Silence.

I have met Silence in the wood,
And in my quiet room, where we,
Conversing low by shrine and tree,
Were truly understood.

I have met Silence face to face
In my heart's midst when, spent with Doubt,
Faith, looking for her lost, without,
Could win no resting place.

I have met Silence where she kept
Wise peace amid all warring sounds
I knew 'twas she that set the bounds
I near had overstepped.

Amid the story it was her will
That led me forth unscathed and free,
Her strong, hushed voice that whispered me,
"Be patient and be still!"

—Frank Walcott Hutt in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AN UNEXPECTED LOCATION

By ELLIOTT WALKER

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Branch looked up from examining the mortgage deed spread upon his desk.

A shadow had fallen across the paper, blocking the light from the nearby door of his dingy private office.

"Well, sir!" he interrogated briskly, "what can I do for you?"

"You can give me your hand, Sam."

"It isn't Lewis Wix? Lew! It can't be!"

"Yes, it is," laughed the caller, as Branch sprang up. "Same old sixpence. I'm tickled to death to find you. First thing I did when I reached the city was to hunt a directory. Ran my finger down the 'B's' Branch, S. W. & Co.—that's 'Sam,' said I, and I never even stopped for a bite to eat. Your old gap feels good. It's twelve years since I last felt it."

"Twelve years! Is that so? I'd lost all track. But down, old man. You are going to lunch with me at my house, right away. Where have you been? What do you do? You're looking fit and gay. Made money? Married?"

"One thing at a time," smiled Wix. "Yes, I'm prosperous at last, after my ups and downs. Mining properties—solid ones. I've been all over the West. Denver's my home; that is, as much of a home as I have."

"Not married, then?"

"No, not yet. Hope to be in due season. Think I've changed much, Sam?"

"Mighty little. Pshaw! you want to hurry up and settle down. Now, let me see. I know some nice girls——"

"Hold on," interrupted Wix, grinning. "The fact is, Sam, I've come East on that very errand, and——"

"I see. I see. And old affair, eh?" That's it. Dear me! I've got to locate her. It's so long since I heard, and she—to tell the truth, we both stopped writing years ago. It seemed so hopeless. I wandering around, a poverty-stricken prospector, and the poor girl, waiting. Those letters grew to be too harrowing. They dropped off. I simply couldn't bring myself to worry her with constant reports of bad luck. Besides, my whereabouts were uncertain. Finally, I wrote her cousin, who knew of our feelings for each other, telling him how things stood, and he was to let me know if anything happened to her. As I've never heard, I'm sure she is still in the old town, still waiting."

"I'll bet she is," cried Branch, encouragingly. You'll find her, Lew. She will be just as young in your eyes, and you in hers. Say! Why not be married at my house? It's a real romance. I must tell my wife about it."

"I remember Mrs. Branch and your wedding. It's splendid of you to be so kind, Sam. Maybe we'll take up that offer."

"Dear! Dear! my wedding! Lew, you didn't know, of course. I lost Anna within a year. Never thought to find anyone to take her place, but I've not regretted my second step. No sweeter woman ever lived. About four years ago I ran across her, and it took ten months to get her consent. Poor, too, and I had everything to give her. Come, you're hungry. Let's start for lunch.

"Don't try to condole," he pursued, hastily closing his desk, as Wix began a sympathizing stammer. "It's always wise to repair a loss, and I'm happy with things as they are. Talk about something else. I've dealt in

"I'm tickled to death to find you."

real estate ever since I started in. Any good land out your way?"

The old friends were chatting like school boys when they alighted from their car, to walk a block, laughing over reminiscences, then to run up the wide steps of Branch's handsome house.

"You have a charming home," observed Wix, gazing about from the hall; "I'll model mine after yours, I guess."

The telephone in the corner rang sharply.

"My call," said Branch impatiently. "Wait a moment."

"Hi, wifey!" he shouted in his cheery way. "I've brought a friend to lunch. Come down!"

"Very soon, dear," the clear voice echoed from some room above.

The husband hung up the receiver with a disgusted jerk, after a few sharp words.

"Thunder!" he snorted. "Lew, I must go back to the office. The man can't wait, and the matter is too important to go over. I'll return in an hour."

"I'll go with you," said Wix in a low, quick whisper. "While you are busy, I've a bit of business to attend to."

"No, Lew; stay and lunch with Mrs. Branch."

"Sam, I'd rather go with you. I don't wish to be impolite, but——"

"I must never let her know," he murmured.

His tone was scarcely audible.

"Well! come along, then. I've got to hustle." Branch turned to the stairs.

"Jennie," he called, "wait lunch. I have to see a man who just telephoned. Sorry; we'll be back by two o'clock."

Not waiting for a reply, he bustled out. Wix was ahead of him.

In silence they hurried along, Branch absorbed, his companion striding mechanically.

Presently Wix spoke.

"Your wife has a pleasant voice, Sam."

"Yes, yes, she has. Confound it! I ought, to have had that deed registered."

"Did I hear you call her Jennie?"

"Guess so! Name's Janet, Janet Shelton, Jennie to me. Drat that deed! Pardon my not listening, old man. I've seen things to do."

At the corner Wix halted, putting a detaining hand on Branch's shoulder, a firm, affectionate grasp.

"I'll leave you here and take a cab," he sai dcalmly; "there's a car going your way. Shake hands, Sam, for luck. I feel sort of lost in this great city, but I'll reach you at your office before lunch."

"Sure!" answered Branch, absently pressing the extended fingers. "Good-by, for now, Lew."

"Good-by," said Wix. "Good-by."

When Branch had finished his business, he glanced at the clock in the main office.

"It's time Lew showed up," he commented. "Hullo! here's a messenger boy. From him, I'm afraid. Yes."

He signed the receipt book, tore open the envelope and stood rigid, staring.

"No answer," he said, thickly.

The lad strolled out, whistling.

Branch sank into a chair, and again read the note. Slowly he tore it to bits, dropping the pieces listlessly in the waste basket.

"And he says I must never let her know," came his inaudible murmur. "Lord save us! To think that I went and married his girl!"

Branch was a man of expedients, and one to allay suspicion.

A few minutes later he called up his house. His bookkeeper listened to the steady voice.

"That you, Jennie? Louis Compton, the friend I had with me, can't lunch with us, so I will not be home until dinner. I got a bite downtown. Sorry you didn't meet Lou, but he couldn't wait over. Get it? Say! Some years ago you had a cousin killed by the cars; a railroad man was asking me. What was his name? Hart? Silas Hart? Thanks! Good-by!"

He turned from the instrument, wiping the beads from his forehead.

"It's tough for poor Lew," he breathed, "but if Silas hadn't been in that accident, I wouldn't be telephoning my second wife."

Precedent for Roman Catholics.

With reference to the cremation of the body of Gen. Xylander at Jena, under Roman Catholic auspices, a leading Roman Catholic organ—the Bayerischer Courier—states that the participation of the priests was the result of instructions received from a high ecclesiastical quarter, and that the case is a precedent for Roman Catholics throughout the world.

LITTLE EDITOR IN DILEMMA.

Identity of His Visitor Was a Real Puzzle.

A well-known New York publisher has the entrance to his private office guarded by one of his editors, a small man, who, as the day wears on, sinks down in a little heap in his high-backed chair under the weight of the manuscripts he has to read. The publisher was exceedingly proud of his friendship with the late Thomas B. Reed, who usually called when he was in New York.

One day the huge form of the speaker of the House of Representatives loomed up before the little editor, with the evident intent of bearing down upon the private office.

"Back!" shouted the little editor, waving a slender arm with much vigor. "Back! Go back to the offith and thend in your card."

Mr. Reed paused, inclined his head to view the obstacle that opposed his progress and smiled. Then he ponderously turned on his heel and did as he was directed.

Of course, the published bustled out personally to conduct the great man into the private office. When his visitor had departed the publisher came forth in a rage. The little editor shriveled before him as he began:

"You confounded idiot, what do you mean by holding up Tom Reed in this fashion? Don't you know he is one of my oldest friends? Don't you know he's at perfect liberty to walk into my office at any time without as much as knocking?"

"Yeth," admitted the little editor feebly.

"You do? Then what do you mean by holding him up and subjecting him to such discourtesy?"

"I thought he with Dr. John Hall."

"Dr. John Hall!" exclaimed the exasperated publisher. "Dr. John Hall! Don't you know that Dr. John Hall is dead?"

"Yeth," returned the little editor with earnest sincerity. "That'th what bothered me."

PINS HIS FAITH TO WATER.

Former Sufferer from Rheumatism Says He Has Found Cure.

"If people afflicted with rheumatism would only try a simple remedy right at hand instead of scurrying all over the country for a cure they would get well a good sight quicker," said Harry Sprague, who was once so knotted up with rheumatism that he had to use crutches. "Just let them drink water, quarts of it. That's what did the business for me. I drink about three quarts of water a day—not ice water, but just ordinary cold water as it comes from the faucet. I drink two glasses when I get up in the morning, two when I go to bed, and I drink it all day. I have a big pitcher of it put on my desk, and whenever I look up from my work for a minute's rest I drink a glass of water. No mineral water, no charged water, no 'health water' for me, but just plain, good old-fashioned Croton. To be sure, the salt water baths at the shore did me a little good, but the damp days at the shore took all the good away. Now I take fresh water baths internally and spend my summers where it is high and dry."—New York Press.

Proof That Moon is Uninhabited.

The moon being much the nearest to us of the heavenly bodies, we can pronounce more definitely in its case than in any other. We know that neither air nor water exists on the moon in quantities sufficient to be perceived by the most delicate tests at our command. It is certain that the moon's atmosphere, if any exists, is less than the thousandth part of the density of that around us. The vacuum is greater than any ordinary air pump is capable of producing. We can hardly suppose that so small a quantity of air could be of any benefit whatever in sustaining life; an animal that could get along on so little could get along on none at all.

But the proof of the absence of life is yet stronger when we consider the results of actual telescopic observation. An object such as an ordinary city block could be detected on the moon. If anything like vegetation were present on its surface we should see the changes which it would undergo in the course of a month, during one portion of which it would be exposed to the rays of the unclouded sun, and during another to the intense cold of space.—Prof. Newcomb in Harper's Magazine.

Surprise for "Si" Shurtleff.

To Josiah Shurtleff, who, among his friends, is known as "Si," came the following interesting but embarrassing experience:

It was during the first term of Mr. Shurtleff's service on the Revere school board, and the occasion was his visit to a first grade in a primary school. The teacher was hearing a reading class. The first sentence of the lesson was as follows: "Oh, fie, what a sly boy you are!"

Turning to one small boy, who seemed eager, she said: "Daniel, you may read."

Whereupon the lad, in a piping voice, read this somewhat startling statement: "Oh, Si, what a fly boy you are!"—Boston Herald.

Ruth.

She stood breast high amid the corn
Clothed by the golden light of morn
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim—
Thus she stood among the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure I said, Heaven did not mean,
Where I reap, thou should'st but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

—Tom Hood.

They Knew the Answer.

"You never can tell how children are going to apply things," said a public school teacher.

"The other day I asked the class what a fort was. One boy answered, 'A place to put men in.'

"'Then what's a fortress?' said I.

"'A place to put women in!' exclaimed the class in unison."

Oku's Mastery of Warfare

According to the Corriere de la Sera of Milan, Gen. Oku, commanding the Japanese second army, which has played a conspicuous part in all the battles in Manchuria since it defeated the Russians under Gen. Stackelberg at Vafangow early in the present war, issued on Feb. 20 last the following general orders: "Artillery fire is the best method of preparing an attack; but, even when heavy guns are used, firing at the enemy's position is alone comparatively useless, so long as it is not taken advantage of for an infantry advance. The infantry must always move forward, no matter how slowly. Advance and artillery fire must harmonize. Positions once occupied must never be abandoned. If a strong counter attack is expected, prepare for it with machine guns and hand grenades. The former are especially useful in such cases, but they require perfect cleanliness and oiling and constant care to effect small repairs at once, even in the hottest of the fight. Pay special attention to the oiling cylinder and the loader. Machine guns must never be alone.

"Troops advancing to the attack must carry sandbags to construct defensive positions, as at this season they frozen ground cannot be broken. When strong positions or machine guns are met with, a small force of artillery, preferably of mountain guns, must be brought up without horses. If the attack is along a greatly extended front, the village must be used as fortified points to economize men and a thin line only must be kept between them. The reserves will thus always be strong and serviceable.

"Whenever new positions are occupied a report on the enemy's dispositions and the nature of the ground must at once be made. Constant study of these two things is of the utmost importance as a means to victory. The greatest attention must be paid, above all, to the movements of the troops co-operating on the flanks; you must constantly yourselves judge of the situation and act accordingly. Soldiers who think of their own interest, not of their comrades, do not understand the art of war.

"When troops remain a long time in one place useless objects accumulate in the soldier's personal kit, and this intereferes with swift movement. Let everything unnecessary be thrown away. Your aim must be to move rapidly. Never, in any circumstances, give arms or ammunition up to the enemy. If you cannot carry them off impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

These symptoms are all just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance and the cry should be heeded in time.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the worn and nervous system. It has carried thousands of women safely through this crisis.

For special advice regarding this important period women are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and it will be furnished absolutely free of charge.

Read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound did for Mrs. Hyland and Mrs. Hinkle:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I had been suffering with falling of the womb for years and was passing through the Change of Life. My womb was badly swollen; my stomach was sore; I had dizzy spells, sick headaches, and was very nervous.

THE TURN OF LIFE

A Time When Women Are Susceptible to Many Dread Diseases—Intelligent Women Prepare for It. Two Relate their Experience.

The "change of life" is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and the anxiety felt by women as it draws near is not without reason. Every woman who neglects the care of her health at this time invites disease and pain.

When her system is in a deranged condition, or she is predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of any organ, the tendency is at this period likely to become active—and with a host of nervous irritations, make life a burden. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

Mrs. A. E. G. Hyland

"I wrote you for advice and commenced treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as you directed, and I am happy to say that all those distressing symptoms left me and I have passed safely through the Change of Life, a well woman. I am recommending your medicine to all my friends."—Mrs. Annie E. G. Hyland, Chestertown, Md.

Another Woman's Case.

"During change of life words cannot express what I suffered. My physician said I had a cancerous condition of the womb. One day I read some of the testimonials of women who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it and to write you for advice. Your medicine made me a well woman, and all my bad symptoms soon disappeared."

"I advise every woman at this period of life to take your medicine and write you for advice."—Mrs. Lizzie Hinkle, Salem, Ind.

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Hyland and Mrs. Hinkle it will do for any woman at this time of life.

It has conquered pain, restored health, and prolonged life in cases that utterly baffled physicians.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

Monetary System of China

Emile Bard, a Frenchman, has an interesting chapter on the money of China in his book, "Chinese Life in Town and Country." He explains that the unit of Chinese money is the tael, which is not a coin, but a weight of silver—the ounce, of which there are sixteen to the catty, and 1,600 to the picul. The commercial tael is that of Canton, which should weigh 37.783 grains, but usually weighs 37.58. Then there is the tael of Shanghai, which weighs 36.4, and the revenue tael, used in valuing imports and exports, and each large city has its own, that of Tietsin worth from 4 to 6 per cent more than that of Shanghai. Business estimated in taels is carried on by the use of Spanish dollars or silver ingots. The former are weighed and stamped by every south China merchant and have to be reminted continually. The ingots of silver are cut from bars into pieces that the operator estimates will weigh 50 taels. Naturally each one who handles them weighs them.

"Banks store their money in cellars, in boxes carried back and forth by coolies," says M. Bard. "This explains the item of transportation which is deducted from the face of a Chinese check when it is cashed at a bank. One can judge of the complications consequent upon this system of conversion of taels of different values into ingots of different weight and purity, especially as assayers of different localities refuse to honor the stamps of other cities." In places where the dollar is not used small payments are made by cutting up an ingot. "The scale used in weighing these fragments has two sets of markings—one for receipts and one for payments."

China's national coin is the "cash," a round copper coin with a square hole through it. The cash or sapak date from at least 2300 B. C. Eight pounds' weight of cash makes a dollar. Years ago an emperor decided to double his funds by giving copper cash double its value; in certain parts of the country this performance is still in effect. In other parts 77 or 85 cash are counted as 100.

In Hunan the Chinese go to market with two kinds of money—one real the other counterfeit. Some articles are bought with one, some with the other; certain articles have two prices—one in good money, one in bad.

In Defense of Missionaries

A shallower and more vulgar accusation against missionaries, revivalists, and preachers generally is that while the poor and the suffering are all around and near them, they live on the fat of the land, are well clothed, well housed, raise families and accumulate property. Such assertions are broadly false. There is scarcely a nook or corner of the earth where consecrated men are not struggling in penury to uplift dense communities. This fact could be clearly elucidated by Bishop Restarick, if he chose to publish his knowledge of conditions in the Hawaiian islands alone. It is elucidated by local missionary experiences for three-quarters of a century. But suppose it were true, as in a few cases it is true, that specially qualified ministers receive large salaries—what then? Does that circumstance throw even a shadow on their sincerity? Why should they not be paid for their fruitful labors in raising human beings from sin or misery? As a well-known Honolulu attorney said the other day—if an able lawyer is well compensated for serving his clients, why should not an attorney retained for the Almighty be permitted to live and support his family in comfort? "The laborer is worthy of his hire." A true minister needs and should have an equivalent for his work, and be relieved from the strain of anticipated real estate poverty. He should also be enabled to provide for those near and dear to him. Usually his charities are unostentatious, numerous and unheralded. He should also have good food, because, among other things, he is fitted to enjoy it.

The revival that started in Wales has spread like an accumulating wave over christendom and is filling its mission in this distant settlement of the extreme West. Wherever it has touched, it has refreshed and invigorated mankind. There would be no more cogent proof of human progress toward that real fraternity, in which even the dreams of prophet, seer and priest are some day to be translated into fact.—Honolulu Commercial Advertiser.

Barricade in Street Riots

The men and women who erected the barricades around which so much blood flowed during the recent riots in Lodz, Russia, were following time-tried precedents. For the street barricade is the first thing which an otherwise defenseless population puts up when it means to fight authority. History has been made at barricades. Nearly 600 years ago Paris, the home, apparently, of this sort of fighting, barricaded its streets against the future Charles V., and two and a quarter centuries later resorted to similar defense, when 4,000 mercenaries were marched in by Henry III. to overawe the "council of sixteen." The barricades were terribly successful then, for the soldiery would have been annihilated had not the court consented to negotiation in time to save the remnants of the 4,000.

During the three days' revolution in Paris seventy-five years ago the populace showed that it had not forgotten. Men, women and children worked to build ramparts in the streets, tearing up the roads and pulling down buildings and trees for their materials. Louis Philippe fell when the first barricade of the revolutionists was run up. There was a terrible fight to follow, in comparison with which that at Lodz was insignificant. Sixteen thousand people were killed or wounded and half as many taken prisoners. The damage done amounted to $6,000,000.

When Louis Napoleon seated himself, he remembered barricades and their power, and determined that he would have none of them. He made wide boulevards, which cannon could sweep with grapeshot, macadamized the roads and did all that he could think of to make the barricading of the streets impossible. But the days of the commune showed that the old art was by no means gone, nor the possibilities exhausted.

London also has had its barricades. On the occasion of the funeral of Queen Caroline, in 1821, the crowd barricaded the route by which the body was to have been smuggled out of the capital.

Kindness Wasted on Mules

Notwithstanding the graphic, picturesque and vigorous language the mule driver was using, he was a man who evidently had seen better days, and when the elderly matron with the shocked and grieved expression of countenance reproved him for his reckless style of talk and suggested that he use kindness on the animals, he apologized.

"I'll try your recipe, ma'am," he said. "Come, Bellatric. Come, Betelguese. This leisurely manner of yours is unsatisfactory, you know. Kindly infuse a little more animation into your movements. You are lagging behind the procession. Are you not aware, my amiable quadrupeds, that this consignment of merchandise is due at its place of destination two hours hence? Allow me to direct your attention to the circumstance that at your present rate of locomotion we shall be one hour or more behind our schedule in arriving. Pardon me, Bellatric, but there is no necessity for agitating your caudal appendage. There are no flies at this season of the year. You will oblige me greatly by concentrating your energies upon an immediate solution of the traction problem, exemplified by you as the motive power and this vehicle with its contents as the thing to be moved. Betelguese, may I remind you that you are doing what is known in vulgar parlance as soldiering? I regret the necessity of appealing to your sense of honor, but the case is urgent. If it were not absolutely necessary, I assure you, I should not address you in terms of remonstrance. Please be more expeditious, both of you, and I pledge you my word you will lose nothing by it. It doesn't seem to do any good, ma'am. . . . Now, you ——, get out of this, or I'll wallop the —— hide of you, you —— —— —— brutes! Whack!

The caravan hereupon moved forward at a greatly accelerated rate of speed, leaving a horrified elderly woman standing, gaping and speechless, on the street corner.—Chicago Tribune.

When Labor Did Not Tell.

A home missionary who visited Sing Sing prison recently took occasion to have a heart to heart talk with one of the convicts. "Don't you know, my friend," said he, "that crime never brings success? It is only achieved by hard labor." "I did six months of it at a stretch once, and I didn't come out no richer than I went in."

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A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Swollen, Hot, Callous Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Swimming in Public Schools.

Swimming is part of the curriculum of the public schools of Yarmouth, England. The boys are taken to the shore in parties and are trained till they can swim fifty yards in the sea.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Oh, no, Cordella, boarding house chickens are not hatched from hard-boiled eggs, even if they are tough.

"Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy saved my life! I had dyspepsia and kidney disease."—Senator Albert Merrill, Park Place, N. Y. $1 a bottle.

No girl likes to be made love to by an amateur.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

NERVODINE the greatest of all medical discoveries for restoring weak, nervous men. It clears the brain, and revitalizes the whole system. It makes life worth living. Price, $1.00 prepaid. NATIONAL REMEDY CO., Ltd., Chamber of Commerce, Detroit, Mich.

WANTED 300 young men and women to enroll now to fill 300 positions. Is in July alone that we could not fill. Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, English, Mechanical Drawing and Telegraphy. Special Summer Rates if you enroll now. Write for catalogue. Detroit M. Miles College,

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This kind is a high grade liquid stove polish, brilliant and lasting. Keeps forever, always ready for use. Shines easier, wears longer and covers more surface than any other. Big Can, 10c.

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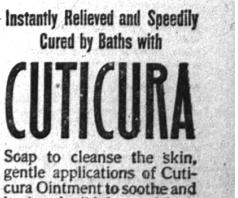

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