DENTON JOURNAL.

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MELVIN BROS.

Saturday Morning, April 4, 1885.

SEVENTY AND SEVEN.

She sat in silence on her knee,
His hand smoothed soft and lovingly
The wrinkles on the aged face,
His eager eyes and face so fair,
Against the calm of her snow-white hair,
And the rosy glow that the fireside threw
Gave lights that a picture never knew.
He cried in a loving voice and mood,
"Poor, bony gran'ma, dear and good!"
A new light flashed in the faded eyes,
It kindled their depth with a rapt surprise,
And the hidden thoughts of the by-gone days
Looked out to answer his steadfast gaze.
"Ah, laddie," she cried, "you did not know
Gran as she was long year ago,
'A bonnie lass,' were the words they said
When they hung the veil o're the young bride's head"—
A hush fell over the eager tone
As she mused awhile on the days long flown
And a dream-light shone in the tear-dimmed sight
As she looked afar in the fire-side light.
He, watching her face with a childish awe,
With honest heart the deception saw,
For, breaking the silence, he spoke again,
"I didn't say bonnie but bony, gran."
"Twas bony, was it? I see! I see!
You're not well versed in flattery!"
"I'm very sorry for what I said,"
He cried, as he hung his curly head.
She kissed him soft as he lay at rest,
With tired head on her loving breast—
And, while the clock ticked silently,
She murmered low and musingly,
"Even in age am I still so vain,
That the words of truth have a touch of pain,
When in my face less care might be
If all I'd loved had been true as he."

—[Edith K. Perry, In Boston Globe.

A MIDNIGHT INVASION.

Madame Carrelle's school was a remarkable institution, and the Madame was a remarkable woman. I was of, what Byron calls, the bread-and-butter-age, therefore, did not appreciate these things much; but I did appreciate the four lovely girls who were my intimates. Vestella Raymond was my favorite.

I shall never forget an incident related by her brother.

She and her mother lived alone on their estate, and were one day alone in the house—the servants being all out—when a straggling ruffian entered the parlor where they sat and demanded their money and jewels.

Mrs. Raymond was paralyzed with fear. Vestella feigned excessive terror; and taking a small box from her pocket, she handed it to him with the key, saying:

"We were preparing for a journey and had packed our jewels. I believe this box contains them; will you open this and see? My fingers tremble so I cannot unlock it."

The man laid his pistols on the sofa for the purpose of unlocking the box, when Vestella snatched them up, and commanded him not to stir hand or foot.

It was his turn to be appalled, for there was no mistaking the will flashing from those eyes, and there was no trembling in the finger that pressed the trigger.

He remained motionless.

In a few moments the servants entered, and he was secured.

This was Vestella's style, and she manifested it in various ways among us. But the steely vigor of her character was softened and rendered lustrous by the glittering polish of mirthfulness and frolic.

Her merry conversation was our unfailing antidote for homesickness. So cheerful and affectionate, so warm-hearted and confiding. And what sarcastic observations she would make, not exactly "upon men and things" but upon things in general and the Madame in particular.

At her instigation we five formed ourselves into a society "for the mutual discussion and preservation of all such secrets as it seemed unadvisable to communicate to our many friends among the other young ladies in the school."

Our rules provided that there should be no reserve upon any subject between the members; that any interview with a gentleman should be faithfully reported, and all that transpired at said interview; and that any member guilty of falling in love should have her hair cut short and woven into bracelets for the other four.

Vestella was a rogue, a mischief, a very Amazon. She could skate, ride, swim, and oh dear, I cannot mention half her exploits. Yet when I remember how she hung over me through the long nights, when I was racked with fever, away from home and friends, how nearly she filled the place of a mother to me, I felt persuaded that, if the members of our society had an opportunity to fall in love, she would be the first one to improve it.

The house was built in a style uncommon in this country. Its peculiarity consisted in two square towers upon the front—one upon each corner—giving it the appearance of an Episcopal church.

Vestella called it the double-barrelled school house. The house proper was three stories in height, and the towers rose one story above the roof. The windows of each story opened upon a broad verandah, extending across the front of the house and quite around each tower, and these piazzas were supported one above the other by slender pillars.

The upper story in each tower had formerly been used as a deposit for old furniture and other rubbish, but when Vestella entered the school her rambling disposition led her into one of those rooms and nothing would do but it must be fitted up for her occupation.

She had such a taking way with her, and the increasing popularity of Madame's establishment had so often forced upon her mind the propriety of shortly enlarging her buildings, that Vestella carried her point, and was installed in the "tower top."

It suited the society, for we could discuss our secrets without danger of being overheard, and could vent the explosions of mirth which they often elicited, without risk of a visit from the hall-teacher.

The lawns and gardens extended in front of the house for a great distance, with a great slope, terminating in a circular pond, surrounded by an artificial grove. It was my delight in the afternoons, at such hours as were not required to be in our rooms, or at recitation, to take my book or fancy work, and slip away to a cunning little seat I had constructed in the shade of the grape vines.

I was seated here one afternoon when I was startled by men's voices on the other side of the paling.

My first impulse was to run; but I thought, perhaps, I might gather something to report to the society. I cautiously parted the vine leaves and peeped through a creak in the boards.

There were two young men, whom I recognized as members of the Collegiate Institute. One of them, a tall, gracefully-formed young fellow, with a laughing blue eye, was conversing and gesticulating with great animation.

"I can do it—I tell you I can do it; I will wager a dozen baskets of champagne that I can do it."

"Done!" exclaimed the other, grasping his hand. "But how on earth are you to get up there?"

"Just as Cleth Hyles got into the chamber at Miss King's. He climbed up the pillars to the balustrade in front of the second story, then he had to take the water pipe to the third. There was a little projection there; he crept along that and got in at the window. Now, this is nothing to that."

"But here there are four stories."

A cold shudder crept over me, and my heart beat so I fancied they must hear it, for I began to have some idea of their intentions.

"Yes, there are four; but just look at it. Here, you see," as he pointed toward the tower, "is a broad piazza under each row of windows—good resting places—and the pillows are just the right size to climb. But I was telling you about Cleth. He bet with Paul Falkes, a real savage, jealous-tempered fellow, just as I bet with you now. He got in, and got out, and no one in the school ever knew it. He took faithful note of everything, particularly the features of the occupant. He cut off one of her curls and carried it to Paul. He had no idea that Paul had the remotest acquaintance with any of the girls. But I knew all the time that Paul had been introduced to one of them, and had been flirting desperately with her for six months. Now, it happened that her chamber was the very one. Cleth found a photograph upon the table and carried it along with the curl, to prove that he had won the bet. But he showed it to three or four of us fellows first. It was a photograph of Paul himself. How we laughed at Paul about it; and, oh, how enraged he was! He challenged poor Cleth and shot him; and now, if you—"

"You need not fear me, for I have not been flirting with any of them; least of all with that tall, fierce one up there. If she should happen to wake up——"

"But you can never get down again without being caught."

"Can't I, though? I'm a good pathfinder and never get lost."

"You will try it to-night, you say?"

"To-night at 2 o'clock."

And they walked off.

I was petrified with astonishment for a few moments. As soon as I could collect my scattered senses I fled to the house and rushed up to Vestella. All the society members were with her. I burst upon them with the terrible news I had heard.

Nellie de Lisle fell at once into a swoon. Anna Vesey screamed and wrung her hands in terror, while Florilla Carter and myself insisted upon reporting all to Madame.

"No, no, girls, do nothing of the kind," said Vestella, as she calmly sprinkled water upon Nellie's face, and tried other means to restore her. "We will arrange it better than that. Come up here, all of you," she continued, after a pause, as she saw Nellie beginning to revive. "Come up here, after Mlle. Westron has been through, and I will show you a trick that will astonish you."

The hall-teacher went her rounds every night at 10 o'clock to see that the lights were all out and the girls in order. And that night, after she had retired, we noiselessly slipped up to the appointed place.

Vestella had closed all the blinds and dropped the curtains, fastening the two side windows and leaving the sash of the front window up. She waited for about an hour to be sure that all in the house were asleep, then cautiously lighted a lamp and proposed her plan.

It was adopted with many suggestions and improvements and much suppressed laughter from the rest of us, who had now lost all fear and were ripe for fun.

We took the mattrass from the bed—it was a new one, very thick and heavy—and set it up edgewise; just the distance of its width from the window. Then having taken out the bed-rope, we made a slip-noose in one end and spread it open under the window, raising it a little from the floor by means of a circle of thick books. Vestella took the other end in her hand, and, having extinguished the light, stationed herself in the darkest corner, beside the window. We four crouched behind the mattress, ready to push it over at a signal from her.

It was now 1 o'clock, and we waited in breathless suspense. The clock struck two, and we were ready to drop with fatigue and drowsiness; but soon after, a light rustling away down below roused us to a high pitch of expectation. He was coming. How could he get along with so little noise? He must have been experienced in such undertakings.

In a few seconds we heard his hands creak, as he grasped the balustrade, and immediately his head and shoulders were thrust through the window. The mattrass seemed to startle him.

He looked around, listened, then seemingly impressed with the necessity of greater caution, he gently set one foot upon the floor, then the other, then stood erect, and looked and listened again.

Vestella pulled the cord with all her strength and down he went.

Down went the mattrass upon him, smothering his exclamations, if he uttered any.

Each of us flew to a corner, and forced it down with all the force we could muster in our trepidation.

We heard no sounds from him and felt no struggles.

He evidently felt himself in a scrape, and had shrewdness enough to perceive the more quietly he took it, the more easily he would get through.

What little noise there was occasioned a bustle in the room below; the hall-teacher rapped at the door. "Now," I thought all is over with us."

"Miss Raymond."

"Well, Mademoiselle," replied Vestella drowsily, as if awakened from a sound sleep.

"Is all quiet in your room?"

"Perfectly, Mademoiselle."

"I heard a noise as of some one falling."

"So did I, Mademoiselle. It must have been in the street. I will open the door directly."

"Oh, no; I would not disturb you. Good-night."

After all had become quiet, Vestella knelt down beside the mattrass, and putting her foot to the edge, said in a voice scarcely above a whisper:

"Young man, you're a prisoner."

"I surrender at discretion," he answered in a singularly low and quiet tone.

It was the same voice I heard in the garden.

"Will you submit to our terms if I let you out?"

"I will."

"First, then, you are to move as quietly as possible. You are to answer all questions we propose; and when you speak, speak in a very low voice. Now let him up, girls."

We all took our seats in a row. Vestella in the centre, and lit the lamp. The young man arose, and we had a full view of his face. There were the same laughing blue eyes I had seen in the garden. They were not laughing now, however—they were cast down, and the whole expression of his face was decidedly sheepish.

"Upon your knees, young man," said Vestella, sternly, putting on an awful frown.

He knelt at the distance of about three paces from Vestella's feet, with such unstudied grace, that I could think of nothing but Raleigh receiving knighthood from Queen Elizabeth.

"Give us your name, sir, and your history. Tell us for what purpose you came here, and how you did it. There are four stories here, you know."

He started as if a bullet had struck him. He glanced nervously at each of us, turned red, then pale, then reddened again, then hung his head; but at length found his voice, told us his name, his history, his connection, and ended by assuring us that his object was merely a frolic; that he meant no harm to any one.

"You were to take faithful note of everything in the room, particularly the features of the occupant"—he started again—"you have an opportunity now."

He remained silent

"Can you remember how we all look, or would you like photographs?" He was still silent, blushing deeper and deeper.

"It's my duty to hand you over to Madame C—— that you may be dealt with according to law. What have you to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?"

"Oh, ladies, I do entreat you to spare me exposure. I will submit to any terms you impose. I should be expelled from the Institute; my mother's heart would be broken by the disgrace; I should lose all my friends——"

"Listen, then, to the sentence of the court," Vestella whispered to us, and each took her stand in a separate corner of the room. "In consideration of your extreme youth and the distress which a knowledge of your foolish freak would bring upon friends, this court—the Court of Independent and Honorable Misses—has determined not to make public your misdemeanor; but I do hereby adjudge you to kneel before each of these young ladies separately, ask their forgiveness, and give them your promise that you will never attempt anything of the kind again during your whole life. Then return to me and sign a confession which I shall write, and which shall be left with the court for your future good behavior. After which you must have a cupful of cold water poured over your head. This you can show to your comrades as evidence that you won the bet. Now, sir."

He rose from his knees, and, walking straight up to Anna Vesey, knelt before her, and executed that part of his sentence. Then to Florilla, and so on to all of us, using different terms to every one, expressing himself so elegantly and with such apparent sincerity, that we were secretly enraptured with and forgave him readily, though none of us spoke.

Vestella filled a large cut glass pitcher with water, and, making him stoop with his face over the washstand, poured it over his head.

Then we each filled it in turn, and poured it over his head and down his neck, until his curls were all straightened out and no two hairs were lying in the same direction.

"Now, sir," said Vestella, "you can sign this confession and then go down the way you came up. You are a good pathfinder, and I hope you will not be caught again. Tell your comrades that you found the 'tall fierce one' wide awake."

He crept to the window.

We followed him to the balustrade, saw him reach the ground and run nimbly down the lawn.

The whole scene had occupied but little more than an hour.

Having assisted Vestella to arrange her bed, we settled back to our own.

So ended the "Midnight Invasion."

"To make the hardest pork, corn should be fed dry," says an exchange. Of course it should be fed dry. No gentleman would think of feeding his corn until it was dry and comfortable. But what should it be fed? That is the question.

The grasshopper has proportionally one hundred and twenty times the kicking power of man. A gas company seldom imposes on a grasshopper. The soulless corporation knows whom to oppress.

Mrs. Trump, of Sheboygan, has clubbed Mr. Trump to death. This is revising the usual rule.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Small capotes and slightly larger bonnets with peaked brims make up the bulk of the trimmed hats imported from Paris as models for spring and summer use.

The fish-wife bonnet is most largely imported, as its pointed brim has finally found its way into general favor, though it is still considered appropriate and becoming only to young faces.

Straw bonnets are shown in all dark colors to match costumes, but there is a great number of ecru, beige, brown, and black English straws trimmed to wear with various dresses. Bonnets made up of some fanciful fabric over a frame of wire, are to be used for dress occasions, and these are marked by an abundance of color and gay contrasts; indeed, a monotone bonnet is the exception instead of the rule, as it was last year.

Flowers will be used in preference to feathers on spring bonnets. The new importations show bouquets of several kinds of flowers mounted as pompons or aigrettes. Thistles in their brightest purple, or else going to seed, are among the new flowers, and orchids of oddest form are also represented. Large poppies with long stemmed buds still wrapped in their green calyxes are liked for straw bonnets and field daisies, buttercups, and corn flowers are bunched together. Birds' nests of chenille, with grasses inside and tiny birds perched on the stems that the nests rest upon, are also shown.

Small gilt pins placed near together all around the velvet binding of the bonnet are stylish ornaments. Very large dragon-flies of gilt, with gauze-like wings and jewelled eyes; are also shown, and these long pins with a claw end holding a pearl, or cat's eye, or one of the glittering electric stones that shine most brilliantly. Large filigree balls studded with turquoise or with coral, or banded with chenille, are on the long pins that are to be thrust through loops of trimming.

French laces imitating real thread laces are used for making entire bonnets, and for partly trimming others. Wide scarfs or barbes of lace are doubled, and have the edges gathered together across the top, and the closed part then forms the crown, while the lower edges are filled in, and covered with a bandeau of jet in which are many pendent beads. This bandeau edges the front also, and flowers with loops of velvet or of watered ribbon form the high trimming, and the strings match the ribbon loops. Poppy red tulle or French crape and black lace make a stylish contrast in such bonnets.

The small bonnet is a new idea in millinery, made by gradually widening circles of straw on each side of the bonnet, with lace and velvet loops in front that poke upward in the shape of horns. The fashionable bows of velvet ribbon for trimming are made in two ways; the first is of ribbon two inches wide folded double and in several erect loops, with three or four ends sharply indented; the second requires two bows, each made of ribbon only an inch wide, with a long loop and forked ends on each side, tightly strapped together. These bows in the quaint new shades of dull blue or red are seen on almost all bonnets, and many of these have two colors combined.

For the country are large pokes of rough straw of many colors, trimmed with a bunched up kerchief of printed muslin in moyenage colors and designs, and lined in the brim with puffs of red or yellow crinkled crape. Long pins of gilt or oxidized silver are thrust in the loops of the kerchief. Printed foulard squares are used in the same way, and the flowers printed upon them are repeated in an aigrette that is used with them.

Squares of soft mull printed in Madras plaids or stripes are imported for the neck-erchief to be worn when summer days arrive.

A wide band or dog-collar of embroidered galloon is to be used as a support for shell frills of lace that are to extend very high around the neck.

Velvet cockade bows of bright red, blue, or yellow ribbons are worn on the front of the corsage to brighten up dark dresses.

A throat bow of dull paid silk or of a moyenage etamine scarf is added to morning toilettes.

Colored embroidered collars are introduced for children, and are to be worn alike by small boys and girls. They are in the open designs of Irish laces, and are shown in dull gray and ecru, and in dark red or blue with white embroidery. There are also new and tasteful collars for these little folks made of blocks of fine linen alternating with embroidered blocks, and edged with a finely wrought ruffle.

WHAT STRUCK HIM!

The Mystery of a Deadly Attack Solved by a Newspaper Paragraph.

Boston Herald.

"How are Americans liked in England?"

And Mr. B. F. Larrabee, 42 Chester Square, ex-director of the New York & Boston Despatch Express Company, who has recently returned from a considerable residence in London, answered: "If they have good recommendations and behave themselves they are well treated, but they will like the English people, any way, when acquaintance ripens into confidence."

"How do the English compare with Americans?"

"The finest looking men in the world can be seen on pleasant days of the London season, promenading Piccadilly. The English ladies, however, are neither so neat in appearance nor so graceful of form and movement as the Americans, but they seem to enjoy more robust health."

"Are English people longer lived than our people?"

"I don't know. I have not fully investigated. But I remember once hearing read a newspaper paragraph entitled 'Why do Englishmen Live Longer than Americans?' That paragraph, by the way, once solved a great mystery for me."

"Ah, indeed, another 'tribute to the power of the press?'" suggested the reporter.

"Yes, if you so please to call it. In 1879, when I was residing at the Commonwealth hotel, in this city, I had occasion to do some business in Washington street. When I got to the corner of Franklin, I seemed to feel a blow in the breast and fell to the pavement like a dead man. When I recovered consciousness I was taken to my hotel. I first thought some enemy had struck me, but my physicians assured me that such could not be the case and advised strictest quiet. For six long weeks I was unable to lie down. I was violently ill, and my physicians said I would probably never walk the streets of Boston again. I did not want to die, but who can expect to live when all doctors say he cannot?" And Mr. Larrabee smiled, sarcastically, and expressed himself very freely concerning the number of common disorders which are controlled by remedies which physicians will not employ.

"But how about that paragraph?"

"Yes, yes. When I was obliged to sit up in bed day and night for fear of suffocation, and hourly expected death, my nurse begged the privilege of reading that paragraph to me. I refused him at first, but he persisted. It described my condition so exactly, that for the first time I began to realize what had prostrated me. I was filled with a strange hope. I at once dismissed my physicians and immediately began Warner's safe cure. In a few months, I was restored to perfect health, notwithstanding mine was one of the worst cases of bright's disease of the kidneys, which all my physicians,—and I had the best specialists in Boston,—said was incurable. I tell you, when a man gets into the desperate condition I was in, he doesn't forget what rescues him."

"But were the effects permanent?"

"That was five years ago," said Mr. Larrabee, "and for thirty years I have not been so well as during the past five years. If I had known what I do now, I would have checked the matter long ago, for it was in my system for years, revealing itself in my blood, by frequent attacks of chills, jaundice, vertigo, typhoid fever, nervousness, wakeful nights, etc. I took over forty bottles before I got up and over one hundred and fifty before I was well. I have commended that treatment in thousands of cases of general debility, kidney and liver disorder, etc., and have never heard till concerning it. I bank on it."

"Speaking of paragraphs, how do English papers compare with American, in this particular?"

"Well, they have fewer witty paragraphs, but the smaller papers, like the Pall Mall *Gazette*, St. James *Gazette*, and *Truth*, abound in sharp, incisive paragraphs without wit. In general, American papers make the most of news, the London papers make the most of opinion."

An exchange says: "During severe cold weather the hog is very susceptible to cold." Anyone who has been in a railroad waiting-room on a cold morning has probably noticed the same thing.

It was reported in the papers, a few days ago, that a man was found dead near Fifth avenue, New York, and it was believed he had starved to death. The reports do not tell the name of his boarding house.

Florence, the actor, says he doesn't know in what part of the Bible occurs the passage, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Perhaps he doesn't know in which act of Shakspere's "Richelieu" we read that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

A man out in Ohio lost the sight of his right eye while reading the "Lives of the Presidents. "He isn't the first Ohio man who went one eye on the Presidency—not by a jug, as it were, full."

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Our store-room is too small to hold all of our goods, therefore we have fitted up two more rooms for the use of the store, and if you do not see what you want in the front room ask for it—it may be in the other rooms. Our Stock embraces

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HARDWARE, GLASSWARE,

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OILS AND PAINTS, LIME, HAIR,

FLOUR, PATENT MEDICINES,

and a great variety of other goods, too numerous to mention.

When you are in want of any kind of goods you are respectfully invited to give us a call, and we will try to give you full satisfaction, for we think that we can sell you some good bargains.

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I am carrying on the Blacksmithing business at the old stand formerly occupied by John T. Comegys, on Third Street, where I will continue to do first-class work at reasonable prices. I will continue Horseshoeing at prices to suit the times. I hope by reasonable prices, and prompt attention to the wants of my customers to merit a good share of public patronage. [10 25 1y.

LAST NOTICE.

THE undersigned hereby gives notice that all persons indebted to him on store account or otherwise are requested to come forward and make immediate settlement, as longer indulgence cannot and will not be given. My books are in the hands of Michael Finn, Denton Bridge. All persons disregarding this notice will find their accounts in the hands of an officer for collection.

1 31 3w. CHAS. F. WILLIS.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING.

HAVING had quite a number of years experience at the business I feel myself fully competent to do all kinds of Dressmaking. The ladies of Denton and vicinity are respectfully invited to call and give me a trial at my residence on Main street, second door below the old M. E. Parsonage. Special attention given to renovating old dresses. A neat fit guaranteed.

1-12-y. MRS. A. E. MORRIS.

Notice to Shippers of Grain.

THE undersigned, as agent for the Maland Steamboat Company, hereby gives notice that each lot of grain shipped by said compony will be kept separate and will go into the elevator on its merits, and will not be mixed together with other grain before it is graded by a competent person. Each lot will be tagged with shipper's name on it. All persons wishing sacks should give me a few days' notice.

12-6 tf M. FINN, Agent.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF CAROLINE COUNTY.

DENTON, MD., Feb'y 16th, 1885.

The commissioners give notice that they will sit every Tuesday, from the first Tuesday in March until the first Tuesday in May, for the purpose of making abatements and transfers.

F28tf CLINTON COOK, Clerk.

GEORGE E. JONES,

FASHIONABLE BARBER,

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Fresh and Pure Drugs,

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FOR MALARIA, CHILLS, and Fevers, buy Massanetta Water, from the mineral springs. (7 26 y.

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KEEP constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best Beef and other meats. They also keep constantly on hand first class corned beef. Their store opposite the Brick Hotel will be open

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THURSDAYS and

SATURDAYS

all day, and on other days until noon. Changes in price of beef will always be noticed. 1,1,84

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Having opened a shop on Third street, adjoining Barnes' blacksmith shop, I am prepared to do all kinds of

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