WALLINGFORD.

A Case of Misplaced Confidence—Death of David Gaylord—Railroad Surveyors and Increased Business Facilities—Mr. Darrow's Accident—The Races, Etc.

The French shoemaker on Colony street is a victim of misplaced confidence and mourns the fact. Saturday afternoon a stranger came to his place of business and represented that he was a cigarmaker and had friends in Meriden whom he was anxious to see; also that he was a shoemaker. He was given a little job to do and sixty-five cents in money. Just before the went away the proprietor went upstairs for a few minutes. Soon after his return the man started, as he stated, for Meriden, and an hour after the shoemaker discovered that his watch and chain, that had been in his vest that was hanging on the wall, were gone, and he naturally believes that the ungrateful wretch not only accepted the gift of money, but also stole his watch and chain during his temporary absence. Officer Reilly was notified of the case, but the chances of recovering the stolen property are not very bright.

David Gaylord, one of our much respected and lifelong residents, died early Saturday afternoon after an illness of over six years, the result of paralysis, aged eighty-one years. The deceased had for many years resided on the west side of the town and followed farming. The funeral will be held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock at his late residence in west side of the town. He leaves a son, Dr. Charles Gaylord of Branford, and a daughter, Mrs. Clarence Brown of Waterbury.

The railroad surveyors were in town Saturday laying out the route of the proposed spur track to R. Wallace & Sons' factories. The track will connect with the main line just north of the Biggins & Rodgers factory.

One of the proposed routes for the bicycle road races in the fall is from Main to Center, to Elm, up Elm, to the street above Rosemary hall, to Main, by the big elm tree, down Main, to the starting place in front of the Ramblers' club room.

About seventy-five of the employes of H. L. Judd & Co., preceded by a drum corps, started early Saturday afternoon for Paden's grove, where a jolly time was had until the rain came about four o'clock and broke up the festivities.

George Darrow of North Farms was thrown from his wagon in front of the Fairchild brothers' place Friday evening and quite seriously bruised. The accident was caused by his horse running into a swing hanging from the limb of a large tree. The horse started to run and overturned the wagon.

There was a fair-sized attendance at the races on the East Center street track Saturday afternoon, and the sport was nearly over when it began to rain The last heat was trotted after the rain began falling. In the 2:50 class N. F. Ingraham's Fannie took three straight heats. W. A. Booth's Clara B. was second, A. L. Hall's Nicholas J. third and Harry Clark's Gyp fourth; best time 2:44½. In the 2:30 class Ingraham's Sarah took first, E. E. Hall's Gauty second, G. T. Jones' Signet third, Harry Clark's I. Deelan fourth; best time 2:34½. The judges were E. M. Smith, Wilbur Hall and H. B. Leete.

Mrs. Hezekiah Hall is critically ill, and her death is expected at any hour. For several days she has been unable to take any nourishment.

Rev. J. J. Blair starts to-day for Maine to spend his vacation.

Henry C. Foote of Woodbury, N. J., is the guest of M. K. Thomas of South Main street. Mr. Foote resided here many years ago and lived in the house on South Main street now occupied by Elisha Whittlesey.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Morris are enjoying a few days at Manhattan Beach.

George A. Simpson and family of Westfield, Mass., are the guests of S. G. Simpson of Academy street.

Saturday was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard B. Bishop.

An attachment was placed on the stock of F. L. Leighton & Co. of New Haven Saturday in the interest of J. H. Harmon & Sons. Leighton recently bought out the hardware branch of the Harmons' business and Harmon claims that Leighton moved away goods that were not included in the goods sold to the amount of $100.

THE EARTH'S SECRETS.

A Congress of Geographers Will Lay Plans to Investigate Them.

We are prone to think this world so small a place in view of the explorations made in all parts of it, that the idea of finding anything new in the way of a land or a sea seems visionary. The coming gathering of the world's geographers in London ought to convince us of our mistake, says a writer in The Boston Sunday Herald.

The assemblage opens July 26 and remains in session until Aug. 3. For nearly a year arrangements have been making to have the programme not merely elaborate, but effective and popular. Every great explorer in the world has been asked to send a report of his work during the year past, from Selons in the wilds of Africa, to Peary in his inaccessible northern wastes. There has been no word from Peary since he started toward Inglefield gulf, but it is hoped he may be heard from in a stray letter.

The occasion is the sixth international geographical congress in the history of the world, and it should be a source of congratulation to us that we are better represented in it than any other country with the exception of Great Britain.

What is known as "terra australis incognita" is that all but forgotten domain in the Antarctic regions concerning which fabulous accounts have been current in all ages. It may be remembered that Dr. Frederick A. Cook formed a plan of penetrating to this baffling portion of the earth's surface, and his preparations contemplate a start in autumn. This great southern ocean has been termed happily the father of all the seas. It expands in a waste of waters over the entire southern segment of this planet. The oceans, Atlantic, Pacific and Indian, are arms of this parent sea.

In the center of this mystic region a great rocky, wonderous island continent rears itself, or is supposed to, in silent, icy solitude. A wall of ice 300 feet high, according to geographers, guards the confines of the domain. What dwellers are there, its atmospheric conditions, the benefits to man of its exploration—all these things are riddles, Never heretofore has there been any adequate inducement to ascertain the truth about them. It has always been held that the same environment of ice and stabbing cold must guard its fastnesses and render it forever impenetrable to man.

Not until Reclus, Nordenskjold, Schiaparelli and a few others seriously undertook an investigation of the problem of atmospheric influences did it begin to be suspected that the polar theory of the north might have no bearing whatever upon the conditions of the south. It is not impossible that an Antartic island continent may exist by means of subterranean currents and similar uninvestigated phenomena, under physical conditions utterly unknown to us. Fauna, flora, animals mayy all be of a type totally new.—(From "Geographical Mysteries," Boston Sunday Herald, July 14,1895.)

THE CURSE OF HEREDITY.

Interesting Speculation as to the Prevalence of Crime on the Pacific Coast.

[From the Morning Oregonian.]

The contempt of law and low tone of public morals in the state of California, and particularly in the city of San Francisco, has passed into a national proverb. Nobody is hanged for murder in California. Durant probably will be acquitted for want of conclusive evidence, and it is just as well that he should be. Were the evidence ever so complete he would escape execution by some legal trick, and secure a pardon through political influence after a brief imprisonment.

California does not take crime seriously. Public law is held in as great contempt as private morals. The lax social customs that winked at making a church an assignation house before it was made a slaughter house have the same root as the diseased public sentiment that makes heroes of train robbers and murderers, and the intellectual degeneration which makes that community a prey of every fantastic delusion, from Christian science to flat money. In spite of many individual instances of high intelligence and moral vigor, the community as a whole lacks the sound fibre of law-abiding, crime-repressing, order-loving and self-respecting communities.

The reason is plain enough. California is under the hereditary curse of a penal colony. Like Virginia in the seventeenth, and Australia in the nineteenth century, it was peopled with persons of loose morals and small respect for law, whose capacities and tendencies are inherited by their descendants. California, in the fifties, was a voluntary penal colony—a place of welcome refuge and willing exile for men and women for whom existence in orderly and moral communities had become impossible or uncomfortable.

Convicts and loose women were shipped from England and France to Virginia and Louisiana. Criminals were turned loose in Australia after completing their terms of transportation. These tainted those new countries with corruption that generations of more regular living and wholesome admixture could not cure. It took nearly two hundred years to purify Virginia. The taint still clings about Louisiana in the shape of a tendency to lawless outbreak and reckless private living; to political tumult and a low estimate of human life. Sheridan's banditti are the lineal descendants of the French scum dumped into Louisiana one hundred and fifty years ago. The destructive socialism and political folly that run riot in Australia engendered in the morbid human strata deposited there in penal colony times to become the basis of a new civilization.

What selfish and brutal state policy did for these unfortunate communities the chance of gold discoveries in California did for that state. It was a fertile, pastoral country, thinly peopled with inferior races. The bait of gold drew to it such a horde of reckless adventurers as has never fallen upon a region in modern times. The social chaos that resulted from this sudden occupation invited other hordes of men and women who sought wealth less than obscurity. All manner of social outcasts jostled each other in a fevered atmosphere that fostered in them the germs of moral decay. The California of the '50s contained more unpromising human material than ever was found in avowed penal colonies, because it drew not the scum of a single state, but the refuse of the world.

These people increased and multiplied after the manner of their kind, and their physical and spiritual inheritors fill California to-day. There has been a vast moral gain with substitution of a settled urban and pastoral population for the roving gold hunters of the '50s. There has been wholesome admixture of blood, too, the evil often mating with the sound instead of with each other. But one generation is not enough to remove the moral taint. It will probably be a century from the date of its settlement before California will be free in public standards and private morals from the hereditary corruption of its founders.

Mrs. Norris—Don't complain of the dinner all the time. Just suppose you had lost the use of your palate like poor Cousin Henry and couldn't taste a single thing you ate. Mr. Norris—I shouldn't mind that if I always dined at home. —Life.

ROUGH ON RATS
TRADE MARK
DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE
EXTERMINATES

CLEARS OUT
Bed Bugs, Flies,

Cockroaches,
ANTS, BEETLES, WATERBUGS, INSECTS, RATS, MICE, &c. 15c. Druggists.

A MODERN LUMBER MILL.

Methods Have Changed Since the Days of the Old-Time Sawmill.

[From the Minneapolis Press.]

I wanted to see a fin de siecle lumber mill. When I was a boy in the pine woods on the Allegheny hills they had sawmills on the creeks and rivers that used to do business with the logs in a way that seemed to be amazing. They used to have buzz saws in those days about as big around as the full moon, and the way that a little Gypsy engine of three or four horse power could make them revolve was a wonder. But they told me here that I was out of date, and that the Allegheny pine woods were not in it.

So I went down to a real lumber mill —a Minneapolis lumber mill—yesterday. The show is worth the price of admission. A Minneapolis lumber mill is a place where they feed a forest into one end and draw a frame house out of the other. A Minneapolis lumber mill is the Keller of the mechanic arc. It swallows a log and vomits a wagon-load of toothpicks. There is prestidigitation for you. The modern lumber mill is a place where the men are machinery and the machinery seems to do the thinking. Seems isn't really the word. It does think. Or, if you can prove that it doesn't, you can't make me believe it. I saw it think. I saw a great big leviathan of a thing, a jagged hooked, long-toothed monster, reach over and pick up a log, a log that was half as big as the steel arch bridge, and pat it and caress it and turn it over as a woman would a baby, tuck it in, and then—rip! It was all over with Mr. Log. It made me think of when the wolf unmasked himself to Little Red Riding Hood. He had been good, and kind and loving, and all that, you know, but finally he showed his cruel teeth. That's the way this human monster, this machine that thought, did with the log; the poor log that it had pretended to be so fond of, and had coddled and made love to.

Down in this mill where I was there were three saws running. This isn't technical, and I don't know for sure what they call them, but one was a buzz saw—I know a buzz saw when I see it—and another was a saw like a leather belt, a piece of leather belting, I mean. It must have been twenty-five or thirty feet long, and it ran over a big wheel that went around a million times a second. Four or five feet of the saw came down vertically, just at the edge of a little railroad about fifty or sixty feet long, inside the mill. There was a flat car on the railroad and a big piston rod was its motive power. The car was fastened to the rod. Ruth was half as surely tangled up. "Whither thou goest?" Well, when the rod went you may be sure the car went, right away. A man pulled a string and the rod did the rest.

It was on this car that the thing with the wolf's teeth dumped the logs, one by one. When they were in position, all tucked in and feeling pretty comfortable, I thank you, all at once that string was pulled, and in about a second the poor, unsuspecting log had its nose up against that leather belt saw and was being sliced and trimmed into a stick of square timber. In about two minutes it had lost all its self-respect. It was nude, shamefaced, pitiable.

Then some one pulled another string or touched a button, I don't know which, and what was left of the log was ignominiously thrown overboard. It fell upon a moving sidewalk, something like that thing they had down by the steamer pier at the World's Fair, and the sidewalk carried it off, first south, then east. I think this sidewalk thought, too. It seemed to. It did just the right thing at the proper time. It never made anything that looked to me like a mistake. It took this big timber and ran it over to the middle of the mill and laid it on another sidewalk that was at rest. The brother of the moving sidewalk was very busy on the other side of the mill, taking care of the timbers the buzz saw was turning out, turning them into the same center. Every few minutes six or eight squared timbers would be piled up on the sidewalk that was at rest. Then some one pulled another string. The sidewalk that was at rest got a move on itself; not very fast, but about as fast as a fat man with one hundred and sixty dollars in his pocket would walk after taking dinner at the West.

Down the pike a little way was a cider press, or something. Maybe it wasn't a cider press, for I am not a mechanical expert, but it looked like it. It was about as big as a ton of hay, and inside of it twenty-four saws were going up and down, not around, but straight up and down, like a typewriter girl's jaws when she chews gum and thinks she is thinking. The sidewalk in the middle of the mill walked right into the mouths of these twenty-four devils that were doing this vertical dance.

And it was all off. You have seen, possibly, a colored gentleman, an attache of your favorite free lunch counter, cut up a cheese, haven't you? Well, his work was hardly compared to that of the cider mill. It seemed to have a positive relish for timber. It went through that stack of lumber—about half a car load—like a tramp through a hand-out; and when, in about seven seconds, the sidewalk had pushed them entirely through the mill, there was a pile of inch planks ready for market.

This sidewalk business seems to be a sort of main push—a sort of floor walker (that's not half bad)—around a lumber mill. When the cider mill gets through with the inch planks they travel right along to another moving sidewalk. It receives them courteously to its bed and bears them away as a bridegroom. Most any old place around the mill yard is good enough for the moving sidewalk to go. The new made lumber is carried along east, west, or south until a good easy place to dump it shows up, and goes back after more. That's the honest truth.

I stood on the bridge and saw two men with pike poles steering the logs that came down the boom. An endless cable road came out of the water and ran up a sharp incline into the mill. It had great hooked teeth in it every ten feet. The men with the pike poles would push the nose of a log on to the cable, and in half a second the big teeth would seize it by the throat, then by the belly, then by the feet, and it was gone. It was as a python carrying off a crocodile.

PRETTY

AND ATTRACTIVE WOMEN.

Their Good Looks Not a Secret.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

No matter to what country she belongs, or whether she be black or white, as a woman she desires to look well.

Women know the influence of beauty on men; men rarely admire a beautiful invalid, but they do admire a woman in whom is blended good features and perfect health.

There is no secret about a woman's beauty; it all lies in the care she devotes to herself, to removing from her system all poisonous impurities, and keeping at bay those fearful female diseases.

The flashing eye, elastic step, and brilliant complexion are never companions of a womb trouble; only the distressed expression and aches, pains, blues, faintness, dizziness, bearing-down feeling, etc., keep it company.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removes female troubles promptly, and cleanses, invigorates, and consequently beautifies, the form of woman. Women, the world over, pay homage to it, and praise its discoverer. Your druggist sells more of it than all other female medicines.

Common Cause of Sickness

IN WARM WEATHER NOTHING SO DANGEROUS AS DECAYED FOODS.

Everyone knows or ought to know that decayed foods are poisonous. Boards of Health seek to prevent their sale.

We now have in mind the results which follow the decay and decomposition of foods after they have been eaten, for unless digestion occurs within a reasonable time after our meals, decomposition sets in.

If dyspeptics will stop and consider for a moment some of the symptoms of their trouble, such as disagreeable breath, eructations of gas or bad taste in the mouth, they will understand that they all must come from decaying foods that ought properly to have been absorbed into the system.

Spots before the eyes, dizziness, sleeplessness, dyspeptic headaches are but a few of the effects following the absorption into the blood of poisons developed from decomposing and undigested food that lies in the stomach.

It was a recognition of this important fact that caused the Mount Lebanon Shakers to devote so much of their time to the preparation of a remedy for dyspepsia, and nothing is more efficient than the Digestive Cordial which they have recently placed on the market.

Its action is so prompt that relief frequently follows the very first dose. It restores the appetite and increases the weight. Plumpness and strength take the place of weakness and that care-worn expression which points out the dyspeptics in every community. The local druggists are now giving away interesting descriptive pamphlets.

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The petroleum Washing & Cleansing Compound.

CLEANS AND WASHES EVERYTHING.

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FOR 30 COUPONS WE GIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

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"Bill Nye" Expresses His Opinion on the Subject.

Yesterday a young man asked me if it would be safe for him to marry on five hundred dollars and a salary of fifty dollars per month. I told him I could tell better when I saw the girl. There are girls who have grown up in ease and who have kicked great black and blue welts in the lap of luxury, yet who are more ready and willing to accept a little rough weather than the poor girl who has stood for eighteen years looking out through the soiled window of life waiting for the rain to rinse it off and let the sunshine through that she might see her approaching lord.—August Ladies' Home Journal.

I Have Known

Hood's Sarsaparilla ever since it was first made. Its great success is only what its merit deserves. Nothing else builds me up when all run down, like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives me a thrill of new life. It purifies my blood. I especially recommend

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to my comrades of the G. A. R." CAPT. J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Middlesex Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c.

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And it is daily consumed by the Rich as well as the Poor. It is found on the table of the occupants of a palace, as well as in the humble cottage of the "sturdy sons of toil." When it is properly made it confers strength and health to the user. But much of "the commercial article" which is used by the masses is a "delusion and a snare," and, instead of producing a pleasurable feeling and nourishing the human frame, it causes a "bad taste in the mouth" and is conducive to "that tired feeling" which we read about in medical almanacs.

ROOT'S QUAKER BREAD

However does not come in this category. It is delicious to the taste and highly nutritious and strengthening. Made by the original process from pure materials, it always agrees with all constitutions, and as a consequence it daily increases in popularity.

ROOT'S QUAKER BREAD is recommended by physicians generally, and thousands of loaves are bought and eaten each day in this city and neighboring towns. A single trial will attest its superiority. Be sure and get the genuine article. Ask your grocer for ROOT'S QUAKER BREAD and take no other. Label on each loaf.

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Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Philada., Pa. Sold by all Local Druggists.

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IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF

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Particular attention given to that class of ailments requiring the services of the best surgical skill and experience, such as Ruptures, Fistulas, Piles, Gravel, Strictures, and all diseases of the Genital Organs, Bladder and Rectum, in either sex, from whatever cause. Nervous Debility and Seminal Weakness speedily cured. All manner of Fits, Paralysis, Palsy, St. Vitus Dance, Nervous Spasms, Diseases of the Heart and Nerves, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Blood and Skin Diseases cured.

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NOW $1.87—Ladies' Russia Calf Welt Oxford—WAS $2.50

NOW $1.15—Ladies' Tan Juliette— WAS $1.50

NOW $1.79—Ladies' Tan Oxfords— WAS $2.50 and $3.00

NOW 98c—Ladies' Tan Oxfords— WAS $1.25 to $2.00

NOW $3.87—Gent's Russia Calf Buls— WAS $5.00

NOW $3.19—Gent's Russia Calf Bals— WAS $4.00

NOW $2.30—Gent's Tan and Black Oxfords—WAS $3.00

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Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For Sale Everywhere.

Travellers' Guide.

New York, New Haven and Hartford R. R.

June 16, 1895.

Trains Leave New Haven as Follows:

FOR NEW YORK—*4:25, *4:35, x6:00, *7:30, *8:10, 8:30, *9:35, x10:30 a.m., *12:00, 12:05, *1:30 (parlor car limited), *1:35, 1:45, *2:30, 3:00, *3:30, x4:15, *5:10, *5:20, *5:30, 6:30, *7:30, *8:10, (8:15 *5:10, *5:20, *5:30, 6:30, *7:10, *8:10, (8:15 Bridgeport accom.), *9:10, 9:15 p.m. Sundays—*4:25, *4:35, 8:00 a.m., x5:00, x6:15, *7:10, *8:10, 8:15, *9:10 p.m.

FOR WASHINGTON, via Harlem River— *1:10, *11:50 p.m. (daily).

FOR BOSTON, via Springfield—**1:10, x10:10, *11:05 a.m., *1:05, *5:52 p.m. Sundays—*1:10 (night), *5:52 p.m.

FOR BOSTON, via New London and Providence—*2:03, *2:25, *11:35 (parlor car limited) a.m., *12:05, *2:50, *3:00, *4.15, *4:55, *6:55 p.m. Sundays—*2:03, *2:25 a.m., *4:55, *6:55 p.m.

FOR BOSTON, via Air Line and N.Y. & N. E. RR.—*4:57 p.m. Sundays—*4:57 p.m.

FOR MERIDEN, HARTFORD, SPRINGFIELD, Etc.—*1:10 (night), 6:40, 8:00, x10:10, *10:50 (for White Mountains, first stop Hartford,) *11:05 a.m., 12:06, *1:05, 3:15, 5:00, *5:52, (6:15 to Hartford), 8:05, 10:05 p.m. Sundays—*1:10 (night), *5:52, 8:25 (accom.) p.m.

NEW LONDON DIVISION.

For New London, etc.—*2:03 (night), *2:25 (night), 7:50, 9:30, 11:05, *11:35 (parlor car limited) a.m., *12:05, *2:50, *3:00, 3:05, *4:15, *4:55, 5:15, 6:15, *6:55, 9:05 p.m. (Guilford accom.) Sundays—*2:03(night) *2:25 (night), 7:50 a.m., *4:55, *6:55 p.m.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

For Middletown, Willimantic, etc.—8:03 a.m., 1:30, *4:57, 6:05 p.m. Sundays —*4:57 p.m. Connecting at Middletown with Valley Division and at Willimantic with N. Y. & N. E. and N. L. N. RR; at Turnerville with Colchester branch.

NORTHAMPTON DIVISION.

For Shelburne Falls, Turner's Falls, Williamsburg, Holyoke and New Hartford and intermediate stations—7:45, 11:04 a.m. and 4:00 p.m.

For Northampton and points this side—5:55 p.m.

BERKSHIRE DIVISION.

For Derby Junction, Birmingham, Ansonia, etc.—7:00, 9:40 a.m., 12:00, 2:27, 4:20, 5:35, 7:50, 11:20 p.m. Sundays—8:10 a.m., 8:30 p.m.

For Waterbury—7:00, 8:00 (via Naugatuck Junction), 9:40 a.m., 12:00, 2:27, 5:35, 7:50 p.m. Sundays—8:10 a.m., 6:15 p.m. (via Naugatuck Junction.)

For Winsted—7:00, 9:40 a.m., 2:27, 5:35 p.m. Sundays—8:10 a.m.

For Shelton, Botsford, Newtown, Danbury, Pittsfield, State Line—9:40 a.m., 4:20 p.m.

For Albany, Buffalo, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and the West, via State Line—9:40 a.m., 4:20 p.m.

For Litchfield and points on S., L. & N. RR.—(via Hawleyville) 9:40 a.m., 4:20 p.m.

*Express Trains. xLocal Express.

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