

THE SCOTT COUNTY NEWSBOY.

PHIL. A. HAFNER, Publisher. BENTON, MISSOURI.

COMING HOME TO-DAY.

What makes the sky so bright and blue? The earth around it so wondrous fair? The woods and fields are full of song. A thousand sweet airs in the air.

BATTLE OUTSIDE THE HEADS

NE morning, an Jack Delafield was breakfasting on board the cruiser Idaho, a telegram was handed him which he calmly proceeded to open, but after glancing over its contents, he closed it with a look of excitement.

In a second, heads were thrust out, some of the possessors even venturing into the ward-room considerably more delectable than custom regulations permitted. But Delafield's telegram was of so much interest and importance that such trifling conventionalities were forgotten, and his curious brother-officers crowded around him, clamoring loudly for the news.

"Listen," said the lieutenant, "I'll read it to you: 'Washington, D. C., Oct. 23, 1898. To Lieut. John Delafield, U. S. N., U. S. S. Idaho, San Francisco Bay, California. Proceed immediately to Mare Island navy yard. Take command of the cruiser Oregon, and prepare for active service at earliest possible moment. Commandant ordered to place at your disposal every available means to hasten work.'"

"What do you fellows think of that?" said Jack. "Lucky dog." "Wish I were in your place." "They all seemed pleased at Delafield's stroke of luck. Fortune was truly smiling on him, for he had been selected for this hazardous and important duty out of half a hundred other officers of his own rank, each one as eager as himself to command the little craft, the Bainbridge, of which wondrous were expected.

He had been chosen by the secretary of the navy and had received his preparatory orders, which were to the effect that he would be retained on board the Idaho until hostilities were imminent, when he would be given his new command. Meanwhile the work of fitting her for sea had been pushed at the navy yard with all dispatch. The Bainbridge was the first of our new semi-submarine magnetic torpedo-boats, those marvels of American ingenuity and skill.

Jack started for the navy-yard at once, and on arriving reported to the commandant, Admiral Dana, who told him in his bluff, kindly way to go ahead and fit out his craft as rapidly as possible, taking whatever was necessary for her equipment without the usual formalities, adding cheerily: "We can attend to all that after you come back, Delafield."

As he stands there before the admiral, receiving his instructions, let us glance at the officer upon whom, perhaps, will hang the result of the battle very soon to be fought outside the Heads. Tall, erect and finely formed, Lieut. Delafield impresses one instantly as a man of no mean physical strength. His face gives evidence of courage, firmness and great will power—just the attributes,

"BOYS, THE WAR IS ON."

In fact, which should most properly belong to the man ordered to command an unknown quantity like the Bainbridge, yet to be tried by the test of actual battle. When he leaves the office of the admiral, his elastic step and easy carriage show that his task has not overburdened him with anxiety, but, on the contrary, indicates confidence in himself and assurance of his ability to carry the work before him to a successful issue.

On his way down to the wharf where the Bainbridge lay, he passed groups of officers eagerly discussing the latest news. All had some friendly or congratulatory remark for him; but, scarcely stopping to reply, he hurried on board his new command. The Bainbridge was one of the latest additions to our fleet, and while it was anticipated that she would accomplish great things, the only real test had come sooner than anyone would have prophesied. Workmen were swarming over her in human numbers that resembled a human beehive. Her length was probably in the neighborhood of 120 feet, but her narrow beam and sharply sloping sides gave her appearance like a needle floating

on the water. She was painted an olive-green, to secure invisibility at night. The most prominent objects in sight on her deck were a low conning-tower and two elongated hatches, one forward and one aft. These were on the disappearing magnetic torpedo guns, and were arranged to protect the torpedoes until they were needed, at which time the guns were elevated by electricity, trained on the enemy and fired, the whole operation requiring but a few seconds. The motive power of the craft was also electricity, obtained from Tesla storage batteries of the latest type, giving the boat a speed of 40 knots an hour.

Within two days Lieut. Delafield had completed the outfit of the Bainbridge, and had stored on board four of those terrible engines of destruction, the magnetic torpedoes, which were of the ordinary cigar shape, having the energy for propulsion stored in a heavy fly-wheel revolving in a longitudinal, vertical plane at a rate of 10,000 revolutions a minute. The application of the principle of the gyroscope gave them an almost unerring directness of path under water, but, besides this, within the secret chamber were concealed magnets of great strength, which drew the torpedoes straight onward toward their prey. No maneuvering, however skillful, on the part of the commander of a ship attacked could avail against the relentless power of the magnets, and once a torpedo was launched fairly in the direction of an enemy's vessel, her doom was only a matter of seconds. When the intended target was struck, the explosion of 150 pounds of gun-cotton would fulfill the mission of the torpedo, and cause the proud battle ship, stricken in some vital part, to reel back under the shock, then perhaps make a feeble effort to escape, but in vain. In a moment or two she would be a mangled wreck, and the mangled wreck of the ocean would mark the grave of a Goliath of the deep, done to death by his little marine David.

Little wonder then that Delafield had every confidence in the Bainbridge. But his spirits fell when he read in the newspapers, a few mornings after, that a large fleet of the enemy had left its rendezvous and was proceeding in the direction of San Francisco. This fleet consisted of eight first-class battle ships, ten armored cruisers, together with twenty protected cruisers and smaller vessels. Against this array the United States could only bring the battleships Oregon (flag), Iowa, Massachusetts, Indiana and Texas; the armored cruisers Idaho, Maine and Brooklyn; the protected cruisers Olympia, Charleston, Columbia, Newark, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and San Francisco, as well as several gunboats. This fleet was anchored in the bay, cleared for action and ready to proceed to sea as soon as carrier pigeons from the scouts should bring the news of the approach of the hostile vessels. Near by were the coast defense monitors Monterey, Purifan, Terror, Amphitrite and Miantonomah, and also Delafield's torpedo boat, the Bainbridge. Jack had gone on board the flag-ship Oregon as soon as he had anchored, and he was now en route to the navy yard, in order to report to Admiral Woodbridge and to receive his orders. The admiral told him that it was his intention to go outside, meet the enemy, and, if possible, cripple him to such an extent as to prevent the bombardment of the city, and that the Bainbridge and coast-defense vessels were to be held in readiness to guard the entrance to the harbor and cover the retreat of the fleet in case it might be compelled to withdraw.

When Jack left the admiral's cabin he was confident he would have an opportunity to add fame to his own name and fresh laurels to the long list of daring naval achievements accomplished by John Paul Jones, Decatur, Preble, Bainbridge (for whom his little vessel was named), Biddle, Rodgers, Farragut, Cushing and a host of others. Throughout the fleet that day there was an expectation that a glorious victory would be won by the gallant little craft, and down to the cote on the flag-ship, and in alighting she a shrill electric bell to ring. The faithful little messenger had arrived with its momentous tidings in the shape of a tiny note in a quill secured firmly under its wing. This was soon detached and conveyed to the admiral. In less than time to tell it, the red and white signal lights were flashing out the order to get under way. Soon the rattle of chains was heard as the anchors were hove up; and when daylight broke the fleet was seen steaming majestically out through the Golden Gate, the Oregon leading. Everything was ready for action except opening the magazine, getting out the ammunition, and loading the guns. All hands were busily scanning the horizon ahead and on each bow to catch the first glimpse of the smoke of the enemy's fleet. The silence, punctuated only by the rhythmic throb of the engines, was at last broken by "Sal! ho!" from the upper fighting-top.

"One point and a half on the port bow, sir—smoke!" "Beat to general quarters" is instantly ordered. The men spring to the guns which are at once loaded; the turrets are trained from side to side and the guns elevated and depressed to see that everything is working smoothly. The alarm proves to be a false one, for the vessel is made out to be the San Francisco, one of the scouts, steaming in at full speed. She runs close to the flagship while the admiral questions her commanding officer regarding the numbers and course of the enemy, for the purpose of verifying the pigeon message. The hostile fleet is not more than 20 miles ahead! Again the watch ring is resumed, and within an hour the smokes of a large number of vessels are made out. The fires are forced by powerful fans, and the increased speed of the fleet rapidly lessens the intervening distance. The supreme struggle is at hand. Our ships steam on in column, ready for the bloody fray.

To recount in detail the action of that day would be to chronicle daring deeds, heroic acts, and bravery akin to rashness, but all of no avail against such overwhelming odds. As night fell, Delafield, from the Bainbridge, and the officers on the coast-

defense vessels, inside the bar, sighted the remnants of our fleet standing in, still stubbornly fighting and protecting the weaker or more disabled ships. Shortly the enemy was uncovered, and monitors opened fire, compelling an abandonment of the pursuit. The enemy remained just out of range while the fearful wreck of what remained of Admiral Woodbridge's force crawled slowly into the harbor. As the Oregon, guarding the rear, passed the Bainbridge, the admiral signaled briefly, but significantly: "Do your duty."

The night is dark and windy. An ominous stillness in the air presages an oncoming gale. No moon or stars are shining to aid the enemy, but instead the sky is covered with hard, leaden-gray clouds, and a low bank of fog is sweeping in from the westward. The conditions are propitious, and Delafield prepares for his dash. He takes the Bainbridge close inshore through Bonita channel, and barely escapes being caught by one of the enemy's gunboats, but, turning on a current, he rushes silently ahead and clear of danger. When almost within hearing of the breakers on Duxbury reef, he makes a wide detour in order to approach from seaward, for from this direction an attack is hardly to be expected. Nevertheless, he has to go a considerable distance out to reach a favorable position.

He reaches his station at 11:15 o'clock, and in another quarter of an hour the monitors will open fire toward that flank of the enemy opposite to which is Delafield. They will keep up this cannonade for ten minutes, to effect a diversion. As soon as this firing has ceased, Jack's work will begin. Boom! bang! go the great ten-inch and twelve-inch guns. It is a trying time for Jack, but he sees the effect of the ruse, and is again congratulating himself on his luck. The search-lights are all playing inshore of him, the enemy entirely oblivious of the fact that danger is lurking in their rear. Half-past eleven! As suddenly as it began, the firing ceases, and Delafield, taking his stand in the little conning-tower, orders the crew to their stations.

Slowly the Bainbridge starts ahead, then faster and faster she goes, until fairly flying, she brings into view the weaker vessels forming the outer line. But Jack disdains such pigny prey. Safely she flies past the gunboats, but not quickly enough to avoid discovery. On he goes, fearlessly taking the Bainbridge straight toward the battleships. "Stand by," he sings out down the voice-tubes to the torpedo compartments, and back comes the hearty answer: "All ready, sir."

Now he is but a short distance from the nearest ship. He turns two electric switches and sees the torpedo gun elevated and trained. Then amid a shower of shells he presses a spring-key, and the forward torpedo is launched and speeds on its errand of destruction. No need to watch the effect; the magnet is as sure as fate. Meantime, the Bainbridge's course is changed, so that she may run parallel to the column of battle ships, and the empty can is lowered. A second later the after torpedo is on its way for the next battle ship, and Delafield has done half his work.

Long ere this the brave little craft has been the center of a smother of foaming water, lashed into impotent fury by the crashing, bursting shells. But her great speed saves her from annihilation. She dashes along with scarcely a light flash, as if she were an aura and with the waves dashing wild over her.

Two more of the enemy's most powerful ships sent to the bottom complete her errand. The only damage on the Bainbridge has happened to Delafield himself. A piece of shell has inflicted an ugly wound in his shoulder, and though exhausted by the intense strain it, the red and white signal lights were flashing out the order to get under way. Soon the rattle of chains was heard as the anchors were hove up; and when daylight broke the fleet was seen steaming majestically out through the Golden Gate, the Oregon leading. Everything was ready for action except opening the magazine, getting out the ammunition, and loading the guns. All hands were busily scanning the horizon ahead and on each bow to catch the first glimpse of the smoke of the enemy's fleet. The silence, punctuated only by the rhythmic throb of the engines, was at last broken by "Sal! ho!" from the upper fighting-top.

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PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"The mill is in great trouble." "What's the matter?" "He finds that both summer girls to whom he became engaged really meant marriage."—Philadelphia North American.

"When people move into a new house they notice only its advantages over the house just vacated. Its disadvantages are hidden by just a little enthusiasm."—Athenian Globe.

"Misses—'Why, Bridget, what on earth are you doing with all the broken dishes on the shelf?' 'Bridget—'Shure, myny, yes, you me! Up to you to replace 'em, Miss Watson.' 'Didn't Mr. Sork say to you as I entered the drawing-room last night, Clara: 'Is that the beautiful Miss Watson?' 'Clara—'Yes, dear, with the accent on that.'—Fit-Bits.

"Mrs. Jimsmith—'George, what does 'carte blanche' mean?' Jimsmith—'It refers to the way a man feels when he has got \$25 in his pocket and his wife has gone away for a week.'—Buffalo Express.

"That's a brilliant son of yours," remarked the visitor. "He's been to college, hasn't he?" "Yes, I believe he was an inmate for a couple of years," replied old Farmer Mossback, dryly.—Buffalo Express.

Live and Learn.—First Tramp—"Here's a difference between an anarchist and a socialist. A man what's an anarchist can't be a socialist." Second Tramp—"Yer don't say! An I thought I was both."—Brooklyn Life.

A certain minister while preaching said that every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was anxious himself by mowing his lawn, when a parishioner said: "That's right, Harper; cut your sermon short."—Harper's Bazar.

A Possible Reason.—"I wonder why it is," remarked the man who has time for idle thoughts, "that people are not permitted to shoot red birds earlier in the year?" "It's to prevent mistakes," replied his wife, who had suffered at a summer resort. "They have to wait until the mosquito season is entirely over."—Washington Star.

POPPELUKE'S ADVENTURE.

It Was the Most Extraordinary Occasion Ever Known. Mr. Poppeluke and his Simms are two worthy bachelors inhabiting the same boarding house. Each is happy in the possession of a good many friends, and, not having to get up early in the morning, they sometimes stay out late at night. It must be admitted that Maj. Simms sometimes has trouble in making port, especially after dinner. Not so in the case of Mr. Poppeluke. No matter how late he comes in, or on the occasion, his fine instinct never deserts him. Naturally he has often grieved at the major on his weakness.

"Why," he said, "you have trouble in getting home after a supper, and never can do it without help after dinner. Major, I could come home all right after a breakfast."

But Mr. Poppeluke's hour of humiliation arrived. It was after a glorious dinner to a friend who had just been appointed consul to an important post. Mr. Poppeluke came home in a cab. He never faltered as he went up the front steps, and his hand held the precision of a conjurer's as he sought the key-hole. Inside he deposited his hat and coat and started up the stairs, walking with preternatural stiffness, and disinclined to touch the banisters or wall. Now it happened that a servant, who was doing some cleaning in the second story, had very carelessly left a stepladder at the head of and facing the stairs. Of course Mr. Poppeluke went on up the stepladder. "Sit-upon stairs ever seen," he was heard to observe when about half-way up. Then he went on, and reaching the top, stepped off. The back of the stepladder broke his fall, and he only shot to the floor like a very rapid toboggan, and sat there with his feet protruding in front of him. He hitched his shoulder up into position, and after giving the subject the thought which so remarkable a phenomenon deserved, said: "Mosh! shtraordnung! 'currance ever knew. Fell down back stairs. Back stairs shteeper'n front stairs." (A long pause, during which he spied his own door directly in front of him.) She tears along with scarcely a light flash, as if she were an aura and with the waves dashing wild over her.

Two more of the enemy's most powerful ships sent to the bottom complete her errand. The only damage on the Bainbridge has happened to Delafield himself. A piece of shell has inflicted an ugly wound in his shoulder, and though exhausted by the intense strain it, the red and white signal lights were flashing out the order to get under way. Soon the rattle of chains was heard as the anchors were hove up; and when daylight broke the fleet was seen steaming majestically out through the Golden Gate, the Oregon leading. Everything was ready for action except opening the magazine, getting out the ammunition, and loading the guns. All hands were busily scanning the horizon ahead and on each bow to catch the first glimpse of the smoke of the enemy's fleet. The silence, punctuated only by the rhythmic throb of the engines, was at last broken by "Sal! ho!" from the upper fighting-top.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Dresden now has a concert hall on the model of the new Gewandhaus at Leipzig that will seat 1,400 persons. Massengill is composing an opera on a Japanese libretto by Sig. Hilleo for the fall season at La Scala, Milan. Wagner's violin teacher, Robert Sipp, who is now 90 years of age, was present at this summer's performances at Bayreuth.

Reginald de Koven, who has set to music a number of Eugene Field's poems, is writing new music for some of the poet's later lullabies. Lassale, the baritone, who, it was supposed, had left the stage, will appear in "The Flying Dutchman" at the Paris Opera Comique next winter.

Vien will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Franz Schubert next year by an exhibition of objects connected with the composer and a series of performances of his works. Paul Dresser, the song writer and author of "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," has written a new piece called "Don't Tell Her That You Love Her," which is to appear in an early edition of Paderewski's new music.

Paderewski has written a new minuet for the piano. He has dedicated it to the American admirers and calls it "Menuet Moderne." It is a contradiction to his famous "Menuet a l'Antique," which was written in 1883. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, has written an opera libretto in French on a Turkish plot for M. Massenet. The queen is probably the only living author who has written verse in four languages, French, German, Swedish and Roumanian.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The wife of Li Hung Chang is said to possess 2,000 frocks and has built that number of waiting women in attendance upon her. The late Jules Simon's library contained about 25,000 books, to which he could go, he insisted, with his eyes closed and find the exact volume which he wanted. A suit of armor has been discovered in the old Chateau de la Tour de Pinon, which is thought to be the one ordered for Joan of Arc by Charles VII. during the siege of Orleans, and presented to her by the king. It is said to correspond exactly in the description handed down and was made for a woman five feet three inches in height.

The girl who sat as model for Sir John Millais' "Cinderella," "Callin' Herring" and "Sweetest Eyes Were Ever Seen" is now a married woman, residing in a pretty home in Richmond, where one of her dearest prizes is a signed proof of "Cinderella" on the wall. She also possesses a beautiful gold locket given her by the artist as a remembrance of the famous picture. England is taking quite good-naturedly the fact that a bold snapper artist caught the prince of Wales and Princess Charles of Denmark recently and is now exhibiting them through the medium of the cinematograph, in which the prince gravely lifts his hat from his head and strokes his hair much as any man does, while the charming princess calmly adjusts the ruffles about her throat in exact imitation of all her sisters who wish to know that they are "all right."

STAMPS AND COLLECTORS.

Belgium has issued a railway packet stamp of 50 cents, blue and black. Cape of Good Hope, 2 pence is now blue, and the two shillings yellow. In Italy a new postal card is to be issued, on the occasion of the inauguration of the monument to Victor Emanuel. It will be of the value of ten centimes, and bear the effigy of that monarch. Stamp dealers give valuable aid to government officials in capturing stamp thieves, but, of course, solely on their own account. If they can make the thief disgorge, or pay for their plunder, they drop the matter right there, whereas the government never forgets or forgives.

THE MARKETS.

New York, September 28, 1898. CATTLE—Native Steers..... 2 7/8 4 8/8 HOGS—Standard..... 3 00 3 05 FLOUR—Winter Patent..... 3 00 3 05 WHEAT—No. 1 Hard..... 71 1/2 71 1/2 OATS—No. 2..... 21 1/2 21 1/2 CORN—New Mess..... 7 1/2 7 1/2

CHICAGO. CATTLE—Native Steers..... 3 30 3 10 HOGS—Fair to Choice..... 3 00 3 00 FLOUR—Winter Patent..... 3 00 3 00 WHEAT—No. 2 Spring..... 61 1/2 61 1/2 CORN—No. 2..... 21 1/2 21 1/2 OATS—No. 2..... 21 1/2 21 1/2

KANSAS CITY. CATTLE—Shipping Steers..... 3 00 3 05 HOGS—Standard..... 3 00 3 00 FLOUR—Winter Patent..... 3 00 3 00 WHEAT—No. 2..... 61 1/2 61 1/2 CORN—No. 2..... 21 1/2 21 1/2

NEW ORLEANS. FLOUR—High Grade..... 3 30 3 00 CORN—No. 2..... 21 1/2 21 1/2 OATS—Western..... 21 1/2 21 1/2 WHEAT—No. 2..... 61 1/2 61 1/2

LOUISVILLE. WHEAT—No. 2..... 70 71 1/2 OATS—No. 2..... 21 1/2 21 1/2 CORN—No. 2..... 21 1/2 21 1/2

A WORK OF ART.

"The Texarkana Gateway to Texas and the Southwest" is the name of a handsome publication recently issued by the Iron Mountain Route, consisting of 224 pages of descriptive matter, interspersed with 600 beautiful halftone illustrations. It is the most comprehensive and typographically the handsomest work of its kind ever issued on the state of Texas, and is really a commercial and industrial history of the state. Any one reading this will have an excellent idea of the vast resources of and great possibilities of the Lone Star State. The book was gotten up by the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway and its connections in the state of Texas, for distribution to the North and East, with the view of attracting immigration, investors, tourists and seekers after health. It is in every way a valuable contribution to the current literature of the day, and is calculated to be of great service to the State of Texas. A copy of this publication will be mailed free on application to any passenger representative of the Missouri Pacific Railway, Iron Mountain Route, or may be had by addressing: H. C. TOWNSHIP, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

FINNEY CHURCHMAN—"What are your plans for the future?" Second Chicagoan—"I think I will get a thing married and settle down."—Trull.

Low Rate Excursions South. On the first and third Tuesday of each month the Great Southern Railway will make a round trip from the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. The rate is \$1.00 per person, and if he cannot sell you a excursion ticket write to C. F. Amers, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Geo. B. Horner, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.

Very few horses eat corned beef, but we saw one standing the other day with a bit in his mouth. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. Price 50c. Laron is disagreeable only when we do not put heat in our work.—Rain's Work. Just try a 10c box of Cascares, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made. Avering is getting welcome. Those who need it most take it least.

WARREN'S SAFE CURE

Owing to the many requests from its patrons, Warren's Safe Cure Co. have put on the market a smaller size bottle of Safe Cure which can now be obtained at half the price of the large bottle. It is not only a scientific vegetable preparation and does all that is claimed for it, but it is the only Kidney and Liver medicine used by the best people of four continents. A medicine that bears the stamp of the world's approval, and maintains its position for a fifth of a century, must necessarily possess peculiar merit.

1,000 SALESMEN WANTED

EMPIRE NURSERY CO., St. Louis, Mo. OPIUM FREE. Dr. H. N. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. HAVE YOU TRIED YUCATAN? A. N. K. B. 1624. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Prof. Babcock, the well-known Chemist,

"I find that Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure. It contains no trace of any substance foreign to the pure roasted cocoa-bean. The color is that of pure cocoa; the flavor is natural, and not artificial; and the product is in every particular such as must have been produced from the pure cocoa-bean without the addition of any chemical, alkali, acid, or artificial flavoring substance, which are to be detected in cocoas prepared by the so-called 'Dutch process.'"

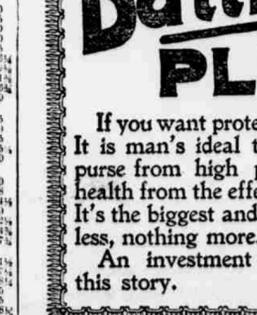
Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

"Protection."

Battle Ax

PLUG

If you want protection buy "Battle Ax." It is man's ideal tobacco. It protects his purse from high prices. It protects his health from the effects of injurious tobacco. It's the biggest and best there is—nothing less, nothing more. An investment of 5 cents will prove this story.

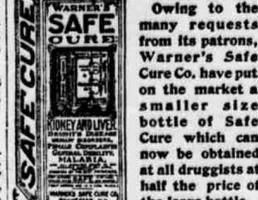


"What shall I do with this article on the city drinking water?" said the Chicago editor's assistant. "Bell is down," was the reply.—Vogel.

We have not been without Pilo's Care for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzie Farnes, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94. Wagon goes the quickest—a full minute after a spare moment!

When billions or costive, eat a Cascares, canny cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

A PEX may be driven, but the pencil does better when it is lead.



Owing to the many requests from its patrons, Warren's Safe Cure Co. have put on the market a smaller size bottle of Safe Cure which can now be obtained at half the price of the large bottle. It is not only a scientific vegetable preparation and does all that is claimed for it, but it is the only Kidney and Liver medicine used by the best people of four continents. A medicine that bears the stamp of the world's approval, and maintains its position for a fifth of a century, must necessarily possess peculiar merit.

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