YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "Shandon Bells," "Macleod of Dare," "White Wings," "Sunrise," etc.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

A FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

A voyage in a P. and O. steamer is so familiar a matter to thousands of English readers that very little need be said about it here in detail, except, indeed, in so far as this particular voyage affected the fortunes of these one or two people. And Yolande's personal experiences began early. The usual small crowd of passengers was assembled in Liverpool Street Station, hurrying, talking, laughing, and scanning possible ship-companions with an eager curiosity, and in the midst of them Yolande, for a wonder—her father having gone to look after some luggage—found herself for the moment alone. A woman came into this wide, hollow-resounding station, and timidly and yet anxiously scanned the faces of the various people who were on the platform adjoining the special train. She was a respectably dressed person, apparently a mechanic's wife, but her features bore the marks of recent crying; they were all "begrutten," as the Scotch say. She carried a small basket. After an anxious scrutiny—but it was only the women she regarded—she went up to Yolande.

"I beg your pardon, miss," she said; but she could say no more, for her face was tremulous.

Yolande looked at her, thought she was drunk, and turned away, rather frightened.

"I beg your pardon, miss;" and with that her trembling hands opened the basket, which was filled with flowers.

"No, thank you, I don't want any," said Yolande, civilly. But there was something in the woman's imploring eyes that said something to her. She was startled and stood still.

"Are—are you going farther than Gibraltar, miss?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so, said Yolande, wondering.

There were tears running down the woman's face. For a second or two she tried to speak, ineffectually; then she said:

"Two days out from—from Gibraltar—would you be so kind, miss, as to put—these flowers—on the water? My little girl was buried at sea—two days out—"

"Oh, I understand you," said Yolande, quickly, with a big lump in her throat. "Oh, yes, I will. I am so sorry for you—"

She took the basket. The woman burst out crying, and hid her face in her hands, and then turned to go away. She was so distracted with her grief that she had forgotten even to say "Thank you." At the same moment Mr. Winterbourne came up, hastily and angrily.

"What is this?"

"Hush, papa! The poor woman had a little girl buried at sea; these are some flowers—"

Yolande went quickly after her, and touched her on the shoulder.

"Tell me," she said, "what was your daughter's name?"

The woman raised her tear-stained face. "Jane. We called her Jane; she was only three years old; she would have been ten by now. You won't forget, Miss; it was—it was two days beyond Gibraltar that—that we buried her."

"Oh no; do you think I could forget?" Yolande said; and she offered her hand. The woman took her hand and pressed it, and said, "God bless you, miss! I thought I could trust your face;" then she hurried away.

Yolande went back to her father, who, though closely watching her, was standing with the Grahams; and she told them (with her own eyes a little bit moist) of the mission with which she had been intrusted; but neither she nor they thought of asking why out of all the people about to go down by the steamer train, this poor woman should have picked out Yolande as the one by whom she would like to have those flowers strewn on her child's ocean grave. Perhaps there was something in the girl's face that assured the mother that she was not likely to forget.

And at last the crowd began to resolve itself into those who were going and those who were remaining behind; the former establishing themselves in the compartments, the latter talking all the more eagerly as the time grew shorter. And Mrs. Graham was in despair because of the non-appearance of her brother.

"There!" she said to her husband, as the door of the carriage was finally locked, and the train began to move out of the station, "I told you—I told you I should not be surprised. It is just like him—always wanting to be too clever. Well, his coolness has cost him something this time. I told you I should not at all be surprised if he missed the train altogether."

"I don't think the Master's finances are likely to run to a special," her husband said, good humoredly.

"Oh, it is too provoking!" exclaimed the pretty young matron (but, with all her anger, she did not forget to smooth her tightly fitting costume as she settled into her seat). "It is too provoking! I left Baby at home more on his account than on any one else's. If there was the slightest sound, I knew he would declare that Baby had been crying all the night through. There never was a better baby—never! Now, was there ever, Jim?"

"Well, I can't answer for all the babies that ever were in the world," her husband said, in his easy good-natured way; "but it is a good enough baby, as babies go."

"It is the very best tempered baby I ever saw or heard of," she said, emphatically; and she turned to Yolande. "Just think, dear, of my leaving Baby in England for two whole months, and mostly because I knew my brother would complain. And now he goes and misses the train—through laziness, or indifference, or wanting to be too sharp—"

"I should think that Baby would be much better off on land than on board ship,' said Yolande, with a smile.

"Of course, Miss Winterbourne," the Colonel said. You're quite right. A baby on board ship is a nuisance."

"Jim! You don't deserve—"

"And there's another thing," continued the stout and grizzled soldier, with the most stolid composure. "I've seen it often on board ship. I know what happens. If the mother of the baby is old or ugly, it's all right; the baby is let alone. But if she's young and good-looking, it's wonderful how the young fellows begin and pet the baby, and feed it up on toffy and oranges. What do they know? Hang 'em they'd fetch up pastry from the saloon and give it to a two-year-old. That ain't good for a baby."

"Poor Archie!" said his wife, rather inconsequently; "it will be such a disappointment for him.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Colonel Graham; "I believe he has never heard that the P. and O. ships don't stop at Southampton now. Never mind Polly; he can go overland, if he wants to catch us up at Cairo."

"And miss the whole voyage!" she exclaimed, aghast. "And forfeit his passage-money? Fancy the cost of the railway journey to Brindisi!"

"Well, if people will miss trains, they must pay the penalty," her husband remarked quietly; and there was an end of that.

At Tilbury there was the usual scramble of getting the luggage transferred to the noisy little tender; and the natural curiosity with which every one was eager to scan the great and stately vessel which was to be their floating home for many a day. And here there was a surprise for at least one of the party. When, after long delays, and after a hurried steaming out into the river, the tender was drawing near the side of the huge steamer, of course all eyes were turned to the decks above, where the picturesque costumes of the lascar crew were the most conspicuous points of color. But there were obviously a number of other people on board, besides the dusky crew and their English officers.

"There he is—I can make him out,' observed Colonel Graham.

"Who?" his wife asked.

"Why, the Master of Lynn," he answered, coolly.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed, in either real or affected anger. "Sha'n't I give it him! To think of his causing us all this disquietude!"

"Speak for yourself, Polly," her husband said, as he regarded a group of young men who were up on the hurricane-deck leaning over the rail and watching the approach of the tender. "I wasn't much put out, was I? And apparently he hasn't been, for he is smoking a cigar and chatting to—yes, by Jove! its Jack Douglas, and young Mackenzie of Sleat; oh, there's Ogilvy's brother-in-law—what do you call him?—the long fellow who broke his leg at Bombay; there's young Fraser, too, eyeglass and all—a regular gathering of the clans. There'll be some Nap going among those boys!"

"I hope you won't let Archie play, then," his wife said, sharply. But she turned with a charming little smile to Yolande. "You mustn't think my brother is a gambler, you know, dear; but really some of those young officers play far beyond their means, and Archie is very popular amongst them, I am told."

But by this time everybody was scrambling on to the paddle-boxes of the tender, and from thence ascending to the deck of the steamer. The Master of Lynn was standing by the gangway awaiting his sister. He was a young man of four or five and twenty, slim, well built, with a pale olive complexion and a perfectly clean-shaven face; and he had the square forehead, the well-marked eyebrows, and the pleasant gray eyes with dark eyelashes that his sister had. But he had not her half-curly hair, for his was shorn bare, in soldier fashion, though he was not a soldier.

"How are you, Graham? How are you, Polly?" said he.

"Well, I like your coolness!" his sister said, angrily. "Why were you not at the station? Why did you not tell us? Of course we thought you had missed the train. I wish you would take the trouble to let people know what you are about.—Let me introduce you to Miss Winterbourne. Yolande dear, this is my brother Archie.—Mr. Winterbourne, my brother, Mr. Leslie.—Well, now, what have you to say for yourself?"

He had thrown away his cigar.

"Not much," said he, smiling good-naturedly and taking some wraps and things from her which her husband had selfishly allowed her to carry. "I went down to see some fellows at Chatham last night, and of course I staid there, and came over in the morning. Sorry I vexed you. You see, Miss Winterbourne, my sister likes platform parade; she likes to have people round her for half an hour before the train starts; and she likes to walk up and down, for it shows off her figure and her dress: isn't that so, Polly? But you hadn't half your display this morning, apparently. Where's Baby? Where's Ayah?

"You know very well. You would have been grumbling, all the time if I had brought Baby." "Well, said he looking rather aghast, "if you've left Baby behind on my account I shall have a pleasant time of it. I don't believe you. But tell me the number of your cabin. and I'll take these things down for you. I'm on the spar-deck, thank goodness!"

"Miss Winterbourne's cabin is next to mine; so you can take her things down too."

"No, thank you," said Yolande, who was looking out for her luggage (her maid being in a hopeless state of bewilderment), and who had nothing in her hand but the little basket. "I will take this down myself by-and-by."

There was a great bustle and confusion on board; friends giving farewell messages; passengers seeking out their cabins; the bare-armed and barefooted lascars with their blue-blouses and red turbans, hoisting luggage on to their shoulders and carrying it along the passages. Mr Winterbourne was impatient.

"I hate this—this confusion and noise," he said.

"But. papa," said Yolande, "I know your things as well as my own. Jane and I will see them when they come on board. Please go away and get some lunch—please! Everything will be quiet in a little while"

"I wish we were off," he said in the same impatient way. "This delay is quite unnecessary. It is always the same. We ought to have started before now. Why doesn't the captain order the ship to be cleared?"

"Papa dear, do go and get places at the table. The Grahams have gone below. And have something very nice waiting for me. See, there comes your other portmanteau now; and there is only the topee-box; and I know it because I put a bit of red silk on the handle. Papa, do go down and get us comfortable places—I will come as soon as I have sent your topee-box to your cabin. I suppose we shall be near the Grahams."

"Oh, I know where Mrs. Graham will be," her father said peevishly. She will be next the captain. She is the sort of woman who always sits next the captain."

"Then the captain is very lucky, papa," said Yolande mildly, "for she is exceedingly nice; and she has been exceedingly kind to me."

"I suppose the day will come when this captain, or any other captain, would be just as glad to have you sit next him," he said.

"Papa," she said with a smile, "are you jealous of Mrs. Graham for my sake? I am sure I do not wish to sit next the captain; I have not even seen him yet that I know of."

But this delay, necessary or unnecessary, made him irritable and anxious. He would not go to the saloon until he had seen all the luggage—both his and Yolande's—dispatched to their respective cabins. Then he began to inquire why the ship did not start. Why were the strangers not packed off on board the tender and sent ashore? Why did the chief officer allow these boats to be hanging about? The agent of the company had no right to be standing talking on deck two hours after the ship was timed to sail.

Meanwhile Yolande stole away to her own cabin, and carefully and religiously—and, indeed, with a little choking in the throat—opened the little basket that held the flowers, to see whether they might not be the better for a little sprinkling of water. They were rather expensive flowers for a poor woman to have bought, and the damp moss in which they were imbedded and the basket itself also were more suggestive of Covent Garden than of Whitechapel. Yolande poured some water into the wash-hand basin, and dipped her fingers into it and very carefully and tenderly sprinkled the flowers over. And then she considered what was likely to be the coolest and safest place in the cabin for them, and hung the basket there and came out again—shutting the door, involuntarily, with quietness.

She passed through the saloon, and went up on deck. Her father was still there.

"Papa," said she, "you are a very unnatural person. You are starving me."

"Haven't you had lunch, Yolande?" said he, with a sudden compunction.

"No, I have not. Do I ever have lunch without you? I am waiting for you."

"Really, this delay is most atrocious!" he said. "What is the use of advertising one hour and sailing at another? There can be no excuse. The tender has gone ashore."

"Oh, but, papa, they say there is a lady who missed the train, and is coming down by a special—"

"I don't believe a word of it. Why that is worse. The absurdity of keeping a ship like this waiting for an idiot of a woman!"

"I am so hungry, papa!"

"Well, go down below, and get something, if you can. No doubt the gross mismanagement reaches to the saloon tables as well."

She put her hand within his arm, and half drew him along to the companion-way.

"What is the difference of an hour or two," said she, "if we are to be at sea for a fortnight? Perhaps the poor lady who is coming down by the special train has some one ill aboard. And—and besides, papa, I am so very, very, very hungry!

He went down with her to the saloon, and took his place in silence. Yolande sat next to Mrs. Graham, who was very talkative and merry, even though there was no captain in his place to do her honor. Young Archie Leslie was opposite; so was Colonel Graham. They were mostly idling; but Yolande was hungry, and they were all anxious to help her at once, though the silent dusky stewards knew their duties well enough.

By-and-by, when they were talking about anything or nothing, it occurred to the young Master of Lynn to say,

"I suppose you don't know that we are off?"

"No! impossible!" was the general cry.

"Oh, but we are, though. Look!"

Mr. Winterbourne quickly got up and went to one of the ports; there, undoubtedly, were the river-banks slowly, slowly going astern.

He went back to his seat, putting his hand on Yolande's shoulder as he sat down.

"Yolande," said he, "do you know that we are off—really and truly going away from England—altogether quit from its shores?"

His manner had almost instantly changed. His spirits quickly brightened up. He made himself most agreeable to Mrs. Graham; and was humorous in his quiet, half-sardonic way; and was altogether pleased with the appearance and the appointments of the ship. To fancy this great mass of metal moving away like that, and the throbbing of the screw scarcely to be detected!

"You know, my dear Mrs. Graham," he said, presently, "this child of mine is a most economical, even penurious creature; and I must depend on you to force her to make proper purchases at the different places—all the kinds of things than women-folk prize, don't you know. Lace, now. What is the use of being at Malta if you don't buy lace? And embroideries, and things of that kind. She ought to bring back enough of Eastern silks and stuffs to last her a lifetime. And jewelry too—silver suits are very well—she must get plenty of that at Cairo—"

"Oh, you can leave that to my wife."

Colonel Graham said, confidently. "She'd buy up the Pyramids if she could take them home. I'm glad it won't be my money."

And this was but one small item of expectation. The voyage before them furnished forth endless hopes and schemes. They all adjourned to the hurricane-deck; and here his mood of contented cheerfulness was still more obvious. He was quite delighted with the cleanliness and order of the ship, and with the courtsey of the captain, and with the smart look of the officers; and he even expressed approval of the pretty, quiet, not romantic scenery of the estuary of the Thames. Yolande was with him. When they walked, they walked arm in arm. He said he thought the Grahams were likely to be excellent companions; Mrs. Graham was a charming woman; there was a good deal of quite humor about her husband; the Master of Lynn was a frank-mannered young fellow, with honest eyes. His step grew jaunty. He told Yolande she must, when in Egypt, buy at least half a dozen Eastern costumes, the more georgeous the better, so that she should never be at a loss when asked to go to a fancy-dress ball.

And at dinner, too, in the evening, it was a delight to Yolande to sit next him, and listen to his chuckles and his little jokes. Care seemed to have left him altogether. The night, when they went on deck again, was dark; but a dark night pleased him as much as anything. Yolande was walking with him.

And they sat down with their friends; and Mrs. Graham had much to talk about. Yolande sat silent. Far away in the darkness a long thin dull line of gold was visible; she had been told that these were the lights of Hastings. It is a strange thing to sail past a country in the night-time and to think of all the beating human hearts it contains—of the griefs, and despairs, and hushed joys all hidden away there in the silence. And perhaps Yolande was thinking most of all of the poor mother—whose name she did not know, whom she should never see again—but whose heart she knew right well was heavy that night with its aching sorrow. It was her first actual contact with human misery, and she could not help thinking of the woman's face. That was terrible, and sad beyond anything that she could have imagined. For indeed her own life so far had been among the roses. As Mrs. Graham had said, she was but a child.

(To be continued.)

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Respectfully yours,

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Yours truly,

J. F. ROTH.

From the Oneonta Press, N. Y.

ONEONTA, NEW YORK, Jan. 6th, 1881.

Early last summer Messrs. B. J, Kendall & Co., of Enosburg Falls, Vt., made a contract with the publishers of the *Press* for a half column advertisement for one year setting forth the merits of Kendall's Spavin Cure. At the same time we secured from the firm a quantity of books, entitled Dr. Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which we are giving to advance paying subscribers to the *Press* as a premium.

About the time the advertisement first appeared in this paper, Mr. P. G. Schermerhorn, who resides near Colliers, had a spavined horse. He read the advertisement and concluded to test the efficacy of the remedy, although his friends laughed at his credulity. He bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and commenced using it on the horse in accordance with the directions, and he informed us this week that it effected such a complete cure that an expert horseman, who examined the animal recently could find no trace of the spavin or the place where it had been located. Mr. Schermerhorn has since secured a copy of Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which he prizes very highly and would be loth to part with at any price, provided he could not obtain another copy. So much for advertising reliable articles.

FROM

COL. L. T. FOSTER.

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DR. B. J. KENDALL, & Co., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt that I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame; I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons who failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago Express. I determined at once to try it and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles; I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial, I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame and the lumps have disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the state. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles who are now using it.

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L. T. FOSTER.

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The above is in use in several Mills on this River, and perfect satisfaction is guaranteed.

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Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Ready-Made Clothing.

Customers will find our Stock complete, comprising many articles, it is impossible here to enumerate and all sold at moderate prices.

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THE SUBSCRIBER will sell off the balance of his Stock of FANCY GOODS at greatly reduced prices during

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GROCERIES, PICKLES, SAUCES, CANNED GOODS, SPICES, CITRON and LEMON PEEL, EXTRACTS, etc. etc.

IN STORE:

FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, TEA, SUGAR, LARD, SOAP, ONIONS, TOBACCO, Lowest WHOLESALE and RETAIL Prices; also

20 TUBS GOOD BUTTER.

Chatham, N. B. Dec. 13, '82 R. HOCKEN

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NEW GOODS!!

—AT—

J.B.SNOWBALL'S.

Just received per late Steamers from the Manufacturers.

New Ulster Cloths,

For Gents Ladies and Children:

Boys' Woollen Knickerbocker Hose,

Very Heavy.

A very large stock of

German and Canadian Clouds and promenade Scarfs.

Ladies' Berlin Wool Shawls,

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Irish Frieze,

For Heavy Overcoats.

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Newest Styles.

Moscow Homespun, Costume Cloths,

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100 pairs Best White

ENGLISH BLANKETS,

50 pairs Best Twilled

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A few pairs of Super Extra BATH BLANKETS, at reduced price

ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!

Chatham, Oct. 18, 1881.

Manuf's., Builders, etc.

TO BUILDERS.

The subscriber begs leave to announce to his Patrons and the Public that he is now prepared to execute all orders entrusted to him with despatch,—such as the

ENTIRE FURNISHINGS FOR

Dwelling Houses, Stores,

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Doors, Window Sashes & Frames, Mouldings, Stair Rails, Banisters, & Newel Posts, etc,

Orders also executed for

Window Shutters & Venetian Blinds.

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Keeping none but first class workmen in my employ, I can safely affirm my goods to be equal to any in the market.

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☞ PRICES REASONABLE! ☜

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Men's, Youths' & Children's Suits,

IN CLOTH, TWEED & VELVET.

Which he is offering at prices suitable to the times.

KELLY and MURPHY

Manufacturers of

SINGLE & DOUBLE SLEIGHS & PUNGS,

SIDE BARS—OPEN & TOP,

OPEN PHAETONS,

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☞ Old Carriages bought and sold and exchanged for new.

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CHAMPION PORTABLE SAW MILLS.

George Book writes, St. Anns, Ontario, June 17 1879, regarding his 10 horse power Champion sawmill: "*Last week, on Monday morning three men of us were around to tear up mill to move it. We tore up, moved three miles, set it up and on Tuesday at three o'clock have a log sawed. Not quite two days. We one week we moved and set it up ourselves and sawed twenty thousand feet. I will write full particulars soon. We sawed six hundred feet in twenty-nine minutes—inch lumber.*" 8 sizes built—22 H. P. using 44 in. saw, Capacity 3 to 6,000 per day. 16 H. P. using 48 in. saw, Capacity, 4 to 8,000 per day. 20 H. P. using 52 in. saw, No 3 saw frame, Capacity, 5 to 8,000 per day.

Most simple, efficient and portable mill of its size in the world.

ADDRESS WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD CADADA

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Over 250 Fire Proof Champion Engines sold in 3 years. Only perfect Threshing Engine in the world.

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Thos. Firth and Son's Extra Axe, Tool and Drill Steel

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ROUND MACHINE STEEL

Manufacture of SPEAR & JACKSON.

Tinplates, CHARCOAL and COKE.

Sheet Iron,

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A special lot of Galvanized Sheet Iron —

6 ft x 39 in. x 20 gauge.

7 " x " x " "

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First class make (Davies') and well adapted for LOBSTER BOILERS, &c. Besides a heavy stock in store, we expect early in March, per good Ship 'Alfaria:' 11,224 Bars, 2,566 Bdls. } Refined Iron. 265 " Hoop Iron.

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St. John, N.B.

FOR SALE.

50,000 BRICKS.

50,000 Face and Common Bricks.

AT THE

MIRAMICHI BRICK YARD.

HARVEY FLETT,

NELSON, N. B.

Nelson, Sept. 13, 1882.

CHAMPAGNE.

Just arrived per steamer "Hibernian" via Halifax;

20 baskets Finest Champagne, Pints and Quarts;

10 Cases Sparkling Burgundy & Hock.

JOHN W. NICHOLSON.

Victoria Row, Smyth Street

SAD IRONS.

MRS. POTTS' SAD IRONS.

Plain,

Polished and

Nickle-plated.

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