The Man Nobody Knew

By HOLWORTHY HALL

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"HAVE I A CHANCE?"

Synopsis. Dick Morgan of Syracuse, N. Y., a failure in life, enlisted in the Foreign Legion of the French army under the name of Henry Hillard, is disfigured by shrapnel. The French surgeons ask for a photograph to guide them in restoring his face. In his rage against life he offers in derision a picture postcard bearing the radiant face of Christ. The surgeons do a good job. On his way back to America he meets Martin Harmon, a New York broker. The result is that Morgan, under the name of Hillard, goes back to Syracuse to sell a mining stock. He is determined to make good. He tells people of the death of Morgan. He finds in Angela Cullen a loyal defender of Dicky Morgan. He meets Carol Durant, who had refused to marry him. She does not hesitate to tell him that she had loved Morgan. Hillard finds he still loves her and is tempted to confess. Hillard tempts Cullen, his former employer, with his mining scheme. He discovers a rival for Carol's love in a nice young fellow named Armstrong.

CHAPTER VIII.

—9—

For thirty days Hillard had listened to the eulogies of his secret self. He had heard from a hundred sources the same belief repeated that Dicky Morgan, given time and counsel, would have made the city as proud of him for his intrinsic worth as it now was proud of him for his military valor. This praise of Dicky Morgan had at first stunned Hillard; after that, it had exalted him; still later, it had abased his soul. He had longed, ceaselessly, during that third period of his introspection, to take the city to his heart, to reveal himself, to answer for Dicky Morgan's [illegible] to pledge himself anew to the achievement which Dicky Morgan's friends had prophesied, and then he had been overwhelmed by the recollection that he had made this course impossible. If he had only known that all his deceptions were needless! If he had only known that Dicky Morgan could have come home and been forgiven! What anguish he would have saved, and what reputation! And the problem was still the same: should he continue, so as to be a comrade, to the goal he had set for himself, or should he risk the worst and save his conscience by renunciation?

By far the most distressing factor in this puzzle was the problem of Carol Durant. He had seen her only half a dozen times during the month, and never alone; the face of Armstrong had circumvented him; but he was head over heels in love with her again, and he sensed, from the little glances and a stray word or two on her part, that she wasn't entirely averse to him. But what would Carol think if she knew that this grave and tender stranger was hiding behind the wraith of Dicky Morgan? It was a thousand times the worse! If she were ever truly in love with Henry Hillard, it was impossible!

And then, there was Angela Cullen—

And in addition, there was the serious business of making good; he was no longer impelled to it by resentment, but rather by an inner [illegible] and this, too, the world [illegible] destroyed by any admission of his deceit. To continue in the game was to lose his probity; to relinquish it was to lose all else; and even now, his joy and pride was contained in precisely those things which he must give up if he decided to tear off the mask of hypocrisy; and his self-respect was [illegible] out of the mind of what he never should have done at all.

When he thought of his worldly ambitions, he was profoundly regretful that he had talked professionally with Mr. Cullen. To be sure, no matter had come up [illegible] and the opening had seemed too good to be missed [illegible] Hillard couldn't [illegible] had been promised [illegible] eventually, to have been last [illegible] or course to [illegible] be that Cullen would [illegible] tient that he couldn't [illegible] and would leap without looking, and leap farther than he intended. And yet, ever since that preliminary interview, Hillard had known that he had made a breach in his own defenses, that he had rendered it possible for an informal and logical [illegible] investigation to begin, or for a [illegible] suspicion to arise and gain momentum before he had devised the means of combating it. And although Hillard believed implicitly in the goods he had to sell, he knew the difficulty of the market; he knew how timorous is the average investor; and he knew that there might very easily come a time at which his harangue would be remembered and remembered adversely.

In this connection he was irritated by the tone of Harmon's letters to him from New York. Harmon was enthusiastic and confident; he was relying sturdily on Hillard to break through the acumen of the upstate capitalists; but he thought that Hillard was making haste too slowly; he opined that all Hillard needed to do was to devote himself to a hard onslaught against Mr. Cullen, and, after that, to gather subscribers where he chose. He said that Hillard was wasting time, and ought to begin to collect signatures. Hillard had mentioned in a moment of indiscretion, the assistance which Angela had unconsciously given him, and Harmon had appraised it highly; but it angered him, when he saw this reference written down in Harmon's letter, to have her name brought into the instructions, even by implication. Still . . . had he not invited this upon himself?

It was in a dizzying quandary, then, that Hillard kept his next appointment at the Durants'. The problem had grown so many branches, sent forth so many tentacles of bewildering confusion, that he hardly knew what to say, where to turn. His one consolation was that the miracle which had been performed upon him had given him a mask of impenetrable calm. At least, he didn't have to wear his forebodings on his countenance.

And yet, almost the first words Carol said to him were: "Something's troubling you, Mr. Hillard."

He was momentarily demoralized, and came near showing it; tried to pass it off with a laugh.

"Did I make it as plain as all that?"

"No," she said, "it wasn't plain at all."

His laugh was remarkably hollow, but he persisted in it.

"Why, how did you think of it, then?"

"Just from your eyes," she told him. "What's the matter? Anything I could help straighten out for you? Or couldn't I listen? That helps a lot, sometimes." She dropped her eyes, and the color deepened in her cheeks.

"Isn't there anything I can do?" she said. "Or [illegible] rather couldn't? You frighten me . . ."

"I'm sorry . . . No, please don't think of it. I ought to be shot if I've made you unhappy."

The bitterness in his voice was acute; and by paradox, it was caused mainly by her sweet concern for him, and his realization of how little he deserved it.

"You always seem to be pushing the world away from you," she said, after a pause. "Why do you, Mr. Hillard?"

"I didn't know that I do," he said desperately. "And it would be a queer thing for me to do deliberately, when I want your friendship more than anything else I can possibly imagine. Wouldn't it?"

"But a woman," said Carol slowly, "almost always has to be a confidante before she becomes a friend . . ."

They sat without stirring while the clock ticked off a dozen seconds. Hillard, scarcely knowing what he did—and, if he knew, indifferent—had put both hands to his forehead as though to calm the vicious throbbing within.

Presently, and so quietly that he never heard her, Carol was gone; she had stepped across the room to the piano, [illegible]

A bracket [illegible] dreamy [illegible]

And there on the sofa where Dicky Morgan had sat, and smoked, and taken his happiness with the utmost nonchalance, sat Hillard, in tensest desperation of soul, strained to the tenuous melody which floated across to him an echo of youth and gladness which mocked him, derided him, reproached him . . . a translation of the unutterable sadness which welled up in his throat and choked him . . . She was playing the "Liebestraum."

His shoulders went up convulsively, and he was chilled to the heart. "Liebestraum!" It was a taunt, a savage challenge to his own tortured soul. The waves of it battered his memory [illegible] the perfect tenderness of it stabbed him while it awoke his dormant passion and set his soul to vibrating. Liebestraum—and the dream of his love was a phantom which his brain refused to contemplate. The lump in his throat came near to strangling him.

It seemed to Hillard that hours must have elapsed before he had the strength to rise and cross the room. His face was twisted by wholly godly passions; he was only partly aware

"Something's Troubling You."

that Carol, trying to rise from the bench, was wide-eyed and intuitive apprehension. Volition had gone from him; he was acting without reserve, without premeditation.

"Tell me!" he said thickly. "Have I got a chance? One in a hundred? One in a thousand? But a chance?"

"Oh! . . . Mr. Hillard!" Her plea was to his chivalry, and had to be—

"Tell me . . . would I have . . . if I should share everything you . . ."

One hand was pressed close to her breast; the other was outstretched, defensive.

"Don't! Don't! Don't spoil what was—"

"You'll have to answer me . . . I can't wait any longer. I'm not worth your little finger and I know it . . . but I want a chance . . . just a fighting chance . . . you've got to answer me, Carol . . ."

She was trembling within reach of him, but it never occurred to him to touch her, and if it had, he would have refrained, out of sheer consciousness of his lack of right. His face, working tragically, awed her.

"Yes," she said, hardly above a whisper. "There's . . . one chance in a thousand. There's . . . that much, anyway."

His arms went out to her, stayed—dropped. He stepped backward, out of the danger zone.

"Then I'll take it," he said.

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She had given him a chance, on an implied condition which he could never meet. She had given him a chance—and what in the name of heaven could he do with it?

CHAPTER IX.

From the marbled dignity of the Trust and Deposit company, where he had bought a New York draft for fifteen thousand dollars, and smaller ones for ten and seven, Hillard emerged presently to South Warren street, and stood there on the sidewalk for a moment, numbed by the first galvanizing consciousness of success.

He had come back resolved to win, and his second trial, the position he had tried to approximate in his first; he had set himself a commercial stand and, [illegible] by it, he was advancing rapidly, for today's trio of subscriptions, added to Mr. Cullen's check of yesterday (and Mr. Cullen had acted as though he had gained a personal victory in persuading Hillard to accept it), made up a glittering total [illegible] and already [illegible] commissions formed a [illegible] Dispensed as a [illegible] he had sold to four impartial [illegible] men the commodity hardest in all the world to sell. Scorned for his behavior, he had made his [illegible] the basis of a character which [illegible] questioned since the day of his arrival. His mind and his [illegible] demanded action, to relieve the pressure of his spirits, he set off [illegible] exultant.

[illegible] he crossed the street for the purpose of patronizing a florist's, where, ignoring the conventional measure of the even dozen, he ordered a profligate armful of American Beauties for Carol Durant. This done, and feeling very rich and independent, he rounded the nightshaped corner, and got himself greeted by two citizens of standing and importance who, in hailing him, displayed a deference not ordinarily granted to the average resident of Hillard's age. Would Hillard condescend to speak at the next meeting and dinner of the Chamber of Commerce on France in wartime? Hillard would. And this indication of his new-won status fired him afresh.

[illegible] enough, his swirling thoughts followed a well-worn trail which led him straight to Carol, and for the thousandth time he tried to set a future date, depending on the outcome of his mission here, at which he could confess, and ask forgiveness for his imposture, and simultaneously ask credit for his regeneration.

At this juncture he was aware that some one had arrested him. It was Angela's youthful suitor.

"Oh, hello, Waring!" said Hillard cheerily. "How's crime?"

The student of law flushed at the easy salutation, which appealed to him as a reflection upon the majesty of the bar. A sad lack of sense of humor was temporarily atrophied.

"We can't handle criminal cases," he responded shortly. "Say, when can you and I have a conference together, Mr. Hillard?"

"Why," the senior, the quicker, laughed Hillard. "What's it about?"

Waring coughed. "Business."

"The time to talk business is now, if the time isn't [illegible]"

Waring hesitated and finally stepped [illegible] doorway [illegible] Hillard with him.

"I don't suppose it'll seem like a very important thing to you," he said awkwardly, "but it's important to me. Mr. Hillard, to be [illegible] perfectly frank with you, I've [illegible] dollars. I want to put in some [illegible] speculation. Mr. Cullen gave me some pointers, and [illegible] in your copper [illegible] and this is where the [illegible] comes in. I've sort of got into [illegible] the law, you know, and [illegible] well, what you might [illegible] You get so you want [illegible] everything from all four [illegible] And I thought maybe because [illegible] attending circumstances [illegible] kind enough to explain the [illegible] thing to me. Would you?"

Hillard, who didn't know whether to be touched or amused, compromised by nodding gravely.

"There's one thing I'll have to tell you, though," he said. "I don't advise any one to gamble in copper mines, or anything else, Waring, unless that person could actually afford to lose his whole investment, and not be hurt. And in this particular case, since I happen to control the situation, I won't permit it. Does that hit you, or doesn't it?"

The young man's mouth opened in amazement. He had been priming himself to be a clever investigator, and to pick yawning flaws in Hillard's underwriting, and here his thunder was stolen before he had had a chance to stake the aegis of his cleverness.

"Why—it isn't a gamble, is it? I understood—Mr. Cullen said—"

"It's safer to figure it as a gamble, Waring. It's safe to figure all these things that way. Of course, we think it's a wonderful prospect, and a practically positive success, but I don't mind telling you that so far I haven't allowed a man who couldn't afford to lose his whole subscription—and didn't understand very clearly that he might—to come in for so much as a plugged nickel. And that would apply to you, too."

The law student gasped, incredulous.

"You don't mean to say it isn't a sure thing?"

"Is any speculation? You see I'm not working very hard to take your five hundred away from you, Waring."

The boy scowled.

"I suppose it's really too small for you to bother with. Is that what you're driving at?"

Hillard smiled cordially.

"It is, and it isn't. From any one I didn't know, I'd rather not touch it. It isn't a good plan, ordinarily, to have a lot of small stockholders. But from you, and if it isn't more than you ought to risk . . ."

Waring snatched at the straw.

"Well, seeing you're who you are, and I'm who I am, would you be willing to give me just as much information as you would if I had twenty times as much to put in?"

"You Don't Mean to Say It Isn't a Sure Thing!"

"Come up to the room," said Hillard impulsively; and he was actuated solely by the obligation he felt toward all of Mr. Cullen's friends. "You come along up to the room, and I'll show you everything I've got. Will that do?"

At the last words the amateur detective had brightened.

"I can't come now very well. But maybe I could run up this evening, if that's all right for you."

"That'll be just as good. Eight o'clock? Fine." He held out his hand. Waring took it limply.

"I'm afraid I'm causing you a lot of bother," he said, "but it's a pretty big thing for me . . . I hope you don't think it's anything personal . . . I mean my not just taking it for granted . . ."

"Not at all. Business is business. I'll expect you at eight, then." Hillard nodded good-humoredly and went on north. A quaint intuition overcame him, and he glanced back over his shoulder. Fifty yards away the law student was also glancing over his shoulder, and Waring, having less of self-possession than the adventurer, blushed and jerked his head to the front; Hillard chuckled and continued his stroll.

He entered the Hotel Onondaga from the east and headed across toward the news stand. Out of a red and gold chair in the spacious lobby a gentleman rose to greet him, a gentleman whose appearance was a very fair replica of the well-known Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, except that he was somewhat more refined and less obese. His animation was obvious, for he delayed to remove both his gray suede gloves before he offered to shake hands with Hillard.

"Well!" said Martin Harmon, effusively. "You're looking great! Must agree with you up here, what? Didn't expect me, did you?"

"No." Hillard's expression was a study; he had dealt so long with Harmon at a distance that he had almost forgotten what the broker looked like. "Why didn't you wire me you were coming?"

"Didn't know it myself until pretty near train time. Spur of the moment. Well, got any business yet?"

Involuntarily, Hillard smiled, and the smile spread wonderfully, until Harmon caught the contagion of it and beamed more royally than ever. "The man you called the 'decoy duck'—remember when you wrote that to me?—well, he enrolled yesterday."

Harmon put his hand on Hillard's shoulder; it was an accolade.

"Really? How much?"

"Thirty." For the life of him Hillard couldn't resist a slight forward thrust of his chest.

Mr. Harmon's eyes glazed for an instant.

"Good—good! That's clever work, son! Clever and quick. But I knew you'd do it. Thirty! That's fine! Anybody else?"

Hillard laughed exultantly.

"Yes, three more—a total of sixty-two. I mailed you a draft yesterday morning; the others are in my pocket now. I've just come from the bank."

"Great work, son!" Mr. Harmon breathed rapturously. "That puts us pretty nearly where we belong. Sixty-two thousand! It's a running start for the big race! You certainly didn't get left at the post, Hillard! Deducted your commissions yet?"

"No; I thought you'd rather do the bookkeeping in your own office and send me a check."

Harmon's approval was manifest.

"You show me the drafts and I'll write you a check this minute. Let's go sit down in the grill, and have something. This is fine work, now I want to tell you!"

"I rather thought so myself." Hillard had led the way to the grill and commandeered a side-table. "In fact—" He lowered his voice. "In fact, as things have worked out, Mr. Harmon, I almost wish I hadn't tried to play it just this way. I mean—"

But Harmon had already grasped the point.

"Oho! Is that so? You must have made a hit. And all your old friends you were so het up about—weren't they as peevish at you as you thought?"

"No," Hillard grew warm. "I'd give a good deal," he said soberly, "if I hadn't tangled myself up in all that imitation history. Well, I'm in for it now. I've published so much that I didn't need to. I'm wondering how in thunder I can ever get out of it when the time comes. That was the idea, you remember—coals of fire. What's bothering me is that there's nobody to tend the furnace."

"But I thought you were so anxious to keep in the shade?"

"Yes, but I didn't need to crawl in a hole and pull it in after me! Well, we'll wait and see. After I've gone a little further—and of course, you know I've hardly scratched the surface yet."

"I know you haven't." The big man tucked his gloves into his breast pocket and brought out a silver cigarette case. "Have one?"

"A piece of d——d worthless property."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DIVE WITH WOUNDED WHALE

Japanese "Ride" Their Quarry If It Sinks After the Harpoon Has Done Its Work.

Japanese whalemen are skilled and daring in their profession, often encountering a great many dangers. Many give up their lives to accomplish the main thing at issue—the capture of the whale. The expert of the whaling crew must prove his mettle after the whale has become exhausted from being harpooned.

The skilled Japanese jumps on the whale's back, cutting two gashes in the head. Often the animal makes a deep dive, but the little Japanese must hold fast to his quarry and dive also, trusting to his fates that the air supply in his lungs will last as long as the whale's.

The Japanese is safer from being drowned than from being crushed by the infuriated animal's tail. If the hunter lets go it usually means death, so he hangs on to the diving quarry. Frequently these whalemen lose their lives from drowning, but the members of their crew look upon this misfortune with something of a fatalistic regard.

When the animal is finally caught and towed to shore the Japanese make huge excavations, penetrating inside the animal's body as though entering a mine shaft or gallery, and eventually making their exit covered with blood. This gruesome sight is looked upon as a matter of course among Japanese whalemen.

Object Lesson in Thrift.

An ingenious professor of mathematics has figured out that one cent invested at the beginning of the Christian era (1,919 years ago) at a rate of interest equal to the government Liberty bonds, that is, 4¼ per cent, with interest compounded to date, would make 100,000 globes of solid gold, each the weight of the earth. The earth weighs six and twenty-one [illegible] But the 1 cent, with its accumulations, reduced to a minimum weight in gold at the rate of $20 to the ounce, would, he says, make 100,000 planets of the earth's weight! The moral is: "Save the pennies!"—Omaha News.

Post Office Nerves.

According to the testimony of some hospital authorities, "post office nerves" are due partly to the frequent changes from day to night duty, with consequent irregularities of meals and sleep, partly to the changes of work whereby the same clerk may be standing all day for another, with diverse occupations each needing special knowledge. Hence, in the opinion of some medical men, mechanical routine is less wearing than frequent change. Is it so?

Educate Hotel Employees.

Arithmetic, bookkeeping, geography, hotel legislation, commercial correspondence, stenography, typewriting, ironing, cooking, linen mending, sewing and washing are some of the subjects taken at the school for women hotel employees in Besancon, France, which is releasing each week 10 women ready to fill positions in hotels ranging from cashier to chambermaid.

Providing Against Trouble.

The twins, Fred and Joseph, were the same age as their cousin Richard, at whose home they were to spend the holidays. A few weeks before Christmas Richard wrote a long letter to Santa Claus, then added this postscript: "You had better bring three of everything, or I will have to fight the two of 'em at once."

His Business.

"My watchmaker is such an obsequious fellow." "Of course. Isn't it his trade to be a timeserver?"

"This is a complicated sort of place to get anywhere." "How can I find the needle baths?"

"You'll have to thread your way."

Appropriate Path.

It doesn't take self-conceit long to put bashfulness out of business.

Farming is lots of fun—unless you have to do it for a living.

Use your little hammer for nailing lies, but don't be a knocker.

STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION ENDED

Suffered So He Couldn't Work for a Year, but Mr. McCormick Was Cured Promptly.

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Mr. McCormick is only one of many hundreds who have endured torture for years and then found that Milks Emulsion gives blessed relief and real, lasting benefit. It costs nothing to try.

Milks Emulsion is a pleasant, nutritive food and a corrective medicine. It restores healthy and natural bowel action, doing away with all need of pills and physics. It promotes appetite and quickly puts the digestive organs in shape to assimilate food. As a builder of flesh and strength Milks Emulsion is strongly recommended to those whom sickness has weakened, and is a powerful aid in resisting and repairing the effects of wasting diseases. Chronic stomach trouble and constipation are promptly relieved—usually in one day.

This is the only solid emulsion made, and so palatable that it is eaten with a spoon like ice cream. Truly wonderful for weak, sickly children.

No matter how severe your case, you are urged to try Milks Emulsion under this guarantee—Take six bottles home with you, use it according to directions, and if not satisfied with the results your money will be promptly refunded. Price 60c and $1.20 per bottle. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind. Sold by druggists everywhere.—Adv.

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Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

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"I have been through Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., and have found everything as represented. The pictures they give of their buildings are genuine."—JOHN W. McLAIN, 188 Wisconsin St.

COUGH CURED

Mayville, Mich.:—"I feel it my duty to write this. Four months ago I was a very sick woman. I could not lie down in bed but had to sit up in my chair night and day, had an awful cough. I had two doctors and they said I must cough like that until spring. But I got some of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and began to take it and I then wrote Dr. Pierce for advice, and, thank the Lord and Dr. Pierce's medicine, I am cured of the cough. In one week after I started to take the medicine I began to raise and the cough soon disappeared. I had gone down to about one hundred and thirty pounds, I now tip the scales at one hundred and sixty-six and one-half pounds. I don't feel the need of any more medicine but I shall always keep the 'Discovery' in the house."—MRS. C. B. GLAZIER.

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Jackson, Mich.:—"I feel it my duty to write a testimonial in behalf of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for the sake of suffering humanity. A year ago this past winter I suffered with inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered about five months and then began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. After taking five bottles of the above named medicine, I was completely cured. I have not been troubled with rheumatism since.

"As a blood purifier and for the system generally, I have never found a better medicine."—FRANK GUNN, 1001 E. Main St.

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Direction Book in package tells how to diamond dye over any color. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Adv.

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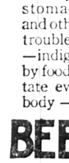
When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

WEAK AND WORN?

Has winter left you dull, tired, all worn out? Do you have constant backache, with headaches, dizzy spells, sharp, shooting pains, or annoying kidney irregularities? Influenza and grip epidemics have left thousands with weak kidneys and failing strength. Don't wait until serious kidney trouble develops. Help the weakened kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Michigan Case



John H. Ingles, carpenter, Wood St., Harbor Beach, Mich., says: "I had an attack of lumbago. I had pains across the small of my back and at night I couldn't sleep. Mornings when I got up I wasn't fit to do my day's work. When I stooped over sharp pains would pierce me in the small of my back. I had headaches and suffered from dizzy spells and my feet swelled. Doan's Kidney Pills took the sharp pains away, the dizzy spells left me and my kidneys became normal."

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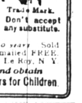

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