THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

Come forth in all thy maiden charm,
Serenely still, benignly fair,
For greetings true and glad and warm
Are thrilling through the summer air.
Come forth, so dowered with youthful grace,
Columbia, Lady of the West!
And be the welcome in thy face,
The pride of every honored guest.

A hundred years, in the shade and light,
Have cast their glory o'er thy brow;
But what are they? A watch by night
To Nations vast who seek thee now,
Who heard the overture of morn
Swept grandly by the choiring stars,
Ere yet across the earth was borne
The sound of strife, the clash of wars.

The children of the farthest East
Have brought their tributes to thy shrine.
Though last, fair land, thou art not least,
And cordial hands solicit thine.
Lo! out from all her mystic past,
Steps she who reared the Pyramid;
And China opens wide the fast
Barred door which once her empire hid.

With stately courtesy they bring
Their wishes for thy long success;
Their golden censers gently swing
With incense pure as love's caress.
With treasures of an elder art,
Across blue-rounding waves, Japan
Comes mingling in thy thronging mart,
To tell the brotherhood of man.

And other than these Orient ones
Are pilgrims to thy radiant shore:
The emphasis of kindred tones
Makes sweet the hall from lips, before,
A century back, that, touched with scorn,
In English accents told thy name—
Thy name! to-day with glory won
Wherever reaches England's fame.

Italia sends her dreams sublime
In marble wrought; from Spain and France,
From German lands, from Russia's clime,
From Greece, with thoughts of old romance
Entwined, the votive offerings come;
And syllabled in silver speech,
Beneath the deep cerulean dome,
Flow words of cheer thine ear to reach.

From where the Amazon's deep tide
Full-hearted glides through banks of green,
A royal pair have sought thy side,
With simplest grace and courtly mien;
And from their broad and ample state,
Where thousands bend to do their will,
Comes, fitly crowning Freedom's fete,
A wreath of bloom from fair Brazil.

A fading shape, the while it fades,
That gives thee homage, joins to raise,
Ere yet it vanish 'mid the shades
Of night and eld, its chant of praise.
Its name is on thy rivers writ,
Its music crowns thy mountain peaks
Yet, phantom-like, its children flit
Before the tongue Columbia speaks.

Receive, fair virgin of the west,
The friendly plaudits of the world;
Receive the love in flowers expressed,
By flags in gentle peace unfurled!
Begin the century to come
In faith unfeigned, in solemn awe,
And consecrate thy soil, the home
Of Liberty allied to Law!

—Harper's Bazar.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

"Well, darling," I said, catching her two hands in mine, as we met under the trees in the loveliest corner of the square. I had no other words, and she did not need any.

"The old story," looking up at me, just a glance that showed her pretty eyes had been crying. "I'm—I'm here, Shirley."

Do you guess what those three words meant? That Edna Verdery, before the first star looked out of the opal sky up above us, would be my wife.

It was the old story, you see—a penniless lover, a true-hearted little woman clinging to her faith, and a parental curse impending over both our heads.

I drew her hand tight through my arm, and we walked away very quietly, for she was tired, and the little hand trembled against my side. She only told me that she was not afraid, that she loved me, and she would be glad to rest when it was all over and we two safe and far away together. And so we went on and were married.

Then I took home my wife. It was a poor home, but she was not afraid to sweeten it with herself, and she had said that she was glad to come. She never spoke of her father and mother, and never seemed to miss them or regret what she had lost in them. I never should have known that was a grief to her, but for one day. She met me when I came home at night, with her face all sparkling and her voice unsteady with excitement, and even before she kissed me, cried out:

"I've seen my mother!"

"Your mother? Has she been here? I asked.

"Yes! Only think how glad I was—how surprised! She came and she kissed me, and forgave me," putting her arms around my neck and beginning to cry in her gladness, "and forgave you, too; and she said she couldn't live and lose her only daughter. Oh, Shirley, it was the only thing more that I wanted on earth. I'm so happy, darling."

"And your father?"

"He couldn't be so kind as she was," said my little wife with her cheek on mine. "Fathers never are; but she thought—she was sure—she said—that he'd forgive it all, and that she loved me just as much all the time, and it would be all right at last, Shirley. Oh! aren't you happy, too? Look glad! Tell me you're glad, dear; you don't know how I wanted it."

I was glad, for her sake, God knows; for my own, I would never have cared to look on their faces again.

But all that was changed now. Mrs. Verdery's carriage rattled, day after day, down the little dull street and stood at Mrs. Lecompte's door, and Edna Lecompte was pardoned and petted, and caressed as if Edna Verdery had never disobeyed. And then we were asked to "dine at home;" she and I; and the old man greeted us both kindly and kissed his daughter with two tears in his cold eyes, and seemed to bury our old enmity as he shook my hand; and after that night it was all sunshine between us.

But I never ceased to feel an old chill in my heart like a prophecy of something bitter coming between us. Perhaps it was because instead of growing richer since I married a wife, I only grew poorer, and the world outside our little room got dark and threatening over head and seemed only a cold place for my unborn child to inherit.

He came to test its tender mercies just with the early winter, and, as he came, Edna was very nigh going out forever. She was a delicate little thing, and needed so much petting and nursing and tender care, my heart ached as many a poor man's has done before me, when I looked in the white little face that had been so rosy when I first took her from her home. And instead of growing stronger, she only drooped more, like a flower in the first frost; and the child was as pale as she.

There was a season of business losses and heavy failures; firm after firm gave way and men went home idle, and my urn came with the rest. And I knelt down by my wife's bed, looked into her eyes, and told her and asked her to forgive me for the wrong I had done in loving her.

"Don't feel so badly, Shirley," she whispered, moving her head on my shoulder, "I know I am a burden to you, darling, but I—I can't wish it undone; we are so happy still—we've got each other and baby and such a long life yet, for all these little troubles to pass away in! And it can't last long; you'll get something better than what you lost. Perhaps it will be the very best thing for us, after all, that you should lose this place and be forced to make a change."

"Perhaps! It's all a chance," I said bitterly, "and I must sit with my hands tied, and you—Edna, they were right' I was a selfish brute to draw you down to this."

She clasped her arms around my neck and kissed me and stopped my mouth, and we were silent for awhile and the room grew dark in the twilight.

"Shirley," she said softly at last, "would you let my father help you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Mamma asked me a month ago if you would leave New Orleans and take a position in my uncle's house in New York. I never told you, because—she wanted me to come home then, Shirley, and let you go alone, and I couldn't."

"Go home!" I gathered her closer—the baby in her arms, too. "Child, has it come to that?"

"No," she whispered softly. "It never will. I'll go with you there, or anywhere else on earth, Shirley."

"Is it too late to take the offer now?" I asked, starting up. "Why do you ask if I'll let him help me, Edna? Better that than taking his alms, God knows, and I've done that so long. What is this place? Child, I'd almost beg at the street corners for you, if that was all!"

"Will you go and see papa?" she cried, lighting up all over her wasted little face. "I don't know about it, only that mamma said that there might be an opening for you, and it would be much better than your old place, and papa would use his influence for you. Will you go, Shirley?"

"Yes, I will!" I said, stooping down to kiss her.

Something was dragging me back all the while—holding me fast to the bedside, within touch of her little hot hand and hearing of my baby's sleepy soft breath—but I didn't heed it. I was desperate, and her eyes drove me out into the world, to struggle with it, and win for her sake—and I went.

So the end of it was that letters went back and forth, and in two weeks from the day that I was discharged from my clerkship, I was engaged by the New York house, of which Mr. Verdery's brother was head, at a salary that would keep Edna safe all the winter, far enough out of the reach of want or the need of alms. Only—it was a desperate man's resources, you know—she must be in New Orleans while I was in New York.

A winter at the North, they said, would kill her, and I must not dream of taking her away until she was thoroughly well again.

This was the way it happened. They were so glad to take her back; they had "forgiven" her so entirely and wanted her so, and that they were so fond of little Shirley, I ought to have been willing and glad to leave them both in such tender care. I was neither; but I knew it was my duty to give her up and I did it. I kissed her good-by at the last and dragged myself away from her arms, that tried to hold me back even then, and the last glimpse I had of my wife or child was a little slender figure at an open window, half buried in white, soft wrappings, holding up a baby, who laughed and sprang in her arms, and whose little hand she tried to wave to me.

Then came the lonely winter at the North—the silent starvation of my heart through nights and days, the longing impatience, hope. It only lasted a little while. I knew I should have her in the spring in a home of our own that I had planned already.

It was in March when her letters, which had come faithfully on their stated days, failed suddenly. A week went by without a message from New Orleans; and when it came at last it was written in another hand.

It was a long letter, but I never read it through, I only read three lines. That told me that she was dead, that my baby was buried in her arms. The yellow fever had broken out in the city, and my two were the first to go; and her parents had left New Orleans, and before their letter had reached me would have sailed for England.

So I never saw the little white wrapped figure and the laughing baby any more.

I never saw either of their parents again. It was better for us all, Mr. Verdery had said, that the intercourse should cease with Edna's and the child's death; and God knows I felt so, too.

So I lived on in New York alone, and rose in the firm, traveled and made money; and wandered from city to city at last, successful in everything that I touched without a trouble or anxiety in life—only the burden of my empty heart. I was thirty years old when my darling died; I had plenty more years to live, and death was a long way off. People called me a young man still, after my hair was very gray, and I seemed to have grown old and tired down to my heart's core. And the years went by wearily; and I was forty-eight, and my hair was white.

It was at Fleming's house that I met Harriet Stanhope. She was a cousin of his wife's and an attractive woman—not a girl. The sort of woman who every one calls interesting; clever and cultivated to the utmost; sweet-natured, and adapted and good, with even more than a woman's share of tact.

I had not known her long before I could talk to her of the sad story that she knew already, and tell her about the day when I looked back and saw the little figure in the window, holding up my child for me to see.

Well, you have guessed already, I suppose, at the end of the beginning. I never loved Harriet Stanhope—never. But it came to me, slowly at first, and very reluctantly, and then with great shock, that this woman cared for me. And I began to think of the possibility of her taking—in men's eyes, at least, and to outward seeming—Edna's empty place.

She was lonely, as I was, with no near relatives, no home, and a sorrowful outlook before her. I never could bear the sight of a solitary and uncared for woman, and the woman touched all my pity and sympathy. I gave her that and my friendship most freely and sincerely, and that was all. But I began to think that even without love life might be sweetened a little, and so I said to myself that I would marry her.

I did not resolve hastily. I knew her two years before I had thought of it at all, and then it was long before the idea took a definite shape. I was traveling in the West, and one of the letters reaching me at a large town in Ohio, decided the last doubt that was in my mind. I read it twice and then walked the floor all night, and lived my life over in memory, and reached far into the future to plan out what it would be—what it must be if God preserved it—and sat down to write to Harriet.

It was only natural that I should dream that night of Edna. She came to me at dawn and stood by the bedside with the child—my son who bore my name and was so like me. And she told me that she had never died at all, but had been waiting for me all these years, and God had kept her young, and the baby was a baby yet, only he would call me "father," and the word was ringing in my ears when I awoke.

I thought of her while dressing, and I went down stairs at last, the letter in my breast pocket, directed to Harriet, and was dreaming of a woman older and fairer than she, when into my dreams stole a voice, and the sound of my own name.

"Is everything ready, Shirley, dear?"

I looked up. There were two people at the little round table nearest mine—a lady, quietly dressed, as if for traveling, in black, without a touch of color, and a tall, straight, broad-shouldered stripling, with a young face and eyes like hers. I knew they were mother and son before he answered her.

"All ready. The train starts in an hour. You've got nothing at all to do, Madame Mere, but to sit and read a novel, or look out of the window till I call you."

And then they laughed together. She had a girlish face, and yet it was a sorrowful one, too. Her eyes were brown. I looked into them, and all my youth-time looked back again; and I saw the old house, in the old street in New Orleans, and the face in the window, and heard the baby's hands patting on the panes. Only two brown eyes and a sweet voice, and a man's name spoken softly to call up all that witchery?

She arose from the table almost that minute.

"I don't want the strawberries, Shirley. I'm going up to my room, and, if you want to read a novel, you must run out and get me one. I've packed everything, and I want some light reading for the cars."

Her dress was sweeping my chair as she spoke, and stirred my senses—fast asleep for so long—came a soft, violet scent. I was going mad, I believe. As if no woman but Edna Lecompte had ever used that faint, subtile perfume.

I started up and strode out of the dining room, following those two, and saw the mother go up the staircase—a slight, daintily moving figure, with a touch of girlish grace in it still, while the son passed on before me to the office of the hotel. He went and leaned over the desk and spoke to the clerk in his cheery, fresh voice; and I stood near him, turning the leaves of the hotel register.

"Mrs. Shirley Lecompte."

"Shirley Lecompte, New York City."

I turned and put my two hands on his shoulders. I could have taken him to my heart and kissed the child-likeness of his face, but I did not say one word for a minute, while he flashed his brown eyes upon me with a half angry little frown.

"Are you Shirley Lecompte's son? Where—where is your father?"

"My father is dead. That was his name," looking straight into my face. and then I dropped my hands.

"I was your father's friend, my boy. I—can see his looks in you. And your mother. Will you take me to your mother, Shirley?"

* * * * * * * * *

Well, I have forgiven him—the man who stole the sweetness out of life for me; he is dead and buried, and Edna is alive. Twenty years ago a forged letter told her that she was a widow, and the old man and his wife had their daughter back again; twenty years she kept her life sacred to my memory, and loved me in her child, and waited for another world to give her into my arms again. She told all that day—a long, long story, but this was the sum of it: I was dead and was alive again—was lost and was found.

And my life had its aim and crown, even so late; my love blossomed new, and my heart warmed, freshed with the old dead fires—we were happy, Edna and I. Out of the baby's grave rose my strong manly son to carry my name in honor and pride; it will have a nobler meaning when I am gone than ever it had in the past.

Dom Pedro's bill at the Continental, in Philadelphia, was $3,000, but he paid it on sight, just like a little man.

Industrial.

THOMAS G. ORWIG, Solicitor of Patents of the IOWA PATENT OFFICE, at Des Moines, reports the following U. S. Patents issued to Western inventors:

MAY 16, 1876.

Potato Diggers—Iris Hobson and Osborn J. Beymer, Fort Scott, Kansas. Double adjustment of share by which the pitch and depth are both regulated.

Draft Equalizers—Albert E. Manchester, Calmar, Iowa.

Hay Elevators—Leonard W. Miller and William G. Miller, Elk River Township, Clinton County, Iowa. Two levers are employed, with special springs—one to hold the car while hoisting, and the other to hold the rope when elevated, said hoisting rope having a stop at the end for actuating the levers.

Seed Planters—Charles H. Cronk, Marengo, Iowa.

Fence Posts—Andrew Failor, Newton, Iowa. After cutting a piece of conical shape from the sheet metal blank, said blank is bent longitudinally. Each half of the body of the blank is then bent at right angles, leaving its central part doubled to form a stiffening rib, with a slot at its base. The removed conical piece is then inserted with its point downward into said slot and secured.

Adjustable Eccentrics for Pumps—Benjamin F. Spy, Hartford, Iowa. The eccentric is slotted from center to rim, and has notched flanges on the sides of the slots, in which notches a pin passing through the shaft engages, controlling the measure of eccentricity to the shaft. The eccentric works in a slotted yoke attached to the pump rod.

Post Drivers—John Wilkinson and James Calnan, Moulton, Iowa. The windlass by which the ram is raised is provided with a semicircular slot in its side, into which an angular spring actuated bar, which is located upon a cylinder mounted on the windlass shaft, is forced. The cylinder has the ordinary detent rachet and pawl, and the spring bar allows of the descent of the ram at will from any point on being pressed.

Wash and Feed Boilers—George C. Aldon and Stephen M. Irvin, Moulton, Iowa. The furnace of fire-pot can be removed from the casing, for supplying it with fuel or to clear it out. The barrel can be tilted to facilitate the emptying of its contents.

Plows—Robert Casady, Thomas B. Lamb, and Chauncey L. Vaughan, Beloit, Kansas. A share nearly level, its edge extending outward at a right angle, with a bent standard to equalize the resistance in draft.

Washing Machines—Franzis M. Hellstrom Lawrence, Kansas.

A patent was allowed June 2, 1876, to Mrs. Jane B. Salyer, administratrix, Fairfield, Iowa, for a Hog-Ring made complete in one piece from a single piece of wire in such a manner that it can be applied, adjusted and removed by hand without the aid of any instrument.

It is remarked that the modest deportment of real wise men, when contrasted to the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the differences of wheat, which while its ear is empty holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.—*J. Beaumont.*

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Beef Cattle	$ 9 00	@	10 00
Hogs—Live			7 60
Sheep—Live	4 25	@	5 75
Flour—Good to choice	5 30	@	5 75
Wheat—No. 2 Chicago	1 17½	@	1 18
Corn—Western mixed	56	@	60
Oats—Western new	36	@	41
Eggs	10	@	12
Butter	13	@	20
Pork—New Mess	19 40	@	19 50
Lard	11 37½	@	11 40

CHICAGO.

Beeves—Choice	$ 4 20	@	4 25
Hogs	5 80	@	5 95
Sheep—Good to choice	3 25	@	5 50
Butter—Choice to yellow	20	@	22
Eggs	10	@	11
Flour—White winter	4 00	@	5 00
Spring extra			
Wheat—Spring No 2	1 01½	@	1 06½
Corn—No 2	46	@	46½
Oats—No 2	30½	@	31
Rye—No 2	71½	@	72
Pork—Mess, new	18 18	@	
Barley—No 2		@	58
Lard	11 00	@	11 50

ST. LOUIS

Beef Cattle—Fair to choice	$ 4 65	@	5 00
Hogs—Live	5 95	@	5 90
Flour—Fall XX	3 25	@	3 75
Wheat—No 2 Red	1 40	@	
Corn—No 2	43½	@	44
Oats	32	@	33
Rye—No 1	62	@	63
Pork—Mess	19 75	@	20 00
Lard		@	10 50

CINCINNATI.

Flour	$ 5 00	@	5 80
Wheat—Red	1 06	@	1 25
Corn	45	@	
Oats	29	@	36
Barley	1 12	@	1 15
Rye	72	@	
Pork	18 12½	@	18 25
Lard		@	10 62½

MILWAUKEE.

Flour	$	@	
Wheat—No 2		@	1 07½
Corn		@	43
Oats—No 2		@	29½
Barley—No 2		@	65
Rye—No 2		@	72

DES MOINES.

Flour—wholesale	$ 1 75	@	3 50
Wheat	45	@	75
Corn	25	@	28
Oats	20	@	26
Barley	25	@	27
Rye	40	@	50
Eggs	10	@	11½
Butter	13	@	15
Hogs	4 50	@	5 00
Cattle	3 40	@	3 90

A Bargain in Body Type.—The IOWA PRINTING COMPANY wish us to say that they have six hundred pounds of this style of Bourgeois type on hand, which they will sell at a reasonable price. It is in tolerably good condition, well sorted up, plenty of capitals, small capitals, italic and quads. *Write to the Iowa Printing Company, Des Moines, for price.* Terms, cash.

To Farmers.—A Moline wind-mill for sale, by the IOWA PRINTING CO., DES MOINES.

Interesting to Musicians.—A Whitney & Holmes Cabinet Organ will be sold at a reasonable price by the IOWA PRINTING CO., DES MOINES.

☞ FOUND AT LAST.—A sure remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness and all bronchial complaints. Ellert's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry has saved thousands of lives and alleviated the sufferings of thousands of others who failed to take it until beyond the reach of cure.

Both men and beasts are liable to accidents; a prompt remedy used at the right time often saves weeks and months of pain. Dr. Green's Crimean Liniment and Liver and Ague Pills should always be kept in the house.

☞ For horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, etc., Uncle Sam's Condition Powder is par excellence the remedy for nearly all the diseases which afflict farm animals and occasion so much loss to the farmer. It may be obtained through all druggists, or of the Emmert Proprietary Co., Chicago.

For Sale.—A new, No. 6 Harris safe—never been used. Price, $90, cash IOWA PRINTING CO., DES MOINES

The Gratitude of an Invalid.

LAWRENS C. H., S. C., Sept. 24, 1871.

DEAR SIR: My wife has been using daily your Bitters, and I am glad to say she has been greatly benefitted. She is now stronger and in better general health than she has been for years, and I feel certain that her present good health is the result of using a few bottles of the HOME BITTERS. She joins me in thanking you for your kindness. My wife has improved so much that she does not need the bitters now, but thinks she will send for a few bottles when cold weather sets in. I commenced this letter at the request of a friend greatly suffering from bronchial affection, which has brought on general weakness. He asked me to order for him a half dozen bottles. Send them to Rev. W. F. Pearson, Donaldsville, S. C. Mrs. May, a lady of our town, says that the bottle I gave her did her a great deal of good, and that she would order more soon. I am, as ever, your friend.

REV. J. R. RILEY.

To the President of the HOME BITTERS COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.

Is an axiom recognized by all, and is as applicable to the timely use of judicious medicines as to repairing the damage of a torn garment. What is one of the first symptoms of a cold? Inflammation of the mucous membrane; when neglected, a train of ills follow, such as distressing cough, short and quick respiration, night sweats, fever, cold and clammy perspiration, destruction of the lungs, and death. All these and consequences may have been prevented by applying a few domestic remedies at first, and assisting nature's convalescence by using that really pure and vegetable corrective of all diseases, of the bowels, Prof. Cameron's Blackberry Brandy, made by the Home Bitters Co., St. Louis, and for sale by all druggists and dealers in family supplies.

☞ It is pleasanter for a man to see the daises bloom around him than to think that in another year they will bloom over him. Don't let that cough run into consumption, but take Ellert's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry and be cured.

Vegetine will cleanse scrofula from the system. Try it

☞ He is a wise man who uses Uncle Sam's Harness Oil, and thereby saves several times its cost in the increased durability of his harness.

We have, ourselves tried Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia,) and find it the best, purest and most economical soap we have ever seen. Too much cannot be said in its favor. Try it.

We can heartily recommend the Nevada Hotel, 148 and 150 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., as not only one of the cheapest, but also one of the best hotels in Chicago. Mine host, Kendrick, has proven that he CAN keep a hotel.

DR. SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SEA WEED TONIC, AND MANDRAKE PILLS.—These medicines have undoubtedly performed more cures of Consumption than any other remedy known to the American public. They are compounded of vegetable ingredients, and contain nothing which can be injurious to the human constitution. Other remedies advertised as cures for Consumption, probably contain opium, which is a somewhat dangerous drug in all cases, and if taken freely by consumptive patients, it must do great injury, for its tendency is to confine the morbid matter in the system, which of course, must make a cure impossible. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is warranted not to contain a particle of opium. It is composed of powerful but harmless herbs, which act on the lungs, liver, stomach, and blood, and thus correct all morbid secretions, and expel all the diseased matter from the body. These are the only means by which Consumption can be cured, and as Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills are the only medicines which operate in this way, it is obvious they are the only genuine cure for Pulmonary Consumption. Each bottle of this invaluable medicine is accompanied by full directions. Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed.

Dr. McAFEE—A regular graduate of British and American institutes. Twenty years a practicing physician. Treats all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Heart, Throat, Head and Nervous system. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Manhood successfully treated and even after others have failed. $100 forfeit for any case of Seminal Weakness or private disease of any kind or character he undertakes and fails to cure. Ladies will find proper treatment for diseases peculiar to their sex. All letters containing stamps for reply promptly answered. CONSULTATION FREE. Send for circular. Address Lock Box 290, or call at office, 311 Perry street, Davenport, Iowa.

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ST. JOSEPH

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—OF—

St. Joseph, Mo.

(Incorporated 1867.)

Capital and assets $601,343.76
Surplus, January 1, 1876 ..... 84,504.34

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