirements of the market, is apparent. The New Zealand breeder selects his wethers with care, rejecting any which will give an inferior weight or which is insufficiently fattened for the butcher. He remits them in small droves to the freezing establishments and takes every care that they shall arrive in perfect order. The Argentine breeder, on the other hand, makes a contract with the representative of the freezer to sell a given number, and the latter binds himself to remove them within a certain date.—New York Ledger.

The Mother of Seven Soldiers.

When Colonel Knox of the Duke of Cornwall's light infantry acquainted the queen with the fact that Mrs. Keveth of Garrow, St. Bernard, Cornwall, was the mother of seven sons, all in the army, her majesty caused the following letter to be written to Colonel Knox: "Her majesty considers that the fact of seven sons of one family serving in the army, all with exemplary characters, reflects infinite credit on themselves and on the parents who have brought them up. The queen desires that you will congratulate Mrs. Keveth, give her the £10 and framed print of her majesty, which I send herewith, and tell her how glad the queen is to think of this fine example of good and honorable service to their sovereign and country from the sons of a single Cornish family. Her majesty has kept the photograph of Mrs. Keveth which you sent me and would be glad to have one of the seven brothers in a group, but if this cannot be obtained, of each separately." The photographs have been framed together in an oval frame, that of Mrs. Keveth being in the middle, and sent to the queen.—London Graphic.

Unpublished Calhoun Letters.

A kinsman of John C. Calhoun, who has recently visited the old homestead in South Carolina, says he found th[illegible] nearly 3,000 unpublished letters [illegible] South Carolina statesman. He [illegible] one written to Mrs. Clemson, [illegible] ter, March 7, 1848, she being [illegible] at the time in which C[illegible] "I hold the duties of li[illegible] than life itself, and in [illegible] manfully and against [illegible] not lost, but will be [illegible] in after time. Inde[illegible] very much as a [illegible] and that to b[illegible] principle the [illegible] more than i[illegible] that great [illegible] my faith[illegible] ter, the [illegible] presen[illegible] tain [illegible] res[illegible]

[illegible] as a needle at [illegible] end. At almost the slightest touch they penetrate the nose of a dog or the clothing or flesh of a person touching the porcupine and stick there, coming away from the animal without any pull being required. The facility in catching hold with one end and letting go with the other has sometimes caused people to think that the spines had been thrown at them. The outer end of the spines, for some distance down, is covered with small barbs. These barbs cause a spine once imbedded in a living animal to keep working farther in with every movement of the muscles, so that it is not a pleasant thing to get stuck full of them.—Portland Oregonian.

His Fatal Error.

Scene—The bar parlor of the Prince George, Brighton. Pipes and beer all around. An old salt saying:

"I've got a riddle to ask you chaps. If a 'erring and a 'alf cost three farthings, 'ow mony could you buy for sixpence?"

Profound silence and much puffing of pipes. Presently a voice from the corner:

"I say, Bill, did you say 'errings?"

"Yes, I said 'errings."

"Drat it, I've been a-reckonin of mackerel all this 'ere time."—London Black and White.

Beneath Him.

"I didn't notice them at all. I don't care what they do."

"No?"

"No. They are beneath me."

"Yes?"

"Yes. If their flat was above me, of course it would be different."

There was reason in all things, not even excluding an apartment house.—Detroit Tribune.

Iron Foundations.

A new way of constructing a solid foundation for a tall building has been tried with success in Berlin. It was necessary to find a solid base sufficiently strong to carry a building weighing more than 10,000 tons. The plot of ground upon which the building was to stand was adjoined on both sides by high buildings, which rendered unsafe the digging to any depth for a foundation. The only way out of the difficulty was the sinking of a caisson in the center of the plot, upon the cemented top of which a hollow form of cement was built. Into this form molten iron was poured, filling up the space, and upon this cast iron foundation plate the understructure of the building now rests, while the side walls are supported by a cantalever structure. The full weight of the load upon the cast iron foundation is estimated at more than 20,000 tons.—New Ideas.

Apple Butter Like Grandmother's.

The first thing to do is to secure some good, sweet cider (apple cider) and boil it half away. This should be done the day before you expect to begin with the apples. I use a porcelain lined kettle that holds five gallons. Boil it half away and let it remain in the kettle overnight on the back of the stove. The advantage of this is it is warm and will begin cooking earlier. As soon as possible the next morning I begin and prepare the apples as for sauce and put into the cider all it will hold. Fill the pot full to the top, and as it cooks soft keep putting in more apples to keep the kettle full until it is quite thick and let cook slowly and stir very often, as it will burn very readily if it is over too hot a fire. It needs to be cooked a long time. I never finish mine in one day; simply move it back on the stove where it will not cook, but keep warm overnight. When it is done, it will be cooked away considerably and thick and dark like a jam or marmalade. Do not sweeten until nearly done, as it burns more quickly, and by cooking away as it does it might be too sweet. Use white sugar and sweeten to taste. I use no spices, as I consider they spoil the flavor of the cider and apples. If they are used, they should be of the very best and carefully added. This recipe keeps perfectly without being put up airtight. I put it in stone jars and tie a cloth over it merely to keep out dust.—Practical Farmer.

An Old Dog.

It is interesting to study the eccentricities of animals. Their freaks and fancies seem to make them almost human. A dear old collie who has been indulged in all sorts of ridiculous whims has recently taken upon himself to resent the habit of his master and mistress in sitting up late. When the dog considers that it is bedtime, he becomes restless and wanders about the room, looking ruefully at the offenders as much as to say, "Aren't you ever going to take your departure up stairs?" When he becomes convinced that his mute appeals are unheeded, he walks slowly to his accustomed corner and with a deep grunt of dissatisfaction settles himself ostensibly for the night. The funniest part of this performance is that he never spends the night in that corner, but the moment the lights are out and he feels sure of not being driven down stairs where he belongs he takes up his quarters at the top of the stairs leading to his master's bedroom. This same dog has as keen an appreciation of good cake as any human epicure. The wag of his tail when pound cake is given to him and the refusal of that tail to wag when sponge cake is offered tell the story as plainly as words.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Salute Your Wife.

Men do not take off their hats to each other. They nod. Many married women complain of their husbands' incivility in [illegible] to treat them with the politeness they show to their [illegible] married [illegible] remember marriage does not exempt them [illegible] their hats before meeting [illegible] morning bowing to their wives. This slight has often been the cause of a [illegible] of rebellion in the young wife, who sees in it a reason for fancying that her husband has ceased to care for her. He regards her as a belonging to him, [illegible] of the civilities of life are [illegible] because she is his. In the [illegible] way a wife should foster all those little ways of making him feel [illegible] she is still her Prince Charming. [illegible] is so often kept alive by these outward observances that are the harbingers of refinement that it behooves all to practice them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Grant's Crude Breakfast.

It was just before the battle of the Wilderness. The members of the headquarters mess assembled to partake of a early breakfast. The general made rather a singular meal preparatory to a day of hard fighting. He took a cucumber, sliced it, poured some vinegar over it and partook of nothing else except a cup of strong coffee. The first thing he did after rising from the table was to call for a fresh supply of cigars. His colored servant Bill brought him two dozen. After lighting one of them he filled his pockets with the rest. He then went over to the knoll and began to walk back and forth slowly upon the cleared portion of the ridge.—General Horace Porter in Century.

The Alps Will Be Washed Away.

The Alps, from a geological point of view, are very recent. Our Welsh hills, though comparatively speaking insignificant, are far more ancient. They had been mountains for ages and ages before the materials which now compose the Rigi or the Pilatus were deposited.

Indeed, we may say that it is because they are so old that they have been so much worn down. The Alps themselves are crumbling and being washed away, and if no fresh elevation takes place the time will come when they will be no loftier than Snowdon or Helvellyn.

They have already undergone enormous denudation, and it has been shown that from the summit of Mont Blanc some 10,000 or 12,000 feet of strata has been already removed. Denudation began as soon as the land rose above the sea and the main river valleys were excavated.—Pearson's Weekly.

Two Theories.

Fond Mother (in passenger car, with her children)—It just scared me when I read—Johnny, stop pulling flowers off the lady's bonnet!—when I read in the papers—Richard, you just keep your head in!—the paper the other day that—George, if you put your sticky hands on that lady's dress again, I'll thrash you!—the other day that a woman went crazy—Richard, don't you dare slap that little girl!—when I read that a woman went crazy just from the discomforts of the—Johnny, stop punching that gentleman!—of the journey in a railroad train. I wonder if she had children with her?

Lady (quietly)—Perhaps some other woman had?—New York Weekly.

Good Reason.

"You will pardon the question, I know, if you think it obtrusive," said the enterprising newspaper reporter as he talked through the prison bars to the captive train robber, "but why do you gentlemen always go through a train before breakfast?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you," replied the bandit, "seeing that I am likely to be out of the business for a year or two. We do that to get ahead of the dining car pirates."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Royal Phrasemaking.

Phrasemaking two or three generations ago played an important part in French politics. Louis XIV had a literary prompter who used to prime him with phrases and plan for him scenes such as would excite the people's admiration.

"Your majesty will soon be going to the races," said this prompter one day. "You will find a notary entering the bets of two princes of the blood. When you see him, sire, make the remark: 'What is the use of this man? Ought there to be written contracts between gentlemen? Their word should be enough.'"

The scene came off—the prompter saw to that—and the courtiers exclaimed: "What a happy thought! How kingly! That is his style."

Another scene, more likely to impress the populace, was planned by this prompter. A sledging pleasure party was arranged for the king. Just as it was about to start several carts passed by, carrying wood to the poor of Paris.

"These are my sledges," said Louis, pointing to the loaded carts, and he declined to join the party.

Talleyrand coined for Louis XVIII the remark which he was reported to have used on the day he entered Paris:

"There is nothing changed; only a Frenchman the more in Paris."

As a matter of fact, the king did not trouble himself to utter the phrase, but Talleyrand inserted it in the journals of the day that the people might flatter themselves that their king had forgotten the past, and consequently there would be no change.

Perhaps the most striking phrase uttered by a modern king was spoken by King Humbert a few years ago, when the cholera was raging in Naples. He had been invited by the municipality of Genoa to a banquet, which he declined in these words:

"Men are feasting at Genoa; men are dying at Naples. I go to Naples."—Youth's Companion.

Worth More Dead.

Sir Wemyss Reid tells a story redolent of a grim shrewdness characteristic of canny Novocastrians. There was a worthy, long since forgotten, in my time who was a proto[illegible] Rogue Riderhood in 'Our Mutual Friend.' He was known as Cuckoo Jack, and he lived upon the Tyne in a well patched old boat, picking up any trifle that came his way from a derelict to a corpse. One day an elderly and most estimable Quaker of Newcastle, in stepping from a river steamboat to the quay, slipped and fell into the stream. Cuckoo Jack was at hand with his boat and quickly rescued the luckless Friend and landed him dripping on the quay. The good man drew half a crown from his pocket and solemnly handed it to his preserver. Jack eyed the coin for a moment with a lack luster gaze, spat upon it solemnly 'for luck' and, having placed it safely in his pocket, said in a matter of fact tone to the soaked Quaker, "Man, ah'd hev gotten 5 shillin for takin ye to the deadhouse.'"—London Telegraph.

The Lion Sermon.

The annual "lion sermon," preached in the Church of St. Katharine Cree, Leadenhall street, London, has been preached annually in the same church for 251 years. Its origin is due to one Sir John Gayer, a former lord mayor of London, who, traveling in a wild part of Asia far in advance of his attendants, suddenly found himself alone and face to face with a lion. Being a pious man, Sir John fell on his knees and prayed God to protect him in his hour of need. The prayer was answered, for on rising Sir John saw the animal walking away. Considering his escape miraculous, on his return to London Sir John set aside a fund from the interest of which gifts were to be purchased for distribution to the poor on each succeeding anniversary and a sermon be preached to tell future generations how God heard his prayer and delivered him from the mouth of the lion.

Benson and Tom Mann.

A writer in Goodwill says that Tom Mann once accused the clergy of not sympathizing with the poor. Archbishop Benson, hearing of this, invited him to Lambeth and taxed him with it. Going up to the bookshelf he took down a book and began reading. "This," said the archbishop, "is written by a clergyman. What do you think of it?" "Oh, that's all right," said Tom Mann. "Who wrote it?" "I did," said the archbishop, somewhat triumphantly, presenting him with the book. The book was "Christ and His Times," and the passage which the archbishop read was from the chapter on "Suffering Populations." Tom Mann often made use of the book at socialist meetings.

Birds' Calls.

There are many birds of which the male and female have the same call, such as the raven, the rook, the New Zealand parson bird and the gull, and to the highly cultivated musical ear a difference in pitch may be perceived which would escape the ordinary observer. With the true songsters there is little difference in the vocal organs of the two sexes, although the males of most species sing better and more continuously than the females.

HORSES AND RIDERS.

Blue Sign is now owned in Providence.

Woodshed, 2:10¼, is to be sold at auction.

Pactolus, 2:12¾, is one of the coming western sires.

It is stated that W. F. Steele has retired from the turf.

George Spears will drive for N. W. Hubinger next season.

Belle K. has been turned out for the winter and will be raced again next year.

It is said that Mr. Tewksbury was prepared to pay $25,000 for John R. Gentry.

Andy McDowell denies that he intends to forsake the trotters for the runners.

Dick Roche, the Canadian driver, will have the handling of Reddy, 2:22½, next year.

Beulah P., 2:17¼, by Strathbridge, will likely be campaigned by Pat Shank next year.

Democracy, 2:20, the great pacing gelding, was sired by Happy Partner, a son of Happy Medium.

V. L. Shuler is wintering L. L. D., 2:09, and Oencone, 2:11¼, and will be out with them next year.

Justice In the Rough.

"We used to call him the cactus edition of Blackstone," said the major, who had lived in Texas long enough to make a fortune, "and the blind-eyed goddess never had a more peculiar representative. The law never bothered him a bit, but he reverenced equity. He had a dignity all his own, but never allowed it to interfere with his love of a joke.

"'How old are you?' asked one of the lawyers of a venerable spinster on the stand.

"'I was born in '45,' she snapped.

"'B. C. or A. D.?' quickly asked the judge. And the mature maiden disowned her brother because he would not challenge the court.

"'Is this your first offense?' he asked of a convicted horse thief.

"'On being assured that it was, the judge said, 'Then I will only give you 99 years instead of 100, as I would have done had you been an old offender.'

"A miller had bought ten barrels of apples from a farmer and brought action to recover on a claim that the barrels were undersized, causing him a loss of three bushels on the deal.

"'How did you get the barrels?' asked the court of the farmer.

"'Bought them full of flour from the miller.'

"Whereupon the court gave the farmer a verdict and taxed the costs against the miller."—Detroit Free Press.

A Hygienic Restaurant.

A suggestion worthy of all praise is put forth by a contemporary journal for ladies. It is to the effect that somebody should start a restaurant in which the waiters should be instructed to refuse to serve any sequence of dishes which obviously make for indigestion. One can easily believe that the world would be the better, the healthier, the happier, if this proposal were widely carried out. Men have been known, for instance, to wash down oysters with brandy and water, but they have always been sorry for it afterward. Students at the British museum have been observed to drink tea with veal and ham pie, and their studies have suffered from the combination. The world, in short, is full of middle aged men who would enjoy their middle age ever so much better if in their youth they had found their way to restaurants where snob delicacies, as veal and ham pie, dressed crab, lobster, mayonnaise and cucumber were only to be procured upon production of a medical certificate of fitness to receive them.—London Graphic.

Dead Man's Claim.

Among the rich mines of Leadville is one called Dead Man's Claim. It seems a certain popular miner had died, and his friends, having decided to give him a good send off, hired a man for $20 to act as sexton. It was in the midst of winter, there was ten feet of snow on the ground and the grave had to go six feet below that. The gravedigger sallied forth into the snow, depositing the corpse for safe keeping in a drift, and for three days nothing was heard from him. A delegation sent to find the fellow discovered him digging away with all his might, but found also the intended grave converted into the entrance of a shaft. Striking the earth, it seems he had found pay rock worth $60 a ton. The delegation at once staked out claims adjoining his, and the deceased was forgotten. Later in the season, the snow having melted, his body was found and given an ordinary burial in another part of the camp.—Boston Journal.

[illegible] counting [illegible] vote for president, Bryan had 64,[illegible]935, McKinley 18,[illegible] and Palmer 21.

Herrmann, the celebrated magician, died practically penniless, after having made many thousands of dollars a year. Extravagant living and disastrous speculations did it.

Many prominent business associations, including the Baltimore board of trade, the Vicksburg cotton exchange and other like bodies, are passing resolutions strongly condemning the action of the senate committee on the Cuban question.

The Southern Pacific west bound train was held up in Texas by masked men a day or two ago, but the time lock on the express car safe saved the treasure.

Time For Theorizing Past.

Bloobumper—Before you were married you had a theory that two could live as cheaply as one. What is your opinion now on that subject?

McBride—It is a condition, and not a theory, which confronts me now.—Waterbury.

Almost every man in America has some digestive trouble. When men meet, the greeting usually is "Well how are you?" That develops health talk. The man who has no stomach or bowel trouble is almost a curiosity. Trouble is men take no care of themselves. They work as if their bodies were made of iron and their brains of steel. They eat as if they had copper stomachs and bowels of brass. By and by, overworked nature rebels. Then come headaches, nervousness, bad blood, liver and kidney troubles; health goes and strength goes. It is really wonderful how much abuse the human body will stand! It is equally wonderful how quickly it will recover from abuse if one helps in a rational, natural way.

It was to give just such help that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets were prepared. They are for constipation and torpid liver, and in curing those derangements—cure many complications and resultant diseases, such as sick and bilious headache, dizziness, sour stomach, loss of appetite, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. They are mild in action—merely supplementing nature. They are the result of years of study and experience, and there is nothing else like them—nothing so effective. If your druggist tries to sell you something else he is either ignorant or makes more money out of the other thing.

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For all diseases caused by derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, and Stomach.

Keep it always in the house and you will save time and Doctor's Bills, and have at hand an active, harmless and perfectly safe purgative, alterative and tonic.

If you feel dull, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or biliousness, and SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR will cure you.

If you have eaten anything hard to digest, or feel heavy after meals or sleepless at night, a dose of SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR will relieve you and bring pleasant sleep.

If at any time you feel your system needs cleansing and regulating without violent purging, take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR.

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PM			AM
4:30 P. M.	LV. Portland	AR.	5:15 A. M.
11:00 P. M.	LV. Grants Pass	LV.	5:35 P. M.
11:45 P. M.	AR. San Francisco	LV.	7:00 P. M.

Above trains stop at East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Turner, Marion, Jefferson, Albany, Cottage Grove, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Eugene, Creswell, Drain, and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive.

Roseburg Mail Daily.

8:30 A. M.	LV. Portland	AR.	4:40 P. M.
12:34 P. M.	LV. Albany	LV.	1:15 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	AR. Roseburg	LV.	8:00 A. M.

Salem Passenger Daily.

4:00 P. M.	LV. Portland	AR.	10:15 A. M.
8:15 P. M.	AR. Salem	LV.	6:00 A. M.

DINING CARS ON OGDEN ROUTE.
Pullman Buffet Sleepers
— and —
SECOND CLASS SLEEPING CARS
Attached to all through trains

West Side Division between Portland and Corvallis.

MAIL TRAIN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).

7:30 A. M.	LV. Portland	AR.	6:20 P. M.
12:15 P. M.	AR. Corvallis	LV.	1:35 P. M.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Or. Central & Eastern Ry.

EXPRESS TRAIN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).

4:45 P. M.	LV. Portland	AR.	8:25 A. M.
7:35 P. M.	AR. McMinnville	LV.	5:00 A. M.

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