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NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd)

A few moments later the carriage dashed away, and the two sisters, accompanied by Chesleigh, returned to their guests.

Grace and Mr. Chesleigh were in a spirited discussion over the events of the evening. Ione alone was thoughtful.

"It's a clear case of mutual attraction between handsome Percy Granville and myself," she mused delightedly. "He will write me in spite of Evelyn. I will pay her up for trying to prevent it if I live—the mean, hateful, thing."

Suddenly Harry Chesleigh turned to Ione with a thoughtful face.

"How is our little Nell progressing?" he asked quickly. "I have not seen her since the fever abated; it is really unkind of you, Ione, to refuse to take up my card and ask her to see me. She ought to know that I feel greatly interested in her. I cannot understand why she chooses to make such a mysterious recluse of herself. Grace tells me she has changed so greatly. I would hardly know her."

Ione Leighton flushed uneasily. It would never do for him to find out that she had suppressed the rare bouquets and the polite messages he had sent to Little Nell, as Gaynell was called.

"You shall see her to-morrow, Harry," she said carelessly; meanwhile she was telling herself, with a cunning smile, "that many an event might happen between that time and the present to completely thwart his hopes in that direction."

The guests had not missed them from the ballroom. When they returned the mirth was at its height; but during the remainder of the evening the fairy bride did not reappear, and at twelve o'clock, when the masks were laid aside, curiosity ran high as to who she could have been, the sylph-like Cinderella who had flashed like a dazzling meteor in their midst, and like a meteor had been so soon lost to sight.

"I cannot imagine who she could have been," declared Ione Leighton, as much mystified as any of the rest. "I suppose I shall never know, until she chooses to reveal her identity, who the unbidden guest was."

Grace Leighton enjoyed immensely the curiosity and the mystery Nell's presence at the masked ball had aroused. She could barely restrain herself from exploding with laughter as she listened to the flattering comments.

"Ah! how desperately angry Ione would be if she knew who it was," she thought, drooping her merry mischievous, dancing blue eyes.

It was far into the wee sma' hours when the grand ball broke up and the last guest took his leave. Grace flew up the broad staircase to Gaynell's room two steps at a time.

The door was unfastened, and she popped her curly head in with a rippling laugh, but she instantly checked her mirth as she noted that Nell was apparently asleep. "I will tell her to-morrow what a sensation she created," she thought, popping out of the room again as noiselessly as she had entered it, and going on to her own room at the other end of the corridor.

Ten minutes later Ione Leighton came swiftly down the corridor. As she passes Gaynell's room she pauses; for she notices that the door is slightly ajar. Ione pushes it open further with her white, jeweled hand, and peers cautiously in.

The clear bright moonlight drifts into the room in a flood of soft, white, silvery light, rendering every object in the pretty room plainly discernible. Ione watches the Grecian golden Angel upon his white pillow with a gathering frown.

Something glistens like diamonds on the long, curling lashes lying on the white, rounded cheek, but Ione Leighton does not stop to see if it is pearly tears, for her eyes have raced past the pretty young face on the pillow to something lying in white, shimmering folds across the back of a chair close by the window.

A cry of rage breaks from Ione Leighton's lips. Like a flash she crosses the room and clutches the glimmering folds.

She has recognized the crested white silk and the misty veil as the one worn by the mysterious beauty of the ball. The slippers and white mask lie on the floor beside it, where they fell when Gay cast them off, and near them the withered cluster of orange blossoms.

The cry awakens Gay, and she struggles up to a sitting posture just as Ione wheels around, her black eyes flaming like ebony stars.

"How dared you take advantage of our hospitality by coming to the ball uninvited?" she pants, and her intense anger rises as she remembers how devoted handsome Percy Granville was to the mysterious fairy queen until the telegram called him away so suddenly, and how all the gentlemen, Harry Chesleigh included, had fairly raved over the little beauty of the ball.

"Indeed, I did not think there would be any harm in it," faltered Gay, tremulously, terrified at what she saw in Miss Leighton's anger-distorted face.

Ione turned on her heel with a cruel sneer.

"We will settle this matter to-morrow," she said ironically. "Papa shall know what sort of a person he has been harboring, and he will turn you away from the house at once. Now that I come to look at these things closely, I see that they belong to my sister Grace. I wonder that I failed to recognize them before. You must have stolen them from her wardrobe."

Gay shrunk with a gasp of horror, but no sound came from her white lips to refute the awful accusation.

"You know you did it!" exclaimed Ione Leighton, gliding across the room to the white couch, and grasping Gay tightly by the white arm and shaking her roughly.

Before Gay could utter the retort that sprung to her lips—that the costume had not only been loaned to her, but had been urged upon her by Grace herself—Miss Leighton went on scathingly:

"You need not attempt to deny it. No wonder you did not stay until the time for unmasking came. You dared not! Papa shall turn you from Leighton Hall with the morning's light, I say."

"You need not wait for to-morrow's light to turn me from your door, Miss Leighton," sobbed Gay. "I will go of my own accord this very hour—now."

"So much the better," declared the haughty beauty; "you cannot leave Leighton Hall too soon to please me."

Without a word poor Little Gay rose from the couch where she had flung herself an hour before and had cried herself to sleep—and robed herself in her street clothes with cold, trembling hand, and heart that was nearly bursting.

"I am ready now, Miss Leighton," she faltered tremulously. "I forgive you for your unjust suspicion; because your roof sheltered me in my hour of need. I am grateful to your kind father, your sister, the good old housekeeper, and yourself; as well as to the noble young man who found me by the roadside that morning and brought me here. Tell them this for me."

Without another word, poor Gay, who was tossed about so pitifully by the cruel hand of fate, turned and fled like a storm-beaten swallow down the dark corridor, and out of the house into the darkness of the night.

"Alone, friendless, homeless, helpless, penniless, adrift on the cold, merciless world; was ever a young girl's fate more pitiful?

Gay sped on through the pitchy darkness, little heeding whither she was going, until at last she sunk down, weak and spent, upon a mossy log to rest.

How long she sat there she never knew; the sound of voices near at hand aroused her.

She drew back into the shadow of the alder-bushes until they should pass; but instead of doing so, the two men who advanced sat deliberately down upon the mossy log upon which Gay had rested but a moment since.

They were so near, the frightened girl could have put out her white hand and touched them from where she crouched behind the screening alders—she was so near them that she wondered the wild, tumultuous throbbing of her heart did not betray her presence.

One of them set down the dark-lantern that he carried, and the light fell upon his face.

Gay could scarcely repress a scream of terror that sprung to her lips as she recognized the dark, sinister face of Harold Tremaine.

They renewed the conversation that was momentarily interrupted between them, and every word that Tremaine uttered in his low, cautious voice fell like drops of molten lead upon Gay's heart.

"Every one believes me in Europe," continued Tremaine cautiously; "no one would think of connecting me with this affair. I tell you on the best of authority that upon Percy Granville's return to Redstone Hall, early in the evening, the dying general dispatched him at once to the city to bring in person some vitally important papers back to him which were in the safe at his office there."

Tremaine bent nearer his companion, saying hoarsely: "The papers must never reach the general. Percy Granville will have them on his person when he passes through here on the three o'clock train to-night. Two or three rails torn from the track on the bridge yonder will do the work. We haven't much time to lose. It wants twenty minutes to that time now. Granville shall not escape me to-night. If he dies in the wreck, and the old general passes quietly off at Redstone Hall, there will be no one save myself to inherit the Passaic Mills and the general's cool million. Come on!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Gay was fairly paralyzed with horror. She had caught their terrible meaning in a flash.

Great Heaven! what should she do? They intended to wreck the train, and on that train was the lover she worshipped so madly.

Tremaine and his companion rose hastily from the mossy log near the alders, behind which Gay crouched in such terror, and a few moments later the sound of muffled hammers rang dully out upon the night air.

Then silence reigned, and Gay knew their terrible work was done, and she knew, too, the train freighted with human souls and bearing her young husband, was speeding with each passing moment on to its doom.

While these thoughts were rushing through Gay's bewildered brain, Harold Tremaine and his companion passed again.

She heard Tremaine crush out an imprecation from between his white teeth, saying impatiently:

"We may as well take a turn down the road for a mile or so; it will be a good half-hour before you hear her whistle."

And the handsome villain, who had so deliberately stooped to such a diabolical scheme, strolled leisurely away, closely followed by his companion, who carried the dark-lantern.

How long Gay stood there clutching desperately at the thorny branches, she never realized; time seemed to slip by with the rapidity of lightning.

It seemed to seemed a moment until the far-off shriek of the train, as it sped on toward the fatal bridge, warned her of its approach.

"Oh!" cried Gay, wildly, "what shall I do? Oh, Percy, my love, my love! you must not, you shall not die! the horrible death your mortal foe has marked out for you! I will save you, or I will die in the attempt!"

The far-off shriek of the on-coming train roused her as nothing else in the world could have done.

For one instant Gay turned her face up to the star-gemmed sky, holding out her white arms to the fleecy clouds.

Brave, dauntless Little Gay had decided upon her course of action.

"If I die," she sobbed faintly, "my love will never know that his name was on my lips as I faced death itself for his dear sake. He will never know that I blessed him with my last breath.

"He married me on the impulse of the moment; but he never cared for me; he cast me off—out of his heart, out of his life; yet perhaps, if I die to save him, he may come some day to kneel upon my tomb, part the long grass and whisper my name, and I should hear my love's voice—even in my grave, I almost think, I love him so."

Quick as thought Gay rose from her knees where she had flung herself, and with a face as white as death, dashed madly toward the little bridge that spanned the black stream below.

Three of the rails had been torn from the track, and the dark water yawned below as though anxious to swallow the prey that was soon to be hurled into it.

It was for life or death; the thought seemed to lend wings to Gay's feet as she neared the fatal spot. With a terrible cry she sprung forward, throwing herself into the middle of the track, gesticulating wildly as she waved her white handkerchief to and fro to warn the engineer of his great peril. The sound of her wild, agonized voice was lost; drowned, in the roar and thunder of the coming train.

Would the engineer see her—would he hear those panting, exciting cries, or would the iron monster in its mad flight crush her and carry its burden of human souls on to destruction? It was an intensely thrilling moment.

Gay stood upon the track with a death-white face and lips set, facing the horrible peril of death for her love's sake.

On thundered the locomotive, now scarcely a dozen rods ahead of her, and its headlight threw its bright white glare over the lovely white, upturned, agonized face, and the slender girlish figure standing like a marble statute directly in the path.

"Percy, my love, my love," murmured Gay, "I have to die—the engineer does not see me, but it is to save you, if I were to fly, you would be swept on to the fatal bridge."

The prayer she tried to utter died on her young lips; already the misty steam enveloped her like a death-shroud—the terrible glare of the head light dazzled and dazed her—the rails on either side of brave, heroic noble Little Gay shook and trembled like an electric battery; but the girl never stirred—scarcely breathed.

Would it be life or death for Little Gay? only the white angels watching the terrible scene from the star-gemmed sky overhead could have foretold what her fate was to be.

She was so young, so fair to meet such a tragic death.

* * * *

The train was twenty minutes late—the fireman heaves more coal into the furnace, watching covertly out of the corners of his eyes the engineer, Jim Hale, who stands just as he has stood ever since the train left the depot, gazing thoughtfully out of the window, with his hand on the lever, while the train, puffing and panting, dashes on through the darkness of the night.

"I hope you're not thinking yet of that nonsense we were talking about when the train started," said the fireman, throwing down his shovel with a hearty laugh and crossing over to the window where the engineer, Jim Hale, stood in the same thoughtful position.

"You're the most superstitious man I ever saw," he went on. "You see we are almost at Hackensack, where you and I change off to-night, yet nothing has happened," he added triumphantly.

No answering smile broke the gravity of the engineer's swarthy face.

"We are not there yet," he answered gloomily, "and I sha'n't breathe freely until we slack up at the Hackensack Depot. I've been running on the road nigh onto twenty years now, and we old railroaders know what signs mean when we see 'em. You can talk about superstition and all that sort of thing as much as you like, but when an engineer sees a black sheep leap across the track before he reaches the first station, let him look out for his train—a terrible accident follows."

A cold shudder ran over the fireman's sturdy frame; although he laughed and ridiculed the idea stoutly, somehow the solemn words of the engineer impressed him strangely.

"There's another reason I have for feeling sort o' down in the mouth," went on the engineer slowly. "When I was about to start away from home to-night, my wife clung to me, crying like a baby. 'Don't go on your train to-night, Jim!' she pleaded. 'I have had such a horrible dream. Do get a substitute just for once—oh, do, Jim! I dreamed that a hump-back dwarf was the first person to board your train. And, by the Lord Harry, her dream came true! A hump-backed dwarf was the first to board my train to-night."

"Is there a sign about that?" asked the fireman, laughing outright at the notion. "That's the worst I ever heard of——"

"There's many a conductor would have prevented such a person from entering his car first, if it cost him his position—there's just that much to it," replied the engineer, sighing; "and when I saw the black sheep cross I said to myself, 'Jim Hale, old boy, I'm sorry you're making your last run on the train to-night—look out for yourself.' But I didn't get a substitute; I didn't try. I'll stick to the old engine to-night, come what may."

"I guess I'll shake the railroad business after to-night," said the fireman, nervously. "Good gracious! you've worked me up to such a pitch, I'll get to be a raving lunatic dreaming of black sheep and hump-backed dwarfs after this night's run. Run slow and keep a sharp look out, and I guess we'll pull through all right, Jim."

"I've run so slow that I've lost twenty minutes already," retorted the engineer; "and I must turn on more steam at once."

And as he spoke, the engine whirled with lightning like rapidity round an abrupt curve in the road.

There was a hoarse cry from the engineer.

"My prediction has come true!" he panted. "There's a woman on the track! She'll be crushed—mangled—beneath the wheels!" cried the old engineer, great drops of perspiration starting out on his face in beads.

With an effort born of intense horror, he whistled down breaks.

Would it be too late? All the agony of a lifetime was crowded into the awful moment that followed.

He had done all that human power could do to stop the train, but it must pass a rod or more over the spot where the slender figure stood ere its speed would slacken.

In that moment of fearful ordeal, his presence of mind aided him. With iron will and nerves of steel, he sprung out upon the iron fender.

A moment of breathless suspense followed—the white angels looking down upon the thrilling scene must have wept for joy.

The engineer had clutched the girl's upraised arm, drawing her by main force upon the rail beside him quick as a flash of lightning, and the great iron monster thundered pantingly over the spot where Gay had stood but an instant before—panted—trembled—and then stood still, barely escaping the spot where the ties had been torn from the track by a single hair-breadth.

With a great, hysterical, quivering cry, Gay pointed to them.

"I discovered it!" she gasped. "I—I—meant to save your train—or—or—die!"

The great, dark, velvety eyes closed—the white lips parted—and utterly prostrated by the fearful ordeal through which she had just passed, Gay fell back in the engineer's strong arms in a deep swoon.

He realized the import of her words at once—the lovely young girl lying in a dead faint in his arms had saved the train from a horrible catastrophe at the risk of her own life.

(To be continued.)

HABITS THAT HATE.

Will He Back if Discontinued Too Abruptly.

Habits can hate quite as bitterly as humans.

A man who had made it a habit for twelve years past to spend one week of his annual holiday in bed, failed to do so last year. And the consequences? His habit retaliated by rendering him ill for the first time in many years.

Nor is this an isolated instance of how venomous habits can be. A man has been laid up for two or three weeks, maybe, and when he gets round again, he complains of that "weak feeling" in his legs. It's nothing of the sort; it's habit. His legs have become used to bed, and at first refuse to change their habits of inaction.

In fact, it is the opinion of a well-known physician that any kind of habit is bound to "hit back" if it be discontinued too abruptly. No man can suddenly switch off meat to a vegetable diet, for instance, and remain well.

Not only so, but with some strong habits, such as the taking of drugs, cessation often means death. A striking example of this was the case of the author, De Quincy. He formed a habit of taking four ounces of laudanum per day, the complete cessation from which would have killed him.

Intelligent First Born—"Have you ever noticed, dada, how often mamma uses the expression 'And so on! And so on! And so on?' Father—"Yes, my dear; but I am sorry to say that it does not apply to my trouser buttons."

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HOME

Dainty Dishes.

Ham Cream Cakes.—Sift one-quarter of a pound of flour into a bowl, season it with pepper and celery salt, and rub in two ounces of butter. Next mix in the yolk of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream, and one-third of a teaspoonful of baking powder. When it is mixed to a stiff paste roll it out very thin on a board and cut into small round pieces. Prick the pieces and bake in a hot oven until they are light brown. When the biscuits are cool split them through the middle and spread with a paste made of whipped cream and finely chopped ham, seasoned with pepper and a very little powdered mixed spices. The cakes may be served cold or heated in the oven before using.

Apples in Dressing Gown.—Make a puff paste and cut into pieces large enough to hold an apple comfortably. Cut the apples in half, peel them, and cut the core out of each, making quite a large hole. Fill the center with sugar, cinnamon, and strawberry, raspberry, or quince jam. Arrange the apples with pastry beneath them and over them (like individual pies), and bake them in the oven as you would a pie.

Rice with Cheese and Tomato.—Cook one-half cup of rice in three cups of cold water, heating it quickly and letting it boil five minutes. Drain, rise in cold water, and drain again. Add one cup of tomato puree, three-quarters of a cup of water or broth, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a little chopped green pepper. Cook until tender and then add one-half cup of grated cheese and two tablespoonfuls of butter, mixing them in with a fork.

Grilled Oysters.—Use large oysters. Trim them and let them lie in a bowl with melted butter, salt and pepper until well seasoned. Then wrap each oyster in a slice of bacon and sprinkle them with bread crumbs and chopped parsley. Put them on skewers and grill for four minutes over a hot fire. Place the oysters on slices of bread fried in butter, and serve very hot.

Rice Cream with Maraschino Cherries.—Wash thoroughly a quarter of a pound of rice, and boil it in a quart of milk until the rice is soft; then add half a teaspoonful of vanilla, and let it cool. Soak half a box of gelatin in a cup of cold water for two hours. Put the rice on the fire in a double boiler, and when it is heated stir in the gelatin, not allowing it to boil. Take it off the fire and beat in a pint of whipped cream. Add sugar and sherry and a cup of chopped maraschino cherries and blanched almonds. Pour it into a mould and leave on ice.

Deviled Oysters.—Melt one tablespoonful of butter and add one teaspoonful of finely minced onion and one teaspoonful of chopped peppers; saute until tender. Add one-half cup of oyster juice, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a teaspoonful of English mustard, a speck of cayenne, and two cups of chopped oysters. Cook slowly for five minutes. Serve on squares of hot buttered toast.

Potatoes en Casserole.—Slice boiled potatoes and put them in a casserole or baking dish with lumps of butter, salt and pepper. Bake for thirty minutes in a hot oven. If a gas range is used, the potatoes can be improved by baking for a little shorter time and then putting them under the flames for five or ten minutes to brown.

Codfish Chowder.—One and a half pounds codfish, one pint sliced potatoes, one-fourth cup sliced onions, four tablespoons flour, four slices salt pork, one pint milk, boiling water, salt and pepper. Try out the salt pork, add onions and cook slowly till they are yellowed. Then add a quart of boiling water and the fish cut in small pieces. Cook until the latter is nearly done, then turn in the potatoes. When they are tender add the milk and flour dissolved in a little cold water. Season to taste and serve garnished with thick water crackers moistened with hot milk.

Washing Clothes.

Air, sunshine, water and soap may be said to be essentials to successful laundering. The best results are obtained if these four agencies are generously employed.

Water dissolves the dirt and carries it from the clothes; hence a generous use of water is very desirable in the cleaning of clothes. Soft water is best, but if this is not available "hard water" which has been softened by adding to it an alkali—washing soda, lye, borax or ammonia—may be used. Care should be taken in the use of alkalies, as the addition of too much will weaken the fabric and injure the hands. The amount to be used depends upon the degree of "hardness" of the water, and no hard and fast rule can be followed.

Before beginning to wash, sort the clothes in the following order: Table linen and clean towels, bed linen, body linen, handkerchiefs (these should be soaked, washed and boiled separately if used by those having colds), soiled towels and clothes, stockings, colored clothes, woolens.

A good plan is to soak the clothes overnight. To do this, wet the garment to be soaked, rub the soiled part with soap or soap solution and fold that part in. Fold and roll each garment separately. It is well to put the less soiled clothes in one tub and those which are much soiled into another tub. Cover the clothes with warm soapy water. Do not soak stockings, colored clothes or woolens.

The next morning proceed as follows:—

Put water on to heat. Make soap solution by shaving one bar washing soap in two or three quarts of cold water. Heat gradually until soap is dissolved (about one hour). Rinse clothes from the water in which they have soaked. Pour warm water into a tub or washing machine. Add soap solution or soap to make a good suds. Put into this water the clothes rinsed from the tub in which they were soaked. If a tub is used, rub clothes on washboard, or if a washing machine is used, wash about 10 or 15 minutes. Whenever the water becomes dirty, prepare fresh suds. Clothes cannot be made clean in dirty water.

Wash woolens in lukewarm water. Be sure that all water used in the washing of woolens is of the same temperature as the first water into which they are put. It is the change in temperature which causes woolens to felt and mat together.

Boil white clothes in clean, soapy water. Water should be cold when clothes are put in the boiler. Boil 8 to 10 minutes. Remove clothes from the boiler to a tub. Add a pail of cold water and wring. Rinse in bluing water. Wring. Starch. Remove from line, dampen and fold. Do not hang woolens out in freezing or very cold weather. Do not hang woolens too close to a fire, as the extreme change in temperature will shrink or felt them.

Do not press flannels or woolens when they are too damp, lest the hot iron turn the moisture into steam and the woolens become felted.

ARISTIDE BRIAND.
The new French Premier.

THE VALUE OF ICEBERGS.

A Blessing to Newfoundland and North Atlantic Fishermen.

The number of lives which have been lost during the past year through collisions with icebergs from the frozen north has revealed in no uncertain manner the extent of this foe upon the high seas. The bergs have been sighted in southern latitudes which hitherto have been regarded as beyond their reach. The popular mind has been riveted upon the subject by the number of accidents; but, as a matter of fact, scientists have been aware of their numbers and movements for years. So far as recent records go, last year icebergs have not been sighted so far south as in former seasons. Some years ago one huge berg contrived to weather the warm waters of the Gulf Stream and startled vessels around the Azores; and on another occasion a wanderer was espied off the Bermudas. The bergs of the North Atlantic have their origin off the western coast of Greenland, whose mighty ice-cap stretches down to the sea. As the frozen rivers come into contact with the water they break off in huge masses, some solid blocks measuring a quarter of a mile in length, and representing a dead-weight of several million tons. When the winter breaks and the currents set fiercely southward these bergs are marshalled in line, and sail steadily toward warmer climes in long procession. Those in the centre of the current keep their course, while others on the edges are thrusted outward to grind against one another, to become stranded off the Labrador coast, or to be ground to pieces among the islands dotting that bleak stretch of Canadian coastline. The escape of bergs drift on and on till, in the succeeding winter, their progress is checked around the shores of Newfoundland, and they join up with the ice-field, which forms rapidly. The whole mass keeps surging ahead steadily under the stress of the currents, colliding and breaking continuously, the detached portions attaching themselves to larger drifting fields, until at last they float over the Grand Banks. Here their destruction commences. Their sides become pounded and melted under the rays of the sun, while their bases, with which huge masses of detritus, gravel and rock are associated, fall away and build up the submerged plateau of the Atlantic. Those which survive this decomposing process wander farther and farther south, foul the great steamship lanes, and there for the most part finish their career. Travellers may regard the icebergs with terror, but to the fishermen of Newfoundland and the North Atlantic States they are a blessing. It will be an unlucky day for these fishermen when Nature changes her tactics and swings the bergs upon another course away from the Grand Banks, as then the fishing industry will disappear. It is said the debris brought by the bergs from Greenland to be deposited upon the bed of the Atlantic at this point, which makes it an excellent breeding-ground for the cod, herring, and other marketable fish. The detritus contains essential nutriment for these edible denizens of the deep.

A perspicacious young man, in the village where an old colored man was busy setting fire to the dead grass in a meadow, accosted him thus: "Don't do that, Uncle Eb, don't do that!" "You will be black as a nigger!" "Never mind dat, sah, never mind dat, sah! grass will all grow out and be green as you is."

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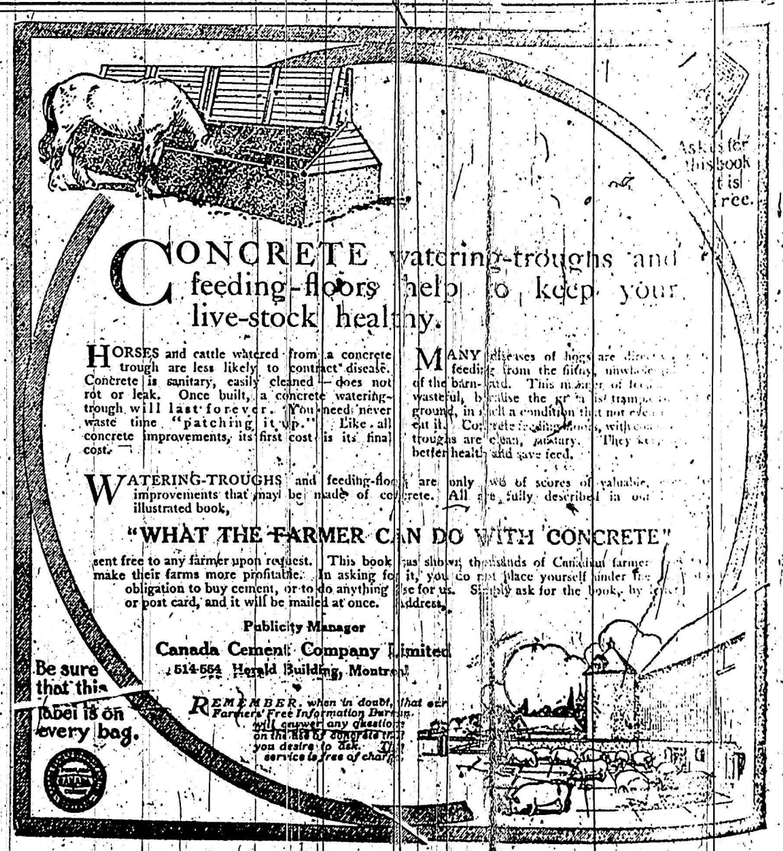

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