AN ANSWERED QUESTION.

(Respectfully inscribed to the Rt. Rev. Eugene O'Connell, D. D., Bishop of Ja)

Music or Painting? which, you ask,
(Into the soul hath higher mission,
Leading its wings to rise and bask
In the pure glow of heights elysian?

Ah! while mine artist-sister, wise,
Might, with discretion, cast her ballot
For these rare splendors 'neath our eyes,
Born of the pencil, brush and palette,—

A votary of golden Song,
My spirit (like a tide-swept blossom),
In ecstacy is borne along
Unto its home in God's dear bosom.

For there, before the birth of Time,
The Triune Deity unlounted,
In strains, majestic and sublime,
The poem of its glory chanted;

A poem, so surpassing sweet,
It drew the angels into being,
And woke their voices to complete
Their dulcet lyres' soft agreeing.

And, when the cloud-veil drifting went
Thro' space—as light as floating feather—
And, in the wide, blue firmament,
Loud sang the morning stars together,—

The liquid voices of the seas,
The brooks, the lakes, the rushing river,
Joined with the anthem of the breeze
To praise the bounty of the Giver!

What time from out the leafy shade
The birds poured forth their lays ecstatic,
The bees and all the insects made
Sweet music in their course erratic.

Until at length the last and best
Of all God's works—man rose victorious,
And in the choir, led all the rest
With one grand solo, full and glorious!

But must sweet music die with man?
Shall song expire at Death's dark portal?
Ah! no—while art boasts but a span,
Song, like its Author is immortal!

When pigments melt, and pictures fair
Find at the end a dread cremation;
And every inch of canvas rare
Fades in the last, great conflagration—

Up, from the ashes of the world,
The phœnix song shall rise—Ah! never
Shall cease its reign. With pinions furled,
At God's dear feet, 'twill sing forever!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT,

—A STORY OF THE—

UNITED IRISHMEN.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

'If I thought otherwise,' said the stranger brightly, 'I should scarcely have been here. But I have other inquiries, Grannie, to make.'

'About Alice?' said the old woman

'About Alice—yes,' said the stranger. 'You may think it odd, Grannie, that all these many years I have never come to see her any more than other dear friends in Seamore. But my life since I was taken from school in England, has been cast on board ships and in distant waters, where there was no more possibility of my coming to Ireland than there was of going to Iceland. But I have never forgotten her, and her childish face was often present to me where there was nothing around but the howling sea and the hurricane sweeping the face of the waters. How is she? Where is she?'

'She is in France, and she is quite well.'

'In France?' said the stranger.

'The poor dear was not strong when a child, and she was sent there. And there she remained ever since. She was here for some months, about a year ago, on a visit.'

'How has she grown, Grannie?'

'Not quite so tall as Miss Helen; very pretty, with an olive paleness in her face, and an engaging, loving way with her that wins upon you at once—in that way, like her poor mother, the light of God's glory to her.'

The stranger passed his hand across his eyes and was silent for some time.

'I had expected to find her here,' he said; but that pleasure lies before me shortly, when I return to France. I am delighted to hear that she is well. Our meeting will be a strange one after so many years. But I fear,' said he, addressing Redmond, 'this conversation can have little interest for you—although interesting enough to Grannie and myself.'

'Though all memory of you has passed out of my mind, and all recollection from my eyes, your name is familiar enough,' said Redmond, 'and your conversation most interesting.

'I thought, Grannie,' said the stranger, with a droll look. 'I should like to see whether I could climb the orchard wall as readily as I did so many years ago. Would you believe it? I knew quite readily in the dark the very crevices into the wall into which I used to place my feet. That was how I came through the orchard. And, curiously, as I came along the wind blew something in my face, and, when I put up my hand and caught it, it turned out to be a glove. This is it.'

He had held the glove in his hand all the time, and now glanced at it. As also did Cauth.

Her brow darkened, and a look of pain shot across her face and eyes.

'It's Helen's glove,' said she slowly, as she extended her hand for it.

He did not seem to notice the motion; but merely said, with a quick smile:

'Miss Barrington did not know that it was an old though unremembered friend that called or she would not have been so frightened.'

'Never mind that, Eugene, if you will permit me so to call you,' said Redmond. 'Helen is not used to such weaknesses, and I am sure the effects will soon pass off, and that in the morning she will be welcoming an old friend to Seamore. And, by the way, Grannie, as this is rather a cold way in which to receive a visitor, I wish you would bring us up something to celebrate the occasion.'

Grannie, whose brow had again become cheerful, left to attend to the wish thus expressed, and the stranger placed the tiny glove in his breast pocket.

She soon returned with a servant bearing some tumblers and a steaming kettle, and Redmond having produced some cigars they were prepared to pass the night pleasantly.

'Isn't it odd, Grannie,' said the stranger as the housekeeper was about leaving for the purpose of seeing her young mistress, 'that, many years as I have passed since I was here, I could walk nearly blindfolded about the house. There was an old cabinet in the drawing room—companion to his one here'—pointing to an oaken press fixed in the wall, and to which he had before referred—'that I remember as well as yesterday. I think I could open it this moment.'

'If you could, Eugene, it's the first time it has been opened since you left. The key was lost, and the poor master that's dead and gone would not allow it to be broken.'

'I think I shall not need a key for it,' said Eugene, whilst a gleam of satisfaction flashed across his eyes. 'and I mean to try how far my memory serves me by essaying it to-morrow.'

The old woman shook her head—not whether at the impossibility of his succeeding in what he proposed, or that the mention of the cabinet brought memories of the dead and gone around her, the stranger failed to know, though he glanced at her sharply.

Leaving the two young men to their conversation, the old woman proceeded to Helen's room, where she found the startled girl fairly recovered. Notwithstanding the fright she had sustained—or perhaps by reason thereof—she was, with all a woman's curiosity, anxious to know something of it. Some of the female servants had been already describing, in language of the highest eulogium, the appearance of the strange visitor; and her anxiety to know something of him—an anxiety not unshared by Kate Howard—had attained a high pitch.

Cauth was, therefore, much against her will, obliged to give a detailed account of the mysterious arrival; but she concluded her narrative with the exortation:

'An' now, Helen, honey, be led and said by me, an' take no notice of him more than of an old friend that's come on a visit for a few days. Luck nor grace don't come of Holly Eve games, an' on that account have nothing to say to him. A girl's heart is aisily turned; an' it would be a sore day if you let it change from Trevor Mortimor, who loves the very ground you walk upon.'

It would have been better, perhaps, for the purposes and intentions the housekeeper had in view if she had not harped on this string or given this advice. Women are at all times bad judges of woman-nature, and the advice she gave only predisposed Helen for the result she desired to avoid. For, as one result of this exordium, Helen, with the waywardness of a girl's fancy, was now in the highest impatience to behold the handsome young foreigner who had become possessed of her glove and who had startled her so much. Trevor Mortimer seemed common place and unimportant by comparison with this wonderful unknown. The sad story of Rose Morris paled into non-remembrance in presence of this new sensation. It was therefore with a flutter of delightful anticipation that the two young girls—when they were left together in their room—discussed the prospects of a meeting with the new guest in the morning, and drew to themselves fancy pictures of what he was like, and what appearance he would present.

So animated and absorbing was their conversation that they failed to hear—or, if they heard to pay attention to—a strange disturbance going on in the kitchen. It was only after a considerable time that it became evident to them that there was some clamour going on more than usual; and Kate Howard was about placing her hand on the silken bell-rope to ring to inquire, when the door opened and Cauth, cautiously closing it again, approached them and said:

'Miss Helen! don't be afeard at what I'm goin' to tell you. It's better that I should tell you than that anyone else should.'

'What is it, Grannie?' asked Helen, whilst her trembling lip gave evidence of her fresh alarm at this ominous introduction.

'Trevor Mortimer has just come in.'

'Well, what more—Grannie? I know there is something yet to tell.'

'He has got hurt.'

'Hurt—how?' screamed the two girls in unison.

'I don't know—no one knows.'

'Can he not tell?'

Before the old woman could answer, the door was hastily flung open, and Redmond entered.

'This is an awful business, Helen,' he said, whilst the big drops of perspiration stood out on his brow.

'What is it, Redmond?—what has happened?' faintly asked Helen, scarcely able to articulate the words.

'He has been struck—struck with a dagger—and I am afraid he is dying,' said Redmond in hurried and awe-stricken accents. 'He may know your voice, Helen—will you come down?'

Perhaps it was the desire to succor, perhaps it was the fear of death to one so dear to her, that overcame all considerations of self and banished her recent weakness; whatever it was that occasioned the effort, Helen rose with firm and unfaltering steps, and hurried with her brother to the kitchen.

A woful sight met her eyes. On the settle, stretched at his full length—pillows supporting his head, apparently dead or dying, lay Sir Trevor Mortimer. The blood that poured from a wound over his left breast gave token of where the blow had been delivered. In sight of this appalling spectacle the weakness that unnerved Helen Barrington previously, vanished; and her ready hand was soon at work to remove the stained clothes and to stanch the wound. In this she received valuable assistance from the young Frenchman, whom in the confusion of the moment she scarcely thought of, but whose previous experience in the matter of wounds made him an invaluable aid at this juncture.

The morning light was breaking in through the opened windows before the wounded man gave tokens of consciousness. A doctor, who had been sent for, arrived, pronounced him not in imminent danger; and, tired Nature asserting itself, the two girls retired to rest. Redmond and his new friend, less susceptible to fatigue, having seen Sir Trevor under the doctor's care, retired to their rooms to have a cigar and discuss this unhappy and mysterious affair.

'This is a strange business,' said Redmond.

'He was struck from behind—over the shoulder. The wound was downward,' remarked Eugene. 'Has he any enemies?'

'I never knew he had one,' replied the former.

'The blow was well meant at any rate. The striker felt for his heart. His coat alone saved him.'

'It was no weak hand that gave the blow.'

'I should think not,' said the stranger. 'Weak hands do not generally go in for that sort of work.'

'Well, poor fellow, I am glad his life has been spared. We shall know more in the morning or during the day if he be able to speak.'

'The doctor spoke of fever. If that supervenes it may be a long time until he is able to give any information,' remarked Eugene—'although I have seen men recover from much more serious wounds in a short time. Who is he?'

Redmond proceeded to inform him, after which, having shown Eugene to his bedroom, they retired to rest.

But the old housekeeper, as she sat at the bedside of the heavily breathing sufferer, muttered from time to time: 'He brought the ill luck with him, *mavrone*, as his father brought it before him!'

CHAPTER III.

EUGENE'S DAGGER.

The information which Redmond gave his friends as to the wounded man the previous night we may shortly state here.

Sir Trevor Mortimer was the son of a Scotch gentleman who held high position in the Castle of Dublin. By the death of an uncle he had recently become possessed of a large but encumbered property both in England and Ireland in his own right; but having lived so long in Dublin and become accustomed to its society, he had resolved on making it his home. He had met Helen and her brother at one of the balls in Merrion-square, and therefore a friendship grew up between them, which gradually ripened into an engagement between himself and the young girl.

Her brother looked with approbation on the relationship that thus sprang up, and was very much pleased when this formal engagement was entered into between them.

Possessor of property and position, and moving in the best circles of Dublin society, Sir Trevor Mortimer was considered on all hands to be an excellent match for his handsome sister. For though by no means highly gifted with good looks—and, indeed, regarded by some as possessed of a rather sinister expression of eyes—Sir Trevor's manners were so polished and so winning, his voice was so soft, so courteous, and deferential, that one forgot in his presence the absence of prepossessingness in his countenance, and thought only of the charm and attractiveness of his conversation. He was essentially a man fitted to make an impression on women's hearts, and no one was surprised when the engagement between himself and Helen became formally known.

The wedding was to take place some time early in the ensuing year, and was intended to be a time of great festivities at Seamore. There was no particular day fixed, but it was generally understood by Redmond himself, and Helen, that it should not be long delayed. Under the circumstances he was a constant visitor, and much of his time was spent in Seamore.

In company with Mortimer and Redmond the two girls' lives were passing very pleasantly. Occasional rides into the beautiful country surrounding the mansion, occasional yachting excursions into the bay, and occasional visits to the theatres in the city combined to make their lives pass in the happiest manner. Not the smallest cloud of sorrow came to darken the quiet homeliness and happiness of their lives—not until now, when this singular and unexpected sorrow had swooped suddenly down upon them.

This was in substance, leaving out the references to his engagement with Helen, what Redmond Barrington told the young stranger, the previous night.

Who struck the blow—what spirit of ill-will or vengeance prompted it—was a profound mystery to Redmond. He turned on his bed restlessly in vain imaginings as to the cause; but he only tortured himself uselessly.

Finally he fell asleep. Curiously enough, in vague dreamings, he in some way associated his new found acquaintance with the deed; and he started up, once when he dreamt that he saw the arm of Eugene raised to strike his friend—only to find the former bending over him.

'You have had a disturbed sleep,' said the latter.

'Oh! Is that you. Eugene?' asked Redmond, more disturbed in his waking moments than even in his dream, so surprised was he to find the visitor there. 'You are risen early.'

'Or, rather, late. Do you know what hour it is.'

'No.'

'It is well nigh noon.'

'I did not think I had slept so long. How is Mortimer?'

'Much better.'

'Conscious?'

'Yes, partly so. The wound was not very keep. His thick coat probably saved him.'

'I am heartily glad to hear that,' said Redmond, raising himself on his elbow.

'Yes, and the oddest thing in connection with the matter is that he seems to have been struck by a dagger which I carried.'

'That you carried,' said Redmond, with a curious look of doubt depicted on his countenance.

'So it seems,' said the other coldly, as he noticed this expression, which had all the appearance of strange distrust, 'I must have dropped it when crossing the wall I told you of last night.'

'Did you see any person near at the time?'

'Well, I certainly thought I heard voices as I approached, but the shrubs might have hidden them, for I saw no sign of them when I came near.'

'Was there anything particular to attract your attention.'

'Well, yes, now that I recall it. I was chiefly attracted by the sound of a girl's voice, which impressed itself upon me by the fact that it spoke in a French manner and accent.'

'Of course you heard some of the words.'

'Yes, I did; I remember, just as I was descending the wall, the words apparently in anger, 'I never married you,' or 'it was a mock marriage,' or something of that kind.'

'Some quarrelling folk, I suppose.'

'I daresay they were.'

'But Sir Trevor had no connection with them. Why should he be struck down?'

'There you put a question which I should find it difficult to answer—or perhaps himself. Angry people often strike a blow in mistake, and an infuriated person finding any skean ready to hand might have struck a blow at a chance passer by, mistaking him for the proper party. The words 'it was a mock marriage,' or 'I never married you,' indicated a family quarrel of which he was the innocent offerer.'

'It is very strange and unaccountable,' said Redmond dubiously, as he arose and proceeded to dress himself.

CHAPTER IV.

FOREBODINGS

The surprises and annoyances of the previous night were succeeded by a day of rejoicing when it was found that Trevor Mortimers wound had not been as dangerous as was anticipated.

Helen rose early and learned the good news with rapturous delight. She hurried from her own apartment to that of Redmond to bear him the glad tidings. On the way past the drawingroom door a slight movement therein attracted her attention, and, thinking it might be her brother who had already arisen, she turned aside and entered.

It was not Redmond, however; it was the stranger. He was kneeling before the little open cabinet already referred to, and was apparently essaying to open it. She stood for a moment undecided what to do—finally resolving to retire quietly; but the rustle of her dress caught on his ear. He turned his head, and at once stood up.

The feeling with which Helen perceived him was largely blended with something akin to distrust—if so unsuspecting a nature could possess it; but this was quickly banished by the frank, open manner in which he approached her.

'I have been trying, my dear Miss Barrington,' he said, advancing towards her with outstretched hand, 'whether my memory is as faithful as I thought it I was vain enough to say to Grannie last night that I could open this cabinet after sixteen years' absence, and I was trying to see if I could make my words good. I find I cannot. But I find I am speaking without introducing myself. Permit me to say, then, that I am an old though unremembered friend, who for the first time in many years, found occasion to visit old scenes of happiness, and availed himself of it—Eugene Lefebre.'

'You are welcome to Seamore,' said Helen, accepting the proffered hand with a strange and unaccountable beating at her heart, 'and I have to thank you for your assistance last night in our trouble.'

'I fancied you did not, in the confusion, notice me,' said the stranger with a courtesy and grace which impressed her curiously. 'It was not a time for introduction, so I meant to present myself to you on the first available opportunity, and I am glad it has arisen now.'

'It is a long time since you were here before,' said Helen in her embarrassment, not knowing what else to say.

'It is not very far from twenty years, and that is a long space in one's lifetime. I scarcely remember you as a child. I suppose you do not remember me?'

'No, I was so very young then.'

'Possibly you may have heard of me. I should be sorry to think that the little boy whose young life was made so happy here should have been quite forgotten.'

'You were not forgotten,' said Helen, with a slight palpitation of the heart, as she remembered the curious story in which his name was for the first time brought under her notice.

'I am delighted to hear that,' he said with some fervor. 'I am glad indeed—heartily, truly glad—that the memory of the child was not altogether lost, who once was so happy and so welcome here.'

'And who is equally welcome now, though those whom he knew and who loved him are not here to receive him,' said Helen, with a tremble in her voice and a changing of color that showed how earnest were her words. He was indeed welcome to her—welcome because that it had been more than a home to him when a child, and that he was loved and beloved as one by those so dear, now sleeping in their quiet graves.

'I never had any doubt of that,' he said softly, and with a tenderness that won upon her, 'even when thousands of miles lay between me and Seamore. But yet I doubt if I would have come had I known that those I knew and loved were gone—that those dear to me, inexpressibly dear to me—were no longer here. I did not anticipate such changes.'

The tears welled into the young girl's eyes, and her lips trembled. Her heart was too full for speaking.

'I am glad, however, now that I have come,' he continued after a pause, 'for it brings me into the knowledge and acquaintanceship of those that I am delighted to know and shall not soon forget.'

'You were very kind to us in our trouble last night,' said Helen, to whom these latter words of his brought considerable embarrassment. She felt instinctively that the conversation was growing too delicate as between a young girl and an almost stranger; and as she raised her eyes to his handsome face and kindling black eyes the feeling became stronger. Wherefore she sought to change the conversation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it

Strangling.

It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicine it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."—C. J. Woodbridge, Wortham, Texas.

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Aug. 13, 1890.—3m

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Aug. 13, 1890.—1y.

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Charlottetown, June 5, 1890—tf

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SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents: five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Charlottetown, Feb. 20, 1889.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1890. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

On and after Monday, June 2nd, 1890, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express	Accom	Acc'm
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown...dp	6 10	8 45	5 30
Royalty Junction	6 40	9 17	5 40
North Wiltshire	6 48	10 00	4 50
Hunter River	6 58	10 15	4 30
Bradalbane	7 03	10 48	5 20
Emerald Junction	7 20	10 56	5 40
Freetown	7 40	11 10	5 55
Kensington	7 55	11 29	6 17
		P. M.	
Summerside..{ ar.	8 15	12 00	6 30
Summerside..{ dp.	8 30	1 55	
Miscouche	8 40	1 20	
Wellington	8 55	1 32	
Port Hill	9 05	2 35	
O'Leary	10 20	4 00	
Mooneshine	10 37	4 28	
Alberton	11 14	5 15	
Tignish	11 50	6 05	

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom	Acc'm
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish.....dp	1 10	5 00	
Alberton	1 46	7 05	
Bloomfield	2 15	7 44	
O'Leary	2 32	8 10	
Port Hill	3 23	9 26	
Wellington	3 33	10 15	
Miscouche	4 11	10 44	
		11 05	
Summerside..{ ar.	4 25	P. M.	A. M
Summerside..{ dp.	4 55	12 00	6 15
Kensington	5 17	12 21	6 40
Freetown	5 30	12 00	7 10
Emerald Junction	5 40	1 03	7 30
Bradalbane	5 47	1 12	7 39
Hunter River	6 12	1 42	8 14
North Wiltshire	6 22	1 57	8 32
Royalty Junction	6 30	2 41	9 17
Charlottetown...ar	7 10	3 05	9 35
			P. M.
Emerald Junc...dp			5 45
Cape Traverse...ar			6 35

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	P. M.	A. M.
Charlottetown.....dp	1 15	6 30
Royalty Junct'n.....	1 40	6 50
Mont Carmel.....	2 00	7 20
Mt. Stewart Junc..{ ar	4 25	8 45
	4 30	8 50
Morell	4 50	9 10
St. Peters	5 20	9 34
Bear River	5 55	10 03
Souris .....ar.	6 25	10 45
	P. M.	A. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc.....dp.	1 30	9 20
Cardigan	2 20	9 55
Georgetown.....ar	3 45	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown .....dp	7 00	1 00
Cardigan	7 17	3 03
Mt. Stewart Junc.....ar	8 10	3 10
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris.....dp	6 15	12 40
Bear River	6 45	1 15
St. Peter's	7 20	1 55
Morell	7 42	2 25
	8 10	3 00
Mt. Stewart Junc..{ ar.	8 15	3 20
	8 40	3 50
Royalty Junct'n	9 05	4 35
Charlottetown .....ar	9 20	4 45

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Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, May 28, 1890.—6y

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"Best Liver Pill Known."

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But before doing so we want to give our customers some

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500 Suits at Away Down Prices.

TO MAKE ROOM FOR FALL IMPORTATIONS, we offer the whole of our stock at following prices:

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100	SUITS,	"	"	2.50	and	2.60,	now 2.00
100	SUITS,	"	"	3.00	and	3.25,	now 2.25
60	SUITS,	"	"	3.50	and	3.75,	now 2.50
60	SUITS,	"	"	4.00	and	4.25,	now 3.00
50	SUITS,	"	"	4.50	and	4.75,	now 3.50

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