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BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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Poetical.

A POETIC GEM.

The following beautiful lines are ascribed to the pen of Wolke, the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," written soon after the death of his beloved wife; they are indeed a most touching expression of bereaved affection:

If I had thought thus couldst have died,
I might not weep, but I must weep,
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst die, and I should weep,
I never thought my mind had passed
The time would'er be o'er,
That on thee should look me,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought cannot brook
That I must look in vain;
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou wouldst say to me;
And then I feel, as well I may,
Dear Mary! thou art dead.

If thou couldst stay 'e'en as thou art,
I still might press thy silent hair;
I might still feel thy gentle hand,
Which when I touch, my heart is there;
While 'e'en thy smile has been so true,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But when I look in thy grave,
I feel I am alone.

I do not think where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
I think I may soothe this heart,
By thinking of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light, never to be seen,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

Miscellaneous.

LIVING LIKE A LADY.

BY PAUL GREYTON.

Mr. Hamilton Burgess was a man of limited means, but having married a beautiful and amiable woman, he resolved to spare no expense in surrounding her with comforts and supporting her, as he said, like a lady.

"My dear Amy," said Mrs. Burgess to her indulgent husband, about a year after their marriage, "My dear Amy"—this was the name she called him by at home—"you are too kind to me, altogether. You are unwilling that I should work, or think that a little exertion in my part, would not only serve to lighten our expenses, but be quite as good for my health and spirits as the occupations to which my time is now devoted."

"You industrious little bee!" exclaimed Mrs. Burgess, "you have great notions of making yourself useful, I declare. But, Lizzy, I shall never consent to your proposition. I did not marry you to make you my slave. When you gave this dear hand, I resolved that it should never be soiled and made rough by labor, and it never shall, as long as I am able to attend to my business."

Mrs. Burgess would not have done anything to displease her husband for the world, and she accordingly allowed him to have his way, without offering further remonstrance.

But Hamilton's business was dull, and it required the greatest exertion on his part, and it required application, to raise sufficient money to meet the expenses of his family.

"My dearest, let me be a better state next year," he said to himself, "and I must manage to struggle through this dull season some way or other. I will venture to run a debt of \$100, I think; for any way is preferable to reducing our household expenditures, which are by no means extravagant. At all events, Lizzy must not know what circumstances are pressing her, for she would just upon a change in our style of living, and revive the subject of doing something towards our support."

Mrs. Burgess ventured to run in debt a little; he did not attempt to reduce the expenses of his household; he never gave his wife a hint regarding the true state of his business matters, but insisted upon her accepting, as usual, a liberal allowance of funds to meet her private expenses.

Lizzy seemed to be happy in her ignorance of her husband's circumstances, never spoke again of assisting to support the establishment, but seemed to devote herself to the pursuit of quiet pleasures, and to promoting the happiness of her family. But Mrs. Burgess' circumstances instead of improving, grew continually worse. His venture of "running in debt a little," resulted in running in debt a great deal. Thus the second year of his married life passed, and he saw the dawning of disappointed hope and the traces of corroding care began to change the aspect of his brow.

One day a friend said to Hamilton "I am surprised at your conduct! Here you are making a slave of yourself, while your wife is playing the lady. She is so busy, she is so happy, she is so glad to do something for her own support, if you would permit her, and it would be better for her and for you. Remember the true saying—
"Blessed she who mingles—
For her husband's business—
"What do you mean?" demanded Hamilton, reddening.

"I mean that, generally speaking, young wives, of ardent temperament, when left to themselves, will do nothing but the pleasure to occupy their minds, and to forget the husband and find enjoyment in such society as he might not altogether approve."

"Sir, you do not know my wife," exclaimed Hamilton. "She, thank Heaven, is not one of those."

"I hope not," was the quiet reply.

"Although Hamilton Burgess had not a jealous nature, and would never have entertained unjust suspicions of his wife, these words of his friend set him to thinking. He remembered that Lizzy was always happy, and now he wondered how it was that she could be so unkind of everything but pleasure, while he was constantly harassed. The consistent Mr. Hamilton Burgess undoubtedly forgot that he had taken the utmost pains to conceal his circumstances from his wife.

It was in this state of mind, that Mr. Burgess one day left his business and went home unexpectedly. It was an hour when Lizzy least thought of seeing him, and on this occasion she appeared considerably embarrassed; nor did Mr. Burgess fail to observe that she was very tardy in making her appearance in the sitting room.

On another occasion Mr. Burgess returned home under similar circumstances, and going directly to his wife's room, found, to his astonishment, that he could not gain admittance. After some delay, however, during which Hamilton heard footsteps hurrying through the room, and whispering, Mrs. Burgess opened the door, and bidding very red, attempted to apologize for not admitting him before.

"Who was with you?" demanded Hamilton.

"With me?" cried Lizzy much confused.

"Yes, madam, I heard whispering, and I am sure somebody just passed through that side door."

"Oh, that is nobody but Margaret!" exclaimed Mrs. Burgess, hastily.

Hamilton could still conceal his vexation, but he did not intimate to his wife that he suspected her of equivocation, nor did she see fit to attempt a full explanation of the matter.

Nothing was said of this incident afterwards; but for many weeks it occupied Hamilton's mind. All this time he was harassed with the cares of business, and his brow became more darkly shadowed in gloom, as his perplexities thickened. At last the crisis came! Mr. Burgess saw the utter impossibility of longer continuing his almost profligate trade, under heavy expenses, which not only absorbed his small capital, but actually plunged him in debt. But one honest course was left for him to pursue; and he resolved to close up his affairs, and sell off what stock he had to pay his debts.

It was at this time that Mr. Burgess saw in his

true light the error of which he had been guilty, in opposing his wife's desire to economize, and devote a portion of her time to useful occupation.

"Had I allowed her to lighten our expenses in this way," thought he, "I might not have been driven to such extremities, nor what has been the result of my folly? Why, I have kept her ignorant of our poverty until the very last, and now the sudden intelligence that we are beggars, will weigh high in her mind."

He was of the opinion, if not the impossibility, of keeping the secret any longer from his wife, Mr. Burgess went home one day resolved to break the intelligence to her without hesitation. Entering the house with high heart, he went directly to Lizzy's room, which he entered unceremoniously. To his surprise, he found on the table a gentleman's cap, of that peculiar fashion which he had seen worn by sportsmen and dandies about town. Anxious for an explanation, he looked around for the wife; but Lizzy was not in the room. Then hearing voices in another part of the house, he left the room by a different door from that by which he had entered, and hastened to the parlor, where he expected to find Mrs. Burgess in company with the owner of that cap. To his surprise he found the parlor vacant, and meeting Margaret in the parlor hall a moment after, he impatiently demanded his wife.

"She is in the room, sir," said the domestic.

Without saying a word, Hamilton again hastened to Lizzy's room, where he found her reading a late magazine with apparent indifference.

"Madame," cried he angrily, "what does this mean? Here I have been chasing you all over the house without being able to catch you. What company have you just dismissed?"

"What company?" said Lizzy.

"Yes, madam, what company?"

"Do not speak so angrily, dear Amy. Why are you so impatient?"

"Because I want to know what gentleman has been favoring you with such a confidential visit?"

Hamilton remembered other occasions when on his coming home unexpectedly, his wife had shown signs of embarrassment; and added to this, her speech appeared to render him violently jealous. She appeared to shrink from him in fear, and became alternately red and pale, as she answered:

"There has been no gentleman here to see me!"

"No one?"

"No one, dear Amy!"

Mr. Burgess was on the point of demanding to know who was the owner of the cap which he had seen on his wife's table and which had now mysteriously disappeared; but emotion choked him, and he paced the floor in silence.

"This is too much!" he muttered, at length, in the bitterness of his heart. "I could endure poverty; I could endure a word of complaint for myself; I could endure anything but this!"

"Why, Amy, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Burgess in alarm.

"Nothing—why are you boggars?" answered Hamilton, abruptly.

"Have you been unfortunate?" calmly asked his wife, affectionately taking him by the arm.

"Yes, the most unfortunate of men! I am ruined—ruined by beggars—by—"

"Dear Amy, you must not let this cast you down. Business failures frequently happen, but they ought never to destroy domestic happiness. Come, how bad off are we? Are we really beggars?"

"But Hamilton's wife will take everything," answered Hamilton, gloomily.

"They will not take us from each other," said Lizzy.

Mrs. Burgess looked at his wife with a bitter smile.

"Are you a deceiver?" he muttered through his teeth. "Can you talk thus when you have just admitted a lover?"

"Sir," cried Mrs. Burgess, a glow of indignation lighting her fair face, "what do you mean?"

"Don't deny what I say!" replied Hamilton.—"You were having an interview with a gentleman when I came in."

Lizzy trembled with indignation.

"I saw his cap on the table!"

Lizzy laughed outright. "Come here," she said, leading her husband away.

Hamilton followed her, and she went to a bureau, unlocked a drawer, and opening it called her husband's attention to its contents. It was half full of caps!

Hamilton looked at Lizzy in perplexity. Lizzy looked at Hamilton and smiled.

"I suppose that you will now declare that there are twenty gentlemen in the house," said Mrs. Burgess.

"Lizzy!" cried her husband, clasping her hands, "I am already ashamed of my suspicions. I ask you to suppose that you will now declare that I am dying in perplexity."

"Well," replied Lizzy, archly, "I made those caps."

"You?"

"Yes, all of them, and I Margaret. I kept my work a secret from you, because you were opposed to my exerting myself, and although you have carried on your reasonable designs pretty successfully until today."

"But, dear Lizzy, how could you?"

"I can answer that question. I saw pretty clearly into your business affairs, and knew that we could not live in this style long. So I thought I would do my best. My cousin George, the hat manufacturer, made me his designs, and privately sent me caps to make nearly a year ago."

Hamilton opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Surprising, isn't it? But this isn't all. You insisted on my keeping Margaret when I might just as well have done my housework myself. I thought I would make her useful, and make her help me to work on the caps. Besides, you were not satisfied if I neglected to use all the spending money you allowed me and I pretended to use that, just to please you. Now before you could me for my disobedience, witness the results of my industry and economy!"

Lizzy opened her desk, and displayed to Hamilton's bewildered sight, a pile of gold which filled him with greater astonishment than anything else.

"There," continued Lizzy, without allowing him to speak, "there are three hundred dollars. Of course this little sum wouldn't make any body rich, but I hope it will convince you that a wife's economy and industry are not to be despised."

"Lizzy, dear Lizzy!"

"Oh, this is nothing—only a sample of what I can do. Come, now, acknowledge your error, and say that I may have my own way in future."

Hamilton replied by clasping his wife in his arms.

"There, say nothing more about it," she continued. "Don't think of your misfortunes, but remember that we can be happy even if we both have to work hard. Poverty cannot crush us, and I have already convinced you that work will not make me lose attraction in your sight."

The young husband's heart overflowed with gratitude and joy.

"How I have misunderstood you, dear Lizzy!" he exclaimed. "You are worth more to me than the Southern riches; and now that I know poverty can't crush you, my mind is at ease. Lizzy, I am so happy!"

"And I may have my way?"

"Remember this!" cried Mrs. Burgess, archly. "With a lighter heart than he had felt for many months before, Hamilton went about the settlement of his business affairs, while Lizzy devoted herself to perfecting a new system of housekeeping.

When Mr. Burgess came home at night he was surprised at the wonderful change which had taken place during his absence.

"Don't, don't," said the wife regarding him with a smile, "you said I might have my way."

"True—but what have you done?"

"I have been making arrangements to let half the house to Mr. Smith's family, who will move in next week. They are pleasant people, and as we

had twice as much room as we actually needed, I thought it best to take them. Then again we can't need so much furniture, and if you like, you can sell Mr. Smith some of what we have, at a fair price."

Mr. Burgess neither frowned, nor looked displeased, nor did he ever afterwards oppose his wife's designs. He soon found his expenses so much reduced, that with the fruits of his wife's industry added to his own, they were able to live quite comfortably and happily; and although he soon became engaged in more profitable business, he never again urged her to indulge in the folly of "living like a lady."

A Campaign Song.

BILL BIGLER THE RAFTSMAN OF CLEARFIELD.

ASK—ROSE THE BOV.

Ye sons of the Keystone awake,
Burge forth from the hill and the dale,
Bigler the raftsmen of Clearfield,
And that down the current we sail.

Our helmman is true and true,
Our helmman is true and true,
Bill Bigler, the raftsmen of Clearfield,
Will carry us gallantly through.

His timber is now on the water,
And down to the market he'll go,
Nearer on the river is success,
Nearer on the river is success,
Then sing out the song of his crew,
Then sing out the song of his crew,
Bill Bigler, the raftsmen of Clearfield,
Will carry us gallantly through.

He is true to the cause of the Union,
And boldly proclaims his views,
That the flag which we hold in communion,
Most nobly and bravely we'll defend.

Then sing out the song of his crew,
Then sing out the song of his crew,
Bill Bigler, the raftsmen of Clearfield,
Will carry us gallantly through.

October will scarce be half over,
When out in the river you'll see;
Their Harbinger quarters to set,
Then sing out the song of his crew,
Then sing out the song of his crew,
Bill Bigler, the raftsmen of Clearfield,
Will carry us gallantly through.

Repeat your verses ready,
Ye fathers of the Keystone hills,
For Bigler is moving up steady,
The raftsmen of Clearfield hills.

The chair of the Keystone to fill,
The chair of the Keystone to fill,
Bill Bigler, the raftsmen of Clearfield,
Is now upon Capital Hill.

A Ride on the Locomotive.

Reader, you ever there? If not, it will do you good to try it from one station to another. That will be long enough if you are not an apprentice to old Vulcan, and used to casting thunder bolts for Jupiter. In our late trip to Columbus, we had the privilege of riding on the Locomotive, the famous Engineer on one of the Express Trains, and mounted his iron chariot with him. It was fun for a few minutes, or so long as you could sit on the driver's seat, but when you found yourself off the saddle, and over the other side of the furnace, holding on to one of the stations with a desperate, but doubtful grasp. It was not so interesting. The Locomotive went like mad, and when it seemed to us that it was running away, and would soon tear itself to pieces, and make jerked most of the whole train, and a select crew, started from Tripoli on an expedition to explore the interior of Africa. The latest information from these gentlemen is contained in a letter from one of them, Dr. Barth, to the British Consul General, at Tripoli, dated the 25th of February. The expedition had reached Kano, on the road to the kingdom of Bornu, where they expected to arrive in the month of April. The expedition was attended with many dangers and difficulties, and no greater misfortune than the loss of a little property, of which they were robbed by the Tuariks. This is a powerful tribe who inhabit the country in the Sahara, or Great Desert, and are noted for their ferocity and rapacity. It is a singular and interesting fact, that these Tuariks, who are so powerful, athletic, and warlike race of the centre of Africa.

Dr. Barth mentions a vast tract of fertile land in the interior of Africa, which he has named the Great Salars, and which has remained entirely unknown to travellers and geographers. He describes it as being of considerable extent, beautifully wooded, with a number of small rivers passing through it, and susceptible of the highest degree of cultivation. It is inhabited only by animals, among which he mentions the elephant, buffalo, lion, giraffe, &c.

During the progress of the voyage, Dr. Barth was very near perishing in the desert whilst the expedition was passing through the country of the Tuariks. Having left the caravan for a short time, for the purpose of making some geological investigation, he was unable to find it again, and wandered through the sands for three days and nights. He was found in a state of delirium, preceding a final dissolution, by a Tuarik, and brought back to his caravan.

THE CORNED BEEF PLAINDER.

A few years since, the capital of one of the New England States boasted of but one public house—where all the people were wont to assemble, and at which the present time, you are now seated in your comfortable quarters on reasonable terms. Then as now, this was the home of the Solons and Lycurguses of the State, when their legislative duties called them to the capital.

Mr. —, the proprietor of the house at the time to which I allude, found that he had lots of men to deal with; the State Representatives being composed of farmers, ship builders, land speculators, lawyers, &c.

Of all men, however, the queerest customer was a representative who had not certainly been chosen for any remarkable talents, or for any extensive knowledge of political economy. In fact, his notions of private economy altogether predominated, as the saying is, "he would not give a cent for a horse."

With the other members, Mr. G. took up his quarters at the public house kept by Mr. E. He was delighted with the breakfast of venison steak, the dinners of turkeys and goose meat, and correct board was more than he felt able to pay. According to his habit, he applied to the landlord to know if he could not board him for less than the usual price.

"I should be very happy to accommodate you," replied Mr. E., politely, "but I should lose by the operation. I have the best of everything on my table, and my expenses are so large that I could not live if I were to reduce my prices."

"No way at all—in my case?" enquired the representative, roughly.

"No—I don't see how I can. I have to pay an uncommonly high price for things this season, for my turkeys, venison, eggs, &c."

"Now see here," interrupted Mr. G. "I suppose these things are worth all you charge for board; did you not complain if I felt as though I could afford to eat such dinners. Now why not let them that want to eat the turkeys pay for 'em? For my part, I'd be heart glad to board myself day after day, and want to eat your turkeys; and I don't see why I should pay for 'em."

"Very well," said the landlord, with an indulgent smile. "If you are willing to confine yourself to such a board, I have the best of everything on my table, and my expenses are so large that I could not live if I were to reduce my prices."

The Representative was highly gratified. He promised to eat corned beef, and to abstain from eating anything else which was named, upon which condition a satisfactory bargain was made.

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An Auction Scene.

Strolling through our city, we chanced into an auction room to see what bargains we could make. The auctioneer was upon the stand with a piece of calico.

"Eight cents a yard—who says ten?"

"I'll give you ten," says an old lady.

"Going, then, at eight! Yours, madam; walk in and settle."

"I didn't bid on it," exclaimed the old lady, advancing.

"We'll thank persons not to bid if they don't want an article," said the auctioneer.

"Going, then, at eight! Yours, madam; walk in and settle!"

"Nine cents," said an old gentleman opposite.

"Nine—nine—who says ten? Going at nine!—going—going! Yours, sir. Cash takes it at nine cents."

"I didn't bid," said the gentleman. "I don't want it; I wouldn't give you five cents for the whole piece."

(Auctioneer, getting mad): "If any one else again, they will have to take the article or get into trouble, (throwing down angrily the piece of calico.) Give me something else. Ah! gentlemen, here is a fine piece of dress. What can I get for this?—What do you say—anything you please?"

"I'll start it at five." "Ten," says another.

"Twelve and a half," says a third. "Thirteen," cries an old lady. "Fourteen! fifteen!" cried several others.

"Gone, then, at fourteen! Yours, sir; walk up here!"

But the bidder could not be made to walk up.

"Thirteen, then, madam; you can have it at your bid."

"I didn't bid. What do you think I want of that article?" said the old lady, indignantly.

"Here, I'll take it at thirteen," exclaimed a voice at the other end of the room. All eyes were turned in that direction, but no claimant stepped forward. "I do," says the old lady, "I'll take it at thirteen."

"I do," said an old fat-faced farmer.

"Well, sir, walk up and take it."

"I'm afraid its stolen goods!" says the fat-faced man.

The auctioneer, now quite mad, sprang down and was about calling the old man, when a person right behind him, cried:

"Don't strike him! It was me that said you stole them!"

The auctioneer turned round, when a big dog, apparently right at his heels, snuffed and barked most furiously. With a sudden spring upon his counter, he ordered the crowd to leave. An acquaintance at my elbow, no longer able to contain himself, burst into a loud laugh, as a gentle little man passed out of the door, whom he told us was Blutz, the ventriloquist.—*Gen. Engr.*

Interior of Africa.

Early in 1850 Mr. Richardson, an agent of the British government, together with two other men, and a select escort, started from Tripoli on an expedition to explore the interior of Africa. The latest information from these gentlemen is contained in a letter from one of them, Dr. Barth, to the British Consul General, at Tripoli, dated the 25th of February. The expedition had reached Kano, on the road to the kingdom of Bornu, where they expected to arrive in the month of April. The expedition was attended with many dangers and difficulties, and no greater misfortune than the loss of a little property, of which they were robbed by the Tuariks. This is a powerful tribe who inhabit the country in the Sahara, or Great Desert, and are noted for their ferocity and rapacity. It is a singular and interesting fact, that these Tuariks, who are so powerful, athletic, and warlike race of the centre of Africa.

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Black Law of Indiana.

The following provisions, forming part of the new Constitution of Indiana, were submitted to a separate vote at the recent election, and adopted as a part of the instrument by a majority larger than that given for the Constitution—it is said by 20,000 majority.

Sec. 1. No negro or mulatto shall come into or settle in this State after the adoption of this Constitution.

Sec. 2. All contracts made with any negro or mulatto coming into this State contrary to the foregoing section, shall be void; and all persons who shall employ, or otherwise encourage such negro or mulatto to remain in the State, shall be fined in any sum not less than ten dollars nor more than five hundred dollars.

Sec. 3. All fines which may be collected for violation of the provisions of this article, or any law which may hereafter be passed for the purpose of carrying the same into execution, shall be applied and appropriated for the redemption of such negroes and mulattos, and the descendants of any such negroes and mulattos, who are in the State at the adoption of this Constitution, and may be willing to emigrate.

Sec. 4. The General Assembly shall pass laws to carry out the provisions of this article.

A Helpless Man.

"How are you, Trip? How do you feel, Mr. Trip?"

"A great deal worse than I was, thank you; most dead, I'm obliged to you. I'm always worse than I was, and I don't think I was ever any better, and for the future you may always know I'm worse, without asking any questions, for questions will make me worse, if nothing else does."

"Why, Mr. Trip, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, I tell you, in particular, but a great deal in the matter with me in general—but that's the danger, because we don't know what it is. That's what kills people when they don't know it, that's killing me. My grandmother died of it and so will I, and I don't know—they can't tell; they say I'm well enough—so there's no help. I'm going to die of these days, right after my grandmother, dying of nothing in particular, but everything in general. That's what finishes our folks."

Happy the man who is an early riser. Every morning day comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom, and purity, and freshness. The youth of nature is contagious, like the pleasures of a happy childhood. I doubt if any man can be called "old" so long as he is an early riser and an early walker. And, oh, Youth! take my word for it—youth in dress, sin, and slipper, dwindling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepit, ghastly image of that youth which was the sun blazed over the mountains, and the dew sparkles upon blossoming hedge-rows.

Butler.

Proverbs.—Cromwell did not wait to strike until the iron was hot, but made it hot by striking.

To ascertain the weight of a horse put your toe under his foot.

A BULL STORY.

Looking over Harper's Guide Book to the Erie Railroad, we encountered the following story, which may have some suggestive interest for our railroad friends:

What a chapter of fun and fury might be found in the legend history of a road, growing out of the delicate question of right of way. What sudden rises in the value of desirably or boggy lands occur as soon as such choice territories are threatened with destruction by the appearance of a railroad. Proprietors quite willing a few days before to give away every other acre of their declining boggy and gravel banks, suddenly become afraid of selling them too cheap, and ask the prices of San Francisco town lots! They ask thousands and get hundreds; and though their sales make them comfortable for life, many remain sworn enemies to the very road that enriches them. If the land agents of a company would only publish their diaries, they would excel in fun, just as the diary of a physician does in tragic interest. And while on the subject of right of way, I mention, fellow traveller, to this old illustration of it, that occurred during the construction of the road, near Monroe. While the engineers were running a line that quarter, one of these landed genies refused them permission to effect their purpose through his property. The land agent, noticing his warning or his threats, but one method, just as they had assembled with their tools on the forbidden ground, a furious bull rushed upon them, roaring like one of his Bashan progenitors, with every other acre of his declining boggy and gravel banks, suddenly become afraid of selling them too cheap, and ask the prices of San Francisco town lots! They ask thousands and get hundreds; and though their sales make them comfortable for life, many remain sworn enemies to the very road that enriches them. If the land agents of a company would only publish their diaries, they would excel in fun, just as the diary of a physician does in tragic interest. And while on the subject of right of way, I mention, fellow traveller, to this old illustration of it, that occurred during the construction of the road, near Monroe. 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