SELECT STORY.

THE BEST GIFT.

The sermon was ended, the music low swelled And louder its resonance grew; As the tinkling chimes of the silver dimes, Made harmony in each pew.

A visitor poor sat silently by, His clothing the threadbare kind; And his face seemed wrought with troubled thought.

The box in the hand of God's servant drew And the music to grandeur now swelled As the old deacon stopped the ragged man dropped

In his mite; 'twas a paper he held! In counting the pennies, the deacon soo

spied The paper, and brought it to light; And read but one word, which the angels faint heard. And which showed the deacon's faint

"Myself," it had said, and the grand organ

And the full feathery throat of the wild birdlings caught That word on their flight to the sky.

And the angels in heaven, for the new joy thus given. Sang praises in harmony sweet: And a new soul was borne through the

IF HE HAD RULED BY LOVE!

To its rest at the Comforter's feet.

By the Author of 'A Queer Sort of Honeymoon.'

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Royston when I choose? demanded Edith Devereux, defiantly, looking superbly beautiful, with her great, dark eyes gazing straight into her husband's face, her curved lips quivering, her whole convulsed, and you would say, at a first sibly, was repenting to some extent | England?" already, two months after marriage; for, was seventeen, bred upon a Brazilian estate, with the command of any number of slaves - with all the men at her feet - said Edith, carelessly, "I miss them leapt like lightning through her veins. and she showed Vernon Devereux pretty soon she was not going to be his slave. | riet?"

Anarchy. himself, Devereux said to his young

is to admire me but yourself? I may be trying to dictate to me." your wife, but I'm not your property." At that, the young man made one stride towards her, and laid a grip like

but caught her lip with her teeth. any more reason than my command. I'll too young and too undeveloped to exactly

bowing acquaintance with him." "Mrs. Erle knows him," replied Edith, with her head erect. "Mrs. Erle can do as she likes; she is

no model for you. I believe, in my soul, you, and, by Heaven! I will."

happy household, certainly.

Edith Devereux had accepted Vernon her hand and kissed it lightly. She with a flerce oath. as her husband, because her conquest understood very well that he was only and wealthy man of ancient family, who, money — though this he never of course forgot or forgave that day's work. coming out to Florida to look at the said or showed: left him her semi-tropical temper as a Devereux this afternoon, I hear." legacy), had surrendered himself to the loveliest girl in all the district.

eous may be your rules and your wishes, from the other side," she added, archly. to enforce them by command and expect unquestioning obedience, is scarcely the way to manage a wilful girl, or to win her heart to obey you out of love.

hands were taken and clasped in those of lends a spice to a flirtation," resumed ence or suffering, or by the inevitable the newcomer. "But what is the matter. Harriet, brightly, without answering her wear and tear and life. .ove? You are trembling. Ah! those companion's question, exactly. "Those After an hour or two's rest, Devereux unhappy jars; my poor Edith."

a choked voice. I am not a slave! I to separate them."

said Mrs. Earle, gently.

to talk to me as if I were a dog or a

laughed. "You ought to be flattered, Edith," easily." said she, looking amused. "If your

me his obedient slave. He should have

married someone different from me." Mrs. Erle shook her head, but she did morning's work. not rebuke the turbulent young wife; perhaps she thought it would be useless I towards evening, and Edith, therefore, I truth-Edith, his wife, who with such I Wild Cherry Balsam is a sure Cough cure.

brow. Mrs. Erle's soothing seemed to and her pride.

tiest, little laugh, that showed her white she sentimental about it. teeth, but did not stretch her mouth unduly. She was pretty in everything she did though Vernon said there was a spice

"You are a handful of a young wife,"

about a week." shortly," said Edith, "that will be jolly. he turned away without a word, setting I want to see England; you know I've his teeth like a vice.

"You were born and brought up is Brazil, entirely, weren't you?" eyes grew soft and dreamy, there was a form instinct with rebellion. And the mist like tears over them, too. Perhaps When he gave his passion rein, heaven man standing opposite to her did not look | the girl was contrasting her life of freedom | alone knew what might happen. as though he could be defied with im- - too great freedom - there with her inpunity. The handsome face was dark dulgent father (her mother was long since

with stormy passions, the features were dead), with the stricter rule of her busglance, that he was a man whose passion me, so I had governesses and masters them stop, then a clear voice say: "Thanks, don, came a missive addressed in Edith's could be like a tornado—he might do from Rio. I have been to Europe— so much! Yes, you had better not come," hand. With throbbing heart Devereux anything in a mad moment, and perhaps Paris, and we got to Rome, but then we and then the sound of one horse drawing tore it open; his own letter fell to the repent of it his life long. He had made had to return quickly, or I was to have nearer fell on the air. Edith was coming ground, only that—just that. a hurried marriage with this petted, gone to England; however, I suppose I alone then—that coward, Royston, dared spoiled, high-handed beauty, and, pos- shall soon now. Are you very stiff in not meet her husband. "You will think so, my dear," laughed

couldn't manage her in the least; she deed, like any sort of girl I know. I'm face to face with her husband, looking so less lines, and flung it on the fire and was not amenable to bit and bridle, espec- afraid those armies of slaves have spoiled white and stern, with such burning eyes, watched it burn. She had never had the different."

dreadfully here. Are you going, Har-

"I must, my dear, I've some people about you, my love; I do wish you'd give | mand; you have dared to disobey me." up this ride.

"And let Vernon think he can ride. "I needn't stop to argue that, Edith. I young lady, whose wrath was by no fierce as his—there was a demon in her, he'll make it up, as he has half-a-dozen you think, Vernon." "I don't encourage him," interrupted | times since our marriage, and things will |

Mrs. Erle shook her head again, doubtant,' and owned that 'Vernon certainly iron on her wrist. She did not shrink, was a little high-handed'—and so left next had flung it away; he could have "Do you mean to defy me, Edith?" he good and generous impulses, half stulti- remorse and same; but—her look—she said, in a husky voice. "You had better fied by a lifelong course of indulgence, went as white as a sheet, and into her take care. You are my wife, and you are homage, flattery, and the possession of a eyes came a something that he had never temper as wilful and as passionate as her seen there before. Steadily she lifted Now, listen! This Royston is no com- husband's. Yet, wilful as she was, Edith them to his, then raised her brows a on Beaubien street the other forenoon, panion for you - he is a cad and a would have hesitated before allowing herscoundrel — and I will not have you seen self to so deliberately fly in the face of with him; it's a concession to give you her husband's command, had she not been

Vernon Devereux.

not have him here, nor will you, while gauge the forces with which she was deal-skirts—he had dropped his hand from we stay in Florida, keep more than a ing. In truth, she knew very little about hers—and went into the house. He did Linda?" Passing down the fragrant groves which von only like her because I don't," said ran through Devereux's estate to the ad- miles distant, where Royston had his away." Devereux, vehemently. "I mean to joining one, Mrs. Erle, lightly tripping lodgings-and Alfred Royston had reason

by a man's deep voice, and turning, she He was not likely to stop to inquire With which highly conciliatory speech, held out her hand with a smile to the tall, whether Royston knew of the prohibition Vernon Devereux almost flung her hand good-looking personage, who was proceed- given to Edith. Royston knew that Edith's from him, and hurried out of the room, ing her way, but who had come from husband disapproved of the friendship, leaving Edith quivering with passion and another path and now stood by her side. whether justly or unjustly. And when he had thrashed Royston till the man do you do?" and Mr. Royston bent over | cried for mercy, he flung him on one side

pleased her vanity - because it would be waiting her husband's death to become path or mine," Devereau said, in his

country, till he had exhausted both himself and his horse, and had to draw rein village, and put up for a while at a small "Jealous! You foolish fellow, why listen to the softer pleadings of his heart, tured with doubt, with jealousy. Edith "Exactly, mon ami. There'll be a defy him, her husband, for the sake of a final quarrel when my lady comes home, man who was not a lover? He never for a moment thought, in his wildest mo-"Why? He hasn't forbidden her to ments of wrong but the bare suggestion

"He has no right," Edith exclaimed, in never. 'Twould be, I declare, a kindness it till the afternoon. He was full of an

horse? He means to break me in, he laughed the little woman, good-naturedly. the house. The man who took his horse not excepting America, where the grand-Royston, nor ride with him; because on at all. I like Edith immensely, and cause of that mysterious sense of empti- for the grandson of the crossing sweeper. Vernon - Vernon," said the girl, throw- her husband, too; he's awfully nice, ness in the place?—the damp breaking The installation of Mme. Grevy in the ing aside the momentary compunction, handsome, splendid, easily managed if out on his brow, his heart growing sick, Elsee is a happy instance. She was the "is jealous that anyone should look at me his wife lets him have his own way, but his limbs almost failing him? Devereux daughter of a tanner, and earned her but himself. Why should I not see a devil to oppose. She's got a will nearly strode from room to room, till he paused living in Paris as a bonnet maker. When Royston? I will, just to show Vernon as strong as his, a temper, too, and pride in the bedchamber; something white lay she married, her whole fortune was less that I do not mean to be subdued by enough for ten Lucifers; what's more, on the toilet table—a letter. He tore it than five hundred dollars; at her death

> it's over, but she doesn't forgive so written:-"After what has passed between us, I

got his death blow, for minutes and Devereaux would not be home till minutes, unable to grasp fully the bitter

in the girl's present frame of mind. But had no direct interference to anticipate in loving pride he had brought home, Edith

in the girl's present frame of mind. But she said —

"Well, dear, of course I don't see what Devereux objects to in poor Royston. He's a very nice fellow, indeed; but then I am not your husband. It would be bet
had no direct interference to anticipate in her forbidden ride. She loved riding, she had a splendid horse, and she was not going to mope at home because her husband chose to consider a man she had known in her own home not a fit com
loving pride he had brought home, Edith gone.

Then came the revulsion; he would go to her, follow her the world over. She was his, he could claim her, the man said fiercely, then ground his teeth and dropped cutting and crying with pain of cutting the said and provided in the provided at the provided in the provide ter, perhaps, to give in. You know, my panion for her. She was going, however, his head on his hands. What had she love, we women always have to give way really more out of brayado than any-said?—and would be stoop to sue? Could to our husbands in the end - it's our lot, thing else now; for her heart and her he keep her under lock and key?-could suppose."

"It isn't mine then," returned Edith,
"Oices uncomfortably, so that she had to

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"It isn't mine then," returned Edith,
"Voices uncomfortably, so that she had to

were hard and cold, and proud, so would the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and curtly, the angry flush rising to her very drown them with keeping up her anger he be. Let her go, let her know what it have just the opposite effect from what She was on the verandah, ready dressed had gone to her people; there need be no children teething, is pleasant to the taste an probably intended. "I and looking radiantly beautiful, when scandal; in Europe no one even knew of

don't agree to that doctrine of the sub- Royston rode up and flung himself from his hasty marriage. He would see that missive wife; husband and wife are his horse, taking her hand and kissing it she was under propor protection and had equal, and free. He'll know whoever he fervently, looking at her with eyes full of a proper allowance, though she had her gists throughout the world. Be sure and likes: I shall do the same I shall ride advertion. Edith power thought any likes; I shall do the same. I shall ride adoration. Edith never thought any- own money," with Royston-I'm going this afternoon- thing of such things; she had been used So Vernon Devereu hardened himself; you needn't look shocked, Harriet; I'm to admiration and devotion from the time he never sought his wife. Probably if he going to show Vernon I'm not so easily she was a baby, and could not see that had been older and wiser, he would not skirts coming back again has died out. broken in. Now let's talk of something her husband had any right to resent such have accepted her flat so haughtily. He He - Yes. The women have comhomage. She laughed at it, turned it off, ascertained through his solicitors that she promised by putting the hoops in their Mrs. Erle laughed — the softest, pret- enjoying the incense, but in no wise was was cared for; settled everything through sleeves. So she started for her ride in high week from that time returned to Europe. spirits, and when much later towards He had called on his cousin, Mrs. Erle,

had not yet returned. terribly passionate temper. I warn you. wife he so passionately loved. As usual, No child of his would ever inherit a dollar her in his arms and kiss her soft lips, and "That's why he's so overbearing," re- say a hundred caressing words; also, as us- a grim bitterness,

"Mrs. Devereux, sir," answered the man, his own servant from England; with Mr. Royston, sir." Devereux went pale as death; every "Vernon spoke of going to England line of his handsome face grew hard, but would strive and chain up the demon

"You can go," he said, in a strange "Yes, at home." Edith's great, dark (except internally, for the wild passion that was in him), but grim and still.

He paused after a few moments' stormy contemplation; the dusk was falling, but though he could not see very far, he band. "Papa couldn't bear to part with heard the clatter of horse's hoofs, heard years; then, through his solicitors in Lon-

The girl cantered towards the door and a wild fitful remembrance. sprang to the ground, ran up to the steps though he was passionately in love with Mrs. Erle; "you haven't been brought up intending to summon a groom, as no one strange weariness, thinking of the heart's sore producing substitutes; they are her — or her beauty and her charm — he like an English' nor a Spanish, nor, in- had yet appeared—ran lightly up, to stand | blood written into those lines, those usethat even her bold spirit quailed; yet else she had never been so piteously hard. "Slaves are a great bother; though," even in that moment the passionate blood He would cast her out of his life, nor

> teeth, "how dare you!" "You have defied me," Devereux ex- from her hair the soft hair he had so "Yes! and I will do so when it suits me," the girl flashed out. She did not rough-shod, over me!" returned the shrink but met his glance with one as

the girl, sharply. "Do you think no one be much better when he sees it is no good for her cool defiance; the words, 'I'll go who was to be his heir, and whose father pangs of jealousy through his heart; he had befallen Vernon Devereux. But fully, called Edith her 'beautiful termag- scarcely knew what he did. In that otherwise a stranger to all home ties. second he lifted his riding whip-the the 'beautiful termagant,' who was full of thrown himself at her feet in an agony of

> "Brute force!" she said, with an intempt on the first word, gathered up her not follow her, nor seek to detain her. He turned and strode down the verandah steps, down to the stables, called for his horse again, rushed like the wind down the avenue, away to the town, some two

nice to be married to a young, handsome, her suitor-less for herself than her threat, and went out. And Royston never

Then Devereux went off on a long mad blood was cooler in his veins, he could did not love him, but this man she had known for years. Would she have dared self, and all his passions and emotions

Not one word of regret, of sorrow, that

meant to be a wife and yet no wife. She

sunset, Devereux rode up to the door, she and she had been terribly upset by the "Where is Mrs. Devereux?" he asked non did not half believe her sincerity, said she. "Ah! my dear, you won't be of the servant who took his horse. but what did it matter?—what did anycoerced; but I think, mind, you're unwise Devereux had been thinking all day that thing matter? He and his wife had shatto so openly disobey Vernon—he's got a he had been too harsh with the young tered their lives somehow between them.

> "she is not in yet. She went out riding craving, the longing to throw himself at within him, would strive to rule by love,

and school himself to control. Nearly a vear after the separation he trampled altered voice, and walked up and down the down his pride; softened, remorseful, verandah — not quickly, not quivering, penitent, he wrote to her such a letter as must have moved the hardest heart to return at least a kind answer-if she were afraid to trust to his vows, to say at least she had been touched by his contrition. He sent the letter to Rio, and waited,

in what sickening suspense he alone knew, for an answer for weeks, that seemed like

Afterwards he never knew quite how those hours had passed: it was all a chaos.

think of her, nor regret her; she should "Let me go!" she said through her be dead to him. From his breast he took a locket he had always worn, with a lock

coming in the evening. I'm anxious claimed, hoarsely. "I gave you a com- worshipped encased within. He ground tism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to the locket under his heel with a savage 3 days. Its action upon the system is recklessness, and threw the bent and defaced thing too on the fire. in his life, and was a wanderer without a

tell you I won't have you take long rides means appeased. "Don't trouble about surely. "I'll go with Roystan when I home, or ties, or memories for years; rarewith him, and encourage his impertinent us. Of course he will be in a rage, but like; you won't break me in so easily as ly coming to England—never to Florida: keeping up a desultary correspondence He was mad with passion-with her with Mrs. Erle on account of her boy, with Royston,' sent a thousand burning had died not long after the calamity which

LINDA SKATED.

"Good mawnin', Linda-whar' yo' bin up dis way?" querried a Grove street colored woman of a female friend she met says the Detroit Free Press.

describable intonation of withering con- yo' lib de mo' yo' knows 'bout some folks." "For suah. I dun tole Mrs. Carter dat same ting las' nite. Whar' yo' bin,

"Up heah to house-clean fur white folks ' "An' you' didn't clean?" "No; de woman of de house did't know

a lady when she seed one, an' I dun come "Bress my soul! When yo' rung de front doah-bell and told her you was de lady who had come to do de cleanin' at a dolla' an a half a day, she dun tole yo'

"To git around to de back doah an' work fur a dollar or skate." "An' yo' skated?" "Wid boaf feet." "Dat's right, Linda - perfectly right! Bress me, but what ar' dem white folks

It was in church, and safe, he knew, a'comin' to, anyway! Why, Linda, if dat had been me I should have felt so insulted dat I believe I should have animated dat English Spavin Liniment removes all woman's conduct with a freezin' sagacity! hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs. etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by Davies. Mack & Co.

London, Eng., under the presidency of Lord Roseberry, it was announced that it was settled by the conference that the miners should resume work at the old wages on Monday. They will work for these wages until February. The board of conciliation will hold its first meeting advantage of me. I year. If at the first meeting the members so soon? Why, we met on the beach fail to elect a chairman the speaker of the every morning last summer. The board will be empowered to detersible? Pardon me; I hardly knew you mine the rate of miners' wages. The news that work would be resumed in the | with your clothes on. mines on Monday at the old wages was received with demonstration of great joy should come into a big fortune? Winksin all the mining centres of the Midlands. Jupiter! sail out of here before any of The leaders of the miners read the despatches aloud in the streets and the two will never get on together, you know, rode back to his house. He did not reach waiting crowds of strikers cheered themselves hoarse. Church bells were rung in eager desire again to ask and to yield for- all the mining towns and Thanksgiving

FORTUNE'S FREAKS.

In unexpected turns of the wheel of fortune, elevating the unknown to places of power and dethroning the mighty with-A dead blank fell on him as he entered out warning, France leads the nations told me just now. I am not to see Alfred "You dear, clumsy man, I've no game looked at him curiously. What was the son of the millionaire may black boots Farm Crops and Processes, she's more resentful than he is. It's all a open; his eyes took in the purport of it— she leaves something like a quarter of a Mrs. Erle shrugged her shoulders, and flare with him, and he's contrite when those few cold hard lines. Edith had million to her daughter. She did not invent an ancestry with her promotion, nor assume fine airs with her rich gowns. "H'm! I see. Well, I chall not forego cannot remain another hour under your Her manners were characterized by sim-

> Six Subscriptions do. do. Ten Subscriptions do. do. man you ever saw? Jacks - A fellow

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She-You see all this talk about hoop formerly occupied by the

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> and the public generally. CORRECT PARSING. "What part of speech is kiss?" asked teacher at Vassar college. "A conjunction," replied one of the smart girls.

"Wrong," said the teacher severely next girl." "A noun," put in a demure maiden. "What kind of a noun? continued the

"Well-er-It is both common and proper," answered the shy girl, and she was promoted to the head of her class. Many United States dairymen are re porting good results from feeding their

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Mr. Brown-I'm sure you have the

Mr. Brown - Miss Kahoe! It is pos-

the folks I've borrowed of found it out.

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All persons indebted to such Estate will please arrange with me at once, and all persons having any legal claims against such estate are requested to hand the same to me duly attested to within three months from this date. tion at ree months from this date.
Fredericton. June 9, 1893.
FRANK I. MORRISON,
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sight. Such music as bore it on high,

gates of the morn,

THE WIDEST BREACH. Where is the harm of my being with

He had always thought all the world must give way to him; so the result was-Putting, however, great constraint on

break you in, Edith, before I've done with along, humming to herself, was accosted

But the marriage promised to turn out disastrous enough, since not two months Whereat little Mrs. Erle broke into a something of the devil out of him the had passed and Edith had not begun to merry laugh. adjust herself to her husband's ideas; nor had he yet learned that, however right- should I be? No, the jealousy comes of his better nature; yet still was he tor-

"My dearest child," cried a soft voice, I expect." a trifle thin perhaps, but pleasant-toned nevertheless, and a pretty little woman, go? He's not well disposed towards that his wife could care for another man's whose bright, merry ways everyone your humble servant, you know," said society, filled him with bitter agony and adored, stepped from the verandah into Royston, with a laugh. "I don't want not anger. He was but twenty-two himthe room. Edith turned to her with an to come across him, Mrs. Erle." instant effort to control herself, and her

of my liberty. I've always been given in to. It is too late now to try and make off here."

That was struggling in his mind.

of the cat's prettiness about her.

plied Edith. "Now tell me what news you | ual. expected her to submit to his reconcilihave from home; how is your husband?" "Oh, very ailing," said Harriet Erle, with a sigh; "he'll never be any better, 'm afraid. Our little Percy is well--I long to see him so! We go home in

never been there in all my life."

doubly rebellious. It was likely to be a "Ah! Royston," said she, easily, "how

CHAPTER II.

THE CHAIN SNAPPED.

estates there (inherited from his Spanish "Coming my way?" she asked. "That's ride—rode through miles and miles of Skate on, Linda. Yo's a bo'n lady, eben South American mother, who had also well. So you are going to ride with Mrs. He glanced at her and smiled, bending at last in the early morning in a country towards her. "And is my lady fair jealous?" he said. hostelry. By that time he had ridden

"Oh, it's all right. A little opposition were uncontrollable, untamed by experi-

"What, from Devereux?"

She nodded.

will not be a slave, though he tries to Royston glanced again rather sharply giveness, to atone for his rough cruelty of service held in the dissenters' chapels. at his companion. She began to hum a the previous day. He had left his young "My dear, hush! he is your husband," tune, making little dashes with her sun- wife all alone since yesterday-the bride shade at the flowers they were passing. of two months. She would be unhappy "Husband!" Edith cried out, passion- "Oh," he said, then paused. "So wondering. Would she? Surely, yesately. "Does that give him the right | that's your game," he concluded, slowly. | yes. "What's my 'game,' as you call it,"

husband is jealous, doesn't it show how much he must love you?"

"Bah! nonsense," returned the girl, contemptuously. "I will not be curtailed of my liberty. I've always been given of my liberty. I've always been given my ride with the belle of Rio," said Royston, smiling. "I've known her in her own home. My lord needn't be jealous of me."

"No, of course not. Well, ta-ta; I turn of my liberty. I've always been given of my liberty always been given of my liberty. I've always been given of my liberty always been given of my liberty. I've always been given of my liberty always been given of my liberty. I've always been given of my liberty always lib She shook hands with Royston and it was necessary for them to separate. who couldn't read his paper, smoke his tripped away, not ill-satisfied with her Devereux stood there like a man who had cigar and eat his breakfast all at once.

them: never even wrote to her, but in a disastrous ending to this marriage. Ver-

would come in for it all, he supposed, with He did not know even after that where Edith was-with her people, he fancied; but in the months that passed by the man's heart grew sick and faint with the his wife's feet, and tell her if she would only try and forgive and love him, he

Then he picked up his letter with a

"Whar' I bin? Say, Dinah, de longer

if nobody knows it!" THE COAL STRIKE SETTLED. As a result of the miners conference at

While it also includes all minor departments of rural interest, such as the Poultry Yard, Entomol-ogy, Bee keeping, Greenhouse and Grapery, Veter-inary Replies, Farm Questions and Answers, Fire-side Reading, Domestic Economy, and a summary of the News of the Week. Its Market Reports are of the News of the Week. Its Market Reports are nountfly complete, and much attention is paid to the Prospects of the Cro. s, as throwing light up one of the most important of all questions—When to Buy and When to Sell. It is liberally Illustrated and by Recent. Illustrated and by Recent. Illustrated, and the property of the subscription price is \$2.50 per year, but we offer a Special Reduction in our

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