THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. OR MEDICINE for

Dyspepsia, Headache, Jaundice, Costiveness, Camp Dysentery, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Lower Nervousness, Chills, Diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Melancholy or Depression of the Spirits, &c.

Most of the ailments here enumerated have their origin in a diseased liver, which is the most prevalent affection in this country, and as in many cases the patient is not within the reach of a physician, it requires that some remedy should be provided that would not in the least impair the constitution, and yet be as active and safe. That such is the character of the SIMMONS REGULATOR, there can be no doubt, the testimony of thousands will establish.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER

Pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade; is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull heavy sensation. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the foregoing symptoms appear. It is a purely vegetable compound, is not injurious to the most delicate constitution, and will keep the liver in healthy action if used properly.

Persons living in unhealthy localities may avoid all bilious attacks by taking a dose occasionally to keep the liver in healthy action.

REGULATOR For children complaining of colic, headache, or sick stomach, a teaspoonful or more will give relief. Children, as well as adults, eat sometimes too much supper, or eat something which does not digest well, producing sour stomach, heartburn; a good dose will give relief. This applies to persons of all ages.

Many persons, from eating too much, are restless at night, or in day time are fidgety, wool gathering, cannot understand what they read, cannot keep their thoughts on any one subject, so as to reason well, or become fretful. One or two tablespoonfuls will give relief.

JAUNDICE.—Take enough Regular after eating each meal, to produce one full action from the bowels every day.

Pregnant ladies will find sure relief from their headache, costiveness, swimming in the head, colic, sour stomach, restlessness, etc. It is mild and suits them better than more active medicine.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

Buy no powders or prepared SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR unless in our engraved wrapper, with Trade-Mark, Stamp and Signature unbroken.

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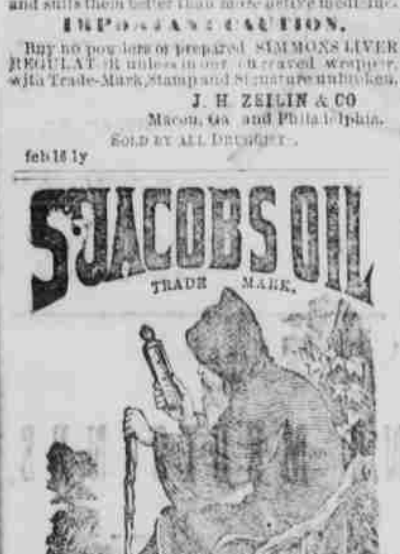

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MY VANISHED PAST.

I will write on the tomb of my vanished past
This is the "nevermore;"
Here lies the sunshine too bright to last,
This was the golden shore.

This was the land of the poet's song,
This was the artist's dream;
Here were the flowers love dwelt among,
Here was life's fairest gleam.

This was a heaven come down below,
And it bore God's smile;
Yet how must the green grass over it grow,
It lived such a little while—

Such a little while, like an island bright,
That has risen from out a sea,
Which on some morrow we and the night
Has changed to a memory.

A memory mine, one that sadly thrills,
And oftimes I scarcely see
That it may again, if it be God's will,
Come back to my life some day.

But it cannot be me. Oh my dead, dead past!
You are silent forever and still!
But the sunset glories that fade so fast
Shall rise over the top of the hill.

And I'll touch the stone with a gentle hand,
And write it over it were fair,
For I think, when I wake in that other land,
Perhaps you will meet me there.

THE HAUNTED WELL.

I am an old farmer, living in the oldest house in Oldtown. The trees about the place are the trees of the primeval forest, I have plenty of farming land beyond their delightful shade, and the only thing new upon the place is my well. We have an ancient well with the old fashioned sweep but no one ever tastes the water there, though it is as cold and clear as crystal.

I suppose the place is worth a great deal. It was valued at fifteen hundred pounds when I bought it years ago. The house is a handsome mansion; the sort of a place a gentleman retiring from business usually buys to end his days in, and city people come to see it and the grounds, and seem to be delighted. Now, when I tell you that I came into Oldtown with exactly one hundred and twenty pounds in pocket, and that I had no idea what I should do when that was spent, you will feel surprised that, six months after I owned this place. But I'll tell you all about it. It was what folks called haunted, and for ten years it had stood vacant. People tried to live there, but were always frightened away. It it had been only the house, that could have been torn down; but nobody would even farm the land on shares.

Twelve years before this, the proprietor had been a jealous old gentleman, who had a young wife whom he would never permit out of his sight, if he could avoid it.

However, she was as sly as he was watchful, and she managed to flirt sufficiently to make herself talked about.

Being very pretty, she set one or two young fellows wild about her and one used to follow her around, making great eyes and sighing desperately like a lover in a play.

The postmistress said he wrote to her, and I suppose he did. And at last news was read through the place that she had run away with him.

He was gone, and she was gone; and the old man came one morning to Lawyer Tantry, and sold his property at a great loss to a man who had wanted it for years—a rich man who liked to have it said that he owned the finest place in Oldtown.

It was plain that the poor old gentleman did not care what became of him, and when he had got the money he wandered away, and was never seen again.

The new proprietor moved up to the great house in state, but at dawn the whole family—servants and all—returned to their old quarters.

What they had seen, or what they had not seen it was hard to tell, but they were nearly all frightened to death. The doctor was sent for for the ladies, and they spoke of the most awful apparitions.

After this the head of the family and the constable spent a day and night there. They held the ground, but those who saw them first knew that they had been well frightened, and the man put the place into the market at once. Lawyer Tantry privately told people that only a coward would have been frightened by rats in an old wall, and he sold it to a city man. Much the same thing happened; but this time the house was not sold again. The city man went elsewhere, and tried in vain to get rid of his bargain. It was let for the summer once, but the people did not stay a week. After a while nobody would farm the ground.

Some said they saw a woman with her throat cut. Some that they saw a man with a wound in his breast. Some both. Voices were heard; hands were felt; and there, when I came to the place the old house stood, with moths and spiders for its only tenants.

I went up and looked at it, and then I talked to Jane. She had not a bit of superstition in her, and she agreed to what I proposed.

I went to old Tantry and offered him twenty-five pounds a year for a four years' lease of the place, the hundred pounds to be paid in one lump.

"After that," said I, "I'll give you four hundred pounds for the property. Wife and I are not afraid of ghosts."

The old lawyer shook his head.

"You say you have met with losses my friend," said he, "and have just one hundred and twenty pounds left? Keep it. You couldn't live in that house one week. *I've* tried it. I'd make a bargain with a rich man but I'm not rascal enough to take a poor man's all."

"I'll risk it," said I. "I do it freely, but the papers must be made out fair and square—four hundred pounds after my four years' lease."

And so I had my way. Jane and I went up to the house one day. I had nineteen pounds in my pockets and a wheelbarrowful of groceries. She carried a broom and a new scrubbing brush. It was a wonderful, grand, dirty old place. We set to work to clean it—to drive out the insects and the rats; and we got some fresh straw to sleep on, for the beds were all mouldering away. That night at nine we lay down with the lamp burning, and went to sleep like two tops, and I think it must have been twelve o'clock or nigh to it when Jane shook me violently. I started up and holding each other's hands we both saw what had frightened her.

A man stood near the bed, a young man with fair hair curling about his temples; his breast was bare and we saw a great bleeding wound there. I had a pistol under my pillow, and I drew it out and looked at him.

"Go, or I fire," I said; "I'm not a fool to be tricked in this way."

Instead of obeying me he slowly moved toward the bed. Jane shrieked and drew the counterpane over her head. I covered him with my pistol.

"One step more and I fire," I said.

He took the step. I fired. A shriek of laughter followed, and there was no one there. I arose and searched the place. Every window was barred, every door locked. I unlocked one of the doors, and entered the adjoining room. A great bed, with a tester canopy, stood there, and upon this lay the figure of a woman, all in white and covered with blood. I rushed toward it, lamp in hand. Again those hollow shrieks or laughter, and nothing but the stained and yellow ticking of an old feather bed lay under the canopy.

"Silas! Silas!" screamed my wife, who had followed me, clinging to my arm. "It is all true. Let us leave this place."

"Jane," said I, it seems to be true that this place is haunted, but we have risked our all on it. The things we have seen have not hurt us, and I propose to drive them away. I'll take you to the village, if you like, and leave you there to board, but here I stay until I beat these ghosts."

"Not alone," said Jane. And she did not leave me.

If you believe me, friend, day and night for three weeks we were haunted as people never were before—faces, voices, hands—in the house and in the field; and worse than all, we grew sick.

I sent for the doctor, who wouldn't come; and we went to him.

"You are poisoned," he said. "What have you eaten or what have you been drinking?"

We thought it over, and told him we knew of nothing harmful, and that we cooked and prepared all of our own food.

"I never knew any one to pass a day at that confounded house you live in without being affected in this way," said he, "even those who did not eat there. Constable Collins says he touched nothing but cold water, and he came near dying."

"It's the well then," said I.

"They used to call it the best well in the country," said the doctor.

"It has a nasty taste now," said I. "I'll beg of my neighbors until I've cleaned it out."

And that day I began. We got better slowly, and I tried to hire farm hands to help me with my well. Not one would be hired. I was weak from sickness, and, to tell the truth, it seemed as if the old boy himself was in the place. I was almost tired of living as I did, and feeling like a maniac; and one day I went down to the well, and sat there, wondering whether it might not be best to give up and go somewhere as farm laborer, when I felt what seemed an icy hand on my head; and, looking up saw my two ghosts, side by side. They were horrible enough I can tell you, and they looked at me and pointed into the well; and then I heard two voices crying:

"Get us out! Get us out! Get us out and bury us! The water is cold, and our wounds are deep. Get us out!"

And the truth came to me, Heaven knows how.

I went over to my neighbor's house, just able to crawl there, and I said to him:

"Mr. Jarvis will you send one of your men to the people they ought to go to and have the police sent up to my place? There's something in my well that ought not to be there."

Well, they came, and I was right. They took out of that well two bodies, rolled up in sheet lead. By bits of jewelry, and things of that sort, they found out that they were the bodies of the young wife of the old proprietor and the young man who used to run after her. The old man had killed them both, but he must have had help to bury them in the leaden coffins. And now people began to remember how two roofers, who had a good deal of this sheet lead on hand, grew suddenly well off, and went from the place about the time the old man sold the estate, and they believed that he had paid them for helping him dispose of the bodies.

They buried them in the graveyard, and Jane and I never saw the ghosts again. The farm land and summer boarders brought me the price I had agreed upon for the place, and I've been a prosperous man ever since. And if you want anyone to tell you a good genuine ghost story, come to me.

PALACHING A MULE OUT OF A STABLE.

Some time ago old Nelson, who for years had been an unsuccessful politician, joined the church, studied for the ministry, and became the pastor of a church. The other day Nelson was arrested on a charge of stealing a mule, and was arraigned for examination by a justice of the peace.

"Boss, said Nelson wiping his eyes on his sleeve, "I's as innocent ob dis crime as Moses hisself."

"You were seen in the stable."

"Yes, sah."

"Then you confess your guilt?"

"No, boss. De fact is dat t'other night arter workin' widout result at a revival, I was gwine home, when I'gun ter git on de ragged edge ob despair. 'What's de use,' I thought, ob hamerin' any longer on de anvil ob sin? De sinners won't harken tar my efforts.' Den I thought dat I'd quit preachin' an' go back ter polyticks. Just den I thought ob de 'junction, 'Go an' preach de gospel to eb'ry libin' creature. De fac' dawned on me in a new light. I had not been preachin' to eb'ry thing. By dis time I had got ter de stable whar a white man keeps his mules. One of de animals cried wid a loud voice, saying' 'Come and preach the gospel.' 'Why not?' I thought, 'de sparrows don't fall widout notice, an' probly dress mules hab got souls ter sabe.' Den I went inter de stable, tuck my text, an' ginter preach. De moon was shinin' an' I could see de tears runnin' outen de eyes ob a big red mule. He fairly snorted in his 'pentence. Den I remembered dat he was de mule dat had kicked de stuffin' outen a teamster durin' de wah. Anoder mule put his head on de troff an' wep' pitiful. A young buck ob a mule what had been asleep at de oder side ob de stable come up an' began to poke fun at de mourners. My preachin' did not hab any 'fluence on him an' I led him out 'tendin' fer to hitch him till after de sermon was ober, but when I got outside a white man grabbed me. Is de eplanation satisfactory, jedge?"

"Perfectly. But I want you to preach a sermon to the grand jury, Nelson; and for fear you might forget the day, we will just send you to jail until the congregation assembles."

COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.—Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent to do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to make a will and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you do not lend him your money.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when convinced he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show that you respect honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you pay for your new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk to being ridiculed by men.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to provide for the entertainment of your friends within your means, not beyond it.

EMPLOYMENT.—The following sentiment was uttered by Daniel Webster in a speech in the United States Senate:

"Sir, I say it is employment that makes the people happy. Sir, the great truth ought to be placed on the title page of every book on political economy intended for America, and such countries as America. It ought to be placed in every farmer's magazine. It should be proclaimed everywhere, notwithstanding what we hear of the usefulness—and I admit of the high usefulness of cheap food—notwithstanding that the great truth should be proclaimed everywhere—should be made into a proverb if it could—that when there is work for the hands and brain there will be work for the teeth. Where there is employment there will be bread. And in a country like our own, above all others, will this truth be good—a country like ours, where, with a great deal of spirit and activity among the masses if they can find employment, there is always willingness for labor. If they can obtain fair compensation for their labor they will have good houses, good clothing, good food, and the means of educating their children from their labor will be cheerfully performed, and they will be a contented and happy people."

LOOK OUT, YOUNG MEN.—When it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proven, what store wants him for a clerk? What church wants him for a member? Who will trust him? What dying man will appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing of business firms, a brilliant ancestry cannot save. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks, he drinks!" When a young man loses his reputation for sobriety, he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are young men here who have their good name as their only capital. Your father has started you out in city life. He could only give you an education. He started you, however, under Christian influences. You have come to the city. You are now achieving your own fortune, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out, young man, that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eyes, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone.

SCANDAL MONGERS.—Bishop Corrigan tells an anecdote of Saint Philip Neri, which ought to have a wide circulation. It is thus:

When Saint Phillip Neri, who is the Patron Saint of Rome, was alive in the flesh there, a certain woman who was very much addicted to the vice of scandal telling went to confession to him. She wore a little woolen handkerchief about her neck, and the good saint told her as a penance for her sin, she should take that handkerchief and part it thread by thread on her way home, and drop the threads in the street as she walked, and on the morrow return to him for further instructions. The streets of Rome have no sidewalks except very few, and people have to walk in the middle of the street; when it is muddy there it is very muddy, and there is no dodging it.

The woman returned to Saint Philip at the time appointed and reported that she had performed the penance laid upon her.

"Now," said her confessor, "go back and pick up the threads again." "But, father," she exclaimed, "that is impossible. They are all trampled in the mud and I cannot do it."

"And yet, my, child," said the good man, "you have been in the habit of picking your neighbors' character and reputation to pieces thread by thread. How are you to restore them when you have thrown the threads in the mud and it is impossible to find them?"

SIGNIFICANT SIGNS.—To call at a friend's house about dinner time and find him absent, is a sign you will be disappointed.

To drop hot sealing-wax on your fingers is a sign you will be angry.

To meet a bolting horse on the pavement implies that you are going to run.

To dream of being run over by fire-engines is often a sign that you have had pork chops for supper.

To pick up money is lucky.

If a man says: "I hardly like to ask you, old fellow, but—" it is a sign he wants to borrow money.

To collide with three consecutive lamp-posts and fall over an apple stall, is a sign you are not a good templar.

To lose money or jewelry is unlucky.

IT WAS AN AWFUL THING TO DO.—A young farmer of Clintondale, Ulster county, became deeply enamored of a young lady, a stranger in the neighborhood, who was temporarily stopping in the village, and, after courting her assiduously for several days, popped the all important question, received "yes for an answer, and insisted on the marriage ceremony being performed the following evening. Accordingly a large number of friends were invited, and the couple were made one by a justice of the peace of the neighborhood. Immediately upon the conclusion of the ceremony the bride was surprised by her gentleman friends, all of whom insisted upon kissing her, greatly to the displeasure of the jealous groom, whereupon she made her escape to an adjoining room, and the bridegroom has not seen her since, or at least has not been able to recognize her. The truth of the matter is that the bride was a pretty boy, and that when he left the room he changed his garments and mingled with the the crowd and enjoyed the fun. The groom will never get over the rather practical joke which his friends played upon him.

WORKING HOURS.—Suppose that a man throw away in every year fifty-two days for Sundays, thirteen days for illness, vacations and interruptions; and suppose that for forty-five consecutive years he works three hundred days a year—a very large average—that would give a man in the mature part of life thirteen thousand five hundred days, he will have one hundred and thirty-five thousand mature working hours. A man who is forty, however, has but ninety thousand hours left; a man who is sixty has so few hours left that I don't want to shock you by mentioning their number. Calculate for yourselves how much time is left you. At the end of one hundred and thirty-five thousand hours the mature working portion of life is ended, and there is no doubt about this proposition. Positively the pulpit knows something on this point. Time moves in a straight line, never in a circle. We say Tuesday comes back to Tuesday, Wednesday to Wednesday, January, to January. The name comes back to the name, but not the thing to the thing. In no circle does time move, but in a straight line, an eagle's flight, forth and right on. The trees stay, but the leaves fall; and you and I are leaves, not trees.

HOME, WIFE, AND SATURDAY.—Happy is the man who has a little home and a little angel in it on Saturday night—a house, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so—no matter how humbly furnished, providing there is hope in it. Let the winds blow—close the curtains. What if they are plain calico, without border, tassel or any such thing. Let the rain come down—heap up the fire. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless yourself with, for what a beautiful light glowing coals make! Rendering cloudless, shedding a sunbeam through the room—just light enough to talk by—not loud, as in the highway; not rapid, as in the hurrying world; but softly, softly whispering, with pauses between, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up with. Then wheel the sofa around by the fire; no matter if the sofa is a settee—uncushioned at that—if so be it is just light enough for two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of silver bells for the time to come falls on the listening heart then! How mournfully swell the chimes of "the days that are no more!"

KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.—You have trouble—your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your family, the things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but when the coals are scattered who can pick them up? Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is under the ground. A cut finger is not benefited by pulling off the plaster and exposing it under somebody's eyes; tie it up and let it alone. It will get well sooner than you can cure it. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered often cure without a scar, but once published and confided to meddling friends there is no end of the trouble they cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient, and when sorrow is healed and passed what a comfort it is to say "No one ever knew it until it was all over."

'TWAS EVER THUS.—"Jennie, my sweetheart I am going to give you a diamond ring to show my love for you, and cause your proud father to relent," said he, and he pressed her hand with fond ardor.

She gazed lovingly, tenderly into his eyes and a world of delight went from her own lustrous orbs and she said: "Oh, do, you are such a darling, and I am sure father will consent," and she leaned her cheek against his'n and let her frizzles go all over his shoulders.

"But, sweetly, do you know what I have got to do in order to accomplish this job? I must give up cards and smoking and gum and cocktails, and it will be very hard."

And she snuggled up a little closer and whispered: "Oh, Charles, you—you are so good." And there they sat, and sat, until the wee sma' hours had been creeping on some time. And so they sat there every night until she got the ring, and then she jilted him.

WHAT IS THE BIBLE LIKE.—It is like a beautiful tree, which bears sweet fruit for those that are hungry, and affords shelter and shade for pilgrims on their way to the kingdom of heaven.

It is like a cabinet of jewels and precious stones, which are not only to be looked at and admired, but used and worn.

It is like a telescope, which brings distant objects and far-off things of the world very near, so that we can see something of their beauty and importance.

It is like a treasure house, a store-house, for all sorts of valuable and useful things, and which are to be had without money and without price.

It is like a deep, broad, calm-flowing river, the banks of which are green and flowery, where birds sing and lambs play, and dear little children are loving and happy.

Conflict between science and wash-basin: "Johnnie, here you are at the breakfast table, and your face is unwashed," said his mother, with a sharp look. "I know it, ma. I saw the animalcule in pa's microscope last night, and I ain't going to have those things crawling all over my face with their funny little legs." "Husband, that boy is too full of applied science to live with." They were unusually proud of him dirty face and all, that morning."

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.—To present a petition is one thing; to prosecute a suit is another. Most prayers answer to the former. But successful prayer corresponds to the latter. God's people frequently lodge their petition in the court of heaven, and there they let it lie. They don't press their suit. *They* do not employ other means of furthering it beyond the presenting of it. The whole of prayer does not consist in taking hold of God. The main thing is holding on. How many are induced by the slightest appearance of repulse to let go, as Jacob did not! I have often been struck with the manner in which petitions to the Legislature are usually concluded—"And your petitioners will ever pray." So men ought to pray to God and never faint. Payson says, "The promise of God is not to the act, but to the habit of prayer."

A BLESSING.—May the blessing of God await thee; may the sun of glory ever shine around thy bed; and may the gates of plenty, honor and happiness be ever open to thee; may no sorrow distress thy days, nor grief disturb thy nights; may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasure of imagination attend thy dreams; and when time makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death closes around thy last sleep of human existence, may the angel of God attend thy bed and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten on its extinction.

OUT ON THE NEXT DEAL.—But I pass, said a minister recently in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. Then I make it spades, yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons.

"Ella, is your father at home?" said a bashful lover to his sweetheart. "I want to propose something to him." "No, Clarence, papa is not at home, but I am. Couldn't you propose to me as well?" And he did, with perfect success.

A Troy lawyer asked a woman on the witness stand her age, and she promptly replied: "I sold milk for you to drink when a baby, and I haven't got my pay yet."

"John," said a teacher, "I'm very sorry to have to punish you." "Then don't. I'll let you off this time," responded John.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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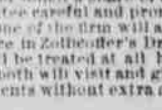

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