## HE WENT SHORT ON 'CHANGE

In Fact, Lord R- Remains in that Condition Still.

ROMANTIC STORYOF A NOBLEMAN

Feet Which Once Trod Marble Halls Now Daily Leave Their Imprint in South Omaha's Stock Yard Mud.

The Misfortunes of Lord B ---The little city on the south is quite prolific of sensations, but what is furnished to-day

caps the climax. Seated in the cozy room of a notel in South Omaha yesterday a BEE reporter listened to the life story of a man whose ancestors have held a place in the British peerage for centuries and whose own name stands high in that aristocratic register. At one time he was very wealthy and was blessed with many friends and a beautiful woman's love.

But these are gone. A hurricane of misfortune swept across his path, leaving poverty, humiliation and remorse in its track. Two hearts were crushed and a proud and sensitive man was a subject of lest and derision. This could not be endured, and in a moment of desperation he resolved to find a new world and a new life across the sea. To-day his is one of the familiar faces seen at the Union stock yards at South Omaha.

A short twelve-month ago this interesting man could give a check good for £500,000. His richly caparisoned coach and four attended by lackeys wearing the rich liveries and armoral bearing of his ancient tine could be seen in Hyde Park, London, while elegance, culture and luxury were evident n every side. At the court of the sovereigno he was a welcome guest; no brilliant gathering was complete without him. Balls, banquets and fetes were his nightly and daily resort. In those days this your scion of wealth and blood woed and wona beautiful and vivacious maiden of rank, and existence was sweet indeed.
Although intoxicated with love for her

there was still another passion which led him, as by magic, into the gilded retreats of gain and loss—those ante-rooms of hell. where lives are bartered and souls are amned. He was a gambler. Losing heavily at the gaming table, he

hegan speculating on the stock exchange. Here he was seen, day after day, investing fabulous sums and doubling them in an hour.

A day of panic came. Men were wild, de-lirious, and the pit a roaring Babel. The day enged, and the electric flash carried tiding which meant fortunes lost, lives wrecked, homes made desolate and souls blasted. - came down with the crash

Lord R— has many interesting reminis-cences of his brillant career. He was closely identified with the Wilbraham family, who present representative is the Earl of Sefton. He tells of an amusing incident which occurred at a dinner party. Among those present was the Earl of Derby, one of the oldest and richest members of the British aristocracy. His lordship is afflicted with kieptomania, and after dinner when the lacies had retired to the drawing-room and the gentlemen were lingering over their '54 port and wainuts, Earl Derby occupied him-self by making a tour of the bed-rooms and Indies' dressing-rooms, picking up all the jewelry and other valuables he could find and conceaning them about his person. The consequence was, when retiring time came nearly every one was minus some valuable article (and my lord was loaded with gems and precious stones to the value of many thousand pounds). The consternation was great, and the mortification of the bost and hostess extreme. No one knew where the missing articles had gone, but the general opinion was that a burglar of sneak thief had entered the house and made a clean sweep: Detectives were sum-moned and all the machinery of Scotland Yards set in motion. However, when the real culprit was putting on his coat preparatory to departure, to the astonishment of This was a most valuable from his pocket. gen belonging to the hostess; in fact, one of the family jewels. The effect was not so startling as might be supposed. No notice whatever being taken of the incident; but the next day every article, including sliver spoons, knives, and port of the desert serv ire was returned by his lordship's valet to the hostess, the duchess of — , who re-turned each article to its owner.

He tells also of an incident which illustrates the niggardliness of the present duke Edinburgh, brother of the prince of Wales. His grace was predent at a ban quet held in a well-known place in the strand and after much toasting and oratory a sub scription list was passed around for an Irish charitable object. His grace made his mark for the munificent sum of £10. The paper was next handed to Lord R—, who wrote his name for £1,000. Prince Leopoid, brother to the duke, gave £500, but my lord neaded the list that evening.

The Prince of Wales he describes as the

best of good fellows; liberal, affable, free and easy, fond of fast horses and hand-some ladies, but withal a perfect gentleman, The Derby, the greatest race course in the world, is always attended by his royal highness and most of the nobility. Fabulous sums are won and lost on this race every season. On one occasion Lord R— won quite a comfortable sum on the great American horse, Iroquois, when he won this

Fox-hunting, the great English sport was his favorite out-door amusement, and ac grows extremely enthusiastic when describ-ing a run with the Berkshire pack. "The Meet'—in the gray of the morning, the men in their red coats, white breeches, and spot-less knee boots; ladies with their closely fitting habits and tall hats, displaying their graceful and lithesome figures to perfection; the hounds eager for the start, and horses with shining coats, flashing eyes, praccing, snorting, pawing the earth, impatient of the control of curb and bit. The buntsman's horn is heard echoing amongst the wolds. They are off; Reynard has been unearthed Over heages, ditches, and all obstacles. But gradually one after another falls out in a 15 mile run and few are left in the chase. Or and on they go until Mr. Fox is run to earth, and the lady who is "in at the death" is gal-lantly presented with the "brush." When returning from the chase, what a difference! Horses jaded, men and women tired, besmeared with mud, wet and generally "used up;" just in the condition to enjoy a warm bath, a good 7 o'clock dinner, with sundry potations of old wine, followed by a

sound night's sleep.

Among all his busy rounds of pleasure and gatety Lord R— found leisure to keep abreast with the times in the scientific and literary world. Let us look at him in his boaic at No. — Picadilly, London. At 11 o'clock in the forenoon, scated in his study, in dressing gown and slippers, smoking a fragrant Havana, the last new novel in his hand, perhaps deep in the pages of some philosophical or scientific work, or conducting some experiment in electrical or chemical ing some experiment in electrical or chemical rescarch, he works steadily till I in the afternoon at whatever for the time occupies his fancy—for this young man has a great diversity of knowledge and a vast fund of varied information. He has seen and appreclated all the best paintings and works of art in Europe; is as much at home in the lan-guage of France, Germany and Italy as his native tongue, and is acquainted with the political economy and systems of govern-ments of all the world.

There is, however, one topic on which he is very reticent, and that doubtless the one nearest his heart—his lady love Of this serious affaire de coeur only meager details could be gleaned. Maud was a lady of twenty summers, with coal black eyes, cherry cheeks and raven locks, thin, aristoparatic lips set off by pearly teeth, and, judging from her photograph, of remarkable beauty. She is a member of an old Cheshire family, who can trace their ancestry back to the Norman conquest, and point with pride to the valor and courage exhibited by those who bere the lam.

Two years ago the Mansion house in London was the scene of a brilliant gathering, the beauty, youth, intelligence and chivairy of a nation gliding one with the other in the in the poetry of motion o'er the polished floors and through archways bedecked with rich exotics. Enchanting strains of music from a hidden orchestra floated out from a vari-colored bank of chrysanthemums and ipent their harmony upon the ears of galint lords and fair indies. In this gay throng

was Lord R-'s ideal. His fanciful fairy bad materialized, breathed, moved and nad materialized, breathed, moved and looked into his eyes with an expression akin to love. Was it real! Was this the woman who could add the last drop to his cup of joy! Was she destined to be the fair queen of his heart! It seemed so, indeed, for as he pressed her to him in the dizzy whiri of the valtz there were

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Put it to the touch to gain or lose it all." and went to his home the happiest man among the 5,000,000 souls in London.
Then followed a period of calm and un alloyed happiness in the company of his in-amorata. On all occasions, at fetes, balls and parties she was the queen. She had many suiters, but her smiles were all for Lord R—, and he was a subject of envy to all his associates. She until our hero met with the octupus that folded its destructive arms about him, was rich in worldly bless-ings. Her life was naught but one sweet

But a gloomy curtain was drawing across her morrow's sky. It was on the eve of that eventful day that had brought ruin and penury to the king of her heart. She expected him. He came. He bravely bore up in the presence of the guests and de-termined to appear as gay and light-hearted as ever. At last the long evening draws to a close. All have departed. He is alone with his idol in the summer house amongst the ferns. The moon shedding her pale light on his still paler face, he whispers the words which are to part them -it may be forever. Like the brave, true woman that she is, sh remains steadfast to him in his dire misfor tune, but he, amid her tears and protesta-tion, in his honorable, unselfish love, re-leases her from her promise and goes out into the world a rained man.

to the world a ruined man.

This young lord, nurtured in the lap of luxury, now wades knee-deep in South Omaha mud—is well acquainted with the hog market, can tell the weight and comparative value of a car load of porkers to a neety; mingles with the commission men and is looked on as a boon companion and right good fellow by all the stock vary boys—none of whom suspects his stock yard boys—none of whom suspects his identity which he carefully conceals. It was only by finding a bundle of papers and private documents, of which he is the owner, that THE BEE reporter discovered it. He is a man of good appearance, above medium height but not tall, and will weigh pounds, He forehead, bair He has a his nigh,

tache and hair, eyes and fair complextion, easy carriage and is an habitual smoker, but oes not drink.

My lord intends to try his luck in the wheat and pork ring. He is well up in sta-tistics, can tell the number of hogs in the country which are to be marketed next country which are to be marked summer; knows exactly the number of bushels of corn in last season's crop, the bushels of wheat sown this winter. He has

acreage of wheat sown this winter.

tellectual

plenty of pluck, and says he will retrieve his fallen fortunes, and yet marry the girl of his heart. Use Angostura Bitters, the world renowned South American appetizer, of exquisite flavor. Manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your drug-

MISS CUSHMAN'S MEMORY.

Lawrence Barrett Pays an Eloquent Tribute to the Dead Actress.

Actor Lawrence Barrett paid a magrificent tribute to the memory of Charlotte Cushman before the Contemporary club yesterday afternoon, in the Union League club annex, says the Philadelphia North American. The address was a masterpiece of its kind; exquisite in word painting, subtle in pathos, quaint in humor, and charming in detail. The audience was large, and listened with close attention to every word that fell from the distinguished speaker's lips.

Lawrence Barrett made a strong and carnest plea in behalf of the absolute justification of women entering other spheres than those within the circle of domestic life. This he said in his intro-duction. Incidentially he referred to the morality of the stage during the Elizabethan reign and in succeeding periods. Woman had but few opportunities in former epochs, he said, to raise herself from that level to which she had been hurled by social traditions and customs.

Then Mr. Barrett described that great woman's ambition to become a star of the lyric stage, and her subsequent pathetic loss of voice, which was accompanied by all the black despair of hopeless aspiration and blasted promises. Undaunted by these misfortunes, he said she applied the principles of art which she had received in her early training to that of the interpretation o the higher creations of the dramatic world. In all her vicissitude she was the same kindbearted, loving, gener ous woman. No one ever went to he for alms and returned empty-handed.

Mr. Barrett spoke strongly of her ability and power of characterization. She was a women of strongly marked personality, and with her decease the tage lost a representative which might take ages to replace.

Mr. Barrett closed by describing Charlotte Cushman's domestic life in pictur-esque phrases. The address was received with great applause. Before and after the address an informal reception was tendered to Mr. Barrett.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. A Healthful Tome. Used in place of iemons or lime juice it will narmonize with such stimulants as are neces-

sary to take. HIS \$100 HAT.

It Fits Russell Harrison's Head Al the Time, and Is Truly Gorgeous. Mr. Arkell, of Judge, in a moment of depression last fall, bet Mr. Russell Harrison a new hat that his father would not carry Indiana, says the New York Sun. Young Mr. Harrison re-cently reminded Mr. Arkell of the

wager.
"What size do you wear?" Mr. Arkel asked.

"I guess I had better make it a siz larger.

"Oh, you will have a swelled a head by the 4th of March." Mr. Arkell will pay his bet to-day when Mr. Russell Harrison will put of the most gorgeous and expensive opera hat ever made in America. Mr. Arkel says he is glad to remark that the hat is a perfect fit, although it is only 7t.

The hat was constructed under the supervision of Mr. Knox. The silk was the product of John D. Cutter's mill at Patterson. Hitherto opera hats have been made of imported stuff. The man who put this American tile together is Captain Jack Zimmerman, a veteran of the war who fought four years with the Twelfth New York. Miss McFarland, whose father was killed in the war, trimmed the hat. Artists Hamilton, Flohri, Gillam, and Smith. of Judge, decorated the satin-lined interior. In the center of the top is a picture in oil of the Judge framed in a sunburst, with a goblet of peach brandy poised in his right hand about to drink the health of Harrison and Morton, whose pictures in little painted frames are enreathed in flowers and leaves at his feet. The side of the lining is filled with buds done in water colors. The hat cost \$100. Mr. Harrison will wear it on inauguration day, and then use it for decorative pur-

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ONLY A COMMONPLACE WOMAN

And Yet You WillFind Her Exceedingly Rare.

BELLE BROKE UP THE GAME.

A Recent Adventure of Wyoming's Cattle Queen-Some Imitators of Mrs. Potter-Why Did Frankie Go to Sleep.

The Commonplace Woman. Louis Phillips in Good Housekeeping. We have read, as you know, for ages and Of a willowy maiden devoid of a spine,

Who on white of an egg and cracker could

A fabulous pre-historic young person,

But I write to you now of a commonplace woman Who's shockingly healthy and fearfully fat Who never has headache or nervous prostra-Commonplace! what could be more so than

She doesn't "do" Kensington cat tails o rushes, Nor has she a screen with a one-legged stork. She doesn't adore Charlotte Russe or Blanc But prefers unromantic, commonplace work

She hasn't a quilt of crazy, siik patchwork, Nor the tiniest bit of crotchetted macreme She cannot perform Beethoven's sonatas, Nor sing but the most commonplace little lay

She hasn't a gift for the art decorative. Pasting Japanese monsters on Yankee stone That stands in a corner to look so esthetic, But that grieves to the soul the old house hold Lar.

She never paints song-birds nor crickets of To be drowned every day in our tea-cups .alas! Or forms cabbage roses of ribbon on velvet, And nought does she know of the much ham mered brass.

She can not write poems that glow like a furnace, Nor somets as cold as the Appenine's snow. For if she chops up her ideas into meter, There's a rush in the ebb and a halt in the

But there's worse to be told of this common place woman, Who owns neither bird, nor dog nor pet cat They say that she's really in love with her husband, Commonplace! what more could be said than

And when we all stand at the last, dread tribunal, Where great and where small are assigned each a part, May the angels make way for the common-place woman
Who knows naught of literature, science, or

In Mrs. Potter's Footsteps.

Mrs. Wilber F. Bloodgood is walking precisely in the footsteps of Mrs. Potter, says a New York letter to the Philadelphia Times. Nothing that Mrs. Potter ever did is left undone by Mrs. Bloodgood, and there can be no doubt in the mind of a close observer of the stage and its people that the similarty in the career of the two women will be carried out to the end. Mrs. Bloodgood is having her photographs distributed, her pretty face is continually ap-pearing in the dramatic papers, paragraphs about her dot the columns of the press. She is a regular attendant at the theaters on first nights, and at professional matinees, and she vigorously denies that she is going on the professional stage, precisely as Mrs Potter did all these things two or three years ago. New York must have some woman to talk about, and Mrs. Bloodgood would seem to be the coming vic-Her face is not as pretty as Mrs. Potter's.

Do Gentlemen Do This?

A Philadelphia giri, who signs her self Jennie, sends the following to the editor of the North American of that

DEAR SIE: There is much said about ladies wearing high-trimmed hats at the theatre, but I do not think it does the general public as much harm as the spitting of tobacco does. Only the other day I got on a Master street car, and I do not think there was five inches of the floor that was free from tobacco spit. It is, I think, far more obnoxious than smoking, and I think it would be well for the car companies to forbid it, as they do smoking. It is not only ladies who object to this dirty habit, for have heard gentlemen denounce it. do not think they are gentlemen who do it (that spit tobacco. I mean), and although I am not one of those girls who chew chewing gum, that habit does not ruin the bottem of men's trousers as their tobacco spit ruins the bottom of ladies' skirts. Perhaps I am a little spiteful, but it made me angry when I got out of the car to find the bottom of my new long coat all stained with tobac co. I think ladies in general will agree to take their hats off at the theatre, i the men will agree to stop spitting in the cars. Of course I know all men do not spit.neither do all ladies wear hightrimmed hats. Yours, etc.

Handsome Women of Connemara. The women of Connemara are pic presque in attire and shapely in form to a remarkable degree, says a correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch Their limbs are long and graceful. They are erect and spirited in carriage and the immense black braideens or cloaks, with which all shortcomings in clothing are shrouded, fall in truly classic folds about them. Bare-limbed as the men, at all seasons, you will not infrequently catch glimpses of legs as exquisitely moulded as those of the Venus of Cos; while the most voluptuous types of southern Europe, or langourous, tropical Cuba, furnish no more perfect examples of tapering, dimpled arms, beautifully formed shoulders, and full but lengthened neck with dovelike double curve. The broad, large faces are still superbly oval. The chin has strength, the full, shapely mouth is red and tenderly, expressively curved; the regular teeth are charming in pearlwhite glint and dazzle; the nose is large, well cut, with thin sensitive nostrils; the eyes, under long, heavy lashes, look straight and honestly at you out of clear. large depths of blue or grey; the eyebrows are marvels of na-ture's pencilling: the forehead is large and fair, and such heads of hair crown all that were they unloosed the Conne-mara women could stand clad in lustrous black immeasurably surpassing her sloe-black braideen. Not a thread is on them beside the Connemara flan-It is spun from the wool of the mountain sheep.

Easter Sunday Costumes.

Would ye know whats to be the thing for the spring-time-what my fine lady will wear on Easter Sunday? Listen then, says a writer in the Chicago Herald. It will be a fine wool costume in a faded tone of color, woven with a mottled effect, like Scotch mixed wool. It will have a woven border, consisting of graduated bands of a darker shade,

which will encircle the petticoat. The draperies will be made without seams, in sash effects, for the goods are fortysix inches wide, and the border follows all on one side of it. On some pieces a diminutive border is woven along the outer edge for sleeve and waist trimmings. Should this not be fine enough for madame, there is a novelty much more costly." The same kind of wool material, yet even finer and softer, with a conventional border embroidered in black embroidery silk, a la Chinnoise, for the embroidery is alike on both sides. In no other colors does it come--black on old rose, black on serpent green, black on electral blue, black on copper, black on red, etc. By the way, speaking of reds, it is

evident there are expectations that "the ladies" will fall down before the new reds, the flashy, dashy, striking reds! France was one blaze of bright color last year. It is our turn next. Perhaps the most effective thing in red was a fine wool, woven in stripes three inches wide, divided by a hair ine of black, white or blue. These would look smart enough up among the mountains or on the deck of a vacht Let us hope the salesmen will keep them in nice, smooth, even folds unti wanted for such purposes. But what did they have for tailor-made suits? Soft wool, even checks, of white and faded tones of color; big gay Scotch plaids; fine smooth Henrietta cloths. Oh! those Henrietta cloths in such soft pleasing colors were there. Those all wool are to be preferred to the silk warp, for they do not grow stringy nor shiny as quickly.

Auburn Hair Out of Style.

Has anyone noticed the almost ab solute disappearance of our old friend the red-haired girl, upon our streets! inquires the Philadelphia Times. It is seldom that one can see a real red-haired girl on Chestnut street now in the afternoon. What is the reason? Simple enough. The white horse story is responsible for it all. Upon the adent of the sad tale the life of the redhaired girl became simply unendurable. She was pointed at, mocked and insulted. Like little Mary's lamb, wherever she went the white horse would surely follow. But the red-haired girl knew her business. She had not studied chemistry in the high school for nothing. More wise than the scriptural leopard who could not change his spots, she consulted the nearest hair dyer, and as a result we have bleached blondes, brunettes whose ocks almost approach the purple in hue, and the thousand and one kaleidoscopic varieties of girl now extant upon the streets. The red-haired girl is departed from our midst until the story of the white horse, like a politician's early record, fades away never to return.

The Shoes of Famous Women. Amelie Rives-Chanler says she wears common-sense shoe, "because I like them bestunied I have a right to dress myself as I please."

Mrs Langtry wears a No. 5 shoe of English make, of good breadth, with a

ow, flat heef. Mrs. Potter says she doesn't know what size her shoes are, but apparently her shoe is very long and very narrow. Mrs. Cleveland wears No. 5, B width. She has her shoes or slippers to match every gown she owns, and her hosiery is always of the same shade. Mary Anderson has a large foot, and

she wears a large, broad shoe. Belle Raided the House.

Mrs. Kate Maxwell, the "Belle Starr of Wyoming,"says a Chevenne dispatch, closed up a gambling-house at Bessemer Monday night, recovered several by her cowboys, and then saved the lives of the two "tur-horn gamblers" just as the infuriated cowboys were going to string them up She is known as "Cattle Kate" and runs a small ranch, which it is suspected is a rendezyous for cattle thieves and lawless people. About twenty cowboys make eeir headquarters there, and of late they have drawn large sums of advance wages from her. She is generous and has been in funds since last fall, when she shipped nearly all her cattle to Chicago. On Sunday she was robbed of \$1,500 by her own men and her resentment was aroused against the gamblers They are known, one as Mike Farly and the other as Bodell, and had to leave Colorado for crooked work. Their gambling hell at Bessener was crowded Monday night, when Kate in, accompanied strode only by her foreman, and both armed to the teeth. While Kate Kate covered the dealer with a six shooter Mason, her foreman, secured the box and showed the crowd that the game was unfair or a "brace" one. This enraged the cowboys, and Farly and Bo dell were terribly beaten and ordered to prepare for lynching. The ropes were in sight when "Cattle Kate" terceded for the two wretches and announced that she would divide their money, amounting to several thousand dollars, which she had secured. Bodell and Farly were placed on a couple of scrub ponies and chased out of town. Their place was fired and all hands went over to Mrs. Maxwell's ranch where a dance and general good time followed. 'Cattle Kate's" reputation among the stockmen, is very unsavory, but her popularity among a certain class is wonderful. Cattle owners are organiz

used to be a variety singer in Chicago. Mary Washington's Grave. Within the precincts of Fredericks-org. Va., is the grave of the mother

ing for protection against the whole

sale thieving that is depopulating the

herds, and it would not be surprising if "Cattle Kate" should become a regu-

lar outlaw queen. She is a big, good looking woman of thirty, and it is said

of George Washington. The old farm house in which she died is also in this vicinity. Hither Wash ington came on the way to his first inauguration as president to bid his mother a last farewell before her death. It will shock the whole country to learn that the grave of Washington's mother is likely to be sold at auction next week. During the administration of President Jackson the corner stone of a monument was laid, but the shaft was neveri**put** up. Messrs. Colbert & Kirtley, real estate agents of this city. will offer for sale at Washington, on Tuesday, March 5, at public auction, twelve acres of land, on which is the tomb of Mary, the mother of Washing-

If the stomach performs its function actively and regularly the food of which it is the receptical, is transformed into blood of a nourishing quality, which furnishes vigor and warmth to the whole body, the remedy to give tone to the stomach is Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Puri-

A Very Low Neck. Chicago Herald; Mrs. Ratier (whose gown is an extreme specimen of the decollete)—How do I look in my new reception dress, Alfred? Alfred-You would look better if you were in it, my dear.

PATRICK EGAN.

An Interesting Sketch of the Man Who Exposed Pigott.

Patrick Egan, who was the treasure of the Land League in Ireland, and then the president of the National League in America, and who, according to Le Caron, has shared with Alex ander Sullivan the leadership of the Irish movement, is the very last man in the world to be taken for a conspirator, says the London Star, and especially a conspirator of a desperate character. He is a small man, with a small, deli-cate rosy-ping face; with the complexion, in fact, as well as the air of babyhood. His eyes are of the softest blue and he speaks in gentle whispers. He is a rigid teetotaler, as is also Alexander

Sullivan. When he lived in Ireland he was the chief partner in a large bakery business, and was very well-to-do. His intense interest in politics was not dictated in the smallest degree by personal needs, for he never accepted a penny remuneration, and lost heavily by generous contributions to all agita-

When Mr. Foster passed his coercion act. Mr. Egan retired to Paris, and there received the contributions from America for nearly two years. After his departure to America, under the circumstances described by Le Caron, Mr. Egan settled in Lincoln-a prosperous town in the state of Nebraska; went into the corn trade; speculated in land; and is becoming very wealthy He is a French rather than an Irishtyp e-in-corruptible, immutable, fanatical in public, gentle in private life.

Going to the Fight. Chicago Herald: Mr. Toughy (an admirer of genuine pugilism)—Going to "What fight?"

"Why, the fight at Indianapolis." "Who is it between?"

"A couple of members of the legislature. Go along with us; it will be a rattler.



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