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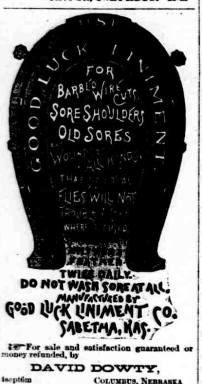

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1mayt f J. R. MATHEWSON.

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THE MODEL FARMER.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

His cheek is bronzed, his eyes is bright, his frame is lithe and strong;
His hands are hard from honest toil, he has no thought of wrong.
He bends the knee to none, he owns no master save his God,
And independent walks erect, a monarch of the sod.
He loves his wife and little ones, is faithful to his friends,
And peace, and joy, and harmony his daily walk attends.
He questions no man's creed or clime, his conscience is his guide,
An in his heart there is no touch of arrogance or pride.

He sings while following the plow, and when the day is o'er,
With lightsome heart he speeds along toward his cottage door,
Where home delights without compare make sweet his daily life—
His little world is made up of his children and his wife.
And when at night he seeks repose in sober, sweet content,
And gives his Heavenly Father thanks for every blessing sent,
Down in his inmost heart a quiet satisfaction creeps,
To think that his on-coming crops are growing while he sleeps.

He's full of heavenly charity for all of human birth,
And e'en the stock he daily feeds seem conscious of his worth;
He is gentle and forbearing, and enacts the Christian's part,
And has room for all who suffer in his great, big royal heart.
His clothes are coarse, his language plain, his manner frank and bluff,
He never had much polish, he's a diamond in the rough;
He has no brilliant pedigree, he's "nature's nobleman;"
Bring forth your pampered titled ones, and match him if you can.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Mr. Jackson Horner—what would he have said if he had known that now and then irreverent people called him little Jack Horner!—lived in a very handsome villa in Hornerville, and was the richest man, no doubt, in the whole county.

There was a time—not so very long before, either—when he had been no richer than his neighbors, and then he had not, as they said, "taken so many airs."

But a lucky contract, not particularly to his credit when it came to conscience, and a lucky speculation or two added to that had made Jack Horner rich.

In the old days, when he lived in the row of frame houses with shops under them, his most intimate friend had been one Jerry Pine, who kept the tinsmith shop next door to him.

Many a good turn had Jerry done him; many a dollar had he loaned, glad to accommodate a neighbor; but Jerry, being generous, had been imposed upon, and Jerry had grown poorer, and since Mr. Horner had gone to live at the villa he had not invited his old friend to see him.

Jerry felt the slight. For years they had smoked their pipes together, sitting on the low fences of their little gardens in the evening, or played dominoes when winter nights were long. He still had the old accordion they both used to play on in the boyish days before they were married and they had been confidential over their love affairs.

"My Jim was born two years before Jack's Eliza came into this world," the tinsmith would say. "Jack used to swear that his girl should marry my boy, and their mothers talked as if it were to be so. I'd like to see Jack Horner's face up there in the villa, as he calls it, if he was put in mind of that. Riches spoil some men. And yet who doesn't want 'em? I'd like to see my Jim one of the rich ones, I would; but he has got to take to his tools, like his daddy".

Jim was quite content. He was a big fellow, with brawny arms and black hair and eyes. And whatever coolness had come between the rich and the poor one, none had come between their children.

They had been playmates and Jim's mother died early; so that Eliza's mother, feeling pity for the little child who had no womankind to watch over him, had had him about the house a good deal after that.

Eliza was very affectionate, and by the time she was 17 and Jim 19, the boy began to know that it was not as a sister that he loved Eliza. He was sorry then for the first time that he had not a fortune to offer her, but he intended to make one—to hammer it out of the tin, he said, if there was no other way. And he often went up to the Horner villa, never guessing that the mother knew so well what her husband's feelings on the subject would be, that she never let him see who called They sat in the family room, and Jack Horner knew that Eliza had company in the parlor. Young folks always had company, he supposed; and they were in a fine house, and the neighbors' sons, all people who were quite up to his taste, would naturally drop in.

"Eliza," he would say to himself, "will marry a big banker or something of that sort one of these days. There's nothing like lifting your family up."

However, he himself made no new friends. He asked people to dinner, and went out to dine. They bowed and spoke as they met on the cars, returning to their villas from the city. He was one of the select neighborhood, but there was no one to chat with him over his pipe, or play dominoes, or talk over old times, as there was when he was intimate with Jerry Pine, the tinsmith.

The idea that it was Jim Pine in there in the fine parlor, with its carved mantel, and bevelled mirror, and great plate glass windows, and brand new stylish furniture, never entered his mind, until one evening, after glancing from the window as the street door shut to, after a rather prolonged goodbye, he saw him in the moonlight, coolly walking down the graveled pathway, between the two broad grass plots.

"Why, mother, Jim Pine has been to see Eliza," he cried.

The mother had known it must come some day, but now she was very much frightened.

"Yes, Jack," she said, braving it out with a smile, "Jim comes pretty often. They've liked each other from children, those two have, and there isn't a finer looking fellow that I know of anywhere, or a better son; and old neighbors, too, Jack—an old friend's son."

"Old friends?" said Jack Horner, testily. "When a man is poor, he must live near poor folk, and live like them. But we've gone up. If I'd had some women, I'd have had credit for it; but you—I begin to think you like low down folk best, Betsy."

"No, and I never did," said his wife. "But Jim isn't low down, nor Jerry neither, only poor, poor as honest working people are, if that's poverty, and Jim is educated a good deal better than you and I, Jack—just as our Eliza is; and there's no reason for you to despise them; it was just luck. You might be over there in Wooden Row and he here on the hill if the chance had come to him instead of you."

"Ah," said Jack Horner, "the taking of chances makes the difference. You don't do it by letting 'em pass."

"I agree to that, Jack," said his wife. "Still, I think Jim is one to take chances. His mother was capable—smarter than his father. Come, Jack; remember that Eliza needn't look for money."

"She's got to have a gentleman, anyway," said Jack Horner. "I want her to marry into one of the old families. I ain't going to have a tinker's son coming after her for her money," and he banged his fist upon the table furiously, so that a decanter and glasses that stood there danced about and jingled.

He gave his daughter a lecture next morning at the breakfast table, to which she prudently answered very little, until toward the last Mr. Horner said something about "sneaking into a man's house."

"Jim never sneaks," she said. "He walks up to the front door and rings the bell. He sees me in the parlor, just as a man always does when he calls on a girl."

"You've kept it from me," said the father. "I never thought it of you."

"Pa, dear," said the girl, coming and kneeling beside him "I never knew a girl to go about telling folks she had a beau; but you might have seen him any Sunday night. And now we are talking of it, pa, I will say that if you don't let me marry Jim, I'll never marry any one."

"You're likely to die an old maid, then, Eliza," said Mr. Horner; and as he spoke he decided that on Thursday, when he went to Wooden Row to collect his rents, he would speak to father and son—men had more sense than women. When they saw there was no chance of his money, Jim would drop the thought of marrying Eliza, and then the girl would see that she had only to forget him.

"With her chances," the old man said, "it's doing her no wrong."

This was the reason why he was so astonishingly quiet, when the women expected a scene.

On Thursday he carried out his plans. He had been collecting a good deal of money, and came after dark to the three houses that were his in Wooden Row. When he had got his rent, he went, for the first time in years, down to the tinsmith's door and looked in.

Jerry lifted up his eyes; he was reading the daily paper through his glasses by the light of a little kerosene lamp.

"Glad to see you, Horner," he said. "It is a good while since you stopped in. But better late than never. Jim, push up the rocker here. Many a time you've sat in it before. And how is your health, Jack?"

"My health is good enough, and I hope your is," said Horner. "But I won't sit down. What I have to say I can say standing. It is only this: 'I've found out that Jim has been coming over to see Eliza. I didn't know it before. Now I want that to stop. If Eliza is a fool I'm not. You understand, Jim?' "

"I understand, anyhow," said Jerry. "Jim is not rich enough for Eliza Horner. Where was your pride, to go after a girl whose parents despised poor folks, Jim?"

"I never thought of her folks," said Jim. "I like her; she likes me, and that is the whole of it."

"Never thought of me, indeed! Not a penny of my money does the girl get if she marries you," said Horner, in a fury.

"I don't want a penny of it, sir," said Jim. "I guess I shall make money for myself; I mean to try."

"At all events, don't come to my house again," said Horner.

"Now, Jim, where is your pride?" said Jerry Pine.

"All right," said Jim. "I won't come to your house, but I'll see Eliza whenever I can, Mr. Horner. Everything has turned to money with you. You don't seem to remember that there is something else in the world."

Furious at this self-assertion on the part of the tinsmith's son, Jack Horner, with his satchel full of those plums that grown folks value—namely, dollars and cents—took his way homeward.

He took the lonely shore road as the shortest way, but after a few moments he felt that he had not done wisely.

There were dangerous characters about, and he was known to have cash with him.

A certain apprehension of evil seized him, and the sound of steps behind him made him shiver. A moment more two men came up with him.

"Good evening, Mr. Horner," said one.

"Good evening," said the rich man, hurrying on.

"You might as well stop, Jack Horner," said the man who had not yet addressed him. "We will have to make you, else. We want that little satchel and whatever else you have about you."

"You'll not get it," said Horner. He crammed his hand into his pistol pocket and pulled out the weapon he always carried there. It was wrenched from his hand in a moment. He roared for help; the wind seemed to snatch his voice away from him.

The next thing he knew his hands and feet were tied, and they were rolling him over on the sand as they robbed him of watch and chain, diamond pin—all that was upon him. Suddenly he recognized their faces.

"Ah! I thought I knew you, you two rascals!" he said. " You're the Barker boys."

He could have done no more imprudent thing.

"I say, Tom," said one of the men; "out there in the quicksand is the place for him. No danger there. Dead men tell no tales."

Again Horner roared, but they were carrying him toward the shore. His end had come. He tried to pray. He thought of wife and daughter. Life seemed very sweet to him, and they were going to take it from him.

"Heave him; he'll sink like a shot just here," said one of them.

But his words ended in a howl of agony. He fell, dropping Horner's feet. Then the two rascals lay prostrate, and he saw Jim bending over him.

"I'll untie you, Mr. Horner," said he. "Dad and I heard you, and guessed what had happened. We brought a couple of bits of iron with us that settled the hash for those fellows. And now dad will go for the officers, while I stand guard. I don't think I've quite finished them."

"Great heaven, Jim! my life was not worth a penny when you came," said Horner. "They were going to throw me into the quicksands. Old friend," and he turned to Jerry, "you and your boy have saved my life."

"Thank God!" said the tinsmith. "I did not think we'd be in time."

"Why, Eliza, your pa is coming up the path arm in arm with Jerry Pine," said Mrs. Horner, who, anxious about her husband, was looking from the window; and in a minute more Eliza saw the sight herself.

Jack Horner was very pale, but his eyes had a look in them his wife had hardly seen since they came from Wooden Row to live in the villa.

"You've been within an inch of losing your father, Eliza," he said to his daughter. "Your Jim and his father saved me. I'd never been home again else. I learned a lesson that minute when I looked death in the face. I—I've thought too much of money lately."

"Take her, Jack, if you love each other, and may God bless you both."

Then the two old men clasped hands and renewed their friendship.

SPOILING A TETE-A-TETE.

The knowing ones had an example a few days ago of the womanly patience and tact which wives are supposed, or rather expected, to possess.

A spectacular attraction, which enlisted the services of some pretty ballet girls, came to one of our leading theaters. Four well-known gentlemen conceived the idea that it would be good fun to invite several of the prettiest of the corps de ballet to a midnight supper and they acted upon the idea. The ballet girls were invited and accepted the invitation with charming alacrity. A box at the theater was engaged and a dainty supper of bivalves, birds and champaign ordered at a popular cafe. Then each conspirator told the lady of his bosom that "business would call him out of town" such and such a day, and that he would be obiged to remain over night. In an evil moment, however, the fourth invited a fifth gentleman to join the party. He consented and became cognizant of all the details of the plan. Why the fiend tempted him to turn Judas will never be known, but certain it is that he told his unsuspecting victims that he would have to stay away on said evening and could not join them. Then he went to the four wives and invited them to a theater party, telling them that he had a box and would be glad to have them occupy it. The ladies gladly accepted, each saying that as her husband was called out of town that evening she would be delighted to have such a pleasant way of passing the otherwise lonely hours. To each the plotter then suggested that she should not tell her husband of her engagement, but reserve it as a pleasant surprise for his return.

On the morning of the eventful day he sent the ladies word that he would be detained by important business that evening, but that a certain silver haired lady of their acquaintance had accepted the office of chaperon and he trusted that the evening would be none the less enjoyable because of his enforced absence.

When evening came the four gentlemen, in stunning evening dress, filed into the right hand proscenium box at the theater. They were so intent upon their thoughts about the delights of the revel they were to enjoy after the performance that they did not notice the five ladies in beautiful evening costumes who a few minutes later took seats in the opposite box. At last, in a pause in the conversation, the glances of one of the men fell upon his neighbors. Instantly his attitude became rigid, his eyes protruded and his circulation seemed momentarily suspended. Then he gasped:

"Great Scott! boys, there are our wives!"

Paralysis suddenly struck the other three. Silence reigned supreme. Finally one of them wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow and said: "By Jove! what shall we do?"

After several moments of agonized suspense the most courageous member of the quartette wended his way to the box where his wife sat. She received him graciously, and his stammered explanation of discovering that he did not have to go away and accepting, at the last moment, an invitation to the theater was evidently all that could be desired. One by one the remaining culprits followed suit. Each was smilingly received, and when the fourth began his little speech, his wife said archly: "I am sure we are glad you are here, for no one would enjoy a supper after the play more than we." They had their supper, and no ladies were ever more devotedly waited on by their leige lords than they. It was a rare joke and the only ones who did not appreciate it were the ballet girls who lost the supper.

But that fifth man has not dared to show up since.

JUST SO.

Wife (affectionately)—How is your rheumatism this morning, John, dear?

Husband—Pretty bad, my dear; pretty bad.

W.—Why don't you try the mind cure?

H.—There ain't anything the matter with my mind. It's my joints, dear; my joints.

Two New Haven men were comparing notes on their domestic experiences, when one of them said: "Well, I have learned something by experience. When I come home late now I open the door quietly and throw in my hat. If it is kicked out I don't go in. It is best to maintain peace in the family at any cost."

THE claim that telephone business is conducted on sound principles seems plausible, but really it is supported merely by hearsay evidence.—*Baltimore American.*

THE fashionable bud is modest. She never wants to blow."

MY LITTLE WIFE.

I love her for her willful ways,
Bright tears, impetuous words of praise;
For flashing anger's lightning fleet,
For questioning looks, for kisses sweet;
I love her when she laughs, and when
She frowns—oh, how I love her then.

She is not prudent, meek or wise;
Not such a jewel as they prize
Who seek perfection in the form
Of lovely woman. Sun and storm
And fire and frost in her combine;
But, oh, I'm very glad she's mine.

Her changing moods are hard to gauge—
Now wildly gay, now mildly sage,
Now brisk and busy all about,
Now fast asleep, now going out.
Now wiping tears away, perplext
Next making tea, and singing next.

But she is at her loveliest best
When day is done and time for rest
Draws near, and sleep hangs on her eyes
Like waiting snow in wintry skies:
And when she kneels to say her prayer
My worldly heart kneels with her there.

—*M. S. Bridges in Judge.*

ELECTRICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Wizard Edison Has Devised a Process Which Works at Lightning Speed.

It seems almost like a fairy tale to read of the new and wonderful directions in which the fertile brain of the great electrical wizard, Thomas A. Edison, is reaching out. About a year ago Mr. Edison became intensely interested in instantaneous photography in its possible availability in connection with the phonograph, and at once began an exhaustive series of experiments in that direction. The first thing was to develop the possibility of the camera as to rapidity of exposure, and experiments were made in photographing a bullet passing through the air with an initial velocity of 5,000 feet a second. But to secure a perfect picture of a bullet moving at this extraordinary velocity it must apparently be at rest and hence the actual time of exposure must be brought down to incredibly infinitessimal limits.

The inventor at once harnessed the lightning to do the work, and before the camera arranged a series of vertical wires so fine as to be practically invisible, and so connected that the breaking of any one of them would complete an electrical circuit and furnish an illuminating spark for the 200,000th of a second. The slight, imperceptible tremor of the room in which the experiments were conducted, caused by the motion of the machinery and dynamos, was sufficient to destroy the sharpness and value of the photographic images. This was overcome by erecting a special building for the purpose and placing the camera on a pier of solid masonry running down to the primitive rock. Then, and only then, it was that success attended the experiments.

Anecdotes About Bismarck.

Prince Bismarck was on one occasion challenged to fight a duel by the Austrian statesman Count Rechberg. Both were at the time ambassadors to the German diet at Frankfort. Prince Bismarck (then Herr von Bismarck Schonhausen) soon found out that Count Rechberg was hot-tempered and passionate, but in the main honorable and good-natured. Count Rechberg, on his side, cordially disliked Prussia, and its astute representative, but did his best all the same to keep on amicable terms with his colleague. Both officially and socially there was, however, plenty of friction between the two. On one occasion things came to such a pitch that Count Rechberg, entirely losing his self-control, passionately exclaimed: "One of my friends shall wait on you in the morning." "Why all this unnecessary delay?" Herr von Bismarck coolly replied. "In all probability you have a pair of pistols handy. Let us settle the matter immediately. While you get the things ready I shall write a report about the whole transaction, which, in case I am killed, I request you to forward to Berlin." Both set about their work. When Bismarck had finished he handed the sheet to Count Rechberg, requesting him to examine it. Rechberg's passion had in the meantime given way to sober reflection. After having perused the report, he said, "What you say is quite correct; but is it really worth while to fight a duel for such a reason?" "That is exactly my opinion," was Bismarck's answer, and the matter ended. One day Count Rechberg called on the Prussian ambassador to show him a dispatch from his government instructing the count to vote with Prussia at the next meeting of the German diet. Bismarck read the document and returned it to the count, saying, "This is evidently a mistake." Rechberg in his turn looked at the sheet and changed color. Instead of the official letter he had by mistake handed to Bismarck the secret instructions he had received concurrently, calling upon him, while openly countenancing Russia, to use his utmost endeavor to cause the other German states to vote against the measure. Here was Prince Bismarck's opportunity. How he used it the sequel will show. For a moment both statesmen looked at one another in silence. Then Bismarck said: "Don't be upset. You have never intended giving me the letter. Ergo, you never gave it to me; ergo, I know nothing about the matter." As a matter of fact, Bismarck never reported the letter to Berlin. But he gained Count Rechberg's confidence, in his eyes an important conquest.

Kissed Another Man's Wife.

"You scoundrel," yelled young Jacob Green,
At his good neighbor, Brown—
"You kissed my wife upon the street—
I ought to knock you down."
"That's where you're wrong," good Brown replied,
In accents mild and meek;
"I kissed her, that I've not denied,
But kissed her on the cheek,

and I did it because she looked so handsome—the very picture of beauty and health. What is the secret of it?" "Well," replied Green, "since you ask it, I will tell you: She uses Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I accept your apology. Good-night." "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for the delicate derangements and weaknesses of females, sold by druggists, under *a positive guarantee* of giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it returned.

FOR biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, and constipation, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

THE last sultan of Turkey was accustomed to shut himself up with a negro slave and his favorite wife in a secret room of the palace and there gloat over his treasures. Plunging his arms in a heap of gold dust and letting it slip through his fingers seemed to give him more satisfaction than gazing on his pile of jewels.

Florence, Ala.

The personally conducted excursions to this rapidly growing city have been so successful that the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad (Evansville Route) will run one on each of the following dates: Feb. 4, 11, 18 and 25. For copy of "Alabama as It Is" and further information, send to William Hill, Gen. Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

GRACE GREENWOOD is described as a woman with large features and very dark hair, which she combs down over her ears in an old-fashioned way. She is somewhat stout.

Druggists report this fact with reference to la grippe, that wherever the epidemic prevails, the sales of Allen's Lung Balsam increase. (Of course they do.) Everyone knows that this excellent remedy will quiet the irritation, causing easy expectoration, and cure the cough attending this most distressing disease. Be sure you ask the druggist for Allen's Lung Balsam. Sold at 25c, 50c and $1 a bottle.

THE Prince of Wales and his sons are inveterate cigarette smokers, but will not touch an American cigarette.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Prepare for Spring

Now is the time to attend to your personal condition in preparation for the change to spring season. If you have not "wintered well," if you are tired out from overwork, if your blood has become impure from close confinement in badly ventilated offices or shops, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. It will purify and vitalize your blood, create a good appetite, and give your whole system tone and strength.

"For a first-class spring medicine my wife and I think very highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla. We both took it last spring. It did us a great deal of good and we felt better through the hot weather than ever before. It cured my wife of sick headache, from which she has suffered a great deal, and relieved me of a dizzy, tired feeling. I think every one ought to take something to purify the blood before the hot weather comes on, and we shall certainly take Hood's Sarsaparilla this spring." J. H. PEARCE, Supt. Granite Railway Co., Concord, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Take Care! There Is Danger

In allowing inactivity of the kidneys to grow through neglect. The deadly shoals of Bright's disease and diabetes will wreck the goodly bark of health if it is allowed to drift rudderless upon them. The bladder, too, if inactive, and judicious medication does not speedily direct the helm toward the port of safety, will be whelmed by the quicksands of disease. In selecting a diuretic, let your choice fall upon Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which stimulates the renal organs without irritating and exciting them, two effects to be apprehended from the unmedicated stimuli largely resorted to. These have a tendency to react prejudicially. The Bitters invigorate the kidneys and bladder, in common with the nerves and the digestive organs, and so afford lasting aid. It also affords dual assistance in preventing and curing intermittent and remittent fever. Biliousness, constipation and rheumatism it also subjugates.

MARION HARLAND, the friend and helper of women everywhere, has taken up the work of restoring the ruined monument marking the burial place of Mary, the mother of Washington. She says truly —in her appeal to the mothers and daughters of America to erect a fitting monument to her who gave our country a father —that "the sun shines upon no sadder ruin in the length and breadth of our land than this unfinished structure."

Deafness Can't Be Cured

By local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

"YOU mustn't play with the scissors, dear. I knew a little boy just like you who was playing with a pair of scissors just like that pair, and he put them in his eye and put his eye out, and he never could see anything after that." The child listened patiently, and said, when she got through: "What was the matter with his other eye?"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

IN one of the small islands of the New Hebrides a trading vessel recently put ashore a sailor to buy some yams, arranging to call for him in a few hours. While he was waiting a band of natives attacked him and carried him off into the interior, where subsequently he was roasted and eaten.

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WHO kills all the dead letters? Miss Direction.

AN ARAB SAYING.

Remember, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee, but it has perished not.
In other hearts 'tis living still
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee,
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will nevermore return.
—*The Century.*

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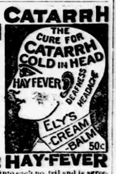

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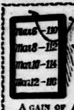

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