THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS:—$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COULD HARDLY WALK
ON ACCOUNT OF
RHEUMATISM
P. H. FORD
—OF—
Quachita City, La.,
After
TWO YEARS
Suffering
IS CURED
—BY—
THE USE OF
Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For fully two years, I suffered from rheumatism, and was frequently in such a condition that I could hardly walk. I spent some time in Hot Springs, Ark., and the treatment helped me for the time being; but soon the complaint returned and I was as badly afflicted as ever. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recommended, I resolved to try it, and, after using six bottles, I was completely cured."—P. H. Ford, Quachita City, La.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
The Only
Admitted
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

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S. H. HAWES & CO.

Dealers In

COAL!

LIME,
Plaster & Cement.

Richmond - Va.

aug 1 3m.

FINE GROCERIES
Family Grocerie S
CHEAP GROCERIES.
FRUITS & CONFECTIONERIES.

COME AND SEE.

Come one, come all, both large and small,
Examine my stock, before buying at all.
For my stock is complete and prices low,
To compete with the products the farmers grow,
I thank my kind friends for the patronage of the past
And assure them all I'll be true to the last.
And guarantee them in every respect—
The goods purchased from me they'll never regret,
Therefore come all, both large and small,
For I will deal honestly with you all,
Do not delay, come right away—
And make your purchases to-day.

J. L. JUDKINS.

dec 13 1 y.

DR. H. O. HYATT'S SANATORIUM.
KINSTON, N. C.
Diseases of Eye & General Surgery
Patients Boarded at $1 per Day.
sep 12 1y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Practice in the courts of Halifax and Northampton and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Collections made in all parts of North Carolina.
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Weldon, N. C.
Office over Emry & Pierce's store.
10-19-1y.

DR. W. J. WARD,
Surgeon + Dentist,
ENFIELD, N. C.
Office over Harrison's Drug Store.
dec 26 1y.

Letters By Telegraph.

A SYSTEM BY WHICH, IT IS SAID, TWO HUNDRED WORDS ARE PRINTED A MINUTE.

After laboring for fifteen years on the problem of rapid telegraphy by means of the typewriter, a St. Louis inventor claims to have solved it. The system is said to print telegraphic messages at the rate of 200 words a minute.

The message is dictated straight to the typewriting operator. By a device attached to the typewriter a paper ribbon, about an inch wide, is perforated by a series of holes varying in position and number according to the character represented. The actual perforation of the tape is not done directly by the operator. If the right letter is struck on the keyboard the machine automatically does the rest. When the message is finished the ribbon is fed into another machine. In its passage over a roller small metallic fingers press upon it, and as different holes come under the fingers electrical connection is made with the metal roller beneath, which produces the necessary letters.

This machine is in synchronism with another machine at the other end of the line, and whatever letters are produced on one machine, say in New York, are instantly reproduced on the other machine, say in Washington. The invention can be applied to any standard typewriter In the case of large business firms, newspaper correspondents or others using the telegraph extensively, punchers and ribbons would be attached to the typewriters in their offices, and the messages would be delivered to the telegraph office on spools ready for instant dispatch. By the new method all possibility of tapping or rubbing the message is obviated. The system is ten times swifter than the Morse, and has the additional advantage of turning out the message on page form ready for delivery. The cost of transmission is brought very low, and the possibilities of the system are suggested by the fact that business men, instead of sending their letters by mail, can have them sent by wire at the same cost as special delivery.

Raved About Her.

A YOUNG LOVER WHO WAS CONTINUALLY SOLILOQUIZING.

He is like all lovers and can talk of nothing besides the young woman to whom he is devoted He sat in the club window smoking and thinking of her; then suddenly he blurted out, directing his remarks to the man who was deep in the news of an evening paper:

"Lovely girl!"

"Who?" asked the man with the paper.

The lover looked so indignant at this that the other hastened to rectify his mistake.

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "I forgot you were engaged!"

The lover was appeased.

Wonderful girl!" he said. "I find more to admire in her every day. She is not only beautiful, but she is courageous and has nerves of steel."

"Ah, yes," said the man with the paper, absentmindedly.

It's in her beauty, however, that she excels," went on the lover. "Her neck and throat are like chiseled marble."

"Ah, yes," said the man with the paper again.

"And then think of her golden hair."

"I do," said the man with the paper in an offhand way.

"And her silvery voice."

"I've noticed it."

"And her ruby lips."

"Quite so,"

"And her pearly teeth."

"You've spoken of them before."

"Then her eyes are like diamonds, too, and her conversation is full of sparkling gems."

The man who had been trying to read threw down his paper.

"Why not start up business with her?" he asked.

"What are you talking about?" asked the lover.

"Business, plain business," returned the other. "I always have an eye to business. That's what made me what I am, and from your description I can't help thinking that in that girl you've got enough to stock a jewelry store. Why not try it?"

Since then they have not spoken.—Chicago Post.

Irving W. Larimore, physican director of Y. M. C. A, Des Moines, Iowa, says he can conscientiously recommend chamberlain's Pain Balm to athletes, gymnasts bicyclists, foot ball players and the profession in general for bruises, sprains and dislocations; also for soreness and stiffness of the muscles. When applied before the parts become swollen it will effect a cure in one half the time usuall required.

For sale by J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield.

Where Vanderbilt Got His Idea.

BILTMORE TO BE THE RESORT OF PEOPLE WITH SCIENTIFIC HOBBIES.

In the great outlay which George Vanderbilt is making at Biltmore, in North Carolina, the young millionaire has entertained a more serious purpose than is generally known. A great deal has been written about the enormous house, with its libray, chapel, scores of bed-rooms, and the army of servants which will be required to keep it up, but not every one knows that Mr. Vanderbilt intends to make his estate a Mecca for all those who are seriously interested in the study of forestry, sicentific farming and horticulture. He has land enough to carry out any scheme of this sort, no matter how big it may be, as he can go forty miles in a direct line from his own door without passing the confines of his domain. He proposes, therefore, to create a neighborhood of his own on this vast property, which includes, among other cultivated and uncultivated tracts, one forest alone of more than 100,000 acres. He will build a village containing houses, stores, and a picturesque inn, and apartments will be rented to all properly accredited students who desire to avail themselves of the facilties offered there for the study of the sciences which are his hobby. The farm will be conducted after the most approved scientific fashion and forestry, which is almost unknown in America, and will become in a few years a science of the greatest importance to us, will be carried on experimentally and practically to an extent never before attempt in this country. Mr. Vanderbilt has just returned to New Yok from Biltmore, where he has been spending the summer in a completed wing of his great manison. He expects to have the house finished in time for a Christmas house warming, the guests at which will be chiefly members of his own family. Edgar Poe wrote a story once about a man whose income was so large that landscape gardening was the only hobby that could make any serious inroads on it and it may be that it was this story that gave Mr. Vanderbilt his ides.

Here is A Model.

HUSBANDS MAY BE FASHION THEMSELVES AFTER THIS STYLE.

Scene 1.—Front parlor. Enter husband, trimming his cuffs with a pair of scissors.

Wife—"Good morning, dear."

Husband—"Good morning."

Wife—"Do you wish anything?"

Husband—"No."

(Exit husband.)

Scene 2—Library. Enter husband sewing a button on his vest.

Wife—"What are you doing, dear?"

Husband—"Nothing."

Wife—"Why, yes you are!"

Husband—"No, I'm not."

(Exit husband.)

Scene 3—Laundry. Husband washing a handkerchief. Enter wife.

Wife—"Are you busy, my dear?"

Husband—"No."

Wife—"Are you sure now?"

Husband—"Positive."

(Exit wife.)

Scene 4—Breakfast room. Enter husband.

Wife—"Are you angry because breakfast isn't ready love?"

Husband—"No."

Wife—"Yes, you are!"

Husband—"No, I'm not."

Wife—"But here comes your train, and you will almost have to break your neck to get,"

(Exit husband.)

Scene 5—Hall. Enter wife.

Wife—"Good-bye, dear."

Husband—"Good bye."

Wife—"Are you so very hungry?"

Husband—"No, not very."

Wife—"You're not in a good humor."

Husband—"Yes, I am."

Wife (with melting eyes)—"Then, dear, will you let me have $22 75 to pay for my bonnet when it comes?"

Husband—"Yes, certainly; take this fifty and keep the change for pin money."

—New York Times.

John G. Mauzer Editor of the Sunbeam, Seligman, Mo., who named Grover Cleveland for the Presidency in Nov., 1882, while he was Mayor of Buffalo, N. Y., is inthusiastic in his praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhœa Remedy. He says: "I have used it for the past five years and consider it the best preparation of the kind in the market. It is a staple as sugar and coffee in this section. It is an article of merit and should be used in every house hold.

For sale by J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr A. S. Harrison, Enfield.

Roanoke News and thrice a week New York World, 4 papers a week, 208 papers a year—all for $2.00.

The Supremacy Of Law.

"THY WILL BE DONE, O GOD! THOU KNOWEST BEST!"

New York Paper: A little child lay dying in a room in a crowded tenement house. By the side of the poor bed sat a pale-faced woman. It was Sunday, but the poor woman's fingers were busy with her needle. So long as there was daylight, seven days in the week, she must sew constantly on the garments which later would be sold by greedy merchants at so-called "bargain sales." The merchant would make his goodly profit, for the "bargains" were made possible by the miserable wages paid the woman and her tired sisters who stitched in other tenements.

The little figure on the bed stirred, and a thin little hand was stretched out toward the woman.

"Mamma!"

"What is it, darling?" cooed the woman, as she put aside her work for a moment and bent over her child.

"I am so hot, mamma; my head is burning up; give me some water, mamma."

"Yes, darling."

The mother rose wearily and went out into the hall to fill a pitcher at the sink there. As she entered the room again she looked out of the window into the crowded street below. Many children were clustered around the back end of an ice-wagon. The woman's eyes brightened. She went over to the bed, and, bending over the tiny figure there; said:

"Mamma will get you some ice, dear, and that will make your throat cool. Lie still, and I will come right back."

Then, with the nickel which had cost her two hours' labor clutched in her hand, she ran down the narrow stairs and into the street.

"Give me five cents' worth," she said to the iceman.

He weighed a piece of ice and was handing it to her, when a policeman suddenly appeared and laid his hand upon the man's shoulder.

"I arrest you," said the policeman. "It's after ten o'clock, and it's against the law to sell ice on Sunday at this hour. You will have to come to the police court with me; and you must come too," he added to the woman.

"My little girl is very sick; I mustn't leave her," cried the poor woman, in great distress.

"That don't go," said the officer; "come along."

And she had to go. At the police court the iceman was held for violating the Sunday law. The woman was questioned and told to come back in the morning as a witness. Then she was allowed to go. She hurried back to the tenement where she lived, and ran up stairs to her room.

"I was kept away and couldn't get back any sooner, darling," she said. "I couldn't get the ice, because"—

Suddenly the words died on her lips. She knelt by the bed and took a little wasted hand in hers. Then raising her face, she gazed up with her dry eyes that yet saw nothing and whispered:

"Thy will be done, O God! Thou knowest best!"

Her darling was dead.

NO EXCUSE.

She (just kissed)—"How dare you, sir?" He—"I hope you will pardon me; I didn't think."

She—"Think? Of course you didn't think. But your inability to think is no excuse for your conduct. I suppose you mean to tell me that if you had stopped to think you would not have wanted to kiss me."—Indianapolis Journal.

While in Chicago, Mr. Charles L. Kahler, a prominet shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold that he could hardly talk or navigate, but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly that others at the hotel who had bad colds followed his example and half a dozen persons ordered it from the nearest drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly.

For sale by J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S Harrison, Enfield.

TIGHT MONEY LYRICS.

If you have a word to say, say it
Like a man;
If you have a debt to pay, pay it—
If you can.
If you have a chance to seize, seize it
With your might;
If you have a hand to squeeze, squeeze it
Good and tight,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Sambo's Narrow Escape.

THE ENUMERATION WAS NOT COMPLETE ENOUGH TO CONVICT HIM.

It is not strange that the southern colored man has vague and mistaken notions about property rights. He and his ancestors were for ages enslaved and had no rights whatever, even to their own persons. Therefore all they could gain was through treachery and deceit, and it is only natural that these traits bred by slavery remain as inherited characteristics now that the negro enjoys the blessings of freedom. It may take several generations before their habit of stealing will be unlearned, for even when the colored man becomes religious his easily besetting sin will be most often found in his not respecting the property rights of others. And thereby hangs a tale.

It was a Tennessee Methodist class leader who had before a him six months' probationer whom he was questioning for admission to all the privileges of the church.

"Well, Sambo," said the class leader. "I hope you are prepared to live a Christian life in accordance with your profession. Have you stolen any chickens during the last six months?"

"No, sah! I done stole no chicken."

"Have you stolen any turkeys or pigs?"

Sambo looked grieved. "No, sah!"

"I am very glad to hear this good report," continued the class leader, "and I trust you will continue to live an honest Christian life."

After church Sambo hurried home with his wife, who had overheard the catechising. When they were fairly out of everybody's hearing, he drew a long breath of relief and turned a self approving glance to his better half. "Golly," he said in a half cautious whisper, "ef he'd er said ducks I'd be'n a lost niggah, suah!"—Boston Budget.

A Singular Feud.

BROTHER WHO FELL OUT ABOUT A MATRIMONIAL ARRANGEMENT.

"The queerest feud I ever heard of," said M. C. Allen, the well-known sportsman, "is one that I encounted while hunting in southern Humboldt county. I noticed our guide carried a repeating rifle, a big revolver and a knife half as long as his leg. He proceeded with the greatest caution, and appeared to be on guard continually. I knew there were no hostile Indians in that country, and my curiosity was aroused. Finally I asked him what the trouble was.

"'Oh, I yoost look out for some fellow,' he replied, in his Sweedish dialect.

"What's the trouble, anyway," I inquired.

"Oh, nuttin' much. Maybe a pig man mit a goon watch me pretty close, too.'

"'Who is he?'

"Oh' he is my brudder. Las' time I fix him plenty, you bet. He come back, now, und maybe he fix me.'

"Inquiry developed the fact that the brothers had settled in Humboldt some years ago, and our guide, who was married, had left a pretty sister-in-law in Sweden. The brothers talked the matter over, and finally agreed that the married one should send for the girl, and when she reached this country he would give his old wife to his brother and take his sister-in law.

"The girl arrived in due time, but she was so much prettier than the unmarried brother had expected that he was loath to accept his brother's cast-off wife. Finally, he married the girl, and then refused to compromise the breach of contract by paying what his brother had expended in getting her to this coast. A quarrel followed, and the guide pinked his brother in the shoulder with a rifle ball and landed him in the hospital for three months. The other vowed vengeance and they do little now but watch the mountain trails, fully prepared to renew hostilities at a second's notice."—San Francisco Post.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhœa and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhœa Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent bottles.

For sale by J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield.

WOMAN.

I've thought of everything on earth
To find for thee
A simile,
To justice do thy beauty's worth.
In vain! So turning from the human,
I think the while
A seraph's smile,
Once strayed to earth and made thee, woman!

Living Peacefully.

RELIGION FAVORS NO CLASS BUT GIVE AS PLENTIFULLY TO THE UNLETTERED AS TO THE LEARNED.

(New York Herald.)

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—St. John, xiv. 27.

Religion is not so much a theory of salvation, as a means of reaching the other world in safety, as it is a constant source of comfort during the hardships and perplexities of the present time.

The future we may regard as assured and leave it to take care of itself.

The dear Lord, who watches the sparrow's flight and fall, and who has given us some faint glimpses of what is to be, will keep the wonderful promise, "I go to prepare a place for you," and we need have no disturbing thoughts, but, on the contrary, perfect confidence.

Our chief concern should be how to make the best and the most of this life, for if we are in the right now we surely cannot go wrong hereafter. God has hidden certain benefits in the experiences through which we are called to pass, and it is important that as we go through the experiences we find a way to gather the benefits. I am convinced that no event in our lives is without its purpose, and if our minds and hearts are properly developed we shall not only discover what that purpose is, but have cause for gratitude and increased faith even amid sorrows and tears and bereavements.

It should be our aim, therefore, to live as peacefully as possibly—that is to say, we should reduce the friction of life to its minimum, and nothing will serve this end except a brainfelt and heartfelt religion. Peacefulness depends on interior qualities more than environment and external circumstance. It is possible to have everything and at the same time to practically have nothing. It is also possible to travel a rugged and wearying path with a light heart. It does not follow that you are well off because you are rich, but you may, if you will, be well off in spite of carking cares and strange uncertainties.

Everything depends on your outlook toward God and your inlook at yourself. If you can see a dim something beyond the stars when you look forth, and something worth your attention when you examine your own soul, you have the foundations on which to build a grand and glorious life. The riches disclosed by these two vision are beyond computation. In the consciousness that your destiny outreaches the limits of time, that you are capable of appreciating the spirit of the Christ and approximating it in the economy of life, as He desired you to do, you become to a large extent independent of what is called good or ill fortune. You have a priceless comfort in your heart which nothing can purchase and of which no cunning theft can despoil you, for the most secure of all your possessions is the ideal which you hope to attain. While it might be rash to assert that you can become wholly indifferent to circumstances, it is safe to declare that if you have a comforting faith you can be infinitely happier as a poor man than you could be with all the wealth of the world at command if you had no faith at all. It is not the soft bed which gives refreshing sleep, but a quiet conscience and a serene trust. We know this to our sorrow. It is what you have in your heart not what you have in your pocket, that makes you enviable. A large bank account has a certain magic in it, but if you hope to find therein the means of happiness you will be disappointed The necromancy of life has its source in heart beats.

You wrong yourself and waste both time and energy in accumulation as the sole aim of life. It is impossible that God can have so arranged the world that money will buy what the poor need as the rich. The most desirable things must be within reach of the multitude, and I am sure that though you toil from day to day and bend your shoulders to the burden of hardship you ought to have and you can have, great comforts and great joys. True religion is truly democratic. It favors no class, but gives as plentifully to the unlettered as to the learned.

The picture of an ideal life which Christ offers us is wholly enticing and alluring—a Father who listens to every cry of your heart, an Elder Brother who trod the path of anguish and sorrow, and who tells us how we may possess our souls in peace; a heaven in which there will be no more partings; for in its wide territory there is no graveyard; a host of angels with whom we may communicate and whose influence is around about us from day to day. Can any soul ask for more? What is there else that you can desire? With these faiths you are armed and equipped for whatever exigency may occur I do not say that life will not still be a very serious business taxing their resources at times to their utmost; but I venture to assure you that you will have many comforts which can be earned, but not bought, and a certain quietness of soul which he alone can enjoy who knows what the present means and who sees the beckoning hand of the future. To rest calmly on the watchful care of providence even when the way is dark and stormy, to feel in the inner depths that the Hand which guides knows how to guide; to yield in submissive resignation to whatever befalls, looking ever to the mist covered fields of Paradise as the refuge from grief and toil—this is to lead a very profitable and very comfortable life, one that will be a daily blessing unto yourself and an encouragement to every struggling soul in the world.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

WHAT'S THE USE?

Don't coddle up a woe. Don't think
about your foe.
What's the use?
It only makes you worry, and keeps you
in a flurry.
What's the use? There's no
excuse.

Don't talk about your wrong, it makes it
last too long.
What's the use?
It only keeps you weeping, and hinders
you from sleeping,
What's the use? There's no
excuse.

Don't talk of your mishap, it's only one
more rap.
What's the use?
It only can annoy, and your peace of
mind destroy.
What's the use? There's no
excuse.

Don't talk of your affliction, it only causes
friction.
What's the use?
It opens an old sore, and worries you the
more.
What's the use. There's no
excuse.

Don't talk about your sorrow, trouble
you only borrow.
What's the use?
It only makes you sad, and sour and glum
and mad,
What's the use? There's no
excuse.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest U. S. Government Food Report.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
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Is she dreaming of orange flowers?
Is she writing a poem on love?
Is she building Spanish towers,
In the midst of silken bowers,
The sweet little innocent dear?

NO. This Sweet Child is dreaming of the wonderfully low prices at which the

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And make a special Horse, Cattle and Hog Fence. Yard, Cemetery, and Grave Lot Fencing a Specialty. We Pay the Freight. Catalogue Free.
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137 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.
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DIAMONDS, WATCHES,
JEWELRY and CUT GLASS
in this city.
John W. Stewart, who was with Young & Bro. for 35 years is at the head of my Repairing Department.
All work and orders receive prompt attention. oct 25 1y.

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THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.
Cures in 1 to 4 days. Immediate in effect; quick to cure. Can be carried in vest pocket, all complete in one small package. Sent by mail, prepaid, plain package, on receipt of price. $1 per box.
For sale by W. M. COHEN, Druggist,
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SASH, BLINDS, and DOORS.
—CHIMNEY PIPE,—
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CURRIER & UNDERHILL,
BOSTON ONE PRICE
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Wholesale and Retail Dealers In
FINE CLOTHING.
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Samples sent on application.
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Give us a call. my 23 1y

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Sells on commission Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, Cotton, Peanuts, Hogs, Poultry, and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, and keep on hand General Merchandise. We will buy on order anything a farmer may need. Guanos a specialty. Let us hear from you. Hogsheads furnished on application. J. C. SMITH, Agent,
my 23 1y Petersburg, Va

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