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BW For choice cigars and tobacco cheap, give me a trial. I. N. NELSON.

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COAST AND



VOL. VII

MARSHFIELD, OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1885.

NO. 51

THE FATAL ALDINE.

*Monsieur Jacques Goujet, a visitor!"

And the keeper of the Maison Sante halted in corridor Z, before room 18.

The door opened and out stepper a little man, wearing blue morocco suppers and a long nankeen dressing gown, bent and meagre, spectacles above his nose, snuff

unior it.

"Our oldest inhabitant, gentlemen, M. Goujet, the celebrated bibliophile."

"Ab! madame, you have come again. You are so kind," Then shading his eyes as he looked up through his spectacles he continued, in a thin, piping treble. "Pardon! gentlemen, but I was expecting another—a dear friend. My eyes are growing dim, I think. You will excuse me. My story? Ah! you may not believe itsperhaps, since I, who tell it, am here. Not that I need to be, I assure you. I have some odds ways, have always been a little droil, I think, but I am not insane. I came here I ccause it was expedient for me to assume to be a lunatic, to escape the punishment which my crimes—for misfortures are crimes—properly merited. But tuces are crimes—properly merited. But please do not mention this, whatever you do. It is a dead secret. I have been do. It is a dead secret. I have been here hard upon twenty-five years; administrations have changed, but I have not doctors have died and their sons succeeded them; the buildings been rebuilt, repaired, restored, while I have continued always the same, no signs of decay even in my top story, which of course, settles the question of lunacy adversely to the doctors—but you needn't mention this. They mean well, and, besides, they have saved me much inconvenience.

"I have survived my own generation, but the people of Louis Phillippe's time remember me—even the "Litzen King' himself has done me the honor to rest his umbrella against my stall and take a pinch from my tabatiere.

"Oh, I assure you, Bibliophile Jacques
was well known in those times, and my
little book-stall on the Quat \olday oltaire was
a place of high resort. Parole d honneur!
I have seen three members of the acad-I have seen three members of the academy touching elbows at my shelves, every one with spectacles on nose, with rose at button-hole, entertained, absorbed, delighted. Ah, those gentlemen have the faculty of appreciation. They know a rare book when they see it. They have appraised the value of literary treasures. I was always uneasy when they came to look at my rare books. They might in look at my rare books. They might in overtently put them into their pockets or forcest to lay them, down—such habits of forget to lay them down—such habits of profound mental abstraction long injulged. Don't mention this.

You see, I was a sort of bibliomaniae and I knew how to find rare books. The only trouble I had was in parting with my literary treasures after I got them. I only trouble I had was in parting with my literary treasures after I got them. I am fond of money; I may say I am something of a miser, but there are excuse the indefinite phrase—there are more possibilities in a rare book than in money. When you have got hold of a perfect copy of some editio princeps, when probably there are not more than six other copies of the edition extant, and of these four permanently locked up in the libraries of Vienna, the British museum, the National and the Mazarin seum, the National and the Mazarin-then you may be said to have a 'corner' in your rare book, and you are safe to ask what you please for it, and get it too. when the right customer comes on. But you must wait till the right one comes, and he must have a book-craze that is accordant to the chord your rarity

"The duke of Saint-Emilion was or my best patrons. He was rich, he had an income of 500,000 livres, he had his an income of 500,000 livre, he had his chateau of Preignac, he had his vineyard that produced 100 sons of white wines every year, he had his friends, his family, his ibrary. Twice a year the duke came to Paris for a week, and I had always to walk the stalls with him, help him find the novelties, and dine with him at Couture's old restaurant in the Latin quarter, where we knew how to relieve the cella of three bottles of the best wine in Paris. Once a month the duke wrote me a forma Once a month the duke wrote me a formal letter, senied with his crest, announcing the additions made to the library of Preignac, and giving me commissions. Every week I sent to the duke my Bulletin Bibliographique, printed for private circulation only.

circulation only. "In the summer of 1849, M. Saint-Emilion seat me a formal invitation to come spend a week with him at Preignac, help him arrange his library, and view his treasures. I went; I left the railroad at : illefranche, where the duke met me with his coach and four—a liveried driver and two footmen—quite in the style of the ancien regime, I do assure you. Every-body we met touched hats to the duke. and to me because I was the duke's friend I assure you it made me feel a sentiment of—a sort of—je ne sais que, but most agreeable. The duke was most handsome. Above 60, erect, square, military figure, close-cut white hair, a florid face, clean shaved except for a large white mustache, small blue eyes, aquiline nose—he sat erect in the carriage as if he were on horseback in the van of ten bat-talions, dressed in neat blue, and with a stock about his throat to hold up his col-lar. We arrived at the chateau, and he introduced me to the duchess and the four infants. Heavens, such youth, grace, loveliness: The duchess was not over 20, and the loveliest of her sex, the chi-

dren angels. "How shall I describe the library, when "How shall I describe the library, when I have already exhausted my store of adjectives? Ten thousand volumes, 100 perifolics of engravings, and not a book, not a print, but had its history. Old chronicles, in vellum, editiones principes, their original bindings carefully restored, artist-proof engravings from burins whose touch is a consecration—it was a treasury. And such a lovely family! And a cellar full of such wine as appeared on the table

'Duke, you tre a happy man!' I cried, as the duchess handed me a cup of coffee, when I could take no more wine. Lafte though it was. The duke sighed. 'Almost M. Goujet,' said the duchess, laughing; 'but one thing more is needed to complete the happiness of M. Saint-Emilion—' 'And that is—' A copy of the princeps edition of Francois Villon,' said the duchess, laughing. 'I assure you. Hibitophile Jacques, my frieud, said the duchess, laughing. 'I assure you. Hibitophile Jacques, my frieud, said the duchess, laughing. 'I assure you. Hibitophile Jacques, my frieud, said the duches, rousing out of his abstraction, 'I do not need enything more to put the napstone to my happiness, but if I only could recover a princeps Villon—you will see I have all the rest, Marot, Ronsard, the chroniclers, the misalists, the romancers—the absence of illon does beyond doubt make a void—but, as you see, I am happy, so long as madame the duchess and the children—bat still, I will you 1,000 crowns and all expenses paid if ou as the duchess handed me a cup of coffee

was a gallant man as she led the way to the drawing-room.

"When my visit was at an end I put paradise behind me and returned to Paris, after writing two sonnets, expressive of my sentiments, in the album upon madame the duchoss' little boudoir table, and exchanging soull bases with the little
Abbe Surin, madame's directeur and the
duke's fast friend and librarian. The
first thing I did, after going to my stall,
was to visit the National library and the Mazarin library also, and look at the copies of Villon there treasured. Three copies in all, quarto, one in sheep, motheaten; two in vellum, a title page missing from one but the copies in all. from one, but each in true macaronic style, 'Franacois Villon, Poesies. 1489.
Blosss exit. Edito J. Carolo,' I consulted all the biographies; J. Carolus was not noted as having published any but this one book as Biois, nor were his successors mentioned. The street of the abop was not given. I went to Blois. I searched through all the musty archives of that angient city. There were I of that ancient city. There were J. Caroluses, J. Carle's, J. Chasles, J. Charle's plenty, notaries, mercers, shop-keepers, goldsmiths, wine sellers, a string of names through four centuries, but the taroll book sellers were not, nor the Caroll publishers.

"I did not despair. I took the Caroluses in order, as far as they were extant in the fifteenth century. The eldest and most respectable branch of the name was the notary family. There were records of deeds executed by Johannes Carolus from 1450 down to 1718, in a continuous from 1450 down to 1718, in a continuous series; Johannes Carolus for 100 hundred years, then Jelian Carles, Charles, Chasles, indifferently, always at the house 17 Rue de Tours. After 1718 this house was occupied by the Fripiers, notaries still, until 1818, when it was pulled down to give place to the Hestaurant du Midi, Martin, cuisinier. I searched the records still further. In 1709, Jean Fripier married Jeanna Charlotte, sole daughter of Maitre Jean Chasles, notary. It was likely, then, that Fripier was Chasle's successor in the female line. Who knew anything about the old house, 17 Rue de Tours! What had become of the furniture, the books. had become of the furniture, the books, the rubbiah? There had been an auction sale, Martin's old servant told me, and I sale, Martin's old servant told me, and I found the books of Brunet, suctioner of that part of Blois for 100 years, he and his ancestors; in the books a page containing the sale bill of articles knocked down on Feb. 9, 1818. 'One lot of books to Cordonier, Paris; one lot of books to Baron Vignaux; ditto, Maitre Fripier, fils; ditto, Mme Saintonge; one lot waste paper and manuscript rubbish and odd volumes, Piessa.' columes. Piessa.

"I continued my search, hunting each

lot down. Cordonnier, an antiquarian bookseller, like myself, had benght all the law books, none others; Baron Vignatia, a collection of songs and vaudevilles, with a cellection of songs and vaudevilles, with original music, curious, but nothing to my present purpose; Fripier, fils, only theology; Mme. Saintonge, ditto. Who was Plesse? What did he buy? Piesse was a rag and bottle man, who lived in Tours, kept a cart dragged by a dog. I hunted Piesse up; he was dead, but his son lived, in a tumble-down cellar in Tours, close by the River Cher. A sot of 60 years, his face all abloom with Nantes brandy, his hand palsied, an uncommunicative rogue, under the ban of the police, and fearing them. He would tell me nothing—for money nor naught else. When at last I left the house, a slattern woman, with a haggard face, followed me around the corner, asked me if I meant Plesses and training them. The said of the said of the said and the content of the said of me around the corner, asked me if I meant Piesse any harm, what I wanted to find out, and would I pay for informs tion—there was nothing to eat in the house. Satisfied on these points, she told me to come again at night, at 10 c clock. When I did come, the woman led me up stairs into a wretched garret. 'Piesse, she said, 'and his father, for all the wreck you see around you, were men of method. They kept close books. Here, on this shelf, is what remains of the rubbish bought at the Fripier sale. There is a memorandum, of one last will, sold to Maitre Nicole, 500 francs; a volume of written verses, bound, sold to Mere Gobriot, 20 sous; some old letters, to the Toulouse library. The rest is before you, The rest was nothing, saveyou. The rest was nothing, save—
proof that I was on the right track.

"Mother Gobriot. Who was Mother Gobriot? I inquired for the dams with eagerness. I was told not to go to Mere Gobriot's—she was a witch—a hag, who lived by herself in a tall, solltary house on the road to Loches, kept staghounds and a blunderbuss, and dressed like a fisherman of Minizan. However, I determined to have an interview with Mere Gobriot she lent money on pledge and mortgage, and I used the fact to get access to her. Truly a hag, who undid a chained door and received me with arms akimbo, two gaunt, savage hounds keeping her company. She was 70 years old, bent, with red hair under a dirty cap, a wrinkled

gaunt, savage hounds keeping her company. She was 70 years old, bent, with red hair under a dirty cap, a wrinkled face, dreadfuily pock-marked, a pilot coat on. What do you want? she shricked, 'I sm a Parls book seller—I want to berrow some money. 'What security? What piedge?' 'Oh books, rare, precious.' 'Give me names—editions!' 'I have a princeps Villon, said I, on a venture, for the hag looked like one of our trade. She interrupted me with a shrick: 'What! Franscois Villon—1488?' 'Blessne exit. Edito J. Carolo, 1489? 'Blessae exit. Edito J. Carolo,' I added. 'You lie!' she screamed, 'there is but one outside the libraries, and I have that, and Villon's manuscript, too! 'I will give you 1,000 crowns for cach,' I Biessae exit. said in rapture. She grinned horribly.

'My boy, I will not self them for a million. They are my dot—they shall adorn my husband's library! 'I will marry you for them.' It is a bargain. Come in—we will seal the contract with a glass

of Chateau Margaux."
"Would you believe it, she had the Villon, the manuscript, too, and many a rarity besides, and would not even unlock the case until I married her. Such a life as she led! When married size would not surrender the precious Villon; so I stole it (don't mention this), an ! sent it too my beloved duke of Saint-Emilion. When Coujet grinned a sardonic smile, and said. The receiver is as bad as the thief.

May my curses light upon both."
"In a month s time from the duke's re-"In a month a time from the duse's receiving the book, a lovely family was stricken with the small-pox—first the dute, then the duchess, frightfully scared, but the little doves—ah, two disd, and one was blinded for life. That hag and her book!

"I detected her eading the news in he Gazette de Loire, and chuckling over it. I hraw the manuscript volume of Villon behind the dre, to express the execution of the wretch. Flend, since the later are also do the property of the pro

ceration of the wretch. 'Fleud,' she cried, 'there are 50,000 francs in not under that binding.' Then she fell into con unions, and afterward springing up, abricked. '3 arderer of the infants of int-Emilion, I will denounce you had rushed into the street and I led an earns here where I have been over since

"RESPECTABLY DRESSED."

(Helen Hunt Jackson in The Independent.) "An unknown man, respectably dramed,"
That was all that the record said;
Wondering pity might guess the rest;
One thing was sure, the man was dead.

And dead, because he'd no beart to live;
His courage had faltered and had failed
the test.
How little the all we now can give,

Respectably dressed," the thoughtless read The sentence over, and idly say,
"What was it then, since it was not need,
Which made him thus sling his life
away?"

"Respectably dramed!" How little they

Who never have been for money pressed What it costs respectable poor to go, Day after day, "respectably dressed!" The beggars on sidewalks suffer less;
The herd all together, clan and clan;
Alike and equal in wretchedness,
No room for pride between man and man.

Nothing to lose by rags, or by dirt,
More often something is gained instead.
Nothing to fear but bodily hurt,
Nothing to hope for save daily bread.

But respectably poor have all to lose;
For the world to know, means loss and shame;
They'd rather die, if they had to choose;
They cling as for life to place and name.

Cling, and pretend, and conceal, and bide; Never an hour but its terror bears; Terror which slinks like guilt to one side, And often a guiltier conscience wears.

"Respectably dressed" to the last, ayelast!
Last dollar, last crust, last proud puise
beat;
Starved body, starved soul, hope dead and
past;
What wonder that any death looks sweet.

"An unknown man, respectably dressed,"
That was all that the record said.
When will the question let us rest,
is it fault of ours that the man was dead?

When Poisons Are Prescribed.

[New York Sun.]
A druggist is not obliged to follow the prescription of a physician in case more than the maximum dose of a poison is

'In such instances," said a prominent "In such instances," said a prominent druggist, "we detain the customer and send a clerk to ask the physician if a mistake has not been made. He may have accidentally written morphine for quinine, or perhaps the particular patient was accustomed to the drug prescribed and needed an unusual dose. The pharmacist is held responsible for all accidents resulting from a faulty prescription, and he cannot shield himself behind the doctor. He should know that certain innocent drugs when combined

to be sure everything walf there is doubt, we walk mulicate with the physicism. no poison in the prescription of course we do not care what we put up.

"In dealing out poisonous prescrip-tions we warm the patient not to take more than the prescribed dosc. We don't like to get into trouble through patients taking an overdose. We think of such things when we make up prescriptions, and we are very careful to get the right jar. Every careful druggist, in handling a jar of drugs, will read the label when he takes it down and again when he puts

"So many liniments contain poisonous materials that it has become a custom to put them in blue bottles and label them 'For external use only.' Otherwise peo-ple would be apt to take them by the teaspoon."
"What if a man should bring in a

prescription not signed and containing poison?" No trouble about that. He wouldn't

The New Boy Was Firm. [Detroit Free Press.]

Four boys were sitting on a line fence dividing two houses on John R. street attracted the attention of a pedestrian and he halted and asked what they were look-New family moving in there to-day, replied one.
Well, what of it?"

"They've got a boy about as big as us. "Well, what of that?" "Nothing, only we was trying him."
At that moment the new boy appeared on the grass about twenty feet away. One of the boys on the fence made up a face at him. He promptly responded. Then another boy threw a stone at him. He hurled it back.

"say, I'll lick you!" called the biggest You can't do it." The four boys made as if they would jump over the fence, but the new boy stood firm.

stood firm.

"I'll dare you up here!"

"I'll dare you down here!"

"He's all right—he's game," said the big boy to the pedestrian. "If he was a coward we was going to lick him, but now we'll go over and let him have a whiff on our cigar stub."

Where the Emperers Met. (Foreign Letter.)

In the courtyard of the palace at Kreinin the courtyard of the palace at Kreinsier where the emperors met a few days ago grass grew a foot high. The crystal chandeliers were as black as coal. The kitchen was garrisoned by legions of rats. It took 200 work hen ten days and nights to make the palace presentable; but at last incense was bur it to drive away the smell of fresh palut, and the hard task of cleansing was done.

Bosworth Battlefield.

The site of the famous battle of Bos-rth, where Hichard III lost his life, is now intersected by a canal and a railway. No pairs has been taken to preserve the No pairs has been taken to preserve the old battle-marks, and the only thing that remains to inform the curious of their close coximity to the grounds is a high-

I want the coverage. The latest beverage at Saratoga is the brotalry cocktail. The bartender pours t into the fundbles, waich he fills with half an inch of rich cream and an inch of A Chinese Betrethment. (Exchauge, I

The following description of a Chinese betrothment is from the wife of Rev. Sid-ney C. Partridge, formerly of Brooklya, professor in Et. John's college, Shanghal,

"On Monday of this week we had what some of our English speaking Chinese ladies call a 'betrothment'—one of the students in the appelimical department of the college, and one of the young ladies of St. Mary's hall. Of course, he could not ask the girl himself, as that would be against every rule of Chinese et quette. He had also tied flowers to the branches of trees within sight of her window, and she had been seen to go out and take them. He told his love to Mrs. Yen and she told it to the young lady, who declared herself willing after the proper delay of a week or so.

"The parents of the contracting parties were then sent for, and preparations made

were then sent for, and preparations made for the feast. Young man purchases for the girl a pair of ear rings, a bracelet and a hair-pln, and she buys him a fan in a case and two other articles which I have forgotten. All the presents were exhibited in a large reception room of the school, that being the bride's residence. Then came the usual tea and small cakes Then came the usual tea and small cakes for the visitors, the young lady being shut up in her room and not permitted to see any of the fun at all. She heard, however, the sound of firecrackers and other explosives, which the expectant groom let off in her honer. He, dressed in his most elegant tables, made marry with some choice. honor. He, dressed in his most elegant robes, made merry with some choice friends, and, when he had fired off all his crackers, retired to the house of his gobetween (Mra. Yen), and there enjoyed a fine feast with his companions, and received the congratulations of all who wished to call upon him.

"There was a great deal of fuss and feathers in bowing and thanking and 'preferring one another' between the two families, each insisting that the other was the more honorable, while all the time.

the more honorable, while all the time they didn't think so in the least. After all this was over, the girl received her presents, and, if she desired, she might try them on next day, but by no means must she put them on at once! Of course, the Chinese customs are much modified by contact with Christianity in the institutions here, but they are still curious enough. Favors were distributed to the guests—quaint little boxes containing tokens, namely, two peanuts, the very largest that could be found, bound together with a band of gold paper, denoting long life; two Chinese unpronounceables, painted yellow, denoting prosperity; two nuts, like English walnuts, colored red, with gilt bands, denoting that the two lives are bound together as the two haives of the nuts—two hearts, in fact, bound together for love—and two dried plums, of which I do not know the mean-

A Cat That Can Read.

"I've got a cat," said a lady to me the other day, "that can read. At any rate she knows when a letter comes for her." HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, A letter!" I exclaimed in astonishment. Yes, a letter, and if you don't believe it I will prove it to you. Just wait a minute until I direct one."

My friend left the room and in a few

minutes returned with a sealed envelope, addressed, "Miss Pussy, No. — Marboro street, city." "Now," said she, "if you will kindly post that for me to night and be here when

the postman comes around on his first delivery to-morrow morning you shall see I posted the letter as requested, and wa at my friend's house promptly the next morning. Soon the bell rang, and shortly afterward the servant entered with a bun-die of letters, arong which was that for Miss Pussy. Placing them near her feline highness on the floor, my friend said: "Now, Miss Pussy, pick out your let-ter."

Sure enough, Pussy at once showed an interest, and in a moment had pushed aside with her paws the envelope addressed to her. I was about to acknowledge my sin of incredulity, when my friend said:

friend said:

"Wait a minute. She'll open it and devour the contenta."

Scarcely had she said this when Miss Pussy had torn the envelope open and in a moment was literally devouring its con-

tents-catnip. A Great Opening for the Statistic Crank [Detroit Free Press.]

A southern correspondent points out that there is a great field for the statistics man in the late watermelon _rop.

Their aggregate weight in tons would show up well in a row of figures. Placed end to end, they would make a streak of green from here to Cape Horn, or some correspondent. other jumping off place. Allowing a melon and a half to one, claray, it would take a large contingent of the colored race to eat them at one sixting. The total amount paid for them by the who esalers would be equal to an appreciable fraction of the national debt, and the total paid by the consumers would be represented by that fraction with its denominator di that fraction with its denominator divided by two. Allowing that so many feet and inches of rain fell during the rainy season, and that 90 per cent. of a melon is water, it could be easily com puted how much of the rainy season went into the melon crop. Then there would be the colic, cholera morbus, and Jamaica ginger figures to wrestle with, and the mortuary statistics to be put in convenient

> Curious Kinds of Crabs. [St. Nicholas.]

shape for reference.

In Japan there is a giant crab which measures some twelve feet between the tips of the nippers, and in the Indian ocean there is a hermit crab two feet long. ocean there is a hermit crab two feet long. The palm crab lives on coccanuts, and the Malays in turn on 1 e palm crab. The robber crab, or the "ou, ou, " breaks nuts by a shing them against stones. Once a robber crab was seen to seize a goat by the ears and fairly lift the startled creature from the ground. Pirate crabs often robbirds' nests in the tropics. In the West Ind'an colonies purple crabs live upon the highlands, but once a year 'hey leave their holes and ma' the in vast columns, three miles long and 250 feet wide, to the sea, where the Jeposit their eggs. The back of the mask crab! ks 'like a mask for the human face, white the glass cra's for the human face, which the glass cra's are so transparent that if one should be held over this item the reader could still easily trace the lines.

I to Ocean

Redfere the great woman's tailor, has had a preligious success in Paris. His methods were strange and attractive to the tair l'arisiennes. He gave no credit. Women who never dreamed of paying ready money for their dresses looked upon it as a vicuant innavation, very

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which elight Coids and Coughs frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should live very prudent person to keep at hand, is a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing class gives such immediate relief Nothing else gives such immediate reiter and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That emineut physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Mc., says:— "Medical science has produced no other ano-dyne expectorant so good as AYES'S CHERRY PROVORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—

"I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, may preparation of so great valuess ATEK'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of discesse of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up coids and cures severe coughs, but is more effective than anything clas in releving even the most serious bronchial and pulmonary affections."

AYER'S **Cherry Pectoral**

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

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THE EXCELLENCY OF THIS house is too well known to need any recommendation, and travelers have long since pronounced it the BEST HOTEL SOUTH OF PORTLAND.

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Chicken suppers, oy suppers, or suppers of any kind, with all the delicacies of the season and the best wines of the market, prepared to order at the shortest notice and at the most reasonable prices. Terms, strictly cash.

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At the bar is to be found the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON,

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A new entrance to the dining room has been made that opens on Front street, and the tables will always be supplied with the choicest the market affords.

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