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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1899.

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Real Estate, Insurance, Collection, and Loan Brokers.
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Sells sight exchange and telegraphic transfers on Portland, San Francisco and New York.
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J. S. HIBBS, Proprietor.
Fresh Meats of all kinds constantly on hand. Highest price paid for Butcher's stock.
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Proprietors of the
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Watchmaker and Jeweler.
Dealer in All kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware, Clocks and Spectacles. McMinnville, Or.
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McMinnville, Oregon.

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Improved Farm Property
On Short or Long Time in Sums to suit. Lowest Rates and no Commissions.
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ELSIA WRIGHT.

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DEALERS IN

BOOKS, STATIONERY
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Musical Goods and Instruments of all Kinds.
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Furniture of all the Latest Styles made to order in Oak, Ash or any Wood desired.
FINE WORKMANSHIP A SPECIALTY!
Orders taken for all kinds of work and satisfaction guaranteed. Call at factory and see specimens of furniture.
Do not buy without first seeing the furniture manufactured here in your own state and county.
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Real Estate, Collection, Insurance and Employment Agent.
Money to Loan.
Any business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention, and SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
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Bath Tubs and Sinks,
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WE CAN FIT YOUR HOUSE WITH HOT AND COLD WATER.

All work done in first class order. Give us a Call.
GLENN & GRIFFITH,
Third St. McMinnville.

Administrator's Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned John H. Walker has been appointed by the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, administrator of the estate of James A. Walker, deceased.
All persons, therefore, having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same with proper vouchers to the undersigned at the law office of F. W. Fenton, at McMinnville, Oregon, within six months from this date.
JOHN H. WALKER,
Administrator of said Estate.
F. W. Fenton, attorney for estate.

ADVERTISERS
or others who wish to submit an advertisement for publication in this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 47 Reddish St., New York City, the advertising agency of LORD & THOMAS.

THE KREUTZER SONATA.

The Kreutzer Sonata by Count Leo Tolstoy has created a great stir in two continents. The United States has forbidden its passage through the mails because of its being obscene. As to the truth of the matter people differ some say it is obscene while others claim for it great originality and purity. The following is a criticism by Ambrose Bierce of the *Examiner*:

"Nothing in the book directly discloses the author's views of the marriage relation. The horrible story of Posnyshchew's matrimonial experience—an experience which, barring its tragic finale, he affirms to be not an individual but a general one—is related by himself. There is no more in it to show what Tolstoy thinks of the matter in hand than there is in the play to show what the playwright thought. We are always citing the authority of Shakespeare by quotations from his plays—in which every sentiment is obviously conceived with a view to its artistic fitness to the character of the imaginary person who utters it.

In the Kreutzer Sonata, however, as Shakespeare had in view a purely artistic result, Tolstoy's intention is a purely moral one. To that end he foregoes the advantage of those literary effects which he so well knows how to produce, confining his exceptional powers to bald narrative, overlaid with disquisitions deriving their only vitality from the moral purpose everywhere visible. A man marries a woman. They quarrel of course; their life is of course wretched beyond the power of words to express. Jealousy naturally ensues, the man murders the woman. That is the "plot," and it is absolutely without embellishment. Its amplification is accomplished by "preaching," its episodes are sermons on subjects not closely related to the main current of thought. Clearly the aim of a book constructed on such lines by a skillful literary artist is not an artistic aim. Tolstoy desires it to be thought that he entertains the convictions uttered by Posnyshchew. He has, indeed, distinctly avowed them in interviews with representatives of the press. Like other convictions, they must stand or fall according to the degree of stability in their foundation upon the rock of truth but the fact that they are held up by a man of such gigantic powers and so pure life as Tolstoy gives them an interest and importance which the world has been quick to recognize, and the Sunday-scholarly Mr. Wanamaker to affirm.

Some of these convictions are peculiarly Tolstoy's own; others he holds in common with all men and women gifted with that rarest of intellectual equipments, the faculty of observation, and blessed with the observation for its use. Anybody can see, but observation is another thing. It is something more than discernment. Yet may be something less than accurate understanding of the thing discerned. Such as it is, Tolstoy possesses it in the highest degree. Nothing escapes him; his penetration is astonishing: He searches the very soul of things making record of his discoveries with a pitiless frankness which to feebler understandings is brutal and terrifying. To him nothing is a mere phenomenon; everything is a phenomenon plus a meaning connected with a group of meanings. The meaning he may and in my poor judgment commonly does, misread, but the phenomenon, the naked fact, he will see. Nothing can hide it from him nor make it appear to him other than it is. It is this terrible power of discernment with this unerring illumination compelling the reluctant attention of others which endows him with an unimpeachable and implacable resentment. His is the Mt. Blanc of minds; about the base of this conspicuous cold intelligence the Arve and Arvignon of ignorance and optimism "trave ceaselessly."

It is of the nature of the dance to confound exposure with complicity. Point out to him the hatefulness of that which he is accustomed to admire and nothing shall therefore convince him that you have not a happy hand in making it hateful. Leon Tolstoy, an intellect a giant and in heart a child, a man of blameless life and spotless character, devout, righteous, humble and honest in his day-to-day distinction of being the most widely and sincerely detested man in two continents. He had the courage to utter a truth of so supreme importance that one half of the civilized world has for centuries been engaged in a successful conspiracy to conceal it from the other half—the truth that the modern experiment of monogamous marriage by the dominant tribes of Europe and America is a dismal failure. He is not the first by many, who has testified to that effect, but he is the first who has given the arrested so wide a general attention—a result that is to be attributed partly to his tremendous reputation, and partly to his method of giving witness. He does not deal in argument, is no controversialist. He says the thing that is in him to say, and we can take it or leave it, whereas Mrs. Mono Caird (for example) presses her opinions upon her readers in the manner of a solicitous saleswoman.

The Kreutzer Sonata is not an obscene nor indecent book; the mind which finds it so is an obscene and indecent mind. It is not, according to our popular notions, "a book for young girls." Nevertheless it is in my judgment most desirable that young girls should know—preferably through their parents, who can speak with the authority of experience—the truth which it offers, namely: that marriage like wealth, offers no hope of lasting happiness. Despite the implication that "they lived happily ever afterwards" it is not for nothing that the conventional love story ends with the chime of wedding bells. As the Genius vanishes when Mirza asked him what lay under the cloud beyond the rock of adamant, so the story teller prudently forestalls further investigation by taking himself off. He has an innate consciousness that the course of true love, whose current he has been tracing, begins at marriage to assume something of the character of a really raging torrent.

Tolstoy hits hard; not one man or woman a year married but must wince beneath his blow. They are all members of a monstrous and dishonest conspiracy. They conceal their wounds and swear that all is right and well with them. They give their hell a good character, but in their secret souls they chafe and groan under their chain. They come out from among their corruption and dead men's bones only to give the seculcher another coating of whitewash and call attention to its manifold advantages as a dwelling. They are like the members of some "Ancient and Honorable Order," who repeatedly repeat to others the falsehoods by which they keep the sole exception of knowledge with the sole exception of her to whom the knowledge would have greatest practical value—the person whom all the powers of modern society seem to league to cheat—"the young girl." I speak only of men; if asked what lies beneath the rock of adamant I give warning that I shall "take myself away, leaving the hardy inquirer rubbing his eyes and staring at the familiar hills of Bagdad, with sheep and camels grazing thereon. For I know no more of that matter than he.

Another cause of the wretchedness of the married state, and of this Tolstoy seems inadequately conscious—is that marriage confers rights deemed incalculably precious which there is not in our laws and customs any means whatever of confirming and enforcing. The consciousness that these rights are held by the precarious tenure of a "vow" which never had, to one of the parties, much more than a ceremonial significance, and a good faith subject, in the other, to the suspicions of resentment and the vicissitudes of vanity and caprice; the knowledge that these rights are exposed to secret invasion, invited by the most searching inquiry; the savage superstition that their invasion "dishonors" the one to whom it is most obnoxious and who of all persons in the world is least an accomplice—all this begets an apprehension which grows to distrust and from distrust to madness. The apprehension is natural because reasonable; its successive stages of development are what you will, but the culmination is disaster and the wreck of peace.

Of the sonnet phenomena of the marriage relation observable by man like Tolstoy, with eyes in his head, brains behind the eyes, and not too much scruple in selecting points of view outside the obscurity and confusion of a personal experience, a hundred additional explanations might be added, all more valid, in my judgment, than the one to which he pins his too ready faith; but those noted seem sufficient. With regard to any matter touching less nearly the unreasoning sensibilities of the human heart, he would I venture to think, be deemed more than sufficient.

What, then, rejecting Tolstoy's prescription—is the remedy? In view of the failure of our experiment should we revert to first principles, adopting polygamy with such modifications as would better adapt it to the altered situation? Ought we to try free love, requiring the state to keep off its clumsy hands and let men and women as individuals manage this affair, as they do their religion, their friendships and their diet? For my part I know of no remedy, nor do I believe that one can be formulated. It is of the nature of the more gigantic evils to be remedied—a truth against which poor humanity instinctively revolts, the revolt entailing the additional afflictions of augmented nonsense and wasted endeavor. Nevertheless something may be done in mitigation. The marriage relations which we have we shall continue to have and its dead-end fruits will not grow any ripper or any sweeter with time. But the lie which describes them as lucious and gratifying is needless, but fortuitous. Point out to them the exact nature of the fool's paradise into which they will pretty certainly enter, and perhaps ought to enter. Teach them that the purpose of marriage is whatever the teacher may conceive it to be, but not happiness. Mercifully reduce the terrible disproportion between expectation and result. In so far as the Kreutzer Sonata accomplishes this end—in so far as it teaches this lesson it is a good book, and I rejoice in everything which has contributed to its vogue and made it accessible to the "young girl." And may Heaven endow her with charity superior to mine to forgive the criminal ignorance who translated the text and the fatuous idiot who wrote the preface.

In the manufacture of paper this country has been making tremendous strides during the last few years. The industry has been brought to such a state of development, and the production reduced to much less cost by improved machinery and the successful use of wood pulp under a special process, that a large export trade has been established, particularly with England. A market has also been found in Australia and elsewhere.

News has just come from Europe that one of the largest forests in the world is situated between the Ural and the Oshkosh sea, on a veritable bed of ice. The ground, it is said, is frozen to a depth of 16 meters. The forests can properly be called a cool shade, and any enterprising Yankee would convert it into a summer resort.

Comprehensive view

RUSSIA.

From a letter written in Russia by Rev. Dr. Sweeney, a pastor of the Christian church, to Jackson Hart, a resident of Oakland, Cal., and member of the Produce Exchange and published in the San Francisco Bulletin of August 6th, we take the following. It is the most interesting article on foreign travel we have read for a long time:

Russian history dates 400 B. C. Herodotus says the people lived in a nomadic life and without houses, with a patriarchal form of government and idolatrous form of religion. Their history for a thousand years was a series of ups and downs, with a kind of a "time-about, dog-and-wolf" character. Tartars, Slavonians and Scythians were the chief actors in the play. But in A. D. 882 Rurik founded the monarchy and his descendants held the scepter for 700 years. The princes presided over the Pagan religion until the time of Vladimir, the seventh Russian sovereign. He is the George Washington or Father of this Country; at least he gave the "First Code of Russian Laws," and introduced the Christian religion. Tartars, Livonians, Lithuanians, Swedes, Poles and the great Chingis Khan with his great army of Mongols kept the "kettle boiling" for a few hundred years following. Then from the year 1388 A. D., followed the reigns of the Ivans—the I, II, III, and IV. Ivan the IV was the first monarch who assumed the title of the Czar of Russia. He was called "John the Terrible." He would sink his steel-pointed staff through the foot of an awaiting messenger and lean upon it while reading the message. In a fit of rage he killed his own son. Theodore I, in whom ended the "Rurik dynasty." From 1648 A. D., wars and appalling famines followed. In the streets of Moscow, men ate pieces of human flesh; 27,000 persons remained for days unburied corpses and 500,000 people died from the visitation of this awful famine. It was not until the sixteenth century that "serfdom" was established in Russia.

In 1613 A. D., Michael Romanoff was proclaimed "czar of all the Russias." The characteristic reigns of all the "Romanoff family, yourself, with all the readers of history know full well. The reigns of Alexis, Peter the Great, Elizabeth, Catherine II, Alexander I, Nicholas, Alexander II, are notorious in history. Alexander III is the present emperor. He is a young man of fine health, inquisitive sort of fellow, fat, and looks like Cleveland.

I was warned not to come to Russia. I was told that I would be watched and probably exiled; at least I would suffer much annoyance from officials and delays of passports and such things. But I wanted the Russian experience, from my boyhood, I had been an admirer of Peter the Great, and had read with avidity of Catherine II. as well as much of the entire Russia.

From Constantinople I crossed the Black Sea and struck the Russian first in the Crimea. The officials came aboard the ship first at Sebastopol, read my passport, which was signed by Robt. T. Lincoln (son of Abraham Lincoln); asked me some questions, scrutinized and seemed to be seeing the buttons on the back of my coat, or, if not looking through me. They were "sizing me up" quite thoroughly. From leaving the ship until reaching the hotel I was required to "show your papers" six or seven times.

Sebastopol as headquarters, I visited many places of interest in the Crimea, with an old Crimean soldier for a guide. He showed me the battle fields of Alma, Inkerman, Malakoff, the Redan and Balaklava. He was a participant in all the battles—where English, French, Turkish and Russian blood flowed like rivers. I saw the place where the "Charge of the Light Brigade" was made, where it "volled and thundered into the jaws of death" the gallant six hundred.

The poet Tennyson did his best when he wrote his poem on the charge in that great battle. A marble monument marks the spot where the brave men fell. The whole of the Crimea is plowed up, ditched, pitted and honey-combed by the armies of the Crimean war.

The cemeteries of the English, French and Russian soldiers are well worth visiting; especially the Russian. The "double eagles" and Cross of Christ, the emblems of church and state are strangely stamped on everything in Russia, whether in war or peace. The crosses in the marble and brass on the battle fields, as prominent as in the church or Russian cathedral. The great generals were crossed suspended from ribbons tied around their necks. The Russian war-ships were named after saints and the twelve apostles.

I visited old Khersonesus in the Crimea. It is in the vicinity of Sebastopol and is the Pompeii of Russia. It was settled by the Greeks 700 B. C., and as old as Rome. It has been excavated and presents many strange sights to the traveler. It was here that Prince Vladimir was baptized and married. From here the Christian religion went forth until it became the religion of the vast empire, and is a stronger force to-day than the "sword of the czar." It is presently the controlling force in a population of over one hundred millions of Russian subjects—a population almost double that of the United States. We sailed from Sebastopol for Odessa, in southern Russia, on the Black sea, a city having a population of 225,000 souls. It is full of fine hotels, manufactures, monuments and material prosperity. It is the port from which Russia exports her grain and fruits. Russia is noted for wheat-farms. One farmer near Odessa has 600,000 acres and owns 1,000 reapers for cutting his wheat. How will this fact compare with Colusa county wheat-risers? Sheep raisers are big men in Russia also. A California sheep-raiser said to a Russian—"I have

INDIA.

The 400 churches and monasteries are a characteristic feature of the city. I took 450 steps to reach the top of one bell tower. It commands a fine view. Napoleon and his marshals saw the city from its summit.

The Man With the Sash.
A man with little or no stomach to speak of can very well hang his trousers on his hips, if they are light-weight trousers, and manage to get through the day very well without suspenders; but, as a matter of fact, he never feels quite sure of himself or his clothes. He acquires an ungainly habit of hitching up his trousers every few minutes—a sort of land marine motion, in imitation of the stage Jack Tar—or feeling nervously with his hands to assure himself that they are up. The man without suspenders is generally a cigarette-smoker, and that makes his troubles greater. If his hands are also wet and dirty from his work, he will try to give a hitch up to his trousers with the back of his hands or wrists, still holding his cigarette. If he is sitting down in society or some place of amusement, he must give the habitual hitchup to his trousers when he arises.

The supercilious young man playing billiards gives trousers a hitchup every time he chalks his cue. There is a street car line so over kind to its underpaid drivers that it allows them in hot weather to work without coat, vest or suspenders. Ladies are obliged to see to suspenders. They are always made nervous for fear the poor drivers, when making change, turning brakes or beating their mules, will forget to hitch up at the proper moment. Their money belts are on loosely and there is a general untidiness about the supercilious driver that tells against the company. There are men so nice that they would not have in their employ men who did not wear suspenders. That seems a little absurd; but they argue that such men waste a good deal of valuable time hitching up their trousers, and that such time belongs to the employer and not to the owner of the trousers. To overcome this hitching habit, to be graceful at all times and to satisfy employers, a New Haven man has invented a long felt want. His invention is of a very simple one, and consists of wearing the suspenders next to the under-shirt, the silk, flannel or cotton shirt being outside. At the waist of the outer skirt horizontal slits are cut and stitched like buttonholes. Through these slits the straps of the suspenders are brought and fastened on to the trousers. A broad belt or sash covers the waistband, slits and straps and the results is a belt effect with a suspender comfort.

With this invention on, a man can still play billiards and continue cigarette smoking; he can wear his negligee slink or flannel, or flowing-bosomed linen lawn shirt, without a vest, only a sash about his waist, having no suspenders in sight. He may dress like a dude or a steamboat mate if he will, but he will always appear genteel and manly and graceful, with no troubled expression on his face. He appears to have no suspenders on, yet he always has the supercilious man at an advantage. He has confidence, and is always dead sure of his trousers.

A Counterfeit \$1,000 Bill.
There is a thousand dollar counterfeit note in the possession of the secret service bureau in Washington with an interesting history. One morning not so very long ago a handsomely dressed lady entered one of the largest dry goods houses in Boston, and after selecting a shawl worth \$250, tendered a \$1,000 bill in payment. The note was of course, carefully scrutinized and sent to a neighboring bank where it was vouched for. When the lady was informed of its acceptance she became indignant, and expressed in no measured terms her opinion of a firm that would for a moment doubt her honesty. So wrathful she was indeed, that she refused to take the shawl and replacing the money in her pocketbook left the store.

Later in the day she returned. Her anger had disappeared, and she explained that having walked all over Boston without being able to find a shawl that suited her, she had returned to apologize for her hasty action, and to take the shawl she had first selected. Again she tendered a \$1,000 note—not a genuine one this time, but a closely executed counterfeit.

Of course the firm accepted the money—believing it to be the genuine note—without question, and the woman departed with her shawl and \$750 in change. The swindle was not discovered until the counterfeit was rejected at the bank. The note was then sent to the secret service bureau, where its history is occasionally related to interested visitors. The woman was never caught.

Nevada's Dead Cattle.
T. B. Riekey of Carson says: "I have been riding since June 15 over the ranges. We lost at least 30,000 head of cattle. In Humboldt county in one range I saw heaps of cattle for three miles. They were piled up as many as three or four hundred in a bunch, in one herd, which sought shelter from the storm, was covered up with snow and died.

"Another herd went in on top of these, and suffered the same fate, piling on top of each other and dying. They must have trampled each other under foot. Think of the mass of dying cattle prostrate in the ravine and another drove of one hundred stampeding in on top of them, the storm burying all in one common grave! This must have been terrible, for the bones of many of them were broken. The sun dried out the top ones but the effluvia from those underneath is sickening. Everywhere you go you find the same state of affairs."

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THE MAN WITH THE SASH.

A man with little or no stomach to speak of can very well hang his trousers on his hips, if they are light-weight trousers, and manage to get through the day very well without suspenders; but, as a matter of fact, he never feels quite sure of himself or his clothes. He acquires an ungainly habit of hitching up his trousers every few minutes—a sort of land marine motion, in imitation of the stage Jack Tar—or feeling nervously with his hands to assure himself that they are up. The man without suspenders is generally a cigarette-smoker, and that makes his troubles greater. If his hands are also wet and dirty from his work, he will try to give a hitch up to his trousers with the back of his hands or wrists, still holding his cigarette. If he is sitting down in society or some place of amusement, he must give the habitual hitchup to his trousers when he arises.

The supercilious young man playing billiards gives trousers a hitchup every time he chalks his cue. There is a street car line so over kind to its underpaid drivers that it allows them in hot weather to work without coat, vest or suspenders. Ladies are obliged to see to suspenders. They are always made nervous for fear the poor drivers, when making change, turning brakes or beating their mules, will forget to hitch up at the proper moment. Their money belts are on loosely and there is a general untidiness about the supercilious driver that tells against the company. There are men so nice that they would not have in their employ men who did not wear suspenders. That seems a little absurd; but they argue that such men waste a good deal of valuable time hitching up their trousers, and that such time belongs to the employer and not to the owner of the trousers. To overcome this hitching habit, to be graceful at all times and to satisfy employers, a New Haven man has invented a long felt want. His invention is of a very simple one, and consists of wearing the suspenders next to the under-shirt, the silk, flannel or cotton shirt being outside. At the waist of the outer skirt horizontal slits are cut and stitched like buttonholes. Through these slits the straps of the suspenders are brought and fastened on to the trousers. A broad belt or sash covers the waistband, slits and straps and the results is a belt effect with a suspender comfort.

With this invention on, a man can still play billiards and continue cigarette smoking; he can wear his negligee slink or flannel, or flowing-bosomed linen lawn shirt, without a vest, only a sash about his waist, having no suspenders in sight. He may dress like a dude or a steamboat mate if he will, but he will always appear genteel and manly and graceful, with no troubled expression on his face. He appears to have no suspenders on, yet he always has the supercilious man at an advantage. He has confidence, and is always dead sure of his trousers.

A Counterfeit \$1,000 Bill.
There is a thousand dollar counterfeit note in the possession of the secret service bureau in Washington with an interesting history. One morning not so very long ago a handsomely dressed lady entered one of the largest dry goods houses in Boston, and after selecting a shawl worth \$250, tendered a \$1,000 bill in payment. The note was of course, carefully scrutinized and sent to a neighboring bank where it was vouched for. When the lady was informed of its acceptance she became indignant, and expressed in no measured terms her opinion of a firm that would for a moment doubt her honesty. So wrathful she was indeed, that she refused to take the shawl and replacing the money in her pocketbook left the store.

Later in the day she returned. Her anger had disappeared, and she explained that having walked all over Boston without being able to find a shawl that suited her, she had returned to apologize for her hasty action, and to take the shawl she had first selected. Again she tendered a \$1,000 note—not a genuine one this time, but a closely executed counterfeit.

Of course the firm accepted the money—believing it to be the genuine note—without question, and the woman departed with her shawl and \$750 in change. The swindle was not discovered until the counterfeit was rejected at the bank. The note was then sent to the secret service bureau, where its history is occasionally related to interested visitors. The woman was never caught.

Nevada's Dead Cattle.
T. B. Riekey of Carson says: "I have been riding since June 15 over the ranges. We lost at least 30,000 head of cattle. In Humboldt county in one range I saw heaps of cattle for three miles. They were piled up as many as three or four hundred in a bunch, in one herd, which sought shelter from the storm, was covered up with snow and died.

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