The "Ivory" is a favorite shaving soap because it makes a profuse rich lather, which softens the beard to be removed and leaves the skin unharmed.

It costs about one-fifth as much as the so-called shaving soaps and many who have used it for this purpose for years, will not have any other.

The vegetable oils of which Ivory Soap is made, fit it for many special uses for which other soaps are unsafe or unsatisfactory.

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THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The American Flag Association, which is engaged in the laudable effort to secure legislation from Congress to protect our national banner from the base uses to which it is too often put, calls attention in a recent pamphlet to the fact that in every other country "there exists either a special law or some provision in their civil or military code by which they can protect their national colors from misuse or insult by their own citizens." Such legislation, though earnestly sought from Congress for years, has been baffled repeatedly "by the obstruction of one or two indifferent Congressmen," so that "the United States stands disgraced in the eyes of the whole civilized world through the permitted desecration of her national colors by her thoughtless or mercenary citizens." * * *

While Congress has failed to pass the desired legislation, "flag laws have been recently passed in New York, Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Minnesota, South Dakota, California and the Territory of Arizona. These ten States and the Territory of Arizona (a flag bill was passed by the Legislature of the latter in just three minutes), containing over one-third of the population of the United States, are a series of shining milestones stretching across the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, showing the march of flag legislation and proclaiming the constantly expanding sentiment in favor of a national flag law." *Baltimore Sun.*

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WHILE OTHERS FOLLOW.

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Buy your Shoes at the Shoe Store, where you can always find a large and varied stock to select from, and prices as low as the lowest, on strictly honest goods and in widths from B to E E.

MEN'S SHOES in Claf, Box Calf, Russet, Vici Kid, Patent Leather, in all the leading toes.

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The largest stock of Rubber Boots and Shoes in the county. a n fit any Shoe with RUBBERS. All the leading styles suitable for

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LADIES,
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THE BABY.

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Ladies', Misses and Children's Shoes in all styles, and at all prices.

My stock of Leather and Rubber boots can not be beat. Light weights, medium and heavy.

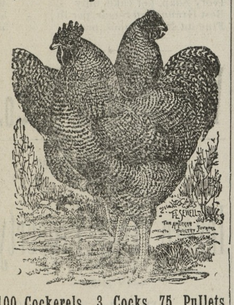
See show windows for new fall styles, or come in and let us show you through the stock.

Will not press you to buy, the goods will sell themselves.

T. G. Wroth,

The Shoe Man, Under Stam's Hall

Barred Plymouth Rocks



100 Cockerels, 3 Cocks, 75 Pullets and 30 Hens.

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MR. H. M. BROWN

will represent us at Chestertown during the season of 1899. We will keep him thoroughly posted on the markets by mail and frequent telegrams, and invite the farmers of Kent and Queen Anne's to have Mr. Brown bid for their crops before disposing of them.

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Best and Purest Sage lower.
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We are paying 22c. per doz. for Eggs.

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Pleurisy and pneumonia are frequently developed, in a very short space of time, from a common cold; and, if such an acute inflammation of the lungs is not promptly allayed, the worst may happen. With the aid of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, however, you need not have any fear; for this great remedy speedily subdues the inflammation, eases the pain in breathing and always effects a cure in a wonderfully short time.

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Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cents. At all druggists.

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Nothing else adds so much to the charm of the drawing room or boudoir as the softly radiant light from CORDOVA Candles. Nothing will contribute more to the artistic success of the luncheon, tea or dinner. The best decorative candles for the simplest or the most elaborate function—for cottage or mansion. Made in all colors and the most delicate tints by

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cures Lung Troubles, Debility, distressing stomach and female ills, and is noted for making cures when all other treatment fails. Every mother and invalid should have it.

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WM. S. McDONNELL,
Chestertown, Md.

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He Had Not Changed.

I was in a barber shop presided over by a colored artist the other day and while I was being shaved there came in a colored hack driver who demanded $2 that the barber owed him for a hack at a funeral.

"Come in nex' week an I'll have it," said the barber, as he continued to scrape.

But the creditor got on his ear.

"Look a-hyar?" said he. "I'ze gittin mighty tired o' comin eroun here after dis yere money. Hit's always de same thing. Come eroun nex' week. I wants ma money! I come in las' week an yo' tole me ter come ag'in nex' week, an I comes nex' week an yo' tells me ter come de week after. I wants ma money!"

With that the barber took the middle of the floor and declared himself.

"Look a-hyar, black man," said he, "whut yo' pesterin me about yo' money? Isn't I done tole yo' to come nex' week? What yo' expect? I've done tole yo' de same thing all de time. Nex' week! nex' week! I tole yo' dat las' week an I tells yo' dat now. I hasn't changed. I'ze prepared to do jes' whut I says."—Memphis Scimitar.

The Ducking Stool In England.

It is interesting to conjure up a picture of a "ducking" as practiced in England at the end of the eighteenth century.

When the "scold" had been properly tried and convicted, she was escorted by a crowd of her neighbors—in fact, by the whole village—to the nearest pond—and the greener and slimier the pond the better. A long plank was produced, at one end of which was the "ducking stool," and in this the screaming, struggling victim was securely pinioned.

The chair end of the plank was then pushed far over the edge of the pond, and at a signal it was tilted deep into the green ooze until the scold was completely immersed.

When the dripping, half drowned woman was raised to the surface again, to the jeers and laughter of the onlookers, it can be imagined that her tongue wagged to some purpose. After a second dose she emerged more subdued, and after a third or fourth she was as penitent a woman as the village contained and was allowed to proceed home a sadder and wiser woman—until the next time.—London Tit-Bits.

Once Was Enough.

The young man who was trying to make the St. Joe boat was about two minutes late as he tore along River street. He could see the steamer hands casting off the ropes as he drew nearer, and, bumping amazed citizens out of his way, he rushed for the dock. The gangplank had been hauled in, and the nose of the steamer had swung six feet out into the river when he finally reached the water's edge. But that did not deter him. He was going to spend Sunday in Michigan or know why.

With a giant swing he tossed his valise aboard and then jumped for the steamer. He caught a rope and a post and held fast. Every officer on the boat expected to see him drop into the river, and bells jangled noisily as the captain peered over the side. When he saw the intrepid passenger was safe, the captain was twice as mad as if he had dropped into the water. Shaking his fist at him angrily, he yelled:

"Here, you, by jiminy crickets, don you ever do that again!"

The passenger had hauled himself aboard by this time and, turning a look of scorn at the captain, said:

"What do you think I'm going to do—jump back and try it over?"—Chicago Chronicle.

The Blood Red Banner.

Royal and national colors vary with nations and times; but since Cain slew Abel blood red has been the sign of revolt. In the earliest revolt known to history, when the Persians rose against their king 4,000 years ago, they were led by a blood red banner, and during the riots which took place in Paris the men in the blood red caps were followed by the mob.

A blood red flag waved over Bunker Hill when the Americans fought us for liberty, and it was the emblem of the German peasants in their great uprisings in 1424, 1492 and 1525. Blood red was the color of the trade union flags during the middle ages, and it formed the background of the emblem of the Swiss confederacy in 1315.

Through the whole of French and every other national history those striking in their own ways for liberty have worn the blood her cap and hailed the blood red banner as their leader.

It is a curious fact that never has a monarch chosen it as his color. It has been left sacred to revolutionists.—London Answers.

Didn't Object to His Creed.

The English language reminds me of some of these typewriters and the game of whist. It looks mighty simple, but the further you go along the more complicated and swear provoking it is. We have all heard of the man who told his sweetheart that before marrying her he must confess that he was a somnambulist.

"Oh, I don't mind that," said the dear, sweet girl, "we are Presbyterians ourselves, but we are not a bit narrow."—Louisville Times.

Boy Babies and City Life.

Cities are more favorable to women, for statistics show that more boy babies die under 6 months in cities than girl babies. Families, according to the statistics, are larger in cities than in the country. There are more marriages in proportion to the population in cities than in the country, and also more divorces. The foreign population in cities is being eliminated, and in 20 years from now we shall practically have nothing but American cities.—St. Paul Globe.

The Mistake of His Life.

Bliffers—What's wrong today? You look blue.

Bluffers—I'll never forgive myself. I kicked a caller out of my house last night.

"Huh! I kicked many a one. Young fellow, I suppose?"

"No; past middle age."

"Well, these old codgers have no business coming round sparking young girls. I kicked out one of that sort last week."

"Yes, but I've found out that this man wasn't after my daughter; he was after my mother-in-law."—New York Press.

A Proper Question.

"And clothes," argued the missionary further, "are as cheap as dirt!"

The tropic heathen did not conceal her misgivings.

"Yes; but are they as hygienic?" faltered this simple child of the forest.

Her health was quite perfect now, and there was no telling what might not be the effect of corsets and skirts which do not hang from the shoulders, to say nothing of the veils with dots in them.—Detroit Journal.

His Experience.

"Woman's work is never done," quoted the sympathetic citizen.

"That's right," answered Mr. Meekton earnestly. "I have observed it in Henrietta's case. Woman's work is never done. There is always enough of it left over to keep her husband busy from the time he gets through his dinner till he's so tired he has to go to bed."—Washington Star.

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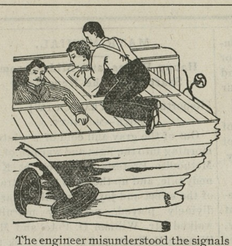

The engineer misunderstood the signals and there was a frightful railroad collision, with terrible loss of life. The whole country was appalled by that accident.

There is doubtless a far greater loss of life occurring every day, in various sections of the country, for which the only excuse is,—"the doctor didn't understand the symptoms." These cases are not the subjects of special inquest or the country would be aghast at the sacrifice of life to ignorance.

It has been the experience of Dr. R. V. Pierce and his staff of assistant physicians, that ninety-eight out of every hundred persons submitting to their treatment can be cured. People given up by the local physicians, weak, emaciated, with stubborn coughs and bleeding lungs have been absolutely cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free. All letters are held as strictly private and treated as sacredly confidential. Answers are mailed in plain envelopes without any printing on them.

"Last spring I was taken with severe pains in my chest, and was so weak I could hardly walk about the house," says Mrs. G. E. Kerr, of Fort Dodge, Webster Co., Iowa. "I tried several physicians and they told me I had consumption. I heard of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and I thought I would try some of it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was very much better; I took five bottles of it and have not yet had any return of the trouble."

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE

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Come to Old Sun Shine and get your Coffee 10c. lb.

I will take in exchange for goods good Notes, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Eggs, Poultry, Butter, Wood, Posts, anything you bring me.

Binder Twine and Gas Tar.

Highest Cash Price Paid for WOOL.

COFFEE 10c. per pound. The best AXE, on Hand-Made Handle, 75c. LADIES' SHOES, 75c. per pair. FLOUR in 20-cent sacks. I will sell COAL forspot cash on Buck Neck wharf. I will pay the highest market price for Wheat, and can offer

The Best Carriage for Sale

in Kent county for $50; CARRIAGE HARNESS from $4.50 to $15.00. A full supply of PLOW HARNESS and PLOWS always on hand. SALT and W. W. Brushes and lime. I will furnish Locust Posts on Short notice. ORCHARD GRASS SEED @75 cents per bushel if order placed at once.

All persons indebted to me please settle at once.

Yours, M. M RASIN.

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The Whirl of Life.

Here is what caught a reporter's eye in a two minutes' study of the streets of New York on a down town corner.

On the sidewalk, three urchins, evil of face, industriously "shooting" craps. From the doorway of a frowsy saloon, ten yards away, a gray haired woman issuing with a jug of beer, though it was only 10 o'clock in the morning. A burly iceman and a negro roustabout discussing, loudly and with much profanity, the advantages of each other's jobs. A whir and rattle of wheels and an undertaker's wagon drives up to the door of a modest red brick tenement. A white coffin, three feet long, is brought out and received by a venerable old man, with a flowing white beard, who comes to the door coatless and in slippers. You then notice for the first time the knot of white ribbon on the door handle. The old man tucks the diminutive casket under his arm and retires within, followed by the undertaker's men. He is solemn, but tearless. There is a story there somewhere—the slippered patriarch in the final stage of life performing the last dolorous offices for one lost in its beginning.

And over on the dock are the hue and hustle, the scurry and scamper incidental to the getting to sea of the great ship. Sharp are the contrasts of a town.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Carving the Yosemite Valley.

In a recent article on the origin of the Yosemite valley, Professor W. P. Blake—a most adequate authority on the subject—remarks that the gorge, so grand and impressive, is, in fact, only a minor feature of the glacial workings above it through hundreds of square miles of the Sierra. Professor Blake thinks that the ice must have filled the gorge, and much above it, to a thickness of 5,000 feet, and with a pressure upon the floor of the valley of 120,000 pounds to the square foot; the tremendous force of such a weight, on the under surface of which was a broken mass of rock, like diamonds in a drill, grinding, planing and cutting, can scarcely be imagined; for untold ages, too, this mighty force was at work, polishing the face of the country through which it passed.

The character of the Yosemite rock being granite, close grained and vertical in structure, with points of easy fracture, it would appear that, as the great mass of ice bore down upon this vertical rock, it was broken and knocked over by the moving ice, flaking off at the places of easy cleavage. Thus, according to Professor Blake, the precipice was formed, and thus is explained the dome shaped summits of the mountains there.

First Rows In Paradise.

A Russian correspondent sends us details of a very interesting and amusing tale told by a Russian veterinary surgeon who was sent into the Ural district to buy horses and hay for the peasants of the famine stricken provinces. He had to do mostly with the natives (kirghizi), who are half savage, but who, nevertheless, were found to be extremely honest and absolutely trustworthy in all buying and selling, some of them even offering to give horses for the starving peasants.

Quite a different story has the surgeon to tell of the Ural Cossacks, who did their level best to cheat him in the most barefaced manner and on whom no reliance was to be placed. And yet these Cossacks are very religious and so simple in certain respects that a swindler succeeded in selling them quite a number of tickets for—paradise! The veterinary surgeon saw several of these tickets, which were marked "First rows" and sold at 25 rubles, back seats bringing considerably less.—Commercial Intellizence.

"THE LOST CHORD."

How Sir Arthur Sullivan Came to Write That Famous Melody.

Colonel Robert E. Lee Wentling, a great traveler and musican, tells the following interesting story:

"It was while visiting the house of a nobleman in England that I first heard the story of the birth of 'The Lost Chord,' a song that has been sung in every quarter of the globe and which will live forever. If ever there was such a thing as inspiration, that song was inspired.

"There are very few Englishmen who do not remember Fred Sullivan, the great comic star and brother of Sir Arthur Sullivan. He played in all the original Gilbert and Sullivan operas and has never been equaled. He was later followed by George Grossmith.

"One day Sir Arthur Sullivan was notified that his brother Fred was very ill. He made every effort to reach the house where his brother was lying at the point of death, but arrived too late to see him alive. The two brothers were devoted to each other, and the blow was a bitter one for Sir Arthur. He was closeted with the body of his brother for two hours, at the expiration of which time he came down stairs and went to the piano. Throwing the instrument open, he began to play, and, bar by bar, 'The Lost Chord' was evolved. The composer sadly put his new composition on paper and stored it away.

"The song is the wail of a throbbing heart, the grief of desolation. All through its beautiful harmony can be heard the strain of grief. So profound an impression did the association of the song with the death of his brother make on Sir Arthur that he is said to have, even at this late day, an aversion to hearing it performed."—Baltimore News.

Gave Her a Begging Bowl.

Mme. Antoinette Sterling, the contralto singer and evangelist, had an experience in the Bombay presidency, India, which is as quaint as any of Kipling's tales of the hills. She was campaigning with Pundita Ramabai, and through her magnificent voice was drawing thousands of natives to her meetings. They had never seen that kind of a missionary before and had never heard a voice like hers. They were so pleased with her work that they said to themselves:

"This is a foreign woman guru, and for fear of giving offense to us she has omitted to put her begging bowl outside of her door for us to put in the customary contributions."

In India every guru, or holy person, carries a brass, wood or clay begging bowl, into which the devout put some small sum of money. Mme. Sterling walked out upon the veranda of her bungalow one morning, and there, to her amazement, found two begging bowls—one, a little one, with a few annas in it, intended for the pundita and one, an enormous affair, containing a handsome sum of annas and rupees for herself.

The only explanation she could ever extract from the servant was this: "Little bowl, little money for the little pundita with little voice; big bowl, big money for big missahib with big voice."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Quaint English Ceremony.

On the last day of each October the city solicitor of London, with an assistant, attends upon the royal remembrancer, when, by proclamation, "the tenants and occupiers of a piece of waste ground called the moors, in the county of Salop," are commanded to "come forth and do your service upon pain and peril that shall fall thereon." The solicitor chops in halves two fagots, one with a hatchet and the other with a billhook. Afterward comes the summons to the tenants, etc., of "a certain tenement with a forge" in the Strand and the payment of six horseshoes, with 61 shoe nails, by the solicitor. This forge has long ceased to be, and the same shoes and nails are used year after year, the shoes being at least two centuries old.

The oilest of all fishes is, perhaps, the river eel, yet, according to an analysis by a German chemist 60 per cent of its substance is water. Salmon comes next, with 61.4 per cent. Lobsters and oysters are four-fifths water.

THE FORCE OF WAVES.

GENTLE ROLLS OF WATER THAT HOLD A FEARFUL POWER.

Ground Seas on the English Coast Which Wreck Vessels on Calm Days—These Swells Strike With a Force of a Ton to the Square Inch.

Many visitors to the coast are sorely puzzled when a boatman either refuses to put off from the shore, or at most go far from land, on a day when there is no sign of an approaching storm and the water is only moved by a long and gentle rolling swell.

Argument is of no avail, and if the old salt is pushed for a reason he will only reply with some cryptogramic remark about "the ground sea," the questioner then retiring more bewildered than before.

It is hard to understand how such a gentle swell can presage danger, but to experienced eyes it gives a warning that must be heeded. All along the west and parts of the south coasts of England and Ireland, as well as the west coast of Scotland, uncounted tales are told of ships which on a perfectly calm day have been within a few hours first caught by a gentle roll of the water and finally thrown on a rockbound shore by the dreaded "ground sea."

To understand this curious marine phenomenon it must be borne in mind that out on the Atlantic waves are often formed to a heigh of 40 feet. Driven before a heavy gale, these advance at a rate of from 30 to 40 miles an hour. Traveling at such a rate, they soon get out of the wind swept area. But even though, for them, the storm is past they still roll on in fury, their undulations often being felt 500 miles from the point of their creation.

In the region of the storm these waves are fierce, breaking billows, but as they get farther away they settle down into long, rolling ridges, which travel onward in long, unbroken lines, perfectly parallel with each other.

Out on the open sea these ridges often stretch out for a distance of over 30 miles, and they travel in threes, each successive wave being larger than its predecessor. The sight is an imposing one.

The farther they progress the smaller they become in height, but this is compensated for by the fact that their motion is communicated to the mass of water below, until the roll can be detected fully 50 feet under the surface. This gives them the name of "ground sea."

In this peculiarity their danger lies, for when a becalmed ship is caught in them, her draft, the resisting power that enables her to ride out a storm, becomes the fulcrum which the liquid mass uses to hurl her onward to destruction.

On a calm day any sailing craft caught in the "ground sea" near a rocky shore is as good as lost, unless a wind can spring up and enable her to beat out to sea. Many a ship has met this fate. The reason many more do not get lost is due to the gentle swell that so deceives a landsman and warns a sailor.

As the "ground sea" advances it pushes a certain amount of water before it. This also forms into ridges, like its pursuer, but of less height and approximately no depth.

The "false sea," as it is called, is little more than a rolling swell, but it gives a warning of from 20 minutes to two hours' duration, enabling a ship to either run into port, get out to sea or securely anchor; while at the seaside resorts the boatmen run close in shore to the surprise of the "trippers."

When it is remembered that a wave 20 feet high, which is often attained by the "ground sea," strikes with a force of one ton to the square inch, the necessity for caution will be recognized.

All waves that come in parallel ridges, however, are not dangerous, as there is a "wind billow" that is closely allied to the "ground sea" in appearance.

"Wind billows" are due to a heavy wind blowing but a few miles off the land, but as they have had but a comparatively short distance to travel they have no depth. Consequently even a rowing boat is perfectly safe on them if properly handled.

These waves usually appear when there is a comparative calm near the shore, their great point of difference from the "ground sea," in appearance being that their unbroken lines are nearer and are all equidistant, not traveling in threes.

Generally the "wind billow" does not break into foam, but occasionally this happens when they are coming in against the tide. Then it is hard to detect them from ordinary waves, the product of a local windstorm. These always break into foam at their crest, the "white horses" of the marine poet.

Remembering these peculiarities of the various waves will save tourists considerable disappointment when wiser heads bid them keep to the land, for, to them, no apparent reason, while it may keep them from rushing into unknown dangers. One other fact is also worthy of mention, as it may prove of advantage should a boat drift out to sea with an inexperienced crew and no compass aboard.

Then, if a "ground sea" is "running," set your mind at ease, for you can steer by it, as, on the English and Irish coasts at least, it always comes from the northwest.—Pearson's Magazine.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

He Spins a Yarn About a Wonderful Recovery on Shipboard.

A little group had been spinning yarns in the rotunda of the Walton for an hour or more when a bronze visaged, middle aged man joined the party. Several of the group recognized him as the captain of one of the big tramp steamers which ply between Philadelphia and foreign ports, and a place in the circle was at once made for him.

"We've been killing time telling stories," some one explained. "Suppose you turn in your contribution."

The captain thought a moment and then smiled.

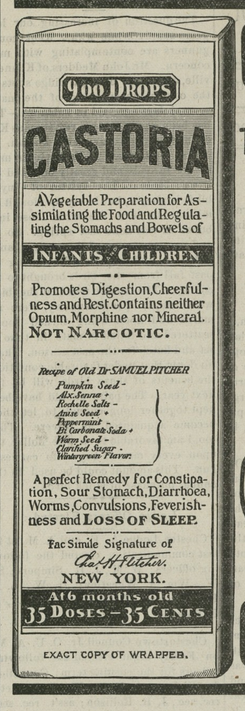
"I was thinking of something that happened on my last voyage," he finally said. "We had on board as a cook a big colored fellow, whose principal companion was a little yellow cur dog. One day while the cook was preparing some beef for dinner he let the heavy cleaver with which he was doing the chopping slip from his grasp.

"It fell to the floor with a thud, and the cook emitted a howl of anguish that was heard all over the ship. The cleaver had struck one of his bare feet and sliced the big toe off as neatly as a surgeon could have done it. Here was a chance for the yellow dog, and he seized it. Making a dive for the severed toe, he swallowed it in one gulp and then made a bee line for the deck.

"This was more than the cook, crazed with pain, could stand, and he hurled the cleaver at the dog. His aim proved true, and his curship passed out of existence then and there. At this juncture the ship's doctor came up to find out what all the row was about. When he learned the truth, he laughed.

"'I'll fix that for you,' he exclaimed to the cook, 'wait till I get my instrument case.'

"Within five minutes he had held a post mortem on the dog and recovered the lost toe. Washing it with antiseptics, he skillfully stitched it back in place again, and the cook hobbled back to his quarters minus his dog, but with as many toes as he had ever had. That's about the only story I recall just now, gentlemen. It has the merit of being true, however, and if you don't believe it come down to the ship any time and I'll show you the cleaver. The cook has quit the sea, and I don't know his present address."—Philadelphia Inquirer.



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