CARBONDALE.

[The Carbondale correspondence of The Tribune has been placed in the hands of Mr. C. R. Munn, Salem avenue and Church street, to whom news items may be addressed. All complaints as to irregular delivery, etc., should be made to W. J. Roberts, news agent.]

THREE MONTHS' IDLENESS.

Employes of No. 3 Shaft Thrown Out of Employment.

The miners and most of the other workers about No. 3 mine were laid off indefinitely last week, and Monday a meeting of the men interested was held to consult over the state of affairs now existing and the outlook for the future. The matter was talked over at length.

The men were anxious to learn what action the company contemplates taking, so that they might know whether or not to seek employment elsewhere, and a committee consisting of Joseph and William Davis was appointed to wait upon superintendent C. C. Rose, of Scranton, superintendent of the coal department, and learn the company's plans.

He informed the men that no more coal will be taken out at the No. 3 opening and that it will take at least two months to cut a hole through to No. 1, during which time there will be no work for the men. The outside hands at the shaft were discharged on Friday, as there will be no further need for them in any case.

A CANTATA.

To Be Given Under the Direction of Mrs. T. E. Jepson.

The cantata, "Father Time," in which over fifty of the young people of the Baptist church will take part, will be given in the Baptist chapel Friday evening. The following-named persons have kindly consented to take the parts assigned them:

Father Time, Albert Estabrook; Monday, Laura Chilton; Tuesday, Sarah Davis; Wednesday, Maud James; Thursday, Helen Patterson; Friday, Olive Moon; Saturday, Anna Chilton.

The following sentiments will be personified: Patience, Ella Purdy; Love, Flossie Capwell; Hope, Edith Fowler; Duty, Edith Hawkins.

The "Thief of Time" will be represented by Grace Stone and "Faithful" by Minnie Herbert. Then a chorus of voices will personify seconds; another chorus minutes; others hours and days.

A sewing circle of young ladies will have recitations, colloquies, a solo and chorus, Miss Florence Jones acting as soloist.

CYCLE CLUB MEETING.

Officers Nominated--Change of Club Colors and Uniforms.

The Cycle club had a spirited meeting last evening. Candidates were nominated as follows: President C. R. Smith, Isaac Singer; vice-president, A. Mitchell, jr., H. B. Briggs; secretary, W. F. Wolcott, G. F. James, L. D. Davis; treasurer, Daniel Scurry, R. B. Van Bergen, J. R. Derby; captain, G. F. James; directors, John G. Reese, Dr. G. D. Day, Dr. W. G. Baker, T. J. Moon, H. W. Harrison; auditors, H. W. Harrison, G. M. Patterson, R. B. Van Bergen, Dr. W. H. McCraw, A. Mitchell, jr., George Muir, E. E. Ely. The club decided to change uniforms and colors. Messrs. James, Derby and Chapman were made a committee to submit samples and prices at the next meeting, at which time the election will take place.

FOX MAY RETURN.

Negotiations have been going on between the Williams brothers, owners of Hotel American, and Frank M. Fox, the well-known hotel man, who formerly managed Hotel Anthracite. The object Messrs. Williams have in view is to place Mr. Fox in charge of the popular hotel. Should satisfactory arrangements be made, many persons in this vicinity will be greatly pleased. Mr. Fox is widely known and popular, and has a host of friends throughout the valley and among the traveling public in general. While managing the Anthracite he established a reputation for it enjoyed by no other hotel in this section. He and his father, Horace Fox, are now proprietors of a large hotel and sanitarium at Saegertown, this state.

PARISH MEETING.

At the annual meeting of Trinity parish, C. R. Manville, the senior warden, acted as chairman. The treasurer, W. R. Morss, read a very satisfactory report of the finances of the church, showing receipts during the year $3,000.03; payments, $2,775.43; balance on hand, $311.95. Vestrymen were elected as follows:

W. R. Morss, C. E. Rettew, T. W. Parry, C. R. Manville, Frank Hubbard, E. C. Harnden, H. O. Watrous, N. L. Moon. Frank Hubbard succeeds J. Vandermark on the board. The other vestrymen were on last year. The newly elected rector, Rev. R. M. Sawyer, is expected to arrive in town on Friday of this week and to conduct the services next Sunday.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Willie Akerstrom and company played to a full house again last night. "A Bachelor's Housekeeper" caused great merriment for two hours and one-half. The clarionetist rendered a solo which evinced remarkable skill on the part of the performer.

The Gravity passenger train due in this city from Honesdale at 1.25, ran into a train of cars which were being switched at the Powderly breaker yesterday. No one was injured and the damage did not amount to much. The passengers who were to connect with the train bound for Scranton and points south were transferred at the Lookout crossing.

Frederick Gelder and M. J. Murphy, members of the local staffs of the Leader and Herald, respectively, are negotiating for the purchase of the Forest City News, now owned by Justice of the Peace W. J. Maxey. These young men are hustlers who have thorough knowledge of the printing and newspaper business and their many friends will wish them success when they shall have closed the deal.

The Delaware and Hudson paid the employes of the steam road, locomotive shops and the coal pockets for the month of March yesterday.

Dr. D. L. Bailey was called to Franklin Forks, Susquehanna county, yesterday, by the serious illness of his mother who is 73 years old. It is feared she cannot recover.

Trinity guild met at the home of Miss Carrie Morss last evening.

Mrs. Ella Moffitt is entertaining her nephew, Rt. Rev. E. F. Prendergast, of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McTighe have returned to Scranton after a visit in this city.

Miss Rebecca Coleman left yesterday for Philadelphia where she will attend the commencement of the College of Pharmacy, from which her brother, John E. Coleman, graduates.

Miss Bessie Teets is visiting friends in Dunmore.

Mrs. Hannah Leonard is spending a week in Wilkes-Barre.

TAYLOR NEWS.

A Pretty Wedding Solemnized--This Evening's Social--Personals.

The marriage of Miss Annie Lafiey, of Minooka, and Mr. John Connors, of North Taylor, was solemnized in the St. Joseph's church yesterday afternoon at 4.30 o'clock. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. Carmody. The bridesmaid was Miss Mary Nee and the best man was John Davis, of Pine Brook. The marriage was a quiet affair and was attended only by the relations and immediate friends of the contracting parties. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the brides parents, Mr. and Mrs. Connors. They have many well-wishing friends. They will reside in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Hitchner, of Pittston, were the guests of friends in this town yesterday.

The Tribune branch office in Taylor is in the Cobleigh building. Local representative E. G. Evans, in charge.

Taylorville Lodge No. 462, Knights of Pythias will meet this evening in Keese's hall

The employes of the Taylor, Pine and Holden mines will receive their monthly distribution for March, today.

This evening will occur the grand competitive meeting and social at the Calvary Baptist church. A large number have entered on the different competitions and a treat is in store for those who attend.

Mrs. M. J. Lloyd, of Priceburg, was the guest of her mother in this place on Sunday.

The Board of Directors of the Price Library association will not meet this evening. The meeting will be held next Monday evening.

Ex-Burgess William P. Griffiths is confined to his home on Washington street.

Mrs. Neiger, Mrs. David E. Jones and daughters, Venna and Rhea, left yesterday for a visit at Factoryville, being the guests of Rev. and Mrs. M. J. Watkins.

David Walter, of Hyde Park, was the guest of friends in this place yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Eagan, of Hyde Park, were the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fendergast, of Depot street, on Sunday.

Rev. William Frisby, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, left yesterday morning for Norwich, N. Y., to attend the Methodist Episcopal convention of that place.

The Board of Trade Street committee will meet with the council committee on Thursday evening.

Mr. William Jones, a young musician of West Minooka, was presented with a beautiful baton from the members of the Presbyterian Church choir, of Moosic, of which he is director.

Rev. Ivor Thomas, pastor of the Welsh Congregational church, is slowly recovering from his recent illness.

JERMYN AND MAYFIELD.

The Rev. M. E. Lynott has just placed in Sacred Heart church a new organ which was played for the first time on Easter. The new instrument is much larger than the old one and is well adopted to the size of the church. It has a fine tone and a number of sweet and powerful stops, rarely seen in reed instruments. The musical part of the service on Easter day was therefore rendered with excellent effect. The solos were very creditably sung by Laura Lally, Mary McGloughlin, Nellie Demsey, Sarah Quinn and Annie Hosie.

As a consequence of the dullness in the coal trade the Delaware and Hudson company are reducing their expenses by laying off a number of their company hands in the mine. Several were discharged on last Saturday.

Mrs. Dr. Graves, of North Main street, was visiting friends in Peckville yesterday.

Mrs. John Lewis, a daughter of Mrs. Griffiths, of Third street, returned home yesterday after a few months' visit with relatives and friends in South Wales.

The Delaware and Hudson company have commenced to build a lump coal shute at their breaker here. It is thought that when this is completed the breaker may at times work a little better. There is a demand for lump coal now and several of the company's breakers that ship this size are working three-quarter time, while the Jermyn breaker is working but half days.

Fire was discovered in a vacant house on the East Side near the Delaware and Hudson depot about 3.30 o'clock yesterday morning. The artesian Hose company responded to the alarm and soon had a stream of water playing on the burning parts which were extinguished without much damage. How the fire originated is not known.

The Hillside Coal and Iron company will pay their employes here Thursday.

E. F. Edmonds is negotiating for the purchase of a mate for his trotting horse, Harry D. If the deal is successful he will have one of the fastest and prettiest teams in the county.

The William Walker Hose company met on Monday evening to hear the report of the committee that has been making arrangements for their social and drawing on Friday evening next at Enterprise hall. The committee reported that all the arrangements were perfected and the indications were that the attendance would be unusually large. In addition to the social and drawing, Professor N. J. Russell's orchestra will give a musical entertainment that will be alone worth the price of admission.

Rose A. and Margaret Mulholland spent Sunday at Forest City, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. C. F. Taylor.

The Republican primaries were held here yesterday, and the delegates elected to represent the Fourth legislative convention, which will be held in Olyphant on next Thursday, are: First ward, Thomas Griffiths, John R. Jones; Second ward, W. C. Nicholson; Third ward, H. A. Willman; Mayfield, David G. Williams and William Griffiths.

PECKVILLE.

Found—Near Peck's lumber yard, a gent's silver watch. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for advertisement. S. W. Jane.

Councilman Richard Reese spent yesterday with friends and relatives in Hyde Park.

DON'T FAIL.

To Strengthen the Nerves and Purify the Blood This Spring

Of course, you will have to take something for your blood this spring. It is a foolish risk to do otherwise. Maybe you are subject to chronic cattarh during the winter, which has run you down. Perhaps you have had la grippe, from which you have never fully recovered. Your blood may be out of order, or possibly you are bilious or constipated, nervous or dull, sleepless or languid, restless or tired; at any rate, whatever may be your condition, you ought to, and probably will, take some spring medicine — something to invigorate, something to cleanse, something to strengthen. Those who select Pe-ru-na run no risk, as this remedy covers the whole ground. It is the best (if not the only) internal remedy for chronic catarrh. It cures hundreds of old cases that have resisted every other kind of treatment. Victims of the after-effects of la grippe find Pe-ru-na a specific. For the blood, Pe-ru-na has no superior; at the same time it strengthens the nerves, stimulates the liver and invigorates the stomach. Those who take Pe-ru-na never fail to have a good appetite, sleep well, have strong nerves and good blood. Mrs. C. C. Filler, 135½ South Fourth street, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I was suffering from what is called nervous prostration. My nerves were terribly debilitated. I found Pe-ru-na an immediate relief."

Send to The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio, for a free book on catarrh.

GREATEST OF BULL-FIGHTERS

Madrid Mourns the Death of Her Incomparable Torreador.

Edwin Saltus in Collier's Weekly.

Madrid is in mourning. In the eyes of middle-aged manolas there are tears. The Plaza de Toros is deserted. The palcos are draped. The toril is empty. Frascuelo is dead. Frascuelo was the idol of Spain. Rivaled but not excelled by Lagantijo, succeeded but not eclipsed by Mazzantini, Frascuelo represented the best traditions of Ronda and the ring. It was splendid to see him there. He had the grace of Talma, the courage of Blondin, the agility of Fitzsimmons, the air of a Bourbon, and the ease of a ballerine. He played with a bull as a child will play with a kitten. It was not a terror ,it was a toy. When he was billed the tourist enjoyed the preliminary spectacle of a swarm of fans fluttering like butterflies, miniature rainbows oscillating in loops of light. While the eye was bewildered the pulse was stirred. There was an uproar deafening as cannon, the excitement of ten thousand people drunk with foretastes of blood, hushed suddenly by a blare of brass.

It was then Frascuelo entered. About him were the cuadrilla, at his heels the picadores, accompanied and preceded by the rush and jingle of caparisoned mules. When the latter had fled and the picadores had stationed themselves, lance in hand, at equal distances about the barrier, another fanfare would sound, a door would open and a monster would pounce like a hurricane into the ring. Then would follow those confused masses of horse, bull, and man which are common to every fight. It was when that part of the function was done that Frascuelo got to work. His costume was gorgeous. He wore knee-breeches of vermilion silk seamed with a silver spangle, about his waist was a scarlet sash, his jacket was amazingly designed, his shoulders were yellow with gold, on his head was a black pomponed turban. The costume was gorgeous, but diaphanous. A pin would have punctured it, and in it, with a tongue of steel, he would invite the attack of a gigantic and maddened brute. In a second the bull would be upon him, but in that second the tongue of steel would flash, straight over the lowered horns it would sweep, sting down through the parting flesh, touch the seat of life, and drop that gigantic and maddened brute, dead, there, at his feet.

That coup, in which he excelled, is the supreme expression of toromaquia. It was that which made him a national idol and his loss a national grief.

LAMENT OF A LONELY EDITOR.

To Lincoln, when the fare was low,
The editaires did daily go,
Their hard-earned salaries to blow
And to commune right happily.

I'd like to join their mild carouse,
And see their lofty bulging brows,
But who would milk my foaming cows,
If I should slope so jauntily?

Fain would I fire my ink and pens,
And leave as others left their dens;
But who would herd my snorting hens
The while I monkeyed merrily?

Gladly I'd don my Sunday togs,
And northward drive my span of dogs,
But who'll pack slop to feed my hogs,
If I should skip so airily?

Few, few can do the things they wish;
Some saw the wood, while others fish;
Some eat the house, some lick the dish,
And so the world goes drearily.

—Beatrice Express.

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Always Reliable. Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, regulate, purify, cleans and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles.

SICK HEADACHE,
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INDIGESTION,
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CONSTIPATION,
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ALL DISORDERS OF THE LIVER

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price 25c per box. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail.

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55 Elm St., New York.

A Student of Emotion.

From St. Paul's.

I met Leonard Curteis for the first time at an impromptu dinner and theater party got up by Cissie Westover. Cis was a gay little woman, who knew how to "make things hum," as she called it. Her husband was earning a living in temporary exile somewhere abroad away in the east. She was a bright, easy-going, warm-hearted creature, whose affections were somewhat erratically moved toward certain individuals; and one of these, she averred, was my humble self. Fortunately for me, though loving in our case had not involved the proverbial repenting at leisure, and consequently many pleasant frolics had fallen to my share. Not only had she the will to enjoy herself and to give enjoyment to others, but she had also the means, a very important factor in accomplishing the same. A comfortable £1,000 a year goes far toward having a good time if the programme and performance be cleverly managed.

I don't know where Cissie picked up Leonard Curteis. She intimated to me one day that she had unexpectedly come across a thoroughly charming specimen of the genus homo, "just the man, Flo, to take your fancy"—and the aforesaid dinner, with a play to follow it, was arranged by her forthwith.

It was a most successful partie carree; for Cis had invited one of her few chosen friends, besides Leonard Curteis (the latest addition to their number), so as to avoid the impossible number three. I found him a tall, good-looking fellow, with brown eyes and hair of the same color, but a shade darker. His conversation was intersperced with a certain amount of dry wit, which was amusing; but I came to the conclusion before the end of the evening that he was evidently a cynic at heart, and I perceived one trait in his character which did not please me.

He appeared to me to devote a great deal of his attention to studying the various phases of emotion in others, while he professed to be incapable of feeling any sort of emotion himself. I say "professed," for under his cold and phlegmatic exterior I felt convinced there was capability of something different and more sympathetic, if only one could dig down deep enough to find it.

"Well, my dear, what do you think of him?" So said Cis, as we stood before the fire in her bedroom on our return from the theater, our cloaks hanging loosely from our shoulders, our toes warming themselves on the edge of the fender, before we said good night.

"Think of him? Hm! Not bad looking, rather clever, amusing, with an excellent opinion of himself."

"Not entirely flattering! Then you haven't fallen in love with him at first sight. For my part, I think him delightful, but, alas! it's no use in my case, I being already one of the appropriated blessings. But you know, Flo, he's just the man for you, and I've set my heart on your marrying him."

"Now, Cis, I protest against such audacious match-making on your part; I declare I won't have it. If you suggest such unpleasant and distasteful possibilities I shall simply refuse to meet Mr. Curteis again. I like him well enough; but, as yet, I hardly care to contemplate the remote catastrophe of marriage, still less so with a man to whom I have only been introduced about two or three hours ago.'

"Waxing indignant, are you, dear? Well, we shall see. I think you have not seen the last of Leonard Curteis. In fact, I wouldn't mind betting two to one that you meet him again, somewhere or somehow, within the week. For, if you were not taken with him at first sight, I am quite sure that he was with you."

"Whether we meet again or not won't matter to me. Good-night," I said, and with this prevarication on my lips I kissed her and left the room.

In the privacy of my own chamber and of my own thoughts, however, I permitted myself to realize that I did care very much whether I met Leonard Curteis again. There was something about him which interested me to an inexplicable extent, an extraordinary attraction which I was at a loss to account for, and which seemed to draw me toward him against my will.

As I lay awake conning over the events of the past evening I felt I would give a good deal to be the one woman who, by digging deep enough, would succeed in stirring that depth of intense emotion which he kept so well hidden from public view.

From March to July is long enough for folks to have met, fallen in love and been married in; and, during these months spent with Cissie Westover, I had found an elderly but wealthy admirer, a certain builder and contractor named Dickson Bailey, the possessor of some thousands a year. My people were poor, and my three younger sisters pined in the quiet retirement of a country life, awaiting with dull despondency the possibility of my marrying, thus giving them their chance of enjoying the pleasures of a London season and some festivity and fun in town. The temptation, financially, with regard to my wealthy suitor, was great, but—well, there was Leonard Curteis.

Cis had been right in her prognostications respecting him. We had seen him continually, and I don't think I am too conceited when I say that he had always shown a marked preference for my society. Quite as a friend—only a friend—he had been careful never to allow the position of affairs between us to get a fraction beyond that.

The time had at last come when I was to take my departure from London; and, on the eve of it, I found myself, with Cis as chaperon, at a ball given in a private house by people who knew well how to entertain successfully. A good floor, good music, refreshments add lib, and cozy corners of the most enticing description, here, there and everywhere.

"Is this true, Miss Dunstaville, that you are leaving us tomorrow?"

We had just finished a delightful valse, and my hand was on his arm as he led me from the room.

"Quite true, Mr. Curteis. The best of friends must part, you know. I wonder if you and I will ever meet again?"

"We can't discuss that here. Come down-stairs. I know a corner where we can talk it over with the gravity which the consideration of so important a subject requires."

He guided me along a corridor leading from the hall out into the garden, where, at the end of it was a capacious summer-house, skillfully arranged with floral decorations, a screen so placed in it as to form a partition down the center should the necessity arise. Two of the seats were already occupied; so we sat down on the vacant chairs and glanced across at the couple opposite, silently regarding them as interlopers, which, under the circumstances, was hardly fair.

The woman immediately riveted my attention. She was evidently entirely oblivious of time, place, onlookers, or anything. Her eyes gazed straight before her, and large tears fell from them, dropping, unheeded by her, on the exquisite fabric of her dress. Her face was lovely, but pale and sad, the picture of despair; and the man's also was white and drawn, with a set look about his mouth which betrayed the emotion he repressed.

"It seems to me," whispered Leonard Curteis, "that we have hit upon a tragedy. Suppose we draw the curtain"—and, rising, he pulled the screen a little forward, thus covering the dramatis personae on the other side. The next moment the man came from behind it and walked slowly away. I could have supplied the clew to the situation, for I knew the woman's history. She had been unhappily married, and this was the man she loved. He had been ordered to join his regiment abroad, and the trooper was to sail the following day. Ah, well!

"Mr. Curteis, you've often told me that it affords you amusement to study emotion in others, though unable ever to experience anything of the kind yourself. The scene we have just witnessed must have interested and amused you greatly, I suppose?"

"You are pleased to be sarcastic. You are rather hard on me in this case I think. The pathos about this phase of emotion was rather too exaggerated t amuse me; that's why I drew forward the screen. But enough as to that. I want at this moment to consider pathetic sentiment a little nearer home. Our parting tomorrow—we came to talk about that, you know. Are you really going away?"

"Yes, really. And, as I said just now, it is possible that you and I may not meet again."

"Certainly we shall. Our mutual friend, Mrs. Westover, will take care of that, and I shall do so, too."

A pause. I was silent, unable for once to think of the right think to say. Suddenly I felt his hand on mine as he said quietly:

"Miss Dunstaville, during the past two months we have become more to one another than mere acquaintances. May I say that we are friends?"

There was no warmth of pressure in his clasp as my fingers lay under his own, and for a few seconds I sat thoughtfully regarding the floor. To him, no doubt, this conversation was intended as a fresh study of emotion. I knew this man was playing with me.

"Yes, friends. Certainly we are friends."

"On the strength of that assurance I will ask you something. Will you give me a kiss before you go?" I felt the blood rush to my face and thanked the semi-darkness which hid the tell-tale color in my cheeks.

Give him a kiss, one kiss?—not myself—my life—my heart's devotion—only a kiss, nothing more! So this was the end of my dream of hope and happiness!

I looked up and met his eyes fixed on me inquiringly. There was no love or passion in his glance.

Suddenly I moved quickly. I took his face between my hands and kissed him on his lips; such a kiss as I had given to no other human being, and never shall again.

"Good-by, Mr. Curteis," I said, as I rose swiftly from beside him, and before he had recovered from his surprise I was gone.

For once, I believe, he had experienced the result of an unexpectedly powerful emotion; and I imagine from the glance I caught of his face as I left him that I was the first woman who, so far, had broken through the outer crust of his callous nature, and had, very nearly, succeeded in touching the depths of feeling beneath.

I left London the next day, and I have no doubt that Cis told him immediately afterward that I was engaged to be married to Dickson Bailey, with many thousands a year.

Perhaps if ever Leonard Curteis comes across the one woman, he may then understand why I gave him that kiss.

A New Departure.

As the learned philosophers of Castile gathered about Columbus, they laughed derisively.

The intrepid discoverer, however, broke the tip of the eggshell, and—presto!—the thing was done.

Amid the plaudits of the company Columbus made his egg-sit.—New York Press.

GOOD TIMES have come to those whom Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured of scrofula, catarrh, dyspepsia, rheumatism, weak nerves, or some other form of impure blood.

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