A WRECK ON THE ROAD

What a Collision Means to the Man at the Throttle.

PLIGHT OF THE ENGINEER.

The Chances He Has to Take and His Fate Should He Become Crippled In a Smashup—There Are Some Things Worse Than Physical Pain.

"I just dropped in to tell you that the coroner's jury has exonerated you from all blame for the wreck. They are going to hold the block tower man."

The old engineer turned his pain drawn face toward me. A white capped nurse gently brushed back the wild hairs from his forehead.

"Thank you, miss," he said, "and you, too, sir, for the good news. I knew they couldn't blame it on me, because it was white at Mentor. Poor Denny, he'd tell you so, too, if he was alive. 'All white!' he shouted when we came round the curve, and I gave him the answer, 'All white!' and pulled her wide open. Then we struck the empties on the siding, and—well, you know the rest." He wiped a trembling hand across his eyes as if trying to blot out some horrible vision.

His eyes began to sparkle, and a bit of color flashed into his pale cheeks. "I suppose you fellows think I opened her up and went into those boxes just for fun." A smile flitted over his lips, and then he grew serious. "Say, did it ever come to your mind that an engineer might be as anxious about his own life as he is about the lives of those who are riding behind him? My wife and little one—don't you suppose my life counts for something with them?

"Did you ever stop to think what a collision like that at Mentor means to the engineer? Just try to figure yourself in his place. He rides in four square feet of cab room, surrounded by a mass of levers, rods and the like. Ahead of him is about three miles of boiler pipe, carrying 200 pounds of steam pressure and enough hot water to cook the meat off his bones in a jiffy. Clattering at his back is 6,000 gallons of water and 26,000 pounds of coal. Under him is 200,000 pounds of engine, and behind there is 600,000 pounds of train. Altogether he is running along ahead of 800,000 pounds of steel, hardwood and brass held to an eighty pound rail by three-quarters of an inch of wheel flange.

"Why, when one of those big Russian battleships fired a broadside at the Japanese the whole thing amounted only to 24,000 pounds, so the papers say. And that 24,000 pounds traveling eight miles a minute would strike a Japanese ship eight miles away with an impact only one-tenth of the force we hit the empties at Mentor.

"Of course I was the engineer and they depended on me. There is always a lot of fine talk about engineers having the lives of several hundred passengers in their hands. That's all very true, but you don't want to overlook the fact that the engineer's life is right there along with the others. We all take chances, the train crew as well as the passengers, only our chances are slimmer. I had one chance in 500 of being killed, or one in twenty-five of getting right where I am now, but a passenger on the train had one chance in about 3,000,000 of being killed and one in 130,000 of being hurt.

"I see that a lot of people were killed and a whole lot more hurt. I don't want to be a grumbler, but it appears to me that you fellows have kinder overlooked the fact that both of my legs are gone. Of course that might not mean much to you, but if you realized, as I do, that for the rest of my life it is going to be my job to hobble out into the middle of some country road and wave a white flag as every train goes by—if you could realize what that means to an engineer—to hear the mocking toot of the whistle as she comes up to the crossing and to see the sympathetic salute of the engineer and fireman as they go flying by—I tell you, my boy, there are some things worse than physical pain."

His eyes filled with tears. The nurse gently wiped them away and softly stroked back the hair.

"I wouldn't talk any more now," she said.

"All right, miss," he replied, putting out his hand to me. "I always obey orders."—B. R. Winslow in New York Tribune.

A Free Translation.

"And you say the idiot of a teacher told you that you had an extravagant fool of a father?"

"That's what he meant."

"But what did he say?"

"He said it was criminal folly to waste money on the education of such a chump as I am."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nothing Left.

"Have you," asked the judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?"

"No, your honor," replied the prisoner; "my lawyer took my last farthing."—London Tit-Bits.

The Last Word.

Conductor—This here transfer expired an hour ago, lady. The Lady (digging in her purse snappishly)—No wonder with not a single ventilator open in the whole car!—Puck.

If you would relish your food, labor for it.—Danish Proverb.

DIDN'T NEED IT.

Why a Scotch Farmer Refused a Portion of Dessert.

Could the funny sayings and incidents at the tenants' dinners in Scotland be collected they would make an unrivaled book of humor. Mistakes of amusing and sometimes embarrassing nature occur frequently at such functions. One story is told of a guest at a Scottish tenants' dinner who tasted ice cream for the first time on that occasion. He pushed a large spoonful of the frozen mixture into his mouth and jumped from his chair with agony expressed on his face. He let out a yell and cried out, "Ow, ow, ma rotten tooth!" and could not be induced to eat any more.

At another Scottish affair of the kind a good old farmer was seated next to the hostess. She served him a bit of savory omelet, which seemed to cause the old man deep disappointment. His idea of an omelet had always been a dessert with sugar or fruit or jams, and after tasting the sample before him he turned to the hostess and said, "Weel, ma lady, I canna compliment you on your puddin's."

The late Duke of Buccleuch told a story of a tenant at one of the farmers' dinners on his estates who was asked by the duchess if he would take some rhubarb, a dish she was fond of. The farmer was surprised, but answered politely, "I'm muckle obleeged to your grace, but I dinna' need it."

FINDINGS NOT KEEPINGS.

Lost Articles Are Always Crying Out For Their Owners.

When one is on the public thoroughfare or in the street car or train or boat and picks up an object that is valuable, is it his?

True, he may find something which is too small and trifling to warrant searching to find the owner, such as a handkerchief, a pair of gloves, etc. But when he finds something of value it is not his until he has done everything in his power to find the owner.

The street railways and trains are so systematized today that if, when one finds an object of value, he returns it to the company's representative it is almost sure to catch up with its owner. Every person of intelligence knows that the first place to inquire for it is at the lost and found department.

When, however, one is on the street and finds something which, if he lost it himself, he would very much like to have returned, there are the columns of a newspaper in which to advertise.

If he fails to find the owner after this, then he can rightfully call it his own and have a clear conscience, but if he avoids looking over the lost and found columns and fails to do his part toward finding the owner he is almost as dishonest as if he took the goods.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Serious For Once.

An army captain on returning home from India brought with him a goodly stock of souvenirs. Among them was a pair of laughing jackasses, which he intrusted to one of the sailors, Tom Pinch.

Alas! The unaccustomed shipboard life did not agree with the creatures, and in spite of all Tom's care they pined and finally died.

When he discovered the catastrophe, Tom was in despair.

"I daren't tell the captain!"

"Don't shirk it, mate," said his pal. "Break it to him gently. You'll find it'll be all right."

The advice seemed sound, and Tom sought the gallant captain.

"Scuse me, sir," he said, "you know them things below—what you call larfin' jackasses? Well, sir, they ain't got nuffin to larf at this morning."—London Scraps.

His Choice of Weapons.

M. Victor Noir, an illiterate bully of the time of the second empire, for no real reason whatever sent a French statesman a challenge to fight a duel.

Noir was a densely ignorant man, and nearly every word in the challenge was misspelled. The statesman responded with the following letter: "Dear Sir—You have called me out without any good reasons. I have therefore the choice of weapons. I choose the spelling book, and you are a dead man." The duel was never fought.

Counting It Up.

There is a son of Erin in Newton, Mass., who is quite a character. He has a number of children and was asked one day how long he had been married. "Well," he said, "there's Eugene is forty and Norah thirty-five, that makes sivinty-five, and Lizzie is thirty-two, and how many do that make?"

The Wise One.

Thin Boarder—I don't see how you manage to fare so well at this boarding house. I have industriously courted the landlady and all her daughters, but I'm half starved. Fat Boarder—I courted the cook.—Kansas City Independent.

Arrangements Complete.

"Arrangements for the wedding are all complete."

"Everything attended to?"

"Yes; we have even made a deal with a photographer to have his camera smashed." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Cards Are Out.

"Ysobel, do you think you could learn to love me?"

"Learn to love you? Oh, Reginald, I could give lessons in loving you."—St. Louis Republic.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.—Shakespeare.

GUARDING OUR MONEY

How the Treasury Vaults at Washington Are Protected.

WATCHERS DAY AND NIGHT.

Always on Duty and Always Prepared to Shoot to Kill—Never Has a Dollar Been Taken From Them by Force—One Daring Scheme.

Not a dollar has ever been taken from the United States treasury by force.

Perhaps the nearest approach to looting the vaults of the treasury was the time Martin Broadfoot had his plans about perfected. This was back in the eighties, and the plan was to get into the building by means of the great sewer which runs under and near the treasury and is known as the Fifteenth street sewer and which grows larger as it enters the Potomac about three-quarters of a mile from the White House.

Broadfoot's plan, as developed after his arrest, was to get into the building, crack the safes and place the money in large rubber bags and float them down the sewer to the Potomac, where his pals would be in waiting. These bags were found in his room when he was arrested, and secret service men had often seen him walking along the shores of the Potomac near where the big sewer empties. This sewer is about nine feet in diameter where it passes the treasury. A man could easily make his way up the sewer through a stream of water which under normal conditions is only about twelve inches deep. By entering the tunnel or sewer at the river the journey to the treasury could be made by keeping a sharp lookout. When the man or men in the sewer reached the Fifteenth street sewer nothing would separate them from the gold coin and bullion except about eighteen feet of earth and not too secure stone wall. It was Broadfoot's scheme to dig his way through this obstruction and to let the earth float or wash down the sewer. It would not have taken one man more than two weeks, working only at night, to have made an opening large enough for a man to crawl through. Of course Broadfoot knew the exact location of the vaults, and when he once reached them he would have had no trouble in getting the gold coin and bullion. It was evidently his purpose to fill the rubber bags with the precious stuff and float them down the sewer to the river, where they would be looked after by his confederates. This was the only really well laid plot ever made to loot the treasury, and just why Broadfoot was never given a trial has never been known to the public. He was an intelligent man, and suspicion was first aroused against him by his frequent visits to the money rooms and vaults and by the questions he asked watchmen and messengers as to the hours of duty, when the time locks closed and what time they opened, and all such questions. That he could have successfully carried out his plans so far as getting into the building and the vaults are concerned there is no question, for men have been in the sewer and conduits who say that it would have been easy work. The most difficult part of the job would have been in getting away with the money and bullion, for it would have required hard work to secure it and get away. About the only chance would have been to bury it somewhere in Virginia, for if it had been placed on boats it would have been easy to recover it.

It is the opinion of the secret service men that many celebrated cracksmen have from time to time contemplated the conversion of a few million treasury notes to their own use, but after careful study they have decided that the undertaking was too colossal in character. Secretary Folger when he assumed his duties was not slow in deciding that the treasury was not properly and safely guarded. There was not an electric alarm in the building, the watchmen were isolated and had no facilities for calling help, and the safes were of the old time lock and key sort, scattered almost all over the big building. The secretary went to work to bring about a proper condition of affairs. He had the watch system completely changed and reorganized, putting them under the strictest discipline. Elaborate and extensive alarm systems were installed. The old safes were replaced by modern steel affairs with time locks and intricate combinations. The gold and silver vaults were fitted with steel casings and time locks, different parts of the combinations being distributed among various officials, so that the vaults could be opened only with the concerted action of all of them, and then only at the stroke of the hour for which the time locks had been set. But without a perfect system of watchmen to guard the safes the treasury could be easily robbed, for the most perfect safe ever made is not proof against the professionals.

The watch force of the treasury is perfectly organized, and the least infraction of rules means a layoff or discharge. The men seem to realize the heavy responsibilities resting upon them, and they are careful almost to a fault. The watch is divided into three reliefs, the tour of duty lasting for eight hours. However, the watch does not anticipate an attack by robbers, but they are prepared for any emergency, and they will not be caught napping should one ever be made either at night or by day. Each watchman is a regular walking arsenal, and the instructions are to shoot, and shoot to kill.—Los Angeles Times.

THE PILLORY.

Titus Oates and Daniel Defoe Both Suffered In It.

In the year 1837 the British parliament passed an act that put an end to punishment by pillory. Previous to the conquest this particular instrument of correction was in use in England and went by the name of the "stretch neck." It consisted of a wooden frame erected on a stool in which were three holes for the head and arms. For days together offenders against the common law were thus exposed to public view. From historic accounts it appears that this particular form of punishment was meted out to those convicted of frauds of every description not only in England, but in nearly every country in Europe. In the days of the star chamber, when religious feeling ran high, the pillory was the ordinary punishment meted out to those who offended against the church. In 1685 Titus Oates was sentenced to be pilloried for five days in every year during the rest of his life. Another famous sufferer was Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," who stood for three days in the pillory in Cheapside. It happened on occasions that the offender died while undergoing his sentence. During the time of exposure the condemned man was not allowed to receive food of any sort or description. The last occasion on which a pillory sentence was passed was in 1814.—London Globe.

A KING'S HOBBY.

The Mania of Frederick William I. For Collecting Giants.

Of all the manias that afflict mankind the most ancient and curious is probably that for collecting. The victims collect pretty nearly everything from books to shoe buckles and from pots to postage stamps, but giant collecting was the hobby of Frederick William I., king of Prussia.

Nature designed him for a recruiting officer; destiny made him a monarch. All were fish who came to his net — Saxons, Austrians, Hessians, Turks, Swedes, Englishmen, Irishmen, Africans—provided they were at least two yards long. Some of his specimens were seven feet long. Now and then he obtained one still more prodigious.

The Saxon cabinet minister Wackerbarth, foreseeing the possible advantages of standing well with so near a neighbor, in 1715 dispatched to Berlin a recognition of his Prussian majesty's birthday, Aug. 14, no less flattering than unique, since it consisted of a large bundle of tobacco leaves, two handsome Turkish pipes and a bagful of fragrant Latakia, all committed to the hands of seven foot passengers, with a missive imploring the king's gracious acceptance of these trifles and the Cupid who bore them.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Smile From a Stranger.

Most of us owe debts of gratitude to strangers whose kindly smile has sent sunshine into our aching hearts and has given us courage when we were disheartened.

It is a great thing to go through life with a smiling face. It costs little, but who can ever estimate its value?

Think how the pleasure of life would be increased if we met smiling faces everywhere—faces which radiate hope, sunshine and cheer! What a joy it would be to travel in a gallery of living pictures radiating hope and courage!

Who can estimate what beautiful, smiling faces mean to the wretched and the downcast, those whose life burdens are crushing them?

Many of us carry precious memories of smiling faces which we glimpsed but once, but whose sweet, uplifting expression will remain with us forever.—Success Magazine.

She Was Deliberate.

It is said that Dinah Mulock Craik, the famous author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," made a habit of leaving at her bank the manuscript of each of her stories as soon as it was completed. It would remain there perhaps six months, and then she would call for it and see how the story affected her after that lapse of time. If it pleased her, the manuscript was sent to the publisher. Otherwise it was rewritten or thrown away.

Ear Wagging.

Only animals with long and drooping ears are able to wag them. A rabbit, for instance, can do what it likes with its ear, dropping one or both and laying them flat along its back when dashing through thick cover. Hares are still more brisk in ear movements. But short eared beasts, like weasels and stoats, are unable to wag their ears in any degree, although they have enough ear to wag if they had the power.

Accurate.

"See here, landlord," said an angry tenant after he had signed the contract for a year, "this house is full of sewer gas."

"Yes, that's what I told you."

"Told me?"

"Yes. You asked me if there was gas in every room, and I said there was."—London Answers.

His Right Hand.

"My husband," said the fair bride, "says I am his right hand."

"I hope," rejoined her mother, "that he isn't like that man who never lets his right hand know what his left hand does."—Chicago News.

Easy to Suit.

Mrs. Eastend—You'll not find me difficult to suit, Nora. Nora (the new maid)—I'm sure not, ma'am; I saw your husband as I came in, ma'am.—Pittsburg Observer.

PRINTERS' BLUNDERS.

Comic Effects Frequent In the Days When Bad Copy Was the Rule.

Typographical errors that produced weird or comical effects are described by the St. Louis Republic in an article recalling the days when all of that newspaper's type was set by hand, before the introduction of typesetting machines, when the copy, instead of being typewritten, was turned over to the printer in an infinite variety of good, bad and indifferent chirography.

Comparatively few of the errors were allowed to contribute to the gayety of the subscribers, as the majority were squelched in the "house of correction," as the proofroom was facetiously termed. From a collection made by a proofreader the following instances of ridiculous misreading of copy are taken:

"His blushing bride" was transformed into "his blustering bride."

A captain was said to have "served with destruction in the Confederate army," but the writer thought he wrote "distinction."

Two pictures entitled "The Galley Slave" and "Each In Their Turn" were referred to as "The Galley I Love" and "Enoch In Shin Town."

Having in mind the influence of former citizens of the land of the shamrock upon the political destinies of the town, what more natural than that the printer man should set up an "Irish district court" where it had been the "first district court?"

Professor Frank Gecks was mentioned as having rendered "violent selections" rather than "violin selections."

Somebody was quoted as saying that "all the singing folks on the vaudeville stage have hundreds of wives," but the copy, when carefully examined, was found to read "husbands or wives," and a sensation in the theatrical world was averted.

"They sailed for three days around the cape and finally slaughtered a small Italian" was corrected to read "sighted a small island."

On one occasion the reporter wrote of certain "dwarfed and hungered children," who were made to appear perhaps more pathetic when the compositor substituted the words "doorfed and haggard."

"He takes delight in talking on his family shame" was a shameful thing to say about him, for "favorite theme" was meant.

"Red Cross Society Will Fight Corbett" was the way the typesetter transformed the copy concerning a crusade against cholera.

AN HONEST ARTIST.

He Would Not Paint a Lie Even For a Napoleon.

There was no love lost between the Emperor Louis Napoleon and his cousin, Prince Napoleon, whom the Parisians called "Plon Plon." The prince used to make abusive speeches against the emperor, which people were only too ready to repeat to him. "Let him alone," Louis Napoleon would reply. "He is too well known. No one would turn me out to place him on the throne."

The emperor was correct, for no one said a good word about "Plon Plon." He was commonly believed to have shown the white feather in the Crimea and never exposed himself where the lead was falling. An English lady who in her younger days mingled with French society tells in her "Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes" a story as discreditable to Prince Napoleon as it is honorable to a French artist.

While the artist was painting the historical picture of the battle of the Alma, which the emperor had ordered, Prince Napoleon called at the painter's studio to make known to him the facts. On leaving he said he wished the prominent figure in the battle to be himself mounted on his white charger. He sent the horse to the artist, so that he could paint its exact portrait. When the picture was finished and invitations were sent out for a "private view," the white charger was seen, a prominent figure in the battle, but without a rider.

On hearing of this terrible omission the prince sent an aid-de-camp to ask the reason. The honest artist said the horse should remain if the prince wished, but no rider would be on it. "Tell the prince I have never yet painted a lie." The hint was taken. The prince ordered the horse to be rubbed out.

Fortunate, Indeed.

Cook—Taylor was always a fortunate man, but doesn't it seem wonderful that his luck should stay with him to the very last?

Raleigh—How was that?

Cook—Why, he was operated on for the removal of a pearl which he had accidentally swallowed while eating oysters, and when the pearl was examined it was found to be valuable enough to pay for both the operation and the funeral.—Judge.

A Favored Fowl.

"I has been told," said Miss Miami Brown, "dat de parrot is one of de longes' lived birds dat is."

"De statement," replied Mr. Erasmus Pinkley, "is strictly ornithological."

"I wonder why."

"I specks dat one reason why de parrot lives so long is dat he ain't good to eat."—Washington Star.

Giving Money.

The difficulty which is faced in America in connection with philanthropy is not to find the people who have the money to give, but to discover the ways in which money may be given wisely. Ideas for wise giving are much scarcer than money awaiting opportunity.—Chicago Tribune.

County Commissioners' Proceedings.

McCook, Nebraska, July 10, 1908.

The board of county commissioners met pursuant to adjournment, present F. S. Lofton, C. B. Gray and S. Premer, county commissioners, and Chas. Skalla, county clerk.

The clerk having advertised for sealed bids for the building of bridges in the county for the coming year, and September 2nd at 2 p. m. being the time set for the opening said bids, the board proceeded to open the bids on file. The board found the bids of the Canton Bridge Company of Omaha, the Western Contractor Supply Co. of Omaha and the Standard Bridge Company of Omaha, on file, and on motion the board accepted the bid of the Standard Bridge Co. as the lowest and best and contract ordered entered into with said company.

The following claims were audited and allowed and the clerk was instructed to draw warrants on the county general fund, levy of 1908, as follows:

S. Premer, services as commissioner	$ [illegible]
C. B. Gray, " " "	[illegible]
F. S. Lofton, " " "	[illegible]

On motion board adjourned to meet September 15, 1908. F. S. LOFTON, Chairman.

Attest: CHAS. SKALLA, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the county court of Red Willow county, Nebraska. In the matter of the estate of Conrad Getman, deceased.

You are hereby notified that I will sit at the county court room in McCook in said county on the 20th day of March, 1909, at nine o'clock a. m., to receive and examine all claims and demands against said estate with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 19th day of September, 1908, and any claim not presented by that time shall be forever barred.—8-28-4ts.

[SEAL] J. C. MOORE, County Judge.

J. E. Kelley, attorney.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In justice court before H. H. Berry, justice of the peace.

J. H. Pratt, defendant, will take notice that on the 3rd day of August, 1908, H. H. Berry, a justice of the peace of Red Willow county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of $38.53, in an action pending before him, wherein George S. Scott is plaintiff and J. H. Pratt is defendant, and that property of the defendant consisting of money due and owing in the hands of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company, garnishee, as wages for work and labor performed by said defendant for said Railroad Company, has been attached under said order of attachment. Said cause has been continued for hearing to the 3rd day of September, 1908, at nine o'clock a. m.—8-28-3ts. GEORGE S. SCOTT.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that on the 28th day of May, 1908, the articles of incorporation of the Masonic Temple Craft of McCook, Nebraska, were amended in the following:

Article Four thereof was amended to read as follows: "The general nature of the business to be transacted and the object of this corporation shall be to purchase real estate in McCook, Nebraska, upon which to erect a building to be known as a Masonic temple, and to furnish in said building a room or rooms to be used for Masonic purposes, and rooms for offices, stores and other purposes, and to furnish said offices and store rooms, and to construct and erect in said building an opera house, and to lease and receive the rent of said building, and any and all parts of it, and to operate and maintain said opera house, and to receive the profits therefrom. This corporation shall have the power to contract for and complete said building, to raise and borrow money for said purposes by pledge of its corporation property or otherwise."

Article Five thereof was amended, increasing the capital stock to forty-five thousand dollars.

Article Eight thereof was amended to read as follows: "The board of directors of this corporation shall declare dividends during the months of January and July of each year, provided the surplus profits remaining after the payment of all current liabilities of this corporation are sufficient to pay the dividends of at least two and one-half percent, and if at said times said profits are insufficient to pay such dividends, dividends shall be declared by the directors as soon as sufficient profits accumulate to pay such dividends; no dividends shall be declared which will impair the capital of this company."

MASONIC TEMPLE CRAFT OF MCCOOK, NEBRASKA.

[SEAL] By C. L. Fahnestock, President.

Attest: Lon Cone, Secretary. 9-11-4t

NOTICE OF SUIT.

Elizabeth Kilgore, James V. Kilgore, Sarah Kilgore, Florinda J. Berger, George L. Berger, Emma Bohnstedt, Arrilla Vandervort, Silas Vandervort, Mary Kimerling, Marion Kimerling, Oliver P. Whitted, Margaret J. Whitted, James A. Whitted, Mrs. James A. Whitted, his wife, Arthur E. Stone, Sarah A. Jones, Samantha Potts and James Potts, defendants, will take notice that George E. Evertson, plaintiff herein, has filed his petition against the above named defendants in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to quiet the title of the plaintiff in the East half and the East half of the West half of Section thirty-three (33), Township three (3), Range twenty-eight (28), Red Willow county, Nebraska, and for a decree that the defendants and each and all of them be decreed to have no interest in or any claim, lien, or title to said premises or any part thereof, and that they may be barred and excluded from making any claim thereto.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 28th day of September, 1908.

Dated this 21st day of August, 1908.

GEORGE E. EVERTSON, Plaintiff,

By BOYLE & ELDRED, his Attorneys. [8-21-4t]

Dr. J. A. Colfer, DENTIST.

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