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Parted in Anger.

A deadly close-up in the very middle of a generation that leaves no mark behind, a couple of generations back in the political tradition of the country, and in the very midst of the struggle for power, is the case of the late Henry Clay, Governor of Kentucky.

The man, tall, long-handled and well-dressed, in his early life and middle age was a great figure in the political life of the country. Clay's spirit was one of the most precious gifts that ever came into the possession of the country.

There was one woman, noted for her beauty, who Clay had the habit of calling on at her home. She was the most beautiful woman in the country, and her face was so fair that it was almost a reflection of the sun. Clay would stop at her house and spend an hour or two, and sometimes he would stay all night. He would talk with her about politics, and she would listen to him, and they would have a good time together. Clay loved her, and she loved him. But Clay was a married man, and he had a wife.

"Oh, no, my dear," she said. "I do not want you to think that I am trying to be unfaithful to my husband. I only want to be as happy as I can, and I think that you would make me very happy."

"But I am married," Clay said. "And I have a wife who loves me, and I cannot bring myself to desert her."

"But I want you to think that you are my husband," she said. "I only want to be as happy as I can, and I think that you would make me very happy."

"But I have a wife," Clay said. "And I cannot bring myself to desert her."

"But I only want to be as happy as I can, and I think that you would make me very happy," she said. "I want you to think that you are my husband."
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