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Miscellaneous.

Sam Weller's Valentine.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Mr. Weller having obtained leave of absence from Mr. Pickwick, who, in his own state of excitement and worry, was by no means displeased at being left alone, set forth, long before the appointed hour, and having plenty of time at his disposal, went down as far as the Memorial House, where he paused and contemplated with a face of great calmness and philosophy, the numerous cabs and drivers of short stages who assembled near that famous place of resort, to the great terror and confusion of the old-lady population of these realms. Having loitered here, for half an hour or so, Mr. Weller turned, and began wending his way towards Leadenhall Market, through a variety of bye-roads and courts. As he was sauntering away his spare time, and stopped to look at almost every object that met his gaze, he by no means surprised that Mr. Weller should have paused before a small stationer's and printer's window; but without further explanation it does appear surprising that his eyes should have so soon rested on certain pictures which were exposed for sale therein. As he gave a sudden start, smote his right leg with great vehemence, and exclaimed with energy, "If it hadn't been for this, I should have forgot all about it, till it was too late!"

The particular picture on which Sam Weller's eyes were fixed, as he said this, was a highly colored representation of a couple of human hearts sketched together with an arrow, cooking before a cheerful fire, while a male and female canal in modern attire; the gentleman being clad in a blue coat and white trousers, and the lady in a deep red pelisse with a parasol of the same; were approaching the meal with hungry eyes, up a serpentine gravel path leading thence. A decidedly indecous young gentleman, in a pair of wings and nothing else, was depicted as superintending the cooking; in the church in Langham Place, London, appeared in the distance; and the whole formed a "valentine," of which, as a written inscription in the window testified, there was a large assortment, which the shopkeeper pledged himself to dispose of, to his countrymen generally, at the reduced rate of one and sixpence each.

"I shouldn't forget it; I should certainly have forgot it!" said Sam; so saying, he at once stepped into the stationer's shop, and requested to be served with a sheet of the best gilt-edged letter-paper, and a hard-nibbed pen which could be warranted not to splutter. These articles having been promptly supplied, he walked on direct towards Leadenhall Market at a good round pace, very different from his recent lingering one. Looking round him, he there beheld a sign-board on which the painter's art had delineated something remarkably resembling a curleup elephant with an equalling nose in lieu of a trunk. Rightly conjecturing that this was the Blue Bear himself, he stepped into the house and inquired concerning his parent.

"He won't be here this three-quarters of an hour or more," said the young lady who superintended the domestic arrangements of the Blue Bear.

"Very good, my dear," replied Sam. "Let me have nine pen worth o' brandy and water luke, and the inkstand, will you miss?"

The brandy and water luke, and the inkstand, having been carried into the little parlour, and the young lady having carefully attended down the coals to prevent their blazing, and carried away the poker to provide the possibility of the fire being stirred, without the full privacy and concurrence of the Blue Bear being first had and obtained, Sam Weller sat himself down in a box near the stove, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and adjusting the table, so that there might be crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of degrading themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task; it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to rest his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. The motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer; and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing letters in small text, sneering out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required gobble over very often to render them visible through the old blot, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Poorban Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulleta about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Waller passed a very good night, but is uncommon perverse, and unpleasant this mornin'." Sighed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Esq., That's the last one as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggravated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But what's that, you're a doin' of? Pursuit of

knowledge under difficulty, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment: "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young woman, I hope, Sammy?"

"Why it's no use a writin' it in't," replied Sam.

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horrified by the word. "A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in prophetic accents. "I wouldn't think you'd ha' done it. After the way you've had o' your father's wicous propensities; after all I've said to you upon this here very subject; after actually feelin' and bein in the company o' your own mother-in-law, which I should ha' thought was a mortal lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten so his days' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it!" These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"So I take the privilege of the day, Mary, my dear, as the gen'lem in difficulties did ven be walked out on a Sunday, to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my heart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the profane machines (which perhaps you may never heard on, Mary, my dear), altho' it does finish a portrait and puts the frame and glass on complete with a book at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter."

"I am afford that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point.

"Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your valentine, and think over what I've said, My dear Mary, I will now conclude." That's all," said Sam.

"That's a rather a sudden pull up, ain't it Sammy," inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam, "altho' I wish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Vell," said Mr. Weller, "there's something in that, and I wish your mother-in-law'd only conduct her conversation on the same gen'ral principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what to sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam, "never sign a valentine with your own name."

"Sign it—Pickwick, then," said Mr. Weller, "it's a very good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The very thing," said Sam. "I could end it with a verse; do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one as made an affectin' copy o' verses the night afore he was hung for a highway robbery, and he was only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter.

"Your love-sick Pickwick."

And having folded it in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner; to Mr. Weller, at Mr. Nupkin's, Mayor's, Ipswich, Suffolk; and put it into his pocket, satisfied, and ready for the General Post.

of a unicorn, or a king's prin at once, which is very well known, to be a collection of fabulous animals," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller. Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike."

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"But now," continued Sam, "now I find what a regular soft-headed, in-ked-jobs turnip I must ha' been; for there ain't nobody like you, though I like you better than nobody at all. I thought it best to make it rather strong," said Sam looking up.

"Mr. Weller nodded approvingly and Sam resumed.

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Only A Country Girl.

"You are mistaken, I would sooner die than marry a country girl."

"But, Fred, suppose her intelligent, moral, full of natural poetry, tender-hearted, graceful, unspoiled by admiration, a guileless, simple loving creature."

"Oh, said Fred, laughing, "choice collection of virtues and graces. Country beauties are always and so are country cows. No, I tell you if she was as lovely as an angel, with the best nose in the world, still it wouldn't make her a country girl, with no soul above churning and knitting needles, I would not marry her for a fortune."

"It's ha!" laughed Helen Irving, but it was a very planisimo laugh, way down in the very corner of her heart. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet of the cottager.

In another moment the young lady came in sight. Fred's face crimsoned, and he whispered with visible trepidation.

"Do you think she heard me?"

"No," rejoined the other audibly—she shows no resentment, she has not even looked up from her book; you are safe; she could not have heard you, but what an angel she is!"

"You are mistaken, I would sooner die than marry a country girl."

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with the most natural simplicity, turning to Fred.

He replied with another very graceful bow.

"Tell your father," said he, "that I will do myself the honor to call upon him to-morrow. He will remember me. Fredrick Lane at your service."

"Yes, sir, I will tell him for you, said Helen, snaking her sleeve around her pretty arm, and making a rather formal courtesy. Then catching up her books, and gathering some flowers, she hurried home.

"Now, father, mother, aunt, and sis," exclaimed the merry girl, bounding into the room where the family were at supper, "so sure as you add I live, that Mr. Lane you talk so much about, is in the village. He will call here to-morrow—the first specimen of a city beau; (as of course he is) all sentiment, refinement, faultless in looks and spotless in diction; important, and self-assured as one of that kind can possibly be. Promise me, all of you, that you'll not slip one word about music, reading and writing in his presence, because I have a plan. Father will not, I know, but if you, sis, will keep quiet and ask no questions, I will give you that work box you have coveted so long."

"Helen, you are not quite respectful," said her father.

"Forgive me, dear father," and her arms were around his neck. "I always mean well, but I am thoughtless."

"There, all is right now," she added, kissing him lovingly on the temple.

"Come, sis, what say you?"

"Why on that condition, I'll be as still as a mouse; but what's your reason?"

"Ah! that's my own business," said Helen, dashing out of the room.

Helen sat at an open window, through which rose bushes thrust their blushing buds, making both a sweet shade and fragrance. The canopy overhead, burst forth every moment in wild stretches of glorious melody. Helen was at work on long, blue stockings, nearly finished; and her fingers flicked like snow birds.

"You knit most admirably. Are you fond of it?"

"Yes, quite, I like it better than anything else—that is, I can churn well."

"And do you read much?" Fred's glance had travelled from the corners of his eyes to every table, shelf and corner, in search of some books or papers, but not a page or leaf, yellow or rare, repaid his search.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Helen, with a smile.

"What books? permit me to ask."

"I read the Bible a good deal," she said, gravely.

"Is that all?"

"All of course not, and what do you not find in the Bible? History, poetry, eloquence, romance—the most thrilling pathos"—blushing and recollecting herself, she added with a manner as childish as it before had been dignified, "as for other books, let me see, I've got in my library—there's the primer (counting on her fingers.) Second Class Reader, Robinson Crusoe, Nursery Tales, Fairy Stories, two or three volumes of something, Biography of some person or other, Mother's Magazine, and King William III. There, isn't that a good assortment?"

"Perhaps I don't know as much as those who have went to school more," she added as if disappointed at the mute rejoinder; "but in making bread and churning butter, and keeping house, I am not to be outdone."

The young man felt more in pity than in love, but his visit did not always so result. He began to feel a magnetic attraction, and mainly attributed it to Helen's beauty; but the truth is, her sweetness and artlessness of character, engaging manners and disposition, quite won the city bred aristocrat, Fred Lane. There was a freshness about everything she said or did. She perplexed as well as delighted him.

Often, as he was wondering how some homely expression would be received in good society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop like pearl from her lips more remarkable for originality than brilliancy.

"If I should fall into the snare," thought he, "I can educate her. It will be worth trying."

It was useless to combat his passion; so at last he fell at Helen's feet, figuratively speaking, and confessed his love for her.

"I care not, Helen, only be mine," was his invariable answer to her exclamation of unworthiness. "How she would appear in society."

They were married and had returned from their wedding tour, and yet, at the expiration of their honeymoon, Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment, given by the relatives of the bridegroom, Helen looked more beautiful than ever. Her husband did not insist that she should depart from simplicity, and indeed without jewels or lace, with that fresh, white robe, simple sash of blue, and ornaments of fair moss rose, she was the most lovely creature in the room.

Approaching her with a low bow upon which his mirror had set the seal of faultless elegance, Fredrick Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would inform him where Mr. Irving lived.

With an innocent smile the beauty looked up.

"Mr. Irving, the only one living in the village, is my father," said she, rising in a graceful and charming manner, "the large house on the high ground half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery, that's where we live. I believe it was an academy once, that's a sort of select school, isn't it?"

He looked at her with a smile, and only drew her closely to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied poor Fred, and wondered why he had married himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.

But he! O, joy! he seemed to love her more as she clung to his arm so timidly, his noble face expressed the pride he truly felt, he looked as if he would have swept back the scorers with one motion of his hand, had they ventured one wave too high on the score of his pride. He seemed to excite every look, every word, not in strict conformity to etiquette; and Helen's heart beat high, and tears came to her eyes, when she felt how noble a heart she had won.

"The young bride stood near her husband talking in a low tone, when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful, slightly formed creature, with haughty features. Her countenance glowed in the brilliant eyes whenever she glanced towards Helen. Once she held away over her heart, and hearing whom she had married, she fancied her time had come."

"Do you suppose she knows anything?" whispered a low voice near her.

Helen's eyes sparkled, her face flushed indignantly. She turned to her husband. "How was gone, speaking at a distance with a friend."

"Do you play, Mrs. Lane?" she asked. There was a mocking tone in her voice.

"A little," answered Helen, her cheeks blushing.

"And sing?"

"Then do you a favor," exclaimed Miss Somers, looking askance at her companions.

"Come, I myself will lead to the instrument."

Hark! whose masterly touch? Instantly was the half-spoken word, arrested, the cold car and haughty brow were turned in holding surprise. Such melody! Such correct intonations! Such breadth, depth and vigorous touch! Who is she? She plays like an angel!

And again hark! A voice rolls—a flood of melody; clear, powerful, and passing sweet; astonishment gives many a faint cheek a deep scarlet. There is a deep silence unbroken, and the silver strains float up.

Aye! ears not for cold neglect, then tears add to the start.

Save when it breaks the heart.

If you be true, The world may cease to be.

Since I may only keep my love, And tell my grief to thee.

"Glorious voice!" said Fred to his friend, who with the rest had paused to listen.

"Who can she?"

The words were suddenly arrested on his lips. She turned from the piano and the unknown was his wife!

"I congratulate you, Fred," said the young man at his side, but he spoke to marble. The color had left his cheek as he walked slowly toward her.

If he was speechless with amazement so was not she. A rich bloom nuzzled her cheeks, triumph sparkled in her eyes—they flashed like diamonds. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In a graceful acknowledgment she blended wit and humor.

"How well she talks; who would have thought it? He has found a treasure," was whispered all around the room.

Meanwhile, Fredrick Lane stood like one enchanted, while his little rustic wife quoted books with perfect abandon, admitted this one, contemned that.

He smiled a lover's smile, and only drew her closely to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied poor Fred, and wondered why he had married himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.

But he! O, joy! he seemed to love her more as she clung to his arm so timidly, his noble face expressed the pride he truly felt, he looked as if he would have swept back the scorers with one motion of his hand, had they ventured one wave too high on the score of his pride. He seemed to excite every look, every word, not in strict conformity to etiquette; and Helen's heart beat high, and tears came to her eyes, when she felt how noble a heart she had won.

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A sedate looking student lost himself in a Latin quotation. Helen smilingly finished it, and she received a look of eloquent thanks. Rompish, sportive, language rich with fancy and imagery, fell from her beautiful lips, as if they had received a touch from fairy hand.

Still Fredrick was by her side like one in a dream, and pressed his hands over his bewildered eyes to be sure of his senses, when he saw her bending, a vision of loveliness, over the harp, her full arm leaning on its golden strings, and he heard again that rich voice, now plaintive with some tender memory, also and fell in awe and sorrowful cadence.

"Tell me," said he, when alone, "what does this mean? I feel like one awakened from a dream."

"Only a country girl," said Helen, then falling into her husband's arms, she exclaimed, "Forgive me, I am that little rustic that you would wonder, die, they would. Are you sorry you married me?"

"Sorry! my glorious wife! Rat Helen, you could not deceive. Did I not understand you had never—"

"Been at an academy," she broke in; "never took a music lesson, never was taught to sing, all very true, yet I am all you see me to-night, myself my own teacher; with labor and diligence, I hope I am worthy to be the wife of one so good and exalted as I find my husband to be."

Reader, wouldn't you and I like to be there just now and hear her story, and see the dimples and light smiles on her pretty face as she tells how she banished the piano, books, harp, portfolio, music, all in an empty room by themselves, and locking the door, leaving them to scold and dust, while the country girl, without any deep laid scheme, succeeded in convincing the well-bred city gentleman that he could marry a charming rustic, if her fingers were more familiar with the churn and knitting needles, than with the piano and books?

An old bachelor in Vermont, learning that numerous additions had lately been made to the male population of the place, and that there was a dearth of specimens of the other sex, said it was the inauguration of the new Great doctrine. "Let us have peace."

Mr. Dickens, widow of the late Augustus N. Dickens, and sister-in-law to Charles Dickens the well known novelist, was found dead in her bed on Christmas day, at her residence, No. 568 North Clark Street, in this city. She and her children were invited to a party given on Christmas eve, by Mrs. Lawrence, cousin to her husband who lives on the west side. Mrs. Dickens did not go, herself, but sent her children and the following note, explaining her absence:

"Dear Emily: After seeing you yesterday, somebody relieved me of my fears and its contents. The affair was worried me so that I have concluded not to accept your invitation for myself but to leave the care of me if the late dear poor sister, as I kept them all night, but be sure and send them home early in the morning, as we are anticipating a merry little dinner to-morrow."

The children parted fondly from their mother, little thinking they would never again see her alive. They went to the party with light hearts and enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent. When the fun and frolic had ended, it was found two late for them to go home so Mrs. Lawrence kept them until the next morning. She then placed them on the car, and they reached the house about noon. Going to the door they knocked, but no answer was returned; all was still and silent as the grave. Supposing that their mother was at Mrs. Barnard's next door, they went in and asked that lady, who in return asked them if their mother had not gone over to Mrs. Lawrence's. She had not, nor was she at Mrs. Barnard's, therefore she must be at home. After further knocking without effect, Mr. Barnard entered the house by raising a window and then opened the front door. Mrs. Barnard and the children entered the room, going directly to Mrs. Dickens' room, where she found her in bed, her head resting on one hand, the other lying on the counterpane. Her face was composed and as natural as if she were in a deep sleep, and so it proved—that she was in the sleep that knows no waking. Mrs. Barnard found the body quite warm and soft. Dr. Saffier, who lives opposite, was at once sent for, and on examining pronounced life extinct; and that death was caused by an overdose of morphia.

By the side of the bed were found two bottles, one of them nearly full of morphia and the other empty. An empty wine-glass, in which traces of morphia were discernible, stood near the bottles. The scene that took place when the "little ones who came home to partake of Christmas fare, and found that they had no mother any more, may be imagined.

It seems that for about eight months Mrs. Dickens has been in the habit of taking morphia to allay the pain of severe attacks of neuralgia, to which she was a victim. On Christmas eve she told Mrs. Barnard that her stock of morphia was exhausted and requested her to get her a supply at the drugist's. Mrs. Barnard did so. This accounts for the two bottles found at the bedside, one of which was empty, and the other, the one Mrs. Barnard purchased, was nearly full, showing that but little of it had been used. It would seem that she took too much of the narcotic by mistake. It is not generally believed that she committed suicide, as she had made every preparation for Christmas dinner; the turkey was in the sideboard ready for roasting, the children's candy and the raisins and other ingredients for a plum pudding were in the house. She also expected her children home, and in the note to Mrs. Lawrence enjoyed by anticipation the family gathering around the Christmas board. It is true that a small pecuniary loss incurred on Wednesday preyed upon her mind and may have produced melancholy. The following letter explains the matter:

No. 568 NORTH CLARK STREET, December 23d, 1868.

Gentlemen: During a necessary visit to the city yesterday, I was unfortunately relieved of my purse (either in some crowded store or on my way to the bank) of a sum of \$100 (unpaid). I therefore promptly caution you not to pay to any other person than myself the same or any smaller amount unless applied for in person by my much obliged,

BEATRICE P. DICKENS.

To the President of the Third National Bank, Chicago.

This letter shows that she was not in pecuniary distress and that she contemplated calling at the bank in person. Besides the certificate of deposit in her pocket-book, she was Mrs. Barnard's ex-teacher. On Christmas eve, and was seen again by one of the family as usual. She made a call on Mrs. Pease one of her acquaintances, the same evening. All these persons state that she was in good spirits, cheerful and bright. On the other hand it is known that for some time back she had been reading a work on morphia, which goes to show either that her mind was turning on the subject of poison, or that she used morphia, so much, she failed to acquaint herself with its properties and effects.

Over her clothes both an inquest on Christmas night, when Mrs. Barnard and the physicians were examined. The substance of their testimony is given above, and the investigations resulted in a verdict of morphia administered by herself. This is a state of mental derangement, or moral aberration was pronounced because she had been studying the work on morphia.

(Continued on 2nd page.)

...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

HAMMONTON
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

Rare Opportunity to Secure
A HOME
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

To All Wanting Farms.
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

The Title Perfect.
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

The Soil
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

The Market
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

Philadelphia Advertisements
SCHEETZ'S BITTER
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

MASON & HAMLIN'S
CABINET ORGANS.
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

WM. & T. HAGARTY,
Tailors.
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

Job Printing
ESTABLISHMENT.
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

Plain & Ornamental Printing
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

At Less Than City Prices.
Orders by Mail promptly filled
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

The Water
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

Commercial Manures.
BAUGH'S
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

North-Western Fertilizing Co.
CHICAGO.
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

BAUGH'S
CHICAGO BLOOD MANURE
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
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BAUGH & SONS,
PHILADELPHIA.
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

TO FARMERS:
BAUGH & SONS,
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

Complete Manure,
BOWER'S
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY.
G. P. HOWELL & CO.
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

THE OCTAGON
Family Sewing Machine
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

Novelty Sewing Machine.
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...

Without a Rival.
...and his father was a ...
...and his father was a ...
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Agents Wanted
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