GRETTY'S TRUST.

BY HARRY COOPER.

Old Von Hausen sat on a stone about half way up the Gulderhorn. Far above and on each side of him rose the eternal hills, their ice-clad peaks at the present moment rosy pink with the sun's parting rays. But up from the green valleys gray-blue shadows were creeping and driving the pink away.

Far beneath him were hills and valleys, a village and a lake, and a streamlet meandering through a dark pine wood. Very beautiful, all of it. But its beauty was entirely lost upon Von Hausen as he sat there on his stone, thinking aloud, after the manner of solitary men who are well up in years. He cared no more for the scenery than did any of those bats that, like birds of evil omen, went sweeping past him and past him, and round and round his head.

"Virtue always triumphant!" he was saying—"Pah! more sentiment, more moonshine."

The fact is Von Hausen had been to the play in the village down yonder only the evening before. He had spent no less a sum than twenty batzen on those strolling actors. Not for any pleasure it was likely to give him had he gone, but Gretty, the prettiest girl in all the village, had asked him to take her. She could not go alone, she said, and Rudolf would not return from chamois hunting for days to come.

"Virtue always triumphant! Yes, that is what she said. Pah! money is. Ha! ha! And I have that. On! my worthy but poverty-struck Rudolf, you may return when you please: Gretty will marry Van Hausen. Old? Eh? Who calls me old?"

He took snuff as he spoke from an old horn, sending the powder home with his finger-point, and it must be confessed he looked anything but handsome as he did so, for he wrinkled his brows and twinkled his eyes, and leered like an aged baboon.

"Old? Let me see; 70 last birthday. Merely in my prime. Ten years more and I'll be only 80; twenty, and I'll be but 90; then I may grow old. Eagles renew their ages. Why shouldn't—Aha!" he screamed, "yonder is an eagle!"

He started up as he spoke, and with eyes turned skyward and finger pointing up, began tottering forward, step by step, toward—destruction. A precipice fully 500 feet deep lay at his feet. He was on the brink of it—the next step would have been his last.

But a rough hand seized him by the coat collar, pulling it up till his head sank within, like a monk's in his cowl, but dragging the old man back at the same time.

"Tired of your sinful life, old bird?" said the newcomer, a rough but good-natured chamois hunter, with gun in hand and bag on back, a morsel of leather stuck jauntily in his hat—just to show the village maidens, he used to say, that Bernezell was still a bachelor.

"Old bird!" growled Von Hausen, recreating himself on his stone. "Who are you calling an old bird! You're as bad as any one else. Humph!"

"Well, I say," said Bernezell, "this is gratitude. What are you going to give me for saving your neck, eh?"

"Neck? What! Oh, yes, to be sure. We'll go down to the village, and I'll pay for a pot of lager."

"A pot of lager!" cried the other, laughing. "Is that all the value you put upon your—Ha! ha! ha!"

"Value I put upon my ha-ha-ha! What d'ye mean? You're uncommonly like a fool!"

"Well, well, perhaps I am; but I say, friend, you're in a fine temper to-night. Any one been vexing you?"

The old man grew all smiles and leers in a moment. His face lighted up like a withered melon with the afternoon sun on it.

"No!" he chuckled, taking another pinch, and digging his friend in the ribs. "On—the—contrary. Was at the play last night with Gretty. Ha! ha! ho! ho! She doesn't mourn long for her hunter. And look here, she's going to marry me."

"Marry you!"

"Ay, she promised—that is, she will promise when I ask her. But now come along down and have the lager. Keep your hands to yourself. Do you think I want your assistance to get up?"

"I beg a thousand pardons, old bi—I mean you merry young grouse, you! Here, I say hold on; don't leave me behind. Why, you go bounding along like a young stag."

"Young on the legs, eh?"

"I should think you are."

They were seated very shortly in the village tavern. They hadn't taken long to go down hill.

"And now," said Von Hausen, "I'm going to unfold my plans. Bet here, let us have another pint."

"What can the old heron mean?" muttered Bernezell to himself, "by such reckless liberality? Something in the wind, I know. The gray hawk doesn't whistle till he's just going to swoop."

"Well," said Van Hausen, "and how is trade, eh? Got good bags lately?"

"Hardly any luck at all," sighed the other; "I'm stiff with jumping, and I haven't bagged a buck for five days."

"Wouldn't mind having a spell of pleasure, I dare say?—couple of months in France, now? Come, come, you're not drinking. We'll have another pint. Money was made to spend. Drink and be merry, you young dog, you, I say."

When quite unfolded, Von Hausen's plans were somewhat as follows: Bernezell was to meet Rudolf in the hills and prevent his return for a couple of months at least. He was on no account to come near the village for that time, nor see Gretty, to whom he was betrothed. The "old bird," as Bernezell called him, was to pay all expenses, but the young man must be kept in Paris, in the midst of gayety, and must never for a moment be allowed to think of home. Nor must he write, or when he did his letters must be destroyed.

"Suppose," said Bernezell, "he misses his foothold among the mountains and tumbles into a crevasse?"

The old man positively rubbed his hands and cackled with delight.

"Capital! capital! capital!" was all he could say. "Ha! ha! ha! Capital! Virtue is always triumphant in the end! He! he!"

Bernezell smiled in his face as he said:

"Of all the old sinners that ever lived—"

"Eh? eh? What's that?" cried Von Hausen, who had not heard him.

"I said you were a right merry old soul," shouted Bernezell.

"Ha! ha! Yes, merry, but not so old, you know."

That very night this miserable Von Hausen counted out to Bernezell one by one the pieces of gold, for the chamois-hunter was to start early next day.

"I declare," said Von Hausen, "it is like buying a wife. Precious expensive affair. But I can trust you."

"Certainly. Virtue you know is always——"

"Go on! go on!" cried Von Hausen. "Good night. Go home and sleep."

"Go home and sleep indeed," said Bernezell to himself, as he trudged off with his gun on his shoulder. "Yes; but not before I've seen Gretty."

Once clear of the village he took his way hillward up the glen. High up in the middle of the mountain lights were gleaming—it was now dark; they came from the windows of Gretty's cottage. A very humble hut it was, though very pretty and rustic. Gretty lived here with her mother, tended the goats and looked after the dairy, for the old woman seldom left her chair all day.

Gretty ran to meet Bernezell, and took both his rough hands in her own wee white ones. Was he not a friend of her lover's? She led him in, and the old woman nodded, smiling, at a stool near the bright, cheerful fire of wood.

Gretty had just dressed for the evening, and very simple but neat was her attire. She was slight and delicate in form, with sparkling eyes and an eager, pretty face.

She asked fifty questions of Bernezell, nearly all on the same subject; and when the chamois-hunter bade the mother good night at last, and went away, he beckoned Gretty to follow.

"He has something to tell me," said Gretty to herself, her fair face flushing with anxiety.

Very humble are the heroes of this little tale, but in Gretty's eyes her Rudolf was by no means humble. No young man in all the glen was so tall, fresh and rosy, so stalwart and strong as Rudolf, goat-herder though he was. None had so beautiful a voice, so white a brow, such glossy hair. None could bound from crag to crag or climb the mountain steep, axe in hand, so bravely as he did, and his wild glou glou at sunrise or sunset could be heard ringing high o'er hill and glen, and re-echoed, too, from peak to peak. And Gretty, simple lassie, loved him so dearly and devotedly.

There was a scimitar moon shining through the pine tree tops, and the stars were all out, so there was light enough to see the foot-path that led to the well. Here was a seat, and Bernezell did not say a word, anxious though Gretty was, until he got there. The truth is this honest chamois-hunter hardly knew what to say, or how much he dare in fairness tell the girl.

Probably he ought to have thrown the miser's money in his face, and, stigmatizing him as a villain, refused to have anything to do with his plans and schemes. "But," he thought, "if I do my friend's life is not worth a day's purchase. Murder has been committed among these mountains before: an assassin is easily hired. No, I'll take the cash, and I'll keep Rudolf away for a time. I shall not spend the money, though I have a brother in Paris who will be glad to see us. And the gold I'll send as a gift to Gretty's mother when her daughter is married. She will not know where it came from, and it will keep her in comfort for years."

"Gretty, my little sister," he said, when they were seated by the well, "you won't see nor hear from your lover for two whole months. He is well, and will be well. He and I are going together. I will be for your good—at least, for your mother's. I cannot tell you more. Nay, I pray you, do not ask! My mouth is sealed. You'll be true?"

There were tears and prayers and entreaties, yet Bernezell remained as firm as the rocks that towered over them; but when he left the next day to seek his friend in the hills he carried with him a lock of bonnie hair in a tiny parcel, and beside it the blue ribbon that had bound it.

Rudolf was rejoiced at the idea of going to Paris, but couldn't he go to see Gretty first? No, there wasn't an hour to lose. He must come at once or stay.

"Then I'll go," said the young man. "I can trust Gretty."

"You may, indeed."

"And what a deal I'll have to tell her when I do get back."

"Yes," said Bernezell, laughing.

So away they went over the hills.

Old Von Hausen was a friend of Gretty's mother. Gretty's father and he had been inseparables. He came to the cottage now every day. He read to the old lady and talked much with the daughter. His universal themes were money and poverty—the pleasures the former could bring; the misery entailed by the latter.

He broached the subject nearest to his heart first to the mother, and, strange or not strange, he gained her consent to marry Gretty.

Meanwhile weeks flew by, and there was no word from Rudolph. Weeks and a month, and then two. Oh! what has become of him? Was he false? Impossible!

But a terrible storm, with a light shock of earthquake, took place, and all Gretty's goats appeared to have stampeded during the night. At all events the doors were found open, and the goats had fallen or been cast over a precipice near the cottage. Near that dear old well where she had plighted her troth she now must sit and weep.

Ah! it was the mournful tale of Auld Robin Gray repeating itself. For Gretty's Mother she fell sick:

poverty stared them in the face, and they were beholden to the charity of Von Hausen, the miser.

By night as well as by day Gretty toiled hard with her knitting needles. Work was the only consolation, the only relief, she could find. And her face grew wan, and dark circles appeared about her beautiful eyes. What can be harder to bear than grief and poverty, too?

Many months went by, and still no lover returned.

Von Hausen had heard he was dead; that did not add to Gretty's grief. Some one else heard he was married. This was worse, but she bore it.

Meanwhile where were the truants?

Bernezell had found his brother ailing, and at the end of a month medical men had prescribed a voyage to Madeira. They would just get back within five weeks, then they would both return to the dear little cot among the Swiss mountains, and Rudolf would marry his Gretty. Here at Madeira Bernezell's brother died.

"We are wealthy now, alas!" said Bernezell, "and we'll go shares."

The steamer that was to take them to France was a week behind time. One day, "Yonder she is!" shouted Rudolf, and off they both went and were bundled on board. The ship stayed but an hour, then steamed away again, bound for the distant cape. They had boarded the wrong ship!

There came a day when in the little cot among the hills Gretty sat weeping by her mother's bedside, and near her stood Von Hausen. The doctor had just gone. Nothing, he had said, except a change could save the patient's life.

"Now, Gretty, my child, now or never!" cried the old man. "Be my wife. Give me the right to save your mother's life, Gretty, be mine."

Gretty's mother did not speak, but—

She gazed in Gretty's face till her heart was like to break.

Gretty stood up—tearless now, but with sad, pale face. She took her mother's hand.

"Give me the right to save your mother's life," pleaded the miser once again.

"Stay!" cried a manly voice; "I have a prior claim. Next moment, with a fond cry, and color in her cheeks once more, Gretty was pressed to her lover's breast.

That day three weeks dinkle—dinkle—dinkle—dang went the village bells. Not pretty bells at all—indeed, I always thought they were pot-metal—but how sweetly they sounded in Gretty's ears! She was going to church to be married. That ends my story, as marriage ends all stories. Yet one word: Few years after this the old miser died, and Rudolf found himself his heir. "As some reparation," said the will, "for evil done and meditated."

A Sad Humorist.

"In Chicago," says James Whitcomb Riley, "I recently saw a humorist with a sad heart, Ten Eyck White, the author of Lakeside Musings in the Chicago Tribune. He was sent once to visit the Wisconsin poet, Miss Fannie Driscoll, and secure all of her contributions for the Tribune. He not only bought up all of the lady's writings, but he won her heart as well, and married her. She died in less than a year after she was made a bride and Mr. White, ever since her death, has lived apart from men, so far as possible. He reserved, melancholy, lonely, and seldom laughs or talks. He tells and makes others merry, but is himself a stranger to mirth.

* * * *

—A disease of so delicate a nature as stricture of the urethra should only be entrusted to those of large experience and skill. By our improved methods we have been enabled to speedily and permanently cure hundreds of the worst cases. Pamphlet, references and terms, three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Julia French, who claimed to be a princess of the Caughnawagas, was up at the Jefferson Market police court, New York, the othea day for being drunk, and given seventy-two hours in jail to sober up.

—Pale, woebegone invalids suffering from poverty of the blood, bilious sufferers and those whose circulation is depraved, should use without delay Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the celebrated blood purifier, which stimulates digestion, increases the nutritive properties of the blood, and expels impurities from the system.

The St. Louis gas company has just won a suit against that city in the court of last resort involving $1,000,000. The bill was for gas furnished the city between the years 1865 and 1873.

—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is acknowledged the best of all preparations for the cure of pulmonary complaints.

The porte has decided to double the number of troops at Tripoli and Tunis.

—West Toronto Junction is within a few minutes of the Union station by the trains of either the Ontario and Quebec and the Grand Trunk or the Northern. Real estate in the neighborhood has steadily risen in value and promises to advance still more rapidly. Some of the best lots in West Toronto are to be had from George Clarke, 295 Yonge street.

George D. McKay, hatter and furrier, Richmond street, London, Ont., has assigned. Liabilities $15,000 to $20,000; assets said to be about $5000 less.

—Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator destroys worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25c to try it and be convinced.

Edward E. Pratt, teller in the St. Thomas branch of Molson's bank, has been suspended for allowing customers to over-run their credit.

—Mrs. George Simpson, Toronto, says: "I have suffered severely with corns, and was unable to get relief from treatment of any kind until I was recommended to try Holloway's Corn Cure. After applying it for a few days I was enabled to remove the corn, root and branch—no pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from corns."

A mortgage for $3000, which George J. Storms of Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., gave his wife to secure her against abuse on her rejoining him after a separation, has been pronounced valid, and as the wife now complains of ill-treatment, a foreclosure suit is to be brought. If she is successful the result will be a landmark for enterprising brides who, during the honeymoon, may desire to provide against distant contingencies.

—Why suffer from disorders caused by impure blood, when thousands are being cured by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery? It removes pimples and all eruptions of the skin. Mr. John C. Fox, Olinda, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is giving good satisfaction. Those who have used it say it has done them more good than anything they have ever taken.

"Yes, my boy," said an old minister to his son, who was going out to do battle with the world: "Be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove; but if you forget any part of this advice do not forget that part about being as wise as a serpent."

—Experience proves that nothing else so surely destroys Scrofula, root and branch, as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The Arabs fight well enough against great odds, but they are at a disadvantage when it comes to telegraphing the news of battle; they are always whipped on the wires.

—Messrs. Mitchell & Platt, druggists, London, Ont., write Dec., 1881: We have sold Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil since its first introduction, and we can safely say, no medicine on our shelves has had a larger sale, or gives better satisfaction. We always feel safe in recommending it to our customers.

A poem in a New York paper commences: "In your hollow Damon lies;" which indicates that Damon has been telling falsehoods through the telephone.

—A field of corns.—Thomas Sabin of Eglington, says: "I have used Holloway's Corn Cure with the best results, having removed ten corns from my feet. It is not a half way cure or reliever, but a complete extinguisher, leaving the skin smooth and clear from the least appearance of the corns."

Somebody has noticed that the woman who shakes the door-mat on the sidewalk "fills the public eye."

—Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

The trouble with Yale is that there is too much Yale and too little college.

Because a man's nose is made for blows, that is why the slugger reaches for it.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

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BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

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Mails close and are due as

	CLOSE. a.m.	CLOSE. p.m.	DUE. a.m.	DUE. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	6.30	9.30	10.45
O. & Q. Ry	6.00	6.30	9.45	10.45
G. W. R.	11.30	9.30	10.30	7.20
G. T. R. West	7.00	3.00	11.45	7.20
N. & N.W.	6.30	4.00	10.30	8.30
G. T. & B.	6.00	4.00	11.00	8.50
Midland	6.00	3.00	12.00	9.15
C. V. R.	8.00	3.45	9.50	5.50
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	2.45	9.00	1.10
U. S. Chicago	11.30	9.30	8.30	7.20
British Mails—Monday		2.30		
" " Wednesday		9.30		
" " Thursday		2.30		

TORONTO RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Departure and Arrival of Trains from and at Union Station.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Departures, Main Line East.

7.15 a. m.—Mixed for Belleville.
8.30 a. m.—Fast express for Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal Quebec, Portland, Boston, etc.
1 p.m.—Mixed for Kingston and intermediate stations.
5.30 p.m.—Local for Belleville and intermediate stations.
8.00 p.m.—Express for main points, Ottawa Montreal, etc., runs daily.

Arrivals, Main Line East.

9.18 a.m.—Express from Montreal Ottawa and main local points.
10.18 a.m.—Local from Belleville.
6.48 p.m.—Mixed from all points ea
10.35 p.m.—Express from Boston, Quebec, Portland, Montreal, Ottawa, etc.

Departures, Main Line West.

7.55 a.m.—Local for all points west to Detroit.
1 p.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit, Chicago and all western points.
4.00 p.m.—For Stratford and London.
6.25 p.m.—Mixed for Stratford and Sarnia.
11.15 p.m.—Express for Sarnia and western points; sleeping car for Detroit.

Arrivals, Main Line West.

8.55 a.m.—Mixed from Sarnia and intermediate points.
8.10 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Port Huron, and all western points.
12.32 p.m.—Local from London, Goderich, etc.
7.10 p.m.—Express from all points west, Chicago, Detroit, etc.
11.15 p.m.—Local from London Stratford, etc.

Departures, Great Western Division.

7. a.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo and local stations between Niagara Falls and Windsor.
9.25 a.m.—For Detroit, St. Louis and points in the southwest.
12.20 p.m.—For Detroit, Chicago and the west and all points east from Hamilton; runs daily.
3.55 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and local stations between Hamilton and London, and Brantford, St. Thomas, etc.
6.30 p.m.—Local stations between Toronto and Niagara Falls.
11 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and all points east and west of Hamilton

Arrivals, Great Western Division.

8.25 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Hamilton, etc.
10.15 a.m.—Express from London, St. Catharines, Hamilton, etc.
1.45 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston Buffalo and all points east.
4.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston Chicago, Detroit, London, etc., runs daily.
7.05 p.m.—Mail from Buffalo, Detroit, London, Hamilton and intermediate stations.
7.45 p.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis, etc.
11.10 p.m.—Local from London and intermediate stations.

Suburban Trains Great Western Division.

Leave Toronto at 7.35, 10.55 a.m., and 2, 4.20 and 5.30 p.m.

Returning leave Mimico 8.35 and 11.35 a.m., and 2.35, 4.55 and 6.05, calling at Queen's wharf, Parkdale, High park and the Humber, both going and returning.

Sunday Trains, G. W. Division.

Trains leaving Toronto for Hamilton at 12.20 and arriving from Hamilton at 4.30 p.m., run on Sundays, but do not stop at intermediate stations.

Departures, Midland Division.

9.15 a.m.—Mixed—Peterboro and intermediate stations.
7.35 a.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Coboconk, Haliburton, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Lakefield, Port Hope, Madoc, Belleville, Hastings, Campbellford and intermediate stations.
4.35 p.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Coboconk, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Port Hope and intermediate stations.
9.15 p.m.—Mixed—Sutton and intermediate stations.

Arrivals, Midland Division.

12.25 p.m.—Express, 10.15 a.m.—Mixed from Sutton and intermediate stations. 9.30 p.m.—Mail. 5.05 p.m.—Mixed from Peterboro.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Departures Credit Valley Section.

8.10 a.m.—St. Louis express, for principal stations on main line and branches, and for Detroit, Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas city.
1.25 p.m.—Pacific express, for Galt, Woodstock, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, and all points west and north-west.
4.10 p.m.—Local express for all points on main line, Orangeville and Elora branches.

Arrivals, Credit Valley Section.

8.45 a.m.—Express from all stations on main line and branches.
5.35 p.m.—Atlantic express from Chicago and all points west and stations on main line.
8.10 p.m.—Montreal express from all stations on main line and branches.
10.55 a.m.—Mixed from St. Thomas.

Departures, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Section.

7.20 a.m.—Mail for Orangeville, Owen Sound, Teeswater and all intermediate stations.
4.40 p.m.—Express for Orangeville, Owen Sound and Teeswater.
8.15 a.m.—Mixed from Toronto Junction.

Arrivals, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Section.

10.45 a.m.—Express from Owen Sound and Teeswater.
3.30 p.m.—Mail from Owen Sound and Teeswater.
4.45 p.m.—Mixed arrives at Toronto Junction

Departures, Ontario and Quebec Section.

8.35 a.m.—Limited express for Peterboro, Norwood, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, and intermediate points.
5.35 p.m.—Mixed for Peterboro, Norwood and all intermediate stations.
7.55 p.m.—Montreal express for Peterboro, Norwood, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and all points east.

Arrivals, Ontario and Quebec Section.

8.30 a.m.—St. Louis express from Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Brockville, Peterboro, and intermediate points.
11.25 p.m.—Mixed from Peterboro, Norwood and intermediate points.
9.55 p.m.—Toronto express from Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Brockville, Peterboro and intermediate points.

NORTHERN RAILWAY

Trains depart from and arrive at City hall station, stopping at Union and Brock street stations.

Departures.

7.55 a.m.—Mail for Muskoka wharf, Orillia, Meaford, Penetang and intermediate stations.
11.45 a.m.—Accommodation for Barrie, Gravenhurst, Meaford, and intermediate stations.
5.05 p.m.—Express for Collingwood, Penetang, Orillia and Barrie.

Arrivals.

10.05 a.m.—Express from Collingwood, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.
2 p.m.—Accommodation from Meaford Collingwood, Penetang, Muskoka wharf Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.
5.45 p.m.—Mail from Penetang, Gravenhurst, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate stations.

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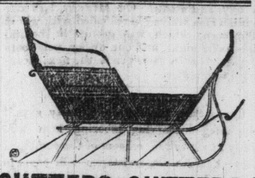

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