# "Blight"

costs cotton planters more than five million dollars annually. This is an enormous waste, and can be prevented. Practical experiments at Alabama Experiment Station show conclusively that the use of

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will prevent that dreaded plant disease.

All about Potash—the results of its use by actual ex-periment on the best farms in the United States—is told in a little book which we publish and will gladly mail free to any farmer in America who will write for it. GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York,

nov 6 W6m THE HOUR OF COMFORT.

He chose this path for thee. No feeble chance, nor hard, relentless But love, his love, hath placed thy foot-

steps here: He knew the way was rough and deso-Knew how the heart would often sink Yet tenderly he whispered, "Child, I

This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for thee. Though well he knew sharp thorns would tear thy feet. Knew how brambles would obstruct the

Knew all the hidden dangers thou Knew how thy faith would falter day And still the whisper echoed, "Yes, I

This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for thee. E'en while he knew the fearful midnight Thy timid, shrigking soul must travel through. How towering rocks would often before

And phantoms gim would meet thy frightened view: Still comes the whisper, "My beloved, I see.

This path is best for thee." He chose this path for thee.

What needs thou more? This sweeter truth to know. That all along these strange, bewildering ways. O'er rocky steeps, and where dark rivers

His loving arms shall bear thee "all the davs. A few steps more and thou thyself shalt

This path is best for thee. SUNDAY SELECTIONS.

- Humility is the beauty of holi-- Christ has made luminous the valley of the shadow of death; and to his

tollower he makes it true that "he shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." - The St. Louis Christian Advo. cate save that 16 to 1, so far as the church is concerned, means: "Sixteen men loaf-

ing on the streets, talking polities on praver meeting evening to one found at | Giglio. the prayer meeting. - Selfish children are neither pleasant to see nor know. The most of us are selfish by nature, and unless we are taught better, remain so all through

life: Uaselfishness is a lesson we cannot teach too early. - Womankind. - To him who fights for God there can be no defeat. He has not only all power on his side, but all time. A discouragement is as much a step toward victory as an encouragement. For

"all things work together" for workers - One of the most disagreeable things which we have to do in this life is to listen to an acquaintance or friend whose spirit'is soured and whose greatest joy is to pour into our ears "the sad

tale of all his cares." On the other hand, what a joy and inspiration it is to meet even for a few moments a sunny | that I was allowed to have. nature/ musical with the ou:flow of brave and hopeful words, thoughts and fee 185 .- Greensboro Christian Advo-- As you tarry before God let it in a deep, quiet faith in him, the In-

risible One, who is so near, so hely, so mighty so loving. In a deep restful faith, too, that all the blessings and powers of the beavenly life are around you and in you. Just yield yourself in the faith of a perfect trust to the ever blessed Holy Trinity to work out all God's purpose in you. Begin each day thus in fellowship with God and God will be all in all to you.-Andrew Mur-

Almost 2 Distracted



ID YOU EVER suffer from real neryous ess? When every nerve seemed to quer with a peculiar, creepy de, first frome place, and then another seemet finally to concentrate in a writhing jumble in the brain, and you become initiable, fetful and peevish; to be followed by an inpotent, weakened condition of the nerve centers, ringing in the ears, and peopless, discrable nights?

Dr. Miles' Mrs. Eugene Searles, Nervine\ hat, Ind., says: "Ner-Restores von troubles had made me vearly insane and Health.... physicans were unable was almost gone and cvery little thing worried me until I was almost distracted. I really feared I was becoming a maniac. I imagined all sorts of evil things and would cry over nothing. I commence taking Dr.
Miles' Restorative Nervine and our bottles
of this wonderful remedy complicity cured
me, and I am as well now as I eve was."

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on trarantee, first bottle will benefit or money efunded. Dr. Miles' NERVE PLASTERS cure EXEUMA-TIEM, WEAK BACKS At druggists, 227 25c. No morphine or opium in Dr. Miles' PAs PILLS Cura All Pain. "One cent a done." For sale by all Druggists, Inne 15 1v as to th



## The Meekly Star.

MOVE'S CRYPTOGRAM. [The author, if he can be so styled, awoke from a restless sleep with the first stanza of the following piece in his mind. He has no memory of composing it, either swake or asleep. He has long known the perhaps Pyth agorean fable of the bean juice, but certain ly never thought of applying it to an amorous correspondence. The remaining verses are the contribution of his conscious self]:

I cannot write, I may not write, But look on the face of the moon by night, And my letters shalt thou see, For every letter that lovers write By their lovers on the moon is seen
If they pen their thought on the paper white
With the magic juice of the bean.

Oh! I had written this many a year,
And my letters you had read.
Had you only told me the spell, my dear, Ere ever we twain were wed! But I have a lady, and you have a lord, And their eyes are of the green, And we dared not trust to the written word Lest our long, long love be seen.

"Oh! every thought that your heart has thought Since the world came us between The birds of the air to my heart have brought With no word heard or seen." Twaq thus in a dream we spoke and said, Myself and my love unseen,
But I woke and sighed on my weary bed
For the spell of the juice of the bean.
—Andrew Lang in Scribner's.

## GRAY DAYS AND BLUE

It was a long time ago. I was only a little child then, and I wondered at the frightened faces of the servants-they looked almost white-as I came running into the breakfast room that morning. I was very happy. It was early summer, and already the little buds were out on the big yellow jasmine vine and would soon be hanging in great clusters, making the air smell like paradise, I thought, and soon the

near, looking like the rings that grandmamma used to wear. There was no one in the room but old Nelson and the young butler, to whom he was saying: "He done gone way, I tell you. Old miss won't never see him again, she say. She's took to her bed and I specks she won't get up no mo'." Seeing me.

humming birds would be fluttering

he stopped. "Who's gone away, Nelson, and why has grandmamma gone to bed early in the morning?" I asked imperiously.

"Your Uncle Moultrie, honey. De Yankees is marching down here pretty fast."

My heart stopped beating - at least; I thought so afterward, when I recalled the scene and remembered how faint I felt, and how Nelson caught me and put me on the sofa. Uncle Moultrie gone, my beloved soldier uncle, my devoted slave, my ideal knight and daily companion on horseback, grandmamma in bed, the Yankees coming! Here were more horrors than I had dreamed of, even when following the hapless Babes in the Woods through their trials. the young Marooners on their perilous way, or my favorite Betsinda and the changeful fortunes of Prince

"And will they come here, Nelson, to Bel Air?" I gasped. "I dunno. Miss Claude specks they will. They's after horses and

jewelry, I hear.' The door opened, and Aunt Alice in her white frock, with pink roses in her belt, came in. She, too, was deathly pale and almost seemed to

"Uncle Moultrie has gone, Lady Bird," she said, kissing me, "and grandmamma is not coming to breakfast today."

Aunt Alice could scarcely taste her breakfast, and for the first time in my life I could not eat my portion of fresh figs, although Nelson had given me twice as many as he knew

The days passed with a hideous dread and endless weariness. I was only allowed to see grandmamma for a few minutes at a time. Aunt Alice scarcely ever left her, and l was lost without Uncle Moultrie. I was kept very busy for a time packing and repacking a basket with my doll's most valuable clothes and my most precious treasures. Then I made Nelson's son, the only one agile enough for my purpose whom I dared trust with my secret, climb the leafiest tree and tie it in the branches quite out of sight, but many times was he obliged to stop cleaning the silver to fetch the basket, so that some treasured shell or

forgotten toy should be safely hidden within. So many days passed. At lastand it was almost a relief—we heard the distant sound of cannon and saw the scattered troops of men hurrying

by. The avenue was soon full of them, many of them hatless, they and their horses panic stricken, rushing up to get food. All day long we were doling it out to them- perhaps their last meal, poor fellows. We soon knew that the battle had gone against us, but where Uncle Moultrie was no one could tell us.

Then came the dull tread of feet, and the northern army defiled by with unbroken ranks. The avenue gate was thrown open, and we saw the officers on their fine horses approach. Aunt Allie was as white as her gown, only there were no pink roses in her cheeks like those she wore in her belt. She stood on the broad piazza as the officers rode up, and I stood by her, behind. Nelson and the house servants were gathered, looking so frightened and trembling. Aunt Alice was trembling too, only she stood up so proudly that I tried to look like her and

make myself as tall as I could. The officers gave her a salute. She bowed, but as they did not speak she said, just in the same way that Uncle Moultrie always did, "Gentlemen, will you alight?" They hesitated for a moment. Then they sprang down, and turning to Nelson she said, "Send a boy to hold the

horses." The colonel then said that he was sorry to perform a very painful duty. but he knew that Colonel Moultrie had been at home lately, and as he was known to be in the confidence of the government the house must

be searched. Aunt Allie tried to look brave as she said, "I am glad to feel that we are in the hands of gentlemen." She led the way into the big hall and with a strange kind of smile said, "Gentlemen, I offer you the hospitality of Bel Air." The colonel





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Deposits made by April 1st begin to bear interest on that day at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

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### STATEMENT ATLANTIC NATIONAL BANK, WILMINGTON, N. C. At the close of Business March 9th, 1897, Condensed from Report to Comptroller

RESOURCES. ..... \$560,812 57 2 95 
 Overdrafts
 2 95

 U. S. 4 per cent. Bonds (at par)
 50,000 00

 Banking House and Fixtures
 10,00 00

 Due from other Banks
 150,975 31

 Cash on hand
 78,482 45—224,407 76

DIRECTORS:-J. W. Norwood, W. E. Springer. D. L. Gore, C. W. Worth S. P. McNair, E. J. Powers, Sam'l Bear, Jr., H. L. Vollers, W. C. Coker, Jr. P. L. Bridgers, G. A. Norwood, Greenvile, S. C. New York correspondent, Chemical National Bank,

### BUSINESS LOCALS.

Notices For Kent or Sale, Lost and Found Wants, and other short miscellaneous advertisements inserted in this Department, in leaded Nonparell type, on first or fourth page, at Publisher's opion, for I cent per word each insertion; but no advertisement taken for less than 20 cents. Terms positively cash in advance.

A few more Boarders can be accommodated at 315 Scu h Third street. Mrs. L. W. Sneed. mar 28 11 wanted-Two or three comfo tably furni hed Rooms; private family preferred; only spectabe parties need answer. Refe ences given if required Adfre v. Mrs. C. Barker, Wi ming on, N. C. mar 28 1t\* For Regt from April 1st-A Two-story House

with 9 rooms, including bath ro m, on Wa nut street betw en Fourth and F.fth, No. 406 Ap ly to J. F. Rulfs, c rner of Fourth and Walnut streets. Plants for sale-Tomato, Cabbage, Egg Plant,

Parsley, Pepper, Parsy, Tubero es, Chrysanthenums Expect a large consignment of young Roses and other plants by Wednesday. If in need of any call at 104 South Front street. W. J. K rkham. Thave Slips of Jersey Sweet Potato at \$1 50 a bar-

rel. Tube R se and Dahlia Bubs at 25 cents a dozen, H. R. Newbury, Magnolis, N. C. mar 18 5t\* 18 v1 25 28 ap 4

Ryesight is priceless. Den't reglect it, Who need go without Speciacles of a fine quality at the low pr ce I fit them? I have the finest of Lenses in any style of frames, gold, nickel, aluminum, etc. To those who purchase no charge for testing and fi ting. I have best of references. Am located at 517 Princess street. Dr. Childs, Optician. Come and see me.

Call No. 346 Bell Telephone when in need of Fine andies manufactured daily. Fresh Fruit received by every steamer. "Jamaica Bacanas" a specialty this week. My "Ice Cream" parlor is now open Andrew Mavronichols, 705 North Fourth street.

At N. Paul's, 204 Prince:s street you can obtain the best of Cand, Fruit, etc., at the lowest price. Ice Cream Parlors open every night, and after June lst open all night. Call Bell 'Phone 342 and your wants will be supplied.

Hay-Timothy Hay, mixed Clover hay, Prairie Hay, Straw, Grain and all kinds of mixed feed for horses and cattle. Jno. S. McEachern , 211 Mar-L. K. Williams, 128 Market street, does first-class Laundry. Many people prefer Chinese laundry to any other. Try him. Shirts 10c, Collars 2c,

Cuffs 2c. Satis action guaranteed. mar 10 tf M. C. Benson, No 5 South Water street, makes a specialty of Beef Cattle, Mutton and Milk Cows. Consignments of country produce solicited. Seven years experience. Give me a trial. mar 6 tf

Haydon, P. H .. nas in stock buggles, road Carts and harness of all kinds. Repairing done by skillful workmen on short notice. Opposite new

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where LOPK IN OUR WIND W is passing.

Kee Frotectors for the little Boys are selling far Great bargains in RUBBERS. Come and see,

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successors to H. C. Evans.

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IRISH EATING POTATOES SWEET POTATOES and

Early Rose Seed Potatoes few barrels choice Houlton Rose left. Order ear before they are gone.

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50 Barrels MOLASSES, 100 Barrels MULLETS.

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200 Boxes TOBACCO.

all grades. SAM'L BEAR, Sr.,

# Water Ground Meal.

000 Bushels Virginia Meal. .000 Barrels and Bags Flour. ,200 Bushels Peanuts. 500 Bushels Corn. 1 100 Bushels Feed Oats. .200 Pounds Candy. . 1,200 Pounds Soaps.

W. B. COOPER.

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economical, as is shown by the fact that the Association has sustained no losses, and its annual expenses, including taxes, are only about Two Hundred Dollars.

J. D. CROOM, President. HARKER, Secretary. looked so sad. That night while I was trying to

the men came in and the orderlies searched the room. They went out very quickly. Then Aunt Allie went into her room, and throwing herself on the sofa began to cry, oh, so hard. But she had to stop very

thought he must be the general, he

was so handsome, just like Sir Wil-

fred-looked at Aunt Alice as if he

Aunt Alice took me with her

grandmamma's room. I went in

the corner and cried very hard when

were sorry for her.

soon, for Nelson came up to say, "Them gentlemen wants to see the They were waiting for us on the piazza as we both, with very red eyes, came down stairs. The colonel said he was obliged to join his regiment, which was stationed near by. The search had been fruitless, but he must leave his friend, Lieutenant Beekman, in charge of the house

This would serve as a protection

and he hoped would not be disagree able to the ladies. Aunt Allie said that Lieutenant Beekman should be made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and the colo nel rode away. Then Lieutenant Beekman begged that she would not inconvenience herself on his account and asked permission to go into the library, where he would find occupation and amusement.

So many more days passed. Aunt Alice scarcely ever came down stairs, because she was with grandmamma nearly always. Sometimes grandmamma made her sing. It made me cry to hear her, but grandmamma liked sad things, I think, and I suppose Lieutenant Beekman did, too, for he always stood on the piazza under the big vine, where he could see Aunt Alice playing the piane or the guitar, but she scarcely ever saw him near. He used to pace up and down the rose garden for hours every day, often with a book in his hand, oftener just thinking, and as I looked at him from the big ivy covered window I thought that he seemed like one of my favorite knights, only he never wore armor, but only a beautiful new suit of blue, singing with gold braid and brass

Sometimes I would go and walk with him and pick bunches of pale pink roses for him or handfuls of violets, for he seemed so lonely, and I would tell him, "These are Aunt Allie's own dear roses that she used to wear always in her belt, but she does not any more, for grandmamma is very ill, you know." Then I would tell him about my dear Uncle Moultrie, and he would let me ride on his horse, because I told him once that all our horses had been sent to the swamps to hide, and I had no pony to ride any more. One day grandmamma was much

worse, and I could not help crying, though I always tried not to let the 'enemy' see me, as Aunt Allie always called Lieutenant Beekman. I told her that he was a very gentle enemy indeed, but this day he saw me and asked so kindly what was the matter that I told him, and that Nelson had no horse to go for the doctor, and besides the doctor was off with the army probably, and grandmamma was going to die I was sure, for Aunt Allie was crying so hard.

It was getting dark, but he went to the stable and called to his orderly: "Saddle Apache at once. I will find some doctor somewhere before I come back." He would not wait. a moment for supper, but galloped

I had been long asleep when I was waked up by hearing talking in grandmamma's room. I jumped up quickly, for I knew that I heard Uncle Moultrie's voice and ran into the room. Uncle Moultrie was kneeling by grandmamma's bed. She was smiling like an angel and said: "Goodby, my son. You have risked your life to see me again. It is the last time. God bless you. May he have you always in his holy keep-

Uncle Moultrie was sobbing, though he tried not to show it, and said, "I am safe enough in my lair, mother, dear, and shall be off again before the young fox makes his rounds tonight; but he came pretty near me once, I can tell you.'

As he left the room I saw that he was wounded, for he limped badly, but grandmamma did not see this, for she was still smiling, with her eyes closed. Then I heard horses' feet, and scarcely had Uncle Moultrie left the room before Nelson came to say that Lieutenant Beekman had come back with the army doctor.

I did not like the doctor, and I am sure that Lieutenant Beekman did not, for he frowned when the doctor said: "I fear that I cannot do much for you, madam. If I could assure you of your son's safety, I would have more hope of the good effect of my medicine.

Grandmamma smiled in that strange way that all the Moultries do when they wish to make people sorry for what they have said and answered. "I leave him to the care of one who can protect him."

Grandmamma was very ill all night. When I went into the rose garden next morning, Lieutenant Beekman was walking up and down the paths. He saw that I looked sad, and he asked about grandmamma. I told him how ill she was and how Uncle Moultrie had come to see her; how he had cried when he saw her; that he was wounded and could scarcely walk, but he had come on foot nearly all the way for fear of being seen by the troops whom he had to pass, and that he had gone back to his regiment last night just as the doctor came.

Lieutenant Beekman looked just as white as Aunt Allie. He staggered to a garden seat and buried his face in his hands for a long time. Then, taking his wallet out of his pocket, he wrote a few lines, and calling his orderly said: "Take this to the colonel at Berkeley at once. When you return, pack my valise, I shall be relieved of duty tonight." Then turning to me he said, "Little friend, I will beg you to say goodby to the ladies for me." Then very slowly he gasped, "for I have resign-

ed my commission " I did not quite understand. longed to go and tell Aunt Alice, but she had not slept all night and was resting now. I thought perhaps she would be glad if the "enemy" away, but I was not, and I oried a little because Lieutenant Beekman

go to sleep-but it is very hard to go bowed, but the other officer-1 to sleep when you are sure that Aunt Allie is all alone and something is always going to happen-I heard talking in the yard. I ran to the window. The moon was shining very brightly. I saw four men on lforseback. After talking for awhile two rode slowly down the avenue, and as they passed the house one

> Lientenant Beekman. The next day when I went down stairs into the breakfast room a big man with a red face was there. He scolded Nelson and all the servants so much that I never went down to dine again, but ate up stairs by myself. He said that they were hiding the wines and would not give him enough. I am sure he drank two bottles every day for dinner, and he was afraid that Nelson would keep some for grandmamma, which I am sure he did, and, oh, how I wished the first enemy would come back. But he did not. And then one dreadful night grandmamma died, and we buried her in the churchyard, and there was only Aunt Allie to read the

After a long, long time we heard that the war was over, and our men, what was left of them, came home, and the big, red faced man had to leave Bel Air. He had drunk nearly all the wine, and I think he was sorry to go or not to take what was

Then Uncle Moultrie came back, and that was a great joy. But we were all very sad, although we did not show it, for grandmamma was gone, and all the servants nearly, and Uncle Moultrie's wound was so bad that he could not ride, and besides we had no horse left.

One day we were walking in the rose garden. We heard horses' hoofs, and I called out, "Oh, Aunt Allie, it is the old 'enemy' come back!" for there stood Lieutenant Beekman at her side, looking very beseechingly at her, with his hand stretched out toward her, but she turned away. I was so sorry that I cried out: "Oh, Aunt Allie, now ] know why he went away! It was to give Uncle Moultrie time to escape with his wounded leg." She looked at him. I ran to tell Uncle Moultrie, who was standing on the piazza, just as I heard him say, "Yes, but I have won my spurs again." After awhile, a long while, they came up the path. both looking so happy. Uncle Moultrie, shaking hands, began to thank Lieutenant Beekman for his kindness and courtesy to his "prisoners

of war." Lieutenant Beekman smiled and said, "Colone? Moultrie, may I hope for the same courtesy from you, for you see I am now the prisoner?"-J. M. B. Roberts in New York Post.

Normandy Cider and Champagne. As a fact, the finest cider is not made by the British grower, but in Normandy. They have in that province brought cider making to perfection. The total produce every year there amounts to hundreds of millions of gallons, and it is made with the utmost care. To begin, they choose the site of the orchard with judgment and see that the soil is of the type which apples love, and they are equally thoughtful in selecting the varieties of the apple most fit for cider. Indeed, for the very finest cider their solicitude is so great that none but the second or third year's fruit of the trees is used, and when the process of fermentation is reached nothing is left to chance. Chemists of great experience watch the changes in the liquor, and the skill with which the process is regulated is based on the knowledge gathered from long practice. The result is that some Normandy cider is equal in delicacy and flavor to fine champagne, and many cheap champagnes are simply

sophistocated cider. This deception is very general. The great bulk of the cider made in Normandy goes to the champagne districts and is used to make cheap champagne and to form the body of other wines too. Port, it seems, can be made and often is made of cider, the color being imparted by logwood or red beet juice and the flavor by the addition, in very nice proportions, of the root of the rhatany. This, it is said, is an imitation so excellent that the flavor would deceive a good judge of port. It is quite certain that all the cider made in Normandy does not, by a very large proportion, go on the market as cider, and that it is sold in the guise of cheap wines, both white and red. Certainly than the champagne cider of Normandy there is nothing more delicate and effervescent, unless it be the same product of California when at its best.—Chambers' Journal.

Dr. Johnson and Macpherson. Though not the most virulent; Dr. Johnson was certainly the most formidable of Macpherson's opponents. He threw all his influence into the scale against the poems. He uttered the dictum that "Gaelic was the rude speech of a barbarous people, who were content, as they conceived grossly, to be grossly understood." This argument, it is true, would have carried more weight if the doctor had possessed an elementary acquaintance with the Gaelic language. There seemed to be nothing more to be said for the antiquity of the poems when Johnson laid it down that 'there was not a Gaelic manuscript in the world 100 years old, and there could be no polished language without writing." And besides, whether ancient or modern, whether by Ossian or Macpherson, the poems were worthless. They were mere "bombast and fustian." It was "easy to abandon one's mind to

write such stuff." Macpherson's reply to Johnson was to send a challenge to fight, couched, it is said, in the following elegant piece of Latinity:

"Maxime, si tu vis, cupio contendere tecum." The doctor answered by purchasing stout oak cudgel and issuing an ultimatum, in which he said, "I hope I shall never be deterred from de I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian." Though Macpherson sulked in his tent and made no detailed reply to his critics and accusers, one of his backers kept up the spirit of the controversy by a retort, in which he made a threefold classification of liars into ordinary liars, d——d liars and literary critics. -Macmillan's Magazine.

The Fish Story That Was True. The Rev. Myron W. Reed says: There never was but one man who could tell a true fish story. He was the disciple Peter, and Peter said, 'We toiled all night and caught nothing.""-Chicago Times-Herald. Times of general calamity and con-

fusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm. -Colton. The long line of English preceden

the army and navy.

looked up, and I saw that it was

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Dress Goods, 36 inches, double-fold pretty Spring farcies, for 15c. Nice line Flannelette for 5c, light or ark colors. Beautiful line Organdies, Wool Challies, Lawns, Cotton Challies, Chevi ots. Percales, Ducks. Swisses, all cheap ind a very nice selection. In fine Dress Goods, Plaids, Briliantines, Worsteds and all the new styles

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