

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII. WELDON, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878. NO. 1.

THE ROANOKE NEWS
ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One M.	Th. M.	Six M.
One Square	5 00	10 00	15 00
Two Squares	10 00	20 00	30 00
Three Squares	15 00	30 00	45 00
Four Squares	20 00	40 00	60 00
Half Column	25 00	50 00	75 00
Whole Column	50 00	100 00	150 00

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You can easily increase your salary by devoting a very small portion of your leisure time to my interest. I do not expect you to canvass for my publications, but by the service I require of you in both pleasant and profitable. For particulars free.
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DANIEL F. BEATTY,
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DR. J. R. RICHARD, 141 Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., has devoted thirty years of his extensive practice especially to the treatment of Chronic and Private Diseases, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, Pelvic and Scrotal Diseases, Stricture, Chronic Disease of the Urinary Organs, Ulcers, Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, Nervous and Physical Debility.

YOUNG MEN,
victims of abuse and excess, with Lascivious, Palpitation of the Heart, ringing in the Ears, Nervousness, Blushing, Timidity, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Irritability, should apply before it is too late, and restore their faculties and minds, ere they entail misery and disease upon those of their posterity.
Private Diseases rapidly contracted and cured in three days. Mercury and Potash discharged.
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april 10

ROCKY MOUNT MILLS,
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We are now prepared to furnish the trade with
SHEETINGS,
SHIRTINGS,
FLOW LINES and
COTTON YARNS.
all of the best quality and at low prices.
Our terms strictly net cash, 80 days.
Address
BATTLE & SON,
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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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Prompt attention given to all Consignments.
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LUMBER A SPECIALTY.
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Feb 21 6 n

METALLIC BURIAL CASES FOR SALE.
Persons wishing Metallic Burial Cases can always obtain them by applying to us, at the Store of Messrs. Winfield & Emery. We will keep, as heretofore, a full assortment of the Very Best CASES, at the Very Lowest Prices. In any instance from Weldon, Messrs. Winfield & Emery will deliver Cases to persons who may wish them.
JAMES SIMMONS,
Weldon, N. C.
april 4

THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully calls the attention of the trade to his extensive stock of imported liquors, to which he is making additions and consulting
EYE AND BOURBON WHISKY
French, Apple, Blackberry and Cherry Brandy, Jamaica and New England Rum, London, Tom and Holland Gin, Port, Sherry, Claret, Rhine and F. V. Cognac, Suppering Wine, Scotch and London Porter, and a very large lot of
RECTIFIED WHISKEY
which I am offering at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction.
S. K. DUNN, Agent,
Weldon, N. C.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Weldon, N. C.

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Attorney at Law,
Halifax, N. C.

J. M. GUZZARD,
Attorney at Law,
Halifax, N. C.

E. BRANCH,
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JAMES E. O'HARA,
Attorney at Law,
Enfield, N. C.

ANDREW J. BURTON,
Attorney at Law,
Weldon, N. C.

VIVAMUS DUM VIVIMUS.

Look not, look not, love before!
These all is gloomy, dull, uncertain;
And in glad hope and anxious care,
Await us 'neath its somber curtain.

And glance not, love, O glance not back!
He who doth the Past remember;
There is but toils and shadows black,
And faded passion's cheerless ember.

No! let us live our fleeting day;
Speed us the hours with mirth and laughter;
And, finding in joyous play,
Head not the Past nor the Hereafter!

'Mid darkness light is doubly clear,
Joy doubly sweet in midst of sorrow;
And all that we to-day hold dear,
May lie in ashes ere to-morrow.

Then let us live and love, while yet
Our short-lived happiness endureth;
Soon, all too soon, will come regret,
And wails that no physician cureth.

Our Kingwood Letter.

Halifax, N. C., March 4th, 1878.
Messrs. Editors—The past week has been one particularly suited to farm work, and much has been done by the energetic farmers. Many oats have been sown, more wheat, and clover seeded this season than for many past. Notice much clearing in progress—much timber being destroyed, many old fields covered with pine two and three feet in diameter, have been felled by the ax of the woodman, which, if continued, will make timber an object ere many years.

I am in receipt of the February and back N. S. of the South Atlantic, a monthly magazine, published and edited by Mrs. Cicero W. Harris, of Wilmington. It is filled with choice reading matter, and I would advise all lovers of incident, adventure and sensation, to subscribe thereto. Surely we should have more productive and encourage home literature, which we can do, with profit to ourselves, by sending three dollars for this entertaining and instructive magazine.

The death of Capt. E. C. Woodson, of the Raleigh Observer, is regretted by all. Young, enthusiastic, hopeful, he has been cut down, verifying the song of "Birth's travelers":
"Like storm driven lanques to some unknown shore,
We are hastening on to be seen no more,
With no power of return, yet no power to stay."
We are passing away, we are passing away.

With the Wadesboro Argus, I wish to put in my protest against the evident effort of some persons, to have Governor overlooked when the Senatorial robes are to be put on the shoulders of some true North Carolinian. Governor Vance has never trimmed his sails to meet the popular breeze, but forms his opinions by the standard of principle, prepared to stand or fall thereby. In the Senate no more faithful, eloquent, braver champion of the rights of the South could be found, and I predict for him in that sphere a career of usefulness and honor. Politicians may carp, and disorganizers and time-serverers insinuate, but the mighty people are with this true and tried patriot, and if his valuable life is spared, will ere long, bid him "go up higher."

"Is there a subject on which Shakspere has not touched?" inquired one gentleman of another, while discussing the merits of the great delineator, over their dessert. Just then the party addressed cut open an apple and found it rotten. "What does Shakspere say of rotten apples?" said he. Instant was the reply, "There is small choice of rotten apples," from the "Taming of the Shrews." It is hard to find a subject not touched upon by Shakspere.

Mr. R. O. Burton, Jr., a rising young lawyer of Halifax, appeared in a case at this place last Tuesday, and made a fine impression on court and people, and I predict for him a career of fertile usefulness and honor.

News items so scarce I write disjointedly.
More anon, G. E. M.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

A lady writes in a morning paper, protesting against the prevailing mode of wearing dresses of inordinate length and carrying their superfluous folds in one hand. She declares the fashion is "inelegant" and "positively ridiculous, as well as vulgar." And who can dissent from this? Every woman met in the street goes along holding her dress with one hand. The lady descends from her carriage, makes a spasmodic dart at the hem of her garment, snatches it as a trout does a fly, and then stumbles into house or store. The shop girl, mimicking along the avenues, twists her skirt about her ankles, displaying a petticoat that in many cases would be improved by a judicious application of soap, water, and a washerwoman's muscle, and at the same time disclosing to the sight of man history of the most pronounced and violent type. She smirks along with all the affectation of the fine lady. Even women with market baskets on their arms go ambling along with dress up in one hand and their day's dinner in the other. Of course it

HE HAD A HEART.

She was an angel blonde, and tripped through the market until she reached a stall where a handsome butcher stood.
"Have you a heart?" she said, blushing timidly.
"Have I a heart, miss?" responded the butcher. "Do you think that I can watch you day after day and see your eyes dropping as they meet mine—that I can feel your velvet breath on my cheeks, as I stoop over to serve you—and not have a heart? Ah! maiden, I am all heart, and you ask me have I one?"
"Yes, she sighed faintly, 'this is beautiful, this is divine, but it ain't the kind I want this morning, so give me a bullock's heart, quick, and trim it for stuffing, or my old man'll be raising Cain if his dinner ain't cooked.'"

HAPPINESS.

At Italian Bishon, who had struggled through many difficulties without repining, and being much opposed without manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his always being happy, replied, "It consists in a single thing, and that is, making a right use of my eyes." His friend, in surprise, begged him to explain this meaning. "Most willingly," replied the Bishop. "In whatsoever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business is to get there. I then look down upon earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look abroad in the world, and see multitudes are, in all respects, less happy than myself. And thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I ever had to murmur, or to be otherwise than thankful. And to live in this spirit is to be always happy."

REVERENCE TO AGE.

The wise man says, "the hoary head is a crown of glory when found in the ways of righteousness." And so it ought to be esteemed. But, somehow or other, it does really seem that even matured old age does not command that respect from the young now which it once did. Even grown-up children nowadays, often speak of parents, that should be revered, as "the old man," and "the old woman," little imagining how it shocks the moral sense of those whose better nature and more refined sensibilities revolt at such impiety, such unkind words. Among certain of the ancients, want of reverence to parents was accounted among the greatest of crimes, while lack of veneration even to the stranger who had grown old, was attributed to lack of breeding. And so it should be in this our day. "Fast" as the age is reported to be. Would that all our youth might be taught this lesson, and bow reverently to age!

WHIRLPOOLS.

[Chicago Times Correspondence.]
It is amusing to see how many "Mrs. Puffblows" there are in Washington. And it is—amusing to see how many nice little wives and good, plain mothers are spoiled by a taste of gayety in our republican capital. One member's wife, when she came here first, a few months ago, was really homesick for her little village. But after the cards came in to her and she began to fully realize that she was the wife of a member of Congress, what airs the country mite took on herself. Ladies whose claim to distinction rested upon their innate refinement and intelligence, and not upon the accidental position of their husbands, were passed unnoticed save by the faintest smiling inclination; and the grade or rank of a lady's husband could have been told by a looker on, by the warmth or coolness with which the wife of the new member welcomed them. The change in the toilet of the lady was marked. Her eye eagerly ran over the dresses of her acquaintances. From a modest lady in a plain black silk and smooth brown locks she burst into the less distinctive style of light satin and bare shoulders, and pyramid-shaped head with the surrounding thatch of frozes which makes every woman look like an idiot. The lady now trips to her hired cab every day, and gives her orders to the concubine with an icy, fault-finding tone, which she, poor soul, does not know indicates her neediness to the luxury of a hired team and liverly. Her days are a round of ceaseless, meaningless toadyism; her nights wild revels, where neither serene nor comfort ever shows its plain, old-fashioned face. This woman, before her husband's election, would have sat up with her neighbor's sick child. She would have made his tiny grave clothes and put flowers in its dead hands, the while her eyes were misty with sympathy. But now she is spoiled for everything. She will fly her round, fritter away her day, drop out of life, and not a ripple on the tide of fashionable society will show where she has roved. "The wheels of folly roll on respectably people."
There are women of
and lubbers.
at temper

EARLY MARRIAGES.

Some one has truly said that at no time do young men feel so much the inspiration of virtuous love as when beginning the battle of life. Early marriages are permanent moralities, and deferred marriages are temptations to wickedness. And yet every year it becomes more and more difficult, concurrent with the reigning ideas of society, for young men to enter upon that matrimonial state which is the proper guard of their virtue, as well as the source of their courage and enterprise. The battle of life is almost always at the beginning. There it is that a man needs wisdom. But a wicked and ridiculous public sentiment puts a man who is in society, or out of society, for that matter, largely on the ground of condition, and not of disposition and character. The man that has means wherewith he can visibly live amply, is in good society, as a general rule. And that has virtue and sterling manliness, but has nothing withal external to show, is not usually considered in good society. Ambitious young men will not, therefore, marry until they can meet their expenses; but that is deferring for years, and years the indispensable virtue. Society is bad where two cannot live cheaper than one; and young men are under bad influences who, when in the very morning of life, and better fitted than at any later period to grow together with one who is their equal and mate, are debarred from mere prudential considerations; and the heart and the life are sacrificed to the lust of ambition for love, when at last, over the ashes and expiring embers of their early romance, they select their wife.

While a prisoner was being searched at a police station, he suddenly blurted out: "I'll never believe in old sayings again!"
"What's wrong with old sayings?" asked the captain.
"Why, there's one that says, 'Heaven helps them that helps themselves.' I helped myself to a pair of pants, and now where am I? Where is Heaven? Where is the help to get out of this?"
They couldn't tell him.

INJURIOUS CRITICISM—If one were to go to the home of his neighbor and deface his pictures, pull up his flowers and cut holes in his best clothing, he would be indicted for crime and punished. But the offense is a small one compared with the habit of injurious criticism into which so many fall, whereby the lives and characters of their acquaintances are being constantly assaulted. It is not hard to plant a new flower and sew up a cut in a garment, but it is very difficult to mend the wrong done to a reputation.

HOW A NOBLEMAN MAKES A LIVING. An expatriated Italian nobleman in Jacksonville, Fla., freed with the hope of relieving his impoverished fortunes, has set up a novel establishment on Bay street. He has a dozen dolls, arranged on three tiers, and furnishes his customers with three balls for a dime. If you can knock down a doll with each ball, the Count pays you one of the dolls of your daddies. Of course the odds are greatly in his favor, and the illustrious foreigner wears a happy expression.—Savannah News.

THE HELL QUESTION IN SAN ANTONIO—A sprightly looking colored man entered our office yesterday morning, and ejaculated: "Look here, boss, is dat a fact dat it says dere is no hell in vex-world?"
"Yes, that's what the papers say," was the answer.
"Deys does? and here, I, like a fool niggab, has been payin' pew rent foah dese last ten years, and sufferin' all de time for fresh closs"—and slamming down a dollar he ordered that much of the Daily "Press" to keep tra of what was happening in the world.—San Antonio Express.

WHEN RELIGION FAILED IN THE HOUR OF NEED—At night old Gumbo was accustomed to retire to his lonely cabin to light his tallow candle and pore over a dog-eared, dispirited Bible, and as he read he would at brief intervals pause and devoutly exclaim with tearful, upraised eyes: "O! our good Gumbo angel of the low an' take poor Gumbo home to rest." It happened of a dark night, when by the light of his tallow dip he was intently studying his Bible, there came three solemn, measured raps on the cabin door. Gumbo heard and grew pale with fear, and immediately, with a spasmodic jerk, blew out the light and demanded to know: "Who am dat are knockin' at dis are door?" when a dismal, sepulchral voice answered: "The good angel of the Lord has come to take poor Gumbo up to rest." When tremblingly, with superstitious fear, believing that the good angel of the Lord was really standing at the door, he answered: "I kno's dat niggab Gumbo, but dat are niggab don't lib here! Why, dat are Gumbo am jes des gone dese fo' years. Yes be am I jes dese 'ese four years."

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THE "BROWNEST" WEDDING.

The brownest wedding we have heard of took place in Tusculossa recently. The groom and bride were Mr. David L. Brown and Miss Minnie Brown, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. John Brown, and the reception was given by Mr. Henry Brown. Miss Minnie Brown has brown eyes and was attired in brown tulle, while Mr. David Brown was likewise dressed in a brown suit. Altogether, the occasion was a brown affair, and the Gazette of the Oak City in extending congratulations to Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown confidently expresses a hope that the "house of Brown may never be perpetuated." We guess it will. De.atar (Ala) News.

OUR GREAT MEN—An amusing incident from the State House at Boston has just been told. It was on a public occasion when a large number of prominent men were present. A Springfield gentleman, having no one to point out the celebrities to him, managed to get on speaking terms with an intelligent looking lady who sat next to him in the gallery. He told her his situation, and asked if she could name some of the prominent men who were present. As she proved to be a stranger, he proceeded to point out to her the few persons whom he recognized. "There is ex-Gov. —, and next to him is Gen. —, behind him is Senator —, that one there is —, the poet," &c. The lady showed by her looks that she wished to reciprocate, and after looking all over the hall, leaned forward excitedly, and pointing her finger, said: "There goes Deacon —, of our church."

Recently, a man who looked as if he would dare to do right if he had a half chance, entered an oyster store on Michigan avenue and courteously inquired:
"Do you have oysters here on the one half shell?"
"Yes, sir we do," was answer.
"Which half of the shell is the oyster on?" was the next inquiry.
The oyster man regarded the stranger keenly, and after a moment replied that they were on the left half of the shell.
"About-two bad," muttered the man. "I wanted them on the right half. Good day sir. I can't go left handed oysters now."

GOOD AVERAGE SUCCESS—During the last year of the late war, when a call was made for one year men, there was a young man in West Virginia that had some aspirations for military honors. He wrote to the Governor for a captain's commission to raise a company of one-year men. He was sent a second lieutenant's commission, with privilege of captain if he got up a company. He put up a tent, hired a man to beat the drum, and in a few days got one recruit, and that was all he got in a month. The Governor, thinking that he might have a company raised, went to ask him if he had a hundred good men for one year. The lieutenant wrote back that he did not have a hundred good men for one year, but he had one—d—d good man for a hundred years.—Detroit Free Press.

THE LOGICAL CAPACITY OF ONE OF THE MOST beautiful and touching things to be seen in the modern man's life. At the conclusion of a festival last summer an excellent teacher, desirous of administering a trifling moral lesson, inquired of the boys if they had enjoyed the repast. With the ingenuous modesty of youth they all responded, "Yes, Sir."
"Then," asked the excellent teacher, "if you had slipped into a garden and picked these strawberries without my leave, would they have tasted as good as now?"
Every small boy in that staid and stinky company shrieked, "No, Sir!"
"Why not?"
"Cause," said little Thomas, with the cheerfulness of conscious virtue, "when we shouldn't have had sugar and cream with 'em."

WELL WORTH IT—"Can you let me have some money this morning to purchase a new bonnet, my dear?"
"By-and-by, love."
"That's what you always say, my love; but how can I buy and buy without money?"
But that brought the money, just as one good turn deserves another. Her wit was so successful that she tried again the next week.
"I want money my dear, to buy a new dress."
"Well, you can't have it. You called me a bear last night," said her husband.
"Oh, well, dear, you know it was only because you were fond of hugging me."
It hit him just right again, and she got the money, and something extra.
He let his pretty wife and hurried off to business, saying, "It takes a fortune to keep such a wife, but it's worth it."

During an examination a medical student being asked, "When does mortification ensue?" he replied, "When you pop the question, and are answered, 'No!'"

A chemist out West claims to have discovered a preparation which will make leather bullet proof. We guess it must be an ex-hide of iron.

Age should be reversed, but when a fellow sees the same leg of mutton for ten consecutive days familiarity is very likely to breed contempt.

A little girl who was given an ark for her birthday was much delighted to find that Noah's family were all clad in the latest style of outer.

A clergyman of ordinary abilities asked for a license to preach. "I grant you permission," said his bishop, "but nature refuses it."

A child can pick up a good deal of information if it will keep its ears open while its mother is conversing through a knot-hole in the fence with the woman next door.

WHAT BOYS CAN DO.

Years ago, in New York City, a Scotch-Irish woman was left a penniless widow, with two little boys. She supported herself and family by making molasses candy which the boys sold on the street for a cent a stick. They were industrious, frugal, and saved sufficient money to open a small shop. From the humble business of peddling candy arose one of the largest confectionery manufactories in the country. Stuart's candies, for the two boys became R. L. and A. T. Stuart, were known for their purity and taste in every part of the world.

From the candy business the firm rose into sugar refiners, acquiring both reputation and fortune. The joint value of their property is estimated at about a million dollars, and they are as noted for their liberality as for their wealth. Both men are zealous.

BE KIND TO PARENTS.
Be kind to your parents, or grand-parents; care for them tenderly, lovingly, watchfully. Age has taken a toll from the vitality which gives buoyancy to youth. Many have drunk deeply of life's cup of sorrow—with aching, heavy and well-nigh broken hearts have seen hope and joy fade away before their eyes—endured much for the sake of others—and now that life is falling, they need care and support far more than the younger ones. Let a humorous whim, their childishness, their seeming peevishness, let kind words and acts cheer them and make life's pathway more pleasant for tottering feet. Make a warm corner in every heart for the bed-ridden is not far distant, and you should have no dark spot on memory's page. The parting blessing of old age is like the very dew of heaven itself. Earn it by kind actions.

WHERE HE WAS STABBED.
[Elko (Nev.) Post.]
"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Tusculossa lawyer, "what kind of awarrior has been done in this case? Here we have a physician, a man who, from his high and noble calling, should be regarded as one who would seem to stain his soul with perjury or be guilty of giving utterance to an untruth. But what did he testify, gentlemen? I put the question to him plainly, as you all heard: 'Where was this man stabbed?' And what was his reply? Unflinchingly, his features as cool and placid as though cut from marble, he replied that the man was stabbed about as high and a half to the left of the mid-rib line, and about an inch above the umbilicus, and yet we have proved by three unimpeachable witnesses that he was stabbed just below the Young America housing-works."

GOD AND THE ANGELS LOOKED DOWN.
[Kansas City (Mo.) Times.]
It was raining, and the streets were gloomy and uninviting. An express wagon heaved the procession, in which sat a gray haired old lady beneath an old umbrella, which partially sheltered her and the driver from the rain. She was bowed with grief and sorrow, and wore that tired, weary aspect of despair which betokened hopelessness. Just behind her was a rough coffin of plain, unadorned pine—a pauper coffin. What it contained could only be guessed by interested. In a lumber wagon just behind the coffin came a family of children, dressed with care and abetting in their neat rage. But they were all crying and bowed with anguish. It was a sad sight, and told a tale of poverty and sorrow in language which spoke louder than words. An aged widow, too proud to give her deceased consort a pauper's burial. A sad and sorrowful family in a borrowed wagon. No friends, no heirs, no coffin but a rough pine box, no carriage; nothing but a dreary rain, a dreary journey and a gloomy return. It was the most affecting funeral that ever passed through the streets of Kansas City.

PAST AND PRESENT.
Young ladies of the present day would be rather shocked if they were obliged to end the monotonous life of the girl of a century ago. She was taught to embroider, to sing and to dance the minuet. She carried herself upright, and sat habitually on the edge of her chair, and never leaned back. Whether she was modest or heart or not, she assumed a modest demeanor. She looked down when gentlemen spoke to her, and was shocked when they peeped under her bonnet, which was really something to do in those days. She wore her dress very low for the neck, and very short in the sleeves, because it was the fashion. She always spoke respectfully to her elders, and sat in a corner until the gentleman who she loved her sought her out. When she danced, she gave the tips of her fingers to her partner, and when he paid her compliments she blushed, or at least hid her face behind her fan. "Sensibility" was the great charm. "Tears of sweet sensibility forced down her cheeks," says an old-fashioned novel, speaking of its heroine. She did not dream of accepting a suitor without first consulting "papa." When she was married she wept, and so did all the bridesmaids. The girl of to-day is taught to play the piano and to dance the gliss. She stares about her, and there is no occasion to peep under her bonnet. At present, she checks herself with pearls and standing ruffs, and sometimes manages to give them a ring by a moment's folly. She makes no secret of despising old people, and she parries good about hating her sex. When she dances, she tells her partner to hold tighter, and not let her fall, and she is roused too highly to blush. When she has an offer, she laughs, rejects it, and accepts it the third time, but does not take "pa and ma" into confidence until the last moment—not until it is necessary for them to furnish her wedding outfit. Look upon this picture, and then upon that!

Our friend H.—has a four-year-old boy who generally has his evening prayer with "God bless my father and mother, and some pray with the wife."

A child can pick up a good deal of information if it will keep its ears open while its mother is conversing through a knot-hole in the fence with the woman next door.

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