



### The Correction Box.

Yesterday morning a missionary man came to our Sunday school, and told us all about the little heathen. They don't have to be dressed up, nor learn the catechism, nor sew patchwork, nor behave, nor do anything disagreeable. And they don't know the value of money; they'd a great deal rather have a bright button than a gold dollar.

In the afternoon, when we were ready for church, mother gave us each a five-cent piece. "That's to put in the correction box," says she. "The missionary is going to preach, and your father and I want you to give him something for the heathen."

On the way to church, Johnny said: "I ain't the least bit used to send five-cent pieces to the heathen. They'd rather have a bright button than a gold dollar, and of course they wouldn't care about five cents. And there's no candy in heathenland, so what do they eat of money, anyhow?"

The missionary talked a long time, and then they sang "Greenland's Ice Mountains," and then they sang "Father takes one of them, and they're no angels like a corn-popper, an' deep, soft other folks can't see what 'ou put in. I had to drop in my five cents, and then mother and Em put in their money, and last of all Johnny put in his button. He held his hand close to the box when he did it, and looked at me behind the others, and nodded, so I'd know he had his five cents all safe.

This morning we bought five lovely squares of taffy. We didn't have time to eat it before school, and when we were going home Johnny said: "Let us wait till after dinner, and then give everybody a piece, and then I'll tell father what the missionary said, and may be after this he'll give buttons, and I'll have him a great deal of money."

So we waited, and after dinner, just as we took out the candy to divide it, father pulled something bright out of his pocket, and rolled it across the table to mother. She thought it was money, and said, "Just what I wanted!" But it wasn't money; it was a brass button.

"How did you come by this?" said she.

"I found it in the correction box," said little rascal put in. I suppose, and spent his money for candy, and whoever he is, he ought to have a wholesome lesson. It was my son!"

And then mother said, "Why, it is just like Johnny's buttons!" And sister Em said, "Well, there's one gone off his Sunday jacket. I noticed it this morning, and meant to speak about it."

Everybody looked at us. Father asked what we had in that paper, and "John's is that your button?" And what could we say but yes? They called us unhappy children, and sent us up stairs.

"We've both had a wholesome lesson. I had one 'cause they said I put in Johnny's head. For two weeks, father is going to put our pennies away for the heathen, to make us remember. Johnny says he wishes he was a heathen."

### Railroad Progression.

**Pennsylvania Railroad.**

This company is making large extensions of its terminal facilities at Philadelphia for foreign shipment. Within a few weeks the old navy yard improvement south of the American wharves will be put into use by that company, and will give a surface of about 70 acres for piers and storage purposes, with five piers (including the present steamship wharves) having a river frontage of 2,000 feet and a wharfage line of 6,000 feet, with all the necessary tracks, sheds and warehouses. The great improvement, however, is at Girard

### Point, by the storage company, where the large elevator will be completed in July, and the other one in September, ready for the business furnished by the year's new crops. These elevators will have 2,500,000 bushels capacity, and with the old elevator at Washington street wharf, and the Port Richmond elevator of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, will give the port storage for 4,000,000 bushels of grain in elevators, besides, at least, as much more on tracks. The Girard Point improvements contemplate four docks, each 2,000 feet long, with a water surface widening from 100 feet at the land end to 200 feet at the river. These docks are at present being dredged for a length of 1,000 feet, and when completed, will be 25 feet in depth throughout, and give dockage room for 24 of the largest vessels of modern commerce to load and unload at the same time. There will be the necessary stores and sheds to accommodate all kinds of freight, and four miles of tracks for storage purposes in the yard, which covers about 95 acres, and can thus hold 3,800 loaded cars with freight awaiting shipment. Over \$1,000,000 has already been expended on the improvements at Girard Point this year. The amount of stowage room required for cargo is estimated in providing for the big ships of the present day. The cargo from one of the larger steamers of the American Line will more than fill a shed 500 feet long and 50 feet wide, so that immense piers have to be provided if a large traffic is conducted. The Pennsylvania Railroad is now shipping very large amounts of coal from the Greenock piers, which are a busy place. When the present plans of the company are completed they will make Philadelphia the best arranged port on the seaboard in its terminal facilities for foreign shipment, and will accommodate an enormous trade. The Philadelphia of the early future will see the old Navy Yard, Greenock Point and Girard Point as very busy maritime ports, the facilities for access both by car and ship being now first class.—*Railway World.*

### Five Acres Enough.

The Chicago *Brokers' Gazette* says that "in a certain Iowa town there is a stock farm which may be thought worthy of more than a passing note, since it shows how little, more than a celled, intelligent manager is needed to make a profitable business of stock growing. In this place are five acres, of which one and a quarter are occupied by the house, the garden, and by fruit trees and shrubbery. On the other three and three-quarter acres stands an ordinary village barn and inclosures, in which over a hundred young pigs were frisking about their dams. The latter were all pure-bred Yorkshires, Berkshire and Jersey Reds, and most, if not all of the breeding animals, were winners at the fairs in Iowa and other States. The food throughout the summer consisted largely of a mash made of heavy bran, with little corn. The pigs from this stock sold for prices ranging from \$30 to \$35 per pair. The total output for food was \$850.50, and the total income above the amount paid for food was \$1025."

### What "Wife" Means.

Says Ruskin: "What do you think the beautiful word 'wife' comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the stars in the sky will some day get a word for it instead of that *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. 'Wife' means 'weaver.' You must either be housewives or house-moths, remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroil them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, she is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow worms in the night's cold grass may be at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses celled with cedar or painted with vermilion—shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless. This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power."

Thomas Walsh, arrested on Saturday night at Longton in connection with the seizure of arms in Clerkenwell, was charged with feloniously receiving and fraudulently dealing in rifles and other weapons believed to be the property of the Government. He was remanded for a week. Bail was refused.

### THE SOUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shining strand,  
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,  
While the sailing ship fills all the land  
With the glow of the sunset's red,  
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,  
Gauging with joy on its snowy breast,  
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,  
And the amber light strikes over the sea.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,  
A sailor lad and a maiden fair,  
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore  
Is borne again on the listening air,  
For love is young, though love be old,  
And the dear old tale that has been told  
In the days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a slight red bay;  
A wife looking out on the glistening sea;  
A prayer for the loved one far away;  
And prattling lips 'neath the old roof-tree;  
A welcome home and a warm embrace  
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm chair;  
A golden light from the western sky  
His wife by his side, with her silver hair,  
And the opened book of olden days,  
Sweet on the bay the glowing lights,  
And bright as the glow of the evening star;  
But does he see the light of the day?  
And the golden streets of the land afar.

An old church-yard on the green hillside,  
Two lying still in their peaceful rest,  
The fishermen's boats going out with the  
In the fishy glow of the amber west,  
Children's laughter and old men's signs,  
The night that follows the morning clear,  
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,  
Are the round of our lives from year to year.

—(CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.)

### Two Famous Tenors.

Some years ago a traveler presented himself at one of the hotels on the Boulevard in Paris and asked for rooms. The hostess offered him an elegant suite on the first floor. The stranger glanced at them with the quick eye of a connoisseur, and he immediately secured the rooms.

The day after his arrival came a magnificent Erard, and evening after evening did the new inmate of the handsome abode spend at his piano, with no creature near him, singing and playing with the talent of an artist. His voice was rich and full; and he rendered, with a perfection of feeling rarely met, the most difficult passages of the opera, the score of which seemed to be his constant study, and in which he was constant to make his debut—that of "William Tell." When lost in the enthusiasm of his art, the unknown tenor wandered away into the well-known tripe, "Troncar suidi," those who overheard the entrancing strains might have recognized a wonderful specimen of the rare and coveted "du de poltrine," which, cultivated, suffices to make the fortune of its gifted possessor.

A brilliant reputation had preceded him to the town in which he was determined to justify. During an entire week our young aspirant never left the house. He worked at his profession with an energy which certainly deserved success, but which still failed to satisfy his own fastidious ear.

One evening, when he had just executed with exquisite taste Rossini's delirious air, he was startled by a deluge of plaudits which seemed but to have been waiting for his last note to burst forth. The sound came from the street, beneath his windows, one of which happened to be open. He performed rose and looked below. He saw before him an immense crowd, who on his appearing assailed him with renewed bravos, mingled with exclamations expressive of their spontaneous rapture.

"I shall succeed," he said, "most unquestionably. I accept this applause as an augury of my reception by the Parisian public. I am certain to be the first tenor in France."

He had hardly terminated this soliloquy when he heard behind him a dry, not to say sardonic, laugh; and turning round he saw standing at the half-open door a little Italian named Luigi, accented porter to the house, and being intelligent and honest, often entrusted with commissions of importance by the occupiers. Luigi laughed on till the astonished virtuoso inquired what ailed him.

"Ah, signor," said he, "I laugh, and well I may, to hear you call yourself the first tenor in France! You have not heard all the tenors in France yet, or you would think very differently of your own talents."

"And how many have you heard my good fellow?"

"Signor, I came from the land of song—from the native country of voices, and I can distinguish a true artist as well as any one. Signor Duprez, you have great talent; if you were but to hear a gentleman who is staying in this very hotel, and who

### Scientific Research.

To keep machinery from rusting (take one-half pound of camphor, dissolve in one pound of melted lard, take off the scum and mix in as much fine black-lead as will give it an iron color. Clean the machinery and smear with this mixture. After twenty-four hours rub clean with a soft linen cloth. It will keep clean for months under ordinary circumstances.

The *Nature* reports that Mr. Barham, an experienced surveyor, is to start for Western Africa for the purpose of making a survey for a light railroad from the Gold Coast through the little-known gold mining region of Wassaw. If the railroad is built it will open up a country rich not only in the precious metals but in palm oil, india rubber and other valuable articles of commerce.

A curious electrical phenomenon was recently witnessed during a thunderstorm in France by M. Laroque. The tallest of a group of hills was enveloped in a diffuse violet glimmer, forming an aureole around the base of the hills. The light lasted ten seconds. On its disappearance the pollen of the flower was found to have been scattered, evidently by the electric fluid. It is not stated that the hills were otherwise injured by the remarkable manifestation.

The crayon pencils now much used by children have been found to be colored with poisonous dyes. The *Dublin Journal of Medicine* has an account of a child who was taken with all the symptoms of poisoning, for which he was treated with emetics and purgatives. The vomited matter was marked by particles of a green substance containing copper, and the discharges from the bowels bright green fragments. The child was sick for a month. It was found, on examination, that he had eaten a part of a green crayon colored with arsenite of copper.

Attention has been called to some new facts in relation to color-blindness. Careful investigations have shown the Chinese and Nubians to be practically free from the defect. Dr. Roberts has observed that color-blindness is most common among persons of reddish or red hair, and it is prevalent among the Jews, who are the most decidedly red-haired of all known races. It is thought probable, therefore, that there may be some correlation of color-blindness with pigmentation, and indirectly with racial peculiarities.

The tides, says *Nature*, are increasing the length of the day. At present, the length of the day is very small. A day now is not appreciably longer than a day a hundred years ago. Even in a thousand years the change in the length of the day is only a fraction of a second. But the importance arises from the change, slow though it is, lies always in one direction. In millions of years the accumulated effect becomes not only appreciable but even startlingly magnificent.

Keep Your Hands Out of Your Pockets.

Boys often have a most careless and sometimes dangerous habit of walking with their hands in their trousers' pockets. One day, not long ago, a man near Bay City, Michigan, was crossing some ice, and his hands were thrust into his pockets down to the very bottom. Here is what happened to him.

He suddenly broke through and the ice shot about him. In such a way as to pin his arms to his sides. He saved his life by looking his chin over the edge of the ice, thus keeping his head above water. But his whiskers froze fast, and when rescued, they clung off a bit of ice which clung to his face.

The Pequot Indians.

A remnant of the once powerful Pequot race still maintains a tribal organization in Connecticut. Schaghticoke, the ancient seat of this people, is situated in the town of Kent, under the Schaghticoke Mountain, in the middle valley of the Housatonic. Schaghticoke now consists of a little brown-clay boarded, one-story house, tenanted by some seventeen persons, and the whole tribe numbers about fifty. The reservation of three hundred acres comprises Schaghticoke Mountain, which is only for its timber. Vainly, the aged queen of the tribe, nearly blind, earns her living by basket-making, and is a member of the nearest Congregational Church.

### Gems of Sentiment.

Hearts agree; minds dispute.  
The greatest wealth is contentment with a little.

The Call of the Partridge.  
The fields are wet, the fields are green,  
All things are glad and growing,  
And fresh and cool across the pool  
The gentle wind is blowing,  
The hum of bees yet fills the sky,  
And the partridge calling,  
And from his fall across the swale  
I hear the partridge calling,  
The spotted partridge calling.

Thru the alliance at a note  
His life-long ear is greeting,  
But bear, O bear, how loud and clear  
His call is repeating,  
What pleading fingers in his tone,  
What tenderness revealing,  
O, soft and sweet across the wheat  
A timid answer's stealing,  
The timid answer's stealing,  
Stella A. GARNON.

Friendship survives death better than absence.

Arbutus.  
Under the winter snow,  
Under dead leaves low,  
Where brooks in secret flow,  
To the bare earth they come,  
Heavy with snow of spring,  
Tinged like dawn's fading hours,  
Fragrant Arbutus flowers.

Under the snow of years,  
Under the weight of care,  
Watered by secret tears,  
To the bare heart true e'er,  
Heavy with snow of spring,  
Not thoughts of sunny hours,  
Memory's Arbutus flowers.

The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

A Song.  
Where, from the eve of day,  
The dark and silent river  
Turns through the tangled woods away  
O'er white and tall rose-quiver.

The silent mist that breaks  
From out the forest's tangled bow,  
Betrays the hidden path it takes  
And naught the current over.

So oft the tongs that burst  
From hidden springs of ice,  
Like silent streams, unseen at first,  
From our cold hearts are stealing.

But soon the clouds that veil  
The eye of Love, when glowing,  
Betray the long unwhispered tale  
Of thoughts in darkness dwelling.

Simon doxated the 1833 rules for the conduct of his life: 1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to. 3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate the unkindness which is expected towards others. 5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard a different account would be given of the matter.

Have Patience.  
Some parents and teachers seem to think praise a dangerous thing for children. While reticent in commending they are voluble in blaming. Like Iago, they are "nothing if not critical." Mr. William Matthews tells an anecdote which illustrates the lack of penetration in some parents and teachers. A boy was brought one day to General Salem Towne, labeled as an incorrigible dunce. No master had been able to "take him learn, and if Mr. Towne couldn't he should be apprenticed to a trade. Mr. Towne proceeded to examine him. The boy soon made a mistake and instantly dodged, as if frightened.

"Why do you do that?" asked the master.

"Because I was afraid you were going to strike me."

"Why should you think so?"

"Because I have always been struck whenever I made a mistake."

"You need not fear being struck by me," said Mr. Towne. "That is not my way of teaching boys who do as well as they can."

Under the wise teacher's judicious encouragement the boy showed so much intelligence that he was sent to college. In after years he became a lawyer, an editor, a judge, a governor, United States Senator, and Secretary of War and of State. That boy was William L. Marcy, of New York.

Six thousand five hundred and twenty-nine dollars is the amount of the liquor bill that the people have just paid for the Congressional jam-boree at Yorktown. It included \$800,000 of 120 cases of champagne (\$500), 60 gallons of whiskey, 23 dozen cherry, 15 gallons of brandy and \$2500 worth of cigars.

### THE PIGEON GIRL.

On the sloping market-place,  
In the village of Champagne,  
Early on Sunday morn,  
Like a Sunday, comes a girl,  
Brightly dressed in her best,  
With her "sister" at her feet,  
Where her pigeons lie in pairs:  
Like their plumage, gray her gown,  
To her "sister" drooping down,  
And a kerchief, brightly brown,  
Girds her smooth, dark hair.

All the "dues" you know her well,  
And, perchance, her face must see,  
As a poor peasant  
Looks on in a gallery,  
Round about the rustic gape,  
Bursting in her common shape,  
And the housewife's gentry speak  
When into her eyes they look,  
As within some holy book,  
All the gables, high and crook,  
Flung their sunshine on her cheek.

In her hands two milk-white doves—  
Happy in her lap to lie—  
Society's murmur of their loves,  
Eaved by the passer:  
One by one their light they take,  
Rides the wondrous dance of fate,  
Leaving so reluctantly:  
Till the shadows close approach  
Fades the pigeon, feet and comb,  
And the girl is in the clothe.

Round the village she glides,  
With a slender sunbeam's pace  
Mirrored in the Oble's tide,  
The golden light upon her face:  
All the soldiers touch their caps,  
In the cafes quit their naps  
Grown, "as she wish her back;  
And the fat old bundles smile,  
As she kneels along the aisle  
Like Pauline in other halls—  
In the dim church of Saint Jacques.

Now she climbs her dappled steed—  
He whips and snorts, "I know—  
And right merrily they pass  
The arduous chateau;  
Down the log of straight paths they tread,  
Till the forest is reached:  
Whisper low his leafy love;  
In the archedway's green career,  
The golden light upon her face:  
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Like Pauline in other halls—  
In the dim church of Saint Jacques.

Now she climbs her dappled steed—  
He whips and snorts, "I know—  
And right merrily they pass  
The arduous chateau;  
Down the log of straight paths they tread,  
Till the forest is reached:  
Whisper low his leafy love;  
In the archedway's green career,  
The golden light upon her face:  
All the soldiers touch their caps,  
In the cafes quit their naps  
Grown, "as she wish her back;  
And the fat old bundles smile,  
As she kneels along the aisle  
Like Pauline in other halls—  
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### THE PIGEON GIRL.

On the sloping market-place,  
In the village of Champagne,  
Early on Sunday morn,  
Like a Sunday, comes a girl,  
Brightly dressed in her best,  
With her "sister" at her feet,  
Where her pigeons lie in pairs:  
Like their plumage, gray her gown,  
To her "sister" drooping down,  
And a kerchief, brightly brown,  
Girds her smooth, dark hair.

All the "dues" you know her well,  
And, perchance, her face must see,  
As a poor peasant  
Looks on in a gallery,  
Round about the rustic gape,  
Bursting in her common shape,  
And the housewife's gentry speak  
When into her eyes they look,  
As within some holy book,  
All the gables, high and crook,  
Flung their sunshine on her cheek.

In her hands two milk-white doves—  
Happy in her lap to lie—  
Society's murmur of their loves,  
Eaved by the passer:  
One by one their light they take,  
Rides the wondrous dance of fate,  
Leaving so reluctantly:  
Till the shadows close approach  
Fades the pigeon, feet and comb,  
And the girl is in the clothe.





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Time-table (May 1-1-2)

Stations	MAY 1		MAY 2	
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Philadelphia	4:45	8:20	5:20	8:22
Camden	4:55	8:27	5:30	8:29
Oakland	5:05	8:34	5:40	8:36
Williamstown Junction	5:15	8:41	5:50	8:43
Coar Brook	5:25	8:48	6:00	8:50
Winslow	5:35	8:55	6:10	8:57
Hammononton	5:45	9:02	6:20	9:04
Da Costa	5:55	9:09	6:30	9:11
Elwood	6:05	9:16	6:40	9:18
Egg Harbor	6:15	9:23	6:50	9:25
Alsecon	6:25	9:30	7:00	9:32
Atlantic City	6:35	9:37	7:10	9:39

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The June Arrivals of 1882.

STATIONS	MAY 1		MAY 2	
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Philadelphia	9:2	6:20	9:50	6:40
Camden	9:10	6:10	9:40	6:30
Penna. R. R. Junction	9:00	6:00	9:30	6:20
Haddonfield	8:50	5:50	9:20	6:10
Berlin	8:40	5:40	9:10	6:00
Atco	8:30	5:30	9:00	5:50
Waterford	8:20	5:20	8:50	5:40
Winslow	8:10	5:10	8:40	5:30
Hammononton	8:00	5:00	8:30	5:20
Da Costa	7:50	4:50	8:20	5:10
Elwood	7:40	4:40	8:10	5:00
Egg Harbor City	7:30	4:30	8:00	4:50
Alsecon	7:20	4:20	7:50	4:40
Atlantic City	7:10	4:10	7:40	4:30

Beautiful skin, and fair complexion, robust health, and powers of endurance follow the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

**ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.**—The wise man is prepared for such happenings by keeping always on hand a bottle of Phenol Sodique, the great remedy for hurts, scalds, burns, cuts, etc. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers. See adv.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

There really is no mystery in learning to swim—an accomplishment which is possessed in perfection by the most stupid of frogs. More than once I have explained how any one can teach himself. The trunk, less the arms, is heavier than water; with the arms it is lighter; all, therefore, that a person has to do is to acquire the habit of drawing in the breath when he is preparing to make stroke, and expelling the breath while he is making it. Let any one do this and keep calm, and he will find he can swim. But, perhaps, it is better to acquire confidence by a preliminary course of floating. To do this it is only necessary to lie flat on the water, stretch out the arms with the palms of the hands downward, throw back the head, and whenever the body sinks low, slowly to fill the lungs with air.

The average number of persons in American families is estimated at five and one-fourth. The man of the house is the one-fourth.

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It publishes more religious discussions than the religious reviews, more poetry and stories than the popular monthlies, and gives more information than any annual cyclopaedia. The long cable dispatches recently published from the great Methodist Council in London are a good illustration of what the Independent is constantly doing. A list of the most prominent religious and philosophical writers, poets, and story writers in the country is the list of the contributors of the Independent. Besides the space set aside for these writers and for editorialists, there are twenty-two distinct departments, edited by twenty-two specialists, which include Biblical Research, Sanitary, Legal, Fine Arts, Music, Hygiene, Publics, Personalities, Ministerial Register, Human Notes, School and College, Literature, Religion, Intelligence, Miscellaneous, Sunday-School, News of the Week, Finance, Commerce, Insurance, Stories, Puzzles and Agriculture. **32 pages in all.**

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Poetry and Poets in America. There will be studies of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and others, by E. C. Steedman.

Stories, Sketches, and Essays. May be expected from Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, "Mark Twain," Edward Eggleston, Henry James, Jr., John Muir, Miss Gordon Cumming, "H. H." George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Clark, Frank B. Rowland, F. D. Millet, Noah Brooks, Frank B. Stockton, Constance F. Woolson, H. H. Boyesen, Albert Stickney, Washington Gladden, John Burroughs, Parke Godwin, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Henry Kiss, Ernest Ingersoll, E. L. Godkin, F. B. Washburne, and many others.

One or two papers on "The Adventures of the Title City," and an original life of Bowditch, the engraver, by Austin D. Owen, are among other features to be later announced.

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and a  
**Careful Supervision of the business**  
and will continue in the future, as in the past, to act on the principle of

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