# PREPARING FOR THE FINISH OF THE GREAT RELAY.

## Through Storm and Mud the Couriers Are Scorching to New York.

### Twenty Miles an Hour Where Ten Would Be a Creditable Showing.

### Bicycle Riders Against the Elements in the Greatest Race on Record.

### WAR MESSAGE NOW IN THIS STATE.

### Unless the Roads Get Worse Than They Are, or Some Other Misfortune Befalls, the Precious Packet Will Reach Rochester by 7 This Morning.

The relays in the transcontinental race from the Eaxminer office in San Francisco to the Journal office in New York are now being run off in our own State.

When the great ride overland was started it was supposed that all the hard work would come on the western end, and that when the rough Sierras and the biltering deserts were passed that the rest of the race would merely be a succession of pleasure expeditions, but the difficulties furnished by the physical configuration of the Western country did not impede the progress of the wheelmen more than did the weather in the East.

From Chicago to New York should have been an easy ride, but everything conspired to give the couriers trouble. That they have done what they have done testifies to the strength and speed of the Eastern wheelmen. At 7:30 o'clock Friday night the message had travelled 180 miles this side of Chicago in something less than fourteen and a half hours. At 11:41 yesterday morning the relay changed at Cleveland, 2,762 miles from the start in San Francisco and 357 miles this side of Chicago. To make this distance it has taken 30 hours, 40 minutes—remarkable riding when all things are considered.

At 9:51 last night the package had reached Westfield, this State, 2,827 miles from the start, and a trifle less than 500 miles to the Journal office in New York. It was rainy everywhere, and it seems rash to hope for extraordinary time in, but Monday evening out certainly see the finish of the great race.

Not to the West olene belongs the honor of contributing heroes to the great relay. The Sierras and the Rockies form a more spectacular setting for manful enterprise, but they offer few more perilous rides than that accomplished yesterday by E. J. Gifford, the Cleveland wheelman, who carried the packet over the Willoughby trestle.

The Willoughby trestle is a formidable affair. A local cyclist, who was talking about Gifford's feat a few minutes ago, described it as "a corker," and the definition appears to be adequate. The trestle is not less than a mile long, an unpleasant, spidery looking structure, which shoots from bank to bank to bank of a vast gorge. In its deepest part, which is somewhere near the middle, the Willoughby trestle is 300 feet high. It is just wide enough for the single track of the electric road that runs between Cleveland and Painesville, and it is entirely innocent of a path or so much as a single plank to mitigate the severity of the ties. These ties, be it said, are six or seven inches apart—that is, they are far enough apart to give a bicycler a terific bumping and shaking.

Just imagine a mile of such riding. They are not far enough apart to let him fall through. As for railing, there is none. A violent fall, or, indeed, a fall of any kind, would be as likely as not to send a wheelman tumbling into the abyss. Nevertheless Gifford chose the trestle. It had not been mapped out as part of his relay, but he preferred it to the road, because the latter was muddy, and he hoped to make better time over the midair string of ties. The officials of the Cleveland and Painesville Electric Railroad Company, who took a profound interest in the relay, were amazed and aghast at Gifford's proposition to ride the trestle, but when they realized that the lad really intended to attempt the feat, they voluntarily offered to station a man at either end of the bridge to flag any cars that might attempt to cross while Gifford was making his ride.

That offer removed at least one serious element of peril, for had the courier been overtaken by a car while on the trestle he would have had practically no refuge. Although it was raining hard when the feat was performed, several hundred residents of Willoughby ventured out and saw the dare devil thing done.

## Rain, Mud and Bad Roads Cannot Stop the Couriers.

Ashtabula, O., Sept. 5.—The story of the great transcontinental relay race to-day is one of triumphant victory over a conspiracy of the elements, earth and water. It has rained persistenly since the early hours of the morning—one of those fine, drizzling rains that make the otherwise admirable roads of this State a flooring of buttery clay, in which a wheel slips and slides treacherously, endangering the limbs and at times the life of a man engaged in fast riding.

Yet the message has swept forward at a superb pace of nearly twenty miles an hour. The riders have dashed into the various relay stations wet to the skin and so bespattered with mud that they looked like Indians on a warpath. There have been numerous falls, and some of them in very bad places, yet the message has flown forward.

Here and there couriers have had to dismount and walk for some distance, and in one place the riders had to pedal on the Lake Shore tracks for ten miles. The heroes of the day, so far, are "Big Booth"—T. C. Booth, of Cleveland—who carried the pouch into that city, covering 6¾ miles in 16½ minutes, and little Bobby Bond, of Painesville, who rode from Geneva to Ashtabula, ten miles, in thirty-three minutes. He did it, too, in spite of the fact that he had to get off his wheel and walk over the new bridge in process of construction at Saybrook, and afterward took a heavy header on the brick pavement of Centre street, Ashtabula. The best time ever made between Geneva and Ashtabula is twenty-six minutes with a favorable wind and a perfect road. But every courier in this State has determined to show his prowess and to make a record.

The message was turned over by William Alexander's division to that managed by Collister and Sayles, of Cleveland, at 4:40 this morning at Fremont, at which place it was carried in the blackness of the gathering storm by C. P. Marvin, courier, with F. D. Marvin, substitute. O. M. Lampert, the substitute from Clyde, the next relay station, became restless while waiting for them, rode over to Fremont and rode back to Clyde with them. The road had been recently ploughed up and a lot of stone laid in it, but in spite of that the relay made the distance of sixteen miles in one hour and three minutes.

At Bellevue, the next station, a grave misfortune occurred. P. L. Greenstade, who had no substitute, became tired of waiting, and wired Collister and Sayles to know whether he had time to go to bed before the relay arrived.

They answered that he must not think of such a thing, but the dispatch did not reach him, and he lay down for a nap. When the relay from Clyde arrived he could not be found, and it took one hour to discover him, sound asleep, in a dark corner.

Since that delay the riders have been working like beavers to make up for lost time. Rocky River, six and three-quarter miles from the Cleveland Post Office, was reached at 11:14 this morning, and at 11:14:30 T. C. Booth, courier, paced by Burt Gammill and George B. Blackburn on a tandem, started, making his destination at 11:31. He went up Euclid avenue, yelling at the top of his voice to clear the track, for fully a thousand men stood in the rain in front of the Post Office, waiting to see him come in.

Alfred MacNamara was on his wheel, with his pacers, Harry B. Wood, one of the fastest road riders in the State, and Clifford Haskins, on a tandem ahead of him. Postmaster John C. Hutchins was on the sidewalk ready for the message, which was taken from the pouch by George Collister.

The military message was vised by James B. Dunn, of Massillon, and, in just thirty seconds, the courier was off for Euclid Creek. Mr. Dunn was acting as the authorized deputy of Major McKinley, who wrote to Mr. Collister as follows:

> My Dear Sir: I have yours of the 20th inst. It will be impossible for me to be in Cleveland on September 4, and I take pleasure in accepting your suggestion and authorizing Mr. Dunn to represent me in the matter of signing the message to be forwarded from San Francisco to New York by relay bicycle riders. Trusting that the enterprise will be thoroughly satisfactory, I am, yours very truly,
> WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

A BAD BIT OF RELAY IN THE OHIO DIVISION.

The Cleveland and Painesville trestle thirty miles east of Cleveland, fell in the relay given to C. C. Finneran, who is nearly fifty years old. The illustration is from a snap shot photograph, taken during a practice ride over the relays of this division.

## Completing Arrangements for the Big Night Procession.

### Marshals and Aides Meeting to Decide the Details of the Parade.

### Special Arrangement to Care for Ladies Who Will Participate.

### CLAMORING FOR PLACES IN LINE.

### Clubs and Individual Riders Anxious to Be Given a Chance to Show in the Great Fete in Honor of the Transcontinental Couriers.

A largely attended meeting of those interested in the Journal's big bicycle parade next Saturday night took place on Friday night at the Imperial Hotel.

Much enthusiasm was manifested over what is universally conceded will be the grandest event in cycling that has ever occurred, and every one present announced his intention of working his hardest to make the affair the finest spectacle ever witnessed in this or any other city.

Among those present were Grand Marshal M. M. Belding, Jr., Captain J. W. Walters, George E. Scheffler, Frederick E. Wright, Peter F. Burkhardt, W. J. McCormick, John B. Yates, Andrew J. Englert, captain of the Harlem Wheelmen; Warde Bingley, president of the Century Wheelmen; Count A. de Julios, and many others. Several captains and officers of bicycle clubs dropped in during the evening to assure the grand marshal of their hearty co-operation and offering assistance in the task of marshalling the mighty hosts of cyclists that will be in the parade.

They reported that everywhere in the city nothing else was talked about.

Many of the necessary details that enter into the organization of so great an event were discussed and arranged, and others that required further consideration were left for the next meeting. It was decided to form the parade in seven divisions, in the following order:

1. Military.
2. New York bicycle clubs.
3. Brooklyn and Long Island bicycle clubs.
4. New Jersey and other visiting bicycle clubs.
5. Unattached wheelmen and wheelwomen.
6. Fancy and grotesque costumes.
7. Specially decorated wheels.

The list of marshals assigned to the various divisions will not be completed until the next meeting, when the exact place of formation of each division will also be decided upon.

One feature of this parade will be the placing of the unattached riders near the centre of the column. It has always been the custom in the bicycle parades in the past to have the unattached riders bring up the rear of the procession, and it has subjected the riders in this class to long and annoying waits, which caused very many of them to drop out, and allowed others to ride without preserving any order or regularity, and giving the latter part of the parade a very ragged appearance. All this will be avoided next Saturday night, and the unattached riders will receive the same consideration as the regularly organized bodies. Besides, in a parade such as this one will be, every bicycle will be prettily illuminated, and the ladies riding without escort will be specially looked after and will have a special place provided for them, where they can sit down and rest while waiting for their division to move. The lack of this provision has prevented many ladies riding in former parades, so, it is hoped and expected that they will show their appreciation of this arrangement for their comfort by turning out in large numbers.

It is intended that the New York clubs shall act as a special escort of the couriers who have been chasing across the continent, and they will be accompanied by riders dressed to represent the inhabitants of the places they have passed through—cowboys, Indians, Mexicans, etc.

The route of the parade will be from the Circle, at Sixtieth street and the Boulevard, passing up on the east side to One Hundred and Eighteenth street, when it will cross to the west side and return to the Circle, where it will be dismissed. At intervals of one block all along the line large torches of red and green fire will be kept burning during the passage of the parade. These torches will be placed very high in the air, so that there will be no discomfort to the riders or spectators from the smoke. They will add to the effect of the spectacle.

The regimental bands will be placed as follows: One at the Circle, where the parade starts; one at Seventy-second street, one at Eighty-ninth street, and one at One Hundred and Eighth street. The very best bands have been engaged, and the air all along the line will be filled with the notes of the most popular music.

The grand stand for the judges and reviewing officers will be erected at One Hundred and Eighth street.

The Journal has been besieged with requests to have places assigned in the procession for displays designed to advertise certain articles, but it has been decided to allow nothing of any advertising nature whatever in the parade. The whole affair is for the enjoyment of the bicycle riders and the spectators, and no business considerations can be allowed to enter into it.

It has been feared by many cyclists that the lanterns ordinarily used will not stay lighted long enough to reach the end of the route, but any fear of this kind can be dismissed if the rider will use in the lantern a candle such as is used in carriage lamps. This will last easily six hours.

Owing to an accident to one of the panes of glass in the window on Broadway in which the prizes are to be exhibited, the display could not be arranged yesterday, but it will be ready on Tuesday afternoon. The exhibition will continue all next week, and should be seen by everybody.

The Mount Vernon Cycling Club will have forty riders in line under Captain C. Little, with two buglers and two color bearers.

The Greenwich Whelmen will have 100 riders under Captain S. J. Neill, with two color bearers.

The New York County Wheelmen will have 100 riders under Captain Pliny A. Hogle, with one bugler and one color bearer.

The Scorchers' Bicycle Club will have fifty riders, under First Lieutenant M. Adler. The captain of the club, Mr. Leo Rosett, will ride on a specially decorated and illuminated tandem.

The James C. Rice Post, G. A. R., Fife and Bugle Corps will have twenty riders, under Major Theodore I. Hauiner, Fred Altz, adjutant.

The Journal has added another prize to its list, to be awarded for the best decorated and illuminated tandem ridden by two gentlemen. The prize will be announced later.

The following letter was received yesterday:

> Editor of the Journal:
> Unless seriously interfered with I shall be in the Journal Night Bike Parade on the 12th in full war paint, endeavoring to win a small piece of the "grotesque" prize. Please book me. Fraternally yours,
> BOB MACK.

## THE PRIZES FOR THE GRAND BICYCLE PARADE.

The First Prize—One solid silver punch bowl will be given to the club having the most tasteful and effective illumination of its bicycles.

To the New York club having the largest number in line—Solid silver loving cup.

New York club making finest appearance—Solid silver punch bowl and ladle.

Brooklyn club having the largest number in line—Solid silver loving cup.

Brooklyn club making the finest appearance—Solid silver tobacco jar, gilded.

Visiting club having the largest number in line—Solid silver loving cup.

Visiting club making the finest appearance—Solid silver bowl.

Prize for military company having the largest number in line—Solid silver loving cup.

Prize for military company making the finest appearance—Solid silver loving cup.

Prize for best decorated wheel (gentleman's)—Gold watch, with split second, and gold chain with charm and pencil.

Prize for best decorated wheel (lady's)—Gold chain purse, amethysts and diamonds.

Prize for best decorated combination tandem—Enamelled Lemaire opera glasses for the lady, and jade and gold sleeve links for the gentleman.

First prize for most original fancy costume (gentleman's)—Toilet set, solid silver, twenty pieces.

Second prize for most original fancy costume (gentleman's)—Gold-mounted umbrella.

First prize for most original fancy costume (lady's)—Travelling bag furnished with solid silver, eighteen pieces.

Second prize for most original fancy costume (lady's)—Gold vinaigrette, amethysts and diamonds.

First prize for most grotesque costume—Ink stand, silver and cut glass.

Second prize for most grotesque costume—Cracker jar, silver and cut glass.

First prize for lady dressed as Queen of Night—Watch and fob in wrought antique gold.

Second prize for lady dressed as Queen of Night—Gold and amethyst belt.

Third prize for lady dressed as Queen of Night—Chatelaine, lizard skin, silver mounted.

Prizes for best illuminated wheels (ladies'):
- First—Gold enamelled watch and pearl-mounted chatelaine.
- Second—Ostrich skin purse, gold mounted.
- Third—Seal, amethyst, gold and ivory.
- Fourth—Gold penknife enamelled with forget-me-nots.
- Fifth—Silver vinaigrette.

Prizes for best illuminated wheels (gentlemen):
- First—Diamond horseshoe scarf-pin.
- Second—Amethyst carbuchon sleeve links.
- Third—Gold-mounted pocketbook.
- Fourth—Seal, gold, jade and ivory.
- Fifth—Silver watch with bicycle decorations.
- Sixth—Silver cigarette case.

First prize for best illuminated house along the route—Large cut-glass fruit bowl.

Second—Enamelled Lemaire opera glasses, with lorgnette handles.

Third—Two bottles, solid silver.

## SAVED BY A RUBBER BOOT.

### When the Fire Touched It the Stench Awakened Grocer Stuhrberg.

A fire broke out in Carl Stuhrberg's grocery, No. 222 Sackett street, Brooklyn, early yesterday morning. The flames ate their way into Mr. Stuhrberg's bedroom and set fire to one of his rubber boots. It was the stench that aroused him in time to save his life, and his wife's as well.

He carried his wife out to the street, and then aroused the twenty-five tenants who lived on the upper floors. They found the bottom flight of stairs on fire. They were forced to climb up to the roof and make their escape by going down through the sc... of the adjoining house. The damage was about $700.

# RUSSIA AND GERMANY GROW MORE FRIENDLY.

## Czar's Warship to Look After the Kaiser's Interest in Turkey.

### Understanding Reached After a Conference of Statesmen of Both Empires.

### The Two Monarchs Meet at Breslau and Embrace and Kiss Each Other.

### A REVIEW OF TROOPS IS HELD.

### Each Sovereign Wears the Uniform of the Other's Army—Both Are Given Hearty Cheers by the People.

**By Henry W. Fischer.**

Berlin, Sept. 5.—According to my Breslau dispatch, Chancellor von Hohenlohe presided at the conference between German and Russian statesmen, after which the Chancellor had a private interview with the Kaiser.

It is just announced that the new Russian ironclad Senjawin, has been ordered to go to the Mediterranean, and the order is thought to be the result of the conference.

I learn that Germany will not send any warships to Constantinople or Crete, which indicates that Russia will act in that section for Germany.

**Did Not Know the Kaiser.**

When the Kaiser appeared before the guard of honor at Breslau wearing a Russian uniform, his own soldiers did not recognize him, and deferred the salute until greeted by the Kaiser, who said:

"Good morning, grenadiers!"

The Czarina, when she met the German sovereigns, wore a silver brocade, and afterward a white silk, trimmed with swansdown. The Empress wore salmon and seagreen silks.

The Czar was pale throughout the ceremonies.

**Czar and Kaiser Kiss.**

Breslau, Sept. 5.—The Czar and Czarina arrived here at 9:10 a. m. to-day. Their Majesties were met at the railway junction at Brieg, twenty-seven miles from Breslau, at 8 o'clock this morning by the German officials deputed to attend the Russian imperial visitors during their stay in Germany.

When the Czar and Czarina arrived here they were met at the station by the Emperor and Empress and the German Princes. The Kaiser wore a Russian uniform and the German Princes were similarly attired. The Czar wore the uniform of the Prussian Alexander Guards, with the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle on his breast.

The two Emperors embraced and kissed one another. The monarchs then reviewed the color company, after which they entered a carriage and drove off together to the new Staendehaus, where the Russian imperial party will be lodged while in Breslau. The two Empresses followed the Emperor and the Czar, their carriages being driven at a smart pace.

**Cheered the Monarchs.**

The streets through which the two Emperors, the two Empresses and their attendants passed were lined with people who cheered with great enthusiasm.

The German and Russian imperial parties reappeared at 11 a. m., and in the same order in which they had come, drove from the Staendehaus to Gandau to witness the parade of the Sixth Corps. It was quickly noticed the German Emperor had changed his uniform, having substituted the uniform of a German general for the Russian uniform he wore when he received the Czar.

The Nicholas II. Hussars and a squadron of dragoons guarded the imperial party on the way to the parade ground. The Czar opened the parade by leading his regiment of Alexander Guards past the Emperor.

## GEN. BRAGG IS SATISFIED.

### He Explains Why He Is Not the Gold Men's Candidate.

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 5.—General Edward S. Bragg returned from Indianapolis yesterday afternoon, and to a reporter he said:

"I did not go to Indianapolis as a pronounced candidate, but after we got there it was stated that General Palmer had withdrawn and would not be a candidate. A number of New York and other Eastern delegates, as well as Western ones, then began wearing my badge and declaring for me.

"Then it was said that Illinois, which had a much larger electoral vote than Wisconsin, and which was not so sure as our State to vote against Bryan, ought to be given the candidate, and General Palmer was brought out and nominated.

"It was all right. I heartily coincided with the view taken of the matter and am satisfied."

## JESSE GRANT A POPULIST.

### Son of the Late General Formally Joins the People's Party.

San Diego, Cal., Sept. 5.—In the Populist Convention yesterday Judge Wade McDonald, of this city, read the following letter from Jesse R. Grant, son of the late General Grant, espousing the People's party cause:

> San Diego, Cal., Sept. 1.
> My Dear Judge—I have noticed with much interest your withdrawal from the Democratic party and espousal of the People's party. This action meets my approval, since I have concluded to enroll myself in the same cause. The financial plank in the Republican platform must drive from that party any one who believes as I do, and the anarchial plank in the Democratic platform must lose to it many persons who believe in the protection of American citizens at home as well as abroad. The platform of the People's party, on the contrary, has no objectionable principles, and offers a political home any man can proudly enter. Yours truly,
> JESSE R. GRANT.

**Half a Week's Holiday.**

The establishment of Bloomingdale Bros. will be closed on Monday (Labor Day), and also on Tuesday, and the employes are felicitating themselves on the prospects of nearly half a week's holiday at a stretch. It is a rare occurrence that a public holiday and a religious festival should occur on succeeding days, immediately after Sunday, and the 2,600 employes will make the most of it. It is a little odd also that such an extended vacation should occur just at the beginning of the Fall season, as it affords the machinery of the establishment time to be lubricated and prepared for the whirl of the coming days. *_*

## SHE HORSEWHIPPED HIM.

### Pretty Mrs. Fishbock Says She Could Not Endure Remarks O'Connoll Made About Her.

The gossips of Flatbush are discussing a horsewhipping episode that took place on Thursday night on Grant street, within a stone's throw of the Flatbush Police Station. The principals were a widow, twenty-five years old, and a young man who is a clerk for a wholesale notion house in this city.

Mrs. Annie Fishbock lives at No. 146 Grant street. Her husband died about a year ago, leaving her an estate, the income of which supports her in fair style. Mrs. Fishbock is remarkably pretty, attractive and stylish. She enjoys the respect and esteem of all her neighbors.

For several weeks, she says, she has been annoyed by statements made by William H. O'Connoll, of Butler and Lawrence streets. On Thursday night, when she left her home, she carried an umbrella and beneath her sacque was hidden a riding whip.

At Grant street and Rogers avenue the two met. They had some words, and the pretty widow raised her umbrella and let it scend several times with force upon the head of Mr. O'Connoll. The latter finally seized the umbrella, broke it in two, and tossed the fragments into the street. Mrs. Fishbock then drew the riding whip from beneath her sacque and struck Mr. O'Connoll on the head and across his face.

"You will cast reflections upon my character, will you?" she cried.

A crowd collected, but no one would interfere. Mr. O'Connoll tried to retreat, but the infuriated woman followed him. He snatched the whip from her hand, but that did not stop her, and she struck him in the face with her fists.

O'Connoll finally jumped a fence and escaped.

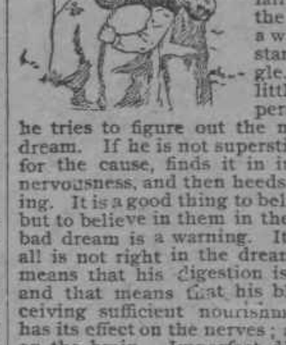
Mrs. Fischbock declined to discuss the matter yesterday, further than to say she had simply chastised Mr. O'Connoll for remarks he had made about her.

Mr. O'Connoll was also silent about the affair.

## COCKRAN VISITS M'LEAN.

### Cincinnati Editor Entertains the New Yorker at Luncheon.

Narragansett Pier, R. I., Sept. 5.—Bourke Cockran arrived at Narragansett Pier to-day and was the guest of John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, who is here. In the forenoon Mr. McLean took Mr. Cockran driving and showed him the points of interest around the Pier. Mr. McLean gave a luncheon at noon to Mr. Cockran in his palace car Ohio, which is located on a picturesque point overlooking Narragansett Bay. The party included the following: Bourke Cockran, Mrs. John R. McLean, William E. Curtis, Judge Samuel F. Hunt, of Cincinnati, and Misses Mary, Helen, Josephine and Emilie Patten, of Washington.

The dreamer finds himself at the edge of a cliff. He stumbles, falls, and grasps frantically at a rope, which breaks uselessly, letting him fall straight down the precipice. He awakes with a start and a struggle. If he has a little spot of superstition in him, he tries to figure out the meaning of the dream. If he is not superstitious, he looks for the cause, finds it in indigestion and nervousness, and then heeds the real meaning. It is a good thing to believe in dreams, but to believe in them in the right way. A bad dream is a warning. It is a sign that all is not right in the dreamer's body. It means that his digestion is out of order; and that means that his blood is not receiving sufficient nourishment; and that has its effect on the nerves; and the nerves, on the brain. Imperfect digestion means imperfect nutrition. It means that the strength and food that ought to go into the blood from the digestive organs—that should go to build the tissues that waste every day—is being perverted and is doing no good. It means that there will be loss of solid, strengthful flesh; that the nerves will be uncovered just that much; that debility will ensue; and that the man's body is ready for the reception of disease-germs. That is the real meaning of the man's dreams, and such dreams should always be taken to mean that the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is urgent and imperative, if health would be preserved. The "Discovery" is a certain cure for indigestion, dyspepsia and liver complaint.

When constipation is present, it is frequently necessary to supplement the "Discovery" by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They greatly facilitate the action of the "Golden Medical Discovery," by ridding the system of poisonous, effete matter, increasing the activity of the lower bowels so that the impure matter forced out of the blood by the "Golden Medical Discovery" may find quick egress. Both the "Golden Medical Discovery" and the "Pellets" may be obtained at any drug store. Complete information concerning them may be had by addressing the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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