St. Tammany Farmer.

Published Every Saturday.

COVINGTON, - - LOUISIANA.

A KISS IN A CANOE.

The maiden sat in a light canoe
Afloat on a mountain lake,
And a mad idea shot wildly through
The brain of her lover (who sat there, too),
That he, in that self-same light canoe,
A stolen kiss would take.

Now the maiden sat there unaware
Of the plot that he had hatched;
And the mountain breeze played with her hair,
And fanned her cheek and her brow so fair,
As she sat there still quite unaware
Of the kiss so soon to be snatched.

Then the lover awaited a real good chance
To capture the longed-for kiss,
When, watching the wimpling wavelets dance,
She turned her head with a quick, shy glance,
And leaning back she gave him a chance
That was really too good to miss.

So he bent to meet her and tried to steal
The kiss that he burned to get,
But he bent so quick in his ardent zeal
That the craft upset like a whirling wheel,
And he missed the kiss that he tried to steal,
And they both got very wet.
—Journal of Education.

HER WAITING.

It Is Over Now, and Little Miss Barton Is Happy.

"Her wedding gown—her wedding gown," said little Miss Barton, softly to herself, touching with tender fingers the fleecy whiteness that lay upon her lap as she sat in her low, brown rocking-chair.

Two great tears rolled swiftly down her cheek and sank into the gown's dainty fairness.

"June has come again, John," she whispered; "and I've been waiting, dear, these twenty years. Ah, these twenty years!"

Then for her Miss Barton did a most unusual and astonishing thing, for she laid that uncut gown upon the table beside her, picked up the gray kitten frisking at her feet, and cried as if her heart was breaking.

All Brockport knew about Miss Barton's "waitin'." Even the smallest child had heard of how the little gallant William and Mary had sailed away one fair June day, never to return; and save for the fact that shortly after her departure she had been sighted by a home-coming vessel, no faintest tidings had ever come to those aching hearts that waited in that thrifty little fisher village by the shores of the blue, blue sea. Among the crew there was a sailor lad named John Darrell. He was a fine, manly young fellow, whose dearest hope was to make gentle Mary Barton his wife when that last voyage should be over.

It had all been planned so many, many times. He was to give up his seafaring life, and they were to make their home with the Widow Barton in the tiny vine-shaded cottage high upon the cliffs, and he was to be to her, indeed, a son in her old age.

Mary Barton never forgot the look in those blue eyes as he held her close in the last parting, nor the half-choked blessing with which he bade her keep up a brave heart till they met again, and the weary waiting was ended.

And for him, and him alone, she had waited. The villagers spoke of it as "little Miss Barton's waitin'."

As the years slipped by, and it was felt for a certainty that never would that gallant ship come into port, other lovers came to her. For though the roses faded from her smooth cheeks and silver threads rippled through her dark hair, she was still a woman beloved by all and fair to look upon.

But gentle and firmly she said them nay. "He has reached the surest of all havens," she would answer to their pleadings, "and I shall wait, as he left me, till my call comes to join him." And one by one they gave up asking.

"I shall love you, Mary, till the day of my death!" Martin Deering, the great man of the town, once said to her, tears filling his honest eyes as he thought of his own motherless girls and the home that he'd hoped her presence would brighten. But as a time went on, and he grew to see that the lost man was her one love, he bravely conquered himself, and was to her what she most desired and needed—a true and faithful friend.

Then her mother died, and still she clung to her solitary home; her days spent in work and errands of mercy; her evenings sweet with the memories of days that were no more.

With the winter a stranger had drifted into Brockport, an architect, and a clever and rising young fellow.

Now it was well known that before the June roses faded he would carry away with him pretty Mattie, Martin Deering's youngest daughter.

Perhaps it was the sight of her dainty wedding gown (for she loved Mattie, and would miss her sorely), or the sight of those pinkly-blowing, ever-fragrant June roses shyly clinging to the low door-way, and the sound of the distant sapphire, foam-tossed sea as it swept with mellow roll into the shore, that made little Miss Barton cry so sadly that fair summer morning.

Outside, far down upon the smooth, gray beach, round about an old life-boat, children were merrily playing. Rosy, healthy, coarsely-clad little ones, bubbling over with the wine of life. Among them was Bub Symonds. Bub was nine years old, and the eldest of five, flourishing olive branches. A sturdy, honest, freckled-faced boy, whom, Granny said often, made her "puir head greed sair."

But Granny was old and cross and Scotch, and Bub felt sometimes as if nothing he ever *did* or *could* do would please her. But mother was always suited, and, after all, who could equal mother?

He had cared for baby this morning, and waited upon her till the chubby miss was overcome by slumber, then brought her home over the hot sand in his stout, little arms.

They didn't ache much now, he thought, as he watched the children at play, for mother had brushed the wet hair from his tired forehead and bidden him "rest a bit."

Presently over the sands, pipes in their mouths, laughing and talking, some fishermen came strolling.

"Here, Bub," cried one as they passed him, "this here's meant for you!"

Into his lap fell the loveliest bit of amber that the boy had ever seen. How it gleamed, and sparkled, and shone! He was speechless with delight. The children crowded round him with admiring looks and exclamations.

"What'll you do with it, Bub?" they asked.

A sudden thought struck him.

"I'm goin'—I'm goin' to give this straight off *now*—to little Miss Barton!"

There were no dissenting voices as he turned and ran off through the sands, fast as his legs could carry him.

Some twenty minutes later a flushed and breathless tow-headed boy stood in front of Mrs. Symonds' open doorway.

"Mother," he panted in an exciting whisper, "you'd better go right up to little Miss Barton's—she's most cried her eyes out. Give her this," and he laid the cherished bit of amber upon the table.

Without a word Mother Symonds put her flat-iron on its shelf, tied her blue-checked apron over her head and started. Bub ran after, tucked his love-gift into his mother's hand, and then went back to mind Granny and the baby.

* * * * * *

"Come in," said Miss Barton, cheerfully, in answer to her visitor's hesitating knock. There she sat quietly sewing. True her eyes had distinct red circles round them; but her voice was as sweet as ever. Mrs. Symonds felt her alarm subside.

"Bub sent you this," she began, disclosing the little gift. "He was passin', and he said he looked in—he wanted me ——" she stopped confused. "He was worrited about you," she said at length, in a troubled tone.

"Sit down," said Miss Barton, quietly, to her, as she took the proffered gift.

"Dear child!" with an admiring glance—"he told you that he saw me crying. Was that it?" (with a faint blush). "And you came all the way to see if I needed any help—you good woman!" said Miss Barton, simply.

"That's about it," admitted mother Symonds, greatly relieved.

"It was the thought of a wedding that was to have been," said Miss Barton, softly. "I am making Mattie Deering's wedding gown, you know. She is just the age I was to be; and the month is the same. I seldom give way," she said, half apologetically, though her firm lips quivered. "Besides, tears, you know, are unlucky over a wedding gown." And then her kind neighbor saw how sweet Miss Barton's smile was.

"You're one of the Lord's own, my dear; and there'll be greater love for you in that land where there's neither marryin' nor givin' in marriage, where your faithful waitin's over," said the younger woman, tenderly, to her. Then she turned and went out of the rose-covered door, home through the summer noon.

Every body said that Mattie Deering's wedding was the prettiest that Brockport had ever seen. And they had trimmed the little wooden-spired church till it looked for all the world, as one child said, "like a great big nosegay!"

Afterward there was a great gathering of the town folk at Martin Deering's house to bid the pretty bride God-speed, and chief among them was little Miss Barton.

"Bless her, she looked as pretty as a pictur!" said one bedridden old man whom she'd stopped to see on her way home, and to whom she brought some wedding dainties.

"Bless her!" he said to his good wife, "there couldn't none of 'em beat her, I know, 'cepting it might be the bride!"

"She did look so sweet when she come here in that shinin' gray gown, with the pink in her cheeks and the white spray-posies on her breast and in her hair," he added.

And it really did seem as if the rest of them thought so, too.

After the wedding came days of damp and misty weather, with rain in sudden angry showers. And all this time it seemed as if the frowning sea was running itself back only to dash in sullen roars with greater violence upon the far-stretching coast.

The clouds hung black and threatening above. Here and there desolate sea birds flew to hidden coveys in the rocks seeking shelter, their frightened cries making still more desolate the dull-gray days.

"Dirty weather ahead," the old tars said, and shook their heads as they spoke.

One by one over the mass of heaving, seething waters the little fisher boats came steadily sailing home.

And on the night of July 6, 187—, the storm burst in all its violence.

In the cottages and along the shore, how the men, women and children prayed that night "for those in peril on the deep," as lurid flashes of blinding light tore the sable heavens asunder, and showed the sea lashed by the winds into a seething mass of awful, towering, foaming hills of water! How they prayed and peered anxiously out from time to time into the inky darkness.

Upon the beach fishermen waited in little groups ready to man the life-boat should need of it arise, though the chances were very slender for aiding in that terrific storm.

Far beyond and sharply to the left, where some ragged rocks lifted their black heads, a steady golden, gleaming star, the beacon-light, shone forth. Slowly the night wore on.

Just before daylight in that hour which of all others is the darkest, a slender stream of red fire pierced the darkness, followed by a faint booming sound. Faces blanched, hearts throbbed fearfully among the watchers. Again the red flash, followed by another boom.

"My God!" cried an old man, "'tis a sinking ship!"

Sick with terror they watched and waited while the life-boat was manned and the men made ready.

A few hurried directions, and all was done.

"Who goes with me, lad?" cried one young fellow, jumping in.

"God bless you, Tom!" cried a clear, high voice. "I'll care for your mother if any thing happens to you!" It was little Miss Barton who spoke, and she had crept down by herself in the darkness and storm to watch and wait with others.

The lad started, waved his cap, and under cover of the night hastily wiped away the tears that did honor to his bright eyes.

Amid the low sobs of women, "who watch and weep," the strong boat was silently filled, and pushed off from the shore.

Ah! indeed are the hearts true and brave that beat beneath the rough pea-jackets of these "toilers of the sea." Content are they with so little, so willing to risk the earthly life for the brother in need. Is it not an oft-told story I wonder to write of a waiting like this? Who does not know it all, even if he has not seen and felt it?

The groups of praying, waiting, watching women, some upon their bended knees murmuring their heartfelt petitions, others clinging together and calling aloud to the Ruler of all peoples.

The dull, throbbing heartbeats, rising with the wind's shrieking, falling with the ocean's sobbing roar. In your face the blinding, cutting gusts of rain. Below you, around you the clinging, drifting, wet and shifting sands, chains of flaming light and the roar of Heaven's artillery above you! Who, I say, does not know about it?

With leaden feet the moments dragged themselves along. At length there came the return signal, and, oh! the straining of eyes, the breathless watching as that precious freighted boat was seen threading the billows.

Three rousing cheers for the brave lads, and then—out upon the beach ready hands lifted three weary, fainting men and a senseless woman, holding to her breast a little, drowned baby.

"She was an Italian brig," said a fisherman, briefly, to them. "All the rest were drowned." And he turned away.

"Poor souls! poor souls!" sighed little Miss Barton. Then, as the poor mother was lifted up—"take her to my home," she cried, and lead the way. Others pressed forward eagerly, and before the morning broke over Brockport the wanderers were cheered, comforted and cared for in the snug cottages.

It was noon of the next day when little Miss Barton, standing in her doorway, saw a group of men coming down the cliff road. As they drew nearer she saw by the expression of their faces that they were bringing her news of some sort.

By her little white gate they waited, and one, an old man, whose son she had helped to save from himself, came slowly up the pathway. She ran to meet him.

"What is it? Tell me quickly!" she cried. "I can listen, for Widow Morse is caring for the sick woman."

The old fisherman lifted his slouch hat and left the warm sunshine to play about his scanty, gray locks. His weather-beaten face was turned toward her.

"You saved my boy when the drink was makin' a devil of him, and my Mary's heart was breakin' under it. Bless you!" he added, reverently. The group at the gate drew near.

"There ain't one of us as hasn't known and felt your goodness in some way. Us—our wives—our children. And now!"—oh, the gladness in his voice—"we've come to tell you (me and my mates) the blessedest news to all o' us."

"There is one as we all thought dead. There is one as sailed away years ago." Miss Barton caught hold of his arm.

A death-like pallor spread over her face, and she seemed about to sink to the earth. But in one moment she rallied again, and turned her face full to the speaker.

"Man," she cried, in a tone that had never been heard from her lips before—"man!"

"There is one as was saved again last night from the sea, as has been *workin', slavin', prayin'*, to get to ye these twenty years." He got no further.

With a cry that those around her never forgot, little Miss Barton fell upon her knees, and, lifting her arms Heavenward, gave thanks to God aloud.

They took her to the cottage that held him a little later, when her strength returned, for joy seldom kills. There a worn, scarred, gray-bearded man, the lover of her youth, awaited her. No one saw that meeting.

But when, with his hand clasped by her strong ones, he told the pitiful story of their capture by the Malays in foreign seas, the long years of slavery and privations of the few survivors, their sad deaths, his escape and the wreck in sight of land, those that heard him, though they shed many a tear, thanked God from honest hearts that the end had come to little Miss Barton's "waitin'."
—Grace Virginia-Halsey, in Christian at Work.

AN INTELLECTUAL RACE.

A Missionary's Ideas Regarding the Maoris of New Zealand.

Rev. James F. Taylor attended the meetings of the American Board of Missions held recently. He is an Englishman who has seen service in most parts of the world, and though now too old to engage in active work he takes a keen interest in every movement having for its object the conversion of the heathen. In a chat a reporter had with him previous to his departure for home he said that of all the natives he has come in contact with those of New Zealand interested him most.

"The Maoris, as the aborigines of New Zealand are called," said Dr. Taylor, "are a noble race, and offer a startling contrast to the now almost extinct aborigines of the neighboring island of Tasmania, physically and intellectually. The Tasmanians, if indeed if any of them are yet alive, can not be taught to count beyond twenty, the number of their fingers and toes, whereas the Maoris are capable of a classic education. Indeed, many of them are in the New Zealand Parliament, and one of them at least—Wiremu Otaki—is an accomplished speaker. As warriors, fighting man to man, they are equal in every respect to the British, upon whom they have often inflicted disastrous defeats. Unfortunately, the white man's rum and the white man's vices are driving them out of existence, and, though a dash of their blood will show itself in the future Australian, as a race they are bound to go. The most erudite ethnologist can not tell how the Maoris got there. The islands composing New Zealand are 800 miles from the nearest continent, and the largest boat the natives have is no bigger than an Indian canoe. Then they resemble neither the South American Indian nor the native of the Australian continent. Their own theory is that the Great Spirit was fishing one time, and threw His line down from the sky to hook a whale. The hook stuck in the ground, and He pulled and puffed until He drew a mountain up to the skies, which is now called Rangariri. He flew along the clouds in a rage, and tried His luck 600 miles away with no better success, for this time He brought up Mount Egmont, a peak 10,000 feet above the sea level. Both these snow-capped peaks may be seen to this day by mariners far out at sea as a proof of the correctness of the tradition.

"It is not easy to convert the Maori, but once converted he is a pious and intelligent Christian. They all ride on horseback, and are very fond of fine and bright-colored clothing and jewelry. It is nothing uncommon to meet a Maori lady coming into town in complete riding habit astride of a fine horse, puffing away at a short clay pipe under her vail."—N. Y. Star.

—Browning's grave was made about four feet deep, like the others in Westminster Abbey. The soil is dry, red sand, the coffins are placed in the earth, and a quantity of charcoal is added as a sanitary precaution. One of the traditions of the Abbey is that nothing but a handful of bones remain after seventy or a hundred years. The actual decomposition is accomplished in fifty years.

—The height of ocean waves has recently been measured in a very ingenious way by floating a sensitive aneroid barometer to which a recording apparatus was fitted on the surface of the water. It has thus been proved that the waves attain a height of forty feet from trough to crest in a fairly heavy sea, and probably very much more in violent gales.

The Voyage of Life.

Life is beset by evils and changes on every side. From birth to manhood and from manhood until old age eternal vigilance is the price of health. There is one remedy that has saved many a rickety, headaching, blood-poisoned, dyspeptic mortal to a life of usefulness and robust health. It is known as Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla, and it is a Sarsaparilla that is a Sarsaparilla. Not a thousand doses of molasses and water for a dollar, but a concentrated essence of the best virtues of sarsaparilla and other alterative herbs. It heals, it cures where other sarsaparilla and blood remedies have no more effect than so much stagnant water. If your system craves an alterative, if you value life, you do yourself a great injustice if you fail to try this excellent remedy. Demand it of your druggist and take no other.—Sidney Times.

The influenza has become so common that it is no longer interesting. It is a sort of hoarse chestnut, so to speak.—Boston Transcript.

A Woman in the Case.

There always is. She is the power behind the throne. A woman's influence over the man who loves her is often absolute. To wield so great a power to guide, strengthen and help her husband, a woman's mind should be clear and healthy. It can not be if she is suffering from any functional derangement. How many a home is made unhappy because she who should be its life and light is a wretched, depressed, morbid invalid! Wives, mothers and daughters, why suffer from "female complaints" which are sapping your lives away, when Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescripton will renew your health and gladden those about you. It has restored happiness to many a saddened life. Why endure martyrdom when release is so easy! In its special field there never was a restorative like the "Favorite Prescription."

To cleanse the stomach, liver, and system generally, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25 cents.

"Nothing is harder to bear than a long succession of pleasant days," sighed the umbrella-maker.—Fliegende Blatter.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

It is no use to talk pessimism to a darkey with a five-dollar bill.—Terre Haute Express.

Get the Best! Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers are the best. They taste good. They are safe. They are sure.

A man makes a grist of enemies by aspiring to things other men want.

No stranger should leave the city without a box of "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigars.

If you would lift me, you must be on higher ground.—Emerson.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 25c.

A man who attempts to flatter you takes you for a fool.

Tishee, Miss., Oct. 16, 1888.
Messrs. A. T. Shallenberger & Co.
Rochester, Pa. *Gents.*—The bottle of Shallenberger's Pills sent me in February last I gave to W. G. Anderson, of this place; a long standing case of chills and fever. He had tried every thing known without any permanent good. In less than ten days after taking your Antidote he was sound and well, and has gone through the entire season without any return. It seems to have effectually driven the Malarious poison from his system.
Yours truly, V. A. Anderson.

It seems rather personal to the drum-major when the band behind him starts up: "Where did you get that hat?"—Boston Courier.

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

An economist is often a man who can tell every body else how to economize without being able to do it himself.—Texas Siftings.

Florence, Ala.

The personally conducted excursions to this rapidly growing city have been so successful that the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad, Evansville Route, will run one on each of the following dates—Feb. 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th. For copy of "Alabama As It Is," and further information send to William Hill, Gen. Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

It was presumably a visitor to a great brewery who sang "With all its vaults I love thee still."—The Hotel Gazette.

I have looked over the list of ingredients in Bull's Sarsaparilla and have no hesitation in pronouncing it a safe compound that promises well in diseases to which it is applicable.—L. Y. Yandell, M. D.

The inexperienced carver is apt to find that a knife, like some rules, can work both ways.—Burlington Free Press.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

Most of us worry over our trials, but the lawyers worry if they haven't any.—Yonkers Statesman.

Cough and Hoarseness.—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes.

The street beggars work on the principle that nothing succeeds like distress.—Philadelphia Times.

$300 Prizes—Case School of Applied Science offers five $300 prizes on entrance examination. For particulars address President Staley, Cleveland, O.

The collapse of a real-estate boom only means that the wind has been taken out of the sales.—Binghamton Republican.

No Farmer Should Build Any Fence until he has written to S. H. Garrett, Mansfield, O., for Catalogue of Fence Machines, etc.

A cloud upon a real-estate title does not always have a silver lining.—Hutchinson News.

For twenty-five cents you can get Carter's Little Liver Pills—the best liver regulator in the world. Don't forget this. One pill a dose.

A man who itches for fame must scratch around lively to secure it.—Epoch.

How My Throat Hurts! Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

If you ever expect to get rich you must make money when times are hard.

INTELLECTUAL WOMEN.

"I do believe those women,
Who for years and years and years,
Keep polishing their intellects,
To ornament their biers"—

should again call the attention of their sex to the remedy especially provided for the correction of their physical ailments by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo. It is called "Favorite Prescription." Women for years and years and years have used it and have pronounced it the best corrective of all "female weaknesses" ever invented.

As an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nervine, for debilitated and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has no equal. In fact, it is the only medicine for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments incident to females, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from its manufacturers, that it will, in every case, give satisfaction or its price ($1.00) will be promptly refunded. It improves digestion, invigorates the system, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, produces refreshing sleep, dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both the flesh and strength of those reduced below a healthy standard. It is a legitimate *medicine*—not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to sour or ferment in the stomach and cause distress. It is as *peculiar* in its marvelous, remedial results as in its composition. Therefore, don't be put off with some worthless compound easily, but dishonestly, recommended to be "just as good," that the dealer may make more profit. "Favorite Prescription" is *incomparable*. The manufacturers' unprecedented offer to *guarantee* satisfaction in every case, or money refunded, ought to convince every invalid of this fact. A Book, on Woman's Ailments, and their Self-cure (160 pages), sent under seal, in plain envelope, for ten cts. in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

SEEDS Salzer's Northern Grown are the best for all soils and climes; farm and vegetable seeds a specialty; roses and plants by the 100,000. FREE CATALOGUE. John A. Salzer, La Crosse, Wis.

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Now is the time to attend to your personal condition in preparation for the change to spring season. If you have not "wintered well," if you are tired out from overwork, if your blood has become impure from close confinement in badly ventilated offices or shops, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. It will purify and vitalize your blood, create a good appetite, and give your whole system tone and strength.

N. B.—If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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Is an invaluable remedy for
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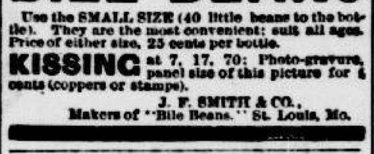

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BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient: suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

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No Vaseline is genuine unless our name is on the label.

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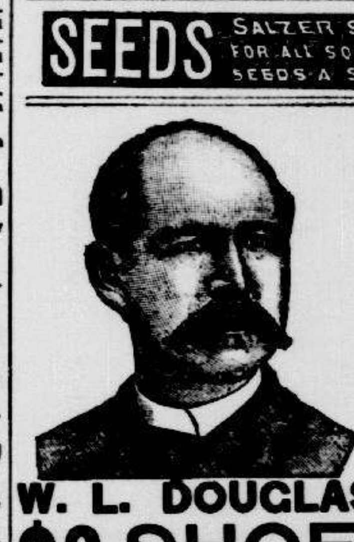

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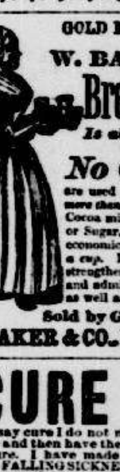

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