

A SINNER UNREPENT.

BY SOPHIE GATES KERR.

"My, but your mornin' gorted o'clock nice, Miss Pheme! Wish you'd save me some seed often that white one." It was Mrs. Ridley coming up the walk.

"I will, Miss Ridley. Come in and set down. There's a pa'm leaf on the lounge, an' maybe you'll take a glass of cool water. It's a scorchin' mornin'," said Miss Pheme.

"I would like a drink, thank you," responded Mrs. Ridley. "Seems like when anybody's fat as I am, they just get he't up like a coal stove. My, that tastes good. You got a grand well, Miss Pheme."

The hostess smiled a flattered smile, but before she could speak Mrs. Ridley went on: "I brought over three of Mr. Ridley's vests, Miss Pheme, to get you to mend 'em. He's busted 'em ever one right through the back, fr all the world like a seven-year locust, I tell 'im, an' seems like I got no time to fix 'em, with Emma May gittin' married next week. We're just livin' in a regular whirlwind, an' sorry as I'll be to see Emma May go—not that I don't like Charlie Foot, but you know what I mean—I coudn't be glad when all this fuss is over."

"I expect it is tryin'," sympathized Miss Pheme. "But Emma May's always been a good daughter, an' she deserves a fine weddin'."

"Tain't that I don't want her to have it," said Mrs. Ridley, hastily. "But I'm just dog-tired this mornin' for the land sakes, it's half-past ten o'clock already, I got to go. You bring them vests over when they're done, Miss Pheme, an' I'll pay you fr 'em. I'd send one of the boys over, but Emma May wants you to come particular an' see her presents, so I'll be killin' two birds with one stone." She chuckled comfortably as she stepped outside the door.

Miss Pheme looked after her departing form with resentful stare. "Yes," she muttered, "she can get Miss Maxwell to make Emma May's weddin' clothes, but I'm good enough to mend up Jim Ridley's old vests. I'll charge her 15 cents apiece, see if I don't; that'll be 45 cents. Does seem a good bit to charge fr mendin' three vests."

Miss Pheme went in and shut out the glare of the summer day. As she picked up the package of vests her thin little hands trembled. Tears sprang to her eyes and she burst out fiercely: "Tain't right! I made Emma May Ridley's dresses to be christened in, little twenty baby as she was, an' I made her a dress to be confirmed in, an' I made her a dress when she was ragwaded at the high school, an' she'd always said I should make her weddin' dress. That flauntin' city thing's got all my trade! I've sewed here on all my life and dealt honest by all, an' it's not fair." The tears rolled down her withered cheeks and fell unheeded upon Mr. Ridley's second best pepper-and-salt vest. Presently her wrath faded away.

"Emma May wants you to come particular to see her presents! Tain't no hint; oh, no? Sally Ridley needn't 'a' troubled herself to say that. I got a present for Emma May, an' I'm going to give it to her. I'd like to get even with them, the whole kit of 'em. Jest as if I couldn't 'a' made Emma May's weddin' clo's. They tell me Miss Maxwell uses a chain-stitch machine. I always did say chain-stitch machines was made for the careless, an' I don't see no reason to change my mind. Well, 'pon my word, this vest ain't on'y busted, but frayed int' the bargain." Miss Pheme fell briskly to sewing.

The next day, despite the threatening rumble of a distant storm, Miss Pheme dressed in her best and started toward the Ridleys, carrying two packages. She was graciously received by Emma May, a fat, fair girl of pleasant mien and placid disposition.

"I brought home them vests," explained Miss Pheme, "and here, Emma May, is a little present I brought for you. It'll be nice fr your dining room table, I thought." She held out a small white pasteboard box, with an expression of the heaping-coals-of-fire kind.

"Ma," called Emma May, "come here; Miss Pheme's brought me a butter knife; Wish you'd look. That cert'nly is beautiful."

"It's solid silver," said the donor, proudly. "My niece down to New York got it for me." She received the thanks, delivered a trifle embarrassedly, of mother and daughter, with polite coolness.

When the bride-elect invited her to an inspection of the presents, Miss Pheme looked them over and made few comments. She turned the set of silver spoons, "presented by the groom's parents," so that the plate mark was visible, and she tapped the globe of a gaudy china lamp with the remark that they were just \$2.35 cents down to Beedham's. When she had looked at all, she said, cheerfully: "Now I want to see your clothes, Emma May."

Mrs. and Miss Ridley exchanged glances of annoyance, but the latter led the way to the spare room, where, on the bed and chair, lay the creations of Miss Maxwell, "City Modiste."

There was the white silk wedding dress, the tan traveling dress, some odd waists, a black satin, stiff with jet, and a "tea gown." No girl in a country town marries without these last indispensable garments; they are the real backbone of the trousseau.

Miss Pheme looked at the display, felt the quality of the material, and examined the despised chain-stitching,

without a word. At last she said, pleasantly conscious of paying old scores:

"If I might persoon to criticize, I really do think it's a pity you got your wedding dress made with a p'nted overskirt. All the latest fashion books say they're not worn at all this season; and box-pleats, too, is kind of droppin' out. I was readin' only yesterday that 'twas just the cheapest goods was made up so any more. That black satin's real pretty, though. Did you see Lena Sullivan's black satin? Hers was a beauty—finest piece of satin I ever cut into, an' all made up with these here pleated ruffles. Why, Emma May, seems it you'd be more afraid to leave all these fine things in here with the window open, this room on the ground floor like it is. It's been a real treat to see such elegant clothes, an' I hope your married life'll be happy. The Footes have all got terrible unreasonable tempers, they say; but I hope you'll be able to manage Charlie. Good-bye, all."

Miss Pheme walked home slowly. Even the thought of the darts she had planted in Mrs. Ridley's capacious breast brought her no real comfort, when the vision of the snowy wedding dress rose before her.

"Things ain't edge even yet," she murmured. A low growl of thunder startled her and she hastened into the house to shut out the cutting flare of the lightning. When the kettle boiled she set her lonely table and made tea. The quick thump of heavy rain-drops on the roof made her start nervously. Night had come with the storm, and after her supper was over, Miss Pheme sat in the dark and meditated. About 10 o'clock the rain ceased, and she flung the shutters open. The stars were shining now. The air outside was cool and damp and fragrant. She looked over toward the Ridley house, and as she did so their last light went out. Miss Pheme strained her eyes to no avail. All was darkness there.

"I'm a-going to do it," she said aloud, determinedly. Rummaging over the table, she found a pair of scissors. She took a match from the box beside the window and unlocked the door. The moon was creeping up, a fat disk of pale yellow. Miss Pheme looked down at herself and saw that she still wore her best dress. "It'll be all drabbed," she thought; then recklessly, "I don't care, nohow."

She brushed against the dripping flowers beside the garden path, and felt her breath as the gate gave a whining creak. Out on the road, walking noiselessly, she went. Once she heard a team coming and crouched in a corner of the worn fence, behind a little sweet-gum sprout, till it was past. She recognized the doctor's "tik" and her heart came up in her throat and beat there, with great frightened leaps; but he passed by safely and she crept on.

At last, after a seemingly unending journey, she reached the Ridleys' gate. The mules threw deep shadows, and, so sheltered, she reached the house. Round to the left wing—slowly—slowly—and the window was still open! She stopped and looked in. The moonlight lay in patches on the floor, the dresses spread upon the bed, and there, at the pearl beading of the wedding dress and made scintillating lights. Miss Pheme saw all this and slowly—slowly—her hand went out toward the glistening beads. A quick jerk, and the waist of Emma May Ridley's wedding dress lay across her knees. She sought the seam in the middle of the back. She could feel the despised chain-stitching and she slipped her fingers deftly along toward the collar. What was this? A loss of end thread—a little pull—r-r-r-r!—it was done! In a spasm of fear Miss Pheme hustled the waist through the window, back into place, and ran into the concealing shadow. Out to the gate, down the road again—she was almost home. Suddenly she stopped and gave a little chuckle.

"Them bastin's 'll hold it together so nobody 'll aspect—lucky she left 'em in. But when Emma May puts it on, big an' fat as she is, 'll bust square up the back like a frog." She couldn't help laughing at the idea; it tickled her fancy so. She forgot her wet feet, her dragged, muddy skirts, and went to bed with a smile still pulling at the corners of her mouth.

The next morning the exposure had done its work. She was hoarse and feverish, and there was a sharp pain that stabbed her at every breath. "Threatened with pneumonia," the doctor said, and commanded her not to stir from her bed, though she could not have done so had she so wished. The neighbors were very kind and attended her faithfully, and the tenth day found her sitting up, very weak and frail, but with life in her eyes and voice.

Mrs. Emerson, the town gossip, came in and brought a bundle.

"Jest as soon as you git able, Miss Pheme, I want you to make me a dress. It's one Mr. Emerson got me over to Bristol, an' he showed real good taste for a man, I must say. Look-a-here, ain't that fern leaf real pretty?"

"It's just beautiful," assented Miss Pheme. "Seems if you'd have Miss Maxwell make it up, bein' she's from the city and all."

She'll never cut into a piece of goods fr me, I c'n tell you," said Mrs. Emerson, with emphasis. "Ain't nobody told you how she made Emma May Ridley's weddin' dress and never sewed up the back, an' Emma May,

not suspicionin', put it on an' busted it clean wide open? O' course, you was sick an' didn't git to the weddin'; but I was there, an' the weddin' party was nigh an hour late jest on that account. Nothin' but a bastin' thread to hold it together; such shiftness! Couras, bein' bad luck, Emma May never tried on the dress after it come home, like she did the others, an' I c'n tell you she was hoppin'." People at the church didn't know what on earth was the matter. No indeed, Miss Maxwell makes no clo's fr me."

After her visitor was gone, Miss Pheme lay back on her pillows and looked out of the window a long time. "Twas an awful mean trick, I know," she said at last. "Twas right; but I got this spell o' sickness to pay up for it, an' that butter-knife was sold silver and real expensive. I'm evened up all 'round—an' somehow—I jest can't care."—Ladies' World.

HOW CROKER FIGHTS A FIRE.

In the Face of Flames He Can't Stand Being Rothered.

Croker's method of directing the fight on a fire is typical, says Lindsay Denison in Everybody's Magazine. Bonner taught the fire-chiefs of the world to take up a position commanding the best possible view of the fire, and to hold it; issuing orders to the deputy commanders and receiving reports from them without moving from the spot. Croker's first step on reaching a fire is to look over the building thoroughly; then he selects his position commanding a view, but he does not stay in it; he leaves Oswald there and starts out on a dare-devil chase through the fire. He goes to every spot where there are men at work and to many where there are not. Everywhere he drives the men, encourages them, warns them, and directs them. From time to time he sends a messenger back to Oswald with an order for a change in the disposition of the attacking force, or for a call for reinforcements. He may be traced around the outskirts of the fire by the feverish ferocity with which the firemen work where he has been. His very presence seems to transform them into jumping crews of devils, and the spell does not pass from them until they have seen him toss aside his helmet, pull the crumpled brown hat over his eyes, and stick a black cigar slantwise in the corner of his mouth. When the chief does these things, the fire is out. It may smoke and sputter for hours, but it is beaten, there is no more fight left in it; all that remains is the "wetting down."

Once a man stood in front of Croker and obstructed his view of a building which was burning. Croker did not ask him to step aside, neither did he push him out of the way; he knocked him down. Afterwards he denied violently that he had struck anybody; he could not remember any incident of the sort. But he could remember with absolute accuracy every order that he had given to his men, he knew from what engine every one of the 29 lines of hose had received water. Another time he struck a police captain in the face for asking the question, "Fire almost out, chief?" There was murder in his eyes when he struck the blow, but in the same second he was giving orders to his aides in as calm and cold tones as though he were asking them the time of day. His own expression for the feeling that comes over him at such times as these is that he "can't stand being rothered at fires."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

By applying a prolonged pressure of 18,000 pounds to the square inch a Montreal professor makes marbles flow like molasses.

The censorship is a very real thing in China. There, anyone who writes an objectionable book is punished with 100 blows of the heavy bamboo and banished for life.

The Danube flows through countries in which 52 languages and dialects are spoken. It is 2,000 miles in length, and bears on its currents four-fifths of the commerce of Europe.

An eel nearly nine feet long, two feet and four inches in girth and weighing 148 pounds was recently caught on the beach at Snettisham, near Hunstanton, England.

Red snow is frequently seen in the Arctic and Alpine regions. Chemical experiments have led to the conclusion that the red color is due to the presence of vegetable substance.

An immense trade is done in China in old English horseshoes, which are considered the best iron in the world for making small household articles, such as bracelets, hooks and bolts.

The town of Nylstrom, South Africa, received its name 30 years ago. During a trekking expedition the Boers, it appears, came upon a river and at once wrote to their friends saying that they had just reached the Nile.

Some remarkable relics of the early civilization in Egypt have recently been unearthed and deposited in the British Museum. Among them is a beautiful impression of a royal seal which represents the king wrestling with a hippopotamus and spearing a crocodile. That must have been the kings busy day.

Surprised at the Clock.

"What time is it?" asked his wife, suspiciously, as he came in.

"About one."

Just then the clock struck three.

"Gracious! When did the clock commence to stutter?" he said, with a feeble attempt at justification and a joke.—Philadelphia Times.



A Stunning Parasol.

A very stunning parasol is made of turquoise blue taffeta made to imitate the effect of the turquoise matrix, while the handle of ivory is decorated with turquoise.

Starry Pique.

A little star is woven into the surface of the dark navy blue piques. A white star studs the surface of such a pique, and a self-colored pique has the star outlined with a corded edge. For a child the white star is preferable. For girls and women the colored star is a good choice. The new line of piques brought forward for 1901 shows double fold piques, instead of the old single width. Double width materials cut to advantage, as every good needle-woman knows.

Seven Enterprising Women.

The woman with the hoe is with us. At Roslyn, L. I., Mrs. I. P. Taber-Willets is conducting one of the model dairy farms of this country. Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith of Cambridge, Ind., was recently selected for the experiment of maintaining an agricultural school for girls, on similar lines to the agricultural colleges for boys. Mrs. Mary Gould Woodcock of Ripley, Me., is raising trotting horses. In Missouri, Miss Minnie Kulick runs a large poultry farm. Miss Nellie Hawks is doing the same kind of work at Friend, Neb. From a wheat farm of 640 acres in Luca, N. D., Miss Mary R. Vance derives an annual profit of 50 percent. The Duke farm near Summerville, N. J., now being laid out in parks and fishing lakes, and on which 350 men are employed, is managed by Miss Maggie Smith.

Duties in the Sick Room.

The duties of the trained nurse, no matter how nearly to perfection she has reached in her calling, are light when compared to the service of the loving person who is nearest to the sick one, who must stand ready always to appear and bring back the self to its old place. Love and reason must work in perfect harmony in the awful struggle to conquer the forces that threaten to capture the citadel of life. But love should not be allowed to gain the mastery over reason, for if love rules alone, the natural anxiety of the watcher is bound to be expressed, and this will not be without its evil effect on the condition of the sick one. At all times must the person on guard to fight off the advances of death be in absolute control of herself or himself. She must not yield to the fear that may be lying heavily upon her heart—at any rate, not before the one she watches. To conceal the anxiety natural to the situation is not easy; it requires much strength of purpose and at times the exercise of all the skill and tact the watcher may possess.—Mary R. Baldwin, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Simple Gowns for Girls.

Mercerized cotton makes charming frocks for young girls, and the material looks like a fine and improved saten. Such cotton stuffs are quite inexpensive, and come in all fashionable shades. Then, too, a foulard silk gown is a good investment for a young girl. Of course the design with which it is patterned should be appropriately youthful and dainty. Many of last year's foulards are now sold at lower cost than the weaves this year, and often they will be found charming and dainty for the gown of the growing girl. The red frocks—the plain red and red and white—are especially fashionable just now for young girls, and can be found in almost all the materials that are in vogue this year. These frocks should be made up in all red; if possible, but if not, relieved with white. Black should not be put on such gowns, but should be left for the trimming of the gowns of older women. In these days when there is no particular difference in the materials worn by young and old, there must needs be some difference in the trimming, otherwise the effect of youth is lost entirely, and the gown has the appearance of being done over.

Trimnings of pleated chiffon, gowns of chiffon, and also net gowns, are in favor, made up with less elaboration than is shown in the gowns of older women. Accordion-pleated skirts, when they are becoming, are pleasing for slender figures, but they must be carefully made and well draped over the hips, and the tucked skirts or the pleated skirts with the pleats cut down underneath or stitched through are, as a rule, more becoming than the accordion-pleated ones.—Harper's Bazaar.

Jewels on the Forehead.

News comes from Paris to the effect that the fervoniere is undoubtedly coming back to favor. Forty years ago no one would have needed to be told what a fervoniere was, and many of the ornaments are in the possession of women lucky enough to have inherited jewels.

The old-fashioned fervoniere was a forehead jewel, usually a large uncut gem set in heavy gold work. It was worn in the center of the forehead attached to a gold fillet, or more often, a band of black velvet which passed around the head.

The ornament was marvellously becoming to a certain classical type of face, but lamentably disfiguring to the ordinary woman. The Empress

Josephine was particularly fond of the fervoniere, which became her almost her face was far from classic.

The uncovered forehead of the recent seasons opened the way for a revival of this old fashion, and the jeweled stars and crescents which were worn low against the forehead with the parted fringe of hair hinted at the fervoniere; but now a number of Parisian beauties have taken up the old mode in earnest and have appeared with splendid jewels gleaming upon their white foreheads just above their brow.

The velvet band and fillet have not appeared, the modern fervoniere being, as nearly as possible, devoid of visible setting and held in its place by the finest thread of gold or a string of small pearls. The fashion is, of course, extreme, but it has appealed to the Parisians' love of novelty and the French jewelers have innumerable orders for the new ornament, while old fervonieres are being taken from jewel cases and reset according to the modern taste.—New York Sun.

Outdoor Sports.

Games ought to be a part of every girl's every-day life, and parents and educators have only in the last few years sanctioned it. It is only of late that women have been heard of in connection with outdoor sports, though there have probably always been girls who were good at games and who had played them. In golf this is particularly noticeable. There are no doubt numbers of girls playing quietly on country links who have played for years and would without doubt gain many public honors if they competed for them.

In close touch with golf scientific croquet may be classed. Scientific croquet requires the utmost nicety of strength and aim and the utmost judgment in making plans for victory and in foreseeing those of the opponent. To be a good player you must not only be able to get through very narrow hoops which do little more than allow the balls to pass under and through, but you must be able to maneuver the balls so that you may be able to make many hops in succession. Good players after long practice can go the entire round at one play. For delicate girls croquet is an ideal game, as it keeps them out of doors and does not call for any appreciable amount of physical strength as do almost all the other outdoor games.

Archer is another pastime which is coming to the fore. It has always been able to command the enthusiasm of its own world even when outsiders thought it a bygone amusement, and many archery clubs are now being formed. It is an exercise which does more to make its devotee beautiful than almost any other. It makes the figure straight and supple and the eye and nerve steady, and since it is always practiced in the open air it gives to lovers of the sport who otherwise lead sedentary lives the opportunity to breathe out of doors—something that no other sport will tempt them to enjoy.

Tennis, as a violent exercise, holds a fond place in the hearts of the admirers of this sport, and it is certainly an interesting game to the players. It is scarcely necessary to remark how great a hold hockey has obtained in the affection of girls in the last few years; as a school game it is unrivaled, though it is played little outside, for good hockey grounds are no easy matter to find.

Cricket, basket-ball, bicycling, swimming, and in winter tobogganing and fancy skating about exhaust the pastimes to which girls are allowed to enter. Cricket and basket-ball are played at a great many of the girls' schools and colleges and by a few private clubs, while the other sports are indulged in whenever and wherever opportunity presents itself.—American Agriculturist.

Economy on the Farm. Economy should be the watchword on the farm this year, because as a rule corn will have to be bought from the beginning of the season. But we do not mean economy in stock feed, this is too often the case with all the urging to full feed. It seems irresistible to most people to "stint" horse feed when corn has to be bought. This is false economy and results finally in loss, causing poor stock. Farm stock must have full feed just as a man or they cannot make the crop they should. Economy should apply to general expenses, especially personal. Last year's crops were very spotted in yields. Some people made more money than usual, while a large proportion lost heavily. These variations were the result of difference in land, work and amount of rain. Few, however, made much corn, even those who made good cotton crops. By close living this year and working faithfully those who lost ought to recover last season's losses, as cotton will be a good price, on account of the short supply now in the world.—Canton (Miss.) Times.

Force the Fowls Rapidly. Rarely if ever does a large flock of hens pay as well as do several small ones. I have tried this many times, letting all my fowls run together for convenience in caring for them during the busy months, but it is always at a loss. The hens do not lay as well, the pullets will not begin laying as early, the cockerels neither grow nor fatten as well, while the growth in the late hatched pullets is barely discernible. If possible put the old birds in one pen, the early pullets in another, cockerels by themselves, and the small pullets separate. You can thus feed each pen according to its needs. Force the pullets that are nearly ready to lay, and the old hens as well, by plenty of animal food, condition powder, milk and green food.

The young pullets need all the food they will eat; good nourishing stuff that will hurry their growth. The cockerels for market must be fed with a fine disregard of expense, or they will cost more than you get for them in the end. Fatten, and get them off your hands as soon as possible, that you may have the room for layers. Give all the mash they will eat twice a day, with cracked corn for the other meal. If skim milk can be had, give all they will drink. The finest poultry raised in this vicinity the past season, and the most speedily grown, was reared largely on creamery milk. If a hen is not an egg-machine she is not profitable. Having started, as all should, with a good laying breed and good laying stock from this breed, feed from shell to shell with this idea.—Annie L. Rogers, in American Agriculturist.

The latest evening coiffure shows a sort of puff around the face, broken by a few little curls at one side and loose knots arranged low at the nape of the neck. One large rose is worn at one side of the front.

One must be blessed with a fine discrimination in these days in order to choose the latest and most fashionable tint of white, which is called champagne, or wine white, as you prefer, and is especially attractive because of its warm tint.

Enamelled flower hatpins have come in for a fresh share of attention now that flowers dominate the millinery department, and then there are the insect pins, with jeweled beetles and spiders attached to a spring, which gives them a very realistic appearance.

FARM TOPICS

Best Way to Multiply Insects.

The best way to multiply insects is to grow one kind of crop continually. Each crop has its special enemies, and if it is grown year after year these enemies become more numerous. To change the crop for some other, as is done by a system of rotation, is to reduce the number of insects and diseases.

Hints For Sheep Shearers.

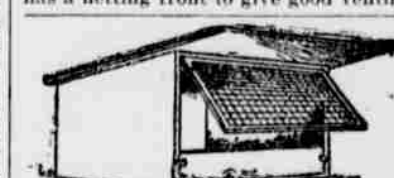
When shearing sheep, keep them as clean as possible and avoid getting any hay, straw or dirt in the wool, especially on the inside of the fleece. Confine the sheep in a small pen, well littered with clean straw, and use a platform to lay them on. An old door will do for this purpose, but a few matched and planed boards are better. Many sheep shearers use a large sheet laid on the ground and fastened down at the corners, which makes a softer place than boards. Others stand up when shearing and place the sheep on a low table. As soon as the sheep is shorn the fleece should be neatly rolled up and wrapped once each way with small, smooth twine.

Damaged Hay and Straw.

Hay or straw that has been damaged by rain while curing has not only lost much of its nutritive qualities, but if it has begun to mould it is unfit to use for milch cows, as it may impart a bad flavor to the milk. Even for other animals it may be injurious to the health, as it does not digest well. Strange to say, cows will often eat greedily of mouldy fodder, perhaps because they like the flavor and perhaps because the mould has softened it, but it seldom fails to prove injurious to them if they eat large amounts of it. Such fodder is only fit for bedding or for mulching plants. If simply bleached by rains and not mouldy, it may be used, but more grain should be given with it than with good hay.

An Ideal Chicken Coop.

It has a projecting top to keep out the heat of the sun and the rain. It has a netting front to give good ventilation, while keeping out enemies at night. It has a small board below that can be removed during the day so the chicks can run out and in, while the hen will be confined. The coop can be cleaned in an instant. All these advantages will commend this coop to those who have had experience with the coops ordinarily seen.—American Agriculturist.



COOP FOR YOUNG CHICKENS.

Economy should be the watchword on the farm this year, because as a rule corn will have to be bought from the beginning of the season. But we do not mean economy in stock feed, this is too often the case with all the urging to full feed. It seems irresistible to most people to "stint" horse feed when corn has to be bought. This is false economy and results finally in loss, causing poor stock. Farm stock must have full feed just as a man or they cannot make the crop they should. Economy should apply to general expenses, especially personal. Last year's crops were very spotted in yields. Some people made more money than usual, while a large proportion lost heavily. These variations were the result of difference in land, work and amount of rain. Few, however, made much corn, even those who made good cotton crops. By close living this year and working faithfully those who lost ought to recover last season's losses, as cotton will be a good price, on account of the short supply now in the world.—Canton (Miss.) Times.

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