AT THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

the Impersonation of All Sensitiveness. The Sublime Electric Circuit--Medicine

BROOKLYN, May 21.—Rev. Dr. Talmage today chose for the subject of his discourse the inquiry addressed by the Saviour to those who surrounded him when, the invalid woman having touched his garment, he asked, "Who touched me" (Mark v, 31)?

the way to see him restore to complete health a dying person. Some thought he Veronica. I do not know what her name was, but this is certain-she had tried all styles of cure. Every shelf of her humble home had medicines on it. She had employed many of the dectors of that time when medical science was more rude and rough and ignorant than we can imagine in this time, when the word physician or what he supposes may have been the remedies she had applied. I suppose she had been blistered from head to foot and had tried the compress and had used all styles of astringent herbs, and she had been mauled and backed and cut and lacerated until life to her was a plague. Besides that, the Bible indicates her doctors' bills had run up frightfully, and she had paid money for medicines and for surgical attendance and for hygienic apparatus until her purse was as exhausted as her body.

A POOR WOMAN'S FAITH. What, poor woman, are you doing in that jostling crowd? Better go home and to bed and nurse your disorders. No! Wan and wasted and faint she stands there, her face distorted with suffering, and ever and anon biting her lip with some acute pain, and sobbing until her tears fall from the hollow eye upon the faded dress, only able to stand because the crowd is so close to her pushing her this way and that. Stand back! Why do you crowd that poor body? Have you no consideration for a dying woman? But just at that time the crowd parts, and this invalid comes almost up to Christ, but she is behind him and his human eye does not take her in. She has heard so much about his kindness to the sick, and she does feel so wretched she thinks if she can only just touch him once it will do her good. She will not touch him on the sacred head, for that might be irreverent. She will not touch him on the hand, for that might seem too familiar. She says: "I will, I think, touch him on his coat, not on the top of it or on the bottom of the main fabric, but on the border, the blue border, the long threads of the fringe of that blue border; there can be no harm in that. I don't think he will hurt'me: I have heard so much about him. Besides that, I can stand this no longer. Twelve years of suffering have worn me nerves and shrunken veins and exhausted arteries and panting lungs and withered muscles health, beautiful health, rubicand health, God given and complete health. The 12 years' march of pain and pang and suffering over suspension bridge of nerve and through tunnel of bone instantly

Christ recognizes somehow that magnetic and heathful influence through the medium of the blue fringe of his garment had shot out. He turns and looks upon that excited crowd and startles them with the interrogatory of my text, "Who touched The insolent crowd in substance replied: "How do we know? You get in a crowd like this, and you must expect to be jostled. You ask us a question you know we cannot answer." But the reseate and rejuvenated woman came up and knelt in front of Christ and told of the touch and told of the restoration, and Jesus said: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace." So Mark gives us a dramatization of the gospel. Oh, what a doctor Christis! In every one of our households may he be the family physician! CHRIST'S PHYSICAL MAGNETISM.

Notice that there is no addition of help to others without subtraction of power from ourselves. The context says that as soon as this woman was healed Jesus felt that virtue or strength had gone out of him. No addition of help to others without subtraction of strength from ourselves. Did you never get tired for others? Have you never risked your health for others? Have you never preached a sermon or delivered an exhortation or offered a burning prayer and then felt afterward that strength had gone out of you? Then you have never im-

Are you curious to know how that garment of Christ should have wrought such a cure for this suppliant invalid? I suppose that Christ was subcharged with vitality. You know that diseases may be conveyed from city to city by garments, as in case of epidemic, and I suppose that garments may be subcharged with health. I suppose that Christ had such physical magnetism that it permeated all his robe down to the last thread on the border of the blue fringe. But in addition to that there was a divine thrill, there was a miraculous potency, there was an omnipotent therapeutics, without which this 12 years' invalid would not have been instantly restored.

Now, if omnipotence cannot help others without depletion, how can we ever expect to bless the world without self sacrifice? A man who gives to some Christian object until he feels it, a man who in his occupation or profession overworks that he may educate his children, a man who on Sunday night goes home, all his nervous energy wrung out by active service in church or Sabbath school or city evangelization, has imitated Christ, and the strength has gone out of him. A mother who robs herself of sleep in behalf of a sick cradle, a wife who bears up cheerfully under domestic misfortune that she may encourage her husband in the combat against disaster, a woman who by hard saving and earnest prayer and good counsel, wisely given, and many years devoted to rearing her family for God and usefulness and heaven, and who has nothing to show for it but premature gray hairs and a profusion of deep wrinkles, is like Christ, and strength has gone out of her. That strength or virtue may have gone out through a garment she has made for the home; that strength may have gone out through the sock you knit for the barefoot destitute; that strength may go out



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through the mantle hung up in some close after you are dead. So a crippled child sat every morning on her father's front step so that when the kind Christian teacher ELOQUENT SERMON BY DR. TALMAGE | passed by to school slie might take hold of her dress and let the dress slide through her pale fingers. She said it helped her pain so much and made her so happy all the The First Cure of Christian Science-Christ | day. Aye, have we not in all our dwellings garments of the departed, a touch of which thrills us through and through, the life of those who are gone thrilling through the life of those who stay? But, mark you, the principle I evolve from this subject-no addition of health to others unless there be a subtraction of strength from ourselves. He felt that strength had gone out of him.

THE TWO CURRENTS. Notice also in this subject a Christ sensitive to human touch. We talk about God A great crowd of excited people elbowing | on a vast scale so much we hardly appreeach other this way and that and Christ in | ciate his accessibility-God in magnitude the midst of the commotion. They were on rather than God in minutiæ, God in the infinite rather than God in the infinitesimal. But here in my text we have a God arrested by a suffering touch. When in the sham could effect the cure, others that he could trial of Christ they struck him on the not. At any rate, it would be an interest- cheek, we can realize how that cheek tining experiment. A very sick woman of 12 gled with pain. When under the scouring years' invalidism is in the crowd. Some say the rod struck the shoulders and back of her name was Martha, others say it was | Christ, we can realize how he must have writhed under the lacerations. But here there is a sick and nerveless finger that just touches the long threads of the blue fringe of his coat, and he looks around and

says, "Who touched me?"
We talk about sensitive people, but Christ was the impersonation of all sensitiveness. The slightest stroke of the smallsurgeon stands for potent and educated skill. Professor Lightfoot gives a list of and feet vibrate. It is not a stolid Christ, not a phlegmatic Christ, not a preoccupied Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron cased Christ, but an exquisitely sensitive Christ that my text unveils. All the things that touch us touch him if by the hand of prayer we make the connecting line between him and ourselves complete. Mark you, this invalid of the text might have walked through that crowd all day and cried about her suffering, and no relief would have come if she had not touched him. When in your prayer you lay your hand on Christ, you touch all the sympathies of an ardent and glowing and respon-

You know that in telegraphy there are two currents of electricity. So when you put out your hand of prayer to Christ there are two currents-a current of sorrow rolling up from your heart to Christ and a current of commiseration rolling from the heart of Christ to you. Two currents. Oh, why do you go unhelped? Why do you go wondering about this and wondering about that? Why do you not touch him? Are you sick? I do not think you areany worse off than this invalid of the text. Have you had a long struggle? I'do not think it has been more than 12 years. Is your case hopeless? So was this of which my text is the diagnosis and prognosis. "Oh," you say, "there are so many things between me and God." There was a whole mob between this invalid and Christ. She pressed through, and I guess you can press

shows himself especially sympathetic with her only boy to the grave. Christ cannot questions of domesticity, as when at the wedding in Cana he alleviated a housekeeper's predicament, as when tears rushed forth at the broken home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Men are sometimes Twelve years of suffering have worn me out. This is my 'last hope." And she presses through the crowd still farther and reaches for Christ, but she cannot quite touch him. She pushesstill farther through the crowd and kneels and puts her finger to the edge of the blue fringe of the border. She just touches it. Quick as an electric cover lumpan misfortune. Look at that the tazarus. Men are sometimes as she are sometimes as shamed to weep. There are men who if the tears start will conceal them. They think it is unmanly to cry. They do not seem to understand it is manliness and evidence of a great heart. I am afraid of a man who does not know how to cry. The Christ of the text was not ashamed to cry over lumpan misfortune. Look at that deep lake of tears opened by the two words of the evangelist, "Jesus wept!" Behold Christ on the only day of his early triumph marching on Jerusalem, the glittering domes obliterated by the blinding rain of tears in his eyes and on his cheek, for when he beheld the city he wept over it. O man of the many trials, O woman of the heartbreak, why do you not touch him?

"Oh," says some one, "Christ don't care for me. Christ is looking the other way. Christ has the vast affairs of his kingdom to look after. He has the armies of sin to overthrow, and there are so many worse cases of trouble than mine he doesn't care about me, and his face is turned the other way." So his back was turned to this invalid of the text. He was on his way to effect a cure which was famous and popular and wide resounding. But the context says, "He turned him about." If he was facing to the north, he turned to the south; if he was facing to the east, he turned to the west. What turned him about? The Bible says he has no shadow of turning. He rides on in his chariot through the eternities. He marches on crushing scepters as though they were the crackling alders on a brook's bank, and tossing thrones on either side of him without stopping to look which way they fall. From everlasting to everlasting. "He turned him about." He whom all the allied armies of hell cannot stop a minute or divert an inch, by the wan, sick nerveless finger of human suffering turned

MEDICINE FOR NERVOUS PFOPLE. Oh, what comfort there is in this subject for people who are called nervous! Of course it is a misapplied word in that case, but I use it in the ordinary parlance. After 12 years of suffering, oh, what nervous depression she must have had! You all know that a good deal of medicine taken, if it does not cure, leaves the system exhausted, and in the Bible in so many words she "had suffered many things of many physicians and was nothing bettered, but rather grew could be. She knew all about insomnia, and about the awful apprehension of something going to happen, and irritability about little things that in health would not have perturbed her. I warrant you it was not a straight stroke she gave to the garment of Christ, but a trembling forearm, and an uncertain motion of the hand. and a quivering finger with which she missed the mark toward which she aimed. She did not touch the garment just where

she expected to touch it. . When I see this nervous woman coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say she is making the way for all nervous people. Nervous people do not get much sympathy. If a man breaks his arm, everybody is sorry, and they talk about it all up and down the street. If a woman has an eye put out by accident, they say, "That's a dreadful thing." Everybody is asking about her convalescence. But when a person is suffering under the ailment of which I am now speaking they say, "Oh, that's nothing; she's a little nervous; that's all," putting a slight upon the most agonizing of suffering. Now, I have a new prescription to give you. I do not ask you to discard human medicament. I believe in it. When the slightest thing occurs in the way of sickness in my household, we always run for the doctor. I do not want to despise medicine. If you cannot sleep nights, do not despise bromide of potassium. If you have nervous paroxysm, do not despise morphine. If you want to strengthen up your system, to not despise quinine as a tonic. Use all

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right and proper medicines. But I want rou to bring your insomnia, and bring your rritability, and bring all your weaknesses, and with them touch Christ. Touch him not only on the hem of his garments, but touch him on the shoulder, where he carries our burden; touch him on the head, where he remembers all our sorrows; touch him on the heart, the center of all his sympathics. Oh, yes, Paul was right when he said, "We

have not a high priest who cannot be touched." The fact is Christ himself is nervous. All those nights out of doors in malarial districts where an Englishman or an American dies if he goes at certain seasons, sleeping out of doors so many nights as Christ did. and so hungry, and his feet wet with the wash of the sea, and the wilderness tramp, and the persecution and the outrage, must have broken down his nervous system, a fact proved by the statement that he lived so short a time on the cross. That is a lingering death ordinarily, and many a sufferer on the cross has writhed in pain 24 hours, 48 hours. Christ lived only six. Why? He was exhausted before he mounted the bloody tree. Oh, it is a wornout Christ, sympathetic with all people worn out. A WONDERFUL POWER.

A Christian woman went to the Tract House in New York and asked for tracts for distribution. The first day she was out on her Christian errand she saw a policeman taking an intoxicated woman to the station house. After the woman was discharged from custody this Christian tract distributer saw her coming away, all unkempt and unlovely. The tract distributer went up, threw her arms around her neck and kissed her. The woman said, "Oh, my God, why do you kiss me?" "Well," replied the other, "I think Jesus Christ told me to." "Oh, no," the woman said, "don't you kiss me. It breaks my heart. Nobedy has kissed me since my mother died." But that sisterly kiss brought her to Christ-started | tients. her on the road to heaven. The world wants sympathy. It is dying for sympathy-large hearted, Christian sympathy. There is omnipotence in the touch. Oh, 1

am so glad that when we touch Christ Christ touches us. The knuckles, and the limbs, and the joints, all falling apart with that living death called the leprosy, a man is brought to Christ. A hundred dectors could not cure him. The wisest surgery would stand appalled before that loathsome patient. What did Christ do? He did not amputate. He did not poultice. He did not scarify. He touched him, and he was well. The mother-in-law of the Apostle Peter was in a raging fever-brain fever, typhoid fever, or what I do not know. Christ was the physician. He offered no febrifuge; he prescribed no drops; he did not put her on plain diet; he touched her, and she was perfectly well. Two blind men come stumbling into a room where Christ is. They are entirely sightless. Christdid not lift the evelid to see whether it was cataract or ophthalmy. He did not put the men into a dark room for three or four weeks. He touched them, and they saw everything. A man came to Christ. The drum of his car had ceased to vibrate, and he had a stuttering tongue. Christ touched the car, and he heard; touched his tongue, and he articulated. There is a funeral com-Is your trouble a home trouble? Christ ing out of that gate-a widow following stand it, and he puts his hand on the hearse,

> Oh, my brother, I am so glad when we touch Christ with our sorrows he touches us. When out of your grief and vexation

and the obsequies turn into a resurrection

St. Yoo of Kermartin one morning went out and saw a beggar asleep on his doorstep. The beggar had been all night in the cold. The next night St. Yoo compelled this beggar to come up in the house and sleep in the saint's bed, while St. You passed the night on the doorstep in the cold. Somebody asked him why that eccentricity. He replied: "It isn't an eccentricity. I want to know how the poor suffer. want to know their agonies that I may sympathize with them, and therefore I slept on this cold step last night." That is the way Christ knows so much about our sorrows. He slept on the cold doorstep of an inhospitable world that would not let him in. He is sympathetic now with all the suffering and all the tried and all the per plexed. Oh, why do you not go and touch

You utter your voice in a mountain pass, and there come back 10 echoes, 20 echoes, 50 echoes perhaps, weird echoes. Every voice of prayer, every ascription of praise every groan of distress, has divine response and celestial reverberation, and all the galleries of heaven are filled with sympathetic echoes, and throngs of ministering angels echo, and the temples of the redeemed echo, and the hearts of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost echo and re-echo. I preach a Christ so near you can touch

him—touch him with your guilt and get pardon—touch him with your trouble and get comfort—touch him with your bondage and get manumission. You have seen a man take hold of an electric chain. man can with one hand take one end of the chain, and with the other hand he may take hold of the other end of the chain. Then a hundred persons taking hold of that chain will altogether feel the electric power. You have seen that experiment. Well, Christ with one wounded hand takes hold of one end of the electric chain of love, and with the other wounded hand takes hold of the other end of the electric chain of love, and all earthly and angelic beings may lay hold of that chain, and around and around in sublime and everlasting circuit runs the thrill of terrestrial and celestial and brotherly and saintly and cherubic and seraphic and archangelic and divine sympathy. So that if this morning Christ should sweep his hand over this audience and say, "Who touched me?" there would be hundreds and thousands of voices responding: "I!

A Big Fruit Farm. One of the largest fruit farms this side of the Rocky mountains, according to a bulle tin of the West Virginia experimental station, is to be found on the foothills of the Blue Ridge in Jefferson county of that state. In 1887 the Becker brothers set out 33,000 peach trees, since which time eight adjoining tracts have been added, until the fruit farm comprises 2,400 acres in one body. The planters have not stopped with peaches alone, but they have a large area in grapes, quinces and cherries, besides American and Japanese plums, apricots, Japan persimmons, nectarines, English walnuts, Italian chestnuts and paper shell almonds.-Washington Post.

The Cost of the Mormon Temple. The cost of the Mormon temple is a quesion which even the most astute follower of Brigham hesitates to answer. It has been estimated all the way from \$6,000,000 to \$12,000,000. The latter figure is believed by those who are in a position to know to be the correct one.-Harper's Weekly.

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THE TIMES HAS NOT LESS THAN

that money is dreadfully scarce. It may also demonstrate that the article offered also demonstrate

London can harbor 1,000 ships. Tears are the tribute of humanity to its destiny. There's many a leap 'twixt the boat and

the slip. Men of cold passions have quick eyes .-Hawthorne. The church spire originated in th twelfth century.

A. Countryman is the name of a poultry raiser near Anniston, Ala. Nearly 7,000 Russian convicts have been sent to Siberia since April last. Round finger nails belong to obstinate and generally to stupid people.

Senor Carulla of Madrid has published an edition of the Bible in verse. A one armed man at Manchester, N. H., is said to be an expert pool player. The father of Kepler, the mathematician

and astronomer, was a private soldier. Milk applied once a week with a soft cloth is reputed to freshen and preserve boots and shoes. A parody can never be good because it is bed, like a pun. It is a different sort of

animal altogether. Common table salt is not a salt and has long since been excluded from the class of bodies denominated "salts," "You must look out for a sleeping dog,

a swearing Jew, a praying drunkard and a crying woman," is a bit of Polish advice. Sea captains sometimes bring into port accounts of the seeing of comets and meteors which have almost escaped notice on

Revaccination should be properly attended to. The authorities also should promptly provide means for the isolation of pa-

The use of powder as a decoration originated in the fancy of a French mountebank, who dredged his head with flour in order to emphasize his idiocy. Bricks made of plaster of paris and cork

are now used in the construction of powder mills. In case of explosion they offer slight resistance and are broken to atoms.

The Spitzer Collection. The late Frederic Spitzer, a native of Vienna, was entirely the architect of his own fortunes and conquered his unique posi-tion in the art world of Paris and the continent generally by his surprising energy, boldness and power of self education, and by a peculiar quality, too, that can only be described as le flair-that instinct which enables the connoisseur to distinguish not only the good from the indifferent, but what is supremely fine from what is merely very good. Establishing himself in Paris in or about 1852 as a dealer in these special branches and achieving a success and a supremacy among his confreres which was ungrudgingly acknowledged, he, by degrees, as his wealth grew and with it his honorable ambition, formed the design of bringing together not a mere collection of splendid objects of vertu, but a veritable museum of decorative, applied and industrial arts generally, beginning with the earliest postclassical periods of the Byzantine and Romanesque styles on the one hand and ending with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries on the other.

This museum the late collector continued to add to and to complete with infinite labor and skill during the whole of the latter part of his career, weeding out things less than first rate, but not otherwise impairing its integrity, his object being that after his death it should be disposed of as a whole to the Louvre or, as an alternative, to some other great museum, continental or British, so as to preserve unimpaired its interest as a resume of the finest industrial art. This plan, for the achievement of which Mr. Spitzer always declared himself prepared to make the most important pecuniary sacrifices, has unfortunately proved impossible of achievement at the present moment.—Paris Letter.

An Incomprehensible Performance. Stories of the adoration of Paderewski by crack brained women have been told in almost every city where the pianist has appeared, but I doubt if there has been anything of actual occurrence equal to the strange spectacle witnessed in Brooklyn on the afternoon of his farewell appearance. At the close of the programme, after the last hope of mailing the pianist reappear had died away, a half hysterical crowd gathered around the stage entrance to see him get into his carriage. There must have been 200 women. They crowded and pushed and elbowed for front positions and stood in the street at the imminent risk of being run down by a cable car. There was a long delay-perhaps 20 minutes-but not one of the ecstatic souls went away. Some one started the story that he had gone out the other way to give them the slip, as he had in other cities. There were almost screams of rage and disappointment. At last the stage door opened, and a pale face looking out took on a frightened expression, as well it might. Then a tall, gawky form suddenly followed the face, and Paderewski, almost running, started for the carriage down a narrow lane between his shouting, gesticulating admirers. He tore his way to the vehicle, leaped madly in and shouted to the driver to hurry on. Some of the admirers came near being crushed by the horses. They squealed and jumped upon the step of the carriage to get one last look, while a shrill chorus of goodbys and incomprehensible exclamations went up.

Can any one tell me what it all means? And there were middle aged matrons in the crowd.—New York Herald. An English Opinion of Our Army.

Captain G. W. Grant of the English army, who is in Washington, speaks thus of our soldiers, "I have seen most of the armies of the great nations on review, and I consider that the American regular troops are a fire body of excellently drilled and well officered men, though of course the army of this country Cos not receive the attention bestowed upon the armies of the ilder nations." WESTERN MARYLAND RAILROAD.

TAKING EFFECT
MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1893.
Leave Hillen Station as follows:
DAILY.

4.39 A.M.—Fast Mail for Norfolk and Western R. R. and Southern and Southwestern points; also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Highfield, Edgemont, Hagerstown and except Sunday, Williamsport, Clear Spring and Cherry Run, W. Va., Chambersburg, Waynesboro, points on B. and C. V. R. R.,—Martinsburg, W. Va., and Winchester, Va.
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. Winchester, Va.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

7.21 A. M.—Accommodation for Hanover and Gettysburg, Pa., and all points on B. and H. Division and Main Line east of Emory Grove; also, Carlisle and Gettysburg and Harrisburg R. R. Harrisburg R. R.

8.00 A. M.—Mail for Williamsport, Cherry Run,
W. Va., Clear Spring, Hagerstown, Shippensburg and points on Main Line & B. &
C. V. R. R.; also Frederick and Emmittsburg, and points on Norfolk and Western
R. R. to Shenandoah. R. R. to Shenandoah.

19.95 A M.-Accommodation for Union Bridge, and Hanover, Pa., with connection at Hanover, for New Oxford, Gettysburg, Mt. Holly Springs and Carlisle.

2.31 P. M.-Accommodation for Emory Grove 3.29 P. M.-Express, for Arlington, Howard-

2.31 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove
3.29 P. M.—Express, for Arlington, Howardville, Owings's Mills, Glyndon and all
points on B. & H. Division, Mt. Holiy
Springs, Carlisteand points on Gettysburg
and Harrisburg R. R.
4.05 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope,
Pikesville, Green Spring Junction, Owings'
Mills, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Patapsco, Carrollton, Tanner, Westminster,
Avondale, Medford, New Windsor and Main
Line Stations West, including Clearspring,
Md., and Cherry Run, W. Va.: also Emmitsburg B. and C. V. R. R., Norfolk and Western R. R. and points South.
5.15 P. M.—Frederick Express, for Arlington,
Mt. Hope, Howardsville, Sudbrook Park,
Pikesville, Mt. Wilson, McDonough, G. S.
Junction, Owings' Mills, St. George's, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Tannery, Westminster, Medford, New Windsor and Stations thence to Frederick.
6.12 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.
11.35 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.
11.35 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge
and Hanover.
2.30 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge
4.00 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.
10.05 P. M.—Accommodation for Bmory Grove.
10.05 P. M.—Accommodation for Bmory Grove.
10.05 P. M.—Accommodation for Bmory Grove.

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88855528888228885552 NSt | F 88: 5: 9: 2 | TAR | ST | SE | B සියල කරයි | වි සියල කරයි | වි Daily. † Daily except Sunday. ‡ Sunday only The Theatre Train leaves Baltimore at 11 19 p. m., daily and arrives at Ellicott City at mid night. Hagerstown, Frederick and Mt. Airy to Baltimore.

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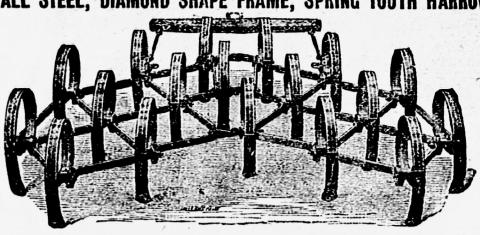
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