M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

The Surprised Stranger from New Mexico Remained Permanently in Arizona.

"Hank" Escapes Hanging—Breaking Off a Match—A Politic Postmaster.

[Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.]

A STRANGER'S MISTAKE.—A chap call- himself the "Utah Terror" struck this town last Tuesday with a whoop. As near as he could figure the wave of civilization was not due here for five years yet, while as a matter of fact it rolled over us more than a year ago. He was about six years out in his calculations. The terror was mounted on a mule. Once upon a time it was the proper caper for a terror to ride his mule into a saloon and drink his whisky while seated in his saddle. The stranger headed his animal for the Red Front saloon and dug in the spurs and uttered his warwhoop, but the next thing he knew the doctor was probing for bullets, and he had gone out of the warwhoop profession. The city marshal had been looking for such a break, and he was on the spot to check it. The mule was killed at the first shot, but it is believed at this writing that the man will in time recover sufficiently to limp out of town in search of some spot where the good old fashioned customs are still preserved in all their purity.

NOT IDENTIFIED.—Tuesday afternoon last a stranger who looked as solemn as if he had buried a wife and 10 children came into town by the Cherry valley road on a bay mule and dismounted at Scott's bank. Some of the boys sized the stranger up as an undertaker looking for an opening, while others had a suspicion that he was up to snuff. This state of uncertainty lasted about 15 minutes, during which time some one unloosed the saddle girths and attached the saddle to a hitching post by a rope about 20 feet long. The stranger found Mr. Scott alone in the bank and pulled a gun on him and asked for a loan of $500. Mr. Scott never loans money without good security. He dodged the gun and raised an alarm, and the solemn man bolted for the street and his mule. He jumped into the saddle with a whoop of defiance, and when the mule went out from under him he was probably the most surprised man in Arizona. He got up and began shooting, but our efficient city marshal, assisted by about 20 prominent citizens, turned loose on him and brought his car-

THE MOST SURPRISED MAN IN ARIZONA.

eer to a dead stop. The mule made a bolt for it and could not be caught, but he bore the brand of a New Mexico ranch. Nothing was found on the man to identify him. He had two guns, 50 cartridges, $2 in cash and a plug of tobacco. He was buried at the expense of the city, and the look of chagrin which covered his face as he was laid away was so marked as to excite general comment. He probably lived in some back township where no newspapers are taken and therefore knew nothing of the changes of the last five years.

CARL DUNDER.

"Sergeant, mebbe I doan' understand how it vhas oxactly," said Mr. Dunder as he called at the police station the other day with a look of anxiety on his countenance.

"How what was?" queried the sergeant.

About dose suicides. Vhas it my peeness if somebody suicides?"

"Tell your story."

"Vhell, a stranger comes in my place und looks sorrowful und homesick. Pooty soon he says to me:

"Mr. Dunder, she vhas no use. I make a big fight, but I vhas beaten. I haf made oop my mind to shuffle off some mortal coils. I vhas going to die right here und now, und I like to say gootby to you who vhas always eaferbody's friend. Farewell, 'oldt mans!'

"Vhell, dot scares me, you know. I doan' like nobody to suicide in my place und haf some big pieces in der papers, und so I speak softly to him und gif him a glass of beer und feefty cents und get him oudt. Der werry next day dot second man comes in und sits down and throws his hat on der floor und says:

"Carl Dunder, my vife, shildren, home und fortune vhas swept away, und I doan' like to live any longer. Please gif me a private room in which to oxpire, und mebbe you vhas so goot ash to see dot my grave vhas kept green.'"

"I see," said the sergeant.

"Vhell, I can't gif dot man no private room, und I doan' like dot coroner to come around. So I fill him oop und gif him some shange, und he goes away happy. He says if he dies he vhill bless me. Vhas dot like you oxpected?"

"Yes—what else?"

"Der next day dot third man comes. He vhas a slim man, und he vhas weeping. He goes over by a table und cries like some shildren. By und by he looks oop und says:

"'Mr. Dunder, I vhas some wrecks on dot sea of life. It vhas no more use to struggle against adversity. I make a good fight, but I vhas licked. Please gif me a leedle water dot I may take some poison und bid dis world a last adieu!'

"Do I want some dead man's lying around mit all dose reporters rushing in to put it in der papers? No! I speaks to dot man werry kindly, und I pats him on der shoulder, und in 10 minutes he drinks some beer und takes feefty cents und says he vhill go by his brother in Buffalo to oxpire. Vhas dot right?"

"Did a fourth man come?"

"Yes, und a fifth und a sixth. I shust get dot sixth man oudt doors before I come away. He vhas a fat man, und it takes a quart of beer und seexty cents before he says he vhill struggle some more mit dis cold world."

"Mr. Dunder, you have been played again," said the sergeant.

"Vhas I tooken for greenhorns und hayseeds by dose men?"

"Exactly."

"Und nobody vhas going to oxpire in my house?"

"No. It was a sort of gum game. It's a wonder that somebody doesn't beat you out of your shirt. I have talked and talked, but"——

"Sergeant!" interrupted Mr. Dunder as he sprang up, "I vhas going home!"

"Well?"

"Pooty queek after I vhas home a man vhill come in und look tired und weary und discouraged. He vhill take out some white powder in a paper und say to me:

"Mr. Dunder, a leedle water, please. I can's fight dis world no more. I vhas going to dot land where eaferybody vhas an angel mit wings und sings all day long.

"PLEASE GIF ME A PRIVATE ROOM."

Please see dot my legs vhas straightened out in der coffin und dot I hold a rose in my hand.'

"He vhill say dot to me, sergeant, und do you know how I shall perform? I vhill spring on him like an elefhant. I vhill catch him by der neck und flop him dis vhay und dot vhay und around like dis, und I vhill run him to dot door und kick him 17 times mit both feet to once! Dot vhas some gum games, eh? I vhas greenhorns, vhas I? You keep quiet! If you hear somebody cry for mercy, doan' come up mit der patrol wagon. You vhill know it vhas only me helping dose weary pilgrims to shuffle off dose mortal coils und become angels so queek dot dey doan' haf time to say gootby!"

A PARTICULAR MAN.

When Hank Taylor was put on trial at Strawberry Hill for killing Steve Brown, he pleaded guilty, and in a little speech to the crowd he said:

"In course you'll hang me. I expect it and shall be disapp'inted if you don't. But I want it understood right now that I hev rights."

"What be them rights, prisoner?" queried Bill Totten, who was acting as judge.

"Waal, I want to be hung with a new rope. I was brung up respectably, and I want to die that way. Then I want to wear a biled shirt. I was brung up to wear biled shirts, and I don't want to disgrace the fam'ly. I want to be shaved, to hev my ha'r combed and parted in the middle, and I insist on Zeke Cooper lendin me his new butes. Them's my rights, and I shall insist on 'em."

"Prisoner, hain't you jest a leetle too partick'ler?" inquired the judge. "Hain't it puttin this 'ere camp to a good deal of extra trouble fur no real benefit? Whar ar we goin to git a biled shirt, fur instance?"

"I dunno, but we got to hev one. Do you s'pose I'm goin to bring up in the other world with this old red shirt on? They wouldn't allow me to stake a claim nor set up a shanty."

"How you goin to be shaved when we hain't got no razor in camp? We kin

"I WANT TO BE HUNG WITH A NEW ROPE."

furnish you some grease and a comb, but thar can't be no shavin."

"Got to be!" replied Hank. "I hain't goin over the divide lookin like a wolf with his winter fur on. And as fur grease, I want reg'lar bar's ile. I'm bound to look jest as purty as I kin."

"Zeke, will ye lend him yer butes?" asked the judge.

"Naw! I could never feel easy in 'em ag'in!"

"Then I don't hang!" retorted the prisoner. "Mind you, boys, I hain't denyin that I killed Steve, whom everybody knows was a provokin, cantankerous cuss and orter bin killed long ago, and I hain't kickin as to what will follow. I'm jest stickin out fur my rights. S'pose in any one o' you was goin to arrive in the other world as a tenderfoot, wouldn't you want to look fairly decent? Would you want to be ashamed to acknowledge that you cum from Strawberry Hill?"

"That's so, that's so," mused the judge. "In course it'll be known that you cum frum Strawberry Hill, and in course we'll hev a pride in fittin you out in decent shape. The prisoner will be removed while we hev a talk."

We had a talk. We couldn't get a white shirt, a new rope and a razor anywhere within a hundred miles. And, as Hank had observed, Steve Brown was always saying mean things and provoking quarrels and wasn't of much account. After discussing the pros and cons it was decided to overlook the offense and let up on Hank, but after telling him of our decision the judge said:

"But don't do it again, Hank. It ar the opinyun of some o' the boys that you were too durned partickler about the biled shirt, and of others that you were right about wantin to make a decent appearance on the other shore, and so we decided to call it squar. Next time, however, we'll hang you with a mule rope and in your old duds and let ye run all the chances."

"Waal, boys, fix it to suit yerselves, and it'll suit me," carelessly replied the prisoner, and court was adjourned, and we returned to work.

THINGS HAD CHANGED.

A stout looking young colored man was loading a freight car just beyond us when a woman of his color, but evidently 10 years his senior, suddenly turned the corner of the cotten pile and began:

"Now, look yere, Mose White, I'ze gwine to hev a settlement wid yo'!"

"Femail," answered Moses as he dropped the handles of the truck, folded his arms across his breast and sternly regarded her, "who am yo'? I doan' reekolect dat I eber dun met up wid yo' befo, in all my life."

"Hu! Yo' knows who I am!" she shouted. "Yo' knows perfectly well dat I'ze Linda Jackson."

"Oh! Linda Jackson! 'Deed, but I believe I has seen yo' somewhar!"

"I reckon yo' has! Yo' dun promised to marry me fo' weeks ago. What yo' gwine to do 'bout it?"

"Promised to marry yo'! Oh, yes, I reckon I did."

"An when yo' gwine to do it?"

"Neber, Missus Jackson!"

"Den I'll raise a powerful fuss!"

"Missus Jackson, dar won't be no powerful fuss. Dar can't be. Who was I when I dun promised to marry yo'?"

"Mose White.'

"Jest so. I was Mose White, de man who driv a 10-cent spress wagin round town, widout any hopes of risin in de world. Who am I to-day, Missus Jackson?"

"Mose White."

"Jest so, but it am Moses White, de assistant freight agent of de Richmond and Danville railroad, wid ob'ry prospect day inside of two y'ars I'll own half de stock an do all de bossin. Things hev changed, Missus Jackson, an I'll see yo' dun gone to Haiifax befo' I'll marry yo'!"

A POSTMASTER WHO TUMBLED.

It was in a far west village of about 500 people, and the postmaster was so

"WHO AM YO'?"

bland and courteous when the mail came in that I felt it my duty to give him a few words of praise.

"I hev to do it—hev to do it!" he whispered in reply. "Come to the door with me. D'ye see them three graves over thar?"

"Yes."

"Them's my predecessors in office—three of 'em!"

"Postmasters who have died, eh?"

"Pottmasters who hev been killed, sir—wiped out right here because they didn't tumble to human natur' around a postoffice!"

"You must have a special brand of human nature in this town?" I queried.

"Exactly, sir. Mebbe you noticed old Bill Wheeler? He's never got a letter in his life and probably never will, but when he asks for mail I go over the hull grist and do it mighty careful too. If I jest said, Nuthin for you, Bill!' he'd out with a gun and blaze away. Did ye take notice of that one eyed feller—Jim Hastings? Of course I know thar ain't no letter fur him, but I hev to run 'em over and inquire about his health and keep him good natured. He shot the first postmaster here. P'raps you observed the little old woman with a bundle under her arm—John Dawson's wife? Her husband shot the second postmaster because he wouldn't open the office Sunday afternoon."

"And what was the third one shot for?"

"Got too high toned. Uncle Tom Wallace tried to git him out of bed at midnight to see if thar was a letter fur him, but he bucked. Uncle Tom kinder hated to shoot, but felt that he orter do it fur an example."

"And do you get up nights?"

"I don't hev to. I leave the mail out here in a basket, keep a light burnin and the door open, and if any one wants to paw the grist over he's at liberty to do it. It's the same on Sundays, and I guess the folks are purty well satisfied with the way things is runnin. Leastwise I hain't bin shot at in the four months I've had the place, and I take that as a sign."

M. QUAD.

Another Revolution Threatened.

PANAMA, June 30.—General Guttierriez, a Costa Rican Liberal leader, has arrived here from San Juan del Sur, having been refused permission to land at Punta Arena. In an interview the general predicted an early and successful revolution in Costa Rica against Rodeariguez Iglesias' dictatorship. He will go to Nicaragua to-morrow and direct the revolutionary movement from that republic. It is probable that the revolution will first break out in the province of Guanacaste. If successful there the revolutionists will move towards the capital, via Alajuela. Jose Marti has arrived here from New York, and is holding a conference with resident Cuban patriots.

UTICA, N.Y., June 30.—The Viking ship was delayed at Canajoharie, this morning, by the sinking of the tug towing her; but she reached this city safely to-night, on the Erie canal.

BILL NYE ON FARMING.

Experiments in Raising a Six Year Old Calf in North Carolina.

A Discourse on Dakota Farm Lands and Hints on the Guinea Hen.

[Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.]

Agriculturist, Peculiar, Mo., writes to know: 1. How long should a calf be permitted to associate with its mother before vealing? 2. What do you know about farming lands in Dakota? 3. How do they compare with those of North Carolina, especially in Henderson and Buncombe counties? 4. What do you do with your asparagus beds in summer?

First—For market calves are generally vealed before they are fully aware that by sin death came into the world. Here, however, on my place, we allow the calf to nurse from six to seven weeks. The last two weeks we add another cow so that he will not be restless of nights. Once I kept a calf six years as an experiment to see how much milk he would require as he grew older. My report to the farmers' convention of Erin Prairie, from which I quote, shows that at the end of the sixth year he had closed up the cheese factory at Hudson and had diverted the output of the Stillwater dairy entirely in his direction.

But he was a big, hearty fellow, with a joyous, curly face and a voice that shook our apples off the trees prematurely.

I never knew a calf that could neigh so freely as he could. When he had sipped a couple of washboilers of fresh milk and cleared his voice, you should have heard him sound "A."

We had him for tea at the close of the sixth year, just as he began to get cunning. We had a veal symposium with green peas raised on the place. They grew in rows along by the mortgage. I tried to raise them together, the peas and the mortgage, allowing the peas to clamber up the side of the mortgage, but could not raise them both together.

We gave the symposium just as I was leaving the farm to go back and work on a salary again. The name of the veal was Florence—Florence Nightingale. He was named by a poetic lady from Paris, aged 68 years, and I hadn't the heart to change his name, for she was of a sensitive nature and a trifle over 3 feet in diameter. Living in Paris, she knew very little of the world.

We missed Florence a good deal after his death, for he loved us all, and to see him toss off a few dishpanfuls of new milk and then walk around in the pans would please anybody who did not own the pans. He was ever full of life—that is up to the time we killed him. He had a light ring to his Forepaugh bleat and a heavier one in his nose.

He got into the pound 11 times one summer and violated two ordinances and a statute before anybody dared put a hand on him.

Every time he got in the pound it cost me $10—$10 per pound, as it were.

I wanted to call him Patti myself—then I could make a veal patti of him—but the children said no; Mme. Patti was liable at any time to make another farewell visit to America, and she might hear of it.

Milk fed veal does not pay the farmer after the sixth year. Kill the calf at the end of the seventh week while the mother is looking the other way and hang the little speckled pelt over the balcony or nail it to the gable of the porte cochere.

Calves of high degree make just as good veal as the low born calf. Full blood Jerseys and Holsteins also show the same amount of sense in their early days that the unknown calf does. It is jus as hard to get sour milk on the regular bill of fare with a wild roan calf whose ancestors may be traced with the greatest difficulty not farther back than two years ago.

We are just learning how to keep meats fresh in North Carolina. We killed a large bossy calf three days ago, and this morning we put a pound of him at the root of each grapevine in our little vineyard.

You ought to have seen those grape vines look at each other. The surprise! The air! The manner to each other, as who should say:

"Why recall the past? Why revive dead issues?"

Then the way they began to go up their trellis as far as they could!

It was an idea of my own. "All the meat that does not keep perfectly fresh in our new refrigerator," I exclaimed, "shall be put on the crops."

Every one remarks, "How well everything is looking on your place!"

Farmers used to come quite a distance to talk with me regarding my methods. At first they often remained to dinner, but the roast and remove (which I had happily combined) seamed too much for them.

Some of our friends suggested that we keep our fresh meats at the bottom of the well, but we might have guests come to see us, and their time might be limited, so we do not keep these things in the well now.

Life in the country here in North Carolina is full of excitement.

"What are those graceful birds sailing in the eternal blue over your farm?" asked a friend of mine the other day who is spending the summer with us at a nominal rate.

"Those," said I, "you metropolitan ass, are buzzards. They were at the depot and saw me get my new refrigerator."

I hate a man like that. He knew just as well as I did that they were buzzards.

Second—The farming lands of North Dakota are the richest wheat lands on the face of the earth. The Red river valley, so often referred to as the Nile of the western continent, is overflowed each year, millions of acres being covered with water and debris, which enrich the deep black soil to a remarkable degree. The author visited the state of North Dakota in April of this present year and can truly say that this rich valley of the Red river overflows each spring unless this season was unusual this year.

This makes the wheat land very rich, but has an opposite effect on railroads. The hotels, too, suffered a great deal. And so did the guests. There were two or three cities where the best hotels had been flooded with water. First the barber came up stairs and opened in a sample room. Then the electricity, and the heat, and the elevator gave up the ghost, and the billiard balls could be heard knocking against the floor of the office as the water rose. The weather was intensely cold, and even the clerk had to live by an oil stove and make change with a pair of yarn mittens on. Guests ate their meals in their ulsters and then went out around town to loaf at the stores where there were coal stoves.

But this does not interfere with agriculture. If the river goes down early enough to sow and plant, the soil will do its part. Hailstorms sometimes destroy crops in certain localities, but the legislature votes more seed to these counties, and they try it again.

Cyclones sometimes cross Dakota,

"THOSE ARE BUZZARDS."

spreading desolation everywhere and setting at naught the works of man, but the soil remains rich and full of vigor.

Schoolboys everywhere are aware that the cause of all this is the fact that the Red River of the North runs into the arctic regions, and the mouth of the stream does not open till Decoration day. Thus the great valley is flooded, and the alluvium for centuries has made an almost bottomless bottom, if I may be allowed to use this seeming anachronism.

It is a strange land, full of atmospheric and political surprises. The horticultural exhibit at the legislature this year was remarkable.

Pomology does not do well, as a general thing, owing to the cold of winter. The Siberian crab apple, of which jelly is made, grows here, and the Kamchatkan watermelon. Grain, however, is the natural product of the country, and in good seasons it might feed the world.

With cracked wheat from Dakota and oranges from southern California and Florida, steaks and chops from Texas and the west, French fried potatoes from Ohio and the middle states, corn bread and bacon from Illinois, Iowa and the Carolina, and coffee made from the split peas of New Jersey, what a breakfast we could give the world!

Guinea eggs fried on one side could be obtained from my farm. The guinea egg is destined at no distant day to become the universal remove for breakfast. If better known, there would be a great scramble for this egg (sic).

The guinea hen has never pushed her eggs as she might have done, and other fowls have thus crowded out her handiwork, but I can truly say that it is one of the most durable hard boiled eggs for those intending to visit the open polar sea and carry their victuals with them of which I know.

With the guinea hen herself I have

PUSHING A GUINEA HEN.

nothing in common. Our paths are widely divergent. She can go her way, and I can go mine, but her egg if properly and promptly collected can be made into a light, spongy wedding cake for the table of wealth, or boiled hard by a well trained cook may surprise and delight the maw of the peasant.

The yolk of a hard boiled guinea egg powdered in a deep soup plate makes a good relish when covered at once with three or four inches of hot green turtle soup. I am trying this on my farmhands this year to make an agricultural life as attractive for them as possible.

You ask me what I put on my asparagus bed during the summer, but that is hardly necessary if you will pause to think of my justly celebrated refrigerator.

I have an ice box, too, that I made myself when I was at home during the holidays. I did not do as well as I can do now. Still it keeps the largest and coarsest pieces of ice from coming out. It also keeps cows and grownup cattle out.

It was made from a recipe in the column of our home paper headed "The Fireside and Spare Room."

What I get out of this ice box is what I put on the asparagus bed. Yours truly,

BILL NYE.

MRS. ALVA YOUNG,

Of Waterford, Ont., writes: "My baby was very sick with summer complaint, and nothing would help him till I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which cured him at once. It is one of the best remedies I ever used.

A POPULAR NOVELIST.

Matt Crim Has Had an Interesting Literary Career.

Miss Matt Crim, the popular young southern novelist, was born in Louisiana, but has spent most of her life in Georgia. She was educated at home entirely and knows nothing of the ordinary schoolgirl life. Her earliest stories were printed in The Sunny South, an Atlanta weekly, and in the Savannah News. Her first story to appear in The Century was "An Unfortunate Creatur," a sketch of power and pathos. Since then many stories from her pen have been printed in that magazine, and Harper's and The Independent have also published stories of hers.

Her books are the "The Adventures of a Fair Rebel" and "In Beaver Cove and Elsewhere"—the first a complete novel,

MISS MATT CRIM.

the second a collection of well written short stories. The latter has been published in England.

Miss Crim makes her home in New York and is at present engaged on a novel and a play. Her stories have been enhanced by Kemble's illustrations and her novel by Beard's. The first man of letters to show appreciation of Miss Crim's talent and to give her encouragement was Joel Chandler Harris. She feels that she owes much to the kind and sustaining friendship of Mr. E. C. Steadman and treasures gratefully his estimate of her abilities. In appearance she is graceful and girlish. Her manner is entirely simple and unaffected. She is quite young, and her future promises all that her two literary godfathers have predicted for her. MEL R. COLQUITT.

THE WIFE'S IDEAL.

It Is Seldom Found, but the "Second Best" Is Not to Be Despised.

A witty and observant Frenchman once said that a woman would forgive husband who beat her if he prefaced the performance by presenting her with a bouquet. Amelie Rives speaks of some one giving "the hopeless and helpless sigh of one who feels that she could make better love than her lover."

It is, to say the least, unfortunate that the sex which so peculiarly appreciates certain qualities should be the only one, broadly speaking, to possess them. Consideration in little things, delicate perceptions, quick intuitions—these are of vital importance to a woman's highest happiness, and they are the very things which, whatever else may come to her, she is certain never to have and to hold.

But "the second bests of life" are not to be despised. No one has what he most wishes for, and they can be still happy and in a great measure contented who receive something a good deal lower than their ideal, and woman in the abstract, who is by nature most imperative and critical in her demands, has also had pre-eminently bestowed upon her, according to the divine law of equation, that faculty of making the best of circumstances. Dr. Holmes expresses his pitying wonder over an obvious truth, "There is nothing short of a gorilla which a good and pretty woman cannot take and make a husband out of."

The husband she wants, then, is considerate and thoughtful. He remembers her little aches and pains, and, in the quaint southern phrase, "muches" her. That is her day dream. What she absolutely requires is that he should be manly, not petty or effeminate, not given to gossip and meanesses that we sorrowfully admit belong by right or wrong to the weaker vessel.

He should be truthful—at least moderately truthful. He should take her into his confidence and tell her what he is doing in his business and why and what. It is not easy to forgive him who causes one mortification; so according to his means he should be just if not generous, and never, never make her stoop to what is painful beyond guessing by his bigger, blunter senses—the asking him for money. Neither should that bitter mortification come through any open neglect, nor unkind, if thoughtless, speech or conduct.

She is not demanding too much who requires all this. She is, if a good wife, as is presupposed, but calling for her just due.

She wants him to be the soul of honor, to be kind and brave, and to respect religion, and to walk within its ways—to be, in short, not alone a husband, but a father—the model to whom she may point those little fellows leaning upon her knee and say to them, "You know that is right because your father does it, and this is wrong because he would scorn the very thought."

Object lessons are the most potent teaching. How can a mother work without their aid or in the face of them?

RUTH HALL.

A Premium on Single Life.

The city council of Toronto will petition the Ontario legislature to grant municipal suffrage to all women in Ontario. Single women and widows have enjoyed this right for some time. Do the men who make laws abridging the property and civil rights of wives ever reflect that they are thus putting a premium on single life for women?

Miss E. C. Putnam is one of the trustees of the Massachusetts primary and reform schools.

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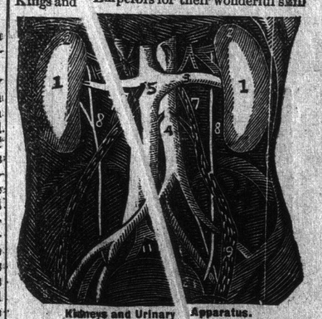

Kidneys and Urinary Apparatus.

1, Kidneys; 2, Lobe of Kidneys; 3, Urether; 4, Ducts; 5, Ducts; 7, Lymphatic Glands; 8, Accessory Ducts; 9, Accessory Ducts; 11, Entrance to Bladder; 21, Bladder.

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