WHERE THEY LIVE.

Residence of Cabinet Ministers and Other Officials.

THE GREAT HOUSES.

Fine Houses and Plain Ones—The Rustic and Excentric Cabin of "The Poet of the Sierras."

Next to the White House, the houses of Cabinet officers are most visited by the stream of people in Washington who like to "keep in the swim," as it were, of the Capital. Except Secretary Whitney, none of the members of the present Cabinet are entertainers in the society sense. They nearly all live in good houses, the ladies of which have their afternoon "at homes," on Wednesdays from 2 to 5:30 o'clock, but beyond Mrs. Manning's reception no large or "swell" entertainments have been given by Secretaries Bayard, Manning, Endicott or Vilas. Both Secretary Manning and Postmaster-General Vilas are rather averse to the whirl of fashionable society, and only mingle in the throng to the extent that the requirements of their official positions demand. Secretary Bayard was more inclined towards social pleasures previous to the death of his wife and favorite daughter, who was a brilliant society young lady, but his means were never sufficient to keep pace with the Whitney's even had he been so disposed, and lately the shadow of this double bereavement has rested upon his modest residence, closing it to all forms of gayety. The Bayard house is a little old-fashioned, especially in its exterior arrangements and approaches. It is a

SECRETARY BAYARDS HOUSE.

plain red brick with a porch in front, two stories and a mansard high above a very good basement. The rooms in the house are not very laage. Space is gained by the depth, as the house runs back nearly eighty feet. The front is not much over twenty-eight feet. It is situated upon a high terrace, just around from the circle where Ward's statue of General Thomas stands. This terrace is known as Highland Terrace. The houses built along its line are at least fifty feet above the level of the street. The carriage drive to it is a very steep incline, and when you are at the very gate you have to climb up steps corresponding to those going to the second floor of a house before you reach the porch. It is next to the old house in which Senator Edmunds so long lived. Justice Miller lives at the right of Mr. Bayard. At the end of the row toward Fourteenth street is the old house built by Crawford when he was Secretary of the Treasury. This house is still in good condition. It was occupied by Marshall Jewell when he was in Grant's Cabinet. Around this circle are a number of well known houses. The great square house of Judge Wylie is one of the oldest of the neighborhood. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, has a very handsome house on this circle. Four or five steps down Massachusetts Avenue, east from Fourteenth street, Robert Lincoln lived when he was Secretary of War.

Only a few doors below is Attorney-General Garland's house, the plainest of all the houses occupied by Cabinet officers. It is a long row of plain brick front houses three stories in height, with a dark basement. The house stands about ten feet above the level of the street, on a low terrace. The steps leading to the door are in open work. The door and the trimmings of the house at the top are in brown. The house is very plainly furnished. It has more the appearance of a lodging or boarding-house than of a private residence. Here the Attorney-General resides with his aged mother. Secretary Manning resides but a short distance from Mr. Bayard, on the same avenue. The house is one of the largest and most expensive of the private residences constructed in accordance with

SECRETARY MANNING'S RESIDENCE.

modern architectural ideas in the city. It was built by Otis Bigelow, a Washington banker. Its turrets and towers give it the appearance of a castle at a distance. The front has deep-set balconies shaded by heavy arches supported by substantial pillars. Over all of the windows and doors are a great variety of designs of stained glass. The front of the house does not give a fair idea of the magnitude of the building. It stretches back through the entire block in an irregular, thoroughly artistic way. The large stables attached to the house face on the street in the rear. This house is just one block from the British Lgeation, and is diagonally across the corner from the very large and imposing house occupied by Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska. A few blocks away is the house which the genial S. S. Cox occupied before he went to Turkey, and the new house of Senator Edmunds. So much has been written about Secretary Whitney's house, and thee ntertainments given there this winter, that it is a familia subject. The house is a large, square old-fashioned one in exterior appearance, but since the expensive repairs and remodeling by Mr. Whitney, its interior is very complete and elegant, with wonderful roominess and adaptability to the purposes of large entertainments. It is owned by the Frelinghuysen estate, having been the residence of the family when the late ex-Secretary of State resided in Washington and is leased by Mr. Whitney for a term of four years.

Half way between Mr. Bayard's and Mr. Manning's is the house occupied by Secretary Endicott, on Sixteenth street near Scott Circle. It is in the immediate vicinity of the famous Don Cameron mansion, and is owned by Minister Pendleton who leased it to Mr. Endicott furnished. It is an old house in its architecture and is a rich red in all of its outside colors and trimmings. Even the window blinds are red. It is one of the best known and one of the most popular houses in Washington on account of the lavish entertainments given there by the Pendletons. Just across the street is the Windom house already well known. Postmaster-General Vilas lives in a very plain, unattractive house near Thomas Circle. It is large double front house and belongs to the earlier style of architecture prevailing about the time the first improvements were begun in Washington under Boss Shepherd. The brick work is inferior and the front is a very light red trimmed with white stone around the top of the windows and doors. The general appearance of the house is suggestive of gingerbread, though inside it is well arranged, with large, well ventilated comfortable rooms. It is large enough to accommodate a goodly crowd and is well furnished. Secretary Lamar is

RESIDENCE OF SECRETARY ENDICOTT.

the only member of the Cabinet who is not keeping house. He has a suit of six rooms upon the sixth floor of the Portland flats. The Portland flats building stands upon a triangular-shaped lot. It terminates in a point, with a great tower at the end of it, heading towards the Thomas circle. It has the general appearance of a great ship. Mr. Lamar lives in the bow of this ship. He has beautiful views out of his windows, as he has a command of both sides of the bow from windows of his apartment. He is certain to have splendid ventilation, and upon the hottest day or night his room is sure to be cool. Yet in the case of a fire or accident it is possible that the sixth floor might have some disadvantages. Mr. Lamar, though very fond of the ladies and remarkably courteous towards them, is in no sense a society man, nor would his means enable him to entertain as entertainments go, even did his inclinations tend that way.

Aside from the residences of officials, in which people who come here show so much interest, there are enough of the curious and unique order, belonging to well known and eccentric people, or having interesting histories attached, to make two or three entertaining articles. Ben. Butler's granite palace on Capitol Hill, the old Stewart castle, and John Hay's ugly pile, are among the number. One of the eccentricities is the log cabin of Joaquin Miller out on Meridian Hill. It is a structure made of post-

JOAQUIN MILLER'S CABIN.

oak logs about six inches in diameter, built from the ground up in regular frontier style, and chinked in with plaster or cement. The outsides of the logs are left in their natural state, but the insides are hewn to make the walls smooth and regular. The cabin contains two rooms, the main one 14 by 24 feet, opening into the L room which is 9 by 14. A step ladder constitutes the stairway from the small room to the attic which is lighted by windows, but not used for any purpose. The large room is divided by portierres into a sleeping apartment and sitting room, the latter having a large fire-place for wood logs only. The ceilings are about eight feet high, and the "frescoing" overhead consists of the rough joists without lath or plaster. The door is made of plain rough boards, fastened by a wooden latch, with the regulation leather latch string hanging on the outside. The poet's bed is decorated with a handsome cherry satin pillow sham, fringed with lace, and the top spread is the silver skin of a Rocky Mountain "Burro." The small room is occupied by Miss Garnier, his niece, and is tasty in its rustic adornments. The bed has for its outer covering a spread made of the skins of wild cats, handsomely lined and trimmed, all the floors are carpeted with both carpets and Oriental rugs, and the walls of Mr. Miller's part of the house are decked with maps, etchings, newspaper clippings, pictures of poets, actors, actrsses (a large stock,) novelists and men of letters and literature generally, with different Indian ornaments here and there; and Miss Garnier's room has many specimens of her work in oil painting, some of them very good, and other selections in fine art, *bric-a-brac*, etc., including a well used mandolin—showing that music as well as painting is practiced here. In the yard stands the old-fashioned well-sweep, where the old oaken bucket is brought into play. But this is quite as far fetched a fancy as anything in the connections, for the water it "draws" is only from a cistern, twelve feet deep, well cemented but not filtered, and into which the rains on the roof flow as a supply. It is in this rustic palace, or "den" as he calls it, that the "Poet of the Sierras" has taken up his permanent residence, except when his journalistic or dramatic labors call him away from Washington, and it is amid these familiar surroundings, reminding him of his former life in the wild West, that he finds inspiration for the literary work of these latter days.

IN A MINING CAMP.

A Tale of Colorado.

Times were hard in the camp; there was no use denying it. Not very long before there had been a "boom," but Mr. Levi, who kept the clothing store on the main sereet and found much profit in that fleeting period of prosperity, had oracularly declared it at an end.

"I dell you vot it ish, poys," he said one day, standing on the threshold of his roughly boarded store, flanked on one side by a pendant suit of hideous plaid, and on the other by a pair of overalls, "*dot boom wash gone home*."

Old Cheyenne Joe, too, who had prospected with unfailing hopefulness and habitual bad fortune since the earliest days of the Pike's Peak excitement, found the situation unprecedently dolorous.

"I allow I never see wuss times in Colorraydo sence we struck them sulphurets up to Clear Creek in '64," said he, as he sat on a broken chair in the "Delmonico of the West" (so a dilapidated saloon was grandly called). "Yes, Jim," he added with an unwonted sigh, "I *will* take sugar this time."

The camp was situated in a charmed region. It lay on the slope of a mountain, facing the west. A little beyond the group of houses this slope became abrupt—so abrupt that the valley below was out of sight of the town. Far beyond this valley, lifting its jagged summits, bold and sharply defined, against the western sky, was the grand, majestic, solemn Sangre de Cristo.

The camp wore a dejected air. "The boys" had made a good fight, but Nature was against them, and Nature always wins in the long run. Down, deep down through the flint quartz the patient miners had chased the fleeting veins. Quartz, from the shareholder's point of view, represents outgo; veins, income. When, therefore, veins tip the beam, the company's financial horizon is touched with the rosy tint of dividends; when quartz, then gather the lowering clouds of assessments, often succeeded by the thunderstorm of bankruptcy. The "Louisiana" had "shut down," the "Bismarck" changed superintendents three times and then followed suit, and the two directors of the "Ariel," who came out from New York to inspect the property, were obliged to pay the men's arrears out of their own pockets before they were allowed to depart. All this time Nature, so harsh to those who would wring her hidden treasures from her grasp, was tantalizing them with the most gorgeous of weather, when the air was electric, the peaks of the Sangre de Cristo seemed but half a mile away, and the moon, throughout the still, silent nights, softened all the outlines, so sharp and clear in the daylight, and casting its silver sheen over the shabby and unlovely buildings, transformed them into fairy dwellings.

Cheyenne Joe was an authority in the camp, the counterpart of the "fall of '49 and spring of '50" men in California; hence his despondent utterances deepened the gloom which had overhung the frequenters of the singularly misnamed saloon. Some were young and strong, with the flush of health on their cheeks; others old and gray, their faces furrowed with the deep lines of toil and care. Flannel shirts alternated with overalls; caps of dubious hue and texture rivaled seedy sombreros, curiously suggestive of a joyous and aggressive past; and tobacco of a quality proportioned to the hardness of the times, lent an aroma more pungent than agreeable to the dingy room. There had been a sound of wheels. It was not the day when the stage brought the scanty mail; and, not very long before, the arrival of a special conveyance would have excited attention, for it might have been cotemporaneous with the arrival of what we have gotten in the habit of calling "capitalists." This is at best an unsatisfactory word, and in its conventional use it has but a vague and illusive significance. Nevertheless the capitalist is always the coming man to the honest miner. It is a peculiarity of silver mines that the more valuable is their promise the more anxious are their owners to let other people have the opportunity of drawing profit from their development. Thus it is that, when the "blossom rock" is most blooming, and the prospect "holes" are the most seductive, and the veins "pan out" their best and, in short, "things are booming" in the camps, "the boys" are the most eager for the coming from afar of him of the blind faith and the heavy bank account. He is to them as Montezuma to the poor Pueblos of New Mexico; and, as the squalid priest at Old Pecos rises early and looks to the sunrise for a sign of the Great Deliverer, so do the prospectors gaze long and earnestly up the mountain roads for the dust of the coming stages.

When, however, times are bad and the dump heaps show no accessions none are sanguine enough to "look for the coming which may not be." Lucky for the boys if the sound of wheels announce not the Tax Collector or the Sheriff with a batch of foreclosed mortgages. None, therefore, on this occasion had left the hard seats of the saloon to view the new comer; so he reported himself. He entered the smoky room; a stalwart, active, cheery young fellow; he saluted the company and he took a seat. No one present seemed, at first, to know him; but Cheyenne Joe's face showed an effort to recall his personality. At last he rose and approached him. "I've seed yer before, pardner," said he, "but I disremember whar on airth it was." The new comer met his searching look with half a smile.

"I am not likely to forget the time or place of our meeting, Mr. Cannon," said he. "I'm not quite so much of a tenderfoot as I was on the Hillerton trail one summer afternoon."

"By thunder!" ejaculated Joe, pushing his cap on the back of his head, "so you're the fellow I've been thinking about many a time sence I said good-bye to yer up in Leadville. Give me a shake o' yer hand, pard. Why, you ain't a tenderfoot wuth a cent. Boys," he went on, as he turned to the attentive group in the saloon, "there's more'n one kind of tenderfoot, but blame me if this yere one didn't lay over any I ever see in all my life. Yer see, boys, I waz comin' from the Gunnison with some young fellars, and we waren't far from Leadville when we heard some one a-callin'; an' we stopped, an' we see this yer man an' a boy with him, a beckoning to us. When they come up we larned that some small souled cusses up to Hillerton hed told the boy that he could walk easy from thar to Leadville in a day, and some of the same kind told this yere chap that he could walk from Leadville to Hillerton. Wa'al this man he started, an' he lost the trail an' wandered about an' then he met the boy, who hed walked sence morning' an' hedn't hed nothin' to eat. I dunno what would o' happened to 'em ef we hadn't come along. The boy told me he wuz like to drop when they come together, an' he asked the man if he could give him some grub, an' you bet my pard here, Jack Williams, wuz the right sort; for sez he, 'My boy, I'm afeerd we're both of us gone up, but I've got one sandwich, and I'll give yer half, an' he was a-divvyin' with him when they see me."

The looks of the boy plainly expressed commendation, and one of them made a suggestion as to refreshment ("setting up the drinks," he called it) at his expense. The visitor, well aware that in the social ethics of the mountain a proposition of this kind is the recognized expression of a genuine good will, accompanied his excuse with a meed of gratitude. Then the talk became somewhat general, and the hardy fellows spoke of lost trails and snow slides and fights with Indians—all the necessary and accepted concomitants of their hard and stirring lives—as the average dwellers in towns talk of the little variations in their humdrum existence.

"Say, Joe," at last said the newcomer, "perhaps you can help me. I'm pretty busy down at Denver, but I've been putting in all the time I could spare on a still hunt after an old fellow that I think must have come out here from the States some time ago. He'd got at loggerheads with things about him and one day he pulled up stakes and went away—no fellow knew where. For some particular reason," he smiled in a conscious way, "I've been anxious to find him. I have hunted high and low, but up to this month I couldn't get on his trail. About two weeks ago, however, I struck a drummer in Denver who saw an old chap up here that seemed like him. You see, he's sure to have changed his name and not to call himself by his real one, which is Ephraim Wilson, and—"

"Ephraim," interrupted Joe, who had listened with much interest, "why, the short for Ehpraim is Eph, an' jest ez sure ez yer be a-settin' thar, I believe you've struck the old cuss, livin' jest like a fust-class old hermit up in Hungry Gulch. Thar ain't one of the boys ez ever knows his real name, but what every one of 'em calls him is 'Uncle Eph,' They've been a helpin' him when they gets a chance, which ain't often, yer know, 'cause he's ez proud ez Cæsar, an' don't let on when he's pretty nigh busted. He jests keeps to himself up in his little one-hoss cabin, an' goes totterin' about prospectin' in a lonesome sort o' a way, jest as if he hedn't no heart in the thing."

"Come along with me, if you've nothing better to do," said the new comer, and they bade the group good night.

"It's curious, Joe," continued Williams, as they walked towards the little inn, "that you should have remembered the youngster that was with me on the Hillerton trail that day; for a good deal has come out of that meeting with him. The fact is, he is the son of old Ephraim Wilson, and he has a sister—well, I can talk to a friend like you about her. She's as pretty a little blue-eyed creature as you'd meet in a summer's day; and when I first saw her it was all up with me, as sure's I'm a living man. You see, Mr. Wilson lived in a town in Hampshire and was pretty well fixed, having a kind of bank and doing a good business. He was a real proud, high-spirited chap, but a good, loving father to his motherless children. One day his partner disappeared, taking a pile of money with him, and it broke the old man all up. He managed to pay everything the bank owed, and no right-minded person really thought he was the least to blame. Some mean cuss, however, started a story about him, and he heard it, and it was what you might call the last straw; for it worked on his mind until he was half crazy; and one day he broke out and said he would not live any longer in the town. He put his children under the care of his sister and went away, saying he would come back when he could set himself right. His friends did their best to stop him, but he told them he would die or go mad if he stayed. He'd not been gone a very long time before a letter came to the children from the partner who had run away. It seems he had been speculating and got in a bad way and thought there was nothing for him but to run. He was taken ill in San Francisco and had a close call for his life; and he had time to think over his ways and what he'd done. Well to make a long story short, he'd struck it rich out there, and he sent them all he'd carried off and a document clearing the old man's name beyond a whisper. Of course the boy and his sister were wild to find their father, and nothing would satisfy the girl but to start out and look for him. They managed to get some trace of his going West, and they came out to Denver. They made friends wherever they went, and they've been taken mighty good care of, but they only think of one thing night and day, and that's to find the old gentleman. The boy had got what he thought a clue, which took him to Hillerton, that time I met him, but it didn't come to anything. I went to Denver with him, and he introduced me to his sister and then"—a blush came to his brown cheek—"ever since that time I've been just as anxious as they to find their father. To tell you the truth, I've just a little hope that if I should come home, bless her little heart—would marry me. I'm in a good business and getting ahead, and I'd be the happiest man in the world if I could win such a prize as that. Do you know, she and her brother are not far off. They're down in a ranch in the valley, and I'd like to have you see them in the morning. I'll tell you what, you drive down with me after breakfast and they'll be delighted to meet you."

"Well, pard," replied Joe, "I ain't much of a lady's man, but I will go with yer ez sure es you're alive. I'd like to see the little gal, an' ef she'll give me some p'ints about her dad. I kin tell her in two shakes ef he is Uncle Eph, or ef he ain't."

"That's a capital idea," said William. "Somehow I feel it in my bones that it's he, and that we're going to be successful, and that I'll be the happiest man this side of the range."

"I'm with yer, pard, thar," said Joe, an' what's more, I allow thet ef yer strike a streak of good luck, it would sort o' lap over on the camp an' you bet we need it bad enough. Yer see, luck's the queerest thing in the world. When yer think it's come to stay, it'll desart you quicker'n a wink; an' when ye're pretty nigh played out, some little thing'll bring it right back. When yer come in that saloon to-night with yer jolly face, among all them fellers that's been a-waitin' an' a-hopin' till they hedn't no heart left, it come to me straight thet suthin' good wuz a-goin' to happen—an' now yer've told me that thar's a pretty little gal a-comin' in among the busted crowd in this here camp—why, pard, I'm sartin of it."

The rays of the next morning's sun, gleaming over the smooth eastern hills, had torn the veil of shadow from the lowest of the western peaks, when an old man pushed open the clumsy, creaking door of a log cabin, and, with halting steps, crossed the threshold. It should here be said that no one has known the full joy of living until he has done just this simple thing—opened the door of a Colorado house on a perfect Colorado morning. This is not the assertion of a garrulous traveler from distant lands, secure from contradiction, for you can try it for yourself in three days' time, and the door may not be that of a log cabin, but even the ornate portal of a Denver hotel, with an omnibus standing before it. All the modern improvements in the world cannot affect the rare quality of the air, and a certain sober, middle-aged scribe, whom chance sent hither several years ago, has told his friends at the club at least fifty times that, emerging from a Denver hostlery in the first stages of the depression following a breakfast made wretched by salaratus bread and infamous coffee, he has found himself breathing such a champagne atmosphere that he has conceived the insane desire to traverse Larimer street with a hop, skip and jump.

Whatevr impulse he of the log cabin may have felt, he made no sign. The sun lit up his thin gray hair, his sombre face, his bent figure. The life-giving breeze waved the ends of the seedy silk handkerchief tied loosely round his neck. He shaded his eyes with his hand and looked down the narrow valley in which his log cabin stood. "Hungry Gulch" they called it. Why, no one knew. Apart from its surroundings, and under an ordinary sky it would have shown few attractions, but this morning the short grass, outcropping rocks, the shabby cabin, had abstracted a subtle form of color and softened outlined from the overcharged atmosphere. The old man saw nothing of this, for he was "down on his luck," and to one in this condition it is a kind of personal affront that the sun shines and the birds sing. He was brooding—had been brooding as long as he could remember. He had prospected until his old bones ached, without making the ghost of a "strike." Once he had been well and happy; but luck was against him, and at 65 he was lonely, poor and rheumatic, and living in a mean log house in Hungry Gulch. To be sure he had himself partly to blame for his present discomforts. It has been the fashion of late years to idealize the Western miner, and he is far from an ideal being. He has many faults, but he has one shining virtue; he is as kind to his needy companions as heart could desire. The prosperous mountain-dweller may care for himself; the "busted" man will never lack a helping hand as long as there is a blanket or piece of salt pork in the camp.

Uncle Eph shouldered his pick and limped across the hills until he reached the point where he had been working the day before. After resting awhile he began plying the pick and continued his labors at intervals for some time. At last he sat down and leaned against the rock, dired and discouraged. As he did so two men came quickly toward him and stopped a little way off. They watched him as he reclined listlessly, pick in hand. Ere long he began clipping at a small boulder. A chance blow detached a piece of shell from its surface. He picked it up and examined it, carefully but languidly. It was some time before he rose, drove a couple of stakes in the ground and walked slowly toward the town.

The two men advanced. They were Cheyenne Joe and his friend from Denver.

"Poor old chap," said the former, "I wonder if he allows he's made a strike. Thar aint a man in the camp ez would grudge it to him; but the chances is agin him in this yere place. I heerd one of them scientific sharps from New York thet come here a year ago say thar ought to be a show for what he called 'chlorides' 'round here. But I don't take much stock in them fellers, an' I'd a good sight sooner trust an old miner than the best of 'em, with their book-larning. Let's see whar he's goin'."

Around the hills and across the gulches, always with faltering steps, the old man wended his way to a small unpainted building, wherein dwelt an important character in the mining camp, the assayer. He was there but a few moments; then the two men, who had kept him in view, saw him come out and wearily plod toward his home. They entered the rude building, where the expert was busy with his crucibles.

"Say, Professor," ejaculated Joe, "I want to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Williams, of Denver." The men shook hands. "Him an' me's been a lookin' at Uncle Eph unbeknown to him while he was chippin' away at them boulders. Did he bring yer a specimen?"

"Yes," said the assayer, "he brought a piece of ore and said he would leave it here until he could raise the money to pay for his assay. He's so queer; he wouldn't wait for me to tell him. I'd gladly make it and let him pay when he was able. It's pretty hard work trying to help him."

Williams drew his wallet from his pocket and laid a bank note on the table.

"You are very good," said he "but I have an interest in the old man and I shall gladly pay your bill. We will call for the assay this afternoon."

At about the time the old man came in the morning to his door, as just narrated, Williams and Joe were approaching the ranch house in the valley. They had driven down the steep road through the pine trees, crossed a creek on a rude bridge and followed the wheel tracks on the crisp grass. There came to meet them a youth and the "pretty little blue-eyed creature." Pretty, indeed, was she, and would have been in far more critical eyes than those of the old prospector. With true native politeness he doffed his rusty hat and took her little white hand in the friendly and respectful clasp of his brown and rough one. To this day old Joe talks of her.

"I'm 63 years old," he once told a friend, "an' I've tramped from the Wind River Mountains to the Rio Grande, an' I've been in 'Frisco, an' St. Louis an' Denver; an' I allow I never see such a pretty sight in all my life. It jest broke me all up, and don't yer forget it. Why, I allow ef I was a young feller an' she'd look at me with them eyes o' hern, ez blue as the sky over the range in October an' ez clear ez the mountain streams up to timber line—an' beckon with thet little white hand, I'd foller her to the end of the airth. Sez I (to myself, yer know,) Little Daisy, yer've got a young feller that loves ye, an' is ez good ez gold an' ez true ez steel; an' perhaps yer ain't got no need of the services of old Joe Cannon; but ef yer have, why count him in, every time. He's old an' stiff, an' what with hard work, an' bad grub an' mountain fever, he ain't what he wuz; but there's life in the old man yit, an' he couldn't make no better use of it than in doin' his level best to help yer."

The blue eyes grew brighter as Miss Susie talked to the old man. There could be no doubt. The description tallied perfectly. Uncle Eph was her father. It was arranged that the party should go to the camp at once, and the girl and her brother remain at the hotel, while Williams and Joe decided on a favorable opportunity of breaking the good news to the hermit. They learned that he had gone prospecting, and they had resolved, on a sudden impulse, to await the result of the assay before speaking to him.

As they left the office they met an ill-looking fellow, who passed them without recognition. Joe looked sharply at him.

"Thet thar feller looks sort o' familiar to me," said he. "He's a stranger in the camp, but I allow I've seen him before."

The sun had nearly run his daily course and was descending on the summits of the western mountains, when the old man again crossed the threshold of his cabin, and again shaded his eyes with his hand and looked down the rude path. This time he saw a man approaching, but too far away to distinguish his face. He returned to his cabin, at the door of which he soon heard a knock. A stranger entered—a person of forbidding appearance.

"You are the man they call Uncle Eph, ain't you?" said he. The old man nodded. "Just so. They call you Uncle Eph, but you really are E. P. Wilson, late banker at ——, New Hampshire—case of failure and defalcation—suspicious circumstances. I've shadowed you and worked up the points against you."

The old man turned pale. He did not see that the door, which the stranger had closed, had been opened very slightly. The man went on:

"I ought to take you up now, but I don't want to be too hard on you. Give me the claim you've just taken out and I'll let you off."

The old man never had a chance to reply. The door was suddenly pushed open, Joe Cannon entered, shut it again and set his back against it.

"Beg yer pardin for comin' in without knockin', Uncle Eph," said he, "but I've been on the trail of this man that's talkin' to yer. I heerd what he said an' I allowed he'd come to a good place to stop—to the end of a sentence, as yer might say." There was a delightful irony in his tone. "Ez I understand the matter," he went on, "this yer party sez he knows yer an' kin do yer harm, an' wants yer to buy him off. Now thet's what I call playin' it down pretty low, seein' that this yer man's a dead beat of the wust sort. When I fust seed him I allowed I knowd him, but it only come to me who he wuz when I see him hangin' 'round the assay office. No, sir"—his voice had taken on a sharp ring and his hand went up behind his hip—"don't yer make a move to draw, for I've got a self-cocker an' you ain't, an' I'll let daylight through yer in a second. Now you've waked up the wrong crowd to blackmail to, you durned claim-jumper. I know yer an' yer doin's down to the San Juan country, an' ef I was to say jest one word to the boys, yer know what'd happen to yer. Ef I ever see yer near this camp again I'll say thet word jest ez sure es yer live. Now git!"

The man slunk away in a moment.

"Yer see, Uncle Eph," said Joe, "things hez taken a turn in this yere camp to-day, an' folks is a feelin' pretty good, an' it ain't wuth disturbin' that feelin' for all that mean cuss' skin's wuth. Say, Uncle Eph, when I was a comin' up the gulch an' a reflectin' on the hard luck you'd hed, I sort o' got to thinkin' of the story the missionary told the camp the last Sunday he was here, about an old feller named Job, who had a heap of troubles—a good sight more'n you, pard, an'"—he paused a moment, seeing a sort of eager look gaining on the bewilderment expressed in the old man's countenance. It was too late to stop; his quick ear caught the rustle of a dress behind the doors; he made the plunge. "Wa'al, arter a while things come better for old man Job. I don't know exactly how it wuz, but es nigh ez I kin tell it, jest as a cuss who'd overheerd the talk of his friends in the camp was a tryin' to skeer him, he larned that all the things he'd lost hed come back to him—an' more, too; good name—an' money—an' best of all—but blame me if she ain't here to speak for herself." And in a second pretty Susie Wilson was in her father's arm; and old Joe, for the first time in many years, was obliged to put his bandanna handkerchief to his eyes.

Half an hour had passed in eager inquries and mutual explanations, when Joe rose to his full height and began to speak in an oratorical manner—contrasting curiously with his dialect—and emphasising portions of his discourse by sweeping gestures of his right arm.

"Uncle Eph," said he, "I allow it's time I hed the floor, an' I've suthin' to tell yer. When yer come to this yere camp yer struck it in a streak of ez bad luck as I ever see; but thar ain't no luck so bad thet it wouldn't change when such a sweet little beauty as yer darter thar come into the camp; an' sure enough it has changed, an' for good this time. Old man, I allow yer luck laid 'way over old man Job's; for I never heed thet when he wuz a prospectin' he struck it rich; but blame me ef you hev'nt done it this time." He held up the assayer's report. "*You've struck them chlorides*, sure, an' you bet we're agoin' to hev a boom the 'll jest lay over any boom you ever see." Hearing a noise he went to the window. "By thunder," he cried, "ef here ain't the whole camp a turned out an' marchin' up to pay their respects!"

As soon as the news of Uncle Eph's strike was telegraphed, the preliminary inquiries of the eager capitalists came back over the wires; the stage next day brought two of these gentry who had been tarrying in Denver, and a week's time saw what the miner's called "store clothes" as plenty as claim stakes. Uncle Eph sold his mine speedily. The capitalists who failed to secure it were crazy to buy something as much like it as possible: so many languishing claims were converted into solid cash, and, sure enough, the long looked-for boom came, and "came to stay." When, therefore, Uncle Eph took his departure, the whole population turned out to give him a "send-off." Cheyenne Joe went to Denver with the party by special invitation, and, as the stage started, he rose in his place by the driver and called for three rousing cheers for the "old man."

Uncle Eph proposed to call his mine the "Good Luck," but the purchasers gave it a far more pretentious name. Then they formed an immense company to represent it, and issued beautifully engraved certificates of stock, up to a figure large enough to make a considerable hole in the National debt. Then they sold his stock "short" and "cornered," and finally managed to make such of a mess of the whole thing that it would be an uncommonly good plan for you, gentle reader (mind, this is quite between ourselves,) to let it severely alone.

A. A. HAYES.

A BRIDE AND GROOM.

BY C. W. PARDOC.

"Uv all things on arth a durn'd fool's got the least sense."

The above quaint and purely original expression was one peculiar to Joshua Simmons, or, he was better known, Josh, and it expressed more forcibly than the polished language of the most silver-tongued linguist could have done, his hatred and contempt—the latter sometimes mingled with pity—for the person against whom he hurled this forcible and impressive sentence.

Josh Simmons was a typical backwoods hoosier. He stood, to use his own expression, "six foot four in his socks," and was gaunt and ungainly. He had come from "Kaintuck" when a young man, and settled in the heart of the heavily timbered country that skirted the low bottom of the Wabash River, about sixty miles above Terre Haute.

His early education, like that of many of the young men of that day, consisted more of a knowledge of the use of the axe or the rifle and hunting-knife than of "book larnin'."

Josh was a good-natured fellow, though eccentric, with enough good, genial qualities about him to make him universally liked among his neighbors, who rather enjoyed his dry way of cracking a joke. He was averse to labor, though passionately fond of his dog and gun and the sport to be had with them; yet he possessed a spirit of enterprise that prompted him to keep his farm in a little better condition than those of his neighbors, although he did not do much of the work himself, but managed to hire a "hand" for the greater part of the year. Most of his time during the day was spent in the forest with his long-barreled rifle, which he had not inappropriately named "Long Sal" on his shoulder, and his constant companion, "Steady," a cross between an English bull-dog and a Kentucky fox hound, at his heels.

Josh was not alone in the world. When he crossed the Ohio in search of a new home he was accompanied by his new-made wife, a beautiful young woman of good family and possessing, for one in that section, a fine education. She was a sweet, brown-eyed girl when she left her ancestral home to go through life "for better or for worse" with the ambitious but uncouth Joshua Simmons. People wondered at his luck in getting such a treasure for a wife, especially as she appeared so far his superior in every way, and might have well filled a much higher position socially than she could hope to find as the wife of a poor young settler in the wild woods of Indiana. But Cupid's freaks are unaccountable sometimes.

One side of the tract of land which Josh Simmons had selected for his home was skirted by Sugar creek, a stream of considerable size, which ran very swiftly, and was bordered on either side with high, rocky shores. Owing to its great fall it was filled in a great many places with large rocks, over which the water rushed and roared with such force as in streams of more importance would have formed rapids. At the foot of these rapids, or "riffles," as they were generally called, there was always a body of deep water, which rendered "fording" places before the day of bridges rather difficult to find, and a particular crossing or ford would often be the only available crossing for two or three miles in either direction. The crossing near which Josh had built his cabin was considered safer and could be crossed at higher water than any other for several miles along the creek, and "Simmon's Ford" was known all over that section of the country.

Although very fond of the forest, and enjoying only as an old hunter can enjoy the majestic grandeur and the impressive solitude of the depths of the forest, yet when seated by his cheerful fire at home, with his loving wife and three children, two girls and a boy, around him, he was the most cheerful of companions, while his laugh mingled with that of his little ones. The sound of the fiddle was often heard after the firelight began to throw out its cheerful glow, for Josh was considered an adept at drawing from that popular instrument all the jigs, shake-downs and other airs that were in demand in that day and locality; and he never appeared happier than when he could gather round him his children and as many of the young folks of the neighborhood as possible and see them dance to his merry music. No log rolling, corn husking or other merry gathering was complete without Josh and his fiddle.

Josh Simmons was satisfied with the condition of things and was most bitterly opposed to selling off any of the magnificent timber with which they were surrounded.

"Who wants it different?" he would say to his gentle wife; "ain't we allus got plenty and to spare? Now thar's Tom Allen sayin' to me to-day that he'd been goshaten ur some other 'aten, with a feller from Tarry Hut about sellin' a lot o' thet fine timber a-jinin' our'n, an' havin' a saw mill set up with a steam ingin and Lord knows what else. He allus was a tarnal fool. He sez if he kin get the saw mill set in here they'll be a railroad through these diggins in less'n two years.

"I do think," he continued with a gesture of supreme disgust, "thet uv all things on earth a durn fool's got the least sense. What in the name o' Christyun faith do we want uv a railroad anyhow, I'd like to know? What do we want with a saw mill, with a steam engine, I'd like to know? Haint old Jimmy Baccus' leetle old water mill allus done us, and good fur years to come? Git a steam mill in here, with its cussed flappin' and bangin' and puffin' and snortin', and there won't be a varmint in ten mile o' these diggin's wuth shootin' at."

But notwithstanding his opinion that it was not the best thing for the neighborhood, the mill was built, and the sound of falling timber, and the busy whirr and clatter of the mill soon became a familiar to the people near Simmons' Ford.

A year passed away and the mill at Simmons' Ford had become an established institution. Nice, clean-cut boards of all lengths and sizes could be had without much cost, and Josh was compelled to admit that they could "cut a board a leetle evener an' thinner than even ole Baccus could." Yet he deplored the destruction of the fine timber. "They'll never git a stick o' mine, Martha," he said, "nary a stick."

He had changed somewhat also in his opinion of "tarnal roustabouts thet work on thet mill;" so much so, in fact, that he had consented, after a good deal of persuasion, to board one of the men, as board was rather difficult to get for all of the men who worked in and about the mill, especially near to their work.

Harold Johnston was a gentlemanly appearing young fellow of about 25, who held the position of head-sawyer in the mill, and despite his prejudice against the "whole tarnal lot of 'em," Josh was rather favorably impressed with his appearance when first he applied for board for the winter, and after discussing the question pro and con, he said:

"I recken we can keep you awhile, if Martha an' the gals is willin', an' you kin put up with sich as we have. Not as fine, mebbe, as they have in Tarry Hut, but it's good honest provender, and the eatin' of it'll never make a man a thief."

"I am quite sure there will be no trouble on that score," replied Harold.

So he was installed as a boarder, and he made himself so agreeable, knew so many new games that these country youngsters had never heard of, in which he joined so heartily, and took also so much interest in the gun and dog, that Josh was forced to admit that he was a "very decent sort of young fellar fur a mill hand;" when one evening he was playing "Fisher's Hornpipe," one of his favorite tunes, on his fiddle, Harold surprised him by springing out on the smooth floor and stepping it in a way that excited his host's admiration to the utmost.

"Give us yer paw, Harold," said he, when he at length sat down, laughing merrily at the sport; "ye've got a purty good notion of it, an' with a lettle practice ye'd be able to do jestice to it. I didn't like ye overly well at fust, and I told Martha not to listen to any soft sodder yo'd give her about her good biskits ur tinder squire or anything of the sort, fur ye wouldn't mean a word of it, but 'ud go back to Tarry Hut and laf, and say what a lot 'o sapheads we wus up here at Simmons' Ford. But no man, whether he be from Tarry Hut or any other place, that kin dance Fisher's Hornpipe like you jest done, kin ever be guilty uv anything of that kind."

It had long been the wish of Mrs. Simmons to send their oldest daughter Katie, or, as Josh called her, Catharine, with a very decided accent on the "i" in the last syllable, at least one year to school in Terre Haute. Kate, as she was commonly called, was now 16, and a bright-faced young lady of more than average intelligence, possessing as sweet a disposition as that of her mother. She was far more ladylike than the other girls in the neighborhood, owing to the careful training her mother had given her, and her education was far ahead of that of any of her acquaintances.

It was hard at first to convince Josh of the feasibility of the plan. It was an unheard-of extravagance, especially sending a girl to high school, in those days. Still it was hard to resist the gentle pleading of the woman he loved: and when their boarder incidentally mentioned one evening that the Allens had got their girl a new organ, but that he thought a year or two of schooling would do a girl more good than all the organs in the country, it was decided at once in Josh's mind that his daughter should go to school a year in "Tarry Hut."

PART II.

A year in the city school had transformed the rustic, rosy-cheeked Kate into quite a refined little lady.

"Martha," said Josh, a few days after the return of their daughter, "I wuz mighty afeard thet goin' off to Tarry Hut to school would give our *Catharine* some mighty stuck up notions about things; but I believe thet gal ain't no tarnal fool, fur she seemed as glad as could be to git home, and go into the kitchen, and pitch into things. Didn't it do my soul good to see her, though, rollin' up her sleeves, a showin' her arms, that has growed so purty and plump and white since she's been in Tarry Hut! This mornin', as I took down old Sal to take a turn in the timber, to see what I could skeer up, Catharine come up, an' sez, kind o' banterin', sez she, 'Pap, I believe I kin knock a hole in your ole cap a hundred yards,' an' when I stepped off a hundred short steps—I didn't feel like makin' it a very long hundred for Catharine—she swung "ole Sal" up alongside o' a tree, an' squintin' through the sights, she hollers out, sez she, 'Pap, I believe you may make it two hundred;' an' when I stepped off two hundred full yards, I'll be dod dashed if she didn't send a lead n pill sprang through the ole trap;" and he laughed in great glee, as he exhibited his old squirrel cap with a bullet hole in it.

Harold Johnston was away the greater part of the time during Katie's short stay at home; for it was determined to send her to school another year; her father could not help but admit that the "schoolin'" hadn't hurt her any.

"She hain't sed she wanted to go back," said her father, "but Martha, she sez her class will go though, or gradyate, as she called it, in another year, and I ain't the one to keep our Catharine behind her classmates, not if I haf to sell some o' them trees down next the ford; for there's one or two thet's a'most ready to fall, anyhow, with the water a-washin' at the rutes all the time."

So Katie was sent to Terre Haute for another year.

As the end of the year drew near Josh was almost taken off his feet one day by the announcement from Harold Johnston that he would bring a wife to the "Ford" in a short time and would like to make arrangements to have them board both him and his wife during the winter.

Josh was very averse to this arrangement. He liked Harold and would do almost anything to accommodate him, but he did not like the idea of taking into his family "some high-ferlutin, stuck-up gal from the city." But he finally yielded, and it was agreed that they would build a little addition to the house. Harold promising to furnish all the material and leave the improvement there when he and his wife should remove from the neighborhood.

A few days before Harold departed for Terre Haute arter his bride, there came such a collection of household goods as bad never been thought of in the neighborhood of the "Ford;" and to crown all of this "dodblasted extravagance" was an organ; so that when Harold started on his journey the little room he had fitted up for his bride was, according to Josh, "a plum show."

"Thet wife uv his'n ain't no good for these parts, if she has to have all them flubdubs to commence hous-keepin' on," was his remark to his wife after Harold's departure.

A few days before the time for the arrival of Harold and his bride Kate came home from school. If she had improved during her first year at school, she surely surprised everyone by the change during the past year, and she now stood before her parents, a full grown woman of surpassing loveliness, she was more dear to them than ever, especially when they saw, with all the graces she had acquired, she was still the same loving child she had always been. There was no affectation about her; the graceful manners she had acquired appeared to sit as naturally as though she had moved in cultivated circles of city society, instead of having passed all but two years of her life in the backwoods.

A goodly company gathered at the Simmons home to make merry upon the arrival of the bride and groom. Harold was very popular in the neighborhood, as far as he was known, and had extended a general invitation to the young people of the neighborhood to participate in the usual merry-making attendant upon such occasions in those days, and Josh had said to everyone:

"Come over, boys, and bring the gals, an' tho' it's none o' my funeral, yit I'm kinder daddyin' it, an' we'll jist give thet city bride o' his'n sech a introducin' to the citizens o' Simmons' Ford as'll open her eyes!"

Everybody knew the jolly host and all were sure of a good time.

"Don't be skeered, boys," he said to the assembled young men who sat around, casting sidelong glances at the beautiful young hostess, who appeared to even better advantage in the presence of the company than before, "it's only Catharine, polished up a leetle by bein' in Tarry Hut a couple o' years, but it ain't hurt her any, an' she don't feel stuck up one bit, an' I'll bet a coon skin she kin take 'Ole Long Sal,' an' plug her daddy's ole cap at two hundred yards as slick as any uv ye."

There was a general laugh at this pleasantry from their host, in which Kate joined as heartily as any.

The company were beginning to get a little restless, when at last Harold made his appearance, accompanied by a clerical-looking gentleman, whom he introduced to those present as Rev. Mr. Thomas, from Terra Haute.

"Where is the bride?" was the question that was whispered among the few in the farther end of the room; and the same question was in Josh's mind as he gazed inquiringly at his boarder.

After the little buzz of excitement had quieted down Harold walked over to where the host and his wife sat, and said:

"My friends, you seem to be expecting an explanation from me, and I will now give it in a few words:

"I have deceived you somewhat since my residence in this neighborhood, which I hope you will forgive, when you know the reason which prompted me. In the first place I am owner of the mill at the ford, in which I have been acting as head sawyer."

"Well, I'll be dod dashed!" exclaimed Josh.

"You are, doubtless, waiting to see my bride. With your consent I will introduce her." And walking to where Kate sat blushing and smiling in a way that made her appear bewitchingly beautiful, he led her to her parents and continued:

"When I first came to board with you I was impressed with the beauty of your daughter, and I resolved to try to win her for my wife. I wanted a wife who would love me, and not the money I could command. I advocated sending her to school, because I knew it would be the best thing that could be done for her; besides, I wished to see what effect contact with the world would have on her mind. When she came home, after the first year at school, I was madly in love with her, and was more than pleased to see that she was the same sweet, unaffected girl that she was when I first saw her; and when she told me my love was returned I was the happiest man in the State of Indiana. But we agreed to keep our engagement a secret for a little while, and, finally, until she had finished another year at school; and then we agreed upon this little method of surprising you. We throw ourselves on your mercy now. Shall the wedding go on, or not?"

For a moment Josh was silent. He sat with mouth wide open, as if the power of speech had entirely deserted him, and not until Mrs. Simmons had thrown her arms around her daughter, weeping and laughing at the same time, did Josh finally find voice.

"Well, uv all things on 'arth a durn fool's got the least sense," said he.

"If I'd a had brains enough to grease a gimlet, I might a knowed thet sumthin' wuz in the wind when ye wuz a hankerin' after Catharine's welfare, and advocatin' sendin' her to Tarry Hut' sayin' that she could board at yer aunt's, and a-lookin' at her so sweet and meltin' like when she came home from school. I notice now thet ye wuz mighty perticler about yer aunt's helth during the past year, an' went to inquire about it a mighty sight; an' Catharine—my, how she blushed an' stammered, an' looked so puzzled, when showed her the nice fixens an' flubdubs ye'd got fur yer bride, thet I thought thet mebby the girl had kinder hankered arter ye and wuz feelin' disappointed to think ye'd gone of and married someone else."

"But good gosh! Catherine," he continued, "what in the name o' gracious ye goin' to do with all thet tarnal trumpery in tother room, an' that organ?"

"We will answer that later," said Harold; "but you have not answered my question yet. Shall the wedding go on?"

For answer Josh took a hand of each in his own broad palms, and led them out in front of the assembled company, and then motioning the minister to come forward he said:

Fren's an' feller critters, my answer to thet question is, let 'er go on."

ADVERTISED LETTER LIST

BUTTE, MONTANA.

The following letters remained uncalled for in the postoffice at Butte, for the week ending March 28, 1886, and unless called for within thirty days they will be sent to the Dead Lette office. ☞Please say "advertised."

Anderson, Miss Nina	Frey, Jas
Allen, J T	Gray, Geo
Baldwin, Anna	Goldman, S
Boyt, Frank	Hall, Chas A
Brown, E A	Holt, D O
Brown, Edward 2	Horon, Ed
Beebe, Frank	Hanson, H O
Burke, Jas	Hort, M
Brogan, Jas	Hopkins, Thos
Becker, Max	Holland, Jerry
Blakely, Wm 2	Handcock, Sigle
Brasson, Billy	Johnson, Alexander
Cohen & Alexander	Johnson, S H
Connell, Frank	James, W L
Carpenter, Hattie	Kehoe, Martin
Conrad, J B	Kelly, Patrick
Clayton, Minnie 2	Larey, Mark
Cavanaugh, Mike	Ludwig, Mrs Anton
Collins, Edward	Larouche, Amable
Dawson, C H	Laury, Mary
Davis, David	Larson, J C
Donnelly, Essie 2	McChary, Thos
Donovan, John F	McDonald, Peter
Doyle, John	McGee, G A
Davis, Mrs L	McLennan, J D
Delaney, Patrick	McMillan Mr, care J Carr
Dunstan, Walter	McRae, Jno
Evans, H R G	McPherson, Jno
Frye, C H	Moore, Alexander
Flurey, H	McGallup, Duncan

Murphy, Andrew

A Week's Shipments.

The following bullion shipments were made last week through the Pacific Express office in this city:

	Bars.	
Alice	16	$24,336
Lexington	16	33,904
Moulton	14	21,856
Dexter	3	4,313
Clark & Larabie	3	4,096
Totals	52	$88,505

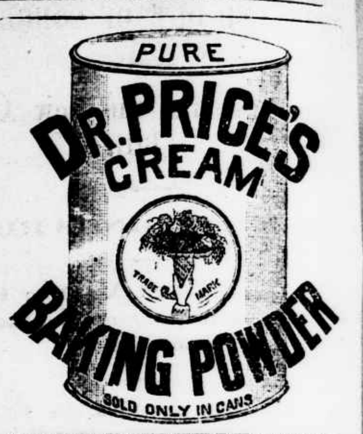
Locust Invasions.—The record of locusts plagues in the warm countries of the East, in modern as well as in ancient times, almost surpasses belief. Kirby and Spence mention an army of locusts which ravaged the Mahratta country, extending in a column 500 miles long, and so compact that it obscured the sun like an eclipse. Near the close of the last century, so many perished in the sea on part of the African cost that a bank three or four feet high, and about fifty miles long, was formed on the shore by their dead bodies, and the stench of them was carried 150 miles by the wind. In another part of Africa, early in the Christian era, one plague of locusts is said to have caused the death of 800,000 persons; and in 591 nearly as bad a plague occurred in Italy. Again, in 1478, more than 30,000 persons perished in the Venetian Territories from famine caused by locusts.

At a book sale recently in London there was a tall folio, bound in Russia, containing chronicles of the kingdom of Poland. The bidding languished somewhat. "Knock it down, sir!" exclaimed the last bidder, addressing the auctioneer. "Ah," returned the latter, "no one cares for Poland these days." "There is no Poland now," remarked a bidder. "Just so," chipped in the great Quaritch, pointing to the book on the table, "Poland's in 'Russia' now, as we see."

Gone Home

SAN FRANCISCO, March 27.—The Congressional committee which accompanied the remains of the late Senator Miller to this city left to-day for Washington.

Servants in Japan must be rather tiresome in their obsequiousness. An American lady keeping house there writes: "Every night our five retainers appear, prostrate themselves in succession to the floor and retire. This is to wish me good night and renew their testimony of profound respect and pleasure over the privilege of serving me. It was difficult at first to preserve the necessary dignity for the ceremony, but now I am as majestically gracious as any other potentate."



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF ROBERT McMINN, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Robert McMinn, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix, at the office of James W. Forbis, in Butte City, in the County of Silver Bow.

Dated, March 23, 1886.

MINNIE McMINN.

Administratrix of the Estate of Robert McMinn, deceased. 3-25-sw-4w

W. A. CLARK. S. E. LARABIE.

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