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BEAVER ARGUS.

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Agricultural Column.

HINTS ON WINTERING BEES.

To the Editors of the American Agriculturist:—In response to your request, I will offer a few suggestions on keeping bees during Winter without stopping to give all the reasons for the positions assumed.
To ensure success, the first thing to be attended to is, to see that you begin the Winter with some good stock. It will not do to consider a stock good because it has thrown off swarms, stored surplus honey, &c.; but it is important to know its condition now. This must be learned by close inspection. Turn the hive over on a cool morning, so careful as not to arouse the bees. Should they chance to be disturbed, they may be quieted by tobacco smoke blown among them. The best stocks will show bees between nearly all the combs, unless the number of combs exceed a dozen—Where they are found only between three or four combs, the most favorable circumstances will be required to get them through the Winter. Without superior accommodations rich should be taken up, and thus save further trouble and vexation.
The brood combs of old stocks should also be examined to see that they contain no foul or diseased brood. Such old stocks, when healthy, are just as good as young swarms, and will stand the cold even better.
As soon as the sunny days of autumn are past, so that there is no danger of the bees being tempted out, hives intended for Winter should be moved to their quarters, unless they already stand in a suitable place.
When but few are kept, it is generally advisable to winter in open air. Choose a warm place in the sun—yes, in the sun—where it can strike the hive an hour or two each day.
Many people are alarmed at seeing a few bees lying dead on the snow during the Winter, and there is a prevalent idea that they get "snow-dipped," and fall down to perish. This is an error; for a close examination will show that they are not so readily taken as when on the snow. I have frequently taken from their Winter quarters in the house, when the snow covered the ground, in many places two feet in depth, and yet lost a few here and there. A light snow, newly fallen, is somewhat fatal, should the next day or two be still and pleasant to tempt them out. If they settle on such snow it will not support their weight—they sink before reaching the sun, get chilled and perish. A hard crust or melting snow is "terra firma" to a bee. In case of a light snow, put up a board to shade the hive, and should the air be sufficiently mild for them to leave when thus shaded, it will generally do to remove the board and allow them to fly—the majority will return. The entrance should be secured against mice, and yet allow sufficient ventilation, a greater amount of which is required than is usually supposed. Small pieces of strips of wire cloth, partially covering the entrance are just the thing. These should be fastened with coffee tacks in such a manner that the bees may pass, and still the mice not be admitted.
To get rid of the vapor that is continually passing off from the bees, when combs and honey spoils the honey comb half a dozen or more inch holes through the top, and cover with an empty box in such a way as to keep out rain, snow and mice.
When fully prepared and secured from the mice, they may be covered by two feet of snow and no harm will be done. A little snow only around the bottom is not well.
Where fifty or more stocks are kept, I would recommend a small dark warm room, or dry cellar. A much less number will not be likely to keep the temperature sufficiently high. Very little air admitted is sufficient. To get rid of the moisture, the hives should be turned bottom upward upon shelves, with little blocks under to raise them an inch from the shelf—the holes in the top being left to allow a free circulation of air. By having several rows of shelves, one above another, a great many may be packed in one room; I have frequently put in two hundred on three tiers of shelves, in a room twelve by eighteen feet. This number will keep such a room above the freezing point most times. But if the room cannot be kept uniformly warm by the number of stocks, or by other means, I prefer leaving bees out of doors, though housing is preferable with a large number.
M. QUINBY.

TO EXPEL BATS.

If they have taken possession of the house, they frequently do, from cellars to garrets, they may be expelled in the following manner:
Take of common salt, two parts—black manganese, pulverized, (obtained of the druggist), one part. Dry and rub well together. Wet with sulphuric acid, (oil of Vitrol), mixed with an equal quantity of water. Put the mixture in a glass or earthen vessel, and set it in a garret, or rather between the garret floor and ceiling. The gas generated, (Chlorine), will penetrate every crevice, and being heavier than atmospheric air, will find its way through every opening, to the cellar, and the long-tailed variety, having a particular aversion to its odor, will retire without ceremony.—(Rural New Yorker.)

CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

BEAVER COUNTY ARGUS.

Dear friends and kind patrons—since more I appear, To greet one and all with a happy New Year,
And as many returns of the day as will bring Contentment and peace, without poverty's sting,
And now, if you'll listen awhile to my rhymes, I'll tell you a story that just suits the times,
As the old year has solemnly taken its flight,
Of something that happened to me the year-night.

I pondered alone—'neath the dark mantle was spread,
Like the gloom of the grave over living and dead;
And its thick sable curtains in silence were furled,
Like the pall of the past, o'er a slumbering world;
The wild winds were howling their dirges aloud,
As they swung o'er the verdure-reft woodlands aroud
And the rivers, their deep flowing waters congealed,
Strank in terror and awe 'neath their broad icy shield.

For the old year was dying—and solemn and drear,
Fell the sad knell of time on the heart and the ear,
As it tolled his last numbers—ah! well might they mourn,
For the old year departing could never return;
And it bore with it treasures more precious by far,
Than the three children treasures of famed Lazarus;
Yes the old year was dying, and hearing away,
Sad records of all that had passed with its day.

But, while into the future I cautiously peered,
A form to my wandering vision appeared;
Its mantle of white, except the floor at its feet,
And its long flowing beard formed a glittering sheet,
Of silvery hue—while its cold icy breath
Chilled my veins, as it touched by the finger of death,
Till the merry chimes, filling the air full and clear,
Rang out a glad welcome to greet the New Year.

Then, the form sadly turning, its lonely hand raised,
And I followed its motions, subdued and amazed;
For the past, panorama-like, came to my view,
Then slowly receded in colors so true,
That I knew the strange form with its gestures so clear,
Was no other than the spirit of the vanished old year,
That passed in departing its records to tell,
Ere it bade one and all an eternal farewell.

First it pointed to when, like a monarch he came,
And scattered his trophies o'er valley and plain,
When his deep snows were drifting, its winds howling wild,
That not even the bells merry jingle beguiled,
When far from the snow-covered hills of the North,
The fierce cry of blood came exultingly forth,
Where nations in arms the poor justice sought,
Till the whole eastern world seemed a vast field of corn.

Then it pointed to opera, dances and balls,
Where thousands responded to fashion's gay calls,
And the light ringing laugh of her votaries fair,
Seemed to ring in my ears as they passed in the air;
It pointed to when the poor justice sought,
To the lovely thatched cot where in poverty died—
Chilled by winter's cold breath, the shivering poor,
In sight of the princely aristocrats door.

Then it slowly moved on, till with first breath of spring,
The snow-drops were melted, its songsters on wing,
And all Nature rejoiced that the winter was past,
When the hurricane's voice was heard in the blast;
It pointed to where the strong oaks, in its pride,
Were torn from the earth in its giant-like stride,

To where dwellings in ruins, and forests laid waste,
Its ravages feared and its power confessed.

It pointed to where, 'neath the summer's blue sky,
The broad waving grain fields exultingly lie,
And though robbed of its fruit by Spring's heavy frost,
The husbandman's labor is not wholly lost;
For broad fields of corn and high stacks of grain,
In abundance do yet, to reward him remain,
And mocking disease with its pestilent breath,
Has not sown in our land the rank seeds of death.

Then it pointed again to the red battle plain,
Where we met Florence Nightingale bend o'er the slain
To catch the last sigh, and to staunch the death tide,
From the wounds of the soldier who bled as he died,
Till the herald of peace proclaimed o'er the land,
That a treaty was sealed, that for ages should stand,
And the soldier returned to his home and his farm,
In peace to repose, safe from war's dread alarm.

It pointed to Kansas, fair, bleeding, enslaved,
Yet reeking in blood from her martyrs' fresh graves;
And the long fingers trembled, and eye-balls glared;
As it pointed in wrath to President Pierce—
His unrighteous laws sent to govern a land,
That God had sent fair and free from his hand,
And thy martyrs, fair Kansas, were doubly avenged,
In the terrible threat that he made of revenge.

But it still pointed on to the President's chair,
And the same dreadful look of defiance was there,
As the old man of Wheatland gazed wistfully forth,
And now bowed to the South, and now to the North,
And he shook, as a feather, the great chair of State,
That trembled beneath the vice statesman's great weight,
And he pointed to where freedom's banner yet waved,
Inscribed by our gallant young Fremont—the brave.

It pointed to Stringfellow, Shannon, Leconte,
And I saw their dark deeds glare vividly forth,
But while trying to finish their course to the end,
I heard a deep sigh from my airy formed friend,
And I turned in surprise to see what was his view,
As he still pointed on like an amateur true;
When I saw that the President's Message was spread
O'er the whole noising vision and quaking with dread
At a statement so false, he fell from my sight,
And soon disappeared like a vision of night.

Then a song for the old year, a song for the new,
One has finished his work, one has his yet to do;
A requiem, a dirge for the year that is gone,
And a triumphal march for the one coming on;
Let each do his duty, and let his heart be true;
In the drama of life, that when this year departs,
It may bear no sad records of guilty acts done—
To the tomb of the past—when its course is run.

A word for the carrier, in sun and in shade,
One visit a week to your door I have paid,
In the year that is past, and yet have brought you news,
Now a good turn to me you cannot refuse,
But while you are searching your pockets for dimes,
Or a quarter perhaps, which I'm sure will be right,
I'll wish you again a happy New Year,
And may Heaven still fill your pathway with light,
Thus ends the 'ray,' of your
CARRIER BOY.

Judicial War against Polygamy.

The late California papers contain an earnest and forcible charge against Polygamy, which is said to have been delivered to the Grand Jury by Judge Drummond at the July term of the First Judicial District Court for Utah Territory, held at Ogden, in that county. Some of our contemporaries, we observe, are disposed to question the authenticity of this charge because the restraining law therein cited is not to be found in the Revised Statutes of the United States. The ascribing of it to those of us who have no doubt an error of the reporter. The law cited may be found, *verbatim et literatim*, at the 178th page of the "Acts, Resolutions and Memorials passed at the several Annual Sessions by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah," published at Salt Lake City in 1853, by Joseph Cain, public printer.

Judge Drummond, after reciting the 33d section of this law, which prescribes for lewdness and adultery, a penalty of from six months to one year, or a fine of not less than one hundred nor more than a thousand dollars, or both, and the punishment of the Grand Jury to their duty in the premises. The following is an extract from his charge:
"You will remember, gentlemen, that you have each taken a solemn oath before God and these witnesses, that you would 'true pre-judgment make of all such matters and things as should be given you in charge, or otherwise come to your knowledge touching the present service.' This section, therefore, I give you in charge, with an ardent desire that you will cast off all priestly jokes of oppression, and studiously and honestly do your duty, without fear, favor, or affection, wholly unbiased.

"As there is no statute law in this Territory regulating marriage, or touching the subject directly or indirectly, it only remains for me to say that all those ceremonies by the people of this Territory, called 'sealing,' are anything other in the eyes of the law than a legal marriage ceremony.

"In the foregoing section the Legislature has thought proper to pass a stringent law of a criminal character for the punishment of lewdness. This, indeed, was wise and humane on the part of those legislators, and to us it seems that the Legislature thereby intended to provide a remedy for the correction of that crying and most heinous, barbarous, cruel, black and degrading evil, which seems to be one of the cardinal doctrines of the church, prominent in power in this Territory, polygamy, or at least if they

did not intend it, they have virtually done what should have been done many years since. This law is found in the book, and you, as well as I, are solemnly bound to give it force and utility.

It is wholly useless and no way mad-ness for the Legislature to pass laws, and for the Federal Government to send judges and attorneys here to execute those laws, if the mandates of one man, clothed with a priestly power and wholly unlearned in the science of the law, is to be permitted to thwart not only the action of the Legislature of the Territory, but boldly and openly bid open defiance and sportive rebellion against the Federal authorities of the United States, and dictate to grand juries when to find bills of indictment and when not. These things cannot be endured in a Republican Government. All these men, therefore, who have a multiplicity of women residing with them at the same house are subjects for your investigation.

"I have already instructed you that there is no law in this Territory authorizing the issuing of marriage licenses, or authorizing any one to perform marriage ceremonies, either in or out of the church; and, much as you may regret to do so, it is nevertheless your duty to respect the law of the land, and prefer bills of indictment against all such as have not been legally married in some other country, and particularly when two or more women are living with the same man. These instances are too often seen and too much encouraged by the church here, to insure respect from the civilized world, either at home or abroad; and even barbarous minds in your own country revolt at the sickening and truly heart-rending spectacle of the masses of men—

"Duty follows you, gentlemen, in all the walks of life, at home and abroad, in the family circle, at the ballot box, at your daily christian devotions, and prominently so here, where the interest of the crushed and down-trodden appeal in thunder tones for relief at the hands of the laws."

Warlike Movements in Russia.

The following intelligence from Russia will, if true, be found important. It comes from a source which I have generally found to be correct, but I am bound to state that I do not find it corroborated anywhere else, and that it stands in a certain degree of opposition to the information I receive from other quarters on military movements in Russia. A St. Petersburg correspondent of the Kingsburgh Journal states

in whose steps she followed. The lady and her present husband have, as it appears, received permission to travel, and are on their way to Switzerland.

The Ausburger Allgemeine Zeitung contains a communication, dated from the Polish frontier which in some degree corroborates the statement of the movement of the Russian force southward and eastward. It states the entire Russian army, which has hitherto been stationed in the south, is not only to remain there during the winter, but also a considerable portion of it is to be moved further southward to the frontier of Bessarabia and the coast of the Black Sea. There is also a considerable movement of troops going on across the Danube for the purpose of strengthening the corps d'armee in Oranburg, which, it is generally understood, is destined to cross the Caspian Sea to Persia for the purpose of protecting the Shah against European as well as Asiatic foes. Travelers coming from Astrakhan mention that the flotilla of the Caspian Sea is so numerous and so well appointed that it could, in a very short space of time, transport a whole corps d'armee to the close vicinity of Tiherran.

THE LADIES.

A greater proof could not be desired of the power of female charms than the fact that even the most abandoned fashion soon loses its hideousness from being constantly associated with the idea of fascinating womanhood. Everybody knows how utterly revolting to correct taste are the present hoop-skirts; how, as the poet says of vice, they
"To be hated need but to be seen—"
And yet who has not realized also the truth of the after lines,
"But seen to oft familiar with their face,
We first endure, then pity then embrace."
In this manner we explain the following remarks, which we find in one of our contemporaries:

"Against the prevailing fashion has there been so determined and persevering an on-set as hoops; but the mode remains in favor, notwithstanding; not because our women are defiant and obstinate, but because there is a reason in such a circle. Nothing is more destructive of grace in the form, than the curving inwards of the flowing line of drapery descending from the waist. That part of the figure (small by degrees and beautifully less) is filly terminated by the fullness of a sweeping robe, to which the improved dimensions of ermine give an unjust effect, adding staidness to the walk, and that grace to the whole person which is born of the consciousness of being neatly attired. We allow the in-finiteness of full skirts in cambruses, when the masses of silk and poplin swell like undulating waves of the sea, in the disfigurement of some male animal in the corner, whose head only is visible; but in the promenade, or the drawing room, their elegance is undeniable. Then, again, the bouquets that have been worn during the past season, approximating to the sugar-scoop in shape, and perched on the back of the head, have their advantage, in not wearing off the front hair, which was in peril from the antique fashion—the article having to be worn, of course, during the greater part of the day. For ourselves, we should not object to see it reduced to a mere adornment for the back of the head, or giving place altogether to the flowing, graceful veils worn in other countries."

As to what is said relative to the bonnet, in the latter portion of the above extract, we admit its force—only remarking that the bonnet has, or should have, its uses in shielding the eyes and forehead from the sun in summer, as well as from the bleak winds of winter, and true beauty is always based upon a reasonable appreciation of use. But, as to the remarks in defence of the hoop-skirts—'angels and ministers of grace defend us!'—No beauty in the curving inwards of the flowing drapery descending and tapering of the human form itself—and that a great mistake was made by the Creator, in not making the female especially on the principle of the solid cone.

Now nothing is better established as a rule of taste in dress, than that the dress should follow the dimensions of the figure. For this reason huge head dresses, long-mutton rapiers, low waists, high waists, and balloon skirts &c. &c. are utterly condemned. True taste is invariably truthful—despising empty shams, and hating lies. It allows individual deviations from truth, to hide individual deformities—But such an individual deviation is pardonable as homage paid to the great general truth, as well as excusable on the ground that a person is justified in striving to conceal unpleasant peculiarities. But the general law remains the same; and when dress is no longer truthful to the lines of the figure, there is no absurdity into which it may not plunge, for it has departed from its only true guidance.

As, by this undoubted axiom of good taste, the balloon or barrel skirts are unequivocally condemned, they are of right the constant butt—a butt, it will be remembered, is the loghead—of the satirist and caricaturist. That creatures of such formidable bulk can be laughed down to much, but sense and satire must do their duty notwithstanding. The wit need not touch the fair, however, in shooting his venomous arrows; for there is ample room to pierce the skirt, and miss the wearer.—And when following a little older, and Eugenie not quite so squeamish, perhaps we may behold a return to the days when a lady could seat herself in a railroad car without the necessity of placing herself first, and then going to work deliberately to haul in her canvass after her.—Philadelphia Post.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. WEBSTER.

From the Private Correspondence of Mr. Webster in Press.
I was born January 18, 1782. My father, by two marriages, had five sons and five daughters. I am the youngest son, and only surviving child. I have nephews and nieces, both of the whole and half blood; that is to say, sons and daughters of my brothers and sisters, of both my father's wives.

The year following my birth, my father removed from his first residence, which was a log house on the hill, to the river side, in the same town a distance of three miles. Here, in the meadow land, by the river, with rough high hills hanging over, was the scene of my earliest recollections; or, as was said in another case, "Here I found myself." I can recollect when I was 1700; but cannot say that I can remember farther back. I have a very vivid impression indeed, of something which took place some years earlier, especially of an extraordinary deluge of rain beat for two days on the house; how all looked anxiously to see the river overflow its banks; how the waters spread over the meadows; how the boat, coming from afar on the other side of the river, was rowed up till it almost touched the door-stone; how Mr. G's

A NEW PARTY.

It becomes more and more evident every day, that Mr. Buchanan cannot satisfy both sections of the party which has given him a majority of the electoral votes for President. A moderate or conservative course would not suit the Hotspurs of South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana, while if he should so constitute his Cabinet, and shape his future policy as to please them, he would alienate the Northern wing of his party, and bring down upon him an avalanche of Northern opinion which he could not successfully resist. But the extremists have generally settled down upon their position, and Mr. Buchanan will therefore be preparing for the "contingency."

The New Orleans Delta, the leader of this faction, purports to organize a new party, which shall be essentially Southern in theory and practice. It reasons thus: But of one thing we feel perfectly satisfied—that the Democratic party, strictly as such, based upon by gone issues and led by men of the past, must, of necessity fall before any respectable or even considerable opposition in 1860. The whig party has ceased to be even a pile of bones.

The Know Nothing party is out of the question. The great Northern Republican party takes their places formed of both the Free-soil Democracy, for the overthrow of constitutional, States Rights, and the existence of the South, in 1860. There is but one hope in the Union, and that is for the South to present herself an unit in policy and purpose, to meet the enemies of the Constitution, and appeal to the patriotic men of the North and West to come to the rescue. We believe that success will be the result or, after that the end.

The Charleston Mercury, also known to be among the disaffected, responds to the Delta, and says that although its friends have gained a nominal victory in the recent Presidential election, they have secured nothing but a hollow triumph. "The Delta does not dispute the purpose of the Southern party which it contemplates. The formation of a Republic of Southern States as a thing inevitable, and for the establishment of which we should at once prepare ourselves." It also submits the question whether the admission of Kansas as a free State, through the same means as those apparently within the Constitution, would not of itself warrant the South in proclaiming herself independent.

So we will probably have a new party in the field in 1860, and our political complications will have increased rather than diminished, whatever may be Mr. Buchanan's policy.

Things I Should Like to See.

A fashionable bootmaker who was not from Paris.
A gentleman who was not a self-constituted inspector of ladies' bobnet fittings.
A business man, how great soever his hurry who would not stop to watch feminine ankles climb in and out of omnibuses.

A man who could hold an umbrella properly over a lady's bonnet; or put on her cloak, or shawl, without crushing her bonnet or hair; or be good natured when he was sick, or had cut his chin when shaving, or had to wait ten minutes for his dinner or breakfast, or who was ever refused by a lady.
A bachelor whose carpet did not wear out first in front of the looking glass.
An author who did not feel nervous at the ideas of examining truck fittings and parcel wrappers.
A handsome child who did not grow up to be homely.
A woman who was not at heart inimical to her own sex.
A married man who could give the right hand of fellowship to a wife's old lover; or take a hint from the too of her slipper under the table, before company.
A unifiler who could be bribed to make a bonnet cover the head.
A husband's relatives who could speak well of his wife.
A doctor who had not more patients than he could attend to.
A teacher whose interest in his pupils was not gratulated by the standing of their parents or the length of their purse.
A gentleman who over lost an article of clothing.

An old maid who was not so from choice.
The year following my birth, my father removed from his first residence, which was a log house on the hill, to the river side, in the same town a distance of three miles. Here, in the meadow land, by the river, with rough high hills hanging over, was the scene of my earliest recollections; or, as was said in another case, "Here I found myself." I can recollect when I was 1700; but cannot say that I can remember farther back. I have a very vivid impression indeed, of something which took place some years earlier, especially of an extraordinary deluge of rain beat for two days on the house; how all looked anxiously to see the river overflow its banks; how the waters spread over the meadows; how the boat, coming from afar on the other side of the river, was rowed up till it almost touched the door-stone; how Mr. G's

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great barn, fifty feet by twenty, full of hay and grain, sheep, turkeys, and chickens, sailed down the current majestically before our eyes, and how we were all busy preparing to fly to the mountains as soon as our house should manifest a disposition to follow Mr. G's urn. I remember, or seem to remember, all these things. I did indeed see as much of them as I could of five years could see, for I think it was 1787 but still I am of opinion my impression is from memory, and not from remembrance of the vision. Plain intelligible and striking things, of this kind, I have learned make an impression in young minds in a distinct manner from actual personal recollection.

I do not remember when or by whom I was taught to read, when or by whom I never could recollect a time when I could not read the Bible. I suppose I was taught by mother, or by my elder sisters. My father seemed to have no higher object in the world than to educate his children to the full extent of his very limited ability. No means were within his reach, generally speaking, but the small town schools—These were kept by teachers sufficiently ignorant, in the several neighborhoods of the township, such a small part of the year. To these I was sent, with the other children.

When the school was in our neighborhood, it was easy to attend; when it moved to a more distant district I followed it still living at home. While yet quite young, and in winter, I was sent daily two and a half or three miles to the school—When it removed still further, my father sometimes boarded me out in a neighboring family, so that I could still be in the school. A good deal of this was an extra care, more than had been bestowed on my elder brothers, and originating in a conviction of the slenderness and frailty of my constitution, which was thought not likely ever to allow me to pursue robust occupation.

In these schools, nothing was taught but reading and writing; and, as to these, the first I generally could perform better than the teacher, and the last a good master could hardly instruct me in; writing was so laborious, irksome, and repulsive, an occupation to me always. My masters used to tell that they feared, after all, my fingers were destined for the plough-land.

I must do myself the justice to say that in these boyish days, there were two things I did dearly love, viz: reading and playing—passions which did not cease to struggle when boyhood was over, (have they yet, altogether?) and in regard to which, neither the *cita mors* nor the *victricia Vesta* could be said at either.

At a very early day, owing, I believe, mainly to the exertions of Mr. Thompson, the lawyer, the clergyman, and my father, a very small circulating library had been bought. These institutions, I believe, about that time received an impulse, among other causes, from the efforts of Dr. Belknap, our New Hampshire historian. I obtained some of these books and read them; and I remember, too, that I turned over the leaves of Addison's criticism on Chevy Chase, for the sake of reading, connectedly the song, the verses of which he quotes, from time to time, as subjects of remark.

It was, as Doctor Johnson said in another case, that the poet was read, and the critic was neglected. I could not understand why it was necessary that the author of the Spectator should take such great pains to prove that Chevy Chase was a good story; I remember the Spectator among them; and I remember, too, that I turned over the leaves of Addison's criticism on Chevy Chase, for the sake of reading, connectedly the song, the verses of which he quotes, from time to time, as subjects of remark.

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