GENERAL.

—James Gordon Bennett's new yacht, the Namouna, built at Newberg, is the most magnificent steam yacht ever constructed. The cost of building has been $200,000. Her speed is fourteen knots an hour on a consumption of about a ton of coal per hour. She is lighted by 150 electric lights, and is fitted in the Oriental style. She is now at quarantine.

—A goat disturbed worship in a St. Louis church by trotting up the main isle, mounting the platform steps, and trying to eat the green fringe of the pulpit drapery. St. Louis always was a pretty good goat pasture, but when the animals are driven into the churches for food the grass must be pretty well trampled down in the streets.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—London workmen were busy recently leveling one of the last fragments of the Roman wall that now remains in that city. The mortar was found to be so hard and strong that the men with difficulty broke it up. This wall was built long before the Norman conquest, and its splendid strength after a thousand years may well be cited for the benefit of the "master" builders of the present time.

—A few days ago, while workingmen were engaged in pulling down the walls of the old city armory in Brooklyn, there fell from a cavity an hermetically sealed leaden box. It was found to have come from the corner-stone of the Apprentices' Library, built in 1825. In the box was an account of the laying of the corner-stone, as published in the Long Island *Star*. General Lafayette had charge of the ceremony.

—A writer in a German paper states that it is a custom in offices in that country to have a sliced potato on the desk in commercial houses. He does not state whether the esculent should be raw or not, but the probability is that it is boiled. The use of the potato is to clean steel pens, and generally act as a pen-wiper. It removes all ink crust, and gives a peculiarly smooth flow to the ink. He also states that the Hamburg clerks pass new pens two or three times through a gas flame, and then the ink will flow freely.

—A modern Jonah, whom prosperous communities would do well to avoid, has just shaken the dust of Nevada from his feet. Before starting thence for Oregon, he made this concise but comprehensive statement of the ill-luck which has hounded him: "I went to Maine and the ice crop failed; I went to Florida and the frost killed all the gardens and orchards; I went to Mississippi and they had a flood; I went to California and the people began to die with small-pox. Since I struck this State the Comstock mines have never paid a dividend, and if I go to Oregon I am willing to bet they will have a drought."

—A girl named Jennie O'Brien, described as pretty and innocent-looking, aged eighteen, who has been chambermaid in the Sturtevant House, New York, was arrested the other day for alleged complicity in the robbery of $3,000 from the room of Willie Edouin, the actor. The girl was taken to the station-house, and manifested the greatest alarm at her arrest. She was thrust into a cell, and in the morning taken before the court. While waiting for arraignment she dropped dead. It was thought she was an accomplice of a gang of the most expert hotel thieves now in New York City.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—William Walton has started from Earlington, Ky., upon a tour of the world which he has no idea of completing in eighty days, his object being very different from that of Phineas Fogg. He intends to unfurl in every capital the stars and stripes and to secure the autograph of every ruler who is able to write his own name. "When I have finished my trip," he says, "I shall be the only man who ever went around the world without winking," his eyelids having been blown off by an explosion in a coal mine several years ago. Mr. Walton acknowledges that he is "an eccentric coon," and it is not impossible that he will accomplish his purpose, for he is possessed of much money and ineffable assurance.—*Chicago Herald.*

The James Boys in Tennessee.

During the past few days great interest has been taken by our citizens in visiting the cave on the farm of Colonel James Alexander, the well-known banker of this place. His farm adjoins the Hite farm, of Logan County, Kentucky, and is just over the State line, on the Tennessee side, and the cave spoken of above has for years past been the rendezvous of the James Brothers' gang of outlaws, and was a safe depository for valuables of all kinds that they secured on their numerous raids. In this cave the celebrated bandits have rested and feasted after many a hot pursuit by the officers of the law, and it is said that not a few too inquisitive persons have lost their lives while endeavoring to explore the wonders of the cavern while the bandits were in possession of the same. The cave is located in an isolated spot upon the farm, and is surrounded by a dense undergrowth, and the entrance to it seems a mere sink hole, into which the water from the earth's surface flows, forming in the cave a beautiful stream of water as clear as crystal. The entrance, however, is large enough to admit the passage of a man on horseback, and the bandits' horses were frequently corraled there for days and nights together, while their masters rolled themselves up in ther blankets and enjoyed such sweet and refreshing sleep as only a sense of perfect security could give them.

The farm upon which the cave is located has for the last five years been rented by a party giving his name as F. J. Howard. The rent was always paid in advance promptly, and no questions were asked him by Colonel Alexander, who paid only an occasional visit to the place, as it was located quite a distance from Gallatin. There was a log house on the place containing four rooms, which were neatly but plainly furnished. Howard was absent the greater part of the time, but where no one in the vicinity seemed to know—and the only persons seen about the house generally were an old colored woman and her husband, who appeared to have charge of things generally, keeping the fences in repair and attending the few head of cattle that grazed upon the farm. There was ever an air of mystery and cold, unsociability about the place, and as it was at least a mile off the main road from here to Adairville, there were but few visitors to it, and their visits were of but a few moments' duration. A better place could not have been selected by the bandits for the particular purpose to which they applied it.

The discovery of this rendezvous of the bandits was made last November by Detective Bligh, of Louisville, Ky., who, with a number of Logan and Warren County officials, tracked the noted robbers to the cave. Colonel Alexander was duly notified of the state of affairs, and believing his tenant to be connected with the gang, gave him notice to leave the premises January 1, at which time his year was up. This was a very imprudent step on the part of Colonel Alexander, as it served to notify the bandits that their rendezvous was discovered, and foiled the detectives in their efforts to capture them, and an attack was never made upon the cave, for reasons best known to the detectives. And now comes the strangest part of the whole thing; Colonel Alexander, subsequently believing he was mistaken about his tenant's connection with the gang, wrote to him requesting him to keep the farm on the same terms as usual. The request was readily complied with, and the farm was occupied until the killing of Jesse James was reported, when Howard suddenly disappeared, as did also the old colored couple heretofore spoken of, also the household goods.

On Saturday last Colonel Alexander received a letter from Sedalia, Mo., which read as follows:

SEDALIA, MO., April 12, 1882.—Colonel James Alexander, Gallatin, Tenn.: Dear Sir: I have vacated your premises forever. I thank you for the many courtesies extended to your mysterious tenant known as Howard. Visit the cave on your farm and you will find something to interest you. I shall avenge the death of my brother or die in the attempt. I am, sir, yours with respect,

FRANK JAMES,
alias F. J. Howard.

The receipt of this letter greatly astonished Colonel Alexander, who called about him a select number of his friends, to whom he read the document, and who were equally astonished. Keeping the matter a secret, they left the same evening for a visit to the cave, and entering the same with torches, a strange, weird sight met their view. First, the, skeletons of four horses, evidently left there by the robbers on their last raid, as they still emit an unpleasant odor. Blankets and mattresses were strewn about promiscuously, together with cooking utensils, and a few pieces of furniture. This portion of the cave is perfectly dry, and afforded a comfortable abode for the bandits. In a niche in one of the chambers was found a half bushel measure, such as is used by farmers, and in it was found a miscellaneous assortment of valuables, evidently placed there and forgotten by the robbers.

Among the assortment was found four diamond rings, two diamond necklaces, nine diamond pins (supposed to be diamonds), thirty gold watches, sixteen plain gold rings, twelve silver-watches, and many other articles too numerous to mention; all of which is now locked up in the vault of the Sumner Deposit Bank, in Gallatin, for identification. A photograph of a young lady which was taken at Bardstown, Ky., was among the effects. Several of the watches have initials which may lead to their identification; one of them is engraved as follows: "From Hughes to Toney."

It is thought that more valuables may be stored away in the cave, and visitors are closely watched, and only allowed to enter the place twice daily, accompanied by guides. Yet multitudes of our people, through the courtesy of Colonel Alexander, have had the pleasure of seeing it all for themselves.—*Gallatin (Tenn.) Tennesseean.*

Divination by Means of Sheep's Bones.

M. G. Perrot speaks, in his "Memoires d' Archeologie d'Epigraphie, et d'Historie," of divination by the inspection of sheep's bones. This method of penetrating the secrets of the future is largely resorted to at the present time, and the Greek peasant has confidence in it as absolute as that with which his ancestors regarded the examination of the entrails of a sacrificial victim. This practice is, however, no longer restricted to diviners and sorcerers only; on solemn occasions each man may act as his own augur on behalf of himself and his family. I remember once when I was returning from an excursion into Achaia, near Aigion, I was obliged to stop in the evening in the outskirts of Mourla, at a peasant's house, where I asked hospitality for the night. He took me into a room where his wife and his four children were beginning their evening meal, of which he invited me to partake. I think it was a few days after Easter, and the food set before us was mutton. The children had just begun to talk freely, and conversation was becoming animated, when all of a sudden my host flung something violently on the ground, struck his forehead, and as I looked at his wife, seeking in her eyes an explanation, she burst into tears. A young girl of twenty was lying on a rug at the end of the room in the shade; I had not observed her. She had recently fallen ill. Her father, turning his eyes toward her, picked up the object he had thrown down and handed it to me. It was the blade-bone of the sheep. "You see nothing, perhaps," he said to me; "nevertheless, it is written there that my daughter is going to die; she will not recover." I endeavored to dissuade him from this idea, but in vain; all the family were plunged into despair, and gave way to the wildest grief. As fate would have it, the girl actually did die a few days afterward. During the war of independence the same method was employed for foretelling the issue of the struggle, and the famous Capt. Karaistratris was guided by the presage in engaging in or deferring an action. Certain conditions are indispensable to the prediction of the future by the bone; the sheep must have been purchased by the person who eats it, and kept alive for three days in his house; otherwise the presage applies to the person who has sold the animal. This superstition was especially cherished by the brigands, but it is to be presumed that they found some way of eluding its restrictive conditions, for they are not in the habit of purchasing their sheep, and they have no houses to keep them in.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

Late Fashion Notes.

Brown Scotch tweed is an exceedingly fashionable material for traveling dresses this year. The new brown is a shade between the tints of copper and bronze, and is very handsome in effect.

Eglantine pink, lemon-colored, and pale blue cashmere tea dresses, profusely trimmed with cream white lace and silk embroidery, are the prettiest dresses for the warm season which have yet appeared.

A stylish carriage dress is made of dark green satin with a short visite of the same lined with gray silk and closed with silver buttons. The Buckingham tunic opens over a round undershirt trimmed with satin plaitings, and is caught midway on the front of the skirt with a large bow of satin ribbon with floating ends. The Vandyke hat of dark green satin braid is trimmed with moss-green feather tips and a cluster of blush roses.

The wide Tyrolese and Gainsborough hats rival the London Witch and Queen Mab bonnets in general favor, while the close little cap bonnets beloved by Frenchwomen are smaller, flatter, and more fashionable than ever. Among a number of pretty French bonnets is a Gipsy shape made of Tuscan lace of an unusually yellow hue. Outside is a wreath of scarlet honeysuckles and a bunch of perfumed Isabella roses. The lace crown is covered with amber beads, and the strings are of yellow net worked with beads and caught together by a bit of scarlet honeysuckle.

The most fashionable styles in walking costumes are those which show a perfectly plain skirt formed of some rich material, gored in French fashion, thus giving it the *cachet* seen upon no other skirt. Around the bottom is placed a full "rampant" outstanding ruche, which constitutes the only trimming. Above this is worn a short polonnaise with full short *poufs* at the side, or a pointed bodice and tunic with panniers. To be worn with these are handsome jackets or visites to correspond. Later on, shoulder capes—Incroyable, Vandyke, Mother Hubbard, Quaker, and Carrack—will take the place of these wraps. Pelerines of every description are to be more in vogue than ever the coming season.

Various shades of gray will be much worn the coming season. Steel gray will be adopted by elderly ladies, while softer hues, showing a sheen of pearl or silver, will be used for youthful wearers. A very handsome dress, designed for a stately matron in this city, is made of "winter sky" silk, with Louis XIV. bodice of the same, and panniers of rich black lace. Over the shoulders is draped a large bertha of the same lace. A second dress is of the most delicate shade of silver gray, with a triple-plaited ruche around the foot of the skirt. The sharply peaked bodice is trimmed with pearl beaded point applique lace. The sleeves are very tight to the arm, and over these are to be drawn a very long pair of silver gray dressed kid-gloves, which are to reach to just above the elbow.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

An Old, Old Story.

"C-o-m-e in! Well I declare, stranger, you gave me quite a turn! I—I was kind of expectin' somebody, and for half a minute I thought mebbe as 'twas her, but she'd never stop to knock; want a bite and a sup and a night's lodgin'? Why of course; sit down, do. I—a—most forgot to ask you, I was that flustrated. Poor soul! how tired and worn out you look! I can make you comfortable for the night and give you a good meal of victuals and a shake-down on the floor, but I would h-a-r-d-l-y like to put you in Lizzie's room—she was that particular, and your clothes are so wet and drabbled. Why, woman, what makes you shake so—ague? Never heard tell of any in these parts. Guess you must have brought it with you. Well, a good night's rest will set you up wonderfully, and you can lie right here by the stove, and the fire a-smolderin' will keep you warm, and the light will be a-burnin' till its broad day—broad day!

"What do I keep the light a-burnin' for? Well, now, when folks asks me that, sometimes I tells them one thing and sometimes I tells them another. I don't know as I mind tellin' *you*, because you're such a poor, misfortunit creetur, and a stranger, and my heart kind of goes out to such. You see I have a daughter. She's been away these ten years, has Lizzie, and they do say as she's livin' in grandeur in some furrin' place, and she's had her head turned with it all, for she never lets her poor old mother hear from her, and the fine people she's with coaxed her off unbeknownst to me, and I don't mind telling *you* as it was a great shock to me, and I ain't the same woman since Lizzie went out one night, and when she kissed me said: 'Leave a light in the window, mother, till I come back;' and that was ten years ago, and I've never seen her since, but I've burned a light in the window every night all these ten years, and shall till she comes home.

"Yes, it's hard to be a mother and be disappointed so. I allowed she was dead till folks, as seen her well and splendid, told me different, and I was sick a long time—that's what made my hair so white—but I hope she never heard of it, 'twould have made her as miserable as I was, and her fine things wouldn't have been much comfort to her! Folks blame her terribly, but I'm her mother, and it just seems as if I could see her; so pretty, with her long brown curls, and the smile she had, and her gentle ways, and I loving her better than Heaven above me! This is my punishment—to sit alone all day and never to sleep at night, but I hear her crying 'Mother! mother! where are you?' and if I go once, I go a dozen times to the door, and look up and down the lonesome road and call, 'L-i-z-z-i-e! L-i-z-z-i-e!' and there's never any answer but the night wind moaning in the trees!

"Well I didn't mean to make you feel bad; don't cry, poor soul! You've had enough trouble of your own, I guess, by your look! Your hands are like ice—and your temple and your face is white and—and—why, what is this? You are not old and your hair hangs in brown curls—and your eyes—Merciful God! it's Lizzie come back to her mother—it's my child that was lost and is found—put out the light—put out the light, for the night is over and it's the clear, broad day at last!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Our Young Folks.

WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR.

"Good for nothing," the farmer said,
As he made a sweep at the burdock's head;
But then he thought it was best, no doubt,
To come some day and root it out.
So he lowered his scythe, and went his way,
To see his corn, to gather his hay:
And the weed grew safe and strong and tall
Close by the side of the garden wall.

"Good for a home," cried the little toad,
As he hopped up out of the dusty road.
He had just been having a dreadful fright,
The boy who gave it was yet in sight.
Here it was cool and dark and green,
The safest kind of a leafy screen.
The toad was happy; "For," said he,
"The burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for a prop," the spider thought,
And to and fro with care he wrought.
Till he fastened it well to an evergreen,
And spun his cables fine between.
'Twas a beautiful bridge—a triumph of skill;
The flies came 'round as idlers will;
The spider lurked in his corner dim,
The more that came the better for him.

"Good for play," said a child, perplext
To know what frolic was coming next.
So she gathered the burs that all despised,
And her city playmate was quite surprised
To see what a beautiful basket or chair
Could be made, with a little time and care.
They ranged their treasures about with pride,
And played all day by the burdock's side.

Nothing is lost in this world of ours;
Honey comes from the idle flowers;
The weed which we pass in utter scorn
May save a life by another morn.
Wonders await us at every turn.
We must be silent and gladly learn.
No room for recklessness or abuse,
Since even a burdock has its use.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A STORY THAT GREW.

It was little Tom Dodger, the washerwoman's boy, who saw it first.

The whole neighborhood had been disturbed by fearful noises issuing from Chestnut Woods. The sound was variously described, but all agreed that it was very terrible.

Pretty Janet Dale heard it while standing before the glass putting her hair in crimping pins one night, and was so frightened that she crept into bed and covered her head with the counter-pane, leaving one side of her hair undone, and this although the next day was Sunday and she sat in the choir; so you can see what a state of mind she must have been in.

Mrs. Skinner heard it while standing at her back door feeding the geese, and dropping her basin, ran back into the house crying that somebody was being murdered; but her husband, who heard the sound, too, declared it was the cry of a catamount. "He guessed he wasn't born up in Vermont State, close to the Green Mountains, not to know a catamount when he heard it."

Captain Marsh, on the contrary, was equally as sure it was the cry of a panther. "He had hunted in Canada when he was a boy, and had shot a panther himself." Most persons were inclined to side with the valiant Captain, because a panther is larger than a catamount, and if you are going to have anything marvelous, the more marvelous the better.

Then there was Erastus Cummings, the Second Adventist, who heard this cry, and thought the end of the world had come.

Yet while so many had heard the sound, it was little Tom Dodger who had seen the animal first.

His own account was this:

He was passing through Chestnut Woods—taking the short cut home because it was late—and *something* whisked by him; he couldn't exactly see what, but its eye-balls glared like fire.

Tom's account was not definite, and was apt to take any size or shape according to the questions put to him.

In this respect it was like the India-rubber figure in the pantomime, which no doubt some of you have seen. Now as tall as a giant, now as short as Tom Thumb; now as flat as a flounder, now round as a porpoise. But one thing Tom stuck to through thick and thin; namely, the fiery eyes.

And Tom was a hero—of course he was; wherever he went, all the little boys followed him like the tail of a kite. Tom had seen the animal. Mr. Grout had seen it, too, when driving an ox-team through the road bordering the woods.

The creature must have been much on the rampage, for he, too, had only a glimpse of it as it darted by, and all he could say was that it was large and mouse-colored.

Then there were two young men who, if they had not seen the beast itself, had seen tracks in the road much larger than any dog's, so they, too, considered themselves entitled to some humble share of Tommy's fame.

At length Captain Marsh took the matter in hand, and declared that something must be done.

"We can't stand it no longer," said he, addressing a select audience of his fellow-citizens asssembled in the village bar-room. "Our women are getting nervous"——

"Jes' so," interrupted one of his hearers, "Polly—that's my wife—won't sleep with the second story window open for fear the panther 'll jump in."

"And my wife waked me up the other night," said another, "because she heard a noise in the chimbly, and thought to be sure 'twas the panther."

"You see the truth of my statement," continued the Captain, "and I would add that our children can't go through Chestnut Woods for fear of their lives. Now, as I said, we can't stand this no longer, and I propose that we go out in a body and hunt the animal."

To this all assented, and the Captain was chosen to lead the devoted band, on account of his military experience;—he had been Captain of a militia company, and had once covered himself with glory in a sham fight.

He accepted the honor with due modesty, and named a time for the expedition to start. At the hour appointed, four o'clock of the next afternoon, a party of twelve men mounted on their farm-horses set out for Chestnut Woods, the Captain wearing his red sash in order to give greater dignity to the occasion.

Close at their heels came a rabble of small boys led by little Tom Dodger, who said he "darst go to the edge of the woods."

Arrived at the woods the Captain and his band dismounted—leaving their horses in charge of the heroic Tom and his followers—and plunged boldly into the thicket.

The paths they pursued, and the adventures they met with, time would fail me to describe. Once every gun was leveled at a poor little chipmunk, which, however, darted into its hole uninjured; and once a whole volley was fired at a harmless crow, which flew up and lighted on the top of a tree with a derisive "Caw."

It was not till the sun had set and the moon had risen that any larger game rewarded their search. Then, just as they began to think of returning home, a sound, *the* sound, was heard which made the stoutest heart quail, and caused every man's hair to stand on end. Yes, it was to their excited fancies like a howl, a shriek, and an Indian yell all combined.

"Hist! I see him down by the white birch," said the Captain. "Ready, now! advance!"

The order was obeyed in silence, but before they had got within rifle-shot of the creature, he bounded away with another cry.

The more rapidly he fled, the more rapidly the courage of his pursuers rose, which was but natural. And a pretty race he led them—through bush and bramble, up hill and down dale.

They came at last in sight of a small house into the yard of which the creature dashed, round the corner and out of sight. As the party approached the house at a scarcely less furious pace, a night-capped head was thrust from a window, and a shrill female voice cried out, in a tone of distress:

"Don't shoot him! don't shoot him! What harm has the poor critter done?"

"Harm, madam! What kind of an animal do you call that?" said the Captain.

"My stars!" ejaculated the woman. Then speaking to some one within: "Mr. Stebbins, do get up! here's some men going to shoot our donkey; they've been drinking, I guess."

A very brief space sufficed to bring the man Stebbins to the door, somewhat scantily dressed, followed by his wife, done up in a bed-blanket.

"Well, now, I call this queer doings," said the man; "if my beast has done you any damage, I'm willing to pay for it: and I know he's got a pair of light heels of his own—he'll jump anything but the top of the house—but you might have told me, and not come armed with your shooting-irons—and me a stranger, too—I say 'taint neighborly!

"Perhaps you never heard a donkey bray before," said the man, observing the looks which passed between the Captain and his men. "It does sound rather *awful*, that's a fact."

It was a crestfallen party which returned to the village that night, but if sadder, they were certainly wiser men, and chose to observe a judicious silence as to their adventure.

It still remains as much a mystery as ever *what Tommy saw.*—*Ruth Chesterfield, in Youth's Companion.*

Careless Tommy.

Tommy Lee was a very careless little boy. His mother often told him that he must not leave his playthings about the room, but must put them away in the closet when he had finished playing with them. But Tommy did not mind. He would run off to play in the yard, leaving his toys on the floor or the table for his mother or sister to pick up and put away. Thus he caused his busy mother and sister to waste much time.

"We must cure Tommy of this fault," said his mother, "but I do not know how to do it. He doesn't seem to mind being punished in the least."

On his birthday Tommy's father gave him a box of lead soldiers, with a little cannon, and a handful of small peas for cannon balls. His mother gave him a pretty silk ball, and his sister gave him a china mug with a wreath of flowers painted on it. Tommy was very happy. He had a fine time shooting down the soldiers and bounding the ball, and he liked to drink out of his pretty mug. He kept it by his plate at every meal, and said that his milk tasted sweeter than when he drank from a tin cup.

At first he was very careful to put his new toys away as soon as he grew tired of playing with them. But one day, when he had all his soldiers out of the box, and was shooting them down, a little boy came to ask him to help make a snow man in the yard, and off ran Tommy, leaving his soldiers on the table, his ball on the floor, and his pretty mug on a chair.

When he came back an hour later it was almost dark, and the table was set for supper. Under the table lay Towser, the big dog, gnawing something that had once been bright and pretty, but was now all in pieces and very wet.

"What have you there, Towser?" asked Tommy, and he crawled under the table to see. He began to cry when he saw that it was the silk ball which Towser had.

"Why didn't somebody put my ball away?" he asked.

"That is something you must always do for yourself," said his mother, who was busy cutting the bread for supper. "I have no time to spend in picking up your toys."

As Tommy came out from under the table he stepped on something hard. It was a red-coated soldier. All the rest of the soldiers were on the floor, too, and all were broken except a General on horseback.

"You have all been treading on my soldiers," said Tommy, crying harder. "I can't ever play with them again."

"It is your own fault, Tommy," said his sister. "We have often told you to put your toys away. You are a big boy now, and must not expect us to take care of your things as if you were a baby."

Just then Tommy's little sister crawled over to the chair on which lay the mug. She grasped it with her baby hands, and before Tommy could spring to take it from her it fell to the floor, and with a loud crash broke into twenty pieces.

Poor Tommy! He cried until he had no tears left to shed, and he felt too badly to eat his supper. But he had learned a good lesson, for he never again left his toys about the room. He was so careful to put them away, that on his next birthday he was given another box of soldiers, another ball and another mug. And these he kept for a good many years.—*Household.*

—The surprising assertion is made that Maine is importing spruce chewing-gum from Northern New York. One would as soon expect to hear of its importing ice.—*N. Y. Times.*

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