

VOL. 18.—NO. 10.

Manchester Enterprise... Desirable Medium for Advertisers.

Villa e Officers... BOARD OF EDUCATION met on call of the Director.

Churches... CATHOLIC (St. Mary's) Rev. J. Staudt, Priest.

Notaries... C. TAYLOR, Notary at Residence, on call at residence.

Physicians... A. TAYLOR, M.D., Office at residence, on call at residence.

Miscellaneous... CHARLES YOUNG, Notarial Artist, engraving, stamping, letter cutting, etc.

Auctioneer... S. B. FAY, Licensed Auctioneer, Sole Agent for the sale of real estate.

THE STORY TELLER... HOME FROM ABROAD.

How happy the reception home... How soft the welcome home.

HER CHIEF ODDITY... "Please try to tell me just how I was sitting before mamma called me, Jamie, for I was sitting so deliciously comfortable."

"I tried to recall to my mind's eye the exact position which my odd 'cousin' had enjoyed prior to the interruption, and partially succeeded."

"But truly, Jamie, didn't you ever happen to go into a lovely comfortable position and long to keep it, and be disgusted by the way you made yourself so comfortable?"

"Why do you smile?" she demurred suddenly. "I was thinking what a funny arrangement you would make under certain circumstances, carrying out your hobby. How long ago did your parrot die?"

"No, dear, I was only jesting; I meant to say I took it back for I fear you are right, Jamie, with all my fondness, I am dreadfully material, horribly fickle, and I dread it. I should love to feel capable of being infinitely faithful to one creature; or to be able to deeply mourn some one as long as I live."

"Well, well, I'll die to please you, and you shall mourn me, child." "After this I seemed to like Juliet even better than ever, and we parted as friends."

"No, you can never take his place, Jamie dear, and you won't care to, I think."

ordinary claim on her affections, being the only son of her step-father, and with no real relation between them. She had always called me her brother, and was bigly indignant when I refused to consent to be a nearer relation than cousin."

When I left her the next time, two weeks had passed. I found Juliet with the same wearing the same colors and styles, and surrounded by a cluster of similar satellites. When I entered I noticed the same spangled tagging at her footstep. He responded to my call of his name, but not with the signs of pleased recognition I had expected of him.

"Why, how should he know you?—he is a new Tag. Dear old Tag died soon after you left, and I got a new one immediately, and isn't he the perfect facsimile, Jamie?" delightedly. For the first time in my life her speech made a feeling of cold unpleasantness.

"I was thinking of changes," and names. "What changes?—in dogs, and names?" "Well, yes; I do so hate any change. Oh, Jamie, if you could only guess how unhappy it makes me to miss the smallest thing to which I am accustomed; and so I get 'similar ones' to fill the gaps."

"And now this one fits in his niche?" "Yes." "And when you win and wed a poor wretch of a fellow, if you are left a charming young widow, you will look about for a new victim, as much to marry, for you are so possible, and a man, because he is so like the other one, and you hate changes?"

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turned her future husband tall and slim, and very fair, the fair British type. That was the thought I ever gave him. My twelfth birthday passed, and no letter came from Juliet, but I heard that her marriage was soon to take place, and I received a politely worded little invitation to attend, written in her own hand, but not in her own style, but cool and odd. This was the first prior to the time I was to leave home.

Then I thought of the man who had claimed the one I knew I had loved, and I felt a choke in my voice when I murmured "Poor young fellow," and pictured my pretty young sister in her grieved over her gallant young lover. I sat down then and wrote her a letter of condolence, probably the only letter I ever wrote to her in my life.

"It is a delicate compliment to Tag No. 1 to so promptly hit his place!" I asked. "Most assuredly." "You're a queer, cold little wretch!" I said, bluntly, and putting the second canine slave, and calling him studiously by another name, I left her alone in the room. But I soon came back, apologized for my behavior, and after that I enjoyed my short vacation as I could only wish for. She was more diverting than a novel, and as entertaining as a woman can be.

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Naples and Her People. No one who has had any acquaintance with the life of the poorer classes in Naples can wonder at the ravages the cholera is making in that city. Large numbers of families are there pent up together, in high and narrow houses, which inclose a filthy court, with very inadequate ventilation, with hardly water enough to shake their dirt, and without any of the conveniences that decency seems to us to demand. We have high sanitary authorities for stating that many parts of the town are in a worse condition than the lowest London slums; and from our own inspection, we are inclined to believe that life in many of the fondled alleys of the poorer districts would be simply impossible were it not for the gentility of the climate, which permits to much of almost every day to be spent in the open air.

The tourist drives quickly through the Mercato and the Vicaria; he has no wish to mount the filthy stairs and glance into the squalid and overcrowded rooms to which they lead. Indeed, it might be accompanied by an agent of the police, who is sure to be regarded with suspicious and hostile eyes, or by one of the priests who have succeeded in gaining the personal confidence of this outcast part of their flock. It is not strange, therefore, that when an epidemic breaks out, a horror and sudden light on the faces of those who have hitherto ignored it should gaze on it, and forget how much has been done to alleviate it during the last ten or fifteen years. The sanitary condition of Naples is still, beyond all question, worse than that of any English town. The English town of Naples has of late done a progress for the benefit of the poorer part of the population; broad streets, that let in the sunshine and the sea-breeze, have been opened up through the most crowded districts; and, though the houses are still the same, the air is more purified, and it is more doubtful whether it has benefited the health of the city. The outfall of the sewers is too near the shore to render their discharge either imperceptible or harmless in a sea that may almost be called idyllic. It is certain that fever has become more frequent since they were built, and it is possible that they may help to carry the cholera into districts that might otherwise have been free from danger.

Some of the modern appliances introduced into the town have not been entirely successful. The system of drainage, for example, has unquestionably improved the external appearance of the streets, and it does not possess the air of cleanliness that they have become more possible for the health of the city. The outfall of the sewers is too near the shore to render their discharge either imperceptible or harmless in a sea that may almost be called idyllic. It is certain that fever has become more frequent since they were built, and it is possible that they may help to carry the cholera into districts that might otherwise have been free from danger.

Man never attains his ideal. He comes nearest it the day he leaves school; all that year he hovers around it in pleasant proximity. Sometimes I think he quite attains it on commencement day. But a year away from school, he and his ideal part company. He sees the history of the world, and he is a man, and he has to take two steps to cross the gutter. And I would wear a clawhammer coat, with wide lapels, all the time, and carry my handkerchief in my hat. I would like my hair to turn snow white or else fall off. I am not very particular which I would like to look like a streak of four across my lip. I believe this is all. I think that is a photograph of the kind of an old man I would like to be. This is my ideal old man: Cane and wheezy laugh, of course.

"Do I look very bad?" he asked, seeing that I was gazing on him in mingled astonishment and bewilderment. "I told him that he did; that he was the worst looking man I had seen for a long time and that he reminded me of a tumble-down Chinese opium-house."

"I did not see for I seen it all then, and I felt so sorry, only pity for him—because he reminded me so much of me, not that I had remained so much of him."

"I see now," I said, and just then the dog came in, and I bent and patted his head, while he whined and licked my hand. "Poor little Tag," I liked him. "Blessed Sister, in Springfield (Mass.) Republic."

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Well, sir, that dog—oh! That German setter I used to own; I was calling you about him, you know, well, he was smart. Don't tell him long to catch onto all a man's points, and he soon found out all about my Roward and Muesel, summer vacation style of shooting. You know when you take your gun out of its case how a good bird dog goes wild with joy, dances all around you, thrusts his tongue into your face and gives you a swab with it from chin to eyebrow, and finally rushes out in the yard and yelps and howls and chases the cat and the chickens up into the trees just from sheer excess of delight and exuberance of spirit. That's usually the way of the dog. Well, this German setter of mine, he used to be very close along about the 15th, he'd come day, when he'd see me unloading the gun case, he'd sneak in, sit down very solemnly and watch me with an expression that said, plain as words: "You ain't going to take it out this year, are you?"

But I'd go on and take the gun out and rub it up a little, and he'd shake his head and look doubtful, and say: "I wouldn't go out if I were you; what's the use?" And when I'd sit down and oil the locks, he knew it was settled. He would leave the most heart-rending sigh that ever drew on human lips, get up and go out into the back yard, and sit down in the shade of the wood pile and cry, and shake his head and pry—not loud, you know, but silently. Most touching thing I ever looked at. And then he would lean a bit of his shoulder. When I was brought out to him, he'd shake his head and say it would choke him if he tried to eat, and moan and mutter all night. He did hate to see me shoot. Sighing, finally, when I reformed and quit him. Couldn't do any shooting after that, of course. Well, I sold the dog to a hunting friend, who was a splendid shot, and you talk about a dog's undying fidelity and love for his old master. Three years ago I sold that dog I met him in the street. Called him by name and put out my hand to pat him. Just a wire cartridge if he didn't bark off a few steps, look at me steadily, as though he never saw me before in all his life, stuck his tail straight out, and low for his old master, and I didn't get home till after ten, and all the folks were in bed, I thought I would let myself in easy, by the side door, so as not to wake anyone. Anyhow, I tried to get in, and then I can't distinctly remember what took place. All I know is that I found myself in the further end of the yard, wedged in between a tree and a heap of old crockery ware, hoop-skirts, etc.

"Oh, yes, I got in in the morning; for I'll be eternally blanked if I could wake anyone up, and as it was raining pretty hard, I gave it up, and had to camp out under an old wash-bowling ball night."

Then there were two or three bars of home, Sweet Home, from the first spring hand-organ in front of my office, while McGuffin reached for his club and silently slid out.—Puck's Star.

Man never attains his ideal. He comes nearest it the day he leaves school; all that year he hovers around it in pleasant proximity. Sometimes I think he quite attains it on commencement day. But a year away from school, he and his ideal part company. He sees the history of the world, and he is a man, and he has to take two steps to cross the gutter. And I would wear a clawhammer coat, with wide lapels, all the time, and carry my handkerchief in my hat. I would like my hair to turn snow white or else fall off. I am not very particular which I would like to look like a streak of four across my lip. I believe this is all. I think that is a photograph of the kind of an old man I would like to be. This is my ideal old man: Cane and wheezy laugh, of course.

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LOCAL TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

In charge of the W. C. T. U.

Why do You Drink?

We often look with wonder and astonishment upon the tricks of traveling wizards or slight-of-hand men. Things seemingly impossible are performed with the greatest ease; results the most diverse and opposite are made to proceed from the same source.

Make it your business to ask a dozen different drinkers why they use intoxicating liquors, and when the answers are all in ponder the result. Some of the answers will undoubtedly be repeated, but they will cover such a wide range of ground, such a multiplicity of reasons, as will give the path to liquor as the greatest wonder worker of the age.

It beggars the rich man and makes rich the beggar who makes and sells it; disgraces the moral man, degrades the citizen, twists law, order, justice round its finger, ruins young men, debauches the women; what does it not do? It is good, bad, indifferent by turns, with an immense preponderance in favor of the bad. It may build a church, endow a college, but for every church built, or college endowed, a thousand hells are opened to damn the Christian, and make idiots and paupers of students and professors.

We know of but two genuine reasons for drinking. First, to get the favor or good will of others, either in companionship, or in the way of trade; and second, because the drinker likes it. We think if most men were honest about it, they would give either of these two reasons.

Concerning the first, it may be good policy, but it is a terrible dwarfing of independence and manhood. Righteousness and example are both sacrificed, and what is also often the result, health, honor, business and even life itself are the penalty. Eight-tenths of the so-called moderate drinkers become drunkards, and when they reach that state, their history is soon told.

Concerning the second reason, there is but a step between it and drunkenness and poverty. The soul that has descended that far is doomed. There is not one chance in twenty of his reformation. He has unchained a blood-hound in his nature which will track and rend him to pieces, business, family, body, soul. Honestly, how nonsensical, how depraved our reasons for drinking, just consider a little and see for yourselves.

How much more honorable to resolve and say, "the thing is an injury and curse, and I will have nothing to do with it in any way whatever, or for any cause whatever." No one dare question the fact that such a man will be healthier and happier, more respected and more prosperous, a better citizen, and a more genuine Christian.

Would Not Drink.

There is nothing which the enslaved drunkard does to get liquor. Sometimes, however, the spectacle of one who has lost all his will and his fine feelings, and who has degraded himself below the level of the brute, makes other men who are on the road to the same degradation pause and reflect.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions as they settled down in the smoking-car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking. I have sworn off it."

He was greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him. They put the bottle under his nose, and defied him in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What is the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one; "if you've quit drinking, something's up. Tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I know you who can be laughed at. I have been a hard drinking man all my life. I love whisky; it's as sweet as sugar in my mouth, and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there, a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unraveled it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby's shoes, little things that looked as if they had been worn only a few times.

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition; "my wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em; I want a drink."

"You had better take these shoes back to your wife; the baby will want them," said the pawnbroker.

"No she won't, because she's dead," she's lying at home now—died last night."

Why Kerosene Explodes.

In the first place kerosene never explodes. Ordinary kerosene is a mixture of oils which are converted into gas, or vapor, at different temperatures. This gas, when mixed in certain proportions with the air, forms a most explosive compound.

The danger, therefore, from kerosene, comes from this gas, which, of course, cannot be seen. From the best quality of kerosene, all or nearly all, the oil which evaporates at a low temperature, and thus becomes explosive, has been removed. The latter oil is kept confined, so that its vapor cannot mix with common air, it is safe. But the moment the gas mixes with the atmosphere it becomes explosive and dangerous. These facts give the reason why it is never safe, under any circumstances, to fill a lighted lamp, or to pour kerosene from a can upon a burning fire.

The lamp needs filling; therefore there is a space over the oil filled with the vapor of the evaporated by heat and air. It is confined, and as long as the covers are screwed down no spark can get to it.

But when the cover is taken off the gas is pushed out by the oil entering the lamp, mixed still further with the common air, becomes explosive, commencing with the flame of the lamp, immediately explodes.

So, too, there is explosive gas in the top of a half-emptied kerosene oil can, and when the oil is thrown on the fire the flame communicates with that gas and causes an explosion.

The sellers of cheap oil frequently declare in selling the dangerous fluid that it is so safe that a lighted match can be thrown into it. That this can be done with safety only shows that the conditions for making the explosive gas are not met in the experiment. But if the same oil were used in a defective lamp, or with any but the extreme care, there would be an explosion.

The Meaning of the A. B. Degree.

If you will label the product of a purely linguistic culture with an equally descriptive name, if, following the French usage, you will call such graduates Bachelors of Letters, we shall not object to the term Bachelors of Science; or, without making so great an innovation, I, for one, should have no objection to a distinction between Bachelors of Arts in Letters and Bachelors of Arts in Science. But it is perfectly well understood that in this community the degree of Bachelor of Arts is for most men the one essential condition of admission to the noble fraternity of scholars, to what has been called the "Guild of the Learned."

To refuse this degree to a certain class of our graduates is to exclude them from such associations and from the privileges which they afford; and this is just what is intended. Hence I say that the argument is not ingenious, and it is not charitable because it implies that a class of men who profess to love the truth in their lives are seeking to advance under false colors. To cite examples from my own profession only, I have always maintained that such men as Davy, Dalton, and Faraday were as truly learned, as highly cultivated, and as capable of expressing their thoughts in appropriate language, as the most eminent of their literary contemporaries, and I shall continue to maintain this proposition before our American community, and I have no question that sooner or later my claim will be allowed, and the doors of the "Guild of the Learned" will be opened to all scholars who have acquired by cultivation the same power which these great men held in such a pre-eminent degree by gift of Nature.

The Signal Service and Meteorology.

The Signal Service in its present form for making observations and reports on the weather and publishing probabilities of changes in advance was instituted about twelve years ago. It is a branch of the United States army service, and the officers are either of pack, and that a pack of thieves is called a gang, and that a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of battles is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of ruffians is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whistles is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a covey, and a covey of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlemen is called the elite, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals is called the toughs.—San Francisco News Letter.

An Arctic Song-Bird.

It has often been remarked that there is no music in nature's solitudes of ice. Mr. W. H. Gilder, who accompanied the sled expedition of 1879 through Great Fish River and Hayes River regions, alludes with some feeling to the one little scrap of living song that met there, and the struggle it cost him to lay violent hands on the only species of Arctic creature that has a tuneful voice.

Two of an apparently distinct species of snipe (the snipe), preserve their skins for the Smithsonian Institution Collection. One of them was distinguished by a sweet, simple song, somewhat similar to the lark's; its soft, very tones gushing forth as if in perfect ecstasy of enjoyment of sunshine and air; at the same time rising and pointing itself upon its wings.

It seemed almost inhuman to kill the sweet little songster, particularly as it was the only creature I saw in the Arctic that uttered a pleasant note. All other sounds were such as the scream of the hawk and the gull, the quack of the duck, the yell of the wolf, the "hoop" of the walrus, or the howl of the bear, and a completely unmelodious, save the tones of the sweet little singer. Nothing but starvation or scientific research could justify the slaughter of one of these innocents.

I believe I shut my eyes when I pulled the trigger of my gun, and I know my heart gave a regretful thump when I heard the thud of its poor bleeding body on the ground.—Sawantka's Search.

An ox became entangled in a seine that had been spread to dry by fishermen at Saconnet Point, near Fall River, Mass., a few days ago, and pined, as a reward, for its capture, and hung until he was completely worn out. It is believed to be the first catch of that kind made in the State.—Boston Post.

The charter of Atlanta, Ga., forbids any person from holding the office of Mayor for two consecutive terms.

English Oratory.

A half century ago formal English speech-making was marked by elaboration, artistic grouping of words and effort, after the style of Johnson, to give to the sentences both rhythm and resonance. An advocate of liberal measures desired that the people should be "educated, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of a universal emancipation." The pulpit was marked by the same characteristics. Sentences did not grow; they were built up—constructed. I once heard Lord Brougham speak for more than two hours. He retained enough of the departing style constantly to recall it, but on that occasion, at least, he had much of the simplicity and directness adapted to didactic purposes.

The stately method may now be deemed obsolete. The men do not make speeches. They speak. Even where using notes or full manuscripts, there is the directness of conversation, of a good newspaper "leader," rather than the dignified and periphrastic opportunity of former days. I had a recent opportunity to note the characteristics of a number of prominent Englishmen, all conscious that they not only spoke to the crowd that filled the grand public assembly room in the city of London—but to the English people. The occasion was the jubilee of the British emancipation of negro slaves, and the foremost men of England appeared and threw as much energy as it is "in good form" in England to do into their addresses.

The fringe of Wales—who, by the way, was received with a good deal of that English "cheering" which consists of the rapid repetition of "Yah! Yah!" (standing for Hear! Hear!) presided, and gave a quite lengthened speech for a prince. It was carefully written—by whom I do not pretend to know—but was in good taste, in keeping with his position, and marked by a generous appreciation of the good in other nations, while modestly assuming, of course, that Great Britain is the leader of civilization. The allusions to the United States were courteous, cordial and dignified, as, indeed, were those of all the speakers. His royal highness has a very good ear, and a pleasant enough manner, and—which is not true of all Londoners—speaks English intelligibly. He was the only one to read, and indeed, the only one to enter into the history of the struggle, and thus very appropriately introduced the speakers. It was impossible to forget while noting the respectful attention which was bestowed upon the monarch's influence such a man may wield; and it is pleasant to say to the readers of the Ledger that the future king of England stands well in the metropolis, and that the gossiping stories regarding him to which we are treated, find no credence in London. "You get them through a stream of actresses," said an intelligent Englishman.

Earl Granville has been long in the public service and is well entitled to be heard by English people. Standing upright, almost motionless, with hardly an approach to a gesture, and speaking slowly, one has in him a good representative of the eloquence of the House of Lords. Reporters must find such speakers pleasant. There is no difficulty in getting every word. The least approach to any display of feeling was received with the inevitable "yah, yah," but such a speech in New York, for such an occasion, would have been deemed intolerably tame. Neither smile nor tear would it call forth, and his more than ordinary speaking to a Boston audience would have been as unimpaired by it as a company of heathen gods.

More animated and elastic Sir Stafford Northcote interested the people, but the same general tone of dignified calmness constantly raised the question. Do the noblemen and gentlemen who are more than happy to give to a constituency or laboring for a party vote?

The Archbishop of Canterbury might pass for an American minister of twenty years ago, when it was the correct thing to keep pretty long hair to be brushed behind the ears and down to the coat-collar. He threw a remarkable resolution to the meeting by saying that the resolution to which they were all speaking indelicately the subject of their gratitude, namely, the emancipation at a cost of twenty millions of British money; but he hoped he would be pardoned by his royal highness and the distinguished speaking speakers and that great audience, if he reminded them of the object of their gratitude, namely, the Divine Being. Considering how innocent this proceeding was, and that he is archbishop, one did not see how any one could reasonably take offense. Of course, he spoke in the fashion of gentlemanliness which marks the average English clergyman, which is little commensurate with the respectability of Canon Liddon, and is conspicuous by its absence from the utterances of such men as John Bright and Charles H. Spurgeon.

Next to his royal highness, the Earl of Derby appeared to have most of the favor of the meeting, if one is to judge by the fervor of the "yah, yah." His history is remarkable. He was a great Tory, he is a popular Liberal. It was one of his father's jokes that his son had never had time to look into his Homer; he was too busy in the study of blue-books. Imagine a well-to-do English farmer, in his Sunday clothes, set up to repeat something he had carefully learned by heart, and you have no fair idea of Lord Derby, who speaks as if his mouth were too small for his tongue, but who is undoubtedly a most painstaking master of details. The disregard of elegance of attire in the speakers was quite noticeable, and many of the noble ladies present must have wished for the better adjustment of one nobleman's necktie. It was "positively shocking" beside the high, stiff, cardboard, coat-of-mail collar in which the Prince of Wales gives the cue to our young men. Eloquence and appearance of dress are both disregarded by the average English orator.

It would not, however, be fair to give the foregoing as entirely representative. In the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone moves about a third, strikes the table before him, gesticulates frequently, and not ungraciously, and extemporizes, when interrupted, in reply, with ease and sometimes with remarkable felicity and impressiveness. There is no one in the House who—all things considered—and simply as a speaker—is in advance of him. He is ready, fluent, without the "yah, yah," and—

which Englishmen so frequently interpolate, and uniformly gives the impression of being in "dead earnest."

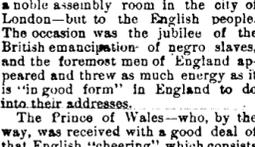
It is not only in the manner of English speech-making that freedom has come into use. The same is true, in a degree of the matter. Personal allusions are now made, and a style of reverence is tolerated, which were not formerly deemed proper. It would be said by a conservative Englishman that this came of the undue popularizing of things, that the American and French Republican legislators were de-

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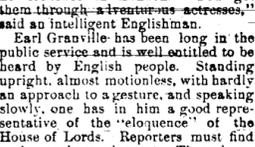
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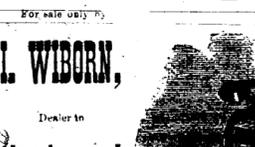
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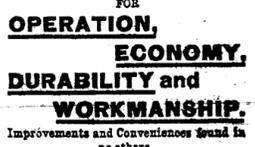
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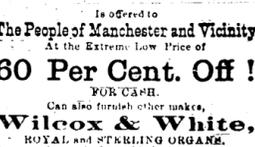
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