POISONED HER CHILDREN.

THE HORRIBLE WORK OF AN INSANE MOTHER.

An Almost Incredible Story of Insanity. The First Child Died Oct. 14 and the Last One Taken Ill with Same Symptoms Dec. 8.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 20.—The Courier-Journal says: Mrs. Jessie Higbee, a neatly dressed and prepossessing young country woman, was placed in jail last evening. Against her name on the slate was written the common-place charge of lunacy, but behind that is the accusation of a crime so horrible as to be almost incredible.

The unnatural mother is accused of poisoning four of her children with arsenic. One at a time they died from the same fearful drug, but not until the last little life had been taken was suspicion aroused.

She next made a futile attempt on her own life with the same poison. Since then she has attempted to kill her husband. She is undoubtedly a mad woman, however, and this fact is the only thing that relieves the horror of her awful deeds.

Until the past three months there were no signs of mental failing on the part of the mother, and until an examination of the bodies, which took place here, she was thought to be perfectly sane, her strange actions in the past having been attributed to grief over the first child's death.

The unfortunate woman is a native of this city, but since her marriage had been living on a plantation in Meade county. Her husband is well known and is one of the most prominent farmers in that section. No definite cause has been assigned for the strange and unnatural crimes. Until the death of the first child she was remarkable for her devotion and care of her little ones.

The first murder was committed on the evening of October 14, and the others followed at intervals of two weeks. During the illness of each child the mother showed a stolid indifference which her friends and physician construed as grief. Each murder was carefully planned and cunningly executed. Though every child was attacked with the same symptoms and died with the spasmodic cramps which accompany arsenic poisoning, the suspicion of no one was aroused until after the death of the fourth child, when the mother attempted her own life.

The women is 23 years of age, and was the mother of five children, the eldest of which was 8 years of age. It was only for the sake of the fifth child, and in order to save its life from the inhuman mother, that the husband told his suspicions and suggested a post mortem examination of the children. It was then for the first time learned that they were the victims of their [illegible]'s work, and that while pretending to give them delicacies before sending them to bed, she in reality was arranging for their death.

During the illness, sufferings and the deaths of each of these victims, Mrs. Higbee moved about the sick rooms, fulfilling the physician's instructions and administering the medicines at the right time without showing any signs of grief or betraying herself as the author of their deaths. Her manner, more than anything else, threw the husband and physicians off their guard, and quieted any suspicions which may have been aroused.

After the death of the third child her actions were strange, but this was attributed to her supposed grief. She seldom spoke, and moved about the house with a cat-like stillness.

On Dec. 8, the day before the oldest child, and the last victime, was taken ill, Mrs. Higbee expressed herself as very anxious about the child's health, and asked her husband if he thought the patient looked well. He replied that he thought she was looking unusually well, and prayed she would not suffer the fate of the other children. At this she replied that no one could tell when they were going to die, and that she had a presentment that they all would be dead inside of two weeks. The next morning before Hallie, the oldest child, started to school, Mrs. Higbee told her not to bother about her lunch, as she would arrange it herself. While the rest of the family were out of the room she buttered several biscuits, and when the child came in had them wrapped up in a napkin. The mother kissed the child good-bye, and told her to come home as soon as school was over.

During the morning, while the child was absent, Mrs. Higbee called her husband, and again began asking about the absent child's health. He attempted to reassure her, but she was not to be comforted, and several times was heard to say that she was certain the child would die as the others had.

The first intimation which Mr. Higbee had that his wife was murdering his children was the fact that it was hardly an hour after she had ceased talking about the child at school, when the little one returned, suffering from cramps, as [illegible] victims had been attacked. In [illegible] she relapsed into uncon[illegible]d remained so until her [illegible]nusband then told his fears [illegible]ding physician, and request[illegible] make a post mortem examin[illegible]is, however, was so utterly [illegible] the mother that the matter [illegible]ed. She become indignant [illegible] learned what was intended, [illegible]tened to kill any one who [illegible]tempt it.

"[illegible] be dead very soon myself," she [illegible] her husband, "and they can cut [illegible] if they choose, but no one shall cut [illegible]en."

[illegible]s, apparently, so real that he [illegible] suspicions were, for a tim[illegible]

[illegible] husband was informed that his suspicions were corroborated his grief was pitiable. He then told that he and his wife had not lived happily together for the past six months, and feared that her deed was the outcome of her unhappiness. Dr. Pusey, who is regarded as an expert on the subject of insanity, made a careful resume of the case and examined the condition of the mother. He pronounced it an unmistakable case of puerperal insanity, brought about by too rapid child breeding and continuous nursing. Her mental condition was aggravated by loneliness and remorse. From the first she showed an insane jealousy of her husband and upbraided him for faithlessness. Nothing he could say had the slightest effect upon her, and she stood firm in the belief that he wished to get a divoce.

When taken in to custody, Mrs. Higbee showed the same indifference which had characterized her actions from first to last. She walked into her cell composed, and quiet. When asked the names of her three youngest children she said she had forgotten them and preferred not to speak of them.

The only remaining child is a girl, six years of age, with light hair and blue eyes. She cried bitterly and clung to her mother when the latter was placed in the patrol wagon and driven to jail. Dr. Pusey says that in all his experience he had never came across a case so paradoxical and baffling. "There is no doubt about her being insane, but it would be a difficult thing for any one who is not a specialist to imagine her so. I have never seen a similar case, or a more horrible or pathetic one."

WHITE CAPS IN INDIANA

Slay Worthless Characters for Offenses and "General Cussedness."

NEW ALBANY, Ind., Dec. 19.—News has been received here from the southern portion of this state of the manner in which some worthless characters were flayed by the so-called White Caps in that section.

The little town of Mentor, Dubois county, on the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis railroad, fifty miles west of this city, was the scene of their operations. There is in that town a saloon of unsavory reputation among the better class of citizens, and Samuel Brown, aged 21 years, and single, and J. Beard, aged 26 years, with a wife and two children, have been devoting their entire time of late to the effort of drinking up all the liquor in this saloon, refusing to make any provision for the support of those dependent upon them.

Both had received warnings from the White Caps, but paid no attention to these notices, rather boasting that they "could clean out a regiment of those 'Whip Ups,'" as they termed the knights of the switch.

At a quarter before 12 o'clock on Saturday night, as Brown and Beard were enjoying their cups at the saloon, the White Caps suddenly pounced down on them. They took both men from the saloon to the woods near by, and tying them to trees, gave them a whipping with switches that drew the blood at every lick. Both pleaded for mercy as the licks rained down upon their bare backs, but in vain. The night riders knew no mercy for such fellows. The pair were fairly flayed, and it will be some time before they are able to be out. Both promised to reform.

A few nights before this visit two other men, named Darwin and Jones, were taken from their homes, near the Crawford and Dubois county lines, and "dressed down," as the White Caps express it, for "offenses against their families and general cussedness."

Scrambling for a Home.

MILLWAUKEE, Dec. 20.—A special to the Evening Wisconsin, from Wausu, says a great raid on the land office to file claims on the land in the great reservoir strip began at 9 o'clock this morning, and thus far the filing has proceeded without disturbance.

At an early hour this morning Mayor Mueller directed Capt. Bellis, of the Wausu Light Guard to march his company to the Court House square to preserve order, and forty-five blue coats, with glistening bayonets, took up station close to the land office. The arrival of the militia put an effective damper on the ardor of the homesteaders who would not get in line, and everything was peace and quiet when Register Saunders slid back the wicket for the first filing.

Up to noon forty-five claims aggregating eight thousand acres of the best land in the strip had been filed and a line of over one hundred men were still waiting at the wicket. Eight hundred settlers left last night with supplies to squat on the land. Besides having to contest with these squatters, men who filed claims this morning will probably have to go to law with Byron J. Hamilton, the Wausu lawyer, who walked into the land office shortly before 9 o'clock and laid down an application with the necessary fees and tendered them to the receiver. The tender was refused and Hamilton announced his purpose of bringing suit.

At Eauclaire there was almost a riot. The windows of the land office were smashed, but the lard officers succeeded in quelling the disturbance. The trouble was caused by a policeman, who was stationed at the wicket to preserve order, filing a claim for himself. His application was refused.

Miss Richardson, daughter of Gen. Richardson, of Chippewa Falls, fought heroically, and when she reached the desk her hat was gone and her hair was dishevelled, but she got a tract worth $5,000. Two men fainted and were laid out on the sidewalk.

The Cave of the Robbers.

ST. PETER, MINN., December 20.—The cave wherein the Younger and James gang hid during their raids on Northfield, where six men were killed, has been discovered, and at the same time the mystery of the disappearance of the youngest of the James boys has been solved. His skeleton has been found in the subterranean rendezvous. A party of hunters traversing Great Fay Ravine in Nicollet County found an old door opening into a common dugout. Hewed logs at the rear formed a "blind" door, which led into another room, twenty feet long and sixteen feet wide, along one side of which bunks were arranged, and from the number of these at least thirty persons had found sleeping accommodations there. This room contained several benches and stools, an old table, tin plates and cups, kettles, cook stove and various cooking utensils, and the skelston referred to. There was also a letter referring to the theft of some horses supposed to have been written by Frank James to Jim Younger. Still another aparment was found where the horses had been secreted, the artificial cave being large enough to accommodate twenty head at a time.

Over the Ocean in a Little Boat.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—News has been received by the Norton Lifeboat Company in this city of the arrival of the lifeboat F. L. Norton off Gibraltar. As the yacht passed she appeared all right, and signalled that everybody aboard was well.

Captain Norton, on whose plans the Norton lifeboats are built, sailed from this port on November 20, accompanied by his wife and his 16-year-old niece. The lifeboat is 58 feet long, no larger than an ordinary yacht, and is fitted with a double bottom, holding a varying supply of water, which Captain Norton maintains acts as ballast, and makes her unsinkable and steady at the same time. Her passage is a remarkably good one, for she doubtless stopped at Fayal, in the Azores, for coal.

She is the second small yacht, built after the unsinkable model, to cross the Atlantic successfully. The first was the Neversink, which went to Paris during the exposition in the summer of 1889. Captain Norton is on his way to Toulon, France, where he will exhibit his yacht.

Hanged in Berkely.

Adam Morgin, a negro about 30 years old, was hanged Friday at Mt. Pleasant for the murder of another negro named Jackson, in Berkeley County, last May. Morgin met his death very calmly, saying he was going straight to heaven. There was not much of a to-do around the gallows. He came out enveloped in a shroud, and when the noose was adjusted began to sing, "On Zion's bright and flowing mount." The preparations were in the meantime completed, and he was told to bid good-bye to the colored minister, which he did. His neck was broken, and he died almost instantly. He had no relatives but an aged father, who took his body. Morgin shot his victim in the back and claimed it was self-defense. He added, however, that Jackson had a pistol when he shot him, but no pistol was found. Morgin, although defended by the ablest colored lawyer in the State, was convicted. He persisted to the last that it was a case of self-defense.

A Canadian Wreck.

QUEBEC, Dec. 19.—Word is just received from St. Joseph de Levis that the west bound Halifax express train went through the bridge at that place shortly before noon. The entire train except the baggage car and engine went down. A number of passengers are killed and others injured. Assistance was sent from Levis. No particulars have been received as to the number killed and injured but it is said the cars were smashed to pieces.

"I WILL DIE FIGHTING."

SITTING BULL'S DECLARATIONS PROVED TRUE TO THE LETTER.

The Story of the Expedition Which Cost the Lives of the Famous Chief, of Seven of His Followers and of Five of The Indian Police

STANDING ROCK AGENCY, N. Dak., Dec. 17.—"God Almighty made me; God Almighty did not make me an agency Indian, and I'll fight and die fighting before any white man can make me an agency Indian."

This was the declaration made by Sitting Bull to General Miles on the occasion of their first meeting, and the detailed reports of the great medicine man's death which began arriving at the agency yesterday gave to the declaration the full force of a prophecy. All eyewitnesses agree as to the facts that every circumstance considered, make the final tragedy involving the extermination of probably the brainiest Indian that ever lived one of the most picturesque and characteristic incidents of American history.

The expedition which started from this agency for Sitting Bull's camp forty miles distant, to take him dead or alive, with the chances ten to one of his death, was no haphazard foray of semisavage Indian police and ill-advised army subordinates. It is conceded that the operation against Sitting Bull's personality was suggested by the effectual quelling produced by the removal of Medicine Arrow, the great Cheyenne leader, when the Cheyennes threatened an unprecedented uprising.

Sitting Bull's promise to die fighting had much to do also in shaping the determination for a sudden, decisive result, as well as the old chief's oft-expressed wish to be remembered as the last Indian on the continent to give up his rifle. When General Miles left Chicago headed in this direction it was the beginning of the end.

Simultaneous with the General stepping quietly aboard the train at the big railroad depot at Chicago the expedition, which had been with equal quietude under preparation at Fort Yates, which forms part of the agency, was also ready to move. Almost at the same moment that General Miles's car glided out for the Northwest the members of his little command here silently took their departure and were quietly lost in the darkness that enveloped the wilderness stretching to the camp of Sitting Bull, on the banks of the Grand River.

The van was led by men of Sitting Bull's own blood. Superbly mounted and accoutred, every one wore the bright brazen buttons and showy blue cloth uniforms of Uncle Sam's service. This was no mere coincidence. It was to be part of the great object lesson to the ghost dancers and a demonstration of the value of General Miles's new method of solving the Indian problem by turning the Indians wholesale into soldiers. One thing is certain, the band of wellfed, warmly clad, copper faced athletes that led the way for the white soldiers bent on a mission of utility, was a striking contrast to the starving, ragged, crazy wretches that formed such a menace in the Grand River camp.

Close behind the blue-coated Indian horsemen's hardy ponies, but taking a slower pace on the frozen trail, came Capt. Fouchet's cavalry command. The cavalry were encumbered with two pieces of modern light artillery, machine guns similar to those which so speedily settled the fate of Louis Riel's half-breed followers, when his noted Lieut. Gabriel Dumont made a stand against Gen. Middleton in the British Northwest outbreak. To the rear of Fouchet's cavalry, and at times taking a double quick step forward, for the night was bitterly cold, the infantry cammand of Col. Drum swung along in the darkness. A weary difficult march it was.

The distance and the capabilities of the troops to withstand the fatigues of such a journey had been figured out nicely and when the first faint light of dawn appeared the expedition was within easy distance of its destination. The broken order of a triple separation of forces had been carefully preserved, and the Indian police were the first to sight the huddled cluster of ugly-looking tepees on the river bank.

Despite the early hour all was astir in the village where, on evey hand, was evidence that a hurried exodus was contemplated. The ponies of the police were pushed for all they were worth, and before Sitting Bull's dazed adherents had half a chance to realize the situation a dozen of the police had pulled their panting animals up short on all sides of the chief's abode. No time was wasted in ceremony. The proud old medicine man was hustled out, hoisted on a waiting horse and in a trice faced toward civilization. He raved and sputtered in a fury of rage for a moment and then straightening up, shouted hoarsely, not for help, but a command to his followers. Despite the threatening of the police and Winchesters alternately directed at his head and those of his kinsmen, the old medicine man retained his presence of mind, and with powerful voice continued to direct his own rescue. Suddenly there was a puff of smoke beside a tepee and the sharp crack of a Winchester. The policeman at Sitting Bull's right, grasping the chief's bridle, reeled in the saddle and toppled over and was trampled under the hoofs of the ponies now in the mad helter skelter of retreat from the village.

The shot was instantly answered by a volley from the police at their blanketed tribesmen, many of whom were already mounted and in a frenzied pursuit. The police volley told with deadly effect, and the firing in a moment was general on both sides.

Sitting Bull could be heard in the confusion still attempting, though captive, to direct the fight. Raising his gaunt form he was beckoning his sons and warriors on when, without warning, his body straightened rigidly, then dropped limp on the hard prairie. The police halted round the corpse, not knowing for the moment but it was a trick of the wily old chief. The sudden movement and the fall of Sitting Bull disconcerted the pursuers, who, remaining at a distance, fired at intervals towards the police. The latter held their ground, knowing that the cavalry, under Capt. Fouchet, would be at hand. To the surprise of all, however, the hostiles, who had been consulting among themselves, began a movement to close in from all sides. The firing from the Winchesters was now redoubled by both parties, the police using their ponies as protection.

It was at this critical juncture that Capt. Fouchet's men dashed up and the machine guns, which had been put in position, opened on the redskins. The latter were too dismayed at this unexpected onslaught to stand for a moments, and all bolted for the river.

According to another report, when the Indian police under Liet. Bull Head and First Sergt. Shave Head entered the camp and announced their errand, Sitting Bull expressed his willingness to go with them, but said he wanted to make some preparations for the ride, and ordered his horse to be got ready. While Bull Head and Shave Head were in the shack where the old chief was getting ready, two bucks enveloped in blankets entered the shack, and throwing off their blankets opened fire on the police. Sitting Bull's wife had gone out and set up a howl, which seems to have been the signal for the assault.

THE Cincinnati Gazette is disgusted with the Farmers' Alliance. Deacon Smith says it is "saturated with Southern sentiment." Good for the Alliance.

A Petrified Giant.

FRESNO, Cal., Dec. 19.—The petrified body of a man has been brought here from Cantua Canyon, about sixty miles from town. The body was discovered by two men named Packwood and Barrett, who were building a dam. Part of the foot was exposed, and when the whole body was exhumed it was found to be wonderfully preserved. The body lay on a rock covered with earth, parts of it being buried to the depth of twelve feet. The body was straight and measured seven feet in length. The man was physically perfect. The face is clearly defined, the nose, eyes, forehead, mouth and chin being natural. The neck is long and rests on muscular shoulders. The arms are long and shapely, the left being folded high on the breast, with the hand resting near the throat, while the right comes diagonally across the body and rests on the stomach. The hair is gone, but the ears are clearly outlined. The hands are perfect, the nails and wrinkles in the skin of the fingers being as natural as life. The same may be said of the feet, the tendons showing the contraction familiar to physicians in cases of death from strychnine. The body weighs six hundred pounds.

Cantua Canyon is dry most of the year. The indications are that the body has been buried for ages. In the same canyon is a petrified forest. The body is supposed to be of an early Spanish explorer. A glance at the petrification, as well as the character of the discoverers, preclude the idea of any deceptin like the "Solid Muldoon" giant fraud in Colorado. The curiosity will be sent to the California Academy of Sciences.

Third Party Talk.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—In his speech on the reapportionment, Mr Tillman of South Carolina, had something to say about a third party movement, and warned the politicians of both parties to look out for lightning.

There is an impression here that a third party will be organized, and that it will cut quite a figure in the next national election.

Mr. McPherson, clerk of the house, a well posted, observant politician, thinks that such a movement is impracticable, because he does not believe the Alliancemen of the south will desert the Democratic party.

Representative Morrill of Kansas, who comes from a state where the farmers proved a potent factor in the elections, is disposed to differ with Clerk McPherson, and thinks that an Alliance candidate will not only be put in the field for the presidency, but that they will be strong enough to carry several states. The names of these states he did not venture to give.

Representative Pickler of South Dakota, was one of the delegates to the Ocala convention, and he came back here very sensibly impressed with everything he saw and heard. He says the northwest Republicans and Democrats are ready for the revolt, and at the convention he found many southern Democrats who stood ready to desert their party whenever the Alliance bugle was sounded.

Judge Crisp and Mr. Bynum, on the Democratic side of the house, representing the two distinct sections, believe that the discontent now manifested by the farmers grows out of conditions made by the Republican party, and that in the event of a third party movement that party would be the chief sufferer.

Drew too Much Water.

JACKSONVILLE, December. 19.—While boring a well on his vineyard and orangery, situated on the outskirts of Econfina, Henry Hardcastle recently struck what must be an immense underground river and which poured its water fouth at such a tremendous rate that the men who were doing the boring narrowly escaped being overtaken by the flood, which, gushing down the side of the slight incline on which the fruit farm is situated, had soon worn a channel in the dry bed of an ancient creek. This is soon filled with a rushing, furious tide, which finally emptied itself into the Appalachicola and which has continued to flow unchecked or without signs of diminishing.

The water is clear, sparkling and very cold, with only a slight mineral flavor. Fish by the thousands have been thrown out and are of several varieties, some of which are of a kind unknown to ichthyologists, being perfectly colorless, while others are transiucent and gelainous, and all are without eyes, and very small, except a few of a sort resembling our pickeral, and which measure from a foot to three and a half in length, and are provided with very large pointed teeth.

Great damage has been done to his fruit and vines, and Mr Hardcastle, seeing no prospect of the flood abating, has offered a reward to stimulate the ingenuity of the local engineers to find a way of controlling and utilizing the water. People from miles around have been coming in crowds to inspect the wonder, and one or two venturesome spirits have narrowly escaped drowning.

A New Secret Political Organization.

GARDEN CITY, Kan., Dec. 24.—The new secret political organization recently referred to by the press at large, known as the "Knights of Reciprocity," is about to form a State organizatin by organizing a grand lodge for the State of Kansas. Numbers of the prominent members of the order are now here in obedience to an order promulgated by the Supreme Judge of the Supreme Lodge of the United States and founder of the new order, who called a meeting of the chief justices of subordinate lodges of the State to meet here to-day for the purpose of establishing a State lodge. A sufficient number of chief justices are present, representing subordinate lodges recently organized in the State. All the preliminaries of the meeting have been arranged for and the session will be brief. The meeting is strictly secret and no details will be given out for publication. Numerous applications are being received by the supreme officers for dispensations to organize new lodges throughout the United States and all indications point to a rapid growth of the order.

Senator Vance's Election Assured.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 26.—President Carr of the North Carolina State Alliance addressed a letter to Senator Vance last week, in which he asked the following question: If the Legislature instructs you to advocate and vote for the sub-treasury plan of financial reform, will you carry out such instructions in good faith? In reply Vance said: I hold that the will of the people, clearly and unequivocally expressed, must be obeyed, unless compliance would involve the representative in a moral wrong, in which case it would be his duty to resign and give place to a representative who would obey. Good faith in the observance of instructions and public pledges is absolutely essential to a government based on the popular will. The Progressive Farmer, the Alliance organ, says the Legislature will instruct Vance to support the sub-treasury plan, which will remove all objections to his re-election.

An Indiana Tragedy.

FORT WAYNE, December 26.—Wesley Tullis, a prominent young business man of New Corrydon, a town forty miles south of here, shot and instantly killed Miss Verona E. Travel this morning and then committed suicide. Tullis has for a long time been paying attention to the girl. Her mother objected to the match. This morning he entered a grocery kept by Mrs. Travel and asked the girl to marry him. She referred him to her mother, who ordered him out of the house. He drew a revolver and shot Verona through the heart. He then turned upon her mother, firing at her twice without effect. Tullis then blew out his brains, and fell lifeless upon the dead body of the girl.

The Lost Found.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 19.—A strange case came to light at the new Denison hotel, which, upon investigation, proved to contain a romance in real life.

The other day, a well dressed woman registered as Nina Stark of Sanbury, O., and not until this morning did her presence in this city lead to any suspicions that her mission here was an important one. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon she entered the lobby with another lady, who registered as Grace E. Stark, also of Sanbury.

"The lost is found," Nina remarked to the clerk, and the two paid their bill and left on the afternoon train for Sandbury. The attention of the hotel clerks was first called to the incident by Gill, a clerk at the hotel cigar stand. He learned the story from Nina Stark.

Stark is her maiden name, and Grace Stark is the wife of her brother. Grace went west with her husband some time ago, and they settled in Colorado. They did not get along well together, and on some pretense Stark induced Grace to come to this city. She did so, and not long ago her husband died in Colorado. Grace stayed here, and her people at Stanbury became uneasy about her. They made every effort to learn where she was, but failed. Finally, they traced her here, and found she was an inmate of the Home for Friendless Women. The reason they tried so hard to find her was because her husband's father died recently in Sanbury, and her share of the estate is said to be nearly $1,000,000.

Heavy Mortality in New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 23.—The weekly report of the city's mortality shows the largest number of deaths during any one week ever recorded here, save when the yellow fever prevailed in epidemic form twelve years ago—236. The large death rate is due, in the opinion of prominent physicians, to the prevalence of the grippe, of which there are now nearly 3,000 cases under treatment here.

An Execution Kills a Sheriff.

SHERBROOK, ONT, December 19.—Remi Lamontagne was hanged here this morning for the murder of his brother-in law, Napoleon Mychel. Sheriff Webb, who had charge of the execution, died suddenly from heart disease. It is believed that the excitement attending the arrangements was the cause of the fatal attack.

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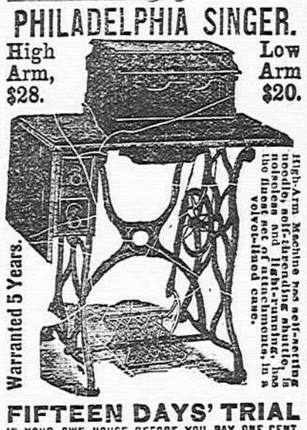

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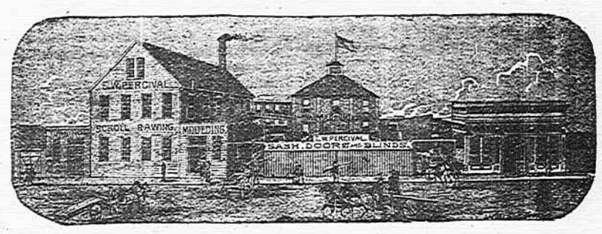

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