TROTTING HORSES.

The Growth and Development of This Animal.

(Continued.)

Allerton is a bay horse, 15.3 high, and as perfect a formed horse as ever stood on feet. Allerton was foaled in 1886 by Jay Bird, his dam being Gussie Wilkes, who was by Mambrino Boy (a son of Mambrino Pathen). His second dam was Nora Wilkes, who was a daughter of George Wilkes, a son of Hambletonian. Jay Bird, the sire of Allerton, is a roan stallion, and was sired by George Wilkes. His first dam was Lady Frank, who was sired by Mambrino Star, and Lady Frank's dam was Lady Franklin, whose pedigree I could not trace. The writer found Lady Franklin in Columbia, S. C., in 1863, and purchased her and took her to Montgomery, Ala., where he entered and drove her in some races. I have been in the swim with trotting horses for the past thirty years, and have reefed a number in races. I look back to old Franklin as one of the best and truest horse friends I ever had. She would stick to a friend that she liked like "death to a dead nigger." She was a roan mare, only 14½ hands high and weighed 850 pounds in trotting condition. Still she could pull weight like a large horse, being strongly muscled. She trotted against Flora Temple over the Union Course, Long Island, in 1858, and also against other horses. About that time she was taken to Columbia, S. C., in 1860, where I found her. She was a hard mare to get acquainted with and drive, but when once you got her good will she was as kind as a kitten. She trotted one of the hardest two mile races in Montgomery, Ala., that was ever trotted and in that race showed herself stout hearted and true. She won the first heat by a throat-latch in 5:06, the second was a dead heat in 5:05½ and the third heat she won by a nose only in 5:05. The race was against a bay mare called Mollie Buckner, and at no time during the whole race of three heats were the two mare apart. The time was very fast for those times and the little mare was handicapped in the race by carrying forty pounds more live weight than her opponant. Still she landed the race for me and a great deal of money changed hands.

I took Franklin to Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1864 and gave her the record of 2:29¼ and disposed of her to parties who bred her to Mambrino Star, and she produced Lady Frank (the dam of Jay Bird, the sire of Allerton). Also three other foals that trotted better than 2:20. As I say, I could not ascertain her breeding, although I spent time and money in trying to do so. Her likes and dislikes were peculiar and if she did not take a liking to the person having her in charge, she would go for them teeth and toe nails, and nothing but the utmost kindness would win her.

I think Allerton gets a great amount of his good qualities from old Franklin and breeds back to her. Allerton was bred and has been owned and driven by Chas. W. Williams, of Independence, Iowa, who also bred the stallion Axtell, 2:12, and sold him for $105,000 at three years old. Allerton made a record as a three-year-old at Chicago, Ill., in 2:14½ and has trotted in many races, being successful in them all but one, and has now the mark of 2:09¼ on his blackboard. I prophesy that he will be able to ascend the golden stairs during the coming season and set a pin on the dial of the watch that will be very hard to knock off. It will be observed that Allerton is strongly inbred to Geo. Wilkes' family and it was thought by many that the inbreeding would make him a little weak, but I think that the outcross to Mambrino Star and with the help of the ironclad blood of old Lady Franklin, which predominates in Jay Bird, that the defect is overbalanced.

Nelson, the third in the list of stallions who has got a hold on the upper shelf of the record, is a bay horse, foaled in 1882 and is now ten years old. He was sired by Young Rolfe, who is a son of Tom Rolf, he by Pough's Aratus out of old Pocahontas, 2:17¼. His dam is Gretchen and she by Gidion, a son of Hambletonian. Nelson's second dam was Kate, by Vermont Black Hawk, who was a son of Sherman Morgan. Nelson was bred and owned by C. H. Nelson, of Waterville, Me. Nelson has trotted quite a number of match races and for purses, and has been kept busy since he was three years old. He has continued to improve his record from time to time until last year when he trotted at Cambridge City, Ind., in 2:10. He is an iron clad or he would have broken down with the work and business that has been imposed upon him within the past three years. It is the opinion of many that the horse has not been handled and driven with discretion in a number of his races. Time will tell about that. His owner is accused of being troubled with the big head.

It will be seen that in all the three horses mentioned above the Hambletonian blood is very strong. In fact there is hardly a horse, mare or golding, that has a fast record in which the blood of the old horse is not mixed to a great extent.

April showers bring forth May flowers and as they come it throws us back to old times:

"Backward, turn backward, Oh time, in your flight."
These words seem to haunt me while thinking to-night
Of the drivers and horses who've passed from the track,
Through the gate that ne'er opens to let them come back.
Recollections come crowding so thick and so fast
That I only can wonder and stand back aghast.

Backward, Oh, yes, as we ponder and look
At the names that are crossed on memory's book,
We hear the bell ring, and the call from the stand;
We see the old faces that once took a hand;
We hear the word "go!" As they sweep pass the score
We admire the old veteran's cool courage once more.

We remember it all, so vivid and plain
That it seems we are having it over again.
But where are the forms and where are the faces
We saw years ago at the great circuit races?
And where are the kings and the queens of the turf
That we deemed had no peers on the top of the earth?

They've vanished, as well as the time that they made
And their greatest achievements are knocked in the shade
Not backward, but forward, old times mighty when!
Unperceiving revolves, and new wonders reveals.
And soon it will take you and me from our place,
Just distance us both; and we're out of the race.

***

The most sensational trotter of this age has been the California filly Sunol. This young mare was bred by Senator Leland Stanford at his famous Palo Alto ranche in the Santa Clara Valley, California, and was foaled in 1886. Senator Stanford is an enthusiastic lover of the trotting horse and he is more than that. He has not followed beaten paths, either in breeding or training, but has departed boldly from conventional conceptions and old time methods and has eminently succeeded.

On training the trotting horse Senator Stanford's views are radical. He inaugurated, and his trainer, Charles Marvin, the most skillful man of his profession, carried out and perfected, what is now known as the Palo Alto system of training trotters. The world's records for yearlings, two-year-olds, three-year-olds, four-year-olds and five-year-olds and the stallion record are all held at Palo Alto, and that fact speaks eloquently for this system of training.

Sunol is a stately bay mare, considerably higher at the quarters than at the wither, and was a phehomenon from her first day's training. Her besetting sin has been an irrirable disposition, an extremely nervous organization, and her early training was pursued under difficulties which only a man of Marvin's unequalled skill and remarkable patience could overcome. Sunol was sired by Electioneer, and her dam, Waxana, who was sired by General Benton. Her second dam, Waxy, was a thoroughbred daughter of Lexington, who was a son of Boston. In 1881 another Palo Alto bred mare Wildflower had made a record as a two-year-old of 2:21 and that had not since been approached, but Senator Stanford's aim is to breed early speed and when Sunol promised so well as a two-year-old it was determined to lower the two-year-old record if possible.

In her first attempt against the record at San Francisco she trotted in 2:20½, and a week later she covered the mile without a falter in her gait in 2:18, a performance unequaled until last fall, when it was beaten by the colt Arion who made a record as a two-year-old in 2:10¾. As a three year-old Sunol was a star on the Pacific coast and so unexpectedly brilliant were her performances that even the triumphs of her two-year-old year form were dimmed by comparison.

It was a duel throughout the season between the three-year-old horse Axtell and Sunol for the three-year-old championship. First, Axtell lowered the three-year-old record to 2.16¼ at Minneapolis, July 2, and August 3 at Cleveland, Ohio. At Chicago, August 10, he reduced the record to 2.14. At Sacramento, Cal., September 12, Sunol trotted in 2.13¾, and divided the trotting horse world into rival camps on the question of three-year-old supremacy.

The next sensation came from Terre Haute, Ind., where Axtell trotted in 2:12, lowering the stallion record as well as the three-year old time. This was October 11 and then the East felt that the latter record was safely held on this side of the Rockies. But not so, for at Bay District track, San Francisco, November 9 Sunol, in a performance that was regarded as phenomenal, trotted in 2:10½.

Sunol was then purchased for a sum approximating $50,000, by Robert Bonner, of New York, but was still trained by her old trainer, Marvin. In her four year old form Sunol was campaigned in the East, but was never quite on the fine edge shown by her in her three year old form.

At Chicago in August, 1890, she lowered the four-year-old record of the world to 2:11¼ and October 20, 1891, at Stockton, Col. She beat the best time of Maud S. by half a second, trotting a mile in 2:08¼. Thus she holds the world's record. Sunol is now in Mr. Bonner's stables in New York and is being driven on the road by him. Mr. Marvin is now at Miller and Sibley's stock farm in Pennsylvania and will probably have the mare this season and it is thought by many that she will still be able to lower the record.

Wonderful have been the changes wrought in our national sport of racing within the last twenty years. So much so that our older turf habitues are fairly carried off their legs and unable fully to realize the new state of things, as compared with the old. Sixteen thousand, eight hundred and fifty-eight horses started in trotting and pacing races in the United States and Canada last year. GEO. P. FLOYD.

(To be continued.)

Stacey's Bargain House

AT the corner of Commerce street and Salem avenue E. B. Stacey is offering many rare bargains in dry goods, notions, shoes, trunks, hats, gents' furnishings, ladies' underwear, jewelry, curtain fixtures, etc. He invites the readers of THE TIMES and the public generally to call and examine his goods and prices and pledges satisfaction with every purchase.

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OF Adams, N. Y., makes the following sworn statement: Kenyon & Thomas: This is to certify what I know your wonderful medicine, Dr. Hale's Household Ointment, will do in cases of pneumonia. Last winter my mother, who is 75 years of age, was sick unto death with pneumonia. Both lungs were badly involved. The attending physician said she must die. As a last resort we commenced using your Dr. Hale's Household Ointment, applying it freely and thoroughly to the chest, keeping the lungs covered with hot flannels. She soon began to improve and in twelve hours the crisis was past and she was out of danger and is alive and well to-day. Your great remedy saved her life. John S. Edwards.

Sworn and subscribed before me, Wm. H. H. Taylor, Notary Public. For sale at Massie & Martin's drug store, corner Commerce street and Salem avenue.

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MY BABY BOY.

They say I'm foolish thus to weep,
But tears will force their way:
I must transform my baby boy
Into a lad to-day.

His aunts declare it must be done,
And even grandma, too,
Says: "Yes, the boy has grown so tall,
'Tis what you ought to do."

I should not call him "Johnnie" now,
Nor "Johnikin," they say;
He is so large, I should begin
To call him "John," straightway.

Take off his kilted petticoat,
Put knickerbockers on,
Cut off his silken girlish curls,
Cut off his name to "John!"

They say that I should not attempt
To "finish up" his hair,
But send him to the barber shop
And have it "shingled" there.

I'm foolish, yes, I must admit
I'm foolish, but I dread
To have the barber's scissors come
Upon that little head.

When he no more wears petticoats
Nor floating curls of gold,
Oh! I shall feel my baby boy
Has passed beyond my hold.

Of course I shall be proud of him—
My sturdy lad, called "John,"
But then, my little "Johnikin,"
My baby, will be gone.

—Martha Glon Sperbeck, in Good Housekeeping.

OVER THE TORRENT.

An Adventure on the Suspension Bridge.

"YOU are bent upon staying here until I get back?" I asked, as I reluctantly arranged her easel against the rail facing the falls, and placed a camp-chair handy.

"Why not?" said my cousin Alice, seating herself and taking out some crayons as carefully as if we were still upon the river bluff. "I want to sketch and I am tired of the hotel." This with a nod toward the C—— house, a great summer caravansary near by. "The view here is simply superb. What more would you have?"

I held my hat on my head while she was speaking, and felt the wonderful structure beneath our feet shiver and sway like some living being under the strength of the strong wind then blowing.

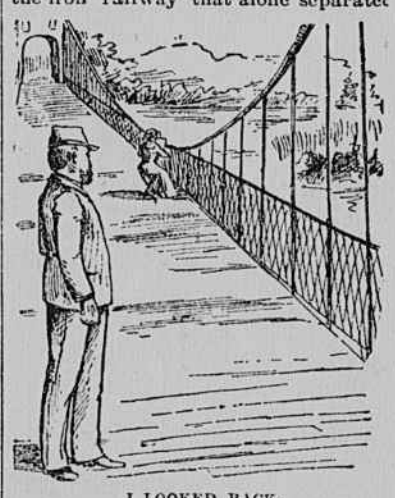
A suspension bridge was both a rarity and a wonder forty years ago. Cautious people ventured upon it with much the feeling of one who enters a balloon for the first time. Men rode over it, divided between a desire to be across and the fear of driving too fast, lest they should shake the thing down. The sober opinions of many ordinarily intelligent people concerning it would be laughed at by a schoolboy now.

Upon this particular morning I was obliged to cross over early to the other side upon business that could not be delayed. My cousin said she would go with me as far as the tollkeeper's gate and sketch the bridge. But on arriving there we found that the tollkeeper's booth was closed and himself absent. It afterward appeared that the man was sleering off the effects of a night's carouse. Had he been at his post, as he should have been, the state of affairs which resulted later on and the mad agony of fear through which we both passed would have been averted.

When Alice saw that there was no convenient point of view at hand from the shore she went with me upon the bridge.

"Just a little further; only a little further," she kept repeating, "before I go back. Why, Jack, the view is too lovely for anything out here! I don't believe there is a bit of danger."

And so she accompanied me out upon the structure to the middle. There the raging river bounded far beneath us, and the mist from the falls above rose before us like the white smoke of an unseen conflagration. We leaned over the iron railway that alone separated



I LOOKED BACK.

us from destruction until I myself drew back, fairly dizzy under a tantalizing curiosity to lean farther over.

"Alice," I said, "I don't suppose there is really any danger, yet I should feel safer to know that you had gone back."

But, as we have seen, Alice had made up her mind to stay. By hurrying over, I thought I could return in half an hour. Nothing could happen to her in that time, and yet I was vaguely uneasy. It was ridiculous to suppose that the bridge was not safe. It had stood several months, and was surely good for another hour. But fear and reason do not always go together, and I should have laughed at myself. Alice, however, was serene as the sunrise that had just taken place. Artistic fervor had numbed her womanly qualms, and as I looked back after leaving her she was bending absorbedly over her work.

I was detained upon business longer than I expected to be, and a couple of hours elapsed before my return. As I reached the summit of a gentle elevation that brought the bridge into view a loud hallooing near by attracted my attention. I glanced in that direction and perceived that a drove of cattle had just passed in between the towers close by, and were jostling each other in wild confusion as they rushed upon the bridge.

At this time of the year many droves of cattle, sheep and hogs were driven over the route, as at this period railroad transportation was still in its infancy. The confused trampling of such herds always caused the airy structure to sway and shiver in a way which to unaccustomed nerves was, at times, absolutely appalling.

I became at once alarmed for the safety of Alice, as I could see her still seated near the center of the bridge, bending over her sketch. I started forward to let her know of a possible danger. But, to my horror, I saw another drove of cattle entering from the opposite end, a condition of things resulting from the absence of the tollkeeper.

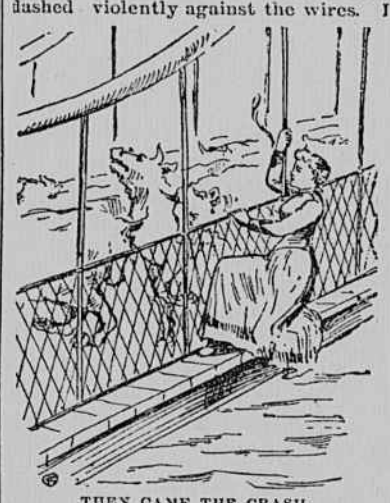
By this time Alice, whose attention had been attracted by the noise and the shaking of the bridge, became aware of her peril. Each drove, having already entered the narrow opposing portals, seemed to be beyond the control of the herders. The headstrong confusion of animals hardly driven upon strange roads was, under these circumstances, uncontrollable.

I saw her cast an alarmed look either way. She apparently recognized that both avenues were hopelessly blocked. Then, probably, the idea came to her, that she was liable to be gored or crushed between the opposing herds. I myself was helpless to aid her, otherwise than by shouting; yet what advice could I give?

With a nerve I hardly expected, I saw her climb over the wire cables, with a view of clinging to them upon the outside, in the hope of avoiding a certain trampling to death. She succeeded in gaining the outer narrow ledge of the flooring and thus hung by hands and feet, over a gulf more than two hundred feet deep, with a roaring river at the bottom.

Then came the crash between the opposing herds. The collision was terrific, for the animals appeared to be ungovernable, either through fright or confusion. To render it yet more appalling, it was accompaned with dreadful bellowings. For a few moments the struggle among the animals was indescribably awful; to me it was especially so, knowing as I did that my cousin's life hung, as it were, by a hair, which a momentary loss of composure might sever.

The bridge swayed frightfully. Alice might have withstood the shock, however, had not some of the cattle been dashed violently against the wires. I



THEN CAME THE CRASH.

saw her shaken from her hold, then I hid my eyes from the catastrophe which I felt certain would follow.

How long I thus remained I was unable to remember, but as I stood there at the entrance to the bridge, bowed down and trembling, my name was faintly called out. I looked, but for an instant refused to believe the evidence of my senses; for just below me, pale and ghastly, was Alice.

It was no illusion. She had dropped into one of the iron cradles, which one on either side ran upon pulleys just beneath the outer edges of the bridge floor. These are used when it is necessary to tighten nuts and for the other repairing purposes under the flooring. The shock of her fall had loosened the cradle from its slight moorings, and under the unusual jarring it had been driven along the gently-declining wire rope to the shoreward towers.

Thus, when I felt most sure that she had met a horrible death, she was almost miraculously wafted to my feet.

As I helped her over the railing, her unusual nerve was shown in her first remark:

"My sketch is trampled out of recognition," said she, with a vain attempt at a smile. "I fear that I shall lack courage to make another one."

"I most certainly hope so," said I.—William Perry Brown, in Yankee Blade.

Trained Eagles.

An Indian boy of the Sioux tribe, at Pine Ridge agency, has a pair of pets which are not only strange and interesting, but useful as well. These are two bald eagles. The boy shot an old eagle with an arrow, and, following the wounded bird to its nest, killed it, and took from the nest two eaglets. He carried them home, and began a course of training which has resulted in having the birds so fully under control that they come and go at his command. He takes them out, and when he sights any quarry he turns his eagles loose, after fastening their beaks so that they cannot eat the animal, and the birds immediately give chase and bring down the prey. Young Indians are not allowed to own or carry guns; but the boy, with only his bow and arrows and his eagles, is the most successful hunter of the tribe, and never goes out without bringing home some game, from a rabbit to a deer. He has been offered large sums for his pets, but will not part with them for any price.—Golden Days.

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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT APRIL 17, 1892

WESTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

9:25 a. m. for Radford, Pulaski, Bristol; also for Bluefield, Pocahontas, Elkhorn, Clinch Valley Division and Louisville via Norton. Pullman sleepers to Memphis and New Orleans and to Louisville via Norton.
10:30 a. m. for Radford and intermediate stations. No connection beyond.
6:15 p. m. for Radford, Pulaski, Bristol. Connects at Radford for Bluefield and Pocahontas. Pullman sleepers to Memphis via Chattanooga.

NORTH AND EASTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

6:30 a. m. for Petersburg and Richmond. No connections for Norfolk.
12:50 p. m. for Hagerstown. Pullman sleepers to New York via Harrisburg and Philadelphia.
12:45 p. m. daily for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman parlor car to Norfolk.
5:05 p. m. for Lynchburg; no connection beyond.
7:00 p. m. for Shenandoah and intermediate stations.
11:15 p. m. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleeper to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.
11:15 p. m. for Hagerstown. Pullman sleepers to Washington via Shenandoah Junction and to New York via Harrisburg. Also sleeper to Washington via Shenandoah Junction.

Durham Division—Leave Lynchburg 6:40 a. m. daily, 7:00 a. m. (Monday, Wednesday and Friday), and 2:00 p. m. daily for South Boston and Durham.

Winston-Salem Division—Leave Roanoke (Union depot) 9:30 a. m. daily for Rocky Mount, Martinsville and Winston Salem. Arrive Winston Salem 3:20 p. m. Train arrive Roanoke 12:15 p. m. daily from Winston-Salem.

For all additional information apply at ticket office or to W. B. BEVILL,
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S. A. & O. R. R. CO.

TIME TABLE TO TAKE EFFECT 12:01 A. M., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1891.

West Bound. First Class. No. 3. Passenger. Daily, Except Sunday.	West Bound. First Class. No. 1. Passenger. Daily.	Stations.	East Bound. First Class. No. 2. Passenger. Daily, Except Sunday.	East Bound. First Class. No. 4. Passenger. Daily.
p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.
2.10	8.00	Lv. Bristol. Ar.	11.20	5.30
2.27	8.17	Walker's Mountain.	11.03	5.13
2.35	8.25	Benham's.	10.55	5.05
2.53	8.43	Phillip's Switch.	10.37	4.47
2.57	3.47	Abram's Falls.	10.33	4.43
3.03	8.53	Mendota.	10.27	4.37
3.19	9.09	Mace Springs.	10.11	4.21
3.31	9.21	Hilton's.	9.59	4.09
3.39	9.29	Nottingham's.	9.51	4.01
3.45	9.35	Moccasin Gap.	9.45	3.56
3.50	9.40	Gate City.	9.40	3.50
4.00	9.50	Marble Quarry.	9.29	3.40
4.10	10.00	Big Cut.	9.20	3.30
4.20	10.10	Spear's Ferry.	9.10	3.20
4.25	10.15	Tate's Switch.	9.05	3.15
4.28	10.18	Clinchport.	9.02	3.12
4.34	10.24	Natural Tunnel.	8.56	3.06
4.44	10.34	Horton's Summit.	8.46	2.56
4.51	10.41	Duffield.	8.39	2.49
4.58	10.48	Wiseley's.	8.32	2.42
5.04	10.54	Ward's Mill.	8.26	2.36
5.19	11.09	Wild Cat Summit.	8.11	2.21
5.35	11.25	East Big Stone Gap.	7.55	2.05
5.40	11.30	Ar. Big Stone Gap. Lv.	7.50	2.00
p.m.	noon		a.m.	p.m.

D. H. CONKLIN, General Superintendent. C. L. BUNTING, G. P. A.

THE EAST TENNESSEE, VIRGINIA AND GEORGIA RAILWAY SYSTEM, PASSENGER DEPARTMENT. KNOXVILLE, TENN., Dec. 5th, 1891.

TIME CARD IN EFFECT DEC. 6TH, 1891.

SOUTHBOUND.

	Vestibule. No. 11.	No. 13.	No. 15.
Lv. Chattanooga.	10:40 p. m.	1:10 p. m.	8:55 a. m.
Ar. Atlanta.....	3:41 a. m.	6:45 p. m.	2:40 p. m.
Lv. Atlanta.....	3:55 a. m.	7:00 p. m.	3:45 p. m.
Ar Macon.....	6:45 a. m.	10:10 p.m.	6:59 p. m.
Lv. Macon.....	7:00 a m.	10:18 p.m.	.....
Ar. Jessup.....	12:00 noon.	3:35 a. m.	.....
Lv. Jessup.....	12:05 p. m.	3:45 a. m.	.....
Ar. Jacksonville.	3:55 p. m.	7:45 a. m.	.....
Lv. Jacksonville.	4:05 p. m.	8:15 a. m.	.....
Ar. St. Augustine.	5:25 p m.	9:35 a. m.	.....

NORTHBOUND.

	Vestibule. No. 12.	No. 14.	No. 16.
Lv. St. Augustine	8:10 a. m.	4:10 p. m	.....
Ar. Jacksonville.	9:30 a. m.	5:30 p. m.	.....
Lv. Jacksonville.	9:50 a. m.	7:55 p. m.	.....
Ar. Jessup.....	2:00 p. m.	11:55 p.m.	.....
Lv. Jessup.....	2:05 p. m.	12:01 nigh	.....
Ar. Macon.....	7:15 p. m.	5:25 a. m.	.....
Lv. Macon.....	7:30 p. m.	5:30 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
Ar. Atlanta.....	10:40 p. m.	6:35 a. m.	12:15 no'n
Lv. Atlanta.....	10:50 p. m.	7:40 a. m.	1:20 p. m
Ar. Chatanooga..	4:00 a. m.	1 15 p. m.	6:45 p. m.

THROUGH CAR ARRANGEMENTS.

Nos. 11 and 12 are Vestibule trains, consisting of Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping Cars and elegant day coaches, and run solid between St. Augustine and Cincinnati. Leaves Cincinnati 11:30 a. m., arrives Chattanooga 10:30 p. m. Returning, leaves Chattanooga 4:10 a. m., arrives Cincinnati 5:50 p. m.

No. 15 carries Pullman Buffet Sleepers, leaving Cincinnati at 8:00 p. m., to Atlanta, thence to Jacksonville by No. 13.

No. 24 carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper, Jacksonville to Macon, thence by No. 16 to Cincinnati.

Nos. 13 and 14 carry Pullman Buffet Sleepers, between Atlanta and Savannah, Atlanta and Brunswick, Asheville and St. Augustine; also coach between Atlanta and Birmingham, via Attalla.

Nos. 11 and 12 carry Vestibule Sleepers between Knoxville and Atlanta, via Chattanooga.

B. W. WRENN,
Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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