

WORLD OF EFFECTS

CAN BE OBTAINED

The Health Milligan

Varnish Stain

IT MAKES OLD FURNITURE NEW
IT IS FUN TO APPLY IT
IT IS MOST PLEASING
MADE IN EIGHT SHADES
PRODUCING EXACT IMITATIONS OF DIFFERENT WOODS

For Sale by Cost & Holden.

THE GARDINER HOTEL

168 W. Main St.

REOPENED AND UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

RATES, \$1.00 A DAY

Special Rates to Boarders

MRS. ANNA DOUTT, Proprietress

When at a Loss Where to Get Something Appetizing and Satisfying, Try

THE SAVOY,
339 Lee Street.

Rates \$1.50 per day. Home Phone 317. Special Rates to regular boarders.

What a Change!

That is what our customers remark about the appearance of our store. New fixtures, new Soda Fountain and a general improvement in our facility for doing business. These things all add to our ability to serve you quickly and accurately. We have also greatly increased our large stock of drugs and can fill your orders promptly. Come and see us and we will give you the best value for your money. Our Soda Water is cold and delicious, made from pure fruit juices, sugar and thoroughly carbonated water, neatly and quickly served.

Stone & Mercer,
116 THIRD STREET.



REPAIRS *****

That we make are sure to be right. All our workmen are men of ability and experience, therefore you can surely attend to your

PLUMBING *****

In a thoroughly satisfactory manner. Our charges are absolutely fair.

EUREKA PLUMBING CO.,
Home phone 98, Bell phone, 62W
438 West Pike St., Payne Building.

GROCERIES

FOR THAT SACK WH. TELL FLOUR YET?

Charles, where are you going? Go down to Levy's. Well I'll go along and get me of those 352 cigars. Best smoke in town. may5-11

Sweet Melody Flour

A FINE FARM FOR SALE.

I will sell you a fine farm, of finest limestone land, fifty-one acres, all improved. In fine blue-green soil, with sufficient meadow land. The best selected farm in the section. Lays within six miles of Clarksburg and near the street railway. A chance that you don't have often to get a fine farm. Terms to suit the purchaser. Call on or write to M. J. FRANCIS, Wilsonburg, W. Va. 26Apr-11

CROWDS

Of sensible people come to our store because they know they can get better value for their money here than any where else. Our May

GROCERY BARGAINS

Are wonderful. The biggest offering of first-class staples we've ever made. Choice Tea and Coffee. Fine Flour by the barrel or bag.

C. W. Vannort
227 SOUTH 3rd STREET.

Mrs. Amos Payne
TEACHER OF
Voice and Piano
CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

Studio: Payne Block, West Pike Street. Pupils received any time.

Voice Culture a Specialty. m11f

WANT DEPARTMENT

Want, Found, For Rent, Lost Notices, etc., etc., will be published in this column at the rate of two cents per line per insertion, INVARIABLY CASH IN ADVANCE. Count six words to the line. Nothing accepted for less than 25 cents.

For Rent—Three rooms for light house keeping. Call at 656 Mulberry street. may13-11

For Rent—Large room, \$6.50 a month; small room, \$4.50. Apply at 845 West Main street, mar21-11.

For Rent—Up to date apartments in Jones' flat. Apply to Philip Willet, attorney, rooms 9 and 10, Leggett building. mar10-11.

For Rent—A good office room, centrally located on Main street. Inquire 325 Main street. 2Feb04

For Rent—Three-room cottage in Glen Elk; \$10.00 per month. Suitable for railroad men. Lynn J. Carskadon. feb9,04d.

Wanted—A second hand pool cabinet. Inquire at this office. a16-11.

Wanted—Girl for general housework, no washing or ironing, small family, good wages. Inquire 522 W. Main street. april6-11.

For Rent—Furnished room with bath at 630 West Pike street. Inquire at premises or this office. a28-11.

For Sale—New seven room brick house, gas, electric wiring, laundry, cellar and all modern conveniences. Lot 40x82. Three minutes walk from court house. Two blocks from car line. Inquire at the Telegram office. 6May-11.

For Rent—Seven room house with bath and all modern improvements; on Monticello avenue. Inquire of Jasper S. Kyle, room 61 Jacobs building. m9-11

For Sale—Four cottages and two corner lots in Glen Elk addition to Clarksburg. Price, \$3,000 for all, or will sell separately. Must be sold in 60 days. Easy payments. See Lynn J. Carskadon or C. A. Hornor. may9-2m

Wanted—An experienced double-entry bookkeeper and night clerk. Apply to W. F. Ran, Metropolitan hotel. m9-11

For Rent—Furnished room with use of bath, plenty of air and good light. 213 E. Clark street, Glen Elk. m10-1m

Wanted—A girl to do house work. Apply at 160 Mechanic street. m19-11.

For Rent—Modern seven room house Apply to Dr. J. B. Payne, Irwin building. m10-11.

For Rent—One cheap house on Hickman street. Apply to J. M. Wine. 19f

For Rent—Six room house in Broad Oaks. Apply to C. R. Odell, 664 West Main street. m24-11.

Rooms to Rent—Furnished or unfurnished, with bath room and use of telephone. In private family, no children. Location one of the most pleasant and convenient in the city. Inquire at this office or at 136 W. Main street. m25-1m

Employer's Attention—Laborers furnished for work in the lumber woods, mines and railroads—Austrians, Croatians and Germans. Address Louis Lausche, 1765 St. Clair street, Cleveland Ohio. m31-1m1d

Pony For Sale—"Little Joker," seal Brown gelding, five years old, 40 inches high, weight 350 pounds. Inquire 108 Third street. m31f

Wanted—An experienced collector for Clarksburg. \$500 bond required. Inquire Mead Brothers & Company, 106 W. Main street. June-11

For Sale—A clothing store in good business town. Proprietor wants to get out of business on account of sickness. For particulars address P. O. box 351 city. June-11

THE BLACK PANTHER.

So Plerce That Even Lion Trainers Dare Not Handle Him.

Of all the big, dangerous cats, none is more unapproachable and more treacherous than the black panther. Hailing from the heart of the deepest African jungle, lithe and supple of body, alert and nervous, this stealthy marauder exceeds in ferocity even a Bengal tiger. He is the only big feline that the lion trainer does not venture to train, and he is the only cat so absolutely distrustful that he shuns even the light of day. Often he will lie all day long in a dusky corner of his cage, his yellow slit eyes shifting and gleaming restlessly.

Even the feeding hour, when pandemonium breaks loose among the big cages, when hungry roars and squeals mingle with impatient snarls and impacts of heavy bodies against steel bars, is apt to have no effect on him. He may lie eying his chunk of raw beef suspiciously and not venture forth until day has waned and the last visitor left to tear meat from bones with his long, white fangs.

In fact, so ugly and vicious is this beast that frequently he turns on his own kind, and in many instances it is impossible to cage him, even with a mate.—McClure's Magazine.

FAMILY AFFECTION.

Methods in the Home That Produce the Best Results.

Family affection thrives only when all matters in the family are decided on their merits without reference to age or strength. Slipshod family government and allowing children to tyrannize over one another are responsible for the absence of affection in families.

Sometimes the tyranny of weaklings exists in a household, the youngest and weakest holding a whole family at bay—but this is the exception. Some mothers decide every question according to the age of the disputants, the younger child always being forced to give up to the older. Children brought up this way are likely to show a hatred for each other, and prefer to play with other children than with each other. Often these family hatreds start in child life and continue until death and are the direct result of maternal mismanagement.

Children should be brought up to observe the laws of etiquette not only in society, but in the home. The mother should set the example and see that it is followed by the children. The rights of each member of a family should be recognized by each other member, and a well regulated household will follow.

When Animals Faint.

The little gray dog tumbled headlong into the area, and the maid who happened to be standing there closed the gate. When the dog saw she was safe from her two-legged pursuers she toppled over in a dead faint. At any rate, the maid insisted that she fainted. The boarders, who crowded out into the area to help bring the little animal to, derided the assertion, but the doctor that finally joined the group said there was nothing preposterous about it.

"Of course she fainted," he said. "Lots of animals faint. Cats and dogs and even more scold animals keel over in moments of fear and exhaustion. In the case of horses the prostration is generally attributed to sunstroke, but quite often they are knocked out by a plain, everyday faint instead of atmospheric excesses. Fowls faint too, and the birds of the air. In fact, it is hard to find any living creature that doesn't topple over in certain circumstances. If the lioness of the jungle were up on etiquette she would be just as much justified in carrying a camphor bottle as the finest lady in the land."—New York Press.

Faalty of Imitation in Animals.

Some animals have wonderful powers of imitation. Dogs brought up in the company of cats have been known to acquire the trick of licking the paws and then washing the face. When a cat has been taught to sit up for food her kittens have been known to imitate her action. Darwin tells of a cat that was in the habit of putting her paw into the mouth of a narrow milk picher every time she got the chance and then licking the cream off her paw. Her kitten soon learned the same trick. A lady tells of a rabbit that she keeps in a cage with a monkey and says that Bunnie has caught many of the monkey's ways. It is said that starrving pigeons that have been brought up on grain will not eat peas to save their lives, but that if pea eating pigeons are put with them they follow their example and eat peas.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Washington Could Run.

"As to running," said Parson Weems in his book on George Washington, "the swift footed Achilles could scarcely have matched his speed. 'Egad, he ran wonderfully,' said my amiable and aged friend, John Fitzhugh, Esq., who knew him well. 'We had nobody hereabouts who could come near him. There was young Langhorn Dade of Westmoreland, a confounded, clean made, tight young fellow and a mighty swift runner, too; but, then, he was no match for George. Langy, indeed, did not like to give up and would brag that sometimes he had brought George to a tie. But I believe he was mistaken, for I have seen them run together many a time, and George always beat him easy enough.'"

Much More Than That.

"That milk looks as if it were half water," protested the woman at the kitchen door.

"It is much more than that, ma'am," replied the milkman, a college graduate in reduced circumstances. "I guarantee it to be 80 per cent water, 4 per cent butter, 3 1/2 per cent casein and 9 1/2 per cent sugar and various salts, the combination resulting in the liquid commonly known as milk. Chemical analysis of the same cheerfully furnished whenever desired. Good morning, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

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Free sample to agents. Practical ready cut devices for telephone. Saves brain work and hours of time. Sells itself. One sale sells dozens. Seeing is believing. Send stamp. The Telephone Appliance Company, One Madison avenue, Dept. F. A. D., New York City. may5-1m

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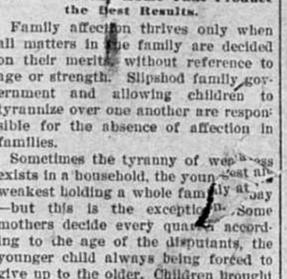
WOMAN'S WORLD

MRS. CORA PONTIFAX.

The Only Woman Horse Trainer and Jockey in the World.

Mrs. Cora Pontifax of Laporte, Ind., is the only woman horse trainer and jockey in the world. This daring woman has earned quite an enviable reputation among horse lovers and owners as an expert in breaking colts to the saddle and harness. Many of her horses, too, have won trotting races on the track, successfully competing against well known horses driven by men.

How Mrs. Pontifax came to take up such a strange occupation for a woman is an interesting story. Fourteen years ago she was a dressmaker. Sewing and making buttonholes, however, were not congenial to her. Her health



broke down, and she was in such a low state that she had to consult a physician. He advised a change of occupation as the only remedy.

At that time Mrs. Pontifax had neither health nor money. On her father's farm she had been fond of horses and skillful in managing them. Colt breaking had been her greatest delight, and she often rode horseback in Indian ashlon, bareback and without saddle or bridle. And so, to regain her health, she began colt breaking as a business.

Mrs. Pontifax's health steadily improved, and after three years of breaking and gaiting saddle horses she bought a livery stable at Laporte. Four years later she moved to Chicago and remained there four years in business. It was in one of the large suburbs of the city at a horse racing manee given by a swell driving club that Mrs. Pontifax came into notice prominently. She not only entered one of her horses for an important race, but decided to drive it, which she did, winning the race and a reputation as well.

Mrs. Pontifax then returned to Laporte, where she owns and runs a training stable. She was born and raised on a farm in that town. Her husband was a professional horse trainer.

At Laporte Mrs. Pontifax has established a private livery, boarding and call stable and is busy from morning till night attending to the wants of her horses. Her stables are always full, and farmers and ranchers for miles round are always calling upon her either to purchase a new horse or to request her services in breaking their colts to harness.

Indeed, this courageous woman has now an enviable reputation for colt breaking and gaiting saddle horses, often having as many as ten and twelve colts in her stable at one time. She never fails to thoroughly subdue the most vicious horse brought under her supervision. The more spirited the horse the better she likes it, preferring to handle the creature entirely by herself.

An Axiom.

An axiom which I am sure has been in active use ever since gloves and boots were invented and which has been indelibly impressed upon the mind of every growing girl is that a lady is known by these adjuncts to her toilet. If they reach the standard of what they should be, a gown of last year's cut and a jacket whose sleeves are models of a vanished style may acceptably pass muster.

To the well fitting, spotless boots and gloves woman, with her desire to improve on and supplement old tradition, has added the hat—a fresh and becoming hat—as the supreme requisite of an admirable appearance. And what a prominent part the hat plays in the drama of a woman's beauty, which in many respects the drama of a woman's life! It really holds the center of the stage to a remarkable degree.

Women think so unceasingly about clothes and discuss the subject so intently that it is one of the eternal puzzles why the majority of them are so destitute of artistic sense in the selection of a wardrobe. Considering the hours that she spends before a mirror, the entire failure of the average woman to apprehend the relation of clothes to that dominating, subtle something which we call individuality is very curious.—Twentieth Century Home.

How Bacon Settled Him.

A story that is told of Leonard Bacon, who was one of the best known theologians in New England in the latter half of the nineteenth century, illustrates the absurdity of a popular kind of argument. Dr. Bacon was attending a conference in one of the New England cities, and some assertions he made in his address were vehemently objected to by a member of the opposition.

"Why," he expostulated, "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!"

"Mr. Moderator," rejoined Bacon calmly, "I cannot allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to offset my knowledge, however small."—Harper's

Where the Finger Pointed

(Original.)

Sir Hugh Verne sat in the home of his forefathers looking about him hopelessly. On the morrow the place was to be sold to pay debts that had been accumulating for a century. The present owner was to become of age on the very day of the sale. To add to his distress he loved a younger daughter of Lord Montague, a neighboring landowner.

Verne was sitting in a room that had been occupied ever since the house was built three centuries before for a library. The shelves were filled with books made when the printing press was a novelty. On one side of a large bay window stood a revolving geographical globe; opposite it a statue of a Sir Hugh Verne who had been dead 150 years. He had been miserly, and under his regime the estate had increased in value, but at his death the funds he was supposed to have accumulated did not appear. He had during his inter days erected the statue of himself in his library, directing that no other monument to his memory be placed. The forefinger of the right hand of the statue pointed directly to the globe. One of his descendants, thinking that the finger indicated a place where some of his missing wealth was hidden, had had the globe taken apart; but, finding nothing of value, it had been restored. The present Sir Hugh's father, Sir Thomas Verne, had opened the wall back of the globe at a point to line with the finger, but he, too, had been disappointed. He had found the estate impoverished by his predecessor and had brooded over the misfortune he saw surely coming for his son. From the son's boyhood he had heard his father debating as to the meaning of the pointing finger and believed he had some reason for surmising that it referred to hidden money.

Sir Hugh sat gloomily looking at the statue, thinking of the family tradition. It was an hour before noon, and the day was the 21st of September. Neither the hour nor the date made any impression on the young baron, except that the date was present in his mind as the day previous to the sale. Nevertheless an idea occurred to him, an idea which came down through thousands of years. He had read that when the great pyramid of Cheops was built to entomb a king an inclined passage was left, through which a star at the vernal equinox would shine in upon the mummy. Sir Hugh noticed that the sun was shining in through the bay window upon the statue. The shadow of the index finger lay upon the wall midway between the ceiling and the floor. The young man noticed the shadow and kept his eye upon it as it slowly sank toward the floor, moving at the same time toward the east. Why the pyramid of Cheops entered his head and why he made a mental connection between it and the shadow he could not tell. He afterward tried to trace the steps leading him to his idea, but failed. Nevertheless it came to him that if it was not now the vernal it was the autumnal equinox. Then, suddenly, the bell on the town clock struck the hour of noon.

His idea had been born.

Rising, he seized an antique dagger hanging from a mantel and hacked a cross upon the point covered by the shadow of the index finger.

That afternoon he darkened the room, locked the doors, and with a set of mason's tools, began to make a hole in the wall where he had carved the cross. The plaster was soon scraped away, and behind it was a stone differing from its neighbors in its shape, which was an octagon. On the stone from each of the right angles had been cut cross lines, and their intersection lay exactly at the spot where the shadow point had lain that day at noon. The stone was imbedded in an inch of mortar, which was easily chipped away and the stone removed, leaving an orifice into which the baron could hold a candle and see what lay beyond. What he did see was a vault heaped with gold sovereigns.

On the back of the stone was cut in rude letters—doubtless by the man who had deposited it there—these words:

"No fool shall inherit my savings. If any of my descendants has the wit to find this gold he will have the good sense to use it to the advantage of the estate."

Wondering how this vault could have remained so long unknown, the baron examined its surroundings and found that it had been a space left unused by the architect who had built the house.

That evening a mason was called in to enlarge the orifice, and by midnight the baron began to count his newly found treasure, separating the sovereigns into heaps of £1,000 each, making exactly fifty heaps, without a sovereign over or short. The next morning the sun was not high in the sky before his soliters had paid off the incumbrances on the estate, and there was no sale. Indeed, instead of parting with the home of his ancestors, while his soliters were paying off the debts Sir Hugh was superintending a corps of assistants he had called in to make hurried preparations for the celebration of his coming of age. The neighboring gentry were astonished at seeing messengers dash up to their places to leave invitations from Sir Hugh Verne for a grand ball in the evening.

No more brilliant assembly had occurred in the neighborhood in years—brilliant from the fact that the young baron was much beloved—and it was given out that his friends were invited to congratulate him not only on coming to age, but into an unexpected fortune. But where the fortune came from he told to but one person—the earl's daughter, who subsequently became his wife. F. A. MITCHELL.

Old Gentleman (at his daughter's wedding)—My dear, I don't see how I am to get along without you. Bride—Oh, that's all right, pa. Since the ceremony was performed my husband has confessed that he hasn't enough saved to start housekeeping, so you won't lose me after all.



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Sir Hugh Verne sat in the home of his forefathers looking about him hopelessly. On the morrow the place was to be sold to pay debts that had been accumulating for a century. The present owner was to become of age on the very day of the sale. To add to his distress he loved a younger daughter of Lord Montague, a neighboring landowner.

Verne was sitting in a room that had been occupied ever since the house was built three centuries before for a library. The shelves were filled with books made when the printing press was a novelty. On one side of a large bay window stood a revolving geographical globe; opposite it a statue of a Sir Hugh Verne who had been dead 150 years. He had been miserly, and under his regime the estate had increased in value, but at his death the funds he was supposed to have accumulated did not appear. He had during his inter days erected the statue of himself in his library, directing that no other monument to his memory be placed. The forefinger of the right hand of the statue pointed directly to the globe. One of his descendants, thinking that the finger indicated a place where some of his missing wealth was hidden, had had the globe taken apart; but, finding nothing of value, it had been restored. The present Sir Hugh's father, Sir Thomas Verne, had opened the wall back of the globe at a point to line with the finger, but he, too, had been disappointed. He had found the estate impoverished by his predecessor and had brooded over the misfortune he saw surely coming for his son. From the son's boyhood he had heard his father debating as to the meaning of the pointing finger and believed he had some reason for surmising that it referred to hidden money.

Sir Hugh sat gloomily looking at the statue, thinking of the family tradition. It was an hour before noon, and the day was the 21st of September. Neither the hour nor the date made any impression on the young baron, except that the date was present in his mind as the day previous to the sale. Nevertheless an idea occurred to him, an idea which came down through thousands of years. He had read that when the great pyramid of Cheops was built to entomb a king an inclined passage was left, through which a star at the vernal equinox would shine in upon the mummy. Sir Hugh noticed that the sun was shining in through the bay window upon the statue. The shadow of the index finger lay upon the wall midway between the ceiling and the floor. The young man noticed the shadow and kept his eye upon it as it slowly sank toward the floor, moving at the same time toward the east. Why the pyramid of Cheops entered his head and why he made a mental connection between it and the shadow he could not tell. He afterward tried to trace the steps leading him to his idea, but failed. Nevertheless it came to him that if it was not now the vernal it was the autumnal equinox. Then, suddenly, the bell on the town clock struck the hour of noon.

His idea had been born.

Rising, he seized an antique dagger hanging from a mantel and hacked a cross upon the point covered by the shadow of the index finger.

That afternoon he darkened the room, locked the doors, and with a set of mason's tools, began to make a hole in the wall where he had carved the cross. The plaster was soon scraped away, and behind it was a stone differing from its neighbors in its shape, which was an octagon. On the stone from each of the right angles had been cut cross lines, and their intersection lay exactly at the spot where the shadow point had lain that day at noon. The stone was imbedded in an inch of mortar, which was easily chipped away and the stone removed, leaving an orifice into which the baron could hold a candle and see what lay beyond. What he did see was a vault heaped with gold sovereigns.

On the back of the stone was cut in rude letters—doubtless by the man who had deposited it there—these words:

"No fool shall inherit my savings. If any of my descendants has the wit to find this gold he will have the good sense to use it to the advantage of the estate."

Wondering how this vault could have remained so long unknown, the baron examined its surroundings and found that it had been a space left unused by the architect who had built the house.

That evening a mason was called in to enlarge the orifice, and by midnight the baron began to count his newly found treasure, separating the sovereigns into heaps of £1,000 each, making exactly fifty heaps, without a sovereign over or short. The next morning the sun was not high in the sky before his soliters had paid off the incumbrances on the estate, and there was no sale. Indeed, instead of parting with the home of his ancestors, while his soliters were paying off the debts Sir Hugh was superintending a corps of assistants he had called in to make hurried preparations for the celebration of his coming of age. The neighboring gentry were astonished at seeing messengers dash up to their places to leave invitations from Sir Hugh Verne for a grand ball in the evening.

No more brilliant assembly had occurred in the neighborhood in years—brilliant from the fact that the young baron was much beloved—and it was given out that his friends were invited to congratulate him not only on coming to age, but into an unexpected fortune. But where the fortune came from he told to but one person—the earl's daughter, who subsequently became his wife. F. A. MITCHELL.

Old Gentleman (at his daughter's wedding)—My dear, I don't see how I am to get along without you. Bride—Oh, that's all right, pa. Since the ceremony was performed my husband has confessed that he hasn't enough saved to start housekeeping, so you won't lose me after all.

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Appreciating the value of money greater than goods, I will for the next thirty days for cash only, sell at a discount of 20 per cent, on everything I handle, which should be an inducement to all who need anything in my line to see DODGE quickly, at Oak Hill Main street. m27-10t.

Sweet Melody Flour.

The S. A. Lewis property, on West Main and West Pike streets, will be offered for sale on the premises Saturday, June 4, at one o'clock. S. A. Gordon, auctioneer. June2-2td

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The south is rapidly coming to the front as a stock raising country for profits. You can learn how northern stock raisers located along the Illinois Central R. R. are getting rich in this business by writing for FREE descriptive matter and particulars to E. A. RICHTER, T.P.A., Ill. Cent. R. R. 512 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA. jan29w.t.f.

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GRAND Gymnastic Exhibition

Traders Opera House, Thursday Night, June 9th.

Given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association.

A large class of boys under the direction of General Secretary James H. Norris will give Gnostic Drills and some figure marching.

The young men's class, under the direction of Charles L. Hill, of South Norwalk, Conn., will give a Dumb Bell Drill build human pyramids, perform difficult feats on the horizontal bars and parallel bars, do some high jumping and high diving, tumbling and funny mat work.

The people of the city should attend this exhibition and see for themselves the kind of physical training the boys and young men are receiving in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

Price of admission, 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c. Tickets on sale at Sturms' drug store, Monday, June 6th. June3-6t

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