A MODERN STANDISH.

"A favor?" repeated Rob Bonnell, leaning back in his pine office chair, the arms of which were becoming attenuated from the persistent whittling of its successive occupants. "A dozen if I can."

"I knew you would," declared Henry Dreier, in a tone that if confident was also full of vague relief. "In fact I really wrote Linnet you would go."

"You did, eh?" returned Bob, tilting back and teetering on the rear legs of his chair in a dexterously reckless manner that would have driven a more impressionable individual than his partner wild with nervousness. "That was awfully kind of you! But where am I to go? And who in this world is Linnet? If you would only supplement your disposal of me with a little information I couldn't be sufficiently grateful!"

Dreier grinned amiably, and shifted his position in the doorway of the small western grain office. Like most men slow of speech themselves, he was prompt to appreciate the ready raillery of another.

"Why—why, Linnet is," rather awkwardly. "Linnet Josylan, you know."

"Oh!" in sudden comprehension. "The bride elect. You never spoke of her otherwise than as Miss Josylan."

"Didn't I? By the way. I don't believe I ever told you much about her anyway, beyond the fact that she is a kind of distant cousin of mine, and that we are to be married next Thursday."

"No," replied Bob, with a shake of his handsome head. "You never did."

He was a tall, well knit, athletic looking fellow. There was in his whole bearing a certain easy grace that irreputably bespoke good breeding and gentle associations. His dark-skinned, finely chiseled face was bright with humor and alert with intelligence. In every sense of the word was Henry Dreier unlike him. He was of medium height and heavily built. His movements were deliberate to clumsiness. His face was large and round and florid and fat. His stubby streak of a sandy mustache reminded one of that of Mr. Jefferson Brick, which Martin Chuzzlewit mistook for "a recent trace of gingerbread." His mild blue eyes were most kindly. Indeed his general appearance was seraphically stupid. In reality Mr. Dreier was the least stupid of men. He was most keenly and practically shrewd. His look of bland innocence, almost of helplessness, was a mask with which nature had capriciously presented him.

Those who fancied they could by superior mental agility compass a business or personal victory over Henry Dreier were apt to find themselves confronted with a counter move on the probability of which they had altogether failed to reckon. But he was hopelessly unromantic. There was no denying that fact. He had not in his composition a single grain of sentiment. And in his life love would be, as Mme. de Stael avowed it was in the life of all men, merely an episode. Of this Rob Bonnell had always felt sure, but when now his partner went on to speak of his sweetheart in his prosy, matter of fact way he was more than ever convinced he was correct in his deductions.

"She's an eastern girl. Her people were wealthy. She was educated with the greatest care. She grew up thinking life was to be for her just a long procession of pleasures. Well, one day her father went all to pieces on the board of trade. The shock killed him. His wife didn't last for many weeks after him, and then Linnet found she must either work or starve. The former seemed, as you may suppose, the more acceptable alternative. She wrote to a cousin of her father who has a ranch out here, asking him if she could secure employment teaching in this part of the world. There was a chance of her obtaining the district school, so he sent her word to come. She did so. She was too late. The board of directors had given the place to an earlier applicant. Linnet did not have enough money to take her home again, so she was obliged to remain at Blatchford's. Know them?"

No. Rob didn't know them.

"Well, they live over by Concordia. They are the relatives of Linnet's I mentioned. Mean? You may bank on that. They think more of a nickel than I do of a dollar, and they've more dollars than I have. They told Linnet she could do the housework for her board. And the housework of their big barrack of a place is no joke. She was plucky. She tried it. But you might as well harness a butterfly to a plow as Linnet to drudgery."

He paused to weigh a load of corn for a man who had driven upon the scale outside. Then he scribbled a line upon the battered book that lay on the shelf like ledge just below the dingy window pane.

"I used to go to Concordia pretty often, as you remember, and I got into the habit of stopping in at Blatchford's. And—well, the long and the short of it is, I made up my mind to get married, and to marry Linnet Josylan at that."

Bonnell nodded interestedly. Never before had Henry been so confidentially communicative.

"She's awfully pretty," he averred, "and I like her quite as well as any girl I ever saw—indeed better. I've built a fine house, you know. She shall have everything she wants. I'm sure we'll be very happy."

Rob smiled grimly. How prosaic Dreier was! How unemotional! The girl who would be content with the affection he offered would have all she deserved, Bonnell felt convinced.

"And now," said Henry, looking at his friend, "here is the fix I'm in—I can't go over there to be married next Thursday. The decision about that new elevator the railroad men talk of putting up may be made any day. It would not do for me to risk being away."

"Man alive!" cried Rob, bringing down the forelegs of his chair with a bang and springing to his feet. "Do you remember you would go to be married?"

"That is the identical reason I can't go," answered Henry, with his usual air of serenity. "The very fact of my assuming new obligations would make it culpable of me to jeopardize my business interests."

There was a little amusement and a good deal of contempt in the glance Rob gave him.

"And so," decided Dreier, putting his short, thick hands in his pockets, "I wrote to Linnet that you would go over for her Thursday and bring her to Belleville. We can be married here."

No longer could Bonnell conceal his exasperation.

"Good heavens, Dreier!" he exclaimed, "can't you see that what you suggest is infernally bad form?"

Henry did not see it. He turned deliberately to weigh the empty wagon that had rumbled back on the scale. Then he calmly faced the indignation of his partner.

"No girl," avowed that wrathful individual fiercely, "at least no girl in her senses, would tolerate such dictation! You ought not to expect her to come and go as you decide, as if she were a trained terrier."

Henry smiled placidly.

"Oh, she won't mind! My absence from town might mean quite a loss to me in a money sense."

"Defer your marriage, then."

"Postponements are unbusinesslike."

It was with something suspiciously like an oath that Mr. Bonnell pulled his hat down over his brows and swung out of the office.

He vowed over and over to himself that he wouldn't go to Concordia. It was atrocious that he should be sent to bring and deliver a bride as if she were so much merchandise! And yet, did not a poor poet bring Lalla Rookh to the arms of her royal lover? Yes, but the poet was the lover. Well, after all, what business was it of his? He had given his word to Dreier to do him the favor requested, and the future wife of his partner must be but a narrow minded and spiritless creature, and unworthy his savage chivalry in her defense.

So he went, but against his will, as Beatrice said, when she invited Benedick in to dinner. It was still early, not 10 o'clock, when he drew up his horses before the large, ugly frame farm house on the outskirts of Concordia.

It was an April day and a delicious one. The skies were most softly, sunnily, luminously blue; everywhere were plows furrowing the dark sod; everywhere was budding greenery; everywhere were budding boughs, and from the prairie grass came the persistently cheerful chirp of the meadow larks. Kansas was that morning, as she not infrequently is, more prodigal of spring time promise than of midsummer fruition.

"Miss Josylan!"

The weatherbeaten woman who had answered his brisk knuckle knock on the panels of the seldom used hall door regarded him with stolid curiosity.

"Linnet? She's out with the children somewheres—gaddin' as usual. Won't you come in?"

"No, thank you," replied Bonnell, taking off his hat in a fashion that the poor rich woman for a moment imagined implied supreme sarcasm, "I shall try to find her."

Find her he did. She was in the next field, with half a dozen roystering young Blatchfords about her. They were on their way to seek the whereabouts of a nomadic hen, or rather of her nest. The fear that she would "lay out" had caused the mistress of the farm anxiety unutterable.

Although Bonnell had never seen Linnet there was no mistaking her. A girl city born and bred is, in the city, one of a multitude. In the country, especially in the new western country, she is distinctively and delightfully conspicuous. She is the transferred product of a more luxurious and intricate civilization.

"Miss Josylan, I believe," said Bonnell.

She bowed slightly. She stood regarding him with a glance of quiet inquiry. She was a graceful girl of perhaps 18 or 20. Her gown of smoke lashed hazel eyes and a beautiful mouth—flamed scarlet from soft hair to white throat.

"He did not receive my letter then? Your are Mr. Bonnell?"

Bob assented.

"I wrote him," hurried on Linnet Josylan, "that I would not go to Belleville as he desired."

Rob felt himself placed in an unpleasant position. Assuredly the girl was neither narrow minded nor spiritless as he had supposed when he agreed to fulfill the request of Dreier. For, though her words were brief and simple, there was a vast deal of resentment in both tone and expression. But how in the name of heaven had such a woman promised to marry Henry Dreier! Suddenly and curiously he was answered.

"That's right, Linnet!" piped up one of the group who stood gaping at the stranger, "don't ye go. I heard ma tell pa yistiday that if you went to git married she'd have to hire help, an' that the lessn she'd have to pay 'ud be $3 a week. Don't ye go."

Linnet looked up from the freckled and persuasive countenance of Master Clive Leonard Leroy Blatchford. All the color went out of her face with a rush. Something set and resolute came into it.

"I shall go with you," she said to Bonnell. She turned and walked toward the house.

"Poor little girl!" said Rob. He knew now why she was going to marry Henry. She would be her own mistress. She would be independent. She would be free from repellant labor and petty despotism. If the absorbed and passionate devotion all young hearts crave it was not in the nature of Dreier to give her she would at least receive kindness and affection. And, morbid sentimentalists to the contrary, half a loaf is preferable to no bread.

Bonnell went back to the road. He stood by the buggy, waiting. He could hear within the house the sounds of angry and aggrieved protestation. When, carrying a satchel, Miss Josylan came out, down the path and to the buggy, her lips were set in a mutinous red line and her hazel eyes were black with rebellion. Silently he helped her in. Silently they drove off. Warmer the day had grown. The fresh, half pungent scent of "broke" ground drifted to them. And faintly heard they the murmurous whir and hum that preludes the summer.

It is about a three hours' drive from Concordia to Belleville. They had traveled more than half the distance, and almost in utter silence, when all at once Linnet broke down in a fit of childish weeping.

"Turn!" she panted. "Go back. I can't marry Henry Dreier. He is good. Yes, I know that. But to be with him—always! Oh, no—no. I was foolish. I only wanted to get away from Blatchford's. I—I didn't think of the sin of marrying for such a reason. Take me back, please!"

A force mightier than his will, mightier than himself, mastered Rob Bonnell. Traitorous—dishonorable? Perhaps. But he could at that moment no more have held back the words that sprang from his heart to his lips and overflowed them than he could have restrained the fierce fury of a mountain flood.

"Linnet," he cried hoarsely. "I love you! Marry me!"

"Oh," she whispered, and shrank back trembling. He had stopped the team. He turned in his seat and faced her. Their eyes met. There was that in his imperious, steady, fervent gaze that compelled surrender. Linnet's lashes drooped. Rob bent and kissed her. That broke the mad spell that was upon them both.

"Don't! she said. "Go on. I could care for you—yes. But the disloyalty would be more wicked than—than keeping my word."

Bonnell snatched out the whip. He gave the horses a lash. He drove straight on toward Belleville. There he left Linnet at the hotel. He then went straight to the office. He found Dreier alone and in high spirits.

"Well," he cried, "that elevator business was fixed today. We've come out several thousands ahead. What is the matter? You look like a ghost!"

"Do I?" with a wan smile. "I ought to look like a scoundrel. I've fallen in love with your sweetheart, Henry. I asked her to marry me. I kissed her."

Dreier said not a word for several moments. When he spoke it was in his ordinary bland and drawling voice.

"If Linnet likes you better than me, it's all right. Mistakes shouldn't be made in matrimony any more than in business. Mistakes are poor policy. They don't pay. Anyhow, Bob Sawyer's widow would suit me nearly as well. She isn't pretty like Linnet, but she owns a half section over in Logan county that joins mine."

Such an unexpected reply! Such a delightfully unromantic reply! Rob burst into a boyish and ecstatic shout of laughter. He felt he could afford to laugh.

He married Linnet. Rumor says the Sawyer and Dreier half section in Logan county will soon be consolidated into one farm.

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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. IV. ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., FEBRUARY 11, 1891. NO. 25.

L. C. VAN FLEET, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Loan and Real Estate Agency. ANDOVER, N. Y.

THE ANDOVER NEWS, Published every Wednesday at one dollar per year. Job Printing done on short notice and in a first-class manner.

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SHERMAN MORGAN JR., (1787) RECORD - 2:29. Awarded, with four of his get, the First Premium in the Standard class at Wellsville Fair, fall of 1889, also THE FIRST PREMIUM In the Standard class for Stallions, four years old and over; also First Premiums were awarded two of his colts, one and two years old. (The judge in the Standard class was an expert from Wallace's New York office.)

Greenmont 11,013, Four years old, sired by Almont Lightning 1023, he by Almont 33 the sire of the fastest pacer in the world. 1st dam by Pocahontos Boy, 2nd dam by Maj. Edsall; 3rd dam by Bashaw; 4th dam by Durock.

Parties desiring to breed to Performers, as well as Standard, are informed that the above named horses will stand at the barns of F. N. WHITCOMB, BELMONT, N. Y. THE PRESENT SEASON

THE SUN FOR 1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinion about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen number into the millstone.

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TIME TABLE.

Adopted Nov. 16, 1890. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

12:21 p. m. daily, No. 10, Accomodation for Hornellsville. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 8 the vestibuled limited, which passes Andover at 12:41 p. m. daily, but does not stop.

1:15 p. m. daily except Sundays, No. 96, way freight and accomodation.

6:54 p. m. daily, No. 18, Hornellsville accomodation. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 12, Atlantic express, which passes Andover at 7:30 p. m., but does not stop.

Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

7:00 a. m. daily, except Sundays, No. 95, way freight and accomodation.

8:47 a. m. daily, No. 3, Pacific Express for Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and all points west.

1:15 p. m. daily, No 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.

8:22 p. m. daily, No. 1, Express for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or A. W. BODLE, Div. Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y. W. C. KINNERSON, Gen. Passenger Agent.

B. E. & C. R. R.

T. C. PLATT, Receiver.

EAST BOUND.

Leave Eldred	10.15 a m	4.00 p m	
" Ceres	10.52 a m	4.37 p m	
" Bolivar	11.15 a m	5.00 p m	
" Allentown	11.39 a m	5.24 p m	
Arrive Wellsville	12.15 a m	6.00 p m	

WEST BOUND.

Leave Wellsville	8.00 a. m.	1.45 pm
" Allentown	8.36 a. m.	2.23 pm
" Bolivar	9.00 a. m.	2.45 pm
" Ceres	9.28 a. m.	3.13 pm
" Eldred	10.00 a. m.	3.47 pm

W. W. ATWOOD, Sup't, Wellsville, N. Y. F. M. BAKER Ag't Receiver.

W., C. & P. C. Railroad.

Time table Feb. 19, 1891.

North Bound.					South Bound		
6	4	2			1	3	5
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
1 40	5 45	8 45	ar Wellsville lv		7 05	4 00	11 00
1 34	5 41	8 41	Dukes Mills		7 09	4 04	11 06
1 32	5 31	8 31	Ford's Brook		7 19	4 14	11 16
1 15	5 23	8 23	Marsh Creek		7 27	4 22	11 30
1 00	5 16	8 16	Graves		7 35	4 30	11 36
12 53	5 10	8 10	Shongo		7 40	4 37	11 55
12 40	5 00	8 00	lv Genesee	ar	7 50	4 45	12 00

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Events of the Week at the National Capital.

[From the NEWS' Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9, 1891.

The National Legislative Council of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union is now holding its first session in this city. It is composed of the heads of the State organizations, and is presided over by the National President. The object of this meeting is twofold; first, it will draw up a program of measures that the Alliance will push in the Fifty-second Congress, and perfect those that are in a crude state as well as change those that it may seem desirable to change. It is believed that the sub-treasury scheme will undergo material changes if it is not supplanted entirely by a new measure which will retain as many of the main features of the old one as the council may think that Congress will accept; next, the council will endeavor to get up a feasible and practicable plan for disseminating the literature of the organization among the masses, in order to educate them in the aims and interests of the Alliance. The politicians are greatly interested in the doings of the Council.

* * *

The friends of the Free Coinage bill do not like the latest move of the opposition—hearings for Commercial organizations—which they claim is made solely for the purpose of killing the bill by delay. The opposition is unquestionably hustling as it never hustled before, which shows that it is afraid to trust entirely to a presidential veto. Senator Cockerell stated on the floor of the Senate that the application for hearings on this subject were the result of telegrams sent from Washington and not of public sentiment. There have been several lively scenes in the committee room of the House Coinage Committee, and in one case it came near resulting in blows. A majority of the committee is opposed to the bill, and has so far voted down every proposition to set a day to vote upon it. As soon as the opportune moment arrives, the question of discharging the committee from further consideration of the bill will be called up in the House, and there will be the liveliest sort of a time for awhile, and out of the scrimmage the bill will emerge triumphant, or it will be killed for the session. If it could have been gotten before the House when it first came from the Senate its passage would have been certain, but owing to the powerful influences that have been brought to bear upon weak-kneed members, the outcome is not now so certain, though the chances are still largely in favor of the bill, if it gets before the House.

* * *

Congress having adopted Mr. Harrison's reccomendation to allow an assistant Secretary of any one of the Executive departments to act as Secretary for a period of 30 days in case of the death or resignation of the Secretary, by passing a bill to that effect, that gentleman has buckled down to the task of finding a man to succeed the late Secretary Windom. All speculation as to who it will be is at this time the wildest sort of guessing. It has been given out in a semi-official way that the claims of no man who favors free coinage will be considered, notwithstanding the receipt of numerous cummunications asking that a silver man be selected.

* * *

The investigating committee is still engaged in the anxious task of seemingly trying to find out who speculated in silver; it sent to Chicago for J. A. Owenby, whose talk started the whole thing, and then destroyed his usefulness as a witness by deciding that he should not repeat in his testimony the names of Congressmen whom he had heard other parties say were speculating in silver.

* * *

There is considerable quiet excitement among the democrats to-day, caused by a rumor that the republican Senators, at a caucus held last week, had agreed upon a brand new Election bill, which met the views of those who had refused to support the old one. The republicans are reticent and it is impossible to say whether there is any truth in the rumor. They held a caucus last week, that is certain, but the reason for holding it was given out to be the arrangement of the order of business for the rest of the session.

* * *

Senator Stewart has presented a memorial from the National Farmer's Alliance, asking that Congress amend the Constitution so as to prevent the establishment or maintainance of lotteries in any state or territory.

* * *

Senator Turpie has introduced a joint resolution proposing a Constitutional amendment providing for the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people. This idea is rapidly growing popular, and has a number of enthusiastic advocates in the Senate. There is, as far as is known, no valid argument against it, while there is any number in favor of it, not the least of which are the scandals which have of late years attended so many Senatorial elections.

* * *

Mr. Blaine has concluded the negotiations of a reciprocity treaty with Brazil.

A Good Substitute.

A policeman who was patroling Brush street one cold night heard some one growling and mumbling near Recreation park, and after hunting around a while he located a man lying under a tree.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"It's my bed for the night."

"But you'll freeze here."

"Oh, no, I won't. I've got a substitute for bedquilts."

"I don't see it."

"But I've got it. There's a chap in this town who has insulted me several times and who's going to get an awful licking some day. I just imagine I've met him, peeled off my coat, called him a liar, knocked him clean through a fence, and I'm so warmed up that I wouldn't thank anybody for a blanket. You go right along and let me alone. I'm all right and as warm as natural gas."—Detroit Free Press.

TO HIM WHO WAITS.

To him who waits amid the world's applause
His share of justice, toiling day by day,
All things will come now dim and far away.
To him who waits.

To him who waits beyond the darkness drear
The morning cometh with refulgent light,
Bringing assurance of a day more bright
To him who waits.

To him who waits, though tears may often fall,
And knees be bowed in sorrow and in prayer,
All grief will end, and everything be fair
To him who waits.

To him who waits, and reaches out his hands
To aid a toiler up life's beetling crags,
Success will come from every ill that flags
To him who waits.

To him who waits, and struggles not in vain
To overcome the evils that abound
Within his breast, sweet will the victory sound
To him who waits.

To him who waits there comes a wily throng,
Who sneer and scoff and look with baleful eyes.
But what of them? They are but gnats and flies
To him who waits.

To him who waits there must be recompense
For useful work, whatever may betide,
A compensation reaching far and wide
To him who waits.

To him who waits the stars are always friends,
The restless ocean and the azure sky,
All things in nature speak and prophesy
To him who waits.

To him who waits true love will some day come,
And lay an offering at his blameless shrine;
Life full be love, and love will be divine,
To him who waits.

To him who waits the world will some day cheer,
And sing his praises; Fame's mysterious gates
Will open for him; heaven seem more near,
To him who waits.

—Boston Globe.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

According to the annual report of Adj. Gen. McKeever, there are now in operation about seventy post-canteens, where beer and stronger liquors are offered to the soldiers of the United States army.

High license is a barrier to prohibition rather than a step towards it. High license does more to counteract prohibition fanatacism than anything else we can bring to bear.—*C. K. Bowman, Distiller, Wooster, O.*

Sir Wilfred Lawton says: "While the whole Irish rent roll is £9,000,000, the amount paid to the venders of strong drink approximates £12,000,000." In his opinion there can be no permanent improvement in Ireland while drink so debauches the people. Favorable reports of temperance work come from the south and west.

Count Von Moltke, being asked in his ninetieth year, "To what do you ascribe your healthy old age?" replied, "To God's grace and temperate habits." One of these habits was, ten hours sleep in the twenty-four, during youth; and eight hours all his life. Another was 'out door exercise in all weather. No day spent entirely indoors.'

Some folks call Anthony Comstock a crank, but of the 156 cases brought to trial by the Society for the Suppression of vice, of which Mr. Comstock is president, 155 have been convicted. It is doubtful if any officer has picked his men with such accuracy. Besides its prosecution, the society has captured and destroyed over three tons of infected matter, two tons of which consisted of obscene pictures. It had also seized 200,000 lottery tickets, and 250,000 pool tickets.

No doubt some of our readers have heard how Mr. Higginbotham's home was made interesting. He had told Mrs. Higginbotham that he went out at night because his home was not interesting. Therefore, like a wise woman, she proceeded to effect a remedy. Concealing her identity she discovered what kind of a place Mr. Higginbotham considered interesting, then she set to work. The carpets in the front and back parlors were taken up, the floors were sprinkled with saw dust, the beautiful paintings gave place to something a little loud, spit boxes with stumps of cigars were put in the corner, and decanters adorned the rough table which had taken the place of the handsomely covered stand. Then Mrs. Higginbotham invited Mr. Higginbotham to spend the evening at home, and he did. He surveyed the situation with open-mouthed and round-eyed wonder; and then a look of sneaking dismay came over his face; and when at last he had got enough of his humiliated manhood together to express an opinion he declared that if Mrs. Higginbotham would only put the parlors to rights again, he would consider her home the most interesting place in the world.—*Chicago Advance.*

$10 Washington Excursion.

Another popular Excursion will be run to Washington, D. C. via. the Erie and Northern Central, Tuesday, Feb. 17. Only $10 round trip. Tickets good ten days. Side trip excursions in connection at low rates. Washington to Richmond, Petersburg and Old Point Comfort. For detailed information apply to ticket agents of the Erie railway.

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