BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

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A man's love for lighor frequently makes the world gyrate.

Failures should be used as stepping stones to future success.

A few days after a man weds an angel she always sheds her wings.

Experience teaches people lots of things they would rather not know.

A single spade in the hand is worth more than a tray of diamonds in the pack.

It's surprising how much a woman can say about herself without telling anything.

Some actors find the glare of the headlights more annoying than that of the footlights.

The war-like reporter blows up a lot of speaking-tubes in his efforts to capture information.

A married man says there is evidently no end to his wife's mind, as he gets a piece of it daily.

A man is apt to suffer less from a cold than he is from innumerable remedies suggested by his friends.

A girl's features may be stamped on a young man's heart, but it's always her complexion that looms up on his coat collar.

An alliance between France and Spain would give us the friendship of the little German emperor to such an extent that he would enunciate in our behalf in a loud voice.

"Paresis" they sometimes call it when people who are rich, idle and dissolute break down in body and mind. Often it comes near enough to insanity to warrant their being placed in an asylum, where ample attendance is given at high prices. A nurse in one such institution says, "You would be astonished to know how many such gentry are in our care; and in some cases their friends give out that they are 'gone abroad.'"

The determined effort of a New York temperance society to suppress the military canteen in its state camp, is supported by reports from the English army in Africa, where the recent brilliant victory on the Atbara was won by a force composed exclusively of total abstainers. For months Sir Herbert Kitchener has denied all liquor to his troops, with the result that in one of the deadliest of climates, no army has ever had so little sickness, been in such magnificent physical and moral training, or won hard-fought battles after forced marches of such extraordinary character. No wonder that the total abstinence principle in warfare is being pondered by military authorities throughout the world.

The strawboard trust will have to make a defense before the Indiana legislature. About once a year the factories empty their reservoirs into streams on which the industries are situated and kill all the fish in the water. The United States court has been appealed to and has enjoined some of the factories from polluting streams, but other branches of the trust continue to empty poison into rivers, and the local officers of the law seem to be powerless to prevent it. Only this week the factory at Carthage emptied its reservoir into Blue river and killed millions of fish and interrupted the spawning. The governor has taken notice of the destruction of the fish and announces that if he has any influence with the coming legislature he will see to it that a law is passed that will stop the pollution of running streams by these factories.

In a recent Cosmopolitan the editor makes a statement in settling a woman's chances of success which is puzzling. "Centuries of intellectual and physical idleness," he says, "have placed the average woman of today at a disadvantage, in most things requiring energy or stamina, when ranged alongside the man, whose ancestors were accustomed to stronger life." Perhaps he means to say that men have one line of ancestors and women another line. Or possibly we are to understand that a man draws his superior energy and stamina from the male side and a woman her inferior energy and stamina from the female side. In this case the "centuries of intellectual and physical idleness" in woman would reflect weakness only upon her female offspring, and not upon the men. Mind, we cheerfully acknowledge man's superiority, but the writer's reasoning leaves us sore distrait. We had always supposed that our ancestors had left their good and evil traits to us men and women with commendable impartiality.

A paper of Porto Rico proposes to burn Washington and New York, and adds that by way of further indemnity the Spaniards will demand the wives and daughters of the Yankee pigs. It is such a pity that we didn't think of that before it was too late.

The laws of Mexico provide that a Mormon who wishes to take a second wife must present a certificate signed by his first helpmeet to the effect that she is willing; and he must also have the express consent of the second wife and her parents.

An Englishman has designed an electric fog signaling apparatus, which has a large number of cartridge chambers in a metallic disk, with a firing mechanism on one side of the disk to fire a cartridge at stated intervals if a train is in the block ahead of the signal, an electric rent operating the signal.

The French are considering the loss of American money which attends our fight with Spain, and on the whole are not as much in sympathy with Spain as they thought they were some days ago.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WOMAN WRONGED" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text Esther 1: 11-12 as Follows: "Bring Vashti, the Queen, Before the King with the Crown Royal to Show the People and Princes Her Beauty."

We stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves; the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The wall are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leaf of architectural achievement. Golden stars shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the seafoam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. Those for carousal where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black, and inlaid with gleaming pearl. In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling into crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet anemones, hypericums, and many-colored ranuncuili.

Ments of rarest bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The basket piled up with apricots and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Eulaeus filling the urns and dropping outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and lily-shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher, and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards.

In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the Princess of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants, "You go and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to disobey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness and hollness and modesty of her nature rise up into one sublime refusal. She says, "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Ahasuerus was infuriate; and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations, who shall rise to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland had faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed; and Shushan is a ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture gallery of God and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent.

In the first place, I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet it is not necessary to have place and regal robe in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with stout faith in God, putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and a glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation; and whether she comes up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the fashionable square, I greet her with the shout, "All hail, Queen Vashti!"

What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of France, or Catherine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory?—or of that woman mentioned in the Scriptures, who put her all into the Lord's treasury?—or of Jephthah's daughter, who made a demonstration of unselfish patriotism?—or of Abigail, who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband?—or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor, old, helpless Naomi?—or of Florence Nightingale, who went at midnight to stanch the battle wounds of the Crimea?—or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burmah?—or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn, and captive's chain, and bridal hour, and lute's throb, and curfew's knell at the dying day?—and scores and hundreds of women, unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and smiles to the discouraged—their footsteps heard along dark lane and in government hospital, and in almshouse corridor, and by prison-gate? There may be no royal robe—there may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them; for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever-struck hospital and plague-blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Vashti!"

Again, I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day with her face uncovered she would have shocked all the delicacies of Oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out, "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thy hands." And when the women are called to such out-door work and to such heroic positions, God prepares them for it; and they have iron in their soul, and lightnings in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord Omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of wild-flowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphire; and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of womanly indignation.

But these are the exceptions. Generally, Doreas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecca would rather fill the trough of the camels; Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle; Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman doing alone her daily duty, with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti with a veil on."

But when I see a woman of unblushing boldness, loud voiced, with a tongue of infinite clitter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking-beam, gayly arrayed in a very furricane of millinery, I cry out: "Vashti has lost her veil!" When I see a woman struggling for political preferment—trying to force her way on up to conspicuity, amid the masculine demagogues, who stand with swollen fists and bloodshot eyes and pestiferous breath, to guard the polls—wanting to go through the loaferism and defilement of popular sovereignty, who crawl up from the saloons greasy and foul and vermin-covered, to decide questions of justice and order and civilization—when I see a woman, I say, who wants to press through all that horrible scum to get to public place and power, I say: "Ah, what a pity! Vashti has lost her veil!"

When I see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all that the schools can do for her, and of high social position, yet moving in society with supercilliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place, and with an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homeopathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverer of significant meanings in plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo—I say: "Vashti has lost her veil!"

Again, I want you this morning to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this that I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh! what a change it was from regal position to a wayfarer's crust! A little while ago, approved and sought for; now, none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrifice!

One night during our civil war I went to Hagerstown to look at the army, and I stood on a hilltop and looked down upon them. I saw the camp-fires all through the valleys and all over the hills. It was a weird spectacle, those camp-fires, and I stood and watched them; and the soldiers who were gathered around them were, no doubt, talking of their homes, and of the long march they had taken, and of the battles they were to fight; but after awhile I saw these camp-fires begin to lower; and they continued to lower, until they were all gone out, and the army slept. It was imposing when I saw the camp-fires; it was imposing in the darkness when I thought of that great host asleep. Well, God looks down from heaven, and he sees the fires of Christendom and the loved ones gathered around these firesides. These are the camp-fires where we warm ourselves at the close of day, and talk of the battles of life we have fought and the battles that are yet to come. God grant that when at last the fires begin to go out, and continue to lower until finally they are extinguished, and the ashes of consumed hopes strew the hearth of the old homestead, it may be because we have

Gone to sleep the last sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

Now we are an army on the march of life. Then we shall be an army bivouacked in the tent of the grave.

Once more: I want you to look at Vashti the silent. You do not hear any outcry from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature, you know there will be no vociferation. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to resist; but there are crises when the most triumphant thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, waiting for the coming of the more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the lightning rod and cotton gin and steamboat and telegraph—waiting for long years through the scoffing of philosophical schools, in grand and magnificent silence.

Galileo, condemned by mathematicians, and monks, and cardinals, caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming up of stellar reinforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system; then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming on of the generations who would build his monument and how at his grave. The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of heaven. Affliction enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted, and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather up his dear children in a heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in silence and answering not a word, drinking the gall, bearing the cross, in prospect of the rapturous consummation when

Angels thronged his chariot wheel,
And bore him to his throne.
Then swept their golden harps and sung,
"The glorious work is done!"

Oh, woman! does not this story of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent, move your soul? My sermon converges into one absorbing hope that none of you may be shut out of the palace gate of heaven. You can endure the hardships, and the privations, and the cruelties, and the misfortunes of this life if you can only gain admission there. Through the blood of the everlasting covenant you go through those gates, or never go through at all. God forbid that you should at last be banished from the society of angels, and banished from the companionship of your glorified kindred, and banished forever. Through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel, and Hannah, and Abigail, and Deborah, and Mary, and Esther, and Vashti.

USEFUL PEAT.

It is well known that articles have been discovered in peat bogs in a wonderful state of preservation, but only of late have people begun to think that this strange preserving power in peat might be turned to use. The first trials were made with peat powder in a natural state, but now a preparation of it, known as "peat-wool dressing," has been manufactured.

This is a surgical wool extremely absorbent, much more so than ordinary wool, though it is somewhat slower in absorbing the liquids. It is expected to prove very useful in army surgery, for its small bulk makes it convenient for transportation, and its deodorizing power is great.

But Chambers' Journal tells of other ways in which peat is being utilized; and since there are so many unused peat bogs in the world, the matter is one of some moment.

"Peat flannel" is a fine, delicately shaded fabric, containing a considerable proportion of peat, and as far as hygienic qualities are concerned it is said to be far superior to many of the so-called hygienic flannels now in the market. It is suitable for all outdoor sports, and is extremely deodorant and absorbent.

Another roughly woven material manufactured from peat fibres is used for felt and under-carpeting, as there seems to be a property in this fibre which is highly antagonistic to the life of all insects.

Perhaps the most interesting use of peat is that in which it is compressed into solid block so hard that it is only with the greatest difficulty that they can be turned on a lathe. They often blunt the edge of the finest-tempered tools. These blocks take such a high polish that they resemble finely polished oak, and, indeed, in gloss and color are far superior to it.

Britain's Triplet of Crosses.

From the Boston Transcript: Great Britain's national flag has been called "a triplet of crosses," for it is composed of the cross of St. George, the cross of St. Andrew and the cross of St. Patrick. Thus, the flag of "St. George for Merrie England," a red cross on a white ground, the red lines drawn straight from top to bottom and from side to side; the flag of St. Andrew for Scotland, a white cross on a blue ground; the flag of St. Patrick for Ireland, a red cross on a white ground, the narrow red lines drawn from corner to corner. By placing the cross of St. George on that of St. Andrew we have "the jack," as ordered in 1606 by James I., whose signature was always "Jacques," hence the expression "the jack." By laying the cross of St. Patrick over that of St. Andrew, and then placing that of St. George over both we have "the union jack," as borne since the union with Ireland in 1800.

For a Monument to President Tyler.

Capt. Lamb, representing the Richmond (Va.) district, has been working to secure some appropriate monument to mark the grave of former President John Tyler. Visitors to Hollywood Cemetery are pointed to the spot, overlooking the James river, where two presidents of the United States are buried, but there is nothing but a modest headstone to mark the grave of President Tyler.

Foreigners in the Riviera.

There are about 270,000 foreigners who pass from a week to a whole winter on the Riviera each year, and it has been estimated that the average expenditure of each while there is about $200. In other words, the foreign visitors spend about $54,000,000 in the country every winter.

The Philadelphia Zoological gardens contained on January 1, 1,019 living animals—339 mammals, 421 birds, 238 reptiles and 21 batrachians.

SUBMARINE BOATS.

A Matter in Which the World Has Moved Very Slowly.

Not a few of his readers are fully persuaded that Jules Verne's romance contained the first suggestion of what was possible in the way of under-water voyages, says the Ludgate. But the idea of the submarine boat and even its imperfect realization are much older than the date of Capt. Nemo's adventures. When James I. was king an ingenious Dutchman made an under-water voyage in the Thames, but the secret of his invention was never revealed. Bishop Wilkins, the author of many strange suggestions, wrote a learned dissertation on the possibility "of framing an ark for submarine navigation." But the first really practical man to take the matter in hand with some success was a Yankee inventor, Bushnell, of Connecticut, in the troublous times of the war of the American colonies against England. He actually built a submarine boat, and, considering the imperfect mechanical resources at his command it was a marvel of ingenious contrivance. It was only large enough to contain a single passenger, and by means of cranks and pedals his arms and legs had to supply all the driving power to its oars and rudders. It was designed chiefly for warlike purposes and there was an arrangement for carrying a torpedo outside, screwing it on to the bottom of an enemy's ship and leaving it to be exploded by a clock-work fuse. During the war Bushnell made a daring attempt to blow up a British frigate. He succeeded in getting under her in his submarine boat, but failed to attach his torpedo. He left it adrift near the frigate and got away safely. Presently the British crew were startled by a mysterious explosion in the water close by, but the damage done was confined to broken cabin windows. The incident is noteworthy as the first submarine attack ever attempted. A century has gone by since then and though there have been other operations by submarine boats Bushnell's feat is still unrivaled. He is the only man who ever went under the bottom of an enemy's ship—which shows that in this matter of submarine navigation the world has been moving very slowly. Bushnell and his fellow-countryman Fulton were both in Paris in the days of the first empire, trying to interest Napoleon in projects for submarine boats and ships driven by steam. But the emperor soon got tired of discussing such matters. It is curious to note that when he was a prisoner at St. Helena a daring American scheme for his rescue included the use of a large type of Bushnell's boat for the purpose of eluding the guardships and landing secretly upon the island.

The Island City.

Venice is one of the most singular and famous cities in Europe, and is built upon a cluster of islands in the lagoon. This lagoon is banked off from the Adriatic by a long, narrow sandbank which is divided into a number of islands, six in number. Inside of this sand bank and between it and the mainland is the lagoon, a sheet of shallow water. In parts of this marshy, sea-covered plain, islets have become consolidated into ground, firm enough to be cultivated. And in the midst of a crowded cluster of such islands, amounting to between seventy and eighty in number, the city of Venice is built. The chief of these islands is called Isolda de Rialto, or Island of the Deep Stream. The islands, in many places mere shoals, afford no adequate foundation for buildings, and the city, for the most part, is built upon an artificial foundation of piles and stones. The Grand Canal divides Venice into two equal parts and is the main thoroughfare for traffic and pleasure. The city is subdivided by some one hundred and forty-six small canals or water streets, and the gondola is used for the carriages. Access can also be had to various parts of the city by land, there being over three hundred bridges across canals; the Rialto, the most famous bridge, spans the Grand canal. There are also narrow lanes in among the houses. This beautiful and wonderful city is replete with interest for the student and tourist.

Johnnie and His Pa and Ma.

"Ma an' I went to see the soldiers go marching off," said Johnnie. "I tell you 'twas great fun to see 'em. Pa asked ma how she liked it, and ma said it made her feel real patriotic. She said she wished she was a man an' there wouldn't nobody keep her 'staying to home such a time as this; she said she would be off fightin' for her country every time. Pa said she needn't stay to home on account of bein 'a woman, 'cause she could go as a nurse, just as lots of others were goin'. An' ma said that wasn't what she wanted. She'd like to get right inter the thick of the battle, where the bullets were a-hizzin' round an' cannons goin' off an' soldiers falling all round. An' pa laughed an' laughed. He said he'd just like to see ma in a place like that. An' he said out in the corner of the back room where his empty gun was standin' the dust was three inches thick, 'cause ma was so 'frald o' that gun she didn't dare to git near enuf to it to sweep the floor up. An' pa said ma would average seventeen fits a minute if she got in sight of a real battle, to say nothin' of what would happen if she was right in it. And then pa laughed an' laughed, an' ma was mad, an' said there was times when pa acted like a regular idiot."

Kansas' Deadly Climate.

Summer girls should think twice before visiting in Atchison. It is told that a summer girl came here a year ago in perfect health, and that she was so popular that parties and picnics followed in quick succession. She ate so many midnight sandwiches and ices that she has been in a hospital ever since. Atchisoh is as dangerous to a pretty girl's health as the climate of Cuba is to a volunteer.—Atchison Globe.

Testing Paving Bricks.

Bricks for paving are now tested by tumbling them about in a vessel or drum about one-seventh full of the bricks. Periodically they are weighed, in order to determine how rapidly they wear out.

How to Prepare Kneipp Coffee—Take three heaping teaspoons full of ground Kneipp Malt Coffee for one quart of water. Boil the water add the Coffee, then let it boil slowly under cover at least five minutes. Take it off the fire, let it stand a few minutes to settle and pour it through a fine sieve into the coffee pot and it is ready to serve. Use cream and sugar to suit your taste. If milk is used instead of cream, it should be boiled first.

How to Use Kneipp Malt Coffee in addition to other Coffee—For six cups of coffee (2 1-2 pints of water) take two heaping tablespoons full of ground Kneipp Malt Coffee and after boiling the same five minutes as above indicated, add two tablespoons full of ground coffeebeans, let it boil up for a few seconds longer, then let it settle about five minutes. This mixed coffee will settle sooner than pure Kneipp Malt Coffee. Use cream and sugar or boiled milk to suit your taste.

Be a Crank AND Get a Camera!

Whitehead & Mitchell have put in for sale at popular prices the

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Cyclone Camera for	$ 6.00
Premo D Camera for	$10.00

We have all the accessories that you will need to take the the picture, develop it, print it, tone it, mount it and give to your friend. We can sell you a complete outfit everything you will need for $6.50. Can you beat it?

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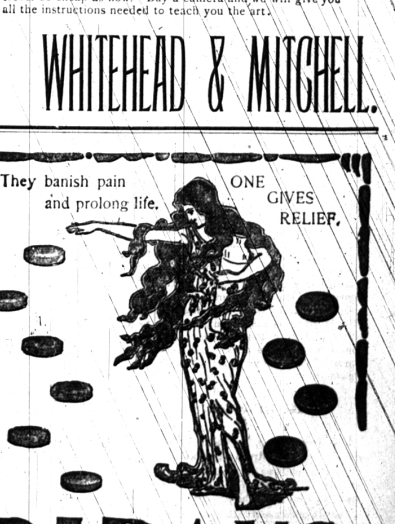
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