THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED BY

HALL & SLEDGE.

One Year, in advance, ... $2 00
Six Months, ... 1 00
Three Months, ... 75 cts.

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. X. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1881. NO. 18.

THE ROANOKE NEWS

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MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

I am now running a daily mail from Scotland Neck to Halifax. I have a comfortable two horse hack, which leaves Scotland Neck, every morning for Halifax and returns same day. Will take passengers and express packages at reasonable rates. I am also prepared to entertain travelers, promising to spare no pains to make them comfortable.

Respectfully,
W. H. SHIELDS.

Nov 30tf.

FOR SALE.

The following valuable real estate lying near Tillery's Mill, in Halifax county about nine miles from the town of Halifax

About 380 acres including steam engine saw mill and fixtures, gin, gin house and fixtures, adjoining the residence of J. R. Tillery.

Mike Wilkins, that contains about 97 acres.

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Apply to P. N. HILL, Attorney.
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REGRET.

When doomed to feel that life is o'er,
That spring and summer both have fled,
That we can wake to life no more
The buds and blossoms that are dead,
That evermore the years will steal
Some brightness as they hurry on,
And with the past we know and feel
The glory of our life is gone.

And still the skies are just as blue,
The golden sun as warm and bright;
No star has lost its radiant hue,
No flow'r faded from the crown of night,
And beauty's cheek is still as fair,
The songs of birds as sweet at morn,
The flowers bloom, and in the air
The fragrance of the spring is born.

But, oh, to think of all the past,
How much of good there was to glean,
How little came to us at last,
And, yet and yet, what might have been!
Now shadows gather near the heart,
The night winds hear a sadder strain,
The eyes grow dim with tears that start,
And memory's gates we close in vain.

ELLEN'S HUSBAND.

Ellen Wareham was a poor working girl, who supported an old crippled mother with her earnings. To do this she was obliged to deprive herself not only of those little feminine articles of apparel which are once the joy and comfort of the gentler sex, but was often compelled to go without food.

Poor as her raiment was, however, it was always arranged about her person in the neatest possible manner.

She was a pretty girl, with a form a queen might have envied; a face glowing with a loveliness of expression calculated to charm all by its purity and goodness.

She was intelligent, too; for at those times when she could not procure enough to eat, she would solace herself with a paper or a book, gleaning from each, with a keen precision her own, all the useful information it contained.

There had been a time when Ellen—a child—had been indulged with everything she wished by a wealthy father, a New York merchant.

A dark, bad woman, however, had come between him and his wife, and had finally seduced him away from his home. It was the great sorrow of having in this way lost her husband which had affected the health of Mrs. Wareham—always delicate—and finally reduced her to her present helpless state.

Since he left her no news of him had been heard. He had taken all his money with him, leaving his wife and child in a state of extreme poverty.

Years had passed since then, and Ellen was now twenty years of age. Poor child! she worked very hard—so hard that her mother feared it would eventually destroy her health.

"Home, now," said their coarse landlady one day when their rent had been due for a week—Ellen's employer having for some reason or other put off paying his girl—"you can't stay here much longer if you don't pay up. I don't like to be hard on you, but this credit business is what's made a poor woman of me. Live and let live's my *motto*!"

"I will pay you just as soon as Mr. Flint gives me my wages," answered Ellen, the tears rising to her eyes as she noticed the despairing look which came over her mother's face.

Mrs. Hard, the landlady, looked steadily at her a moment, then slowly shook her head.

"It's no use; I can't stand it. Every once in while there's just such an excuse made as this. We'll, we'll see, we'll see!"

And she went out slamming the door after her.

A letter for Mrs. Wareham," said the small voice of a little girl, at that moment, opening the door. "The postman brought it to us."

The speaker lived next door, in a milk depot.

Ellen took the letter and passed it to her mother, first procuring the latter's spectacles, and putting them over her aged eyes, that she might read.

Mrs. Wareham when she had finished the letter, turned as pale as death.

"What is it, mamma?" inquired Ellen, somewhat frightened by the sudden change which had come over her parent's face.

"Half a million—half a million, Ellen!" gasped Mrs. Wareham, "has been bequeathed to you. My child your troubles are now over, but he—he is dead!—your father!"

Ellen took the proffered letter from her mother's hand. It was from Mr. Wareham's lawyer, in New Orleans, where, under a fictitious name, her father had, for three long years, been doing business.

"That woman!" gasped Mrs. Wareham, her whole frame trembling with rage and jealousy, "I wonder whatever became of her?"

"Mamma, don't excite yourself," said Ellen, coming up to her mother.

The latter folded her in her arms, and wept long and bitterly on her shoulder.

"Well," said the mother, at length, with desperate efforts, composing herself, "we must start at once for New Orleans."

A week later they were on their way to the Queen City in a brig commanded by a captain who had known Ellen's father.

His first officer was a young, handsome fellow named Jack Reefer—an intelligent young man, and a good sailor.

Ellen had, in fact, never seen one of the male sex who she thought so near perfection.

He was of good height, well formed, with dark eyes and hair, and a manly, resolute expression of countenance, in his manner was blended the frankness of the true sailor with the courtesy of the gentleman. He had been educated for a lawyer, but his ancestors, who had followed the sea, had inoculated him with a desire for the same calling.

Already familiar with the water from playful cruises performed, now and then, aboard pilot vessels and other craft, when a boy, he now threw down his books and took "like a duck" to salt water.

A few years' experience had made a good sailor of one taking so great an interest in the business, and so quick to learn.

The moment Jack saw Ellen he admired her. They had not been three days at sea ere he was desperately in love with her.

Frequently, on deck and below he would converse with her, always with the respectful manner due to woman.

At length, however, he learned her errand to New Orleans from the captain, who had been informed by Mrs. Wareham.

From that moment he shunned the young girl, and grew strangely sad.

She, wondering at his altered demeanor, was grieved by it, for her artless young heart had been made captive by the many graces of the sailor.

They were three hundred miles south of Cape Hatteras, when the wind blew a hurricane.

Far and near the ocean seemed a mass of boiling, hissing foam over which the spray was driven in tall columns and cloud-like masses.

Meanwhile the brig, upon her beam ends, was scud along with the water bubbling and boiling over both rails. Her masts shook violently, her yards swung and cracked, her timbers groaned as if about to give way, while at every plunge she buried bows and bowsprit.

Scudding along under bare poles, she was drifting dead before the wind, half engulfed in the stormy waters, when the carpenter was seen, with his anxious face, to speak to the captain.

"Rig the pumps," was now the order.

The men obeyed, but they worked in vain. The leak gained, and the captain now gave the order to rig a raft, as the one quarter-boat in his possession, the other having been swept away, was not large enough to hold all abroad.

The raft was being made, when, with a sudden lurch, the brig was borne far under water, where she lay, struggling and wallowing, as if she would never get up.

A great wall of water passed over her, and in a moment the raft was swept into the sea.

The brig righted for an instant, but she was now so thoroughly water-logged that time could not be spared to get another raft in readiness.

Such needful articles as could be hurriedly seized were put in the boat; then the captain gave the order for abandoning the brig.

As by one accord the sailors waited until Mrs. Wareham, Ellen's crippled mother, had first been helped into the boat by Jack Reefer.

We all had entered but Reefer, the boat was so full that it could scarcely hold another. Jack Reefer was still aboard the sinking brig.

"Come! come!" gasped Ellen Wareham, supplicatingly holding out her hands; quick, or you will be lost!" He smiled and drew himself up.

"God help you two, mother and daughter," thought he, "it were fearful if now, when fortune awaits you, you should never live to enjoy its benefits."

He waved his hand to Ellen.

"Good-by! good-by!" he shouted.

At that moment a violent lurch of the brig caused the boat warf to part.

"Jump, sir, jump!" screamed the captain.

"No," answered Jack, resolutely; "there is no room there for me. Another man would swamp the boat."

A heavy sea now carried the boat far away, and the form of gallant Jack, still on the sinking brig, was lost to the view of the spectators, in the driving spray and rack of the tempest.

Two days later, the storm having abated an hour after the boat left the brig, the little craft was in sight of the coast of Georgia.

The castaways were picked up and taken care of by some of the inhabitants of the coast.

A week after Mrs. Wareham and her daughter took passage in another vessel, which, ultimately, carried them safely to New Orleans, where they were soon possessed of the fortune bequeathed to them.

Though surrounded by wealth yet Ellen was very sad.

She read every paper in the hope of hearing something about Jack Reefer—about his having been picked up. But she looked in vain.

One day, crossing a street, she would have been trodden down by a runaway horse but for a strong arm which drew her to one side.

She looked up to thank her preserver, and uttered a cry of joyful surprise on recognizing Reefer.

There he stood, as manly and handsome as ever, his dark eyes beaming love and admiration into her own.

"You will come and see mamma," said Ellen, "that she, too, may thank you for saving my life."

He answered "yes" and they were soon in the stately mansion where Mrs. Wareham now resided.

She was overjoyed to see him, and thanked him warmly for saving her child. Then she asked for an explanation of his escape from the wreck.

"Soon told madam," answered Jack. "A New Orleans steamer picked me up ere I had been six hours on the sinking craft, just in time, too, for she went down a few minutes after I was taken off."

Jack passed a pleasant day with the family, then took his leave. Mrs. Wareham pressing him to call again.

He evaded an answer to the invitation.

Day after day passed, and he did not come. Ellen grew sad and dejected.

She had plenty of suitors now, but she did not care for one of these.

The form and face of the handsome young sailor were ever present to her mind, while she wondered at his protracted absence, which had about it a singular air of mystery.

Several years passed, and still Ellen Wareham, true to the memory of the only man she could love, remained unmarried.

At last she saw him again. He came to the mansion, and to Ellen soon explained the reason of his absence.

He had loved her, he said, from the first moment he saw her.

When he heard, however, that she was the heiress to a large fortune, he resolved to keep away from her as much as possible, fearing that, as he was a poor man, his attentions might be deemed the result of mercenary motives.

This was the reason why he had remained away from her.

He would not propose to her, he would not bind her by any promise, would simply let her act out the promptings of her own heart, while he would endeavor manfully to obtain riches, that, as her equal in this respect, he might propose to her to become his wife without any misconstruction being put on his motives.

He had become rich now, and was not afraid to ask the important question.

Ellen, smiling through her tears, laid her head on his shoulder, and put her little hand in his.

"Ah," she said, "how could you think I would thus mistake your motives. I read your character at once, and that—that," she added, softly, was one reason why I loved you."

They were married, and, in every sense of the word, lived happily together.

As to Mrs. Wareham, although the joy of her marriage had been ruined and blasted forever by the false man in whom she had put her faith, yet it seemed to her as if she could again live over the few blissful days she had known in the happiness of her child.

A FIDDLE GIRL.—The Somerset *Herald* has a letter from Crisfield, Somerset county, Maryland, with an amusing matrimonial story. C. W. Sonder, jeweler of Crisfield, was engaged to marry Miss Annie Cullen, a pretty girl of 18, living near Crisfield, and on Thursday he had procured the marriage license, when, at the father's request for time to consider the matter, the marriage was postponed.

On Thursday last, however, Sonder took his sweetheart out for a drive, she remarking as they started off that they must not go to a minister's, but that they finally did and were married near Westover. Sonder returned his bride to her home and went himself to his hotel at Crisfield, leaving her to explain to her parents. Meanwhile he bought, at her request, a trunk for her trousseau and prepared to take a wedding trip to Baltimore.

The next day, however, when Sonder came to claim his bride she suddenly made the announcement that she "didn't love Sonder—never had loved him," that she had been forced into marriage by threats made while they were riding together; that so far from desiring to be his wife she never cared to see him again.

The general belief is that the old man made up his mind when too late that the match is not a suitable one. Matters stand just so—Sonder is restless and uneasy and the query on every hand is, "What will he do?"

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.—Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, to its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake—we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed and his own way in all things—we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong, he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of those which subdue him. And hence compassion is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant insult and only grow a little pale and quietly reply? This is a man spiritually strong. Did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? To one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who with strong passions remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

TRUTH IS BRIEF.—Anybody can soil the reputation of an individual, however pure and chase, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe and his friends never heard of. A puff of idle wind can sow a million of the seeds of the thistle and do a work of mischief which the husbandman must labor hard and long to undo, the floating particles being too fine to be seen and too light to be stopped. Such are the seeds of slander, so easily sown, so difficult to be gathered up, and yet so pernicious are its fruits. They know that many a wind will catch up the plague and become poisoned by their insinuations, without even seeking the antidote. No reputation can refute a sneer, nor any human skill prevent mischief.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Irish census shows a population of 5,159,839, being a decrease of 252,558 since 1871.

Jacobs, Democratic nominee for Senator to succeed Platt, last week withdrew from the contest and Clarkson N. Potter was nominated in his place.

Col. Cash who killed Shannon in a duel several months ago in South Carolina was last week put on trial a second time and acquitted. On the first trial the Jury could not agree.

A daily paper in the Hebrew language is published in New York city, the *Daily Jewish Gazette*, said to be the only Jewish daily in the world. The paper is enterprising, lively and well edited.

Hugh E. Mullen, a clerk in the distributing department of the post-office of St. Louis, has been held in $5,000 bonds on a charge of purloining money from letters that have been passing through his hands.

It is currently reported that Postmaster-General James said, the other day, that he believed in the employment of young men in the public service, as his experience was that all the successful reformers were young men.

Senator Beck has been to Richmond to consult with the artist Valentine for a statue of the late John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, to be erected in Lexington, Ky. The arrangements are about completed. The statue will cost $12,000.

The returns to the Department of Agriculture show the total increase of area planted in cotton to be less than 1 per cent. over last year. The condition is much lower, being 98 this year, against 99 last year. The acreage of spring wheat is only 96 per cent. of that of last year. Winter wheat is rested at 80 as to condition.

Machines in a watch factory will cut screws with 589 threads to the inch—the finest used in a watch has 260. These threads are invisible to the naked eye, and it takes 144,000 of the screws to make a pound. A pound of them is worth six pounds of pure gold. Lay one upon a piece of white paper and it looks like a tiny steel filing.

The Smithsonian Institute has received from Prof. J. Sharpless, of Haverford College, Pa., and Prof. Lewis Swift, of Rochester, N. Y., the announcement of the discovery of a bright comet, eight degrees southeast of the Capella. It is plainly visible to the naked eye, the nucleus being almost as bright as Venus.

A Michigan girl changed her choice on the morning of her wedding day, and the man who was to have been the bridegroom made no serious objection, except that he demanded a return of the $50 which he had paid for her wedding dress. She hadn't so much money, nor had the bridegroom; but the matter was adjusted by the latter giving his note for the amount.

Edward Thomas, colored, living near Hebron church, Hampton county, Va., was found Tuesday morning on the floor of his house dead, with eighteen buckshot in his back. He was murdered the night previous while kneeling at the fire-place, in the act of kindling a fire. The murderer is unknown, but suspicion points strongly to one of the murdered man's own race as the guilty person.

At the National Temperance Convention which was held in Saratoga last week, among the officers was Mrs. Gov. Jarvis who was made a Vice-President. The Convention was asked to amendment to the Federal constitution forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all brewed fermented or distilled beverages throughout the land and insists that the government make total abstinence a condition of appointment in the public service.

The condition of the Jews in Russia is improving somewhat. In one village in the district of Kieff the peasants have voluntarily compensated the Jews to the extent of 500 roubles for the loss they had suffered, the amount of money, though insignificant, being evidently of a return of humane feeling. Good effect is also expected from orders given by the Metropolitans of Moscow and Kieff to the clergy of those districts to preach against the persecution of the Jews.

A new ballot-box has just been submitted to the French Government. It has two locks, each opening with a different key, and an apparatus which clips a stub or corner from the ticket deposited by the elector, and drops the stub into one part of the box, the ticket going into the other division. Simultaneously the machine registers on a tablet before the voter the number of tickets clipped. The ballots must agree in number with the stubs, and both with the "tell-tale," and the voter sees for himself that his ballot has been cast and taken account of.

In the death of Dr. A. G. Mackey, one of the most eminent of the Masonic craft has passed away. He died at Forress Monroe, Va., on Monday, in the seventy fifth year of age. In the Ancient and Accepted Rite he was Sovereign Grand Inspector General, thirty-three degrees, of the Supreme Council of the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States. He was the senior member of the same, having been admitted to the grade in 1814, and was styled the Dean of the Council. He was perhaps the most prominent Mason in the country, and has written a great many books on matters relating to that order.

A correspondent of the Warren (Va.) Sentinel draws a sad picture of the condition of the grave of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello. It is on the left side and about fifty yards from the road leading from Monticello to Charlottesville, and to reach it one is obliged to crawl through the undergrowth which flourishes undisturbed all about, even up to the edge of the simple stone which covers the grave of the great father of Democracy. An inclosure fifty yards square was originally marked off by an iron fence, but this is in so dilapidated a condition that it offers no obstruction to the ingress of anything wishing to approach.

The successor of the present excellent British Minister at Washington, Sir Edward Thornton, will be Hon. Lionel Sackville West. He is of the same stock that the late Col. W. W. Seaton was, who married Miss Giles, of Raleigh. The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* writes:

"The branch of the West family from which Col. Seaton came emigrated from England to North Carolina. The Hon. Mr. West is in the prime of life, is a bachelor, and is said to be of handsome presence and most agreeable manners. Being a bachelor, he will be more than usually popular, if he come to Washington.—*Wil. Star.*

The New Orleans *Democrat* has fitted up a branch office on a barge, of which the following account is given. It having been towed up the Mississippi river to Memphis, is now floating down to New Orleans again, stopping at all points of interest on the way to gather information concerning the country along the river and for some distance back into the interior. The barge is sixty feet long, with twelve feet width of beam. Its interior accommodations comprise business, editorial and job offices, composing and press rooms, sleeping apartments, dining room, kitchin, and stable for the horses in making land trips back from the river. It is practically a fully equipped newspaper establishment afloat.

A well groomed horse and a country parson generally have shining coats.

Isn't a boy at a well, filling a bucket, an example of the son drawing water.

To gain the applause of the world, needs not worth, but only wealth.

An Indianapolis girl has written a poem about ice-cream, and calls it a "frozen dream." Wait till it thaws inside of you, sis. You will not feel like writing any more poetry, but your general knowledge on the subject of ice-cream will be painfully enlarged.

CHEEK—ITS USE AND ABUSE.—"No, my son, cheek is not better than wisdom; it is not better than modesty; it is not better than anything. Don't listen to the siren who tells you to blow your own horn or it will never be tooted upon. The world is not to be deceived by cheek, and it does search for merit, and when it finds it, merit is rewarded. Cheek never deceives the world, my son. It appears to do so to the cheeky man, but he is the one who is deceived. Do you know one cheeky man, in all your acquaintance, who is not reviled for his cheek the moment his back is turned? Is the world not continually drawing distinctions between cheek and merit? Almost everybody hates a cheeky man, my son. Society tires at the brassy glare of his face, the noisy assumption of his forwardness. The triumphs of cheek are only apparent. He bores his along through the world, and frequently better people give way to him. But so they give way, my boy, for a man with a paint pot in each hand. Not because they respect the man with the paint pot particularly, but because they want to take care of their clothes. You sell goods without it, and your customers won't run and hide in the cellar when they see you coming.—*Burdette.*

THE DARKIE'S REPENTANCE.—Last Saturday night some sinner stole two chickens from the coop of Rev. Aminabed Biedso of Galveston Colored Blue Light Tabernacle, and the next day the reverend gentleman preached a powerful sermon against the sin of stealing chickens and promising everlasting punishment to the man who stole his chickens. Early Monday morning Jim Webster called at the Parson's door with a seared face and some poultry. He said:

"Parson Biedso, dat ar sarmon most scared me to death. I couldn't sleep a wink so I fotched your chickens back."

"I don't keer for the fowls, Jeems, but it pleases me mighty to know dat I am an humble instrument in de hand ob de Almighty to bring sinners to repentance and to cause dem to lead a new life. But look here Jeems, dese chickens ain't de same ones yer stole from me."

"I knows it. Your chickens am done eat up; but your sarmon opened my eyes to de sinfulness ob stealing your chickens, and I felt so bad about it dat the fust thing I did when school was out was to climb ober into Col. Jones' yard and cabbage two ob his fattest pullets to replace the chickens you missed."

ADVICE FOR THE FAIR SEX.—Why are girls so injudicious in their toleration of dissipated young men? It is very often the case that a thoroughly good girl will deliberately marry a man who makes no secret of his bad habits. What can she expect but misery to ensue? A life partnership should not be entered into without at least as much caution as men display in making business combinations for limited periods. No man selects his business partner from among men who drink much liquor or have other bad habits. As for mere manners and the ability to make one's self agreeable, they have not themselves influence enough among men to secure a dollar's worth of credit or to justify any one in believing their possessor on oath. A girl who is not old enough to have learned what are the standards by which men are tested, would be far surer of a happy life if she were to let her parents select a husband in the prosiest manner imaginable, than if she were to make her own selections in a manner peculiar to girls. A life partnership is not easily dissolved.

SILENT INFLUENCE.—We are touching our fellow beings on all sides. They are affected for good or for evil by what we are, by what we say and do, even by what we think and feel. May flowers in the parlor breathe their fragrance through the atmosphere. We are each of us silently saturating the atmosphere about us with the subtle aroma of our character. In the family circle, besides and beyond all the teaching, the daily life of each parent and child mysteriously modifies the life of every person in the household. The same process on a wider scale is going on through the community. No man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. Others are built up and strengthened by our unconscious influence.

GOLDEN MARRIAGE.—Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young people think love belongs only to brown hair and plump, round crimson cheeks. But does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love; with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple and gold, with its hopes or days that are to come. Beautiful, also, is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances and its rainbow gate turned toward Heaven as well as earth.—Theodore Parker.

THE POETRY OF FARMING.—It is in strict accordance with the nature of things that Will Carleton, who has written such sweet ballads of farms, farm life and families, never owned a farm, never lived on one, and never had any wife or family. No man who ever lived and worked on a farm could extract poetry from breaking your back with a scythe, wrenching unruly steers, milking dirty cows with the mercury below zero, picking dead sheep in winter, and sleeping in the barn in summer to get rid of the mosquitoes. There is no poetry about it. I'll have that to any farmer. The only people who can get poetry out of farm life are those who never see it, and the imagination of such would extract an epic from the life of a car driver.

A JERSEY INCIDENT.—Two lovers were out for a morning walk in the leafy aisles of a New Jersey forest. The birds sang blithely upon the boughs, the early sunshine quaffed the dew from grass and petals, and all nature seemed to rejoice like a bride on her wedding-day. The maiden gathered violets, arbutus, and cowslips, while he gathered what he supposed to be a white kitten that had taken refuge in a hollow stump of a long-departed tree. Miserable fate! Strange catastrophe. One unhappy man! Referring to the incident afterward in a letter to a friend the maiden wrote: "If George were boiled for a thousand years in the hot springs of Iceland I don't believe he'd ever smell sweet again."

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