First Impressions of the Metropolis

Guy Fawkes' Day and the Lord Mayor's Show Picturesquely Described.

SEEN FROM THE TOP OF A BUS

Incidents of a First Fortnight's Stay Alone in London—Miss Kaiser Finds Lodgment at Last in a Musically-Inclined Household.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

London, Nov. 13.—Two weeks ago today we came up to London together, Mr. Evans and Mr. Anwyl and Miss Emilie Driscoll and myself. We reached the city in the evening, and the next morning they all departed for Southampton, leaving me here all lonely and forlorn. I felt bereaved. But I did not dare let my thoughts dwell much upon my forsaken condition, for fear of sympathizing with my poor self too much. So I assiduously set to work to find the bank, boarding houses, and the Royal Academy, where I made arrangements for my coming examination and entrance there. Of course it was very hard, this finding my way about the city all alone at first, but by industriously affiliating with policemen and bus drivers, who are nothing if not careful and courteous, I accomplished all my errands safely enough, and had a great many wonderful and interesting things to see, besides, so that it was a case of pleasure combined with business.

I had some difficulty in selecting a boarding place, however, as I wished one not far from the heart of the city in order to save time in going to and fro; but it seemed almost impossible, as the rates were so very high. Happening one day to be talking with Miss Reide, the lady superintendent of the Academy, I mentioned my difficulty, and she straightway gave me an address to a lovely place, where the neighborhood is extremely pleasant and from which I ca get to the academy in fifteen or twenty minutes. I have a little gem of a room, on the second floor, or, what they call here, the first floor, and I am very, very comfortable and cosy. There is a cute little fireplace, a cute little bedroom suite, and a cute little piano in my room which I have for practicing on, besides all my pictures and home photographs, which I brought along, and a lovely little working and writing table. Then I also luxuriate in using as much gas as I like, which in some boarding houses you cannot do; as the mistress turns it off at 10 o'clock at night all over the house! And then there are four meals a day, besides chocolate at bed time, all of which I naturally appreciate, as hard work makes me hungry.

Typical London Boarding House.

The house itself is an old residence, in a beautiful old neighborhood, where there are plenty of big trees, old shrubbery and quaint old flower gardens at the backs of houses. Our premises are surrounded by a high, thick stone wall, and any one on the first floor cannot see out into the street at all, nor can anyone from the street see in, either This fortification, however, has one vulnerable point, a big wooden door set in it with a door-bell at the postern. When I come home from the academy or anywhere else I must stop at this door and pull this bell, which rings in the house like mad, and one of the maids must run way out of the house down to the walls and unlock the gate to let me in instead of just going to the house door itself. In rainy weather I do not envy her, as she gets wet every trip, and sometimes this bell goes a ringing very often all day long for some of us. The floors, in this house, of all the rooms and halls, the first floor and basement are of stone, as are also the stairs in the front hall. Of course, they are all covered with carpets, except the basement domain, but I think I like wood better. It doesn't seem so cold!

All the girls here are students at the Royal Academy of Music. They are all singers, too, some of them having been there four or five years, and these naturally sing very well. Of course, we learn the instruments, too, besides our voice culture, and you should hear us at our practicing sometimes. One is playing her piano with the loud pedal pressed down hard; another shrieks out scorn at the top of her voice to an imaginary villian in a grand opera selection; another is running scales on her violin, and the other vocalizing with all her might and main; while down stairs the orchestra, which one of my landladies conducts, and the other accompanies (they are both very accomplished), may be having a spirited rehearsal for some coming performance. At such a time the meanest revenge I could take on my worst enemy, I think, would be to place him in the front hall of this echoing house and let the groans and sobs of the orchestra, the thumps of the piano, the squeaks of the tantalized and tortured violin, and the cries of the high sopranos, mingling all in one discordant whole, confound his hearing.

London's White Orchestra.

By the way, the orchestra which I just mentioned, is a symphony one composed entirely of ladies, all of whom are perfect mistresses of their instruments. They give concerts in London and the provinces, being, indeed, almost constantly engaged, and have often played before the Prince and Princess of Wales and family at Marlborough house during the season. They are very fine, indeed, and are away now, filling an engagement at one of the inland cities, while the motherly housekeeper and the maids take care of us in the absence of the two ladies.

Guy Fawkes Day.

Tuesday was Guy Fawkes' day here in England, and was celebrated mostly by the small boy element. They carried around ridiculously stuffed effigies of poor old Fawkes, the object being, I suppose, to make his memory as ridiculous as possible. These are called "Guys." Some of them were elaborately gotten up, and pulled around the streets like floats, by sorry looking little mules and donkeys. Then, too, some small boys, and others not so small, went around masquerading in all sorts of outlandish costumes, getting an immense amount of fun and amusement out of their own ridiculous appearance and minstrelsy. Down in the country, I am told, they have great firecracker shooting, with wonderful displays of fireworks at night, just like our Fourth of July, but in London here the danger of fire is too great. It is supposed by the youngsters here, that Guy Fawkes turns in his grave regularly every year, at being made such hearty fun of as they make of him.

The other night I went with a Cambridge University girl to hear "Elijah" given in Royal Albert hall. What a magnificent chorus they have there, and what an immense organ, too! And how perfectly vast the hall is! It must take a tremendous solo voice to fill it. The soloists that night were Ella Russel, Clara Poole, Edward Lloyd and Santley. Of course I was overjoyed to hear these last two, as they are certainly in the hey dey of their greatness, so I wanted to hear them before they grew any older. There being not much opportunity in the work for soprano, I could not enjoy Miss Russel as much as I wished to, but I loved the contralto. Her voice is beautiful. However, I shall hear Ella Russel often again, in the ballad concerts coming now. By the way, Adelina Patti comes up to London to sing, soon, and I hope to hear her, too.

Academy Musicians.

Last Saturday I attended one of the fortnightly concerts at the academy, and enjoyed it very much. The pupils are the only performers at these, and I was much taken with the violin and piano performances, especially, and the string quartette which was played. The voices which sang were not at all remarkable, but perhaps I shall hear the more remarkable ones at some other concerts, as only a dozen pupils or so perform at each one. My professors at the academy are very good to me. I have been sent to one of the three best voice producers in the institution, Nicholls, and shall have another private master outside for style and finish and such things. There is one good thing, that I am very glad of, and that is, I do not have to unlearn anything about my method of voice production. Dr. Mockerju and several professors who were there when I took my examination, were very complimentary to me, or rather to my former teacher, for, of course, I told them that he was a Royal Academician, having been a pupil of Holland and Durivier there some years ago. I shall be very busy, I suppose, as I have voice lessons, piano, harmony, opera, elocution and deportment to wrestle with, though not all on the same days.

Night before last I dined out with a lovely girl and her husband at Hyde Park Mansions. I had letters to them from her mother, a delightful woman, whom I met down at Newport, and who was very kind to me. She sent me letters to both her married daughters up here, who are perfectly lovely to me; to Madame Gomez, the famous ballad singer, who is a friend of her's; to Alfred Eyers, the organist of Royal Albert hall, and to some more people. I must not go out much, however, as I wish to study hard, and students are generally too poor to court society.

The Lord Mayor's Show.

Nov. 15. Last Friday was the day of the lord mayor's show here, it being the occasion of the retirement of the last lord mayor and the coming of the present one into office. It is always celebrated with a big procession of floats, soldiers, and all sorts of gorgeous uniforms, and carriages containing the big London politicians, besides the outgoing and incoming lord mayors and suites, all dressed up in their funny furry robes and wigs, which medieval gew-gaws still constitute their badge of office. The town was full of country people, who had come in to witness the "show," and the streets were so crowded and blocked with people and vehicles of all kinds that one could hardly move about. It was a rainy day, of course, and the new lord mayor certainly received a generous christening at the hands of the clerk of the weather.

Last week the students of the Royal academy gave one of their chamber concerts at St. James' hall, down in Picadilly. We all, that is the girls and women, have to wear white dresses and big crimson sashes, at all public performances of the Royal Academy of Music, and, of course, we did on this occasion. It looked lovely to see us all together in such pretty and uniform costumes, I assure you. Of course, it rained, and rained fearfully, too. It always does when we have to wear those dresses and sashes. The concert was a lovely one; all the performers being students, and some of them very clever ones. There were three or four things produced which were the works of different pupils here, and some of them were really excellent compositions and were very much applauded by the audience present.

Other Amusements.

Yesterday afternoon I went to a Schubert concert in Queen's hall, down in Regent street. The concert room here is a little beauty, though smaller than St. James' hall, the two of them, by the way, being the two concert rooms in London. I heard a simply lovely mezzo soprano there, and a nice soprano too, but the tenor was an artist, pure and simple. Then there were string and piano things, during which I just shut my eyes and forgot that I was aught but a big pair of ears. Tomorrow night there is another fortnightly concert at the Royal Academy of Music, at which my Scotch girl chum here in the house is to have three of her songs sung by one of the crack tenors of the academy. She is a fiery, hot-headed rank Stewart, and her songs are Jacobite ones. I am very anxious to hear them. She is Scotch from the top of her head to her tiny toes, and knows all the old folk-lore of her country, and all the unwritten tales about those beautiful, dashing, wicked but withal fascinating Stewarts, and these she will sit and tell by the hour, sometimes, as we sit around the fire in the twilight after dinner. The other evening she danced several Scotch dances for us, the Highland fling, the Claymore, or sword dance, and some reels. They were very pretty. We call her Caledonia, while I go by the name of Miss Columbia, the English girl being Britannia and the Welsh girl Gwalia. We all consider that we have very pretty names, and very often disagree as to which is the nicest one to have. I am perfectly satisfied with mine, I tell them. There is another American girl at the academy this year. She is from "Milkwaukee," as one of the English girls calls it, and I have not met her yet to see what she is like.

I like going about in London immensely. I do love the dear, commonplace, obliging busses, and always clamber to the top for my ride if the weather is not rainy. I always enjoy a little laugh, all to myself, as I ascend the cute little narrow stairway which leads to the top of the bus, for it invariably makes me think of that little poem of Hood's, I think, which I had to learn one time at school, for being too talkative, I guess, and which runs:

"Will you walk into my parlor? said the spider to the fly,
'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair;
And many a quaint and curious thing you'll see when you get there!"

The Streets of London.

It certainly is the spider's parlor, this top of the bus, and one does see the most wonderful and curious things from such an excellent point of view as it affords. The streets of London interest me more than a good novel, I must say, and one cannot study them better than from a perch like mine. I must tell you, too, that I have grown some richer in experience lately; having had the extreme pleasure of riding several times in a hansom cab! I never was in one before, not even in New York, where they have a number of them, and I did enjoy it immensely to ride in the queer, funny arrangements they are. I like them very much, but they are expensive, and I wouldn't have been in them, only a lonely girl friend of mine took me riding on a shopping tour with her. Gracious, how I would like to be rich, and live in such a large, lovely city as New York or London. It must be wonderful!

But I must stop and hammer my piano for a while. I find piano practice very irksome. I honestly detest it, but I must do it anyway. I remember reading the little tale that the reason the engagement ring is on the third finger of the left hand is because the ancients believed that there was a cord leading from that finger to the heart; and since I have been working at the piano, I am prepared to corroborate the ancients in their statement and uphold it against all comers; for have I not felt that very cord, and cords from all the fingers as well, a-paining and a-throbbing till my very heart complained at the hard practice?

I must tell you about the street sights, but I cannot this time.

Sadie E. Kaiser.

SANCTUM AND STAGE.

There's a Bond of Union Between the Two That's Indisputable.

Mr. Daly, before he became a manager, was a dramatic critic. He is a gentleman of culture and ability, and has developed several of our very best actors. The public has him to thank, too, for several elegant rivals of Shakespeare's best comedies. The Frohmans were both journalists of standing before they entered the field of theatricals. Both of these gentlemen have been lavish in their expenditures, and have put upon the stage some of the most charming entertainments seen in the United Stats during the past few years.

Charles Hoyt, before entering theatricals, was a writer for the press. David Henderson went from a managing editor's desk to the manager's office of the Chicago opera house.

NEWS NOTES FROM WALES.

Nearly all the milk trade of London is in the hands of Welshmen.

Ben Davies, the famous Welsh tenor, says that his wife is his severest critic. Mrs. Davies was, at one time, a member of the operatic stage.

The first Welsh grammar ever published was by Rev. Griffith Roberts, a native of South Wales, who became a canon of Milan. He was the author of the "Drych Cristionogawl," which is referred to in one of John Parry's tracts.

Miss Mary Thomas, of Ynishir, is steadily winning an assured position among English ballad-singers. She has recently been engaged to sing at Boosey's Ballad Concerts at the Queen's Hall, London, and is the only daughter of the well known singer, Gwilym Thomas, and was born some twenty-two years ago at Kansas, in the United States of America.

The curious little twirl at the end of a sentence, which is common to North and South Walians, when speaking English, is of very ancient origin. A certain Warner, of Bath, writing in 1798 says: "All the children of Flintshire speak English very well, and were it not for a little curl or elevation of the voice at the conclusion of the sentence (which has a pleasing effect), one should perceive no difference in this respect between the North Walians and the natives of England."

Welshwomen in the States are no chickens. One of them, a Miss Agnes Jones, of Kansas, a young lady of 21 summers, secured a plot of land in the Cherokee Strip last year. Two months ago she went to Kansas for a short time to visit her parents, and on her return she found that her plot had been taken possession of by one Sam Bartell. High words ensued, pistols were fired, and Sam Bartell was carried out of the house feet foremost. Miss Jones escaped without a scratch.

Samuel Evans, inspector general of the Ottoman bank at Constantinople, is an old newspaper man, having served as a reporter on the Caernarvon Herald, and says, that taking them all in all, the people of Turkey are more sober, moral, brotherly and honest than the people of England and Wales. When staying for a few days at Bagdad, the City of the Caliphs, and the seat of the great Haroun-al-Raschid, a citizen sent for him, and asked his name. Mr. Evans complied. "Where do you come from?" was the next inquiry. "From Wrexham, in Wales," answered Mr. Evans. "I also came from Wrexham," was the reply, and my name is John Jones!" Thereupon Sam Evans and John Jones had a good time together.

The Tyst is strenuously objecting to the proposed transfer of the Cilfynydd Explosion fund to the Permanent Relief society, and is heartily supported by the Tarian, the labor organ. The Baner has a long article laudatory of the late czar of Russia and hopes that the new Emperor will be a worthy successor to his father. The Llan has a badly written article urging the Utopian scheme of reunion of churches. The Seren supports Hwfa Mon's candidature for the Archdruidship.

Llwydfryn has a long article on the Cardiff Times dealing with the proposed abolition of the office of archdruid, and makes a suggestion that the chaired bard of one year should be the archdruid for the following year.

The Incongruity of Affection

From the Boston Globe.

Dr. McCosh was a D. D. and an LL. D. and a D. Lit. and an S. T. D., but the Princeton boys all affectionately called him "Jimmie."

Can Always Find a Red-Hot Time.

From the Philadelphia Times.

People with money to burn can always find a red-hot time for the purpose.

THE WAIL OF A RHYMER.

O signal service officer, be careful what you do!
I've penned an ode on violets and honeysuckles, too;
But yesterday thermometers were 80, or about;
But now you've changed the business, for The
Cold
Flag's
Out!

O signal service officer, be careful how you go!
But yesterday I penned an ode a hundred miles from snow;
But yesterday my overcoat the weather put to rout,
But now you've changed the business, for The
Cold
Flag's
Out!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

Some Facts About Ancient Quebec

Dufferin Terrace Is the Longest Promenade in the World.

THE VISION'S MAJESTIC SWEEP

From This Notable Elevation One Is Enabled to Comprehend the Whole City, Including the Place Where Brave Montgomery Fell.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Quebec, Nov. 9.—The pride and glory of Quebec, next to the Citadel, is Dufferin Terrace, an unrivalled promenade and public rendezvous. A view from it is unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur. It is situated about half way up the slope of this historic rock, say 200 feet from the river, perpendicular, right under the frowning walls of the Citadel. It is fully a quarter of a mile long and from 400 to 500 feet wide, extending to the base of the Citadel, and said to be the longest promenade of that sort in the world.

Erected on each corner and front, are five handsome kiosks (observatories), extending out beyond the esplanade, to which the names of Plessis, Frontenac, Lorne and Louise, Dufferin Victoria—distinguished French and English patrons—have been given, besides another stand for the use of bands of music, which at times are those belonging to the British and French men-of-war visiting Quebec. Underneath the esplanade are some of the old smooth bore cannon resting upon their platforms or caissons, but in their present condition unavailable and of no practical value or use, until rifled. From the terrace front facing the river are thirty-seven port holes, designed for both nine and thirty-two pounder guns and rendezvous for sharpshooters. The terrace presents a formidable appearance from any point of view, "formed from the solid walls of God's masonry." One writer says: "The fortifications are omnipresent; no matter from what point you look toward this rock, for eight or ten miles away, they are still with their geometry against the sky. Nor does a nearer view disenchant you." A ten minutes' climb, and 150 feet above stands the frowning Citadel, whose hoary walls have protected Quebec against every foe and is the pride of every Quebecer.

Magnificent Terrace View.

What do we see? Standing upon this gigantic rock, overhanging city and river, we look down upon the bustling Lower Town and the guard-ships masts of the mighty "Cruiser Blake," and man-of-war Tourmaline, belonging to Her Majesty's navy, and the French war vessels Nalade, Neuilly and Rigault de Genouilly, now visiting Quebec, beside the small craft of the harbor and the merchant vessels of foreign nations loading the timber from the "floating docks" of the French Canadians, which are coming down the river from above the city. Acres and acres of these are often seen loaded with lumber ready for shipment to foreign ports. Directly under the terrace front, the quaint, narrow street bearing the name of the founder of Quebec (Champlain) is seen, and we follow it to the foot of the Citadel Cliff.

Here is the narrow pass where the heroic American, General Montgomery, fell mortally wounded while gallantly leading his men in a rash and daring attack on the Citadel during the Revolutionary war. An inscription painted high upon the solid rock bears this testimony: "Here Montgomery fell, Dec 31, 1775."

An Historic Reminder.

This is the only mark left of the American attack upon Quebec except a sign we see in the wall of a house on St. Louis street (Upper Town), to the effect that it "has been built upon the site of the small dwelling into which the body of the American general was carried after his fall." The discomfitted, invading Americans, after their inglorious defeat, were driven from Canada the following spring for lack of support.

An elevator built upon the outside of the terrace front, extending to Lower Town, having the appearance of a covered rope walk, or snow shed, will greatly shorten the descent there, landing you in Little Champlain street. This street is a narrow, planked alley with high, peaked roofed houses on either side, and not over ten feet wide. Still more quaint is "Sous-le-Cap," which is reached by taking the turn into Sault-au-Matelot or Sailor street. This old street creeps along under the city wall and the overhanging rock, which is thickly bearded with weeds and grass and trickles with moisture; though cool in summer it must be an ice-pit in winter. There are the same high French roofs, with peaked windows in them, and here and there a prop reaching across the way—we imagine frail enough supports, if the sturdy cliff, which protrudes itself at intervals, should attempt to advance further. You can drive through this street, provided there is a guarantee that you meet no other vehicle.

Site of a Fatal Landslide.

Near here, in Champlain street, we notice a considerable rise in the ground, which was made by the fatal landslide of 1889, and looking up can see where the great slice was taken off the cliff at that time. Equally as good a view of this slide and ruins we have looking down from the King's Bastions of the Citadel. This huge mass of rock and earth fell some 200 feet without a moment's warning, killing forty-three "habitants" and causing much suffering and loss of property.

Looking from a jutting rock near Hope Gate, behind which the defeated Americans took refuge from the fire of their enemies, the view is extremely unique. One is reminde of a throng of gypsies, for there abound gossiping, idle women, indolent, smoking men, poultry, cats, dogs and vagrant looking children. Here are the sag-roofed barns and stables, weak-backed and dilapidated work shops of every sort, in a tumble-down posture, leaning up against the cliff for support. Here are covered ways extending over the alley to the second stories of the houses, and from these galleries and dormer windows are numberless clothes-lines, upon which flutter a variety of bright colored garments of all ages, sexes and conditions. Almost directly upder the northern end of the Terrace, where the cliff stands back further from the river, the streets and buildings huddle closer together; the tin-roofed houses seemed packed tightly upon the steep slope as if for mutual support.

Just below, to the north, not a stone's throw, stands the historical church of Notre Dame des Victorie, erected in 1690. A little to the south is Champlain Market hall, with its moat and walled enclosure, and near by was pointed out to us the site of the first building in Quebec, erected in 1608, by General Champlain. It included a fort, a residence and stores. Here was the first clearing made, and the next was on the terrace or plateau upon which the hotel Chateau Frontenac now stands, and where the writer stood when these memoranda were given him by an attache of the hotel.

Champlain Market.

Champlain market is a prominent place of interest and should be visited by every tourist in early morn, when the buying and selling are at their height. Most of the produce has been brought from parishes up or down the river by the market steamers, which lie three or four abreast along the quay. The French flag floats over it long before sunrise. The open space outside of the large stone market building is planked over, and upon it the "habitants" sit with their green stuff spread out on the boards around them. There they gesticulate and vociferate in making sales, with an energy indescribable, which an American peddlar might well emulate.

The most picturesque approach from Upper to Lower Town is by the Champlain steps. This route leads to the Notre Dame des Victories, a plain old structure of stone, built on the site of Champlain's residence in 1690, and to the busiest and most crowded part of the old river wards, also to the long line of steamboat wharves. These old steps commence about one-third of the way down the winding slope of the cliff and are steep and narrow; although partly demolished and replaced by a modern structure, they still impress the visitor as well deserving their name, for the old, gray, worn out stone and plank stairs of ancient days are distinctly seen beneath the iron stairway which covers them, a curiosity no visitor should fail to see. Near the foot of the steps is a grating over the place where the remains of Champlain were recently found in the vault of an ancient chapel, buried there in 1635.

These old stairs are usually crowded with pedestrians of all nations, color and size, from the stalwart Indian of the Huron tribe, wrapped to the throat in embroidered moose hide, the original habitant, in his ancient dress, the dusky roamers of the citadel, the officers and sailors of the men-of-war in port, dressed in glittering uniforms, even the Jesuit Fathers in their ecclesiastical robes, the students of the seminaries, the pious and devoted nuns in their characteristic dress, John Chinamen, of whom only two are found within these memorable walls, and last, but not least, the curious and inquisitive Yankee, looking in vain for the Stars and Stripes, America's emblem of liberty, which we failed to see during the days of our visit here.

Streets in Lower Town.

All streets of Lower Town are narrow and plank-paved. St. Peter's street, running north, between the cliffs and the river, is the seat of the chief trade of the city. It contains numerous banks, public offices and wholesale warehouses. These buildings are plain and massive, built of gray stone. The custom house, especially, is an imposing, classic building, located at the confluence of the St. Charles and St. Lawrence rivers. The great stone piers of Point a Carcy are located near by. St. Paul street commences near the end of St. Peter's and runs west along the narrow strip between the St. Charles river and the northern cliffs, and passes the roads ascending to the Hope and Palace Gates. This street is also narrow and plank-paved and filled with the quaint little houses and homes of the French artisan. Here are shipyards, docks and manufactories extending along the shores of the St. Charles river.

From the Chateau Frontenac we are driven out to prospect in Upper Town. First to the citadel, which is the great point of interest to the tourist. A description of what may be seen from the dizzy heights of this Canadian gibraltar may interest our readers at another time.

John E. Richmond.

THE DEAD BABE.

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead
In agony I knelt and said:
"O, God! what have I done,
Or in what wise offended Thee,
That Thou should'st take away from me
My little son?

"Upon the thousand useless lives—
Upon the guilt that vaunting thrives,
Thy wrath were better spent!
Why should'st Thou take my little son?
Why should'st Thou vent Thy wrath upon
This innocent?"

Last night, as my dear babe lay 'dead,
Before mine eyes the vision spread
Of things that might have been;
Licentious riot, cruel strife,
Forgotten prayers, a wasted life
Dark red with sin!

Then, with soft music in the air,
I saw another vision there:
A Shepherd, in whose keep
A little lamb—my little child—
Of worldly wisdom undefiled,
Lay fast asleep!

Last night, as my dear babe lay 'dead,
In those two messages I read
A wisdom manifest;
And though my arms are childless now,
I am content—to Him I bow
Who knoweth best.

—Eugene Field.

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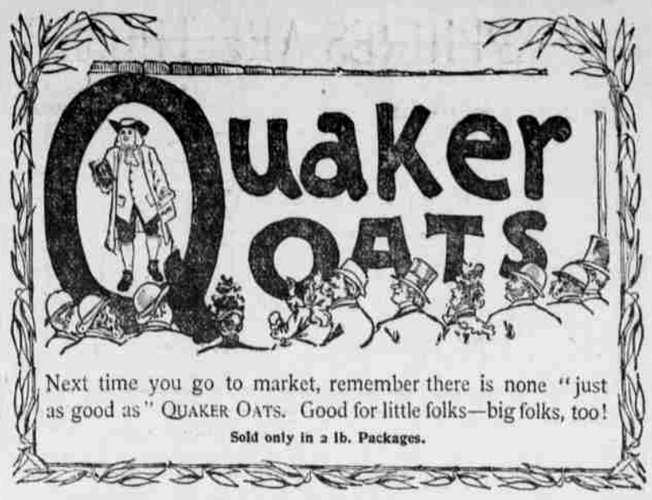

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