## WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

CORVALLIS, - : DECEMBER 12, 1879

#### IN A TIME OF TROUBLE.

As an eagle, from the height, Looking down upon the lands, On forests black as night, Fair fields and desert sands.

Sees the traveler below Losing heart, as leasue on league, Long wildernesses show No end to his fatigue.

So Faith amid her stars, Beholding far beneath The bright of gloomy bars In the web of life and death.

Sees weary hearts that deem The dark breadth is the whole, Sees happy hearts that dream The bright rays silt their goal.

Ah! let this faith be ours-That even 'mid the pain, Above the present lowers, And sees the nearing gain.

While, breadth by breadth, appears, As from the weaver's hand, The pattern of the years Which God himself has planned.

# THE MAIN BRIDGE.

It was past midnight-the lights on the stone bridge which crosses the River Main at Frankfort were still burning, though the footsteps of passengers had died away for some time on its pavement, when a young man approached the bridge from the town with hasty strides. At the same time another man, advanced in years, was coming toward him from Sachenhausen, the well known suburb on the opposite side of the river. The two had not yet met, when the latter turned from his path and went toward the parapet, from the bridge into the Main.

The young man followed him quickly, and laid hold of him.

"Sir," said he, "I think you want to drown yourself.'

'What is that to you ?"

"I was only going to ask you to do me the favor to wait a few minutes, and allow'me to join you. Let us draw close together, and, arm in arm, take the leap together. The idea of making the journey with a perfect stranger, who has chanced to come for the same purpose, is really rather interesting. For many years I have not made a request of any human being. Do not refuse me this one, which must be my last." The young man held out his hand.

His companion took it. He continued, with enthusiasm: "So be it; arm in arm. I do not as you who you are, good or bad -come, let us drown."

The elder of the two, who had at first been in so great a hurry to end his existence, now restrained the impetuosity of the younger. "Stop, sir," said he, while his weary

eyes tried to examine the features of his companion. "You seem to be too young to leave life in this way; for a man of your years life must have still bright

prospects." "Bright prospects ! In the midst of rottenness and decay, vice and corruption !\_ Come, let us end it !"

"And so young ! Let me go alone, and do you remain here. Believe me, away all night." there are many good and honest people who could

a rich heiress, possessed of all fashiona-ble accomplishments. I adored her with with enthusiasm, and love, I thought, act; then he fetched Bertha. It is imposact; then he fetched Bertha. It is impos-sible to describe the joy he felt when he saw the young girl throw herself in her father's arms and press him to her heart. She paid the bill and triumphantly led him home. Traft accompanied them, and said he had a few more kreutzers in would repay me for every disappoint-ment. But I soon saw she wished to make me her slave, and yoke all other-men beside to her triumphal chariot. I his pocket; she had better go and get something to eat. It was late before Traft went home that night; but the leap broke the engagement, and selected a poor but a charming girl-a sweet innocent being, as I thought, who would be from the Main bridge was no more my life's own angel. Alas! I found her thought of. He came to the house every one day bidding adieu, with tears and kisses, to a youth whom she loved. She evening, in order, as he said, to share had accepted me for my wealth only. My peace of mind vanished. I sought with them his scanty earnings.

About a fortnight after, as he was going way one evening, he said to Bertha: diversion in travel. Everywhere I found Will you become my wife? I am only the same hollowness, the same treachery, the same misery. In short, I became disgusted with life, and resolved to put poor clerk, but I am honest and upright."

Bertha blushed and cast her eyes to the ground.

"Unfortunate young man," said the other, with tears of sympathy; "I pity A few days after the young couple, simply but respectably attired, and ac-companied by Herr Schmidt, went to you. I confess I have been more fortunate than you. I possessed a wife and daughter, who came forth pure and immaculate from the hand of the Creator. church, where they were married in a quiet way. When they came out, man The one has returned to Him in the whiteness of her soul, and so will the and wife, an elegant carriage was standing at the door, and a footman in rich livery let down the step. "Give me your address, old man, and

"Come," said the happy husband to his bewildered wife, who looked at him permit me to visit your daughter to-morrow. Also give me your word of honor that you will not inform her, or insinuate with amazement. Before she could utter a word the

before she could utter a word the three were seated in the carriage, driving away at a quick pace. The carriage stopped before a splendid house in the best part of Frankfort. They were re-ceived by a number of domestics, who conducted them to apartments decorated in any manner, that I am a rich man. The old man held out his hand. give you my word. I am anxious to convince you that I have spoken the truth. My name is William Schmidt, and there is my address," giving him at the same time a bit of paper which he drew from for them in the most costly style. This is your mistress," said Traft to

'And my name is Karl Traft. I am the the servants, "and her commands you son of Anton Traft. Take these bank have henceforth to obey. My darling wife," said he, then, turning to Bertha, "I am Karl Traft, one of the wealthiest notes, but only on condition that you do not leave this house until I fetch you men of this city." from it. Waiter! a bedroom for this gentleman. You require rest, Herr

#### Vallses that Look Ailke.

If the trunk manufacturers do not quit making so many thousands of valises ex-In one of the narrow and ill-lighted actly alike, somebody is going to get into some awful trouble about it some streets of Sachsenhausen in an atic of a lofty and unsightly house, sat a blonde, time, and some trunk maker will be sued about twenty years of age, busily en-gaged with her needle. The furniture for damages enough to build a court of the room was clean and tasteful. The

The other day an omnibus full of passengers drove up town from the Union depot. Side by side sat a commercial traveler, named William Macaby, and Mrs. Winnie C. Dumpleton, the eminent lady temperance lecturer. When the omnibus reached the Barret House, the commercial missionary seized his valise and started out. The lady made a grab after him and he halted. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but

you have my valise." "You are certainly mistaken, madam,

the traveler said, courteously but firmly, "this is mine." 'No, sir!" the lady replied, "it is at the door, which made her tremble so mine. I would know it among a thou-sand. You must not take it." But the traveler persisted and the lady insisted, and they came very near quara low and awkward bow. "I beg pardon, Miss," said he; "does Herr Schmidt live here?" Presently one of the passengers reling. pointed to a twin valise in the omnibus. and asked:

"Whose is that ?" "It isn't mine," said the traveler; "it is just like it, but this is mine." "And it isn't mine," said the lady; "he

"Then it is you that I seek. I am from has mine, and I'll have it, or I'll have "For heaven's sake, where is he? Somethe law on him. It's a pity if a lady thing must have happened-he has stayed can't travel alone in this country without being robbed of her property in

#### Running a Newspaper.

There was only one newspaper in this town, a semi-weekly. I arrived at the place in the afternoon, and it was dark Arrived at the nent scientific person, Dr. Piero Fabris place in the afternoon, and it was dark before I gave up looking for a piano. I of Venice. Dr. Fabris was preparing an had not visited the newspaper office and did not intend to do so until the next day. But after supper I learned that the paper was a semi-weekly and would be

Anxious to get in an advertisement and a notice before the paper went to press I hurried to the office as soon as I obtained the information. On arriving there I found the employees, who consisted of two young women and a boy lounging around in great discontentment and disgust. The cause was soon explained. A

man lay on the floor with his head on a pile of newspapers. He was in a drunken stupor.

atmosphere steeped in some particular perfume. The effect of these scientific The employees explained that he was perfumes were carefully studied, and the the editor and proprietor. He had been drinking for two or three days and had result is really startling. The class of girls in musk consisted o undertook to sober himself up that thirteen members chosen at random. At the end of six months every girl, withafternoon, to write his editorials, by drinking whisky and seltzer. His effort at sobering up had been attended with the result that presumed itself in his peranguid and conspicuously good tem-pered, unless under extreme provocation. son. Generally speaking he was a sober man, but occasionally fell into Though Dr. Fabris found musk produced a desire for wearing fine clothes and jewelry, it is also evident that it did not temptation. This was one of his periodical departures from the path of

sobriety. stimulate a taste for personal neatne The employees had set up all the copy that had been given to them and now though perhaps this was due to indispo sition to take any unnecessary trouble which is the characteristic effect of musk waited for more. Not a line of editorial had been written for the paper, and they seared that its issue would be a day late as had happened to be the case once or This experiment convinced the investiator that an amiable, languid and showy girl, with a tendency to undue postponement in the matter of collars and cuffs, may be produced in from five

twice previously. "What are the politics of the paper?" I inquired.

"Republican." was the answer. "All right," said I, "you can take your sticks, I will write some editorials. But first I will give you my advertisement. Let that be set up first. It must go into this issue. Don't be afraid; we'll get out

the paper." I took off my coat and sat down at the veloped in twelve of the thirteen girls subjected to this experiment, a result editor's desk. The work was not new to me. I headed my first editorial "The which was the more remarkable since, in Advantages of musical culture." Under other respects, they were unusually strict in obeying the teachings of the church. For this style of girls there is, this head I said as much in favor of musical education as could well be said in half a column, of space, brevier type,

and closed by saying: "In this connection it gives us pleasure to state that our citizens will soon teacher. have an opportunity of observing the

Geranium was found to produce a fair wonderful strides we have taken musical culture within a decade. glance at the displayed advertisement on our inside will recall the pleasant memories of the past and excite joyous antici-pations of the future. He is coming among us again—the great—! the prince of violinists! Coming again! the Jupiter of the musical firmament! attended by a galaxy of stars of the first magnitude. Shall he have a welcome? It is for our music loving citizens to answer. They will answer! That answer will be a crowded house.

My next editorial was on politics. The State was in the throes of the fall campaign, and, although something of a mild Democrat myself, yet appreciating my position as temporary editor of a Re-publican paper I gave the Democrats particular toridity, charging them, like a good Republican as I was for the time being, with all the crimes in the calen-der. I closed this rousing editorial as

follows:

Perfumes and Girls.

nose the greatest influence of education? This thought led to the long series of

careful experiments which finally en-

Dr. Fabris's experiments were made

with the aid of seventy-eight girls of

between ten and fifteen years of age.

These girls he divided into six classes.

Each class was kept day and night in an

or six months out of the most scraggy,

The effect of the perfume of the rose

was precisely opposite to that of musk. The girls of the rose class grew thin,

spiteful and viciously active material.

abled him to formulate rules for the pro-

duction of female character at will.

exhaustive work on "The Function of Perfume in Flowers," when the thought occurred to him: Are not all our im, pulses due to the influence of perfumes-and it is not possible to make the human

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you has PERFECTLY CURED him of his pain-ful rupture on both sides in a little over six months. The Steel Traiss he had before I bought yours caused him cruel torture, and it was a hap-py day for us all when he laid it aside for the CALIFORNIA ELASTIC TRUSS. I am sure

that all will be thankful who are providentially led to give your Truss a trial. You may refer any one to me on the subject. Yours truly, Wx. PERU, 638 Sacramento St.

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emain, yours, respectfully.



sample of a girl. Those subjected to its influence developed the plumpness of the musk girls, a decidedly independent spirit, and a tendency to free thinking in matters of religion. This kind of girl would probably meet a large demand in

our Western and Northwestern States, where personal beauty and strength of character are much prized, and where orthodoxy in religion is not regarded as essential. Dr. Fabris is inclined to think that by the alternate action of geranium and violet a modified girl might be produced, would be a decided

improvement upon either a pure gera-nium or a pure violet girl.

Very satisfactory results were obtained by the use of violets. The girls upon whom this perfume was employed be-came gentle and truthful. They also, however, developed some indications of melancholy, and were as a rule, lacking in physical and moral force. So far as the doctor's investigations have been pushed, violet appears to give the best

But while we claim that Rep

Seek them, and you are sure to find them. "Well, if life presents itself to you in

hues so bright, I am surprised you should wish to leave it."

"Oh, I am only a poor old sickly man, unable to earn anything, and who can endure no longer that his only child, an angel of a daughter, should work day and night to maintain him. To allow this longer I must be a tyrant, a barbarian.

"What, sir," said the other, "you have an only daughter sacrificing herself for

"And with what patience, what sweetness and love, what perseverance ! I see her sinking under her toil and her deprivations, and not a word of complaint escapes her pallid lips. She works and starves, and still has a word of love for her father," "And you commit suicide ! Are you

mad ?'

"Dare I murder that angel? The thought pierces my heart like a dagger,' said the old man, sobbing.

"Sir, you must have supper with me I see a tavern open yonder. Come, tell me your history, and I will tell you There is no occasion for your leap into the river. I am a rich man; your daughter will no longer have to work, and shall not starve."

The old man allowed himself to be dragged along by his companion. In a few minutes they were seated at a table in the tavern, with refreshments before them, and each examining curiously the features of the other.

Refreshed by the viands, the old man

began thus: "My history is soon told. I was a mercantile man; but fortune never favored me. I had no money myself, and loved and married a poor girl. I never could begin business on my own account. I took a situation as book-keeper, which I held until I became useless from age, and younger men were preferred to me. Thus my circumstances were always circumscribed, but my domestic happi-ness was complete. My wife, an angel of love kindness and fondness, was good and pious, active and affectionate; and daughter is a true image of her mother. But age and illness have brought me to the last extremity, and my conscience revolts against the idea of the best child in the world sacrificing, her life for an old and useless fellow. I cannot have much longer to live, and I hope the Lord will pardon me for cutting off a few days or weeks from my life in order to preserve that of my dear Bertha.'

You are a fortunate man, my friend,' "You are a fortunate man, my friend," exclaimed the young man. "What you call misfortune is sheer nonsense, and can be cured. To-morrow I shall make my will, and you shall be the heir of my possessions, and to-morrow night I shall take the leap from the Main bridge alone. But before I leave this world I must see Bertha, for I am anxious to look upon one who is worthy of the name of human being.

"Sir, what could have made you so unhappy at this early age?" said the old man, moved by compassion. "I am the only son of one of the rich-

est bankers in Frankfort. My father died five years ago, and left me heir to fortune. From that moment an immense every one that has come in contact with me has endeavored to deceive and defraud

me. I was a child in innocence and me. I was a child in innocence and confiding. My education had not been neglected, and I possessed my mother's loving heart. My friends, and to whom I opened my heart, betrayed me, and then laughed at my simplicity; in time I gathered experience, and my heart was filled with distrust. I was betrothed to

sfortune is not very gre e mi "Oh, my poor, poor father. shall I hear?" What

an end this night to the pitiable farce.

Schmidt. Good night. To-morrow you

П.

girl's whole dress would not have brought

many kreutzers, but every article fitted her as well as if it had cost hundreds.

Her hair locks shaded a face brightened

by a pair of eyes of heavenly blue. The spirit of order, modesty and cleanli-

ness reigned in everything around her. Her features were delicate, like those of

one noble born; her eyes betrayed sleep-

lessness and anxiety, and ever and anon a sigh rose from the maiden's breast.

Suddenly steps were heard on the stair-case, and her face lighted up with joy.

shadow her brow. Then came a knock

much that she almost wanted the courage

to sav "Come in." A young man, shab

"Yes, sir; what is your pleasure ?"

"Are you his daughter, Bertha?"

"I am

your father.'

bily dressed, entered the room and made

She listened, and doubt seemed

other.

his pocket.

will see me again."

The young man seemed to observe these visible marks of anxiety with great

interest. He said: "Do not be frightened; it is nothing of bo not be irightened; it is nothing of great importance. Your father met last night an old acquaintance, who invited him to a taverif. They had supper to-gether, but when the landlord came for his bill your father's friend had de camped, and left him to pay the score. He had not sufficient money for this, and now the host will not let him go until

he is paid, and declares that unless he gets his money he will send him to "To prison !" exclaimed the girl.

"Can you tell me how much the bill comes to ?" "Three floring and a half !

"Oh, God !" sighed the girl. "All I have does not amount to more than one

florin, but I will go to Madam Berg and beg of her to advance me the money "Who is Madam Berg?" "The milliner for whom I work.

"But if Madam Berg does not advance the money--what then ?"

The girl burst into tears. "I am afraid she will refuse. I already we her one florin, and she is very hard

"For what purpose did you borrow the money you owe her?" The girl hesitated to reply.

"You may trust me."

"Well, my father is very weak and requires strengthening. I borrowed the money to get a quarter of a fowl for him." "Under these circumstances I fear Madam Berg will not give you any. I possess nothing. Have you any valua-bles more? Here is one florin, but that is all upon which we could raise some

money." Bertha considered for a moment. "I have nothing," she said, at length, "but my poor mother's prayer book. On her death-bed she entreated me not to part with it, and there is nothing in the world I hold more sacred than her memory and the promise I gave her; but still, for my father's sake, I must not hesitate." With trembling hand she took the book down from the shelf. "Oh, sir," she said, "during many a sleeples night I have been accustomed to enter the secret thoughts of my heart on the blank leaves at the end of the book. I hope no one will ever know whose writings they are. You will promise me that ?'

"Certainly, Bertha; I will take care that your secrets are not profaned. But now get ready that we may go."

While she left the room to put on her bonnet and shawl, Karl Traft (for the young man was no other than our hero) glanced over the writing in the book, and his eyes filled with tears of emotion and delight as he read the outpourings of a pure and pious heart. And when they had left the house together, and she was walking beside him with a dignity of which she seemed entirely unconscious, he cast upon her looks of respect and ad-

miration.

They first went to Madame Berg, did not give the advance required, but assured the young man that Bertha was an angel. Certainly Mr. Traft valued this praise higher than the money he had asked. They pawned the book and the required sum was made no. Bartha was required sum was made up. Bertha was

overjoyed. "But if you spend all that money to-

broad daylight." Finally the traveler said he would open the value to prove his property. The lady objected at first, saying she did not

want her valise opened in the presence of strangers. But as there was no other means of settling the dispute; she at last consented. The traveler sprung the lock, opened the valise, and the curious crowd

bent forward to see. On the very top of everything lay a big, flat flask, half full of whisky, a deck of cards, and one or two other things that nobody knows the name of.

The traveler was the first to recover his self-possession and speech. "Madam," he said, "you are right. The valise is yours. I owe you a thou-

sand apolo-

But the lady had fainted, and the trav eler relocked his valise with a quiet smile. Early in the afternoon a sign painter down town received a note in a leminine hand, asking him to come to the Barrett House to mark a red leather valise in black letters a foot and a half long.-Hawkeye.

#### WIT AND HUMOR.

Very bad taste-A bite of stale egg. A Revenue Cutter-Ye clipper o oupons.

Unlike the flea, when you put your finger on a hornet he is there. Isaac Ream's suffering from consump

ion during this warm weather. Kearney has plenty of sand in his lots, but not lots of sand in his craw.

New York policemen are evidently of English extraction as they are fers. "Now I am undone," as the package of sugar said when it fell from the grocer's

It was the man who wrote his final be juests on a piece of stove plate had an ron will. One half of the world don't know how

the other half live and it's none of their mainess A train of cars may run on a standard guage, while a train of thought runs on

anguage. James Redpath, the lecture bureau man, has been missing for three weeks.

Not strange.

It hardly seems credible that the great Roscoe Conkling's poolitical grave should have for a head stone a Rhode Island clam. What a miracle it would be to feed a

multitude upon five loaves of such short weight bread as Toronto bakers sell nowadays.

We know of a man, a victim to tobacco, who hasn't tasted food for forty-seven years. The tobacco killed him in 1832.

Bob Ingersoll is trying to start a new party. There is a certain wicked old party who will start some day if he doesn't look out.

The only line that a woman takes when she starts out on the journey of life is usually a masculine. A Mr. Olds, of Columbus has invented

an improved refrigerator. He must be a gentleman of the Olds cool. The admittance fee to the Long Branch

pier, is nothing more nor le species of modern wharf-fare.

"Tis passing strange that amid all the mistakes of the world, nobody ever passed a quarter for a twenty-cent piece.

The true philosopher does not scold," observes Nat Burbank, of the New Orleans *Picayune*. Ye men with scold ing wives, take this and paste it up on

results. It is hoped that his expe supremacy is necessary to the nation's welfare, while we enter the emphatic declaration that this political strife must as to the alternative use of violet and geranium will be justified; for in that case we shall be able to produce girls go on until we are victors, while we stand party opposed to party, at daggers drawn as it were in the assertion of our political principles, it is a pleasure to who will be almost faultless. The only other perfume with which Dr. Fabris experimented was patchouli, and the results were most discouraging. reflect that we can still meet on one com-At the end of two months the girls of the patchouli class had developed every unmon ground in the affairs of social life,

desiring quality, and it was perhaps a good thing that a mob, justly maddened by the scent of patchouli which radiated from the doctor's laboratory, broke into and as citizens we will see to it that we will raise one united and unanimous shout of welcome to the great-when he comes amongst us-one week from today-see ad. inside." I flattered myself that this was a very the premises and destroyed nearly every-thing that they could lay their hands on.

ALL SORTS.

neat way of bringing in the name of the leading card of the company, while, at the same time, it took a little of the rough edge off the editorial itself; with-out in the least weakening its Republi-Snake stories should not generally be credited unless she name and resider of the snake be given.

My third editorial was entitled "Music The world never knows the great in the Home." My remarks on this subrespect lawyers have for each other, until one dies and there is a meeting of the ject had reference to the influence of ject had reference to the influence of music in promoting harmony in the family circle. I also gave this a neat turn in a closing paragraph bringing in the concert company. These editorials were sympathized by expressions I sandwiched in between them, such as, "Secure your scats early!" "We predict an unparalled rush for places!" Our citizens will do injury to their reputation for musical enthusiasm and social hospi-tality if they do not turn ont en masses to bar.

An Irishman describes a savings bank as a place where you can put your money in to-day, and get it out to-morrow; by giving thirty day's notice.

When a boy becomes ashamed to sit in his mother's lap, he is generally in busi-ness for himself-holding some one in his lap. tality if they do not turn out en masse to

In some cities, where the blue ribbon does not prevail over much, the other side of the soda fountain does the most business.

A GENIAL FELLOW'S DEATH .- Some of my readers who have had the entry to "A tail that tolled," remarked the gatekeeper when he caught a horse by the conclusion while he made the rider artistic and high class Bohemia in London will remember a square headed and pay the fare. bright young man, who was to be met

"No more" is a sweeping angel; "too late" is a mocking fiend. Sorrow is the concomitant of the one, remorse that of with at many convivial houses. He was the eldest son of Hepworth Dixon, and a godson of Douglas Jerrold, after whom the other. he was christened Jerrold. A few weeks

Parch brown a tablespoonful of rice; put into a cup of cold water and let it come to a boil; sweeten a little. ago he came rushing into my house in his hopeful, sanguine way to say "Good-bye, old fellow, I'm off to Dublin by the night mail." He had been appointed We see no excuse for having let the race called sharp-shooters die out. There

Secretary to the Dublin Sanitary Comare still book agents in the land.

mission. A week ago I heard that he was going well and making his way to the These are the evenings for courting strolls.- Yonkers Siatesman. Better fo society ourting girls.

hearts of some of the leaders of societ in the Irish Capital. Recently I saw telegram announcing his death. The Commission had completed its work We've noticed that's it's most always the aggressor in a dog fight that gets licked, and it's a good deal so with a very short time afterward. Young Dixon (he was 31 years old) had posted up his work. He was not quite well. He died before any member of his family

men. Show us the man who hasn't indulged in a picnic. We want to shake hands with him as a gorgeous exception to the general rule, and kill him. could get over to see him. He was a genial and pleasant fellow, and his death

is much lamented among a large circle of other genial and pleasant fellows. A young man who lost a bet of the oysters with three of his friends, said he wouldn't pay unless he was four Though a barrister by profession he preferred to walk in the hard and thorny paths of literature and jour-nalism. He wrote occasionally for the stew.

How doth the busy bee? Oh, well as can be expected under the circumstances. We've just smashed him for unfolding his interest-sting tail, ding bat him.

Examiner, contributed several short, lively stories to Belgravia and the Theatre, and for a little while con-tributed a London letter to a New York evening paper. One of his comedicatas was produced at the Opera Comique, and he had, in collaboration with Julian In Candahar, when a young woman In Candanar, when a young woman becomes sweet on a young man she sends him a hairpin, meaning, "that is the kind of a hairpin I am." If the young man is like Barkis, he pins a handker-chief to bis cap with the hairpin, signify-iing: "The can bet your sweet life I am on it worse than an Injun." This Hawthorne, written an unacted comedy. He was one of the contributers to Dicken's Dictionary of London, and his highest ambition latterly has been to make a tour through the United States. --[Paris Corr. N. Y. Times. amounts to an engagement and a notifi-cation to all the folks of the fact, and then they get married. This plain and

We are about to divulge to an honest people, and to our delinquent subscrib-ers, a fact, perhaps somewhat startling to the majority of readers, which contains the ingredients of truth and poetry-with the latter in the minority.

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