THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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The Good the Ill Wind Blew

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

"Nothing could be more unfortunate," said Miss Cynthia.

Mazie agreed dejectedly. "If she had come at any other time."

"She will expect to be entertained," Miss Cynthia chimed in.

Mazie, tying on her veil before the mirror, decided: "We can have some good times with the girls. But there won't be any men, and Constantia can't exist without men."

"Nonsense," said Miss Cynthia. "She'll have to when she comes to Hilton."

Mazie talked the situation over later with Serena Sears.

"You see, I met Constantia at the seashore the summer I went with the Merrills, and I had lovely clothes, and we lived at the best hotels and did everything in the most approved way.

"I told Constantia that when I was at home with Aunt Cynthia I didn't have all the advantages and that my outing with the Merrills was just their farewell treat before they went abroad. But Constantia can't understand what life at Hilton is, and she will expect a gay time."

"Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," said Serena sententiously. "Perhaps she will liven us up a bit."

"Constantia could liven up a nunnery," Mazie told her, "but Hilton is hopeless."

Letters coming from Constantia told of her preparations.

"She is getting lots of pretty clothes," Mazie reported to Serena, "and where is she going to wear them?"

But Serena, true to her name, would not worry. "She will delight our eyes with them," she said. "I haven't seen an up to date gown for so long that I'd rather gaze on it than on a Rembrandt."

The day of Constantia's arrival Mazie put the big old fashioned house in order, while Aunt Cynthia baked delectable things.

Serena Sears came in the afternoon. "If Constantia hasn't the good taste to enjoy this lovely old room and Aunt Cynthia's tea and muffins and cocoanut cake she's a benighted individual," said she.

"But think of Constantia trailing pale blue broadcloth on this old rug!" wailed Mazie.

Mazie walked to the station, but she brought Constantia back in the only cab the town afforded. It was shabby and ramshackle, but the little horse was plump, and so was the driver.

"We feed people and animals well in Hilton," Mazie explained to Constantia. "Eating is our only diversion."

Constantia dimpled. "I think Hilton is dear," she emphasized.

But after they had driven a little way she said suddenly, "Mazie (Langley, I don't believe I have seen a single man since we left the station."

"There aren't any," Mazie informed her. "I warned you. I told you in my letters that Hilton was deadly dull."

Constantia's laugh rippled. "Oh, you goosie," she said, "as if I cared! It will be a rest, if the girls are nice—a sort of bachelor girls' paradise."

Mazie nodded. "There is nothing for men to do in these Hampshire hills," she said, "and except a few merchants and the minister and the doctor there aren't any."

"Well, I wish Bobbie Dwyer could hear that," Constantia murmured.

"Who is Bobbie Dwyer?" Mazie demanded.

"Bobbie," Constantia explained, with elaborate and strangely earnest scornfulness, "is a lord of creation. I was engaged to him until one day he tried to dictate to me! Then, of course, I broke it off and told him there were some worse things than being an old maid, and he flung back at me that he should live single, for he could never trust a woman again, and then I told him that an old maid was happier than a bachelor, and he said if I tried it I'd find out, and, oh, I wish you had heard us!" And in spite of the tragedy of her recital Constantia laughed "And I'm glad there aren't any men here—I hate them!"

Mazie's face glowed. "We will have a lovely time if you feel that way," she said.

Just then the ramshackle cab rounded a curve, and there was the old house, with Aunt Cynthia at the window and the light shining out behind her, and they went in and had tea and muffins and little cakes, and Mazie feasted her eyes on the picture Constantia made in her modish gown.

The next day Serena Sears came over.

"Mazie told me how pretty you were," she said quaintly, "and I told her I'd rather see you than a picture but you are better than a whole art gallery."

And that afternoon a lot of girls came, pretty and fluttering creatures who hung about Constantia admiringly.

"I love girls," she said when they had gone away.

That night more girls came, and in the afternoon there was a girls' tea, and at night a feminine galaxy came over and sat around the fire and popped corn and sang college songs.

When Constantia and Mazie went to bed that night the pretty guest remarked, "I love girls," but her voice lacked eager enthusiasm.

Several days later Serena Sears gave a dance.

"Of course there won't be any men," she said, "but we can all dress up and dance with each other, and the girls are crazy to see that white chiffon of yours, Constantia."

But when Constantia was arrayed in all her glory she surveyed herself thoughtfully in the mirror. "It seems a bit wasted," she murmured. "Bobbie always liked me in white."

The dance was not a great success. It lacked something, and that something Constantia said equivocally was men.

In the days that followed the girls still fluttered and admired, but Constantia looked at them with speculative eyes.

"It's a pity," she said over the teacups to Mazie, "that so many lovely girls should not marry."

"I thought old maidism was the happiest state," Mazie ventured.

"Of course for me," Constantia said hastily, "but for you and Serena and the others—oh, you ought to meet some nice men"—

And all that evening she was dreamy, and before she went to bed she wrote a letter.

Then she planned to give a cotillon before she left town.

"I will have the favors and refreshments sent out from the city," she said. "Everybody here has been so kind that I want to be hostess before I go."

Aunt Cynthia was induced to consent, and the girls of Hilton got out their best gowns.

When the caterer came with his host of assistants Aunt Cynthia sought Constantia in a great state of excitement. "You have ordered far too much," she said.

There was a faraway look in Constantia's eyes. "They will eat it up," she promised.

"But girls have such delicate appetites," Aunt Cynthia protested.

"Oh, girls!" Constantia murmured and dropped the subject.

But when she came downstairs to greet her guests she was so radiantly beautiful in pink and silver, with her eyes like stars, that Mazie caught her breath as she looked at her.

"Constantia!" she cried. "What has happened?"

Just then from without came the "honk-honk" of a motor horn, which was echoed by another and another, and as Mazie flung open the door, with the bevy of pretty girls behind her, there rolled up to the step a big red car in which were half a dozen radiant youths, and in the second car and in the third and the fourth, so that in all there were twenty-four men to match the twenty-four girls that Constantia had invited.

"I told Bobbie to bring them," Constantia said as she made the introductions, and when they had all danced away together she said to Bobbie Dwyer, who was hanging over her adoringly, "Men have their place—at a dance."

"How about husbands?" he demanded very promptly and authoritatively.

Constantia dropped her lashes over her happy eyes. "Oh, well," she capitulated, "I should hate to condemn you to bachelorhood, Bobbie, dear!"

But it was Serena who summed things up when three months later half a dozen engagements were announced in Hilton, among them Mazie's and her own.

"I told you the ill wind would blow some good," she said. "It blew Cupid into Hilton with Constantia."

Tale of a Car Ticket.

There was a goodly proportion of young men in the Sixteenth street car when she got in. It was a car with seats running longwise, so that the doubly blessed youths on the opposite side of the car could gaze to their hearts' content. And gaze they did, for never did car carry lovelier freight. Unaware that her advent in the car had changed the heart action of any of its passengers, her glorious brown eyes glanced serenely along the palpitating line of masculinity opposite as she tore a ticket from her strip and placed it between her rosebud lips while she replaced the strip in her tiny purse. Lucky ticket!

The enraptured young man nearest the door would have parted with a five spot to possess that equivalent of four and one-sixth cents. But here comes the strangest part. The conductor also noticed this most delectable resting place of milady's car ticket. And the conductor was young and not half bad looking, and the conductor was also smitten. A tiny hand reached up to the distracting mouth and, removing the ticket, handed it to the conductor. It is said that he blushed. Certain it is that he took the fare tenderly between two fingers and glanced at it pensively. Then—and the young man nearest the door is ready to swear to it—he deposited it carefully in an inside pocket, far removed from the storing place of all common tickets. And the question is, What did he do with it?—Pittsburg Press.

In a Perfume Factory.

Musk is perhaps the most valuable and delightful of all perfumes, yet the refiner as he opens the musk pods must wear thick cloths over mouth and nostrils, so repulsive is the odor that the pods emit. Indeed, this odor, inhaled for any length of time, causes nosebleed. Civet, karagulluc and ambergris have in small quantities a delicious perfume, but in large quantities they smell so abominable as to give the worker nausea. The hawthorn blossom is delicately sweet, and perfumers prize it highly, yet a roomful of hawthorn blossoms smells like a charnel house. This, too, is true of the tuberose.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Time to End the Courtship.

"Mandy," said the lovesick Hiram as he twitched the wax flowers nervously, "won't you be mine?" I swan, it feels like my heart is coming through."

"Gracious," exclaimed Mandy apprehensively, "I reckon I'll have to. Not only your heart is coming through, but we have been courting so long two of the sofa springs are coming through."—Chicago News.

He—Does your father know that I am the light of your life?

She—Oh, yes; he said to be sure to put you out at 10 o'clock.

Diner—Here, waiter, this egg isn't half cooked.

The Waiter—Well, you didn't want it half cooked, did you?

"What makes you say that your late uncle was eccentric?"

"Didn't he cut me off in his will?"—Detroit Free Press.

Sambo—Hello, Rastus! Whar is you gwine? Rastus—I ain't a gwine nowhar. I's jes' been whar I's gwine.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Ominous Outlook.

"Well, anything new lately?" inquired the just arrived washing machine agent as he hopped on to the porch of the Skeedee tavern.

"Well, no, not worth mentioning, I guess," replied the landlord. "Things is kinda slow just now, and— But, ho, come to think, three people were bit by a pet squirrel last week, and considerable fear is expressed that they may go nutty."—Puck.

A Cold.

I habe a godd. By head feeds dike
A baked botato udderdode.
I caddod shedd a sigde ddig,
Add dife, I tedd you, is d't fud.
By dasad bassages are stobbed,
I bdow add bdow add bdow add bdow,
Add stidd I caddot harddy breadde—
It geds bodotodus, you kdow.

I habe a godd. Each friedd I beet
Adbises sobe dew ddigg to do,
Except dde Christiad Sciedt'st,
Who takes of dife a roseate biew.
I wish I fedt id was d't ddere,
Id bakes be feed so dudd add odd,
To be ddis way, bud I widd swear
By add dde gods I habe a godd!
—Somerville Journal.

Favored by Fate.

"Did the Sawyer girls have a good time on their trip to Bermuda?"

"Yes. They had an unusually lovely time."

"How was that?"

"Their chaperon missed the boat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Sighing Swain.

They say that germs lurk in a kiss
To mingle danger with the bliss.
Try to kiss Molly, though, and you'll
Not catch the smallest molecule.

She will decline the kiss in terms
That never even mention germs.
Pray tell me, sage of cult and school,
What molecule makes Molly cool?
—Chicago Post.

The Inevitable Consideration.

"What's dis talk of a free breakfast table?" asked Meandering Mike.

"It's another political dream," answered Plodding Pete. "It's something dat'll never happen as long as dere's wood to be chopped."—Washington Star.

Slightly Mixed.

It was the final day of school,
And the friends of Willie Wise
Were out in force, expecting to
See Willie swipe the prize.

When Willie stood up to recite
He said, with outstretched hands,
"Under the spreading blacksmith tree
The village chestnut stands."
—Chicago News.

Up In That Direction.

"Dreemer says he lives up in the clouds."

"That's pretty nearly true. He lives on the top floor of a mighty tall lodging house."—Kansas City Times.

Father Goose.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He jumped into a mining scheme
Up to his very eyes.
And when he found that he was "out"
With all his might and mind
He jumped out of the scheme again,
But left his pile behind.
—Minneapolis Journal.

Can't Grow Two Crops at Once.

"The trouble with a lot of long haired geniuses," Mr. Taukaway says, "is that the insides of their heads never produce as well as the outsides do."—Kansas City Times.

Growl From Disgruntled Suburbanite.

Whene'er you step aside to let
Some dame precede you through the gate
Your train is just about to leave,
And you're just half a second late.
—Bohemian Magazine.

Wished He'd Been Forgotten.

"Did your uncle remember you in his will?"

"Yes. He directed his executors to collect all the loans he had made me."—Boston Transcript.

Not a Man at All.

"Hoot, man! Hoot, man!" the Scotchman cried
To an owl perched by the old roadside,
And the owl looked up with ruffled head.
"How dare you? I'm a lady owl!" it said.
—Chicago News.

Still at the Bank.

Mrs. Banker—John, do you know anything about the balance of power?

Banker—No, I don't. Who is Power?—Lippincott's Magazine.

Plays and Novels.

The naughty literature we see
Has left us apprehensive
That "raw" material may be
Too raw and yet expensive.
—Washington Star.

Paradoxical.

Myer—The new baker seems to be an industrious chap.

Gyer—Ye; he's a great loafer.—San Francisco Examiner.

Even So.

The piano is a moral thing,
Viewed in whatever light,
For, even if it isn't square,
It's sure to be upright.
—Detroit Tribune.

Unpardonable.

Professor—What was Nero's great crime?

Bright Pupil—He played the fiddle.—Chicago News.

An Exception.

How fleeting are all things below,
How weak each strong endeavor,
For men will come and men will go,
But Weston walks forever.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Noblest Work.

Pat—Is Kelly honest?

Mike—Is he? Sure, he's so honest he niver kin tell when he's lying.—Puck.

Old.

"We've had that chair for many years," She said. I ran my thumb
Beneath the seat, and, lo, I found
Her grandma's chewing gum!

The State and the Individual.

The state may make it easy for a man to acquire a small holding, but it cannot give the man the energy, the industry, which are necessary if the boon is to be an abiding blessing to him. The state may help men over bad times, but it cannot give men the moral character which enables those who possess it by their energy, determination, industry, to place themselves beyond the reach of temporary disaster.—London Strand Magazine.

Guns of Great Power.

Washington, D. C., July 19—Rear-Admiral Newton E. Mason, chief of ordnance of the navy, will expend $13,000 on the naval proving grounds at Indian Head to fit them for testing the 14-inch guns now being made at the Washington Navy Yard.

Should the navy adopt these guns the Dreadnaughts now building will have a far heavier armament than their British rivals. Ten 14-inch guns, all mounted on the centre line of a battleship, would make the most formidable battery ever floated.

The army, too, is experimenting with 14-inch guns. The army guns are of two types, the ordinary cast-steel type and wire wound.

The steel for these guns has been put through a new and secret process, the discovery of a naval officer, that will give it a hardness never before equalled. With the new process, in the words of one naval officer, who is in close touch with the work, "the Krupp steel will look like iron by comparison."

This Will Interest You.

Everyone would be benefitted by taking Foley's Orino Laxative for stomach and liver trouble and habitual constipation. It sweetens the stomach and breath, gently stimulates the liver and regulates the bowels and is much superior to pills and ordinary laxatives. Why not try Foley's Orino Laxative today? Graham Drug Co.

North Carolina Patents.

Granted this week. Reported by C. A. Snow & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., J. L. Patterson, Roanoke Rapids, Fabric.—R. Pitt, Pinetops, Door-stop or securer.—For copy of any of above patents send ten cents in postage stamps with date of this paper to C. A. Snow & Co., Washington, D. C.

Tortured On A Horse.

"For ten years I couldn't ride a horse without being in torture from piles," writes L. S. Napier, of Rugless, Ky., "when all doctors and other remedies failed. Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me." Infalliable for Piles, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Boils, Fever-Sores, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Corns, 25c. Guaranteed by Graham Drug Co.

The automobile manufacturers seem to be sure that we are facing another period of great prosperity. They are building 200,000 motor cars and are satisfied that this country will next year spend $200,000,000 for automobiles.—Wilmington Star.

The Crime of Idleness.

Idleness means trouble for any one. Its the same with a lazy liver. It causes constipation, headache, jaundice, sallow complexion, pimples and blotches, loss of appetite, nausea, but Dr. King's New Life Pills soon banish liver troubles and build up your health. 25c. Graham Drug Co.

Michael Anderson, steward of the Aragon Hotel, Atlanta, Ga., was shot and seriously wounded in the hotel Tuesday afternoon by William White, a traveling man, who with his wife was a guest at the Aragon. Mr. and Mrs. White were taken to the police station and Anderson to a hospital. The shooting it is said, involved Mrs. White. She wrote Anderson a note of sympathy after the occurrence.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box 25c.

The Empire Reservoir, 28 miles west of Fort Morgan, Col., containing more than a billion cubic feet of water and irrigating 40,000 acres of land in Morgan and Weld counties, broke the retaining walls Monday. The deluge cut a swath half a mile wide through the richest farming lands in that region, inflicting damage estimated at $500,000. No lives were lost. The reservoir is the main source of water supply for irrigation in this section.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Rival of Mammoth Cave.

Denver, Col., July 22.—Great caves larger than the far-famed caves of Kentucky with chasms and vaulted chambers in which an office building could be stowed away and surrounded by ancient and mysterious ruins never before visited by white men, have just been discovered by Prof. Edgar L. Hewitt, the archaoelogist, in the northeastern part of Arizona.

The caves have long been told of by Indians, but white men doubted their existence until a Navajoe guide lead Professor Hewitt to them. He says the caves, ruins, and natural bridges were found without difficulty and exactly as the Indian legend had described them. Some of the caverns he and the guide visited were large enough to contain the Singer building and others contained curious formations unlike anything he had ever seen. Several natural bridges between hills in the vicinity were so large as to make the rock bridges of Utah and Virginia puny by comparison. The ruins contain relics, household articles and remains of a race of which archaeologists have been in ignorance.

Cured Hay Fever and Summer Cold.

A. S. Nusbaum, Batesville, Indiana, writes: "Last year I suffered three months with a summer cold so distressing that it interfered with my business. I had many of the symptoms of hay fever, and a doctor's prescription did not reach my case, and I took several medicines which seemed only to aggravate it. Fortunately I insisted upon having Foley's Honey and Tar. It quickly cured me. My wife has since used it." Foleys Honey and Tar with the same success." For chronic coughs and lung trouble it has no equal. Refuse substitutes. Graham Drug Co.

As a result of the anti-trust suits recently brought by Attorner General Sterling, of Mississippi, against the Retail Lumber Dealers' Association of Mississippi and Louisiana, 15 out of the 73 concerns made defendants to the suits have compromised with the State. They have promised to pay $800 to the State Treasurer upon a decree being rendered against them and withdraw their appeals to the United States Supreme Court in the original suit.

No matter how long you have suffered, Foley's Kidney Remedy will help you. Mrs. S. L. Bowen, of Wayne, W. Va., writes: I was a sufferer from kidney disease, so that at times I could not get out of bed, and when I did I could not stand straight. I took Foley's Kidney Remedy. One dollar bottle and part of the second cured me entirely." It will cure you, as it has restored health and strength to thousands. Graham Drug Co.

For the immense contract of printing and supplying to the Postoffice Department 3,600,000,000 United States postal cards during the four years beginning January 1 next, only three bidders have submitted proposals to Postmaster General Hitchcock. The Postmaster General hopes to improve the postal cards by changing the printing and possibly the color of the paper, so that they will compare favorably with the cards of European countries. The contract, which involves $800,000, will call for the delivery of 75,000,000 cards each month.

Scared With A Hot Iron

or scalded by overturned kettle—cut with a knife—bruised by slammed door—injured by gun or in any other way—the thing needed at once is Bucklen's Arnica Salve to subdue inflammation and kill the pain. It's earth's supreme healer, infallible for Boils, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Eczema and Piles. 25c Graham Drug Co.

The Rowan Fair Association has been incorporated by John S. Henderson, T. H. Vanderford and others, with an authorized capital of $25,000.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder Disease relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

Advertise in THE GLEANER.

Peach Trees That Bear All The Summer.

Newton Enterprise.

The ever-bearing peach tree is a reality. We have in our office a branch of a tree left by Mr. Alphonso Hildebrand, one of the most successful fruit growers of the county. On one twig is a large ripe peach, about the size of an orange; on another is a half-grown peach and a fourth grown one. The tree brings forth fruit after the manner of the fig, throughout the summer, and, Mr. Hildebrand tells us, is very full this year.

'Twas a Glorious Victory.

There's rejoicing in Fedora, Tenn. A man's life has been saved, and now Dr. King's New Discovery is the talk of the town for curing C. V. Pepper of deadly lung hemorrhages. "I could not work nor get about," he writes, "and the doctors did me no good, but, after using Dr. King's New Discovery three weeks I feel like a man, and can do good work again." For weak, sore or diseased lungs, Coughs and Colds, Hemorrhages, Hay Fever, La-Grippe, Asthma or any Bronchial affection it stands unrivaled. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Graham Drug Co.

Thos. H. Cannon committed suicide at his boarding house in Concord Wednesday night by cutting his throat with a razor. He was in bad health and had threatened to take his life. He was about 55 years old and is survived by a wife and daughter. He was formerly a prominent man of Spartanburg, S. C.

Washington's Plague Spots

lie in the low, marshy bottoms of the Potomac, the breeding ground of malaria germs. These germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility and bring suffering or death to thousands yearly. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles." They are the best all-round tonic and cure for malarial, I ever used," writes R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. They cure Stomach Liver, Kidney and Blood Troubles and will prevent Typhoid. Try them, 50c. Guaranteed by Graham Drug Co.

The Wilkesboro Chronicle says a little child of Mrs. Prevett fell a distance of about 28 feet, from the third story of the Smithey hotel, last Saturday and almost miraculously escaped death. It fell on the side of its face and its nose was broken and face bruised severely, but the doctor thinks it will recover.

To relieve constipation, clean out the bowels, tone and strengthen the digestive organs, put them in a natural condition with Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, the most reliable tonic for thirty years. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Graham Drug Co.

The Post says that a $15,000 school building is to be erected at Misenhelmer, Stanley county, by the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and that Mr. A. R. Lazenby, of Salisbury, has been awarded the contract for the building.

Tortoise Shell.

What is called tortoise shell is not the bony covering or shield of the turtle, but only the scales which cover it. These are thirteen in number, eight of them flat and five a little curved. A large turtle affords about eight pounds of them, the plates varying from a quarter of an inch to an inch in thickness.

Air In Caves.

Certain caves have been reported as maintaining a uniform temperature, summer and winter, of 54 degrees F. They may be said to breathe twice a year—inhaling during the winter and exhaling during the summer.

District of Columbia.

The District of Columbia comprises an area of 69,245 square miles. The government consists of two civilian commissioners appointed by the president and confirmed by the senate and one army engineer officer, detailed by the secretary of war, the three constituting the board of commissioners for three years.

Poetically Put.

"We'd begun to think it would never come to anything," Mrs. Dove said frankly, "for Sister Sue is forty and Mr. Jenkins is forty-nine.

"But they're married at last, and the funny part of it is that they seem as happy as if they hadn't been—well, what we used to call courting for seventeen years."

"Ah, a romance of the middle ages!" Mrs. Dove's caller politely observed.

Children teething often suffer from Cholera Infantum, Diarrhoea or some form of Bowel Complaint. Dr. Seth Arnold's Balsam is the best remedy. Warranted by Graham Drug Co.

Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

Remember Headaches

This time of the year are signals of warning. Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may save you a spell of fever. It will regulate your bowels, set your liver right, and cure your indigestion.
A good Tonic.
An honest medicine

Taraxacum Co. MEBANE, N. C.

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The Charlotte Observer

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