Hawk-Eyetems.

There's nothing gives stone to the stomach like ripe cherries, swallowed whole.

"But I will not linger upon this point," as the preacher said when he sat down on the carpet tack.

There's bound to be trouble in this old country yet. They are Taunton Massachusetts and Macon Georgia mad.

"This is no choke," as the prisoner said when the sheriff was adjusting the noose. But he lied, for it was.

"Crab cider" and "medicated lemonade" are cautiously creeping into the ice cream saloons of the anti-license towns in Iowa.

If this kind of weather will only keep up a few weeks longer, the regular annual Charles Francis Adams boom may begin to thaw out.

"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance;" strawberries, perhaps, are a trifle cheaper, but then you can't get them on such a long time.

A convention of shooting clubs is announced to be held at Dallas, Texas, some time this month. The dispatch doesn't say who they are going to shoot.

All through the month of May there were continually growing and recurring doubts in the minds of men, whether the man who eats onions can go to heaven.

One of our exchanges has a long healing article entitled, "The cry of the demagogue." We have read the article carefully and think it was correctly headed.

"How," asks the *Mercury*, "can boys be kept from the streets at night?" Well, moving the billiard parlor and the variety theater into the back yard would be a pretty good way.

Bismarck says, "Beer makes men stupid, lazy and impotent." Bismarck can say that in safety; but just suppose, for one moment, that any of the rest of us had said it? Whew!

We never could understand why a light rain could make a tree look heavy. P. S.—And what's more, it doesn't, but a fellow has to say something smart, even though his regard for the truth compels him to take it back in the next line.

Paul Boyton successfully floated from Oil City down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, and now, if some man wants to just cut Captain Boyton's comb down close, let him float from New Orleans up to Oil City. Then there will be music in the air.

A cipher dispatch has just been intercepted and translated, from which it appears that it is Mr. Tilden's intention, if elected president, to plunge the country into the horrors of spelling school again. Men and brethren, away with this enemy to the public peace.

How foolishly asks that charming old poem, in the very first stanza:

"Where, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come."

Most of them will be dead, but the few hens that survive at that time will be most awfully tough.

The rapid approach of the long vacation has a hilarious influence on the minds and actions of the pupils of the public schools, and the boy who was a model of decorum the first few weeks of the term, flow spends the greater part of his time getting up off the teacher's ruler.

"My only and sufficient excuse for being," said the tall tramp with the bow legs and one eye, "is my personal beauty." And it would astonish the vagabond if he could go into the best society and find how many men have the same excuse, or about the same foundation for existence.

There were only sixty-seven opera houses open in Italy this season. We thought there had been an unusual amount of Italian operatic talent imported into this country during the past year. Nearly every town has had at least one artist who could play selections from "Norma" on a hand organ.

"Stick to one thing," says the New York *Herald*, "until it is done, and well done." The man who wrote that must have been inspired by watching the tenacity of purpose which inspires a spoonful of tar on a pine board, going its level best to overshadow the bright prosperity of the afterguard of an unwary pair of linen pantaloons.

A West Hill nun sat up one night till two o'clock in the morning, throwing poker dice with a fellow from Nebraska City, and then when they rose to go, and the West Hiller felt that all that he had was the mash, he smiled coldly, and in low, sweet tones, more in sorrow than in anger, remarked that "he didn't know they were loaded."

A new paper announces that its readers "will find it full of vim, vinegar and vitriol." Not very much of an inducement for people to take the paper. They can find quite as much vim in the meanest mule that ever lifted a dashboard, vinegar they can get in any quantity at the grocery, and the drug store is the proper place to go for vitriol.

A budding poet down in Keokuk country sends us his "first song" which begins,

"I'm lonely to-night, for the friends of my childhood,
Are sleeping, they dreamlessly sleep in the bed."

Well, that's all right, don't disturb them. You wouldn't want them to sleep under the bed, would you?

We cannot all travel. It may be denied many of us to see with our own eyes the glories and wonders of the Yosemite, but we can all go down to Main street and gaze enthralled upon the gorgeous sublimity of the new circus posters. We observe that so much more flowing gore has been allotted to the tiger this summer, that the young lady about to jump through the banner has been compelled to go short on clothes.

The other day a West Hill woman found a large, dark bottle, worth about a pint, in the closet, and she immediately took it down and jerked out the cork to see what there was in it. She smelt it vigorously for a second and then, unable to determine just what it was, she tipped the bottle very cautiously, but before it was more than half turned over the little green snake that her son had stowed away in that bottle, shot out and dropped into her extended hand, and the curtain went down on a most magnificent transformation scene, red lights burning on one side and green at the other, grand overture by the orchestra, trumpets sounding the flourish behind the scenes, and the full force of the entire ballet before the footlights. Long before the police could break in the front door, the snake got away.

Sharks.

The shark is a brute, cowardly, voracious, stupid, beneath contempt, but, unfortunately, not beneath dread. Not a year, indeed hardly a month passes, but a shark spoils a British ship of one or more of her crew. While the vessel is in the harbor, or riding in the offing, a man falls overboard, or is capsized from a boat, or attempts to swim ashore, and is torn to pieces by sharks, within sound of human voices and within sight of help.

The *Alex Dawie*, of Liverpool, recently returned to the Mersey, has duly recorded in her log a terrible catastrophe of this kind. She was anchored on a small river known as the Probolingo, on the coast of Java, and one of the crew, a Welshman, by the name of Owen, went with four others to bathe. They were all good swimmers, and Owen, who was the most skillful, had ventured some little distance from the vessel, when he was suddenly heard to utter a piercing shriek. A large shark, rising suddenly from the bottom, had bitten him immediately below the fifth rib, and literally torn him to pieces. A rope was thrown to him, but his injuries were so terrible that he immediately sank. His companions escaped, unharmed, but of Owen's body no trace was recovered. The shark which slew that hapless man, we are told, judged to be some fifteen feet in length. Such dimensions are not at all unusual in the Javanese seas.

The size of the shark has been immensely exaggerated, but as to the dangerous nature of the creature, there can be no manner of doubt. Ancient mariners are prone to long stories, which it is their delight to dress up and magnify. Tales are told of sharks that have reached thirty, thirty-five, forty, and even fifty feet. We may take such measurements for what they are worth.

The teeth of the shark no doubt are very terrible. They are ranged row behind row, and the muscles of its jaws are of enormous strength. But they are fitted for rending and lacerating rather than for cutting or severing. Their action is not that of shears, but rather of the harrow or scarifier.

A shark of ten feet, or even eight, will seize a man by the thigh and strip the flesh from his leg down to the heel, or, with a firm grasp of the limb, and a powerful twist of its body in the water, it may possibly tear the leg out of the socket. Such an injury, of course, is as instantly fatal as if the assailant had cut his victim in two. There is no need to exaggerate the size of the shark, for a small shark, if hungry, is practically as dangerous as a large one.

Any old fisherman knows that a dogfish will attack a cod or a ling twice its size, and, with five or six well directed bites, tear it to pieces. It is thus that a shark deals with a man. Following him, and descending below him, it rolls over, and mounting, with its jaws uppermost, inflicts a wound sufficiently deadly to cause instant collapse. It is the old story of the wolf attacking the deer or the buffalo.

Indeed, the highly colored stories among sailors as to the size, strength and voracity of the shark, do much to create a dangerous sense of security. When a ship is swinging at anchor in the tropics, the hands will think nothing of venturing overboard for a plunge, if such few sharks as are seen about are little, if any, bigger than a man; or, late at night, they will drop noiselessly over the side and swim ashore. Their simple faith is, that unless a shark be large enough to almost swallow a man whole, he will not attack him; while it is also part of the forecastle creed that the shark sleeps at night.

Many an English sailor has paid the penalty of his life for rashness of this kind; and the ignorance current among sailors, of the shark and its habits, is, when we remember how the brute swarms in tropical seas, something almost astonishing. The old story of the two pilot-fish which always accompany the shark, and guide him to his prey, is still gravely repeated, and as gravely believed. It is also an article of nautical faith that the shark knows when there is a dying man on board ship, and will follow the vessel for miles, guided by some sinister and almost demoniacal instinct. As a matter of fact there are always pilot fish to be seen in the wake of a vessel, only that they are not noticed unless a shark in their company calls attention to them; while a shark will, for reasons of his own, invariably follow a vessel, whether there be a sick man in it or not.

The shark is not so much the tiger as the vulture of the sea. He is a cowardly, stupid, voracious fish, discharging the functions of a marine scavenger. In the tropics he hangs around the harbor mouth, gorging himself on any offal that may come in his way; and he follows ships for the same reason, snapping up every "unconsidered trifle" that may be thrown overboard, from a mouldy biscuit or a piece of putrid pork, to a condemned jacket or a pair of worn-out boots.

Like the vulture, he hesitates to attack anything with life in it; but if hungry, becomes for the time possessed of courage not his own. We shall never exterminate him, and his presence in tropical waters must always remain a constant source of danger. Meantime he has at least the merit, that wherever he may be found, he affords a certain rough species of sport. There is no better fun than fishing for a shark with a hook the size of a pitch-fork, and a huge piece of pork by way of bait. Harpooning the creature is also exciting amusement, although seldom practiced. Of late years, too, the shark has been hunted in novel and scientific ways. There is no better form of rifle practice than to shoot at him over the stern with explosive bullets. If you miss him, he still follows on. If he is hit a great hole is rent in him; he rolls slowly over on his back, displaying his cruel, gaping jaws, and vast expanse of white under surface, and his brother sharks, coming up from around, quarrel and dispute fraternally over the carcass.

Best, however, of all modes of the shark chase, because most scientific, and consequently most amusing, is that recently adopted in the English navy, of combining torpedo drill with shark fishery. A miniature torpedo is inclosed in a bait or junk of pork, and lowered with proper care. The battery is duly charged, and at the moment that the huge fish seizes, and, as the pike-fisher would say, "pouches" the tempting morsel, the circuit is completed. The effect is instantaneous. The head and jaws of the monster are blown into fragments, and a bubbling circle in the water marks the spot where, a few seconds before, his dorsal fin was showing above the waves.—*Waverley.*

Queen Victoria and Her Daughters.

Queen Victoria and two of the English princesses are thus beautifully characterized by his Excellency Vice-Admiral Pothuan, Ambassador of the French Republic to the Court of St. James: "Youth can dissimulate. Advanced age cannot. The history of the elderly man or woman's life is always written on the face, and there is no means that I know of to attenuate the record. Queen Victoria was pretty, then comely, and would now be decidedly plain were it not for the impress her physiognomy bears of a virtuous and holy (*saintly*) existence. She has not the English love of action. A sense of duty alone keeps her in the world of reality. To be truly happy she must suffer herself to drift into dreamland. A lade in her confidence told me that beautiful scenery has the effect on her Majesty's imagination which the hand of a musician has on the keyboard of a piano. The expression of the Queen's eye is vague and dreamy, unless when she is addressing somebody who—like your very humble servant—has been just presented to her. It then is sweet, animated, and, above everything else, honest. I cannot think how a knavish-minded person could support her frank, open gaze. They tell me she has the gift of divining spirits. As a matter of fact she has nearly always shown discernment in forming friendships and in placing her confidence. The Princess Beatrice is small and fair. She gives me the idea of being in poor health and without stamina. Her sister, the Princess Christian, would be one of the handsomest women in England were she a little taller and much less stout. She came up with her babies from Frogmore when I was at the castle. Her life is placid and beautiful as the scenes in the midst of which she lives. It has the dignity, softness, richness and calm of the Windsor landscape. The Princess is the most skilled needlewoman in England. She is also a musician of superior excellence, and a wonderful housewife and farmer. Her poultry-yard and dairy are models of excellent management. Not the least of her talents is one for cooking. Every day, when the Queen is at Windsor, she prepares with her own hands a dish for her lunch which is sent up to the castle in a Norwegian apparatus for keeping it hot. The children of the Princess are well grown and robust. The Queen seems a most loving grandmother. She neither hides nor parades the womanly sentiments in the exercise of which she has found her greatest happiness."

Polly and Her Prisoner.

A few years since Sammie Hicks dressed himself in blue and went to the war.

He had but a short distance to go, for his regiment was camped so near his mother's house that she could plainly hear the bugle sound that called him to duty.

He had been with his company but a few hours, when Polly Parrot, his old friend and pet, flew into camp, and lighted upon his shoulders.

"Oh, Polly," said Sammie, "is it you? Well, tell us, Polly, what are your politics?"

"Hurrah for old Abe," shouted Polly.

The soldiers were greatly amused. One after another would step up and repeat the question, "Polly, what are your politics?" and the same answer was invariably given, "Hurrah for old Abe."

It is not strange that in a short time Polly became the pet of the whole regiment. The soldiers were often heard to say that her feathers should be blue instead of green, for she was loyal to the core.

There was no soldier in the regiment more attentive to military drill than Polly. Perched upon a high pole in the center of the parade ground, she would watch with evident delight the whole proceedings.

But she soon ceased to be a silent spectator, and became very troublesome by taking it upon herself to issue orders. This amused the soldiers, but often it greatly provoked the officers.

But there came a change to the quiet camp. Soldiers in gray were becoming their neighbors, and sending out their scouts in all directions.

Sammie was one day guarding one of the outposts, when he was surprised and wounded, and, as the enemy thought, left upon the ground to die.

Not long after this, a Confederate officer was dashing past the place, and Polly, who was perched upon the limb of a tree, screamed "Halt!"

The officer stopped instantly, but hearing nothing more, was about to proceed, when Polly again bade him halt.

Again he stopped, and after a moment, asked, "Who are you?"

"Pretty Poll, Pretty Poll," answered his captor.

The officer put his spurs into his horse, and rode away saying some words that I will not recall.—*Youth's Companion.*

UTAH ANTS.—Among the many curiosities of Utah, the red and black ant is excelled by none. One of there ants, weighing only one-fourth of a grain, troy, can draw four grains, or sixteen times its own weight, with apparent ease. As a warrior, its courage is wonderful. The other day I witnessed an attack of four ants, one after another, on a green worm, and each retired from the conflict badly wounded, the worm resisting the attack vigorously. The wounded ants meeting companions, reported their troubles, and soon seven ants were seen advancing in a line of battle on his wormship, when a hard battle took place. The worm made frantic efforts to relieve himself, but all in vain. In one minute from the time of attack, the worm was lifeless, the ants still holding to him. I placed them in water, when to all appearances they became lifeless, but still held their grip on the worm. I then placed them in the warm rays of the sun for ten minutes, when they were all right again, and hauled their victim off to their hill.

A French duel resulted fatally the other day. The horses of one of the duelists ran away as he was returning from the frontier, and killed him. This ought to moderate the French enthusiasm for dueling.

Belts are again in fashion.

DROPSY AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS are certainly cured by Dr. Jayne's Alterative. It stimulates the absorbents into healthy action, whereby all watery or calcareous depositions are gradually but surely carried off. It also increases the power of digestion, and imparts renewed vigor to the whole system, thus removing all danger of a relapse.

A Matter of Interest to Travelers.

Tourists, emigrants and mariners find that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicinal safeguard against unhealthful influences, upon which they can implicitly rely, since it prevents the effects that an unhealthy climate, vitiated atmosphere, unaccustomed or unwholesome diet, bad water, or other conditions unfavorable to health, would otherwise produce. On long voyages, or journeys by land in latitudes adjacent to the equator, it is especially useful as a preventive of the febrile complaints and disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, which are apt to attack natives of the temperate zones sojourning or traveling in such regions, and is an excellent protection against the influence of extreme cold, sudden changes of temperature, exposure to damp or extreme fatigue. It not only prevents intermittent and remittent fever, and other diseases of a malarial type, but eradicates them, a fact which has been notorious for years past in North and South America, Mexico, the West Indies, Australia and other countries.

SPIRITUALISM.

Extraordinary Manifestations Wrought by a Writing Medium.—Mysterious Slate Writing.—Spirits that are Fond of Music.—A Wonderful Music Box Controlled by Unseen Influences.

"Is there a spirit world?" significantly asked Charles Beecher in his recently published work entitled "Spirit Manifestations." Assuming an affirmative response from the majority of the human race—but few disbelieving in a future existence of some kind—as a natural outgrowth to this, arises the question: "Do the inhabitants of that sphere communicate with their friends in this world?" If so, what methods do they employ? Modern spiritualism answers both these latter queries very emphatically; the former in the affirmative, the latter through peculiarly organized beings, susceptible to their influences, known as spirit mediums. When the term

MODERN SPIRITUALISTS

is used it embraces no unimportant portion of society, for, however much the skeptic may ridicule or scoff at it, the fact remains unchanged that a belief in spirit communication is entertained by a large proportion of men and women of the highest intelligence and culture.

With a view of investigating this subject an attache of the *Post* recently called on Mrs. E. W. Lennett, who, in the exercise of her peculiar gifts in this profession, stands in the foremost rank of spirit mediums on the globe, at her new residence, No. 817 Bush street, San Francisco. What we witnessed there is here given the readers of the *Post* without bias, prejudice or comment, leaving them perfectly free to draw their own conclusions. This medium is a lady of commanding figure, with a finely formed and well developed intellectual head, keen, bright, sparkling eyes and a pleasant, frank, open countenance. The particular

PHASE OF HER MEDIUMSHIP

is independent slate writing, though she also claims the gifts of seeing spirit forms and hearing spirit voices, commonly known as clairvoyance and clairaudience. The seance was given in a well lighted parlor of her residence, the furniture of which consisted of an elegant parlor suite, including a walnut center table. The center table was ornamented with a music box, with a capacity of six or seven tunes, to cheer the spirits with its notes on their return to this world. The floor was richly carpeted, and nothing in or about the room indicated any previously prepared system for the development of spirit manifestations. Having previously witnessed the various other phases of so-called spirit manifestations, the investigator requested a seance for

INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING.

The medium took a seat at the table, wound up the music box and requested her visitor to also take a seat at the table. A request to be permitted to examine the construction of the table was readily and cheerfully granted him, and the examination revealed nothing out of the ordinary style of manufacture. An ordinary school slate lay upon the table, and was then given to the incredulous visitor for his inspection which was also critically performed, without making any mysterious or unusual discovery. After carefully obliterating every vestige of a mark with a moist sponge, the slate was returned to the medium, who placed a small piece of common slate pencil, not more than one-eighth of an inch in length on it, and, holding it in her left hand, passed it under the table, while the writer, at her request, took one end of the slate in his right hand. The left hand of the writer and the right hand of the medium were then placed on the table, while the music box, which had previously been "turned loose," kept up the tunes of "The Bottom of the Punch Bowl," "The Spirit of the Ball," and other popular airs highly appropriate to spirit ears. In less time than it takes to write it the pencil could be distinctly heard grating over the surface of the slate, apparently waltzing to the tune of the music box. The slate was then passed from under the table to the full view of the visitor, where the pencil could be seen gliding in graceful curves over its surface, leaving in its wake clearly defined white lines. After watching its evolutions for a short time it suddenly stopped, with a thud, as though it had dropped on the slate from a height of several feet, when the medium informed her now thoroughly interested visitor that the communication was ended. The slate was then taken from the position in which it had been held under the table, and handed over to him for his inspection. And to his utter astonishment it was found to contain a communication written in a very clear, bold hand, with the exception of the signature, which was not as clear and distinct as the rest. The communication commenced, "My dear friend," and the skeptical visitor, perfectly surprised at the phenomenon, naturally enough had his curiosity aroused as to the name of this unknown and invisible friend who should address him in such a sociable and, still, mysterious manner. The interest in the phenomenon now passed to that of the signature, and after many vain attempts to decipher it the slate was was laid aside and another one taken and placed in the same position, when the medium requested the unseen writer to try and improve his chirography sufficiently to be legible.

THE PENCIL AGAIN STRUCK INTO TIME

On the slate to the tune of a familiar schottische from the music box, when, after a few turns, it again as suddenly stopped with the peculiar thud as before, and, to his greater surprise, the visitor witnessed on the slate the familiar name of a deceased uncle. A very peculiar feature of this phenomenon is the fact that the person whose name appeared here, during his life was in the habit of writing the body of all his correspondence in a plain and distinct hand, while his signature would be an extended scrawl of slightly curvilinear marks, so that the person addressed, unless previously notified of its prospective arrival, or informed in some other manner of its authorship, was at sea, without rudder, compass or sails, as to its identity.

The writer had undertaken this private seance, convinced in his own mind that the so-called spirit manifestations were but a clever stroke of legerdemain, as well as of his sagacity and ability to detect it; but his previously formed convictions in this direction have met with a severe backset. In the first place, he had confidently expected the performance to take place in the dark, where the movements of the medium could not be distinctly seen, but, instead of which, not only was the room well lighted by the ample uncurtained windows, through which the sun poured a flood of golden light, but the slate itself was not even concealed from view, and the tiny pencil could be seen gliding over its surface, forming every stroke and curve of the well formed letters. Again, he expected that the communications, if any were received, would be written in a hurried and only semi-legible manner, through some sleight-of-hand of the medium, or prepared by her beforehand in some mysterious way, and in either case to have, if any, some signature attached with which he was entirely unacquainted. In short, he anticipated the shadow without the substance, the phenomenon alone; instead of which, he found the writing clear, deliberate, distinct; saw the pencil move on the slate, and found a signature the name of a relative, the existence of whom either in the spirit or physical world the medium must necessarily have been profoundly ignorant of. Let philosophers explain, if they can, the coincidence between the way this signature first came on the slate, and that in which the one who bore the name, which on a second trial appeared, was accustomed to write it while in the physical body. Let scientists solve, if they can, how communication or name appeared on the slate. What mysterious, invisible power propelled this inanimate, inert piece of mineral in correct and measured lines over the slate, with sufficient pressure to leave its traces in perfectly distinct outlined letters, and those letters arranged with precision into words, and the words again into intelligent, grammatical phrases and sentences. Is it

A DEMONSTRATION OF THE WONDERFUL MAGNETIC INFLUENCE

And power which mind exerts over matter? Did the medium, by some process of mind reading, divine the thoughts of her visitor, and by a powerful exercise of will, command this inert body to write them? But the thoughts passing through his mind and those appearing on the slate had not the remotest connection. The reader is left to form his own theory, or investigate the subject for himself.

The medium next took a smaller slate, after winding up the music box, and, with the small piece of pencil, placed them within the music box, when both the medium's and her visitor's hands were placed on the top of the box. Presently, above the sound of music from within, could again be heard the familiar grating of the pencil as before; and, when it ceased and the slate was removed, the latter was found to contain nearly its entire side covered with writing. The medium, then sitting in front and in full view of her visitor, placed the slate on top of her head, holding the ends of it in her hands, and requested the asking of any questions, which was done receiving written responses on the slate. During all the time these mysterious manifestations were being given, the medium remained in a perfectly normal and natural condition, no convulsive movements of hands or arms being visible, and sufficient conversation was held to demonstrate that the medium's mind was not specially concentrated on the manifestations. The next thing undertaken was a demonstration of spirit power. The music box was again brought into requisition, and after being again wound up and the lid closed, the medium placed her hands on the top of the box and requested her

INVISIBLE COMPANIONS

To stop its music. In a very few seconds the notes began to come perceptibly slower, until they came straggling along at intervals "for all the world" as if the machine was troubled with somnolence. Slower and slower still—intervals of several seconds intervening between the notes—and finally the music ceased altogether, and the medium removed her hands from the box. In spite of the irregular and unnatural way it stopped, the thought occurred that the machine had naturally run down, or been stopped by some secret spring, and the still incredulous visitor suggested such an agency. The medium, however, laughed at his skepticism, and moving entirely out of reach of the box and folding her arms, requested the unseen agents to permit the music to proceed. Whether from a disinclination to obey her whims in every particular, or merely from a disposition of coquetry, two or three minutes elapsed before the request was complied with, when the refrain was again taken up at the point broken off, and proceeded with at a rapidity, apparently to make up for lost time. This operation was repeated two or three times before the instrument stopped itself from the uncoil of the spring. As before stated, the actual occurrences are here accurately related, without any attempt to explain them by any natural or supernatural laws, leaving the reader the performance of that task according to the inclinations of his own mind.—*S. F. Evening Post.*

Without a Peer.

The brightest, newiest, most spicy, and withal the most substantial and valuable weekly paper published on the Pacific Coast is unquestionably the San Francisco WEEKLY CHRONICLE. Its large size, its correspondence from every quarter of the globe, the originality and decision of its opinions, and its prominent features, have earned for enumeration, place it without a peer in the ranks of western journalism. In every department it shines. Its wide and growing circulation fully warranted by its sterling merits.

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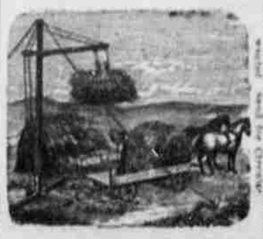

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