BLOUSES OF DAINTY BEAUTY.

SEPARATE WAISTS AS VARIED AND ATTRACTIVE AS EVER.

They Come in Every Material From Lace to Flannel—New Styles in White Silk—Bewildering Moires—Pretty Models of the Season—Effective Trimmings.

Women are to be congratulated indeed that fashion does not bear out her reputation for fickle propensities in the little matter of separate waists. There they are again as varied, useful and attractive as ever, despite all the predictions of their approaching disappearance which have appeared in the fashion notes from time to time.

Women have clung to them like moss to a rock from the first, and as each successive installment is an improvement on the preceding one, there is no reason to discard them.

The blouse in all its dainty beauty still reigns triumphant in fashion's highest favor, even though entire gowns of one material are so much in evidence among the new models, and it blossoms out in

every possible mode between the simple flannel shirt waist and the blouse of daintiest lace lined with chiffon.

Pretty designs in tiny bands of white chiffon joined with fagot stitching are wrought in with medallions of lace variously arranged, forming the entire blouse. Again, finest lawn is used for this purpose with little squares of pale blue or pink lawn worked into the design, and very effectively, too, with all-white lace and white bands.

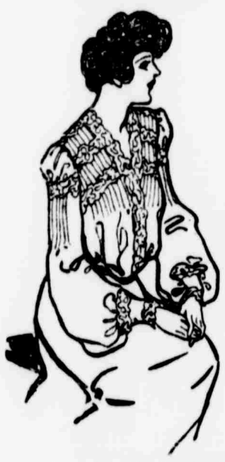
Less elaborate but still very dressy are the blouses of white silk, but in which there are some new weaves. One especially commended is called matte, and has a weave not unlike armure. It comes quite plain in different colors, and striped also, a chine stripe alternating with a matte.

Chine silks, striped with what appears to be black lace insertion, and plain taffetas,

covered with a lace design, are also among the novelties, together with a variety in moiré effects, patterned, yet all in one color. A French silk, thin, soft and glossy, and very pretty for waists, is "Cendrillon," the price being $1.50 a yard.

Crêpe de chine, peau de crêpe and all the fabrics with a crêpe finish are most desirable as waist materials. The new taffetas are very glossy and pretty, showing, besides all the plain colors, stripes and brocaded effects. Taffeta striped with another weave, armure for example, is one of the novelties, among which are the two-toned varieties in stripes as well as plain.

The new Louisines are two-toned also, in fancy stripes, figures and moiré effects.



The variety in moiré silks is unlimited, as a very little change in the watering serves to add one more kind to the list, and it is a material always pretty for the separate waist in light colors.

All the different weaves are well displayed in the white silks, all of which seem to have acquired a new lustre, making them very brilliant. Argentine, armure, cottoman crêpe and basket weaves seem to cover a multitude of variations, all of which are charming, the texture of the silk is so soft and dainty.

In most of the white silks waists a little touch of color is introduced in the embroidery, which is ubiquitous this season. A little of the Oriental coloring is very effective on white, if tastefully arranged, and it

certainly is one of the new fancies. Colored piping is also employed, and tucks and pouts are as popular as ever.

The model, in white Armure, has three box plaits at the back and three on either side of a broad box plait in front, all stitched on the edges. The yoke on either side of the box plait is made of three bands joined together and pointed on the ends, where medallions of colored embroidery are the finish.

The close cap effect at the top of the sleeves is also made of bands pointing down over the sleeves, which swell out into a mandolin puff above a three-inch cuff decorated with embroidery like the collar.

Chinese embroidery on white silk bands makes a very effective trimming on white silk. A band shaped to fit the shoulders

like a bertha is a good style, or short bands in graduated lengths and pointed ends can be arranged very effectively.

Shallow battlement-shaped squares, embroidered by hand, set on down either side of front edges of the blouse over a lace vest, are also a very pretty finish; in fact, almost any fancy for using embroidery can be carried out with good results.

Cream white peau de crêpe makes a lovely waist, all in small box plaits down the back, and front in yoke form only. A shallow yoke of Irish lace is the finish at the neck, with a little colored embroidery introduced on the collar and cuffs.

Some of the models illustrated are pretty for net or chiffon as well as silk, one in chiffon showings a back view with lace postillon ends and fancy belt of silk. Belts of lace are sometimes used.

The chiffon is shirred across the top of the sleeves and around the yoke, which is formed of medallions and festoons of lace. Another chiffon blouse is in three wide tucks around the blousy portion just above the belt and tucked down in finer tucks, yoke form, over which there is a collar of lace, caught across in front with tiny bands of black velvet ribbon fastened with small rhinestone buttons.

A pretty front on a white silk bodice is made by using lace edging with rather a deep scallop over a band of pale green silk, which extends a little beyond the lace. There is a little vest of full chiffon underneath, and the two bands of lace and silk meet over this from neck to belt. Insertions of lace without the color are inset around the bodice, with plaits between the rows.

A soft tasselled end of shirred chiffon or lace at either side of the collarband is the latest thing in neck finish. These are attached fully two inches apart, so they have quite a different effect from the regulation necktie.

EMBARRASSING TO SOME FOLK

A NEW FASHION OF REVEALING THINGS USUALLY HID.

What the Old-Style Woman Said to the Third Woman Crossing the Street Before Her Wiser Friend Could Head Her Off—Country Habits Blamed for the Fad.

This story may seem incredible if you are old-fashioned; but it is neither an invention nor an exaggeration. Lots of people know that to hold up one's petticoats in the street, in the manner and to the extent described, is a fashion which is making its way. Sceptics can have all doubts removed by the simple plan of keeping their eyes open.

It should be explained at the start that the women who exhibit this fashion are doubtless estimable otherwise in their own spheres. Nevertheless the result is startling to old-fashioned ideas.

It also leads sometimes to embarassing situations. For example, two women were going along a street to a corner. One of them was a woman who was not always able to mind her own business. Her companion was a wiser person.

A third woman was crossing the street at the corner. So it happened that the two women had a side view of the third woman.

The woman who was not always able to mind her own business started when her eyes fell upon the third woman. It was not a rainy day, by the way. Alarm, perplexity, embarassment and a dozen kindred emotions were expressed in her face.

"Oh, look there!" she exclaimed to her friend:

"Hmm," replied her wiser companion, successfully hiding any emotion she may have felt.

"I'm going to tell her," the woman who was not always able to mind her own business declared, with much nobleness of purpose.

"I wouldn't," said her wiser companion.

"Of course I understand that she will be dreadfully ashamed and embarrassed when she knows it," insisted the well-meaning woman, "but she ought to know about it.

And before her wiser companion could interfere she had stopped the third woman.

"Excuse me, madam," she said, "but——"

and the remainder of her communication she whispered.

The face of the third woman grew scarlet. Fierce hatred flashed in her eyes. Her lips twitched. She let her skirts fall. Then she strode on without uttering a word.

The woman who was not always able to mind her own business stared after her with hurt surprise plainly depicted upon her countenance. She turned to her wiser companion.

"Why did she look at me so?" she asked "Of course, it was a very embarrassing accident to have happen to one; but I would be grateful to a woman who warned me about a thing like that."

"It was because you didn't understand," her wiser companion replied. "I don't think it was an accident. I was going to explain, only you spoke to her before I had time.

"You see, it's a new fashion. They say it started in the country a year ago this summer. Now it is spreading in the city. Only slowly, though.

"My attention was first called to it in the spring. But I am sorry to say I see it oftener now. Of course, it is startling if you haven't noticed it before. But you'll get used to it."

"Used to it!" exclaimed the first woman. "Why she held her petticoat above the ground at least——"

But such a situation cannot be reduced to a mere matter of feet and inches. The effect depends upon entirely different elements. Vertical measurements convey absolutely no meaning. Therefore, the estimate of the distance in this case may be omitted.

To those who have not yet made observations of this new fashion of walking among women, it may be clearly but briefly described. The fashion may be studied in all its frankness and simplicity in any of the paintings by old masters that show the manner in which Diana and the other goddesses of her day tucked up their petticoats when they were going hunting.

Only in its modern phase the fashion has been modified so that the petticoats are tucked up on one side only. The draperies are held in the hand. The other details are similar, including the height.

That the mere matter of feet and inches is of little consequence in such situations, is shown by the attention invariably attracted by this new fashion when it appears in the street. One takes such things as a matter of course among the young ladies of the ballet on the stage; but in the street and in the case of women clearly not of the dramatic profession, it is unexpected and, therefore, entirely different.

Then the first impression generally is that it is an accident, that the woman is not aware of all the facts in the case, and that, of course, heightens the effect.

As was said by the woman who was wiser than her companion, there is a theory that the fashion originated in the country. The golf links have even been blamed for it just as they were for that similar fashion at the other extreme which burst upon the town last year when young women went about with their sleeves rolled up to their elbows.

But while it may be convenient to hold one's skirts high while one is scrambling over rocks and through woods, the theory does not explain the utility of the fashion in city streets when it is not raining. And it is a matter of observation that while the fashion is spreading only slowly, still it is spreading.

Another explanation advanced which also does not explain altogether, is that it is merely an extension of the rainy daisy idea—a curtailing of it, rather. But this is obviously a fling made by the ultra-conservative at a fashion dear to every woman in business and to womankind generally and of great benefit.

The theory most plausible on the surface rests on a different basis. Last winter and last spring the fashion budgets had much to say of the beauties of the new hosiery—things all lace and embroidery, with the monogram of the wearer on the knee.

With feminine enthusiasm these were sometimes described as sights to behold. It is suggested that the victims of the present fashion have interpreted this description in an altruistic spirit and are humbly and earnestly trying to do their duty.

However that may be, the fashion is certainly in town. Of that there can be no doubt. One has merely to keep one's eyes open to be convinced of the fact.

That it has not obtained wider recognition is susceptible of a simple explanation: People have been slow to believe the evidence of their own eyes. They have preferred to suppose it was an accident and to let it go at that.

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CALVE AND HER BETROTHED.

A Comedy of Love Witnessed by Some Americans at a Barmecide Feast.

Once more the rumor comes to this country that Emma Calvé is to marry Henri Cain, the French painter and writer, to whom she was betrothed several years ago, but with whom she has not been on speaking terms for two years. This rumor always reminds a party of six Americans of luncheon—unromantic as the suggestion is.

During the last exposition Mme. Calvé received at her hotel in Paris a number of friends that she had made here. One day she invited them to lunch with her at one of the restaurants in the exposition grounds.

In the party were several Frenchmen, among them the editor of one of the most important newspapers in Paris. About twelve in all, they gathered about the table at the restaurant the singer had selected.

Mme. Calvé seated herself at the head of the table and beamed on her guests. Before the waiters had taken the order, however, she spied M. Cain, who was sitting at a table near by with a lady.

He saw her also, crossed the room to the table at which Mme. Calvé sat with her friends, kissed her hand most deferentially, greeted the French guests who happened to be his friends and went back to the corner in which he was sitting.

After he had returned to his table the guests supposed that luncheon would be in order. But the hostess was evidently thinking of something else than food.

She paid no attention to the waiter standing at her elbow. She laughed nervously as she talked with her friends and frequently she looked toward the corner where M. Cain was seated. He was apparently absorbed in his conversation with the woman with him.

After another quarter of an hour's conversation, Mme. Calvé did see the waiter. As she beckoned him closer the American guests grew hopeful. But their spirits sank a little when one of them heard her say:

"Tell M. Cain, the gentleman who is sitting at that corner table, that I would like to have him take lunch with me."

The waiter carried the message, which M. Cain answered in person. He explained to the hostess and to all of the guests that he would be compelled within an hour to attend a meeting of Judges, that he was now talking over an important matter of business with an exhibitor and that he would be too busy to join them. And he really seemed to regret it sincerely.

He departed under a shower of reproachful glances from Mme. Calvé. Now, thought the Americans, luncheon will certainly be ordered. They had taken only coffee and rolls in the morning and were eager for something like substantial refreshment.

After ten minutes more of conversation, interrupted on Mme. Calvé's part by frequent glances in the direction of M. Cain, the waiter asked the hostess if she would not like to order breakfast. With an apologetic glance at her guests and a smile which made all of them forgive her on the spot, she gave the order.

"Food, food at last!" muttered one of the Americans. "Finally we are to eat."

But as soon as the thought of the menu was off her mind, Mme. Calvé's absorption in M. Cain was renewed. It was evident that her interest in the conversation he was having with his companion was growing greater every minute. She talked less and looked more frequently at M. Cain.

The hungry American who had been so encouraged by the order for luncheon turned to a friend at the signs of Mme. Calvé's increasing emotion.

"It is a good thing," he remarked, "that luncheon was ordered when it was, or maybe it—it wouldn't have been ordered at all."

The hostess now had few words for her party. She was watching M. Cain. His interview was drawing to an end.

The waiter brought the first course and placed it on the table. Just then M. Cain rose. He and the woman with whom he had been talking started to leave the hall.

Just as one of the hungriest Americans had been helped by the waiter, Mme. Calvé saw that Mr. Cain was departing. She suddenly clasped her hands to her palpitating bosom. She could scarcely speak, so great was her emotion.

"My dear friends," she began in a weak voice: "You must excuse me. We cannot have our breakfast together to-day. I am very agitated. We will breakfast again, to-morrow or the next day. I know that you will forgive me. Farewell, farewell. We will meet very soon again."

That was plainly the signal for the guests to leave the table. The French people retired with bows, which Mme. Calvé scarcely noticed. She was left alone at the table.

The Americans moved to another part of the restaurant. They were too exhausted from hunger to attempt any long walk.

After a while a waiter appeared at the singer's table with M. Cain. After a brief conversation he accompanied her to her carriage and returned to the Judges' meeting, from which he had been called.

It was a short time after this incident that the engagement between her and M. Cain was broken. Mme. Calvé complained of the cruel indifference of a betrothed who would not lunch with her when she invited him. And M. Cain talked a little with his friends about unreasonable jealousy.

It was rumored a year ago that he was to marry a young soprano at the Opéra Comique in Paris. But that proved to be false, and it may be true that he and Mme. Calvé are reconciled.

Whether they are or not, any mention of the two always suggests luncheon to several Americans.

JIM JENKS'S SWEETHEARTS.

The Experiences of a Gay Steamboat Man Who Had One at Every Landing.

"Of all the pursers I ever knowed," said Cap'n Bill Matthews of the steamboat Natchez, "Jim Jenkins was the best. But he had one failin'. He did have too many gals.

"It didn't take Jim any time at all to get a passel of sweethearts. 'Fore he'd been on the boat six months he had one at every landin' the old Natchez made. He never had more'n one at any single place, so he kep' outer trouble for quite a while.

"'Jim,' says I to him, time and again, 'you'll git in a hair pullin' yet, with all them gals scattered up and down this river.'

"But Jim jest grinned. The darned fool made me hot, he was so conceited. But they got him in time. He's outer the steamboat business now.

"Seems that one of them gals went to Memphis on a visit, an' there she met another gal of Jim's. Somehow, the two of 'em got wise to Jim. Then, I guess they sot up a reg'lar inquiry an' they found out all about Jim Jenk's little ways.

"Anyway we backed outer New Orleans one day with Jim's New Orleans gal aboard. She was the nicest of 'em, and he was glad to have her. But it worried him how to get past all them other landings, with a sweetheart at each one, an' not have the others get next.

"So he come to me and fixed it to sorter steer the lady away at landin' time. I agreed, fer when it come to a pinch, I was sorry fer Jim, he was so worried about it.

"Sure 'nough, the first landin' we made, there was Jim's gal in that place standin' and beckonin' to Bill. An' the next minute there was them two gals a huggin' and a kissin' on the gangplank, an' Jim, mighty busy over nothin' at the other end of the boat. To help him out I give the cord a jerk.

"'All aboard! Cast off there,' I yells, expectin' gal No. 2 to do a two step up the plank.

"Did she, though? Instead, up comes two niggers carryin' a trunk to the gang plank and Gal No. 1—that was the New Orleans gal—she says sweetly to Jim.

"'Oh, Mister Jenks,' says she, 'Sairy is goin' to St. Louis with me. Ain't you glad.'

"Bill said he was, but he didn't look it.

"Well, sir, at every landin' up that river, or most every one, another of Jim's gals gets aboard for St. Louis. It was fun fer everybody but Jim.

"They all made out they was crazy about that man. First one and then another of them was always wantin' him to go off and talk to her alone. Then they all called him 'pet' an' 'dearie' and told things about him that they hadn't orter told before everybody.

"By'n-bye Jim told me he couldn't stand it any longer. He said honest he'd a good mind to jump in the river to get away from 'em. He didn't do that, but he did quit the boat at Memphis—took a quiet sneak and nobody but me knowed it.

"Jim said he wouldn't go on to St. Louis for $1,000 and I agreed with him. But, say, me and Bill's gals had a fine time all the rest of that trip up."

PROSPERITY AND HIRED GIRLS.

An Iowa Farmer Will Do the Housework and Try to Get Girls for His Fields.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

MUSCATINE, Ia., Sept. 25. Farmers in this vicinity are driven almost to distraction over the servant girl problem. The girls living on the farms are all in such prosperous homes that they do not need to work for their neighbors, and in Muscatine all the girls who want to make money find employment in the pearl button factories which is both pleasant and remunerative.

A wealthy farmer to-day came to town badly discouraged. He says he wants to do his fall farm work, but his wife is sick and not able to do the housework. He has driven the country over but cannot find a girl who will do housework. Now he proposes to solve the problem by doing the housework himself and hiring girls to cut the corn and do the other outside work.

To induce the girls to accept his offer he proposes to allow eight hours for a day's work, pay the highest wages, give them lunch between meals, and throw in plenty of chewing gum. They are to have hammocks to rest in at noon, and will be taken to their work in the family carriage.

This farmer says he does not believe in dancing, but if the girls want to dance they shall do so to their heart's content. But even these tempting offers are expected to prove ineffective.

Seven dollars a week is the prevailing wages in Muscatine for servant girls. They can make as much or more in the pearl button factories, and have evenings and Sundays to themselves. The work is not difficult and is really healthful, while the girls have antipathy to the drudgery of kitchen work and the care of children.

The farmers in need of girls in this vicinity are all deeply interested in the offer made by one of their number and are hoping the factory girls will decide to try outdoor life on the farm, even if the farmer himself has to take to the kitchen. Thus the crops will be saved and the fall chores done, at least.

SCARED BY GRAVEYARD LIGHTS.

Will-o'-the-Wisp Badly Frightens Watchers in a Cemetery.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

This community is wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by strange lights which flit nightly between the old and new Episcopal cemeteries. Superstitious persons believe them to be warnings of some impending calamity. There are residents who declare that similar lights were seen just prior to the flood of 1880 and the smallpox epidemic of 1891.

On Wednesday night Mrs. Shoemaker, an aged resident, was returning to her home after spending the evening with a neighbor, when, nearing a vault in the old cemetery, she was startled at seeing a brilliant red light leave the vault, move slowly across the street directly in front of her and lose itself in the new cemetery. Badly frightened, she made rapid strides for home, but had taken only a few steps when she again saw the same light some distance away on a hill. This time it was waved up and down in such a manner as trainmen give signals. Then it disappeared. Before she was half way home Mrs. Shoemaker fell and rolled into the gutter. When regaining her feet and senses she saw the same light apparently hanging in the middle of the street only a few feet from her. Almost frantic, she ran screaming to the house of a neighbor, where she recounted her experience. Thinking she was the victim of mischievous boys' pranks, her friends paid little attention to the matter.

Thursday morning the story of the lights flew like wildfire, and before noon several hundred persons had visited the scene. That night three or four prominent residents stationed themselves near the cemetery to watch for the lights, but were so badly frightened by a repetition of the scenes of the previous night that they forgot what they had assembled for. The following night and last night the same antics were witnessed by hundreds of persons, who had gathered from all parts of the town, but before any attempt could be made at capture the lights would vanish, and their source remains a mystery.

Although no grasses or phosphoric minerals are known to exist in this locality, ex-Sheriff William Ryan and other prominent citizens say that they have seen these lights at various times, and that all former efforts to gain a clue to their origin had proved futile.

How to Have Only Two Grandparents.

From the Boston Evening Record.

A strange case has presented itself hereabouts of a man who had only two grandparents instead of four. A widower and a widow were married, and their children by their first marriage were in time united. Their children's children thus had one common grandfather and one common grandmother.

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FEWER DRESS SUITS HIRED.

But, on the Other Hand, There Are More Rented Frock Coats Out.

"We don't rent so many fine dress suits as we once did," said a costumer, "for the reason that it is now so common for men to own dress suits.

"Even so recently as twenty or thirty years ago you might have found plenty of men very comfortably situated in the world who did not own a dress suit. They rarely had occasion to wear one, and when they wanted a dress suit they hired one.

"But now with frock coats it's different again. You'd be surprised at the sort of men we rent frock coats to; substantial men, quite able to buy all the frock coats they wanted.

"You see, by many men such a coat is still very rarely worn; men who at night may wear dress clothes commonly, may by day wear a frock coat very seldom indeed. They may go to some afternoon wedding or reception once a year, maybe, and they don't want a frock coat lying around unused the rest of the time. As one customer said to me the other day:

"'Why should I buy a frock coat for the moths to eat when I can hire what I want when I want it?'

"And there are very nice people who, for the comparatively rare occasions upon which they have need for such a coat, do hire one."

LUCK RESTORES A DIAMOND.

Found by Its Owner in the Street Where She Lost It Five Years Ago.

DENVER, Oct. 4.—The luckiest woman in the West is Mrs. Anna M. Scott of this city. Five years ago, in returning from a party, she lost a diamond earring worth $200. In looking for something else a few days ago she found the diamond in the street where she had dropped it so long before.

Hundreds of persons had passed over the spot in the meantime. Rain and snow had buried the jewel in the sand, and at just the right time the rain again washed the diamond clean for Mrs. Scott to find it. Other persons had looked in vain, when it was lost years ago.

"I was not looking for it," said the owner, "I was looking for a little ring that my daughter thought she had lost. As I could not find the ring, I went over the ground rather carefully.

"Suddenly something sparkling caught my eye and then I cried right out loud, 'Why, there's my diamond!'

"I was so surprised to see it that I could really hardly believe that I was awake, or that it was 1902 instead of 1897."

NO PIE FOR SCHOOLGIRLS.

Cut Out of Their Luncheon Menu by Baltimore's School Superintendent.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 4.—A crusade is being made by Supt. Van Sickle against the use of pie by the pupils in the public schools. He does not try to prevent the pupils from eating pie at home, but he is trying to prevent the sale of pie by the caterers at the schools.

A few days ago Isaiah Nixon, who has had the privilege of selling lunch to the young women at the Western High School, applied for a similar privilege at the Eastern High School. The application was made to the School Board. The president of the board turned to the superintendent and inquired what sort of caterer Nixon was and if the extension of his privilege could be made with a due regard for the public interest.

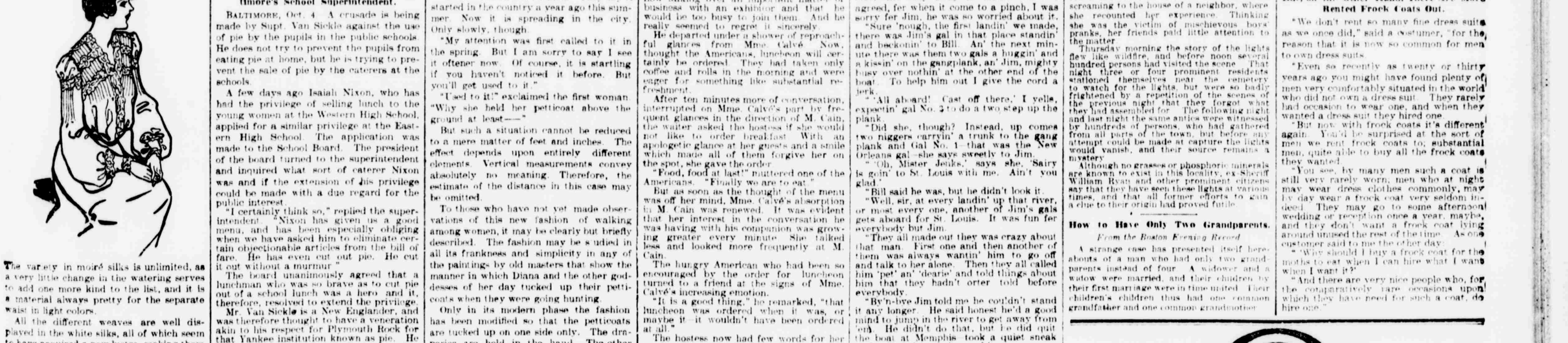
"I certainly think so," replied the superintendent. "Nixon has given us a good menu, and has been especially obliging when we have asked him to eliminate certain objectionable articles from the bill of fare. He has even cut out pie. He cut it out without a murmur."

The board unanimously agreed that a lunchman who was so brave as to cut pie out of a school lunch was a hero and it, therefore, resolved to extend the privilege.

Mr. Van Sickle is a New Englander, and was therefore thought to have a veneration akin to his respect for Plymouth Rock for that Yankee institution known as pie. He gives the following reasons for his stand:

"Pie," said Prof. Van Sickle, "is outside the plane of digestible food, particularly the crust, and especially when only thirty minutes are allowed to consume it in, as in the case of the girls.

"Besides," he continued, "I was further encouraged in my determination to exclude pie as a factor in the lunches at the request of a number of the intelligent mothers of the girls who were opposed to pie eating at lunch time."



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The remodeling and redecorating of my establishment has been completed and my patrons will find that their comfort has been considered in every particular.

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I am pleased to state that my stock of human hair goods for the coming season contains an unusually choice variety of new coiffures, made of the finest quality of human hair and by the most skilled workmen. It is a well known fact throughout the country that my coiffures set the standard for style, quality and excellence.

Hair Ornaments

The richest assortment of hair ornaments ever produced by any concern. The constant growth in this branch of my business has warranted me in engaging designers of the greatest artistic ability to make ornaments in various materials and of choice designs.

For the Toilet Table

Ladies will find here only genuine Tortoise and Amber shell, plain as well as exquisitely carved Dressing Combs, Hair Brushes, round and oval Mirrors, Powder Boxes, Hair and Pin Trays, Nail and Tooth Brushes, Glove Stretchers and Shoe Horns, Paper Cutters, Card Cases, Lorgnettes, Fans, and also a beautiful collection of goods suitable for gentlemen's use.

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