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SATURDAY OCT. 29, 1898

THE SITUATION AS IT IS.

There can be no doubt with regard to the inconsiderate and meagre recognition colored republicans have received at the hands of Republican officials elected, largely, by their votes. Far above the little petty squabble about "spoils" is the manly desire of self-respecting colored men to be accorded the same dignified treatment so generously extended to others, in the party, having white skins. All of this is as it should be. If there were anything like unanimity of feeling and true patriotic impulses upon the part of any considerable portion of the race then the task of accomplishing wholesome results on behalf of the race would be quite easy. Most unfortunately such is not the case. Upon the other hand the Democratic party, in the interest of good government, if for no other reason, ought, most gladly, to appeal to the Negroes to divide their vote, guaranteeing them precisely what is cheerfully accorded other members of their party, fitness and efficiency alone being exacted, and not color as the basis of good standing in the party. But the democratic party is far from assuming such an attitude. They are anxious for the defeat of the Republican candidates but not at all disposed to welcome Negroes, who vote the Democratic ticket, in the same manner with which they welcome men with white skins.

Now while we are thoroughly convinced that the bossism and arrogance of Republican dictators ought to be substantially rebuked, and that upon general principles a division of the Negro vote is a good thing, yet the obstinacy and the inveterate Bourbonism of the Democratic organization seem to render such action inexpedient in the present contest. It is indeed a difficult problem for colored men whose dissatisfaction with Republican treatment springs out of the seeming apostasy of the party from first principle rather than from disappointment in the obtaining of "spoils." It is hard to vote for men whose past indifference forecast future possibilities in the same direction; to vote for the democratic candidates who are either ashamed or disinclined to express themselves with regard to the civil rights of Negroes, who are American citizens, is absolutely out of the question; to refrain from voting at all would indirectly succor and aid the Democratic organization. Although it may not, necessarily, enter into account when one is considering the matter solely from principle, and not from the standpoint of spoils, yet, in the peculiar dilemma in which we are placed, we can not entirely ignore the fact that the Republican party in this city, with all of its short comings and shameful treatment of the Negro, has, at least, done a little something which of itself gives hope, although the realization of the same may be distant. The positions held by

colored men, menial though they may be for the most part, yield them about \$200,000 annually. This is very little indeed when it is remembered the ratio of their voting strength. But it is a great big something when contrasted with possibilities from Democratic sway in the light of the present attitude of that party towards the Negro. Doubtless, there will be many Negroes who will vote the Republican ticket under protest, as the least evil of those from which a choice is to be made, while others will remain to the last perfectly loyal to principle, though the practical expression of such loyalty, by refraining to vote for either of the candidates, incidentally, contribute to the success of the Democratic candidate.

Mr. McKinley, of late, has been making some very significant speeches, and the New York Post in a very interesting manner directs attention to the phrase "The Currents of Destiny" used by the President in one of his characteristic speeches. The Post asks a very pertinent question of Mr. McKinley in consideration of the recent disorders in Illinois, to-wit: "Which is the right destiny, to be shot or get work?" And this is a very practical question for the consideration not of Mr. McKinley alone but especially of the great Christian North, who, with one consent, are practically, guilty of murder of Negroes when it comes to their exclusion from the various industrial avenues of life solely on account of the color of their skin. They ask for an honest and honorable opportunity to earn bread for themselves and families, and it would seem as if the Caucasian "Current of Destiny" so far as the Negro wage-earners is concerned, is in the direction of his industrial assassination. Is this just? Is it Christian?

We print in another column a most excellent editorial from the "Carrill County Record" of Taneytown, Md. It is seldom that any of our white contemporaries write as pointedly and strongly on the lynching question as does our valued contemporary of Carroll county. We usually peruse the Record with much genuine pleasure, as it is one of the most readable journals coming to our sanctum, but last week's issue gave us unusual pleasure and delight. The editor of the Record had better be on his guard, else the lynchers will be after his scalp. It is withal a strong and convincing article. Let the white pulpit of the South speak with one voice, accordingly, and soon this relic of barbarism will be a thing of the past.

Without any reserve whatever we most heartily indorse and commend the candidacy of Mr. Frank C. Wachter for Congress from the 3rd. Congressional District. Mr. Wachter is a man of the people, thoroughly honest and reliable, and will prove a most useful member of Congress, as there is scarcely any doubt of his election. He can be trusted to do the fair and square thing by his colored friends. Let every colored man in the district stand by Wachter.

MR. MUDD.

The present case of Mr. Mudd illustrates very plainly how an unscrupulous politician can take advantage of an ignorant lot of voters, and despite the coarseness and humiliation of such language which usually wound the feelings of intelligent and thinking men, use the very same men to indorse their own humiliation at his hands. Colored men of Mr. Mudd's district did not ask him to appoint a colored boy to the Naval Academy, but simply that he order a competitive examination and thereby give the colored youth as well as the white youth a chance for entrance at the "National Charity Concern." It is hardly necessary for us to add that Mr. Mudd

would not have dreamt of answering while men, in the blunt and insulting manner he addresses himself to the loyal blacks of his district who made "Congressman" Mudd, a possibility as such. But then, these are "ignorant Negroes" from Southern Maryland and they are not deserving of the treatment usually accorded gentlemen! Mr. Mudd says:

House of Representatives, U. S., Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1897.
Richard E. King, Esq., Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
My Dear Sir: I am in receipt of a communication from a committee of the McKinley and Hobart Colored Republican Club of Annapolis, Md., in which you are designated as President.
Your committee ask that I, as representative of the Fifth Congressional District of Maryland, establish a precedence for the appointment for a cadetship at the United States Naval Academy from a competitive examination open and free to both colored and white boys alike, and the one passing the best examination to be appointed by the Congress.
I might, if I considered it desirable, recommend, in pursuance of competitive examinations, I have already made one appointment for this position. The applicant did not entirely measure up to the requirements. I shall be glad upon to make another appointment in a very short time for the purpose of filling the vacancy, but I shall not submit it to the test of a competitive examination, and in response to the expression of interest on the part of your committee, with reference to the colored candidate, I herewith reply that I shall not recommend the appointment of a colored candidate as cadet at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, to represent the Fifth Congressional District of Maryland for the terms which I may be empowered to fill. Very truly yours,
(Signed,) SYDNEY E. MUDD.

It made no difference even if there had been a competitive examination and a Negro had carried off the honors, it would have been of no avail, for Mr. Mudd had said: "I shall not recommend the appointment of a colored candidate as cadet at the Naval Academy at Annapolis."
But Mr. Mudd will be elected. We are free to confess that we hardly think there is any doubt respecting his re-election. Of course this is possible on account of the wide-spread ignorance of many of our people who have not the faculty of knowing when they are insulted. But Mudd like all men who are controlled by policy and political shrewdness rather than by principle will, in due time, find his Waterloo.

IS MR. SCHIRM A REPUBLICAN?

Among the speakers at the "Peace Jubilee" mass meeting held in John Wesley M. E. church last Monday evening was a Mr. Schirm who was a member of the last State Legislature. Mr. Schirm is reported as having said to a representative of the colored press, last spring, at Annapolis, that "colored people don't desire CIVIL RIGHTS." We are also informed that Mr. Schirm is a contemplated candidate for the office of State's Attorney. Surely the man who does not believe in our civil rights could hardly expect the support of colored men for such an office!

Here is what the National Republican platform of 1872 has to say on the subject of Civil Rights:

"Complete liberty and exact equality in the enjoyment of ALL CIVIL, POLITICAL and PUBLIC RIGHTS should be established and effectually maintained throughout the Union by efficient and appropriate state and federal legislation. Neither the law nor its administration should admit any discrimination in respect to citizens by reason of race, creed, color or previous condition of servitude."

Nothing could be plainer than the above. Either Mr. Schirm is right or the National Republican Party wrong; either the republicanism of Mr. Schirm is genuine or it is bogus. In keeping with the above plain statement of faith upon the part of the National Republican Party Mr. Schirm was asked, as an act of courtesy, to introduce in the last state legislature, of which he was a member, a Civil Rights Bill which had been prepared. This he refused to do. In the meantime stating that "colored people do not want" what the National Republican Party said they should have. We should keep our eyes open, and every man who is a traitor to the principles of Lincoln should be aggressively opposed whenever he has the bold audacity to intrude himself upon a simple republican platform.

POLITICAL.

To the Voters of the Third Congressional District.

Abraham Lincoln had Abiding Faith in the Common People.

Labor is honorable, and there is always a true and abiding dignity associated therewith. Men love to think of Abraham Lincoln as a splitter of rails, and to dwell upon that ruggedness in his physical make-up which gave unmistakable evidence of his thorough identity with the common people. He was a grand man. He never forgot the crowd from which he was uplifted. His heart always beat with their heart. Their struggles were his struggles for he had passed over the same road. The people of the 3rd. Congressional District, composed of diverse races and tongues, for the most part earnest toilers for bread have a very practical interest in the laws and measures enacted by Congress and as an expression of their hopes and fears, yearnings and aspirations, they are going to send as their representative not an "artful dodger" but a plain blunt man, who has wrought in his every fibre the abiding marks of his own honest and manly struggles to improve his own condition. Such a man is Frank C. Wachter, the champion of the commoners. After the 8th of next November it will be Congressman Wachter, and yet, like Abraham Lincoln, he will be the same man—one of the people.

Mr. Wachter is a faithful friend of the poor man, whether black or white. By his own indomitable courage and perseverance he has come up, disciplined, and inured to the hardships and perplexities which fall to the lot of any honest poor man struggling to improve his condition in life, and is, therefore, through experience, thoroughly in touch with the fears and aspirations of all such. It should always be a question of great concern to the masses of the people that their representative should know from experience the peculiar environments which hamper them in industrial activities and the race of life. Happily for Mr. Wachter he is a product of such adverse conditions, and having successfully traveled the road is able to succor and help those who are trying to get there.

Mr. Wachter not only has the ability to represent, on account of his thorough and complete identity with the people, but what is better still, he has the will and desire to use his accumulated experience, practical knowledge, aggressive energy, and business shrewdness on behalf of the masses of people who will unquestionably elect him to Congress to look after their interests.

Wachter is the man deserving of the support of the people of the 3rd. Congressional District. The people are not going to be fooled. They know a man of energy and progressiveness when they see him. Frank C. Wachter is the man. Vote for him on the 8th. of November. Tell your neighbor to do likewise. He is a man of the people and for the people.

A man who is pledged to do the fair thing by his constituents, without respect of color, is certainly worthy of the cordial support of all. Mr. Wachter is such a man. He stands squarely upon the platform of the National Republican party. A vote for Wachter is a vote in the right direction. Mr. Wachter is a young, aggressive and progressive Republican, disposed to treat men as men, according to their ability and worth. Color will have nothing to do with it. VOTE FOR WACHTER.

The Republican voters of the Third District are among the most loyal adherents of the Republican party. They know how to contend earnestly and vigorously for their rights, and they know also that while the treatment of the colored voters has been far from complimentary, yet even that treatment is far in advance of anything proceeding from the Democracy. The Third Congressional District will give Frank C. Wachter a rousing majority over his competitor.

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A STRONG CHARACTER.

A firm friend of President McKinley, and of Sound Money.

The colored people of this country usually find in the old school of representative white men—men of character, brains and money—their most sincere and real friends. While such are, undoubtedly, of a conservative trend of mind, they are, nevertheless, safe, wise and most helpful friends. Of this class is the Hon. William B. Baker, candidate for Congress in the Second Congressional District. He is a representative business man, being extensively engaged in the canning industry in Harford county, besides being largely interested in several financial institutions. Mr. Baker enjoys the distinction of having redeemed the Second district from the Democrats, having been elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress over Talbot, Democrat, and to the Fifty-fifth Congress over Jewett, Democrat. A man of so many most excellent personal qualities, of the highest integrity, and of attractive personal bearing, he is, naturally, deservedly popular throughout his district. He is a firm friend of the President and of sound money, and also a staunch advocate of protection to American labor and development of our manufacturing industries.

Vote For Baker.

The people of the Second Congressional District know a good, reliable, safe and wise representative when they have one, and hence Mr. Baker will be returned to Congress to continue his most acceptable services to his party and the people generally. Let all good Republicans, throughout the district, rally the forces so that the majority may be large and convincing against free silver and all phases of repudiation and dishonesty. All classes, the poor and the rich, black and white, farmers and merchants unite in their high estimation and appreciation of Harford county's substantial and public spirited citizen.

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*10.17 a.m., accom. for Union Bridge,

York, Gettysburg, Carlisle, G. & H. R. R.

*12.25 p.m., accom. for Emory Grove.

*2.32 " " accom. for Union Bridge.

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Grandmothers"—The Influence of Heredity—A Rich Legacy Left Us by a Glorious Race of Godly Women—Value of Their Example.

Text: "The unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois."—1 Tim. 1, 5.

In this pastoral letter which Paul, the old minister, is writing to Timothy, the young minister, the family record is brought out. Paul practically says: "Timothy, what a good grandmother you had! You ought to be better than most folks, because not only was your mother good, but your grandmother was good also. It is the procedure of generations of piety ought to give you a mighty push in the right direction." The fact was that Timothy needed encouragement. He was in poor health, having a weak stomach, and he had a headache, and Paul prescribed for him a tonic, "a little wine for thy stomach's sake"—not much wine, but a little wine only as a medicine. And if the wine had been as much adulterated with logwood and trypanin as our modern wines, he would not have prescribed any.

But Timothy, not strong physically, is encouraged spiritually by the reality of grandmothers' excellence, Paul hinting to him, as I think this day to you, that God sometimes gathers up as in a reservoir, away back of the active generations of today, a godly influence, and then in response to prayer lets down the power upon children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of influence of one good woman in the church and world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by a woman who lived nearly a hundred years ago, and of how many criminals her descendants are furnished for the penitentiary and the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars she cost the country in their arraignment and prison support, as well as in the property they burglarized and destroyed. But will not some one come out with brain-comprehensive strength and heart-encouraging and penitence enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women and reformers and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many millions of dollars they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes?

The good women whose tombstones were planted in the eighteenth century are more alive for good in the nineteenth century than they were before, as the good women of the nineteenth century will be operative for good in the twentieth century than now. Mark you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their granddaughters. You can get very good people to talk much about how things were when they were boys and girls. They have a reticence and a non-committalism which makes me think that they feel themselves to be the custodians of the reputation of their early comrades. While our dear old folks are rehearsing the follies of the present, if we put them on witness-stand and cross-examine them as to how things were seventy years ago the silence becomes oppressive.

The celebrated Frenchman, Volney, visited this country in 1796, and he says of woman's lot in those times: "If a premium was offered for a regimen most destructive to health, none could be devised more efficacious for these ends than that in use among these people." The ecclesiastical literature of the nineteenth century talks about the despatch of modern society and how womanly health goes down under it. It was worse a hundred years ago, for the Frenchman, Volney, visited our Revolutionary War in 1782, in his "Book of American Women," saying: "They are tall and well-proportioned, their features are generally fair and without color. At twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty or forty they are decrepit." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a book entitled, "A Sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Century," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of thirty all their charms have disappeared." One glance at the portraits of the women of a hundred years ago and their style of dress makes us wonder how they ever got their breath. All this makes me think that the express rail train is no more improvement on the old canal boat, or the telegraph no more an improvement on the old-time saddle-bags, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century.

But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than ours, there was a glorious race of godly women, seventy and a hundred years ago, and had the world been from sea and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed, all over this land there are people to-day—not so much in churches, for many of them are too feeble to come—a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has some part them, and they have an idea that they are of little account. Their best sometimes gets nothing from the rack of the grandchild down-stairs or in the next room. They stand themselves by the parlors as they go up and down. When they get a cold it hangs on them longer than it used to. They cannot bear to have the grandchildren punished even when they deserve it, and have a real regard for their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the youngsters of the household by too great leniency. These old folks are the great great grandmothers, and there is a genuine and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life and read the old book, and then they need, to heartily knowing which most they enjoy, the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and dwell tearfully over the family record half-way between. We build them to-day, whether in the house of God or at the household. Blessed is that household that has in it a grandmother Lois. Where she is, angels are hovering round.

It is not time that you and I do two things—awing open a picture-gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from their heavenly thrones the godly grandmothers to give them our thanks, and then to permeate the mothers of to-day that they are living for all time, and that against the sides of every cradle in which a child is rocked beat the two stars: first—There we have an untried, undiscussed and unexplored subject. You often hear about your influence upon your own children. I am not talking about that. I am talking about your influence on the twentieth century, upon the thirtieth century, upon the fortieth century, upon the year two thousand, upon the year four thousand, if the world lasts so long. The world stood five thousand years before Christ came; it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may stand four thousand years after His arrival. Four thousand years after the death swing of in sin, four thousand years it may be swinging back into righteousness. By the ordinary rate of multiplication of the world's population in a century, your descendants will be over three hundred, and upon every one of them, you, the mother of to-day, will have an influence for good or evil in four centuries your descendants shall have with their names. A scroll of hundreds of thousands, will some angel from heaven, to whom is given the capacity to explain the meaning of the stars of heaven and the sands of the seashore, step down and tell us how

many descendants you will have in the thousandth year of the world's possible continuance? Do not let the grandmothers any longer think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to the mothers of the last century are to-day in the person of their descendants, in the Senates, the Parliaments, the palaces, the pulpits, the banking houses, the professional chambers, the universities, the academies, the company of midnight brigades, the cellars, the ditches of this century. You have been thinking about the importance of having the right influence upon our country. You have been thinking of the importance of getting those two little feet on the right path. You have been thinking of your child's destiny for the next eight or ten years, if it should pass on to an oceanic voyage. That is well, but my subject sweeps a thousand years, a million years, a quadrillion of years. I cannot stop at one cradle, I am looking at the cradles that reach all around the world and across all time. I am not talking of mother Eunice, I am talking of grandmother Lois.

Good or bad influence may skip one generation or two generations, but it will be sure to land in the third or fourth generation, just as the Ten Commandments, speaking of the visitation of God on families, says nothing about the second generation, but entirely skips the second, and speaks of the third and fourth generation: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." Parents do not know right and wrong, may jump over a generation, but it will come down further on as sure as you sit there and I stand here. This explains what we often see—some man or woman distinguished for benevolence when the father and mother were distinguished for piousness, or you see some young man or woman with a bad father and a bad mother, who comes out gloriously and even makes the Church sob and shout and sing under their exhortations. We stand in corners of the vestry and whisper over the matter, and say, "How in this, such great piety in sons and daughters of such parental worldliness and sin?" I will explain it to you if you will fetch me the old family Bible containing the full record. Let some septuagenarian, leaning on a cane, appear upon the peak of birch and marriage, and tell me who that woman was with the old-fashioned name of Jeannette or Betsy or Melitabai. Ah, there she is, the old grandmothers of the last century, who had enough religion to saturate a century.

There she is, the dear old soul, Grandmother Lois. In beautiful Greenwood Cemetery there is the resting place of George W. Bethune, once a minister of Brooklyn Heights, his name never spoken among intelligent Americans without suggesting two things—piousness and evenness of spirit. In the next tomb sleeps his grandmother, Isabella Graham, who was the chief inspiration of his ministry. You are not surprised at the piety and piety and piety of his grandson who read the faith and devotion of his wonderful ancestor. When you read this letter, in which she poured out her widowed soul in longings for a son's salvation, you will not wonder that succeeding generations have been blessed.

New York, May 20, 1791.
This day my only son left me in bitter wringings of heart; he is again launched on the ocean—God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck, brought him to my home, and allowed me once more to indulge my affection over him. He has been with me but a short time, and I have improved it, he has gone from me, and my heart bursts with tumultuous grief. Lord, have mercy on the widow's son, "the only son of his mother."

I ask nothing in this world for him; I repeat my petition. Save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin. It is not danger of the seas that distresses me; it is not the hardships he must undergo; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world; it is because I cannot discern the fulfillment of the promise in him. I cannot discern the new birth nor its fruit but every symptom of captivity to sin, the world, and self-will. Thus, the more I love me; and in connection with this his being shut out from ordinances at a distance from Christians; shut up with those who forget God, profane His name, and break His Sabbath; men who often fly like wild beasts, yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time and every word, thought and action. O Lord, many wonders have thou done for me; Thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones; add this wonder to the rest. O all-convert, regenerate and establish a savior in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with Thee; glorify Thy Son and extend His kingdom by sea and land; take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon Thee. Many friends try to comfort me, miserable comforters they are all. Thou art the God of consolation; only confirm to me Thy precious word, on which Thou causedst me to hope in the day when Thou calledst to me. "Leave the fatherless children, I will preserve them alive." Only let this life be a spiritual life, and I put a blanket in Thy hand as to all temporal things. I wait for Thy salvation. Amen.

With such a grandmother, would you not have a right to expect a George W. Bethune? And all the moments converted through his ministry may date the saving power back to Isabella Graham. God fill the earth and the heavens with aged grandmothers, and let them all be up and thank these dear old souls. Surely God will let us go up and tell them of the results of their influence. Among our first questions in Heaven will be "where is grandma?" They will point her out, for we would hardly know her, even if we had seen her on earth, so bent over with years and there so straight, so full of eyes through the blinding of earthly tears, and now her eyes as clear as Diana's, so full of ash and pain and now so aglow with celestial health, the wrinkles blooming into carnation roses, and her step like the rose on the mountain. Let me see her, my grandmother on my father's side, Mary McCoy, descendant of the Scotch. When I first spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt a want of interest, being a stranger, I began by telling them my grandmother was a Scotchwoman, and then there went up a shout of welcome that made me feel as easy as I do here. I must see her. Make it as easy for the old folks as you can. When they are sick, get for them the best doctors. Find the place for them in the hymn book. Never be ashamed if they prefer styles of apparel which are a little antiquated. Never say anything that implies that they are in the way. Make the road for the last miles smooth as you can. Oh, my boy, you will miss her when she is gone! How much would I give to see my mother! I have so many things I would like to tell her, things that have happened in the thirty years since she went away. Morning, noon and night let us thank God for the good influences that have come down from good mothers all the way back. Timothy, don't forget your grandmother Lois.

Mothers, consecrate yourselves to God and you will help consecrate all the ages following! Do not dwell so much on your hardships that you miss the good of wielding an influence that shall look down upon you from the towers of an endless future. I know Martin Luther was right when he counselled his wife, over the death of their daughter by saying, "Don't take on so, wife; remember that this is a hard world for girls." Yes, I go further and say, "It is a hard world for women." Ay, I go further and say, "It is a hard world for men." But for all women and men who trust their bodies and souls in the hand of Christ the shining gates will soon swing wide. Don't you see the sickly pallor on the sky? That is the pallor on the cold cheek of the dying night. Don't you see the brightening of the clouds? That is the flush on the warm forehead of the morning. Cheer up, you are coming, within sight of the Celestial City.

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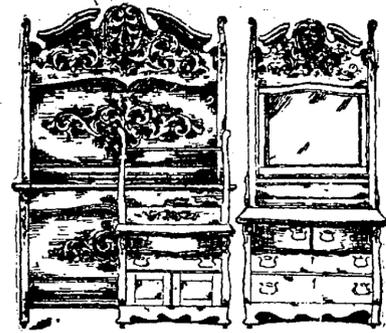
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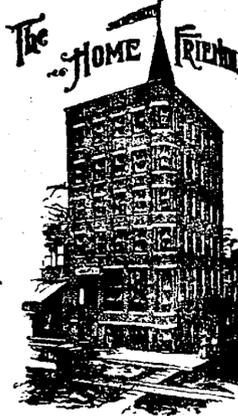
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