LADY CAR;

—OR.—

THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER V. 6

Continued.

Janet, who had never any words in which to convey the discoveries, and no one to say them to if she had found the words, saw it more clearly, and knew that something had happened, though what she could not divine. There were some faint changes scarcely perceptible, but developing gradually in Lady Car's habits, too. She was less in the library with her husband, abandoning this custom very slowly in the most natural way in the world, compelled by the other duties which with a daughter growing up became more important every day.

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Car did many things after this period which she had previously disliked to do; but there was one thing which she did not for a long time consent to, and that was to open the house in the North which was called the Towers, which Tom had been used to speak of as "my place," and which Beaufort thought it foolish of her not to inhabit. He did not know the ghosts that dwelt there. He did not consider that it was the house of her first husband, the house she was taken to as a most wretched bride after the marriage into which she had been forced, and that the dreadful time of that bridehood, and the years she had lived with Torrance, and the moment of awful agony when she had heard of his death, all lingered there waiting for her. Mr. Beaufort only thought it was foolish, when she had a handsome house in Scotland at her command, that the family did not go there in the autumn, when it was natural that families should go. But he was not a man to bore her by any repetition of this counsel. He had been a little surprised, and even it must be allowed a little disconcerted, to find himself so much more at his own disposal than of old, and now that Carry was not always at his side his habits, too, changed imperceptibly. His beautiful library was still his chief haunt, but he read the papers there and all kinds of profane things. And he went a great deal to Cordelton, where the county club was, and spent a part almost of every day there. It was not that he had any great liking for the gentlemen who found it such a resource. He kept the position among them of a man who was not as they were—a person superior in many ways, a writer (though he never wrote anything), a philosopher. No doubt he was entitled to that last character. He was very civil to them all, but regarded them from an altitude, making notes of what he called the "humors," and making them the subject of many satirical descriptions when he went home. Sometimes he went up to London for the day, at first to consult books, but latterly without alleging any such reason, and went to many places where were no books to consult. But it was very rarely that he did not return home in the evening. He had no desire for dissipations of any kind. He was far too much a philosopher, not to say a gentleman. Tom, perhaps, described it best in his schoolboy language when he said that Beau liked to loaf. So he did. He had no twist in his character. Had Lady Car followed him in all his excursions she would have found nothing to object to, and indeed he would have enjoyed them much more if she had. But he had, as a matter of fact, no mission such as she had credited him with; he had no gospel to preach, nothing at all to say. If there had been anything more than youthful excitement and ambition in his plans it had all evaporated in his listless life. He might have pushed on—many young men do—and insisted upon marrying his love, and saved her from Tom Torrance and the dreadful episode of her first marriage. He might have realized at least some of his early promises and anticipations. He might at least have roused himself from his sloth, and written that book upon which her heart was so set. But, indeed, that last was doubtful, for he might only have proved that he could not write a book, which would have been harder on Lady Car than to think he would not. The end of all things was, however, that he was immensely relieved, and yet vaguely insensible, by the change that had now come over his life. There was a change. The secret and constant, if sometimes a little exacting, companionship of those early years was one which gave him a vague ache as of desertion, especially at first. And Carry was changed. Her questions, her arguments, her constant persuasions and inducements to go on with that book (expressing always a boundless trust in his powers which it pained him to part with), were all over. On the other hand, he had regained his liberty, was now free to do as he pleased—an indescribable boon. What he planned to do was always quite gentlemanlike, comme il faut. There was no reason why he should be restrained in doing it. He liked to read, and also to think, without it being supposed to be necessary that anything should come of his reading and thinking. He liked to go to his London club now and then and have the stimulus of a little conversation; he liked when there was nothing else, to go into Cordelton and talk a little to the country gentlemen and the smaller fry about, who were sufficiently important to belong to the county club, and to come in occasionally to sit with his wife in her drawing room, to read to her, to tempt her to talk, even to give Janet a little lecture upon literature, which she cared nothing about. He was on those occasions a delightful companion, so easy in his superior knowledge, so unpretending. In their rich and easy life, without cares, without any embarrassment about ways and means, or any need to think of to-morrow, he was indeed an admirable husband, a most charming stepfather, pleasant all round. What would any woman have wished for more?

There was one period in this easy and delightful life which brought the change home to Beaufort with curious force for a moment and no more. It was the period just after the publication of a book which went over his ground—the ground which it had always been supposed he was going to take. It forestalled him on many points, but in some went quite against him, contradicting his views. He brought in the volume with some excitement to his wife, and read to her those portions with which he disagreed. "I must do something about this," he said; "you see the fellow takes half my argument, and works out from it quite a different conclusion. I have been too supine. I must really get to work at once, and not suffer myself to be forestalled and contradicted like this."

"Yes, Edward," said Carry gently. She smiled very sweetly upon him, with a curious tender smile, but she did not say any more.

"You speak as if you did not think it worth my while," he said, a little annoyed by her composure.

"Oh, no; I think it quite worth your while," she said. He went off a little disturbed, vexed, half angry, half sad, but certainly stimulated by her. Was it indifference? What was it? Had she responded as of old, they would have talked the matter over between them and taken away all its interest; but as she did not respond Beaufort felt the fire burn. He went off to his room, and got out all his preparatory notes and the beginning of the long interrupted manuscript, and worked with vigor all night, throwing his opposite views hastily upon paper. Next day he announced to his wife that he meant "to ruin that fellow's book"—as the quickest and surest way of expressing his dissent. "Yes," she said once more, but with a little rising color, "when, Edward?"

"Oh, I'll send it to 'Bowles,'" he said, meaning "The Nineteenth Century" of that day. Of course, "The Nineteenth Century" itself had not yet begun its dignified career. And he did an hour's work that morning, but with softened zeal; and in the afternoon he repeated to himself that it was scarcely worth his while. The people who had read that fellow's book would not care to read a review; they would be people on the other side, quite unlikely to pay any attention to the opposite argument. And as for the general public, the general public did not care a straw for all the social philosophy or political economy in the world. So after another hour's deliberation he put all the papers back again—what was the use?—and went into the county club, and brought back a very amusing story of the complicated metaphors and confused reasoning of some of the gentlemen there. It did not strike him that Carry never asked whether he had finished the review, or how he was going to treat the subject. But he remarked her smile with a curious sensation which he could not explain. It seemed to him something new—very sweet (her smile had always been sweet), very patient, indulgent, with a look of forgiving in it, though he did not know very well what there was to forgive. He forgot in a short time about the answer he had intended to write to that book, and about the review into which his intended answer had so soon slid—in intention—but he was haunted for a very long time by Carry's smile. What did it mean?

Tom and Janet were just as little aware how it was that their mother was so much more with them than of old, but this had come on gradually, and it did not strike them except by moments. "Why you're always with mother now," Tom said, when he came home for his holidays. He was now at Eton, and, though he had been in several scrapes had managed to keep his place and was in high hope of getting into the boats, which was the only distinction he had any chance of.

"Yes," said Janet, sedately, "for I'm growing up now, and mother says I want the most—"

"Isn't it awful sop?" said Tom, which was Eton (at that time) for London and hard work. He had the grace to speak low, and Janet gave him a glance upward with raised eyelids, and they both laughed, but softly that no one might ask why.

"She thinks of such a lot of things that no one can be expected to know," said Tom. "I don't say fellows, for she lets me alone now. I suppose you have got to read books all day."

"Oh, no; oh, Tom, we oughtn't to talk like this and laugh, for she's—mother's very kind. She is indeed. She sees in a moment if I'm tired."

"She'd need to," said Tom; "but I don't suppose girls mind. You come out now and have a game. Will she let you? If she won't, just steal away—"

"Oh, Tom," said Janet again, "how can you speak of mother so? She never stops any fun, now—when there is any," the girl added after a pause.

Lady Car was at the other end of the room, seated in the recess of a broad window which looked on the wide landscape. She had been waiting for Janet, who had asked her assistance in some work she was doing—trumpery work such as disturbed all Carry's prejudices. Janet was painting flowers upon some little three-legged stools for a bazaar, and though she only copied the "patterns," she required in the execution some hints from her mother, who had once made considerable progress in the study of art. Janet was entirely unaware that Lady Car's dreamy landscapes, which were full of distance and suggestion if nothing else, were in any way superior to her "patterns," and had made her call for aid with the frankest confidence that what she was doing was excellent art. And Carry had prepared the stool from which the dahlias and red geraniums were to be painted, with as much care as if it were to be used by Raphael. When she saw the two suddenly disappear, perhaps she was not altogether sorry. It is possible that the painting of the stools was "sop" to the mother also. She smiled at them with a little wave of her hand and shake of her head as they passed the window, in mild allusion to the abandoned work, but perhaps she was as much relieved as Janet was. She laid back her head upon the dim-colored satin of her chair, and watched the two young creatures with their rackets, Janet carrying in her apron a supply of balls for their game. Seventeen and a half — fifteen and a half—in the bloom which was half infantile, half grown-up, all fresh about them, nothing as yet to bring in black ears. They were not handsome, but Tom had a sturdy manliness and strength about him, and Janet, her mother thought, looked everything that was simple and trustworthy—a good girl, not clear, but very good-natured and kind; and Tom was not at all a bad boy—rough a little, but that was mere high spirits and boyish exuberance. They were neither of them clever, she said to herself with a faint smile. How silly she had been! How she had worshiped talent — no, not talent, genius—and had hoped that they would surely have had some gleam of it—the two whom she had brought into the world. They had been surrounded with beautiful things all their lives. When other people read foolish nursery stories to their children she had nourished them upon the very best—fables and legends which were literature as well as story; yet Janet liked the patterns for her stool better than all the prints and pictures, and Tom never opened a book if he could help it. And what matter? she said to herself, with that faint smile of self-ridicule. The children were none the worse for that. Her fantastic expectations, her fantastic disappointment, what did they matter! She was altogether a most fantastic woman—everybody had said it all her life, and she recognized fully the truth of the accusation now. Who should be so happy as she? Her husband so kind, always with her, thinking of everything that would make her happy. Her children so good (really so good!), wise, well-conditioned—Tom so manly, Janet all that a girl should be, very, very different indeed from Carry as a girl. But what a good thing that was! Janet would have no silly ideal, would desire no god to come from the skies, would not torment herself and every one about with fantastic aspirations. She would love some good, honest young fellow when her time came, and would live the common life, the common, happy life, as the family at Easton were doing now. Edward, gone over to Cordelton to the county club—the natural resource of a man in the country; the brother and sister playing tennis on the lawn—the boy expecting to get into the boats, the girl delighted with a new pattern for her stools. And no cloud anywhere, no trouble about starting them in life, no embarrassment about money or anything else. How happy a family! Everything right and pleasant and comfortable. As Carry lay back in her chair, thinking all these happinesses over, her eyes ran over with sudden tears, for satisfaction and joy.

When the tea tray came in the young ones appeared with it, very hungry, and ready for the good things which covered the little table. Lady Car watched them consume the cakes with the same smile which had puzzled Beaufort. "Would you really like so very much," she said with a little hesitation, a lingering in her voice, "to go to the—Towers for the next holidays, Tom?"

"Should I like!" said the boy, jumping up with his mouth full of bread and butter. "Why, mother, better than anything in the world!"

"Oh, mother!" Janet cried, with a glow upon her face. She had passed the bread-and-butter stage, and was cutting herself a piece of cake. The knife fell out of her hand for excitement and pleasure.

To be Continued.

Through His Nose.

Clear speaking bears a close relation to clear thinking, too, and there is a moral effect in vocal utterance which influences the hearer probably more than most of us are aware.

When the late Tom Reed was the—well, let us say the Speaker of the Fifty-first Congress, he once got into a controversy on the floor of the House with Judge McMahon, of Dayton, O. Reed lost his temper, thereby breaking one important law of good form in speech to start with, and shouted in his usual nasal tone:

"The trouble with you is that you don't want to hear the TE-RUTH!"

"Well," retorted the Judge, witheringly, "I don't want to hear the TE-RUTH through your nose."—New York World.

Tempting Springs.

In the summer, when so many thousands drink from tempting springs in the woods and on hillsides, a warning recently given by Monsieur E. A. Martel, the celebrated French explorer of caverns, should not go unnoticed. Contrary to a widely-prevalent opinion, Monsieur Martel says that springs of apparently pure water are, in many cases, merely the outflow of surface waters, which have disappeared through fissures, carrying with them pollution from the soil, and not purified in their passage through the rocks. He thinks that even chalk is not an effectual filter for surface water passing through it.

Up to 1789 the chief water works of New York City was in Chatham street, now Park Row. The water was carted about the city in casks and sold from carts.

Fashions

New York City.—The simple full waist made with the round neck is always a charming one for evening occasions. This one is finished with a flat shaped band that allows effective use of embroidery or of applique, and is graceful in the extreme, while it is absolutely simple. It can be made either with the short sleeves illustrated or with sleeves of three-quarter length, including two puffs, or if the waist is wanted for daytime use the yoke and deep puffs can be added, making it high neck and with long sleeves.

The waist is made with a fitted lining, and consists of front and backs. These last are gathered and arranged over the foundations and the shaped band finishes the neck. When high neck is used the lining is cut to the throat and faced with yoking material. There are regulation sleeve linings on which the full puffed sleeves are arranged and which are faced to form the cuffs when full length is desired.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two and a half yards twenty-seven or thirty-two, one and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with five-eighth yard of silk for bands, one yard of all-over lace when high neck and long sleeves are used.

One Lapel.

The single lapel is sufficient unto the day and night for a new long coat. It is faced with beautiful embroidery and weighted down by means of a long tassel at the point. It is extremely large, and falls from the chin to the waist in a ripple. At the wearer's wish the lapel may be taken and thrown over one shoulder, so that the tasseled part will hang at the back. In front the throat and chest will be cozily covered. It is a charming idea when making a walking or motor coat.

The Embroidered Initial.

Many beautiful monograms are made within a circle, a square, an oblong square, an oval or within a leaf form, and it is frequent in these late and most beautiful lettering devices to find the backgrounds filled in with darned work, with seedstitch, with basket weave or some small lattice pattern. This method is intended to throw the letters into relief, at the same time that it renders the initial more ornate and beautiful.

The Fashionable Veils.

Face veils of plain mesh with small chenille dots close together, either in black or brown, are most fashionable. The brown veils are worn with the green or checked gowns more frequently than black ones with the hats that match as the contrast of color is not as sharp.

The Black Sash.

Black sashes accompany many colored gowns, and are even worn with white.

Mourning Hats.

Nun's veiling is a material particularly suitable for the small mourning hat. It drapes easily and is light in weight.

Metallic Tissue.

The waist made of chiffon or net over metallic tissue or contrasting chiffon is easily the leader for the two-piece suit. Such waists are more or less elaborate, with self-colored embroidery and self-colored braid.

Three-Piece Sleeve.

An extremely fashionable three-piece sleeve is made with a seam running from shoulder to wrist on the upper sleeve. This upper sleeve is also tucked, the tucks extending from the side seams and the curving up to the centre seam, where they form points.

The Upstanding Brush.

A very satisfactory substitute for the osprey is a brush of gold wire nearly as fine as thread. A gold ornament holds the wire threads at the base. This resembles an Old World boquet holder in its cornucopia form. The upstanding brush is used to give a military dash to fur toques, and is invading the realm of millinery with great success.

Seven Gored Maternity Skirt.

The skirt that is simple, yet includes a generous number of seams, is always a desirable one for maternity wear. The seams give an effect of slenderness and the many gores allow satisfactory shaping. This one can be made either in walking or round length and is adjusted at the waist line by means of an elastic inserted in a casing, so that the waist is easily accommodated to the need. Serge is the material illustrated, but all plain and all striped sorts are appropriate. Figures should be avoided.

The skirt is cut in seven gores, which are shaped to give the best possible lines. It is finished at the waist line with a casing and elastic that allow of increasing the size easily and satisfactorily.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is ten yards twenty-seven or thirty-two, five and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, if material has figure or nap;

eight and three-quarter yards twenty-four or twenty-seven, seven and three-quarter yards thirty-two or five and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide if material has neither figure nor nap; width of skirt at lower edge three and seven-eighth yards.

News and Views of Women

Barn Contains Large Ball Room.

The ground floor is divided into three main compartments, one of which is used as a ballroom, with a specially laid floor the second as a supper room, and the third as a dressing room, with kitchen and all other culinary conveniences adjoining. On other parts of the estate are riding, skating and bicycle rinks, as well as courts for lawn and indoor tennis and splendid golf links. Lake Champlain itself offers boating and bathing. Though New York is not likely to see much of the young owners of this beautiful property, it is understood they plan to entertain in the Farms on a lavish scale, and this quiet corner of Vermont will find many of the famous families of New York flocking to it.—New York Press.

Funeral Made Gay.

That her funeral should be one of the gayest functions in her neighborhood was the ambition of Mrs. Paulina Waldecker, a music teacher, whose will was filed for probate at Washington, D. C. In a codicil dated Feb. 27, 1907, it states: "My burial day shall be a day of joy for my friends." That there might be no mistake on the part of her heirs as to the character of funeral desired the will said: "I request that there be no flowers and that three priests officiate. I desire the best of singing and music at my funeral."

She had frequently complained of the ill effects she suffered from attending the funerals of friends and that she did not intend to have any one made miserable at her funeral. Mrs. Waldecker's wishes were carried out to the letter.

How She Washes Her Dishes.

They were wasting a few idle moments at the Women's Dependence League in intimate remarks.

"As a womanly woman, with womanish ways, I want to propose Mrs. Dahlgren for our next president," said Mrs. Peter F. Rhinelander.

"Who is the womanly woman with womanish ways, yourself or Mrs. Dahlgren?" asked Mrs. Pembroke Hood, always with an eye to correctness of expression.

"I hope it is not necessary for me to state that I am too much of a lady to refer to myself in so glowing terms."

"Oh, very well. It is Mrs. Dahlgren. She is the perfect one."

"The most exquisite creature in petticoats! Why, my dears, she even washes her dishes with perfumed soap!"—New York Press.

The Woman of Sixty Years Ago.

It was this attitude of the mass of women, unsympathetic and often contemptuous as it was, that made the position of the militant woman hardest in the '40's and '50's. She was then, and always has been, a tragic figure, this woman in front of the woman's movement driven by a great unrest, sacrificing old ideals to attain new, losing herself in a frantic and frequently blind struggle, often putting back her cause by the sad illustration she was of the price that must be paid to attain a result, says Ida M. Tarbell in the American Magazine. It was, and is, common to speak slightingly of her, but it is uncomprehending.

Certainly no woman who today takes it as a matter of course that she should study what she chooses, go and come as she will, support herself unquestioned by trade, profession or art, work in public or private, handle her own property, share her children on equal terms with her husband, receive a respectful attention on platform or before legislature, live freely in the world, should think with anything but reverence of these splendid early disturbers of convention and peace, for they were an essential element in the achievement.

Mr. Hetty Green's Estate.

The future Mrs. James Watson Webb is not the only woman of great wealth of whom Vermont can boast. Mrs. Hetty Green has built up an estate in Bellows Falls that, in spite of her almost proverbial aversion to any form of extravagance, is one of the finest country places in the East. It is without many of the costly luxuries that are to be found in Shelburne Farms, for Mrs. Green cares nothing either for balls or sports. But its wide grounds are laid out with such skill and taste that they are a perfect delight, and the big house that Mrs. Green has had built is a model of solid comfort. Vermont, indeed, is the place where Mrs. Green has her largest home interests, and when Miss Havemeyer also makes her home there, adding her millions and those of her husband to those of Mrs. Green, Vermont will be able to show a total of wealth owned by women that hardly can be surpassed by any State in the Union except New York.—New York Press.

Jessie Van Zile, Author.

Mrs. James Mead Belden, of Syracuse, N. Y., wife of the nephew of the late Congressman James J. Belden and author and magazine writer under her maiden name, Jessie Van Zile, was overcome by a stroke of apoplexy at the home of Frederic Courtland Penfield at 787 Fifth avenue, New York, with whom she has been visiting, and died before aid could reach her.

Mrs. Belden was 53 years old and was born in Troy, N. Y. She was the daughter of Oscar E. Van Zile and Sarah Perry. She received her education and training for writing at the Troy Female Seminary, now the Emma Willard School, and from St. Agnes School in Albany. She was married to Mr. Belden on Oct. 24, 1878.

Mrs. Belden contributed largely to magazines and wrote several books. Among them are "Fate at the Door," "Concerning the Ancestors and Descendants of Royal Denison Belden," "The King's Ward" and "Antonia." She was a member of the Colonial Dames of the State of New York and was State regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1898. She was appointed by Gov. Roosevelt a member of the board of managers of the State reformatory at Hudson, N. Y. She was a member of the Lyceum Club of London and the Sorosis Club of New York City.

Mrs. Belden had not complained of feeling ill at any time during her several days' stay at the home of Mrs. Penfield. The Beldens met the Penfields in Hongkong, China, six years ago, and a year ago the two families were abroad together on the Penfield yacht. Mrs. Belden leaves four sons, one of whom is August Belden of New York City, and a sister in Little Rock, Ark. E. Van Zile, the novelist, is her brother.—New York Sun.

No Kissing Allowed.

The Japanese young man never touches a young lady's lips. Young girls are as nature made them, says a Tokio special to the San Francisco Chronicle, and very sweet they are, too, in their quaint dresses, showing the plump chest and rounded arms. Pages could be written about their charms. What clear, dainty little dolls they are! Such white teeth, rosy lips and coy smiles! Who shall describe them? And what next? A kiss, perhaps? Not over here. Oh! never! They never do. They don't know how, actually don't know how; and even peasant girls are closely guarded.

Fancy a young man in cotton kimono and wooden clogs stealing a chance to walk with his love under the blooming cherry trees, explaining the constellations and quoting sentimental poetry telling her that he "hung upon her eyelids," that "her voice was like a temple gong;" in fact, that he loved but her alone, and even making her several formal bows at the front door of her father's straw-thatched hut as they parted in the moonlight. Can any American lover stretch his imagination enough to believe in a sweetheart not kissing those pretty lips, paint and all, by a sort of "natural selection?"

'Tis a melancholy fact, but a Japanese has no such impulse. No lover courts his mistress with "sweetest persuasive kisses." No mother kisses her baby as she cuddles it against her bosom. Parting husband presses the hand of his wife and bends his forehead to the mats in sad farewell. Our salutations run through the crescando of bow, handshake, kiss and kiss. I can't explain the difference in grade between the last two, but everybody knows. But in Japan the expression of regard is regulated by the number and length of the salaams.

A friend who constantly travels about the country told me of a little illustration in point. He had been on the road for six weeks, having with him a native merchant who was interested in his business. On their return to Tokio he accompanied the broker to his home, a permit for the night's visit having been obtained from the local inspector of police.

The wife met her husband and his friend at the door and ushered them in. Together they assisted their guest to remove his coat. The wife next took from her lord his wadded kimono and other wraps and folded them away. Then, and not until then, did they kneel upon the mats and bow long and low to each other. "You have been many weeks away from us," said the wife in a sweet affectionate voice. "We have waited for you with impatience. I hope that you are well, dear lanoskesan." And he thanked her and said he was.—New York Press.

Fashion Notes.

Variations of the Russian ideas are recurring from time to time.

Very many of the best dresses are made of mousseline and lace.

Bedford cord is again in fashion though much softer in weave.

The longer, supple, drooping aigrette has come into its own again.

New bracelets expand and contract with the movement of the arm.

Handbags covered with raffia in elaborate scrolls are fashionable.

Three or four varieties of lace frequently appear on the same frock.

The latest necklaces brought from the far east resemble flexible snakes.

Feathers are of the weeping willow fashion and measure about a foot in length.

There is a tremendous vogue of gold and silver in the realm of millinery, blouses and laces.

The time-honored black lace shawl hangs from the back of many a magnificent evening gown.

The popular white and gray sweaters are to be had with collars and cuffs of contrasting colors.

With the black and white evening dresses the French women are wearing gayly-colored stockings.

An extreme novelty of the season is the heading of hatpins for evening wear with Irish crochet lace.

Petticoats fit very snugly about the waist and hips. They are fastened a little to the left of the front.

Sword-like hilts, fashioned of tortoise shell, are among the striking looking hatpins of the hour.

Large pieces of beading are used on gowns and wraps, gloves and opera bags, and even on stockings.

The waist line is now normal, but it does not appear so on account of the size. The reason for these waists is the effect of the corsets made at present.

In umbrella handles a novelty may be described as in the form of a mushroom. The narrow handle turns slightly at the top and enlarges into a round, rather flat, head, which sometimes takes the form and color of a flower.

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