Denton Journal.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1882.

VOL. 37. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1882. NO. 12.

SPECIAL FOR THE FALL TRADE of 1882.

Stoves - Stoves - Stoves!

Largest Stock of Stoves, consisting of the "GOLDEN SUN FIRE-PLACE HEATER," Heating Stoves, Cook Stoves and Ranges, of different kinds at lowest city prices.

HEADQUARTERS for GUNNERS' OUTFITS.

Breech Loading and Muzzle Loading Guns, both double and single barrel; Amunition of all kinds, such as Powder, Shot, Shells, wads, etc.; Gunning Suits, and equipments for loading shells, at extra low prices.

Large Stock of Different Kinds of Corn Shellers, which We Are Selling very Low.

Our stock of

HARDWARE, TINWARE,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS & MACHINE
CARRIAGE, WAGON & CART HARNESS,
AND MANY OTHER THINGS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION,

is complete. We respectfully invite you to call and examine our stock.

SHANAHAN & WRIGHTSON,
EASTON, MD.

One Small Profit

is all the consumer of Clothing should pay.

We manufacture more Clothing than any other retail house in the United States.

We know how to make the best goods at least cost.

We are willing to sell at the smallest profit. Hence we offer our customers the best bargains.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
6th & Market Sts., Philad'a.

The largest clothing house in America.

SAM'L. BURNS & CO.
LUMBER
SASH,
DOORS, BLINDS &c.
104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,
BALTIMORE.

R. J. BAKER. ESTABLISHED 1837. R. J. HOLLINGSWORTH.

SULPHATE OF AMMONIA. **R. J. BAKER & CO.,** PURE NITRATE SODA.

—MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN—

PURE GROUND BONE, CHEMICALS, ACIDS, &C.,

For Manufacturing Super-phosphates.

AMMONIATED SUPER-PHOSPHATE FOR ALL CROPS.
PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES.
PURE FINE GROUND RAW BONE.
STAG SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME FOR TOBACCO.

FACTORY at LOCUST POINT.

OFFICE, 36 and 38 S. CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PLACE TO BUY DRY GOODS.
FALL OF 1882.

Hamilton Easter & Sons,
199, 201 & 203 W. BALTO. ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

The above firm have been Importers, Jobbers, and Retailers of Dry Goods for *over 50 years*. Their present large trade has been built up by fair dealing, and selling only such goods as will prove satisfactory to the purchaser and found of full value for the price paid. The price of every article is marked in plain figures, and the inexperienced buyer pays the same price as those fully acquainted with the value of goods. Our stock of Silks, Dress Goods, Wraps, Linen Goods, Mourning Fabrics, Hosiery, Gloves, and Shawls are entirely of our own importation.

We have also on hand a very extensive assortment of Domestic Cotton Goods, Flannels, Blankets, Quilts, Comforts, Lace Curtains, Goods for Men's wear, &c., &c.

The great extent and variety of our stock will be apparent on a personal examination which we solicit from all reading this advertisement. Shopping by mail is now thoroughly established and is a source of economy. A single order entrusted to our care cannot fail to establish a satisfactory business. We send samples by mail free of charge. In ordering please state class of goods desired.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS.
9 30 3m.

NEW GOODS.

H. BLACKISTON & SON,

have returned from the city with a large stock of New Goods, consisting of Dry Goods Notions, Groceries, Read-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and a general assortment of all other goods, all of which you are requested to call and examine. We are trying to do a fair and square business, giving you the worth of your money. We think it unnecessary to blow about low prices or city prices. We wish you to judge for yourselves in regard to prices and quality of our goods. We have

The Largest Stock

of Goods in Denton for you to make your selections from.

☞We return thanks to our customers for past favors and will be glad to have you call frequently. We are willing and able to accommodate prompt customers.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

10 7

WHEN
YOU VISIT
BALTIMORE
DON'T FAIL
TO CALL
AT THE
"EXCELSIOR"
AND SEE THEIR
1882 - FALL - 1882
DISPLAY
OF
CLOTHING, Hats, Caps
AND
FURNISHING GOODS.
OUR MOTTO:
ONE PRICE
AND THAT
The Lowest.
EXCELSIOR
S. W. Cor. Baltimore & Light Sts.
LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT
IN
MARYLAND.

P. LINDAU & CO.
DISTILLERS OF
WHISKIES,
AND IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies Gins,
AND
5 and 7 NORTH GAY STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Always on hand a Large Stock of Choice Old Rye, Wheat, Bourbon and Monongahela Whiskies.

DRUNKENNESS & OPIUM EATING
C. C. Beers, M. D. & Son, 433 Fourth avenue, New York, have painless remedies for these evils. Thousands cured. Call or send stamp for evidence. 10 34

INSURE YOUR LIFE HOME BUSINESS Live Stock.

I HEREBY inform the citizens of Caroline county that I am prepared to take risks in the following old and reliable Companies, at very moderate rates:

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.
ASSETS, - - - $94,702,957.92.

AGRICULTURAL INSURANCE CO. OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.
Insures nothing but but Farm Property, Live Stock and Dwellings, against damage or loss by Fire, or by

LIGHTNING,
Whether FIRE Ensues or not.
NET ASSETS, - - - $1,394,087.83.

ROCHESTER GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE CO.
Insures all kinds of insurable property against loss by Fire,
OR BY LIGHTNING, WHETHER FIRE ENSUES OR NOT.
ASSETS, - - - - $493,785.50.

PEOPLES' MUTUAL LIVE STOCK INSURANCE CO. OF BALTO.
Insures nothing but Live Stock against loss by death from accident or disease.

No charge for making a survey of property to be insured. No premium note required. All orders by mail promptly attended to. I will insure property for any period, from two days to three years at a time.

CHAS. A. DUNNING,
2,25 AGENT. Denton, Md.

CARPETS

J. C. SMITH & BRO,
[LATE OF KENT COUNTY, DEL.]

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, MATTINGS, etc. We have on hand a well selected stock which we offer at lowest prices. Remember name and number and do not fail to give us a call.

J. C. SMITH & BR.,
444 W. Balto. Near Pearl, St.
Baltimore, Md.

VOSHELL HOUSE,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
J. A. & CHAS. ROLPH, Propr's.
ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

EUROPEAN HOTEL
EASTON, MD.
(Corner Railroad Ave. & Washington St. Opposite Bank.)
G. W. W. HADDAWAY, PROP.
First Class Table and Room Accommodations. 4.11

MANSION HOUSE,
I. Albertson,
Proprietor.

☞ROOMS FIRST CLASS, WITH GOOD, SUBSTANTIAL BOARD AT 1.50 PER DAY.
N. W. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette Streets' Baltimore.

Greensborough Hotel
AND LIVERY STABLES,
GREENSBORO' - Maryland.
W. H. COHEE, PROP'R.

Having refitted and greatly improved the house formerly kept by Willis, is now prepared to accommodate travelers at moderate prices. Carriage runs to R. R. and connects with every train. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. 2 25.

Carrollton Hotel,
Baltimore, Light and German Sts.
Baltimore Maryland.

Rates Reduced to $3.00 and $2.50 per day according to location of rooms, for all above Parlor floor. Extra charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the City. Elevator runs continuously to all floors.

☞All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors.

F. W COLEMAN, Manager.
12-31-81 y.

THE
"Clarendon."
COR. HANOVER AND PRATT STS.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
$1.50 to $2.00 Per Day.

Table board $4 per week. Permanent Guests, $5.00 to $7.00 per week. Rooms without board, 50 cts., 75 cts., $1.00 a day The "CLARENDON" is centrally located, has large, airy rooms, newly furnished and everything first-class at low rates

J. F. DARROW,
Proprietor.
[LATE (15 YEARS) PROPRIETOR OF THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY]
12-3

Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchants,
72 SOUTH ST, BALTIMORE.
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUIT & PRODUCE,

THE SILENT LIFE.

We lead two lives, the outward seeming fair,
And full of sunshine that on the surface lie;
The other spent in many a silent prayer,
With the thoughts and feelings hidden from the eye.

The weary, weary hours of mental pain,
Unspoken yearnings for the dear ones gone;
The wishes, half-defined, yet crushed again,
Make up the silent life we lead alone.

And happy visions may we never show,
Gild all this silent life with sweet romance;
That fade like sunset's clouds we know,
Yet life seems brighter for each stolen glance.

This silent life, we little reck its power
To strengten us for either good or ill;
Whether we train our thoughts like birds to soar,
Or let them wander wheresoe'er they will.

This silent life not those we love may share,
Though day by day we strive to draw them close;
Our secret chamber—none may enter there,
Save that one eye that never seeks repose.

And if beneath that Eye we do not quail,
Though the earth may turn from us aside,
We own a secret power that shall prevail,
When every motion of our life is tried.

The Old Rail Fence.

The placing of barbed wire fences around farms, usurping the place of the old rail fence, destroys half of the pleasure of farming. There is something about the old rail fence that is real comfortable, and the barbed wire fence is forbidding, cold, repulsive. Until you come to think of it, there does not seem as though there was a great deal of solid comfort in a rail fence, but there is. Did you ever see two farmers leaning against a rail fence, whittling and talking politics or a horse trade for hours together? They are very comfortable, and rest more than they would if they were occupying the softest sofa or the best stuffed arm chair in the world. There are so many shapes a man can get into to rest about a rail fence. First the farmer will fold his arms and rest them on the top rail and lean his breast on the fence and talk for half an hour, until his legs are tired; then he will step one foot up on the second rail from the bottom, and stand and whittle for half an hour until the top of the rail is as polished as a piece of mahogany. Then he will change feet and lean one elbow on the second rail from the top, and sharpen his knife on his boot and talk for half an hour about how he is going to pay the mortgage on his farm next year. After that position becomes irksome he will turn his back to the fence, stand on his heels, and place his two elbows on the top rail and against the fence, and for half an hour he will tell about how the old mare that he is trying to trade off cleared out all the road coming back from the celebration at town, after the fireworks on the Fourth, and how if he wasn't fixed just as he is, and wanted the twenty dollars boot money to send Nathan off to the select school, there is no man on the earth who can buy that mare. Then he will get tired and stand around sideways, put his left arm upon the fence, and begin to whittle again. Without going into details as to ninety-nine other combinations by which a farmer can rest on, about or against a rail fence, it may be out of place to speak of sitting on top of a fence. The farmers, after trying several positions, will instictively climb the fence and rest on the top rail, their feet resting on the third rail from the top, which is always laid with projection enough to make good footing, and an hour will pass as the fellows talk of the times when they settled in the country, and of the hardships they have endured, and how the children have grown up and gone away, and the conversation will drift into a sleepy channel, and the sun will begin to sink in the west, and the horney-handed sons of toil will suddenly remember that the chores are to be done, and with a "Good night, Lige," and a "Drop around again to-morrow, Ike," they will separate, and one will take a milk pail and a one-legged stool and go towards the lot where the cows have come home, while the other will go across the road to the barn and throw down some hay for the horses, and they will both go to bed at eight o'clock as tired as though they had been mowing. But they have have had a splendid, easy visit on the old rail fence.

Boy Inventors.

The *Christian Advocate* justly considers that a boy's elders are guilty of a foolish act when they snub him because he says or does something which they don't understand. A boy's personality is entitled to as much respect as a man's, so long as he behaves himself. In the following anecdote wise and foolish elders are exhibited—one class respecting, and the other despising the boy.

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was made by a mere boy.

Newcomer's engine was in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves, except by means of levers operated by hand.

He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy, Humphrey Potter, was hired to work these valve-levers; although this is not hard work, yet it required his constant attention.

As he was working the levers, he saw that part of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time he had to open or close the valves.

He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve lever; and the boy then had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great an invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a perfect form and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.

The power loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing.

He whittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he had got it all done, he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him that would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy went to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him.

He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master.

The backsmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and the inventions was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. In worked to perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits.

In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he was going to pay him a visit and that he would bring with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year ago.

Our Patent Office shows many ingenious and useful invention made by minors and women, and the above list of important inventions made by boys might be largely incresed did space permit.—*Scientific American.*

Flattering the Judge.

The Arkansas justice of the peace is a powerful man in his sphere. He is skilled in his way of administering justice and is of course never influenced by the standing in political society of the man who is arraigned before him. The other day down in the country Capt. J. Jamit was arrested on the charge of assault with intent to kill and arraigned before Judge Grupill. The evidence was conclusive, showing that the Captain attempted to shoot one of his neighbors, and that he was so much in earnest and armed with such concentration of purpose that his bullet clipped a lock of hair from the intended victim.

"This is a very serious charge, captain," said the justice. "Your intentions were unquestionably murderous, and sir, all the consolation I can give you is the by no means flattering announcement that I wouldn't stand in your shoes for love nor money."

"I confess, judge" said the captain "that I am in a close place. But, sir, I shall not complain. If your honor deems it just to bind me over to the court and thereby insure my sentence to the penetentiary, I shall not complain, for I know that you are conscientious. Such intentions of justice as you possess, backed by a judgment which rarely goes astray, cannot fail to work for the maintenance of morals and the upholding of law. No, sir; I shall not complain. On the day of the last election, I stated at the polls that you would unquestionably be elected, that the people were tired of slip shod administration of law, and that if I were ever arraigned before you, I should not question the result, knowing you to be a just man and a scholar."

The justice was silent for several moments. Suddenly he said: "These witnesses I think are biased in this matter. I have known you for some time, captain, and have always found you to be upright and honorable. Mr. Constable, liberate the captain. After maturer reflection I find no case against him."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

GUMBO was a wicked negro who had witnessed the ravages of the cholera in 1832 with stoic indifference; but in 1834, seeing his best friends dropping off by dozens in Negro Alley, he began to have some fears of the last kick himself. Gumbo then for the first time thought of praying, to use his own phrase "to de angel ob de Lord," declaring that if he would "only be spared dis time," he would be ready to take up and "lib for ebber in Massa Abraham's bosom." Some wags having access to an adjoining room separated by a board petition, hearing him at his devotions, knocked.

"Who's dar?"

"The angel of the Lord."

"What he want?"

"Want Gumbo."

Blowing out the candle with a whew—"No sich nigger here. Dat nigger been dead dis two, free week; dat be de trufe, de fac!"

Return Day in Sussex.

GATHERING IN GEORETOWN TO LEARN THE ELECTION COUNT.

GEORGETOWN, DEL., November 10.—The Sussex return-day is an institution that has no counterpart in this or any other country. In no other State or county in the Union do the people flock to the county-seat in such large numbers as they do in Sussex on the day that the boards of canvass made out the election returns. In other counties a few of those most immediately interested in politics find their way to the county-seat; but here everybody comes. People who do not get to Georgetown but once in two years must be here on return-day. Women bring their babies, young men their sweethearts, the older ones their families, and the tottering grandfather his descendants of the second generation to show them the sights and compare the prssent with the past, when return days were far greater in his estimation than they are now. It is said that the general observance of the day grew out of the fact that in the early history of the county the people all voted at Georgetown, there being no other polling place in the county. It took several days then to hold an election, and the people who had come so far to vote did not go home until the result was made known, when there was a general jubilee among the victorious ones, the others being compelled enjoy it as best they could. From that time (which was about 1801) until the present return-day has been an institution peculiar to Sussex. It has been the occasion of many fights. Some who dared not engage in a fisticuff on election day on account of the law have waited until return-day, when they would be sure to meet those who had offended them, and to meet mean't but to fight. It thus became a day when old scores are paid off; when disputes were settled with the fist. In 1864 there came near being an encounter between the citizens of the county and the soldiers who were stationed here upon that occasion. The latter drew up in line of battle across the green, but by some means bloodshed was averted.

Return day this year (yesterday) was by no means behind its predecessors. In fact it is the largest one we have had for years. Early in the morning the people began pouring into town, and by 12 o'clock the streets and the green were alive with them. They came in all kinds of vihicles, from the ox-cart to the finest barouche. Women and children formed a large per centage of those present. All the court-house offices were thrown open for their accommation and the court-room was made to do its share in adding to the comfort of the visitors. Every part of the county was represented and some even came from Maryland. In a large crown of country people like this there were, of course, some odd-looking ones as well as some who were oddly dressed. About 11.40 o'clock the procession came marching into town. Every eye was now turned in the direction of the approaching pageant. First came one or two horsemen to part the dense crowd and make room for the procession to pass. Then came a carriage containing a relative of the governor-elect; then the band, which was followed by a ship from Lewes named the "Old Constitution." On board the ship was a full crew, dressed in sailor garb, and near the stern stood Governor-elect Stoakley, with bared head, bowing to the immense throng that greeted him on either side. The ship was square-rigged. Stretched in front of the first mast was a coon-hide, representing the remains of the coon that Dick Harrington had on board the "New Constitution." Following the ship were wagons containing citizens from different hundreds, after which came a long procession of horsemen. Bringing up in the rear of the procession was a line of footmen, wearing gay sashes and evergreens and bearing a large flag. The procession traversed the main streets of the town and then halted in front of the court-house, where the "Old Constitution" anchored for the day. Governor-elect Stockley was kept busy shaking hands all day.

Everything passed off quietly. There was no fighting, notwithstanding the fact that more people were present than there have been for years. It seems almost a wonder some of the children were not chrushed. Babies were as thick as they are in camp-meeting times, but none of them got hurt. Children drank in the inspiration of Democrrcy and learned to give three cheers for its standard-bearer. Toward night the crowd began to diminish as vehicle after vehicle drove out of town, and by 7 o'clock everything was as quiet as usual. At night Governor-elect Stockley gave a supper at his residence near town.

Among the most noted visitors were Chief Justice Comegys, Judge Wales, Governor Hall and Attorney General Gray. Gentlemen from Dover were so delighed with our return-day that they intend to institute one in Kent. It is estimated that there were 5,000 people present. If any of your readers want to see a strange sight let them visit Georgetown return-day in 1884.

MR. EDITOR! Tell me why colonel
Is spelled in a style so infolonel?
Shed one ray of light
On a sorrowful wight,
Who for years has subscribed for the
Jolonel.

A Woman's Accounts.

It is a touching sight to see a young woman begin to make up her expenses, having firmly resolved to put down every cent she spends, so as to find out how to economize and where all the money goes. Procuring a small book, she makes a due entry, and on Monday after the first Saturday in which her husband brings home his pay she carefully tears the margin of a newspaper and with a blunt pencil strikes a trial balance something in this way:—"John brought home $48.40, and $1.43 I had is $49.83, and $1.00 I lent Mrs. Dixon is $50.83—but hold en, I ought not to enter that, because when she returns it it'll go down. That was $49.83, and what have I done with that? Then she puts down the figures, leaving out the items to save time—a process that enables her to leave out most of the items to where a round sum is involved, on the supposition that they have already been put down. As thus: Six dollars and fourteen cents for meat, and ten cents for celery, and ten cents on the street cars, and a 5 cent piece I get in exchange, and $2.81 I paid the milk man—who owes me 19 cents—that's $3, and fifteen cents at church, and the groceries—they were either $15.60 or $16.50, and I don't remember which they were, but I guess it must have been $15.60, for the grocer said that if I would give him a dime he would give me a half dollar, which would make even change, and I couldn't, because the smallest I had was a quarter— and $2 75 for mending Katie's shoes, which is the last money that shoemaker ever gets from me, and 10 cents for celery,—no, I put that down. Finally she sums up her trial balance sheet, and finds it foots up $64.28, which is about $15 more than she had originally. She goes over the list several times and checks it carefully, but all the items are correct, and she is just about in despair when hor good angel hints that there may be a possible mistake in the addition. Acting upon the suggestion she foots up the column and finds that the total is $44 28, and that according to the principles of the arithmetic she ought to have $5.65 Then she counts her cash several times, the result varying from $1.40 up to $1.79, but then she happily discovers that she has been mistaking a $2 gold piece for a cent, and remembers that s e gave the baby a trade dollar to cut its gums with. On the whole, she has come within 86 cents of a balance, and that, she says, is close enough, and she enters in one line of the account book: "Dr.—by household expenses," so much; and is very happy till she remembers just before going to bed, that she has omitted $2.75 for her husband's hat.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE MODERN NOVEL.—"What has become of the old-fashioned novel" is a pertinent query. It seems to have entirely disappeared under the reign of the artistic. Our modern romancer is involved-analytical, picturesque. The charm of the olden time story-teller has given place to metaphysical abstractions.

The novel of the period is melodious with mystical yearnings and sighings after tho unutterable; it is vague and transcendental, replete with eloquent philosophy, though it does not bear you along on the tide of thrilling event. The fate of the hero and heroine is left to the imagination of the reader, who must of course be an artist. Take, as a brilliant example, Mr. Howell's romance just concluded in *The Century.* Here we were promised and hoped for a genuine old-time story. It opens with delightful fascination, kindling the warmest interest in fictitious scenes and characters. This interest insreases, and is at its height in the closing chapters, but it is never to be gratified. The flat has gone forth: To be artistic a novel must end abruptly. The more highly wrought and exquisitely finished in style, the more absolute is the demand for the artistic conclusion.

Has the tast of the reading public changed so radically since the days when the Waverley tales held us spellbound? Then the fate of the hero and heroine, whether gay or tragic, was positively settled, instead of being left vaguely indefinite, blown about by the capricious fancy of every reader. Still we must yield to culture, and modern culture seems to have decreed the dropping of the curtain before the final act.

INDIAN SUMMER.—When the first settlers of this country felt the first cold autumn they thought winter had come; but the Indians said, "No, there will yet be summer." Hence the origin of the name "Indian Summer." In the famous forests of Ardennes, whose oaks are noted for their brilliant autumn foliage, it is unequaled. In Germany it is called "Old Man's Summer" Elsewhere it is known as "After Heat." It is denied by some that the fine, hazy wheather of October is properly called "Indian Summer," which they regard as peculiar to November, except that it sometimes continues into December.

THEY had their usual evening quarrel as they satiby the hearth. On one side lay quietly a blinking dog, and on the other a purring cat, and the old woman pleaded with her growling husband: "Youst look at dat gat und tog; they never! gwarrels und fights like us." "Yah," said the growler, "I know dot; but yust die dem together one dime, and den you see blazes!"

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