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SUITS, ABOUT 40.
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Which are elegantly made, fashionably cut and in every way reliable goods, that we will dispose of at almost cost.

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Our stock must move faster. The great reduction at which we are offering it will make business boom. Reader, take advantage of it. We have only a short time left to sell in and we call especial attention of buyers to our elegant goods, latest styles, extremely low prices, and positive guarantee given all patrons. You pay us only ONE PROFIT, the manufacturer's. You will be glad when you buy from us, if saving and getting value for your money yleases you.

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Kate.

There's something in the name of Kate
Which many will condemn;
But listen now while I relate
The traits of some of them.

There's deli-Kate, a modest dame,
And worthy of your love,
She's nice and beautiful in frame,
As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent
As we may well suppose;
Her fruitful mind is ever bent
On telling what she knows.

There's intri-Kate, she's so obscure,
'Tis hard to find her out,
For she is often very sure
To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's a stubborn maid,
She's sure to have her way;
The cavilling, contrary jade
Objects to all you say.

There's alter-Kate, a perfect pest,
Much given to dispute;
Her prattling tongue can never rest,
You cannot her refute.

There's dislo-Kate, quite a fret,
Who fails to gain her point;
Her case is quite unfortunate,
And sorely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woo,
The thing would be absurd;
She is so faithless and untrue,
You cannot take her word.

There's vindi-Kate, she's good and true;
And strives with all her might
Her duty faithfully to do,
And battles for the right.

There's rusti-Kate, a country lass,
Quite fond of rural scenes;
She like's to ramble through the grass,
And through the evergreens.

Of all the maidens you can find,
There's none like edu-Kate;
Because she elevates the mind,
And aims for something great.

The Teacher's Story.

Was I ever in love, Miss Van Ness? Young ladies think too much about such. This is no lover's picture I am looking at—only a little boy I once knew very well. But I liked a love story, too, when I was young—for I was young once—young and pretty, like you.

I had a lover in those days, a brave, handsome fellow; all the girls liked Paul Burton, and one Rosa Temple, had eyes for no one else. But he turned from them all to me—his little Nell!

You smile—yes, that is what they used to call me; a funny name for a prim old maid, isn't it?

Shall I tell you all about it? It is not a long story; Paul loved me, and I him; we went to father, and father said "wait."

"She's but a child yet," he added. "Wait a year, and then if you are both of the same mind, I will not say you nay. But you are not to bind her, sir; leave my little Nell free."

So one spring day—a day like this—my lover came to say good-bye to me, he was going out into the world to seek his fortune. There were to be no letters, for father wanted to try us both and prove our faith.

"And you'll be true to me?" said Paul looking as if he'd read my very soul.

Somehow just then those beautiful words of Ruth came into my head:—"May God do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me."

And when I repeated them to Paul he seemed comforted and went away.

The time passed by and we left the village—for my father was not prosperous in those days—but he said: "If Paul loves you yet he'll find you out;" and we went to our new home.

And the spring came around again, and the grass was green, and there wasn't a happier girl in all the world than I. "For now he'll come back to me," I said. I seemed to see his glad bronze face, and to hear his quick steps on the walk again.

But one day terrible news came to me. I heard from my old home. Paul had come back and was married—married to Rose Temple.

But I cannot—I cannot speak of this.

Well, things went on the same; we eat and drink and sleep, even when we are crossed in love. Finally I laid my old father and mother in their graves on the hillside. I went away then to earn my living, and took a school in a western city; it flourished, and I had plenty of scholars. Back of my little school house—I lived in the upper rooms—was a large garden just blooming with roses. Here I used to walk when school was done.

One day when I stepped out to get the air I saw a little face peeping at me from behind one of the rose bushes. It was a little lad, about three years old, with golden curls and mischievous eyes. In both his hands he grasped a great bunch of roses, and hugging them close to his breast, he cried roughly:

"I stealed your roses!"

"You little beauty!" I cried, and covered him with kisses.

I tossed him up on my shoulder and held him so—he looked down at me—when all at once I heard a step behind—and Paul—Paul, my lover, was before me!

I put the baby down; I could not speak. His face stern, his eyes looked dark and wild.

"So we meet again," he said, in a suppressed voice. "By what name shall I call you?"

"By the old name," I answered, trembling.

"But—are you not married?" he cried, breathlessly.

"Married?" I repeated. "Such words are mockery from you! I am not married because I have been true to my promise and my own heart."

Then he muttered a terrible curse on a woman's name.

"She told me you were married," he said hoarsely; "and you were true to me?"

I covered my face with my hands.

Then he forgot his wife, his loyalty, evrything, save that he stood there before the girl he had loved, and she was true to him.

"O Nell, Nell!" he said, "I loved you always; come to me—my love—my love!"

And as his old pleading voice fell on my ears, and he held out his hands to me—we are poor weak creatures at best!—I struggled with myself. I don't know how I could have borne it—when I felt something tugging at my gown. I looked around—there stood my little laddie; he slipped his baby fingers in mine. That touch conquered me. I held the white hand of the little child in mine, and I was strong.

"Paul, whatever the past—whatever the future—you must leave me—we must be strangers now," I said.

For I felt the need to be firm; there was danger in a moment's weakness.

He turned pale; he stepped back; then in a dead, cold voice he said slowly:

"I came for the child—come!"

Then he led the darling little laddie away.

Afterwards I learned how they had returned from a long journey abroad—had taken the great house next to my humble abode, and there lived almost separate lives; he bound up in his ambition—she a gay woman of fashion, present at every rout and ball, alone. While the little child, to whom they were both indifferent, was left to the care of servants, worse than fatherless, worse than motherless!

There was no garden to the great house, only a paved yard and a stable, and my little laddie wandered often in among my roses, and I bribed the nurse to bring him again. And I petted him and learned to love him so!

One day, as we were playing together under the trees, I saw a beautiful woman coming toward me, with a proud, imperious air.

"Ah! the school teacher?" and she gave me blank, unrecognizing looks.

"Yes, the school teacher," said I in reply.

"I fear my son has distunbed you," she remarked.

"Oh no; let him come again," I exclaimed quickly; then a thought passed through my brain, and I added—he is so beautiful—and so like you."

For I remembered the old days, and appealed to Rose's vanity.

She smiled graciously.

"He can come if he likes."

Then she went away, and I still saw my laddie every day. I did not meet Paul again save to pass him on the street, so I was filled with wonder one day when I received a note from the great home. I tore it open and read:

"Mrs. Burton's compliments, and will Miss Dean come immediately? Her little son is very ill and has called for her."

I threw a shawl around me and flew to the great house.

They showed me to the chamber where he was lying. His lips and cheeks were burning with fever; he threw his arms about wildly, but when he saw me a smile broke over his little face, and pulled my head down to his. All through the night I held him in my arms, and I felt that I could not let him go.

Towards morning the fever had gone, but his face was white and pinched. He opened his eyes—Paul's own wistful, tender brown eyes—and looked at me, then one weak little arm stole up around my neck; his lips moved; I bent to listen.

"Play oo was mamma."

"O my little laddie! my little laddie! I can still feel your clinging arms around my neck—still hear your baby voice crying "Play oo was mamma," and I know that you are waiting for me—up there!

I did not leave him until his cold form was laid to rest.

After that I went to teach in a boarding school in New York.

Is your exercise ready for Monday morning, Miss Van Ness?

SILVER CHIMES.

Listen! Do you hear them—those silver chimes from memory's bells? Methinks their clear ringing cadence calls back the wandering thoughts—back from their efforts to penetrate the closed portals of the future—away from the toil and strife of the present, far, far away into the dreamy land of the past. As we wander on through life's checkered scenes, how gladly does the tired heart oft welcome those silver chimes, which leads it amid the shaded isles and green, flowering mounds of memory's silent halls!

To-day I sit me down to dream away an idle hour, and as I gathered the robes of thought about me, I heard the voice of those dear silver chimes, and year upon year seemed to melt away, as if driven out by the waters of Lethes flood, while I was living over again the days of the long ago. The months of Spring have passed away, and although we have but few bright days, nature has asserted her claim, and all dewy and fresh from the hands of Omnipotence, she has clothed her sentinels in their robes of verdant beauty, and scattered odorous blossoms broadcast upon hill and dale. June has dawned upon us—the fairest, the sweetest of the summer—the month of roses the, season of fragrance and beauty! Here by my window I sit and watch the graceful form of a weeping willow as it bends back and forth in the cool, gentle breeze. I lose sight of the brick walls and the dusty streets before me, and see only the sloping hills and fresh, green meadow lands of the distant country.

How many happy hours in the years that have flown, have I spent among the fields and woods! The days of early childhood come back, all fresh and bright, when far away from the school-room and the heat and confinement of the city, I hastened to the sweet spot where warm-hearted friends and joyous playmates waited to welcome me to a second home.

What wonderous preparations were always made for the summer holiday! Not any body in the land preparing for a season at some fashionable watering place could have had a more elegant wardrobe than the two dolls which always accompanied me in my travels. Those two treasures were as flesh and blood, and faultless in my eyes were their china forms and faces. It required two boxes to hold their paraphernalia, and in a third and larger one was carefully packed away a large supply of china, glass and tinware, to help furnish the bush-houses which we erected in the fence corner of a large old field just to the right of the house, between it and the barn. The bright angel who guards all little children, never folded its wings above happier hearts or more peaceful minds than ours were in the days of our sojourn in those bush-houses.

My little friends of the present day I wonder if you ever spent such happy hours as I did then? The fresh dews of early morn yielded to the pressure of our feet before the golden sun-rays had appeared to scatter their diamond drops, but the days were never known to be too long, time never hung heavily upon our hands. Oh, halcyon days! Whither have ye fled? Where is the peace of mind, the pure, unspotted soul! Whither have ye taken these childish forms, and why have ye left such wrecks instead?

Over the hill beyond the children's home is the old homestead, the dear spot where generations have been born and passed hence over the portals of the tomb. There with the dear old grandmother and aunts, a portion of my time was always spent. How I love that spot! The low rambling building, the moss-covered roof, the dormer-windows, the long porch, with its clusters of roses and honey-suckles, with an additional pillar here and there to support its tottering frame—the stone wall enclosure and the gate, which often swung only upon one hinge, the smooth, mossy meadow-land, and the trumpet creeper, which ran all over the back of the house, and the garden gate—a perfect model of a country garden—these things all come up before me now, and I might fill page after page, but I must bid these memories sleep, with only a thought for two other spots. The old blacksmith shop stands out in bold relief, with its fiercely glaring forge, which was so attractive to the city child. Hour after hour have I spent there with Uncle W. watching as he pared the horse's hoof and then nailed on the iron shoe, process which seemed to me so cruel. Then I would press the great, puffing bellows, and almost dance with excitement as the dull mass in the forge became a living bed of fiery coals beneath my tiny hands, and the shapeless iron became pliant, to bend in any form. Strange employment and pleasure for a little girl, methinks I hear some one say, and I will say it was, but I think that I was a strange little girl altogether.

I passed from childhood to womanhood with each summer spent between these two country homes. As the years passed on the changes were felt. The aged form which had bowed more and more in her wicker chair each summer, was gathered home as a shock of corn full ripened. When I again stood upon the old porch, that chair was vacant, and grandmother's sweet face and gentle tones were sadly missed. The break in the circle was widened from that time, and another face was missing yet. The forge kept on with its busy work, and the young girl loved it as did the child, although she could not sport there as in days gone by. Then the churchyard was a spot wherefriends were gathered together, for familiar names upon the marble stones seemed to cluster very thick. The old church of St. James, built in the form of a cross, and bearing the date of "1700," stands silently in the midst of the flower garden, a garden of human flowers transplanted to blossom in the Paradise of God. All is changed there now, nothing but change and passing away written on everything. The blacksmith's forge has even grown cold, but not colder than the strong hand that was wont to feed its embers once. "In God's acre" he too has found his last earthly home. Silent are the hearty tones, speechless the kind heart that ever beat so warmly for the little girl who asked for no greater pleasure than to be around him in his shop. His earthly course is run; he has finished his work, and been gathered to rest with his kindred dust. In the home that he loved, where his heart treasures gathered, stranger forms now sit, for his family have left their sweet, peaceful country home for one amid the city's bustle and din. A young couple have commenced their labors of love and duty there, where many years ago he began the same. Two of the old family, his sisters, still continue at the old homestead, to which their hearts are knit by all the holiest ties and most sacred of earthly memories. May they end there days there where infant feet first learned to step and prattling lips taught to lisp the names of the departed, and from there may they be gathered safely home to join those whose graves stand side by side in the old churchyard of St. James.

Ring on, ye silver chimes, and carry me back over those dear scenes that are brightest. Nevermore shall my footsteps wander there again. Only in memory can those olden times come thus before me. The wild joys of early childhood and the calm but no less happy enjoyments of riper years. The camp meetinss and pic-nics, and the long horse-back canters over the broad, beautiful country. Then the blackberrying and plum hunting excursions. All these come up before me, but the sweetest time of all was in the calm, unbroken stillness of the early Sabbath morning, when I sat alone on the shady porch and communed with nature and her Omnipotent Father. I have seen the sun's first rays as it fell aslant the broad meadow-land and darted his arrowy beams thro' sentinel tree-tops and amid the low undergrowth of shrubbery, all sparkling and drippling with the life-giving dews from heaven. Everything seemed to wear a different aspect from any other morn. Even the cattle seemed to have a graver or more peaceful cast of countenance as they stood around so meditatively chewing their cud, and the songs of the little warblers, free in their native groves, was unsurpassably clear and sweet. I have drunk in such scenes as these week after week, and it seems as if their holy influences oft lingers with me still, as in moments, like the present, those silver chimes bring them back with such sweet reality.

I could not avoid offering these stray thoughts as they have come upon me. Very sweet is their memory to me, and very pleasant have been the hours in which I have wandered thro' memory's halls. How often do we express the wish to be able to forget, but I would fain cry give me memory, and silence not her dear silver chimes. Farewell, the day is closing, and shadows come on apace. So, for us, shall come at last the close of life's earthly day, and then may there be a light in the evening, a bright unfailing light from the hills of glory, and may silver chimes of heavenly music woo us on over death's surging billows, where we may all meet, a united ransomed band, gathered on the banks of the beautiful river whose crystal waters ever flow by the throne of God, the Father, and the Lamb, who was slain that we might dwell through an endless eternity in the mansions prepared for the redeemed of earth.—*Towsontown Herald.*

LONGFELLOW DEAD.

THE BELOVED POET PASSES AWAY AT HIS CAMBRIDGE HOME AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-FIVE.

BOSTON, March 24.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow died at his residence in Cambridge at 3.15 this afternoon. His heart had scarcely ceased its pulsations when the sorrowful fact was made known to the denizens of Cambridge by seventy-five strokes upon the telegraph alarm bells, that number being the sum of his earthly years. His last appearance in public was on the occasion of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge, in December, 1880, when, at the morning exercises in Sanders' Theatre, he made a brief address to the children of the public schools. His first severe illness began last Saturday. The immediate cause of death was peritonitis. All the family were present, consisting of his three daughters, Edith (Mrs. R. H. Dana), Alice and Anna; the sons, Ernst and Charles; his nephews, William H. and Wadsworth Longfellow, of Portland; his brother Alexander, of Portland; his sister, Mrs. James Greenleaf, of Cambridge, and Mrs. Pierce, of Portland; his brother-in-law, Thomas Appleton, of Boston, and Nathan Appleton, of Boston, and Mrs. Ernst Longfellow. He had been in bad health for one or two years, and it is believed that during his last brief illness suffered little pain. The funeral will be held on Sunday or Monday, and it is the desire of the family that it shall be strictly private.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE POET, WITH A NOTICE OF HIS LITERARY WORK.

"Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed," wrote Longfellow upon the death of his friend, Charles Sumner:

"Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one who stays
To cover up the embers that still burn."

One by one the illustrious group of men who gave dignity and power to American letters and American public life in the second and third quarters of this century have taken their lamps and gone, and now the true-hearted poet, his career ended, his work complete, his fame achieved, has passed away to his long rest. It was a beautiful life that closed at Cambridge yesterday in that old colonial mansion where Washington once lived and which has been for so many years the centre whence radiated the genial influence of a liberal culture and a gentle, earnest, poetic spirit. Longfellow was not a Cambridge man himself, but he was none the less a thoroughbred New Englander. His great-grandfather was a native of Massachusetts and a Harvard graduate, who went to Portland, Maine, about the middle of the last century and established a school there. The grandson of this Stephen Longfellow, bearing the same name, was also graduated from Harvard and married a daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth, of Pilgrim stock. He practiced law at Portland, and there on February 27, 1807, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born.

The future poet, with an elder brother, was sent to Bowdoin College and graduated in due course in 1825, in the same class with Nathaniel Hawthorne and several others who afterward rose to eminence. There appears to have been nothing remarkable about his college life except that he was somewhat given to poetizing and contributed occasionally to the "poet's corner" of the newspapers. Among the verses thus published in the *United States Literary Gazette*, at Boston, were "An April Day," "Woods in Winter," the "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," and a few others that have been preserved. He attained rank in his class, however, and at graduation was given the English oration, the subject being "Our Native Writers." Indeed, his literary attainments seem so much to have impressed the college authorities that within a year of his graduation, when he was fretting over law books in his father's office, they offered him the then newly-established professorship of modern languages, an appointment for which his tastes especially fitted him and which determined the occupation of his life.

THE PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGES.

Longfellow cheerfully accepted the offer and immediately sailed for Europe, where he spent nearly four years in Germany, Italy, France and Spain, fitting himself for the new duties opened to him. Returning in 1829, he settled down to work. His first publication was a French grammar, a translation from L'Homond, issued in 1830, and in the five years that he remained at Bowdoin he contributed to the *North American Review* a series of historical and critical essays on the languages and literature of France, Italy and Spain. His publications of this period also included some French and Italian text-books and a translation of the "Coplas de Manrique," a Spanish funeral poem of the fifteenth century, with which were included some sonnets from Lope de Vega. From 1833 to 1835 there also appeared "Outre-Mer; a Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea," a series of sketches of foreign travel. None of this work seems very remarkable now, but when it is remembered how nearly unknown to the American public was the literature of continental Europe at that time, its value will be recognized. Indeed it is a very important part of the service that Longfellow did for his generation that he opened to them the poetry of many nations and brought its rich thoughts before them in melodious verse.

It was inevitable that his work should attract attention, and in 1835, on the death of George Ticknor, Longfellow was appointed to the chair of modern languages at Harvard. His wife, Mary S. Potter, whom he had married soon after his return to Bowdoin, died about this time, and Longfellow went abroad a second time and spent two years in travel and study in England and Germany, in Denmark, Sweden and Norway and in Holland and France. In 1837 he returned to Cambridge and assumed the duties of his professorship, taking up his residence in the historic Craigie House, which he bought and where he has since lived. His professorship he resigned in 1854, when he was succeeded by James Russell Lowell.

"HYPERION" AND THE POEMS.

In 1839 Longfellow married Frances Elizabeth Appleton and in that year appeared the first of his works written in his new home—"Hyperion, a Romance." Judging this work in the light of to-day we can hardly appreciate its importance. Looking at it from the standpoint of forty years ago, when Carlyle was a young man; when Goethe and Jean Paul had not long been dead, and when German life and letters were practically a sealed book to the average American reader, the influence of "Hyperion" can hardly be overrated. Crude as a romance and immature in many ways as it was, it opened up a new world of ideas and it was the beginning of what was really Longfellow's important work, the translation into the popular speech of the romance and poetry of other ages and climes. Almost simultaneously with this came his first volume of collected poems, "Voices of the Night," published at Cambridge in 1839. Many of these had been already printed, but the volume attracted a degree of popular attention that no book of American verse had yet received, and "The Psalm of Life" and "The Reaper and the Flowers" established for themselves a place in the popular heart that they never yet have lost.

From this time on Mr. Longfellow's history is told in his successive volumes of poetry, for which the foundation had been laid in the studies thus related. With the exception of an essay on the French language in England, "Kavanagh," a tale of no great value, written in 1849, is his only prose publication after this. In 1841 appeared a volume of "Ballads and Other Poems," which marked a very great advance upon the mild didacticism of the early verses. Among these were "The Skeleton in Armor," "The Wreck of the Hesperus" and "The Village Blacksmith," three successful poems which even Poe acknowledged to be "nearly true." The first especially is a bold and original ballad of real strength and the last is one of those New England pictures that retain their beauty by reason of their sincerity. With these also was "Excelsior," the reason for whose extraordinary popularity it is not necessary to point out.

MATURE WORK.

A small volume of "Poems on Slavery," composed during a return voyage from Europe in 1842, was followed by "The Spanish Student," a dramatic poem of rather loose construction, but of true dramatic spirit and picturesque and warm in color. After this some groups of translations and a volume of selections, "Poets and Poetry of Europe," led up to the poem that has done more for the establishment of Longfellow's fame than any other one, "Evangeline; a Tale of Acadie," published in 1847.

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes, that endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a tale of love in Acadie, home of the happy.

Who is there that has not listened to that tender tale and been softened by its pathos and moved by its melody? The hold that "Evangeline" has taken on the world marks the difference between a poet and a versifier. The poem is often spoken of as one of the few examples of a successful use of English hexameter, and even its complete success is questioned; but the life of the poem attests that it is something more than an experiment in metre. At the same time the dactylic flow of "Evangeline" illustrates one of the most important elements of Longfellow's success, his sense of melody. His verse, while it is not always artistically exact, has always a natural ease, a graceful movement, that conveys the impression of great elevation of thought even where the thought does not really rise very far from earth. And he had, besides, an unusual freedom of metrical expression, derived from his close study of foreign poetry, so that what we call metrical experiments were not really experiments with him. Once determined the measure that suited his subject, the verse flowed freely, with a musical movement that often left unnoticed imperfections in the path, but that could usually be trusted to carry the reader's attention with it.

The volume of poems in which "The Building of the Ship" was appeared in 1850, and in the following year one of the most serious and elevated of all the poet's works, "The Golden Legend," a remarkable drama, wherein, as Mr. Ruskin has said, he "has entered more closely into the temper of the monk, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labor to the analysis." Four years later followed "The Song of Hiawatha," one of the most daring of all his metrical departures, but one that was justified by the poetic dignity and beauty, one may almost say spirituality, with which he has treated this picturesque Indian myth.

LATER WORK.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish," a narrative poem of some interest, which showed, however, that the success of "Evangeline" could not be repeated; the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and the "New England Tragedies" followed in order, but by this time the poet had become absorbed in the great work of his later life, and not all of his occasional verses showed the old spontaniety. In 1867 appeared the first volume of the translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia," which was completed in 1870, and this was practically the end of the poet's work; for though much of his later verse will rank among his best there is very little of it that would by itself have gained great distinction. "The Divine Tragedy," which, with "The Golden Legend" and "The New England Tragedies," was published under the title of "Christus; a Mystery;" "Three Books of Song," "Aftermath," "The Masque of Pandora," "Keramos" and "Ultima Thule" are the most important of the later poems, which have given names to as many successive volumes. In the leisure of his old age the poet also utilized his remarkable knowledge of poetical literature in compiling the collection of "Poems of Places," of which no less than thirty-one volumes have been published.

I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was young
Come thronging back to me.

He paid a third visit to England in 1868, when he was the recipient of numerous honors, but since that time he has lived quietly at Cambridge. Mrs. Longfellow died in 1861, from the effect of burns accidentally received, leaving two sons and three daughters. The poet's house, and especially his library, filled with treasures of literature, was the most attractive place in Cambridge, and his hospitality was as generous as it was unassuming. He was overrun with visitors, for he was quite as popular in England as in America and tourists from all parts of the world came to do him honor. Indeed, his popularity was not bounded

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