Yankee Enterprise Needed.

Taken as a whole, Central America offers a fair field for foreign enterprise. By young men of self-denying and sober habits, possessing a capital of from $5,000 and a tolerable knowledge of the Spanish language, success either in commerce, agriculture or mining may be confidently counted upon, but they must avoid all interference in local politics. In these, as in all other countries, the foreigner whose character and mode of life command respect will very seldom, if ever, suffer molestation at the hands of the authorities. The Nicaragua canal, if once commenced in earnest, will open up the almost inexhaustible resources of that republic, and the engineering works alone will offer lucrative employment to thousands of foreigners. Its physical difficulties are insignificant compared with those which Lesseps never overcame on the Isthmus of Panama; and, perhaps, the greatest obstacle to contend with is the silting of the alluvial deposits at the mouth of the San Juan river, the Atlantic entrance to the canal. Its whole length will be 194 English miles, 110 of which are included in the great lake of Nicaragua, 134 feet above sea level, whose total superficial area is 3,668 English square miles. A short cutting will connect this lake with that of Managua, 156 feet above sea level, with a superficial area of 600 English square miles, being 50 miles long and 25 miles broad, with an average depth of five fathoms.

Round the Hearthstones.

Household necessities, cheer and warmth in winter, require the building of more fires. A cheerful, warm fire-place is a gracious comfort, but the harm fire may do has no limit. Hearthstones have storied legends, and there are stories of how houses are burned down by carelessness. But it is because we have more fires that there are more burns and scalds, the treatment of which, to allay at once the torturing pains, requires something for immediate use. No household should be without it, and St. Jacobs Oil supplies the need. Used according to direction, it heals, soothes and cures, and leaves no scars behind.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain; cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Sour

Stomach, sometimes called waterbrash, and burning pain, distress, nausea, dyspepsia, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This it accomplishes because with its wonderful power as a blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates an appetite, gives refreshing sleep and raises the health tone. In cases of dyspepsia and indigestion it seems to have "a magic touch."

"For over 12 years I suffered from sour

Stomach

with severe pains across my shoulders, and great distress. I had violent nausea, which would leave me very weak and faint, difficult to get my breath. These spells came oftener and more severe. I did not receive any lasting benefit from physicians, but found such happy effects from a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla that I took several bottles, and mean to always keep it in the house. I am now able to do all my own work, which for six years I have been unable to do. My husband and son have also been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla—for pains in the back and after the grip. I gladly recommend this grand blood medicine." MRS. PETER BURBY, Leominster, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25 cents.

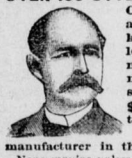
P N U 13

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS $3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay $4 to $6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for **$3.**

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.



None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25 Shoes; $2.50, $2 and $1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 36 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to Box R.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

"IT WILL NOT RUB OFF"

ALABASTINE

DURABLE AND BEAUTIFUL WALL COATING.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Box 424, Detroit, Mich.

OLD STAMPS We buy them for cash. STANDARD STAMP CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

THE WORLD IS NEW.

When Spring, with maiden tenderness,
Steals shyly hither to caress,
To gladden with her pretty mirth,
Our happy, flow'r-bedizened earth;
My dear, my dear, what pageant days
Will greet us in the country ways!
What Eden joys come back again
When hawthorns whiten down the lane!

The little wistful moon, my friend,
Will peep above the gable-end,
And see the hillside orchard white
With blossom all the fervent night;
The cottage panes will glow at dusk,
The darkness gather, sweet with musk,
And weary kine, with lagging feet,
Pass lowing down the village street.

And then, at daybreak, hark, oh, hush!
Beneath the stars, the early thrush
Piping, while heaven glimmers gray,
His morning carol, clear and gay.
He sang that self-same song, you know,
In Paradise, long years ago,
And keeps estranged from all regret
His warm, brave heart, unvanquished yet.

For him, for us, the world is new
When daisied meadows gleam with dew;
Ah! not to us the times seem late
Who come but now to love and mate;
Content to deem it is most wise
To watch life out with tranquil eyes,
To kiss warm lips, and win thereby
A little comfort ere we die.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE CLOVERBURG COMEDY

BY GEORGE W. SYMONDS.

NEAR Cloverburg, Ky., lived two very respectable old gentlemen. They owned contiguous blue grass farms, each of generous acreage. Both men were descended from good old Kentucky stock, and both were extremely proud of their unstained and honorable lineage.

Esquire Israel Longacre, who got his title from having been at one time a country magistrate, was about sixty years of age, of rotund figure and strong constitution.

He carried his years well, and although possessed of a naturally kind heart, was at times subject to violent attacks of choler, during which periods of temporary insanity he would neither reason himself nor listen to the reasoning of others.

He married, late in life, a very estimable lady, and had one daughter—a beautiful and accomplished girl—who, at the time of which I write, was just budding into womanhood.

The squire's wife had died four years previous, and since that time his household affairs had been managed by his only unmarried sister, a lady of uncertain age, spare figure and vinegary temper.

The squire—albeit all people and all things were usually subservient to his will—had a mortal dread of his spinster sister, and a wholesome respect for her sharp tongue.

She had absolute control of household matters, and as the squire never interfered with her arrangements, the pair got along very nicely together.

Both loved the beautiful girl who had grown up to womanhood under their eyes, and the heart of the old squire could always be approached through Nellie, who was the image of her dead mother.

The daughter and her aunt—who rejoiced in the name of Dorothea Longacre—never quarreled, and taken altogether, the Longacre household machine moved smoothly.

The Longacres' nearest neighbor was Colonel Anson Shortrood, who at one period of his life rode at the head of a valiant regiment of militia.

The colonel was a widower of long standing, his excellent spouse having departed this life several years ago, leaving to him, as a legacy, a boy, now grown into manhood, who was named Anson, junior, after his father, and who was a model of industry and sobriety.

The colonel's household goddess was a buxom widow, Mrs. Abigail Sloan, who was related to the head of the household by marriage, being the only sister of his late consort.

The colonel was fifty-five or thereabouts, was tall, angular and bony, and disposed to be unrelenting and unyielding in disposition.

The colonel and the squire had lived neighbors for thirty years, and up to about six months previous to the occurrence I am about to describe, were warm friends.

They fell out over a trifling matter. The colonel owned a fine flock of merino sheep, of which he was very proud. The squire was the possessor of a large mastiff dog, of whose intelligence and good qualities he was always boasting.

One night an animal, supposed to be a sheep-killing dog, broke into the colonel's fold, killed a valuable buck and mangled several ewes.

When the doughty military chieftain discovered his loss he was furious, and stormed in true soldierly style.

"What dog could have done it?" inquired the son, who had been attracted to the spot by his father's storm of words.

"Why, that cur of Squire Longacre's," bawled his father. "He shall pay me heavy damages, or I'll have the law on him."

"I don't think—" began the son.

"Well, don't think, then!" bellowed his father. "I'll do the thinking."

"But—"

"Shut up!" roared the colonel, frothing at the mouth

And young Anson was silent.

The colonel hurried back to the house for his cane, and in a few minutes was striding across the field in the direction of Squire Longacre's mansion.

"What's the matter with your father?" asked buxom Mistress Sloan, as young Anson entered the kitchen, where she was at work, shortly after the departure of his sire.

"He's got one of his mad spells on," was the answer.

"That's plain to be seen," sniffed the widow. "But what, in goodness name, has brought it on?"

"A dog broke into the fold last night, killed a fine buck, and crippled several ewes."

"For pity's sake! Well, I never! That's enough to make a man mad! Whose dog was it?"

"He thinks it was Squire Longacre's."

"Not Bruno?"

"I believe he has only one dog."

"Well, I for one, don't think Bruno will kill sheep. I know he will not, and the squire is too neighborly and too wise a man to quarrel with, just on a suspicion like that."

"They'll quarrel, though," said young Anson. "Father has gone over there, mad, and the first word he utters will start the squire."

"It's a great pity," commended Mrs. Sloan.

"That's what I say," assented Anson.

And he walked through the kitchen, and sought his own room.

He seated himself at a desk which stood in one corner, and drew toward him pen and paper. After a few minutes' hesitation, he dashed off a few lines, read what he had written carefully, and placed the sheet in an envelope.

After directing it, he affixed a stamp, and putting the letter in an inner pocket, left the house by a rear door, and walked across the fields toward the village.

He dropped the letter in the box at the postoffice, and returned directly home. When he reached there, he met his father.

"Anson," said the colonel, sharply, "that scoundrel, Longacre, refuses to pay for the sheep his dog killed, and I'm going to bring suit against him."

"Yes, sir."

"I've noticed lately that you've been paying that girl of his a good deal of attention. I want that stopped."

"Yes, sir."

"If I hear of you being together again, I'll disinherit you. She's as bad as her father, and he's no better than a thief. His sister, Miss Dorothea, is a very clever woman, and the only really decent person about the house."

Mrs. Abigail Sloan, who usually spoke of Miss Dorothea Longacre as that "hatchet faced old maid," told young Anson that night that she for one did not believe in these neighborly quarrels, and she meant to tell Square Longacre that she had no hand in the matter, and did not believe his dog killed sheep, the first time she saw him.

At about the same time, Squire Longacre was standing on the porch of his house, angrily confronting his daughter Nellie, who had just returned from the village.

"Nell," he said, "that old rascal, Shortrood, has been here, and I expect we'll have a lawsuit. He says Bruno killed his sheep last night, and I told him flatly that if he said my dog killed sheep he was a liar!"

"Oh, papa!" protested Nellie.

"Well, he's an unreasonable old wretch, and I'll give him all the law he wants! His son's no better. And hark ye, girl, if ever I catch you and that young puppy together again, I'll break may cane over his back an' put you in a—a madhouse! Do you hear!"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, heed then!" cried the squire, warningly; and he walked in to supper.

Nellie retired to her room, took a letter from her bosom, and read the contents eagerly.

"Dear fellow!" she said, and kissed the sheet which had been penned only a few hours before by young Anson.

Then she went down to supper.

But little was said during the meal. The squire was cross and sulky, and Mis Dorothea was evidently in one of her worst moods.

After the meal, she put on her bonnet and threw a light shawl over her bony shoulders.

"Where are you going, Dor?" asked her brother.

"None of your business!" was the sharp answer.

"You needn't be so snappish about it!"

"Snappish!" cried the ancient maid; and she tossed her head. "I should say snappish! A man as unreasonable as you are, talking about people being snappish! Quarrelled with one of the nicest men in the county."

"He's a scoundrel!" snarled the squire.

"He's a Christian gentleman!" contradicted Miss Dorothea; "and you ought to go down on your knees to him and ask his pardon!"

"I'll see myself! If there's any going down one the knees, let him go down to me. He insulted me in my own house."

"I suppose you'd go down on 'em fast enough if that manœuvering old widow would ask you!"

"She's a lady!" cried the squire.

"You'd better go tell her so. It'll be news to her, I reckon."

"Perhaps I shall."

"Well, you'd better. A lady! Well, heaven save the mark!"

And, with this spiteful reflection, Miss Dorothea flounced out of the room.

She directed her steps toward a grove of maple trees which marked the boundary line between the farms of the two belligerents.

By a curious coincidence, Colonel Shortrood strolled in the same direction at about the same time.

The angular soldier and the thin maiden lady met. They spoke, and finally walked toward an unfrequented part of the grove, arm in arm.

Shortly after Miss Dorothea left the house, the squire stole out the back way and walked rapidly across a wheat field toward a certain big willow tree which stood on the edge of a pond.

By a singular coincidence, Mrs. Abigail Sloan, in the course of her serpentine ramble, reached this same pond.

Seated on a fallen log, she and the representative of county judicial honors were soon engaged in an animated conversation.

While these little scenes were being enacted, pretty Nellie Longacre, in the seclusion of her chamber, wrote the following note, which young Anson Shortrood got out of the postoffice the next morning:

Dearest Ans: You know best. We will all attend the Lexington Fair, and I'll be ready then. As papa has forbidden me to see you, we must manage our correspondence and interviews very secretly. Will be at the old place promptly Sunday night. Your loving little NELLIE.

The Kentucky State Fair that year came off at Lexington in October. The colonel, young Anson and the Widow Sloan were there; the squire, his maiden sister and pretty Nellie also attended.

On the evening of the second day of the fair, at three several places in the blue-grass city, there were three several meetings, and three several couples, under cover of night, drove out of the city by three several roads, which all, however, headed toward the Ohio River.

Everybody has heard of Aberdeen, Ohio, which is of a verity the American "Gretna Green," and most everybody has heard of Squire Massie Beasley, the presiding genius of the little village.

Late on the morning of the night I speak of, a man and woman were ferried across the river from Maysville, and proceeded directly to the squire's house.

A few lusty raps on the door roused his sable assistant, who rejoices in the the name of Vulcan—probably because he has assisted in welding so many pairs of hearts together—and he opened the door and admitted them.

There was no light, and he ushered them into a big room which opened directly of the hall.

He was just going for a light when another knock summoned him to the door, and he admitted another couple.

Again he started for the light, and a third knock sounded. He admitted a third couple, and leaving them all in the big room, he hastened upstairs to arouse the squire.

"Busniz ez boomin', boss," he said, when the Great American Matrimonializer jumped out of bed. "Free pa'r uv 'em, sah!"

"Three!" repeated the magistrate, making a hasty toilet. "Take that lamp down. I'll be there directly."

Vulcan obeyed the order, and when he opened the door of the big room, and the rays of the lamp he carried flooded the apartment, the six people therein contained gave utterance to six quick cries of astonishment.

It was the denouement of the Cloverburg Comedy!

Standing in one corner of the room was Colonel Shortrood, on whose arm hung Miss Dorothea Longacre. Facing the military chieftain was Esquire Israel Longacre, whose arm was twined about the waist of buxom Abigail Sloan. In the middle of the apartment stood young Anson Shortrood, holding to his breast pretty Nelly Longacre.

After the first cries of astonishment there was a moment's silence, then a tremendous roar of laughter; and then followed such handshaking and kissing, and cries of mutual forgiveness and pledges of eternal love and friendship as probably were never heard or seen before.

Squire Massie Beasley married the three couples, and they went back to Cloverburg together. The lawsuit was dropped, and all parties thereafter lived together in peace and amity.—Saturday Night.

Valuable Color Test.

A color test on a large scale occurred recently near Geseke, Germany. The Volmede, the Waid and the Heder are three brooks which have their source near Geseke, and, according to tradition, their waters had subterranean connection with the Alme, a mountain stream whose bed is some five miles distant. Millers located on the lower Alme dumped refuse in certain eddies of the upper portion of the stream, and the millers on the Volmede, the Waid and the Heder claimed that by doing this the water supply of the latter stream was materially diminished. To determine the connection about four pounds of potassium fluorescinate was dumped into one of the eddies five miles from the source of the Heder. This substance is marvelously powerful, and a solution containing one part in 10,000,000 shows a distinct fluorescence in transmitted light. Twenty-five hours later the Heder took on a beautiful dark green color, showing conclusively the connection between the two streams. An experiment at another point showed with equal clearness between the Waid and the Volmede, though in this case forty-four hours elapsed between the depositing of the dye stuff in the Alme, and the appearance of the coloration in the other streams.—Philadelphia Times.

The Thuringian "Black Band."

In the southern, mountainous part of Thuringia, right in the heart of Germany, the so-called "Black Band" of highway robbers have been holding forth for some time. They are the terror of the whole district, robbing, burning, waylaying, and although every one of the fourteen members of this band is known by name and antecedents to the police and people of the district, it has not been possible thus far to seize and imprison them, their lairs being almost inaccessible caves and ravines in the mountains.—Chicago Record.

Trolley Cars and Pills.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Anna Burns, of 338 Plane Street, Newark, N. J., is a decidedly pretty brunette, twenty-six years old, tall, and a pleasant conversationalist. On the ground floor of her residence she conducts a well-ordered candy store. When our reporter visited her store, she in response to a question told him a very interesting story.

"Until about two months ago," she began, "I enjoyed the very best of health and could work night and day if necessary. Suddenly, and without any apparent cause, I began to suffer from intense pains in my head, in my limbs and temples. Almost distracted with this seemingly never ending pain, I tried cure after cure, prescription after prescription and almost a gallon of medicine of all kinds. Nothing did me any good. In fact I became worse. The knuckles of my hands soon became cramped and the pain in my hips became more and more distressing each day. Business in the store had to be attended to, however, and so I was obliged, suffering as I was, to keep more or less on my feet and occasionally I was forced to go out. This was the ordeal I dreaded. Each time I went out I trembled when I came near the car tracks for my pain at times was so severe that I was obliged to stand perfectly still no matter where I was. On one occasion I was seized in this way while I was crossing the tracks on Market Street and there I stood perfectly rigid, unable to move hand or foot while a trolley car came thundering along. Fortunately it was stopped before it struck me, but the dread of it all lasted as long as my pain, for I never knew when crossing the tracks, whether I would not drop to the ground in my agony and be crushed to death. My anxiety to get well grew apace and I had about given up in despair when I saw in the *Evening News* one day, an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Here was something I hadn't tried before and I lost no time in getting to the nearest drug store. There I paid fifty cents for a box of these truly wonderful, health restoring pills. Before I had finished taking half of the pills I began to feel relieved; the pains in my hips gradually disappeared and for the first time in many days I felt as if there was some hope. I continued to take the pills and the more I took, the better I felt. I finished one box, got another and now having taken only a few of the second fifty cents' worth, I am free from all pain and as happy as the day is long. Since I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I have gained thirty pounds and now when I cross the car tracks I don't care if there is a dozen vehicles nearby. It is a great relief, I assure you, and suffering humanity has a never failing friend in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I know what I am talking about. I speak from experience."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental, worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The North Kingdom.

Norway is more properly Norea, meaning "North Isle." It is called by the natives "The North Kingdom."

Gotrox—I think young Cheekly is a foreign nobleman in disguise. Wigwag—What makes you think so? Gotrox—Well, he has succeeded in borrowing a thousand dollars from me, and now he wants to marry my daughter.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Utah's juries now consist of 8 instead of 12 men.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory, Binghampton, N.Y.

February 12th was Lord Dunraven's 55th birthday.

Dobbins' Electric Soap has been made for 31 years. Each year's sales have increased. In 1893 sales were 2,647,620 *boxes*. Superior quality, and absolute uniformity and purity, made this possible. Do *you* use it? Try it.

The average annual payment of British soldiers in pensions for wounds is only $10,000

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are a simple yet most effectual remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness and Bronchial Troubles. Avoid imitations.

The Marquis of Lorne's new opera will shortly be produced in London.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—MRS. ALLIE DOUGLASS, Lelloy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:

"I cannot begin to tell you what your remedies have done for me. I suffered for years with falling and neuralgia of the womb, kidney trouble and leucorrhœa in its worst form. There were times that I could not stand, was sick all over and in despair. I had not known a real well day for 15 years. I knew I must do something at once. I had tried physicians without receiving any lasting benefit. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Now, I have used 9 bottles; my weight has increased 25 lbs. I tell every one to whom and what I owe my recovery, and there are 15 of my friends taking the Compound after seeing what it has done for me. Oh, if I had known of it sooner, and saved all these years of misery. I can recommend it to every woman."—KATE YODER, 408 W. 9th St., Cincinnati, O.

Should advice be required, write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., who has the utter confidence of all intelligent American women. She will promptly tell what to do, free of charge. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is easily obtained at any druggist's, will restore any ailing woman to her normal condition quickly and permanently.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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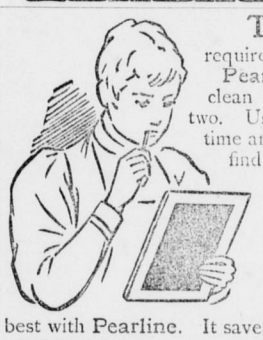
For 5 cents you get almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grade goods for 10 cents. Before the days of "Battle Ax" consumers paid 10 cents for same quality. Now, "Battle Ax"—Highest Grade, 5 cents. That's true economy.



To find the time required to clean your house with Pearline, take the time required to clean it last with soap, and divide by two. Use Pearline, and save half your time and half your labor—then you can find time to do something else besides work.

Pearline will clean your carpets without taking them up. It will clean everything. From the kitchen floor to the daintiest bric-a-brac, there's nothing in sight that isn't cleaned best with Pearline. It saves rubbing.

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SAPOLIO

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