BOVE we present you with a likeness of Dr. MORSE, the inventor of *MORSE'S DIAN ROOT PILLS.* This philanthro- has spent the greater part of his life in eling, having visited Europe, Asia and Af- as well as North America—has spent e years among the Indians of our Western ntry—it was in this way that the Indian t Pills were first discovered. Dr. Morse the first man to establish the fact that all ases arise from IMPURITY OF THE OOD—that our strength, health and life ended upon this vital fluid.

When the various passages become clogged, do not act in perfect harmony with the erent functions of the body, the blood loses action, becomes thick, corrupted and dis- d, thus causing pains, sickness and distress every name; our strength is exhausted, our lth we are deprived of, and if nature is not sted in throwing off the stagnant humors, blood will become chocked and cease to and thus our light of life will forever be wn out. How important, then, that we old keep the various passages of the body e and open. And how pleasant to us that have it in our power to put a medicine in r reach, namely, Morse's Indian Root s, manufactured from plants and roots which w around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's den, for the health and recovery of diseased n. One of the roots from which these Pills made is a Sudorific, which opens the pores the skin and assists Nature in throwing out finer parts of the corruption within. The ond is a plant which is an Expectorant, that ens and unclogs the passage to the lungs, d thus, in a soothing manner, performs its ty by throwing off phlegm and other ho- rs from the lungs by copious spitting. The rd is a Diuretic, which gives ease and flow- strength to the kidneys; thus encouraged, ey draw large amounts of impurity from the ood, which is then thrown out bountifully by e urinary or water passage, and which could t have been discharged in any other way. e fourth is a Cathartic, and accompanies e other properties of the Pills while engaged purifying the blood; the coarser particles of purity which cannot pass by the other out- s, are thus taken up and conveyed off in eat quantities by the bowels.

From the above, it is shown that *Dr. Morse's* dian Root Pills not only enter the stomach, t become united with the blood, for they d way to every part, and completely rous t and cleanse the system from all impurity, d the life of the body, which is the blood, comes perfectly healthy; consequently all ckness and pain is driven from the system, r they cannot remain when the body becomes pure and clear.

The reason why people are so distressed ho, sick, and why so many die, is because ey do not get a medicine which will pass to e afflicted parts, and which will open the atural passages for the disease to be cast out; ence, a large quantity of food and other mat- er is lodged, and the stomach and intestines re literally overflowing with the corrupted mass; thus undergoing disagreeable ferment- ion, constantly mixing with the blood, which hrows the corrupted matter through every ein and artery, until life is taken from the ody by disease. Dr. Morse's Pills have add- d to themselves victory upon victory, by re- toring millions of the sick to blooming health nd happiness. Yes, thousands who have been acked or tormented with sickness, pain and nguish, and whose feeble frames have been scorched by the burning elements of raging fever, and who have been brought, as it were, within a step of the silent grave, now stand ready to testify that they would have been numbered with the dead, had it not been for this great and wonderful medicine, Morse's Indian Root Pills. After one or two doses had been taken, they were astonished, and absolutely surprised, in witnessing their charming effects. Not only do they give immediate ease and strength, and take away all sickness, pain and anguish, but they at once go to work at the foundation of the disease, which is the blood. Therefore, it will be shown, especially by those who use these Pills, that they will so cleanse and purify, that disease—that deadly enemy—will take its flight, and the flush of youth and beauty will again return, and the prospect of a long and happy life will cherish and brighten your days.

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Take Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons who purchased property at the sale of the personal estate of Levin Mobray, dec'd, that their notes are now due and must be paid, otherwise I shall proceed, according to law, to collect them. Further indulgence cannot be given. All persons otherwise indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment.

ALFRED J. MOBRAY,
June 24, 1857. Administrator.

Cambridge Democrat.

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THE SONG OF STEAM.

BY G. W. CUTTER.

Harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay conceal'd from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the courier dove,
As they bore a law a King decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast
And laughed in my iron strength.
O then ye saw a wonderous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! The waters o'er
The mountain's steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power;
The world! the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine!

The ocean pales where'er I sweep—
To hear my strength rejoice;
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of the earth,
The thoughts of his god-like mind;
The winds leg after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play;
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
Nor bones to be "laid on the shelf;"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

A PRINCESS ROYAL.

I remember to have fallen in once with certain American captains, and colonels, and men-at-arms, in a small place on the Brazos river, a few miles north of Jose Maria, in Texas. I had paid a visit to this place, near which a dear companion of my youth had been murdered. We were school-fellows, and for five years we had been brother officers in the same regiment. He went to the United States just when the war broke out with Mexico, and became captain of a company of Kentucky riflemen. A few months after the battle of Vera Cruz, he was deputed by the officers of his brigade to present to General Taylor—who was on leave of absence at New Orleans—a gold medal as a token of their respect.—Choosing the nearest way from the camp, across the country, he set out on his errand with a guide and two servants, all on horseback, armed to the teeth. In Jose Maria my poor friend unwisely exhibited the medal to a crowd of respectable-looking persons, calling themselves colonels, majors and captains, who seemed to take great pleasure in studying its engravings. He did not even remark in what a hurry some of these colonels were to start before him.—But the medal has, in ten years, never more been heard of; my old comrade and two of his companions were found shot dead in a ravine.

It was near this place that I also fell among colonels. There was one of them who took a great liking to my horse, when he saw me giving it to the ostler. He tapped it repeatedly on the neck, declaring it, with an oath, to be a nice hanimal and no mistake—which assertion he repeated over and over again to his fellow-men in the coffee-room, who, when they had been out to satisfy their curiosity, agreed with him upon the matter. "Now, would'nt that be a nag for you, major?" he said to a tall, powerful man, with a rough beard and disgusting features, who sat a little apart from the rest, and wore a large gray coat. The major said nothing, but stalked out of the room, followed by the colonel. The others had again taken up their old topic of conversation, and were talking politics, rather vehemently as I thought, when the waiter—a German—came up to me, and told me in our own language, that I had better take care, as those two ruffians outside had set eyes upon my horse, and would be sure to steal it if I gave them the slightest chance. Annoyed at this intelligence, I asked my countryman what he thought it would be best for me to do.

"Why," said he, "you have fallen in with a bad set, and, if you want to keep your horse, I advise you to escape as soon as possible."

After a little reflection, I resolved to start at once, and made for the stable. There I found the colonel again, most urgently talking to the ostler, who only looked at me in a rather impudent manner, when I told him to bring out my horse, and paid me no further attention. I therefore began to bridle for myself.

"I say, captain!" said the colonel, coming up to me after a while and tapping me on the shoulder.

"Sir!"

"Come on, man! don't make a fool of yourself! I want to buy that 'ere 'orse, captain!"

"Do you?"

Thank heaven! I was in the saddle by that time.

"Do I? Am I the man to be put out of my way by one of these 'ere chawed up Germans?"

He laid both his hands on the bridle of my horse. My blood generally boils at an insulting word against my countrymen, especially when I am far from home in foreign lands. In a trice, the stick of the riding whip came down upon the colonel's head, whilst the horse, urged to a powerful leap, threw him ten yards away upon the ground. As I knew very well that, according to the customs of the country, this was a revolver affair now, and as I had no wish to become entangled in such business, I did not wait until the colonel had picked himself up, but rode forward without delay.

I was stopped by the waiter, whom I heard calling after me, and who was out of breath when he came up to me at last. The honest fellow gave me a direction, which I was afterwards glad to have followed. He said that the colonel, though a coward, was a most desperate villian, not at all likely to give way so soon, but the worst of the whole set was that tall fellow, the major, whom he suspected to have gone in search of his companions. "You will be chased by a couple of these rouges," he said, "as sure as I am a Saxon! Let me advise you. Follow your way up to the north, until you are out of sight, then do you turn back to the south as far as Jose Maria. At the ravine southeast of that place turn to the left, and, following the course of the brook, ride for your life.—Twenty miles up the stream you will come to a settlement called the Wood Creek. Old Delamotte lives there, and he's the man for you to trust."

I offered the waiter a few pieces of money, but he would not take them; then a hearty shake of the hand, and this he took cordially.

"Stop," he said, when I had already set spurs to my horse. He lifted up each of the horse's legs, and looked carefully at the shoeing. "All right," he said; "I thought the ostler might have played you one of his tricks, but he has not yet had time, I suppose. Now, go ahead, and don't forget the Frenchman!"

I darted off.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. I had to make twenty miles to the ravine which my countryman had pointed out to me. But my horse was worthy of the colonel's admiration; and, in spite not only of the roundabout way I had taken in accordance with my friend's advice, and half-an-hour's delay for rest at Jose Maria, it was but five in the evening when I reached this melancholy spot.

I stopped and looked about me.—The surrounding country was all barren and desolate, the soil sterile.—There was a wooden cross erected on the spot of the murder, and beneath it lay the mortal remains of the man whom I had known in the full glow and joy of youth.

A strange feeling made me linger in that place. The little rivulet smoothly gliding eastward showed me the way I was to go. I could follow its course with my eyes to a far distant forest, the high grass of the prairie having burnt a track down, as it always does at this time of year. Yet I still lingered.

The horse began to neigh softly, and to prick up his ears. He was familiar with these prairies, as I had bought him but a few months ago at Little Rock, in Arkansas. There was something the matter.

I listened, but heard absolutely nothing. I alighted, and, pressing my ear to the ground, listened again. The earth trembled faintly with the tread of horses yet a long distance; but, when I mounted again, I could hear the sound. It was rapidly approaching from the direction of Jose Maria, and, although the woods on that side of me prevented me from seeing anything, I had but little doubt who were the horsemen.

Now, colonels, majors, captains, let us see what can be done! My horse gave such a sudden and vigorous jump when I merely touched him with the whip, that I was almost thrown from my seat. I lost my cap, and a gust of wind threw it against that very mound by which I had been bound to the ravine. To pick it up would have been waste of time; and, as I wished to be out of sight before my pursuers had set foot upon the prairie, I left it and sped away, taking as straight a line as possible in the direction of the distant forest, to avoid the windings of the little brook, yet without losing sight of it. In the brave horse there was no slackening of pace; there was no stumbling. I turned round three or four times during my rapid course, but, except a long cloud of dust and ashes raised by myself, I saw nothing whatever. In an hour or so, the forest was before me, and then, reining up a little, I again made for the brook.

I had traced its windings for about another hour, when I arrived at a cleared space in the wood, and got sight of a block-house.

"Qui va là?" asked a deep voice.

"Un ami!" was the answer.

There were two men near the house, one with gray hair and weather-beaten features, the other in the prime of youth, both Frenchmen.

The old man looked with some astonishment at my panting horse covered with foam, at his dilated nostrils and quick-beating flanks.

"Why, it seems you are in a hurry," he said.

In a few words I explained the motives of my visit, and told him my adventures at Santa Madre; not forgetting to report the advice of the German waiter at the coffee-house, that I should trust in him for help.

He listened eagerly to my narrative, and when I gave him a description of the colonel and the major, his attention grew to be intense.

"Again those two scoundrels!" he said. "Well, man, step into the house. Never mind the horse, the lad will rub him dry. We have a few hours before us yet. They know by this time where you are, and will consider twice before they call here; though we are quite sure to hear of them at nightfall."

I expressed regret for the trouble I was bringing on him; but he only laughed and replied, "Never mind, we are their match."

"But we are only three, and after all we don't know how many ruffians that tall fellow may bring with him.

"Let him bring a score, we are their match, I tell you! Do you account the Princess Royal nobody?"

"The what?"

"The Princess Royal; la Princesse Royale!" he laughed again. "Don't stare at me, you'll see her by-and-by."

The block-house had a very durable appearance; it was two stories high, and the upper room was neatly furnished. On the wall I observed a portrait of General Moreau.—My host was no friend of the first Emperor of the French; the present Emperor he mentioned only once during our conversation, and I had better not say what he said.

He lighted a candle and blocked up the windows, whilst I was eating and drinking what he had placed on the table. The lad had made all safe on the ground floor, and secured the door.

"Now we are all right!" said the old man, taking his seat at the table, and mixing rum and water in a large bowl.

"Au triomphe de la bonne cause!" he said, touching glasses with me.

"But I don't see any arms," I suggested.

"Arms? I have plenty of that stuff. How do you think a man could get on in these woods without arms? But we shan't want them to-night." And again he laughed.—"We have the Princess Royal."

He removed the candle with the other things from the table, and went out of the room.

The door was opened again about five minutes afterwards. I heard the crack of a whip. I saw a rapid flash before my eyes; and, with a mighty bound, that made my blood run cold, a large jaguar leaped, in alighting, with a heavy pounce upon the table.

"La Princesse Royale!" announced my host.

I do not know exactly what figure I may have presented at that moment; but I should not wonder if anybody were to tell me that I looked like a craven.

"Don't be afraid of her," said the laughing Frenchman, when he saw me still as a mouse, scarcely venturing to turn my looks to her bright cruel eyes. "She is as decent as a cat when I am by. Caress her; she likes to be fondled; it's the weak side of the sex, you know."

I touched her delicate fur but slightly with my hand, stroking it softly down her strong and beautiful back, the right way of the fur, you may be sure.

She bent her powerful and elastic limbs under my frail hand, and, fanning the air with her curved tail, seemed to encourage me to bestow more caresses.

"Well, how do you like the Princess?" asked my host.

"Why, she is indeed handsome, and I have seen none in the old world more majestic."

"Take her down stairs, George," he said to the lad, handing the whip over to him, "and keep a look-out yourself; but mind you don't give her any supper. She shall help herself to-night."

He placed the candle and our glasses again upon the table, and began to sip his grog quite leisurely.

"Heavens, man," I said after a pause, "it cannot be your real purpose to set the tiger on those people?"

"Eh, parbleu!" replied he, "and why not? What else do they deserve? Are they not also tigers?—You don't know them as I do! The tall rascal is a convicted felon, and ought to have been hanged two years ago at San Francisco. He contrived an escape and fled to Kansas. As to the other rogue, there is hardly a crime he has not stained his hands with. Make your mind easy about that."

A sudden thought came into my mind, and I asked him whether he knew anything about the murder of my friend ten years ago in the ravine near Jose Maria?

No, he knew nothing about that. It was before his time; only he should not wonder if the major had had a hand in it; it looked very like him.

We were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door. The lad came in soon afterwards, telling us that he could descry five of them, all on horseback.

The old man rose, and, moving one of the mattresses a little aside, he looked cautiously through the window. It was about nine o'clock, and the darkness began to set in with the rapidity peculiar to southern climates. The knocks were repeated more vehemently, accompanied now with a loud summons to open the door.

"Here they are, sure enough!" said the old man. "I wonder why this major does'nt go to Kansas; he is the very man for Kansas politics."

"If you don't open now, you French dog," said a coarse voice, "we'll break the door!"

The eyes of the old man flashed fire, but he spoke never a word.

"You know me, Delamotte," said another voice, which I had heard before. "You know Colonel Brown. But though we 'ave to settle an old account, I 'ave no business with you this time; it's the stranger I want, he has stolen a 'orse; give him up to us, and we'll be off in a minute."

"No use talking to that old miser," said the former voice, with an oath. "Come on, boys, break that door in, and end it!"

He seemed to suit the action to the word, for a tremendous crash came.

"*En avant!*" said the old man to the lad, and they both went down stairs.

I rose and paced up and down the room with rapid steps. Something terrible, awful, was going on.

The whole block-house shook and trembled with the violent kicks and blows which were dealt at the door, but nevertheless I could hear distinctly when the iron bar was removed from it, and then—I felt as if all my blood were rushing suddenly to my heart, leaving not a single drop in any limb of my whole body.

A roar—not at all like those you may hear in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, at feeding time—but a hundred times wilder, sharper, more piercing, more furious—then human cries of horror and despair—the trampling of flying horses—the quick report of fire-arms—then again the roar, but this time much louder, more horrible—then a heavy fall and a confused noise of grinding of teeth—then nothing more, because I stopped my ears with both my hands.

When I turned round, my host sat at the table again, sipping his grog as if nothing had happened.

"I am afraid," he said, after a while, "the Princess has been wounded; I have never heard her roaring in that way. Well, we must see after this to-morrow. It would be a dangerous job for any man to go near her to-night!"

Next morning, I stood by his side when he opened the door. My first glance fell upon the tiger cowering in a thick brown-red pool. She was licking at a red spot upon her left flank, which seemed to have bled profusely, but with both her powerful fore-paws she clung to a deformed and shapeless mass which bore no likeness to anything I had ever seen. The corpse of a horse, frightfully mutilated, lay close by, and the whole ground was strewn with fragments of a horrid appearance. My host having examined them all with intense curiosity, cracked his whip, and moved straight towards the tiger.

A hollow menacing roar warned him off; the savage creature showed its formidable range of long and powerful teeth, and had lost all signs of her old tameness.

"She is thirsty for more blood, the Princess Royal is," said the Frenchman. "That is nature, you know. She can't help it, I suppose; and, as I should be grieved to kill her, we must wait till she comes round again."

We had to wait long. After three days the old man himself, beginning to doubt whether she ever would come round again, was forced to kill her, after all.

When we were thus enabled to examine at leisure that horrible battle-field, he drew my attention to some remnants of a coat in which the gray color was still to be distinguished.

"He has had his reward!" said the old man, "though it cost me dear.—Better than all those majors was my poor old Princess Royal."

De Quincey.

The North American Review, for January, contains an article on DE QUINCEY, from which the following description of the man is taken:

"In person he is anything but prepossessing; being diminutive in stature, and awkward in his movements, with a shrivelled, yellow, parchment skin. His head, however, is superb, and his face remarkably sensitive and expressive; the eyes sunken, but brilliant with the fire of genius and the illuminations of opium. In manners he is a model of decorum, urbanity, and natural unaffected gentility. He is a magnificent talker, and a fine reader; which last quality he notes as a rare accomplishment, whether among men or women.—He is genial and hospitable in his household. He performs set tasks of walking, day by day, in his garden, and marks his progress by deposits of stones. He has offered his body, after death, to the surgeons, for dissection, as his contribution to physiological science. He seriously believes that the dreadful gnawing of the stomach, already alluded to, which arises, perhaps, from the collapse and impotency of that organ through the use of opium, is caused by the ravages of a living animal. He is singular in his habits, often disappears from his home for days together—no inquiry being made after him by his friends—and returns as mysteriously as he went. He has two daughters, one of whom is married to an officer in the Indian army; the other, and eldest, presides over the house, and acts as his amanuensis."

It is said of the Marquis of Townsend, that when young and engaged in battle, he saw a drummer at his side killed by a cannon ball, which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object, which seemed to engross his thoughts. A superior officer observing him, supposed he was intimidated at the sight, and addressed him in a manner to cheer his spirits. "O," said the young Marquis, with calmness but severity, "I am puzzled to make out how any man with such a quantity of brains ever came to be here!"

"Mrs. Stoker, I'd have you to know," said Mrs. Grumley, "that my uncle was a bannister of the law." "A fig for your bannister," retorted Mrs. Stoker, turning up her nose, "havn't I a cousin as is a corridor in the navy?"

SONG.

BY T. ALDRICH.

It was with doubt and trembling
I whispered in her ear;
O take her answer, bonny bird,
That all the world may hear!

Sing it, sing it, Silver-Throat,
Upon the way-side tree,
How fair she is—how true she is,
And how she loveth me!

Sing it, sing it, Silver-Throat,
And all the Summer long
The other birds shall envy you
For knowing such a song.

OUR BEST PARLORS.—Don't keep a solemn parlor, into which you go but once a month, with the parson or sewing society. Hang around your walls pictures which shall tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the largest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such when your boy has gone to a distant land, or even when perhaps he clings to a single plank in the lonely waters of the wide ocean, the thoughts of the still homestead shall come across the desolation bringing always light, hope and love. Have no dungeon about your house—no room you never open—no blinds that are always shut.—*Ike Marvel.*

EASY WAY TO COMPUTE INTEREST. We give the following as a short and correct plan for computing interest at 6 per ct. for any number of days:

Divide the number of days by 6, and multiply the dollars by the dividend, the result is the interest in decimals; cut off the right hand figures and you have it in dollars or cents, thus:—What is the interest of $100 for twenty-one days? 21 divided by 6 is 3½; 100 multiplied by 3½ is 350 or 35 cents. Again: what is the interest on $378 for 93 days? 93 divided by 6 is 15½; 378 multiplied by 15½ is $5 85 and 9-10.

A man seeing a wasp creeping into a vial filled with honey, that was hung on a fruit tree, said thus: "Why, thou sottish animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you see many hundred of your kind there dying in it before you?" "The reproach is just," answered the wasp, "but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies, that you will not take warning by your own. If after falling several times into this vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you."—*Dean Swift.*

Here is a copy of an original letter picked up in one of the streets of Des Moines, out West:

"des Moines iowa nov. 12, 1857—my Dear miss—the pleasing prospect I have of taking you out a slaying the first good snow that comes is enough to lift my sole above the sordid vanities of this whorld with such an intelligent young lady as you are. yours in love purity and fidelity

E. S——."

Julius—"Sam, I feel as if I'd like to hab my name handed down to posterity." *Sam*—"De hangman will hand you down from de gallows into de hands ob de dissextionists if you don't alter your ways, nigger." *Julius*—"O no, Sam! I feel I shall die a noble death!" *Sam*—"What! on de battle-field?" *Julius*—"No; dat's all played out now. Sam, I want to law down on de hearth, and mix my ashes wid de *grate.*—*Boston Post.*

A Quaker lately popped the question to a fair Quakeress, thus:—"Hum—yea, and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wonderfully, to beseech thee to cleave unto me, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone?" "Hum—truly, truly, Obediah, thou hast wisely said, and inasmuch as it is not good to be alone, I will sojourn with thee!"

Matthew Henry says: "Woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam; not made out of his head to top him—not out of his feet to be trampled upon by him—but out of the side, to be equal with him—under his arm to be protected; and near his heart to be beloved."

A gentleman who had a scolding wife, in answering to an inquiry after her health, said she was pretty well, only subject, at times, to a "breaking out in the mouth."

The rose prayed to Jupiter for a gift, so he gave it thorns. At this, the rose wept, until it saw an antelope eating lillies.

Why is a muff like a fool? Because it holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

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