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GEO. T. MELVIN & Z. P. STEELE,

Editors and Proprietor

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ADVERTISEMENTS

WILL be conspicuously inserted on the following terms: ONE SQUARE (SIX LINES, SOLID MEASUREMENT,) will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion; Longer ones in the same proportion. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until ordered out and charged for accordingly. Proceedings of public meetings, and personal communications are matters chargeable at half the rates of advertising. All advertisements are collectable on first insertion.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

The following is a directory of the principal officers of Caroline county.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Regular Terms begin the first Mondays in April and October, and Insermediate Terms the second Monday of January and the fourth Monday of June.

Chief Judge, Hon. John M. Robinson, Centreville; Associate Judges, Hon. J. A. Wickes, Chestertown and Hon. F. Stump, Perryville.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—John W. Temple; Deputy Clerks, L. H. Gadd and C. Cook.

State's Attorney—Geo. M. Russum.

Sheriff—Reynolds Y. Collins.

Crier to the Court, James Hignutt. Bailiffs, Hy. Irwin, Wm, L. Davis and Thos. P. Davis

ORPHANS' COURT.

The days fixed by law for the meeting of this Court are the second Tuesday in December, and the second Tuesday in every second month thereafter, and oftener, as the business of the Court requires. Judges, Wm. A. Ford, Denton, Robert Jarrell, Greensborough, and Dr. H. F. Willis, Preston.

Register of Wills—Jas. B. Steele; Deputy, J. Gale Steele.

County Commissioners—J. M. Whitby, Greensborough, A. J. Greenley, Greensborough, and Elijah Towers, Potter's Landing; T. F. Johnson, Clerk.

Clerk to Board of Coatrol and Review—J. Boon Dukes.

County School Commissioners—Col. James E. Douglass, Preston; Wm. S. Ridgely, Denton; and Dr. H. C. Comegys, Greensborough. Rev. Geo. F. Beaven, Secretary, and Examiner.

Magistrates—Richard Jones, Henderson; J. P. Fieroe, Greensborough; Perry G. Stevens, Hillsboro'; Thos. A. Smith, Denton; Jas. E. Johnson, Concord; Wm. H. Bullock, Smithville; M. P. Hutchinson, Fowling Creek; W. W. Williamson, Preston, and W. H Watkins, Federalsburg.

Constables—Wm. M. Price, Henderson; John C. Brown, Greensborough; Tilghman Roe, Denton; Wm. C. Willoughby, Fowling Creek, and Wm. T. Slaughter, Federalsburg.

TAX COLLECTERS.

First district, W. W. Rickards; Second, Luther Whitby; Third, R. J. W. Garey; Fourth, E. M. Towers; Fifth, Elijah Hignutt.

ALMS-HOUSE.

Trustees, First district, Henry C. Culbreth; Second, Esma Lowe; Third, J. Boon Dukes, Fourth, Matthew Patton and Fifth, A. N. Davis.

Overseer, Wm. Driggis.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

M. E. CHURCH.

PREACHING Sabbath morning at 10, A. M., and 7 P. M.

Sabbath School 2 P. M.

Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

P. E. CHURCH.

CHRIST CHURCH. Morning Prayer and Sermon at 10:30 o'clock.

Evening Prayer and Lecture at 7 o'clock.

ROM. CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Services the fourth Sabbath in every month, at 10:30, A. M.

FRIENDS' MEETING.

Every First Day at 10 o'clock, A. M.

LODGES, GRANGES, &C.

MASONIC LODGE.

TEMPLE LODGE, No. 128, A. F. & A. M., J. W. Kerr, Master, holds its communications on the second and fourth Tuesday in every month at 7 o'clock, P. M.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

DENTON GRANGE, No. 43, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of every month, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

A. R. WEEDON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CENTREVILLE, MARYLAND.

WM. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d38-1y

ROBT. J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d38-1y

GEO. T. MELVIN,

Attorney-at-Law,

DENTON, MD,

oct7-y.

JAS. E. HIGNUTT,

Attorney-at-Law,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

jly tf

Maj. Wm. E. Stewart,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,

EASTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. jul22-y.

CHAS. H. GIBSON,

Attorney-at-Law.

(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)

EASTON, MD.

mar19-1y.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Can be found at his office adjoining T. E. Heather, opposite the Court House.

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,

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Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to collection of claims, Sale of Real Estate, &c. nov9-1y.

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Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for new Buildings, and alterations attended to. f.

GREEN GRASS UNDER THE SNOW

The work of the sun is slow,
But as sure as heaven, we know;
So we'll not forget
When the skies are wet
There's green grass under the snow.

When the winds of winter blow,
Wailing like voices of woe,
There are April showers,
And buds, and flowers,
There's green grass under the snow.

We find that it's ever so
In this life's uneven flow,
We've only to wait
In the face of fate
For the green grass under the snow.

If our paths must diverge, be it so;
For whatever betides us, we know
If we'll only be strong
We shall see before long
The green grass under the snow.

THE FATAL SHOT.

"Help! help!"

That desperate, hopeless cry echoed but faintly among the wild, craggy rocks that abounded on the east side of a small island off the coast of Maine, for the splashing of the waves upon the beach below, and the sighing of the wind through the wide rifts and over the ledges, partially drowned it. By the aid of the full, round moon, which seemed to be rising directly out of the gently-ruffled waters, that stretch away as for as the eye can reach, we discover the form of a man, who is hurrying down towards the shore with a struggling female in his arms.

"There, my pretty one," he said, "don't make so much noise, for I doubt if your voice will be heard in this wild region. We'll reach the boat soon, then you may cry or sing to the stroke of the oars till you are tired!"

At length he paused, and, placing his fingers to his mouth, gave a shrill whistle, which was quickly answered. Seemingly satisfied, he proceeded on, presently reaching the beach, along which he rapidly strode with his burden.

"Be lively, lads," he said, upon nearing the place where the rocks projected some distance into the water, not far from which two men stood waiting with a boat drawn up a little way on the sand. "Let us get away from here as soon as possible. Hist! who comes?"

Scarcely had he reached the boat, when a tall, athletic youth bounded forward, and pushed one of the astonished men into the water, a retreating wave carrying him far out into the little bay before he was able to make a stroke to save himself; then, springing upon the other, he dealt him a blow, which sent him sprawling into the boat, and dashed his head with such violence against one of the thwarts that insensibility instantly ensued.

The abductor quickly placed the maiden on her feet, and drawing a pistol, leveled it at the head of the intruder, but ere he could discharge it his throat was grasped by the hand of his opponent, the weapon wrested from him, and himself rudely prostrated.

"Now," said the youth, pointing the pistol at the fallen man, and slowly retreating backward, with one arm about the waist of the maiden, "if you attempt to rise I'll send a bullet thro' your brain. I will do you no further injury if you will allow us to depart in peace."

"You seem to have the advantage at present," returned the other; "but I shan't forget this! You shall rue the time you crossed my path!"

"I thank you for your very friendly warning, and will perhaps profit by it; but take the advice of a young friend, and leave this neighborhood as soon as possible, for I perceive you don't belong here, and you are certainly not gaining friends."

Slowly the young couple moved away from the place where the short, decisive struggle had occurred, till at length a huge boulder hid them from view; then they turned and hurried up a steep ascent which led toward the home of the girl.

"Oh, Walter," she said, as they proceeded rapidly up the treacherous path, hand in hand, "how can I ever repay you for this kindness?"

"The only reward I ask is a continuance of the same warm love which you have lately shown me," replied the youth; "you can bestow it, Rachel, can you not?"

"Certainly I can. Have I not assured you of my devotedness long ere this?"

"Yes, yes; but I thought perhaps your sentiments had changed, since you were just now trying to elope with that fellow whom we left down on the beach," and the young man laughed lightly at his facetious remarks. "It happened to be on my way to pay you a visit," he continued, "when I heard you call for help, so I turned my steps in the direction whence came the cry, and overtook you just in time to prevent your being carried away from me perhaps forever. But who is that fellow? and how came he to get hold of you?"

"I don't know who he is, but I think he is the captain of that strange vessel, which you have perhaps seen anchored at the entrance of the bay for the last two days. I met him yesterday, and he insulted me, but I passed on without seeming to notice him. This evening he came to the house. Mother, as you know, has been very ill for the last few days, and this morning she was somewhat worse, so father started up to L——to get Dr. Benton and Uncle Williams to come and see her. He has not returned yet, so when this man came in I was alone with mother. Without a word of warning, he caught me up in his arms and hurried away with me. You know the rest."

The two soon reached the girl's home—a plain, but substantially built hut, the interior of which, though scantily furnished, looked neat and comfortable. Upon a small table which stood between the door and one of the windows, was a lighted candle, nearly burned to the socket, and a large wood fire burned in the broad, open fireplace, while various little articles which lay upon the mantel, or hung behind the door, indicated that the male occupant was a fisherman.

In one corner of the apartment was a bed, upon which reclined a middle-aged female, whose pallid cheeks and wasted form bespoke long and terrible suffering. When the latch was lifted, and the door swing open, she raised her head with a nervous terror to see who had come.

"Mother, it is I," said Rachel, stepping quickly towards the bed, and bending over her. "How do you feel now?"

"Oh, my dear, dear child," said the invalid, stretching forth her thin hands "I feared you were gone forever. Where is that villain who was here?"

"We left him down on the beach. Walter, here, rescued me from his clutches just as he was lifting me into his boat."

The young man approached the bedside, and suffered his toil-stained hand to be grasped by the sick woman.

"Bless you, Walter," she said, fervently. "God bless you, my dear boy! and when I am gone I hope you will take good care of Rachel."

"But you must not talk of leaving us yet, Mrs. Chester," said Walter, soothingly. "Are you not feeling better now?"

"No; I believe I am growing worse. I am so nervous to-night that the slightest noise startles me, and causes my heart to throb so violently that it seems at times as if it would burst from my bosom. Rachel, isn't it time your father returned?"

"Yes, mother; but I do not see him coming yet."

Rachel looked out through the window upon the moonlit waters, hoping to see her father's boat coming around the point at the entrance of the little bay, but in vain; so she returned to the bedside of her mother, and carefully arranged the pillows beneath her head, and brushed the long black hair away from her face. Presently the invalid dropped into a quiet sleep, and the young couple seated themselves before the fire, and began to converse in low tones, occasionally turning and looking out at the window, expecting to discover the approach of the old fisherman, and wondering what could keep him so long.

Slowly the moon rose toward the zenith, still shedding a mellow light over the face of nature, and presently the old clock on the mantel struck eleven, causing the sufferer to start nervously in her sleep, but she sank back again without waking.

"Rachel, I must leave you now," said the young man, pushing his chair away from the fire, "for I was up late last night and I promised Dan Duncan I would be ready to go to L—— with him at four o'clock to-morrow morning. I'll not be fit to do anything unless I have a few hour's sleep. You're not afraid to be alone, are you?"

"Oh, no!" replied the girl "there's nothing to fear except that man who tried to carry me away this evening, and it seems to me you have better reason to fear him than I have."

"Don't be alarmed about me, Rachel, for I shall be on my guard, though I hardly think he will show himself around here again. Be a good girl and don't forget me in your dreams. Good-night."

The lovers' lips met in a long, affectionate kiss; then the young man passed out, and started toward his humble home. Rachel watched him until his form mingled with the shadow of a high, jagged rock, and then turned and closed the door, and, perceiving that her mother was still sleeping, seated herself before the fire again, waiting anxiously for the coming of her father.

Half an hour passed quietly but tediously by, when, upon looking out at the window, as she had done nearly a hundred times before, she bounded to her feet with a cry of terror; but quickly recovering her self-possession, she slammed to the window-shutter, which opened on the inside, and fastened it, and then barred the door.

"Rachel, Rachel! what is the matter? Where is Walter?" cried her mother nervously starting up, but sinking back again upon her pillow, with both hands pressed over her wildly throbbing heart.

"Oh, mother, I saw two hideous faces peering in at the window just now, and one of them belongs to that man who was here this evening! What shall I do? Oh, mother, what shall—"

Her utterance was interrupted by a loud knock at the door, to which she deigned no response, but in an agony of terror kept close to the bedside of her mother. The knock was repeated, and the blood seemed ready to freeze in her veins as the latch was impatiently lifted, and a heavy weight pressed against the door till it seemed the bar that held it shut must give way, and place her at the mercy of the ruffians

"Hallo, neighbor, let us in, won't you?" at length came a voice from without; we are travelers, seeking shelter for the night."

This, Rachel was positive, was a falsehood, for no one ever came to the little island except to transact business with those who lived there, and it was not so large but that one might traverse through it from end to end in a couple of hours; so she maintained her position without uttering a word.

"I say there, my fine girl," continued the speaker, after waiting a few moments, his tone of voice and manner of rattling the latch showing that he was getting exasperated at not being admitted; "if you don't open this door pretty suddenly, we'll burst it open!" And again the bar seemed ready to give way under the heavy body pressed against it.

"Rachel," said the nervous invalid, in a hoarse whisper, while her eyes, the pupils having grown unnaturally large and bright with terror, seemed to be on the point of starting from their sockets, "what if they should get inside! They would kill me, and carry you away! Shoot them!" she cried; horrified at the thought to which she had given expression; "take down the gun and shoot the villains!"

Ready to adopt the first plan that came to mind, the girl sprang upon a chair before the fire, and took down from the hooks in the wall, over the mantel, her father's old gun, together with the powder-horn and bullet and cap pouches. These latter she carried to the table, and then with the expertness of an experienced hunter, drew the ramrod and sounded the depth of the barrel, to discover if the weapon was loaded. It was not, so she blew into the muzzle, and found that, though it had not been used for a long time, it was still in good condition.

With a look of fierce determination, she poured a quantity of powder into the palm of her left hand, and slipped it into the barrel, ramming the wad down upon it with an energy that fairly made the weapon ring. The bullet was next dropped in, and as it did not fit snug, a wad of paper was pushed down upon it to keep it in place; the hammer was then raised, and the cap carefully adjusted; then, with her finger on the trigger, the resolute girl at once advanced toward the middle of the room.

Meanwhile, the knocking and rattling at the door had ceased, but presently it was resumed, though not with the seeming impatience that it was before.

"Father," ventured girl, hoping it might be her parent who had returned, "if it is you speak, and I will let you in."

She waited, but no response came other than a nervous clicking of the latch, and a pressure like that of a foot against the bottom of the door. With an inward prayer that God would forgive the dead, she raised the gun to her shoulder and pulled the trigger, the ball passing through the door a little below where the bar crossed it. A groan from without, as some heavy body sank upon the doorstep—a shriek of agony from the bed in the corner—and all was still, save the sharp ringing in her ears which the report had occasioned.

Hastily dropping the weapon on the floor, Rachel sprang to the bedside of her mother, but to her horror found her lying upon her side her pulse silent and her heart silent too!

"Oh, mother, mother! Speak—speak to your wretched child, and tell me I have not murdered you!"

The words ended in a wail of despair, and as the purple lips still kept silent, the poor girl sank upon the floor bereft of all consciousness.

At length she was aroused by a loud knock, and a voice, which she recognized with a glad cry, called:

"Rachel, open the door quick! For heaven's sake, what is the matter here? Open the door, I say!"

Rachel sprang forward, and took down the bar, and admitted the old fisherman, her uncle and doctor Benton, who bore in their arms the form of a man bound hand and fort and gagged, and from a small red spot in the forehead a tiny stream of blood trickled down over his face.

"Oh, my God, Walter!" cried Rachel, rushing to the side of the wounded man, and carefully removing the gag, "have I done this?"

"It was not your fault," answered the young man, speaking with great difficulty, and looking with a sad smile into the face of the maiden, "that man who sought to carry you off this evening is the cause of it. He and one of his pals caught me on my way home, but I managed to escape, bound as I am, and while they searched for me I approached the house, and pressed the latch with my chin, hoping I migh be able, somehow or other, to let you know who was there. But, never mind; it will soon be over! Kiss me, Rachel, for—for I feel as if I would not last a great while. I had hoped we might some day be happy together in a little home of our own, but it's all over now! It's all over now!"

Rachel pillowed his head on her lap, but did not press her bloodless lips to his as she had been requested to do; and after a brief silence the sufferer gasped for breath; his head sank back, and the lower jaw dropped and the physician, who was looking—for he could do nothing—knew that the soul of Walter Kelsey had left its tenement!

A wild, maniacal shriek burst from the lips of the poor girl when she had made the discovery, and she pushed the warm corpse from her, as if it had been so much poison, and spang to her feet, her eyes gleaming like balls of fire.

He's *dead!*" she shouted, clutching her father by the arms, "he's dead, I say, and so is she!" pointing toward the bed; "and I did it! Ha, ha, ha! I did it! Dare you say I didn't?"

The old fisherman disengaged himself from her grasp, with a shudder; and it would be impossible to tell the anguish that reached his soul when he realized that naught but a maniac daughter was left to cheer his once happy home!

Rachel's shot had, indeed, been a fatal one.

Home Life a Hundred Years Ago

One hundred years ago not a pound of coal or cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron framed fire-place which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town and country were done dy the aid of fire kindled on the brick hearth or in the brick oven. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished thelight for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking "sweep." No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those early days; by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire "went out" upon the hearth over night, and the tinder was damp so that the spark would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm unless some of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights of the winter. The Men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our modern barns and woodsheds and they never complained.

What is that which is taken from you before you get it? Your portrait.

For the Journal.

CUSTER'S COMMAND.

BY THOMAS J. HIGGINS.

Far out on the prairie,
In the land of the blessed,
A noble three hundred
Are lying at rest;
The angels are leading
Them on by the hand,
O'er Death's dark river,
To that Beautiful Land.

They fought all so bravely
In that glorious fight,
They bled for their country,
And fought for the right;
Brave Custer bowed low,
With his small gallant troop,
'Mid the cracking of rifles
And the Indians' whoop.

The country lamented
That small gallant band,
Their souls are reposing
In that Beautiful Land.
In the annals of Glory
And Honor so bright,
Their names shall appear,
With the just and the right.

Easter in England.

On Easter Monday various rites and curious relics still linger. One, called "clipping the church," is performed by the children of the charity schools, amid crowds of people and shouts of joy. They place their backs against the outside of the church, and join hands until the circle is complete and building surrounded, when the ceremony is over, and they go to another church.

Another custom in Durham is for men to go about the streets and take off a shoe from every woman they meet unless she will pay a small fee to prevent it. The next day, as is but fair, the women retort by doing the same to men.

In some parts a still more rediculous custom is found, called "heaving" or "lifting." On Easter Monday the men "lift" women, and on Tuesday the women are the lifters. It is done thus: two strong men cross hands in the way we used to call "making a chair," in my school-days, or they carry a chair lined with white, and decorated with flowers and ribbons. On meeting a woman in the street they invite her to take a seat, and, in fact, insist upon it. They then lift her into the air three times, when she must kiss each of her lifters and give them money besides. In the time of Ddward I. this custom was so general that even the king was lifted.

In Kent, the young people on Easter Monday "go a pudding-pieing." That is, go to public houses to eat pudding-pie, a dish about the size of a saucer, with raised paste rim, and custard inside.

And everywhere, and at all times, are eggs, eggs, eggs; boiled and colored; stripped and mottled, and gilded, ornamented with names or mottoes, or pictures. Common ones are variously adorned with designs drawn with a bit of tallow, which keeps the dye from taking on those parts. A better kind of decoration is to scratch the design with a sharp knife on an egg after it is dyed; landscapes, mottoes, etc., can be made very neatly.

A common game—which, perhaps, you know—is played with Easter eggs. The owner of a hard-boiled Easter egg challenges any one he meets to strike eggs with him. If his egg breaks the other, it is called "the cock of one," and its owner has broken one as a trophy. When it has broken two, it is "cock of two," and so on.

If an egg which is cock of one or more is broken, the conqueror adds the number of trophies won by the victim to his own score.

The custom of making presents of eggs is said to be Persian, and to bear illusion to the "mundane egg," from which the world was fabled by certain nations to have been derived. It is a custom among Jews, Egyptians and Hindoos and was adopted by Christians to symbolize the Resurrection.

This feast of eggs, therefore, very properly occurs at Easter.—OLIVE THORNE, *St. Nicholas for April.*

A WELL-KNOWN editor, having a printer in his employ who several times a day would leave his work to get a drink of whiskey, instructed his cashier to drop ten cents in a drawer to his credit every time that printer went out. In 17 months he drank himself out of a good situation, and and the drawer being opened contain- $409. This was loaned to a young mechanic, who returned it with interest to the editor the 17th of last February saying, that he has now a wife, two children and property worth $5,000, while the poor printer is hunting for food.

SURPRISE is the essence of wit; but, somehow, when a man is climbing down a ladder in a hurry and never finds out that one of the rounds is gone until he tries to step on it, it never seems very funny to him.

Why His Dog Bit Him.

Some time since we heard one of our leading citizens braging about his watch dog. He went on to say that Nero was a splendid watch dog; that he would never even growl at a child, and at night he would tear anybody to piece

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of my house, sir. He wanted to know if I was nearsighted and when I said yes he said he'd take board for a week. He said he was looking up an estate, sir, and that he lived in Boston."

"Looking up an estate," repeated the Chief as he wrote it down.

"Well, sir, I didn't ask for any money in advance, as he was such a gentleman, but yesterday he handed me a $20 bill and I gave him back $14. I went down to the store and they said the bill was a counterfeit. I told the man when I got home and he got mad in a second. 'Who impugns my honor?' he cried, as he took the bill. 'I will go down there and sycophants grovel in the dust for this!' That's about what he said, sir, as he got on his overcoat, sir."

"And he went?" queried the Chief.

"He did, sir, and he has n't returned, sir, and the satchel went with him, sir, and the sycophant here before you sir, has been swindled out of $14 and a week's board. Does n't it look that way to you, sir?"

And the Chief confessed that it did.

A WESTERN editor, who thinks the wages demanded by compositors an imposition, has discharged his hands and intends doing his own type setting in future. He says: "oMiNG To *the* eXorbYtant Wuges dEmiANdeD by prinTERs wE have CouCludeD To Do OUR oWn tYpe setTing IN the fuTUre: *and* altHOugh we neVer leaRNed Tue business We dO not seE AnY gaEat meysteay in tue ART."

SOLITUDE, kindled under the torch of Christian revelation, may become transfigured forever, passing from a blank negation into a secret hieroglyphic from God, and shadowing in the very dimmest of His truths.

Milliners in Paris who furnish ladies out of town with their hats send for their protographs before they make the selection of shape and color.

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