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Makes delicious Ice Cream in 10 minutes for 1 cent a plate.

Str contents of one package into a quart of milk and freeze; that's all. Beats the old fashioned, laborious way and makes better Ice Cream. 5 Flavors.

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The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

**ROMANTIC SIDE JOHN RANDOLPH**

A man of distinct originality was never was anyone exactly like him in this country, nor indeed in any other. There is no one else whom he suggests. Although a person of gravity of demeanor and always in earnest, yet when one thinks of him, the first impulse is a smile. His odd appearance and grotesque dress, the strange things he was always doing, but still more the multitude of comical incidents with which his name is connected instantly rise to the mind and if one were asked to what particular category of human beings he belonged the first answer would be to the humorists. And yet no man's life was more intrinsically sad.

The earnestness of his manner in all circumstances was what gave a ludicrous character to his life. Randolph himself seldom smiled. His oratory was unsteady, and although he possessed more of the graces of the rostrum or the stage, he made as a speaker a profound impression.

There was a romantic side to Randolph's life. The general impression of him is that he was a man without sensibility, knavish, unfeeling, unpolished and misanthropic, but those who knew him best seem to say differently. He was so much alone in the world that it might not be easy to get at his real character, and a transient impression would not be strongly in his favor. But there is nothing better by which to judge an individual than by his friendships. Randolph's history in this particular respect stands a careful scrutiny.

He was born June 1, 1773, at Mattox, his father's seat, a short distance from Petersburg. His ancestors were from Yorkshire, England, and through his paternal grandmother, Jane Bolling, traced themselves directly from Pocahontas.

His mother was a very beautiful woman, Frances Blond, and she married twice. Her second husband was St. George Tucker.

Of John Randolph's schooling not much is known, except that he applied himself very irregularly. His unusual talents were to be seen, but he was indolent and indifferent, and fonder of pranks and extravagances than of books. He went first to a school in Orange county, Virginia, and then to Princeton, and was told that he was irregular, wayward and hard to control. It is surprising how his mind became so well stored as it afterwards proved to be, but as he grew older he developed a passion for reading, and he seemed to possess one of those assimilative minds which take in rapidly and copiously and never lose that which has once been acquired.

There can be no question that the great sorrow of Randolph's life, one that fell early and always lasted, was his unhappy attachment for Maria Ward. There was much in the history of this affair to remind one of Byron and Mary Chaworth, and Randolph thought of the parallel himself. The Virginian is set down by some who have written of him as a man intensely selfish and without a spark of sentiment in his nature, but there is the best reason for knowing that he idolized Maria Ward and never overcame her loss.

She was a very beautiful girl, and a proud and gentle disposition, and she was the daughter of a friend of Randolph's mother. It is not likely that she believed she could be happy with a man of his disposition, although he would have always worshipped her. But she must have understood the peculiarities of his disposition—his temper and arrogance, and fits of gloom and unnatural gaiety. She would at least, have saved him from himself—from the disorderly solitariness of his life in his latter years and from his discreditable appetites and habits, which he formed because he had no one to inflame or guide him.

Maria Ward was engaged to Randolph for a long period, and endured with patience his gusts of temper and jealousy. He was insatiable, egotistic and exacting, and his conduct was marked by moodiness and eccentricity of many kinds, but she probably discerned his genius, and also that which was good in him. The end of the engagement was characteristic. One day when he had paid the young lady a visit, he was seen suddenly to emerge from the house with a countenance black as thunder. He came quickly down the steps of the piazza and walked to the tree where his horse was tied, and instead of untying the reins drew a pocketknife and cut them. He threw himself into the saddle, lashed the animal with his whip and rode off at a furious pace.

From that time Randolph and Maria Ward never spoke, although they met once or twice afterwards. There was coldness, though not actual aversion in their looks, and on her part something of the affection may have remained which, up to the last moment of his life, existed in his. The rupture of this engagement, there can be no doubt, had a lasting effect upon the character and career of Randolph. Many conjectures have been made as to the causes, and there is a tradition that Miss Ward once said that it was a trifle, and nothing is more likely, for in love it is the trifles which are generally so serious. We may imagine from the circumstantial evidence surrounding the parting from the characters of the two in the tragic occurrence that the gentleman with his domineering disposition wished the lady to do something to which she objected, and finding her resolution equal to his own, he left her.

How could he have expected, while still suing as a lover, to bend to his will a young lady like Miss Ward, who

was the greatest belle of the state, and to whom all male knees were suppliants. It was like Randolph, however, to seek to assume the authority of the husband when he was as yet merely the favored pursuer. It is said she felt a sincere affection for him, and an interest in his welfare which lasted while she lived. She married Peyton Randolph, the son of Edmund Randolph, who was secretary of state under Washington, and they lived very happily—a different sequel from the story of Mary Chaworth, who jilted Byron.

The fame of Maria Ward's graces of mind and person has come down to our day, and she is never forgotten when Virginia beauties are mentioned. General Lafayette was charmed with her and carried his admiration to such a length that he would have adopted her had she permitted, but it was out of the question. She died before the French patriot left this country.

The loss of this beautiful girl had a lasting effect upon Randolph's spirit and character. He was not a man to be crossed in trifles; he was spoiled from childhood—willful, impatient, proud, he grew up—and so when this disappointment came it grieved him deeply and cruelly. And from that time a lonely and misanthropic existence was his. Her lovely image, as we can not but infer from his letters and conversations, was often before him in his hours of loneliness, or pleading with him at those darker times when he plunged into solitude. All that was good and true in his nature this hapless passion of his youth represented. Evidence that he was the victim of a secret grief afterwards constantly broke forth—there were agitated hints and smothered exclamations. Sometimes in his disturbed sleep he uttered stifled cries, and his near friends have heard him in bursts of torture speak of the one so loved and lost as his angel; but these displays were wrung from him. He was not a man to parade a sorrow, but like the Indian whose blood he had under a stoical exterior. In one of his letters, written after Maria Ward's death, there is a sentence which conveys a world of meaning: "I loved; aye, and was loved again, not wisely, but too well."

This disappointment is the only circumstance in Randolph's life which furnishes an explanation of his eccentric life in the forests of Roanoke, whither he retired after his political experiences. It was about 1810 that he left the habitations of men and took up his residence in the log cabin on the Staunton, where he passed several years in almost total solitude, so far as his own race was concerned. A number of negroes he had about him, and favorite dogs and horns, and like another melancholy Jaques, and with gleams of the fierce humor of that philosopher, he lounged and read and reflected.

There were two buildings of one-story each, and both made of logs, picturesque only in their primitiveness. In the larger house a single door opened into the sitting room, which communicated with the bed room. The smaller house was of rather better material and the windows glazed, and in this he dwelt in winter. There was not much furniture in either, and such as he had was plain and substantial. On the walls there were fowling pieces and pistols, and on the table and over the floor were scattered books and papers. And there were book cases also, which, it is said, held about a thousand books—politics, science, philosophy, poetry—and here and there nailed up rudely and carelessly prints and engravings, and there was one large portrait of himself. Now and then some friend, drawn by curiosity or admiration, came to pass a few days with him, and notwithstanding his peculiarities and his fits of moodiness, he was a hospitable and entertaining host.

It was plain living and high thinking with the retired sage. Coffee, bacon and corn bread generally formed his

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There is a disease prevailing in the country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney poisons in the blood will attack the vital organs or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles most always result from derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest of its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sized bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention sending this generous offer in this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

breakfast, and for dinner game always to be had. He was fond of dress, and even in the forest generally wore costly clothes. Much has been said of Randolph's attire, and it was often odd enough. When he was in England his strange, tall figure and generally grotesque appearance attracted universal attention in the streets, and all the more when it became known that he was the famous Mr. Randolph of Virginia, whose fame as an orator and publicist had become almost worldwide.

In summer Mr. Randolph was accustomed to dress in white trousers, white flannel coat, white vest, and around his tall hat he wore a white paper. He was slender and of unusual stature, and the strange appearance he presented may be conceived. Generally he rode on horseback. He was the last gentleman in the state who drove a coach-and-four.

It is interesting to look back upon these quaint old times. Randolph, although a patriot, was yet very much of an aristocrat. He held to his coach-and-four long after they were out of date, because they signified something of state and splendor. The coach was a clumsy and hard-riding vehicle, which he had imported from England, and a journey in it over the bad Virginia roads must have been far from a pleasant experience. Randolph loved everything old—his old books, the old family china and plate and everything that had been in his family long.

He was fond of horses and dogs, and was a good master to his slaves, although he believed in strictness of discipline. The negroes stood in great awe of him, probably on account of his explosive temper and peremptory manner. A peculiarity of his was to invariably take off his hat in speaking to his overseers. His thin sharp features and pallid complexion made him an object of notice wherever he went.

He had brilliant eyes and clear, distinct, high and sweet voice, which when he spoke could be heard afar. His eloquence was fiery and impassioned, and he possessed the magnetism of the natural orator. His faculty of enchanting the attention was marvelous. He had taste for music—almost a passion, indeed—and loved flowers. And this man who appeared so devoid of feeling and who trampled so ruthlessly on the feelings of others was yet fond of children.

A story is told of some children presenting him with a bouquet. He

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**Lewis Pure White Lead**  
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mixed with Lewis Linseed Oil. Such paint will not peel off.

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showed a surprising gratification, and the next time he visited the place where the children were he signified he had not forgotten the little attention. He bought them some fruit, saying: "Flowers produce fruit." A little later a person who visited the home of the recluse saw the withered flowers on the table.

Had not such a man in the spite of the severity of his critics, his sentimental and romantic side?—Age Herald.

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"ROZZELLE'S FERRY"  
Presented by  
**THE WILL A. PETERS STOCK COMPANY**

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**NEW WICK BLUE FLAME OIL STOVE.**  
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Special price for May, June and September, \$5 to \$6 per week.  
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Over \$30,000 has been spent in modern improvements, making this one of the best appointed, cleanest and most comfortable hotels in the Carolinas. The table is unsurpassed south of Washington.  
All are outside rooms and every one electric lighted. Electric elevator service day and night. Rooms with private baths.  
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A CHARMING AND HEALTHFUL SUMMER AND HEALTH RESORT.  
In the foothills of the Blue Ridge, pure air, fine scenery and Mineral Water, recommended by the highest medical authorities. Electric lights, modern comforts and unsurpassed table. Fifty-five miles from Charlotte. Trains leave on Seaboard Air Line at 10:15 a. m. and 4:45 p. m., arriving at Hickory at 12:57 and 7:57 p. m. Fare \$3.20 for round trip. Trains leave on Southern Ry. at 5:30 a. m. arriving at Statesville in time for breakfast at Hotel Iredell and arrive at Hickory 10:55 a. m. Fare round trip \$3.20. Automobiles connect with the trains at Hickory. For rates apply to Catawba Springs Hotel Co., Hickory, or E. G. Gilmer, Hotel Iredell, Statesville, N. C.

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The famous well-known summer resort, is under new management, contains all modern conveniences. Has been recovered and thoroughly renovated. New water sewerage has just been put in and a call bell system also. Electric lights and call bell in every room. Good water, fine climate and many attractions. Many improvements made since last season. For further information, write,  
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Coach meets all trains at Biltmore station. Consumptives not accommodated under any circumstances. Coach is operated by management, running every half hour between trolley from Asheville, and the hotel. Open all the year. Write or wire for booklet and rates.  
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**CAT'S EYE SIGNAL LIGHTS.**

Caution Consequences of Feline Wanderings on Railroad Tracks. Boston Transcript.

"Did you ever see a black cat's eyes when they were in the line of an electric light?" asked Ben Woodford, traveling engineer for the Missouri division of the Burlington road. "If one steps on the railroad track ahead of the engine and looks up the engineer sees two vivid lights ahead of him as large and clearly defined as any signal lights on the road."

"Sometimes they are red, but most generally green or white. In the night time, of course, the engineer can't see the cat, and all he can do is to run in obedience to the cat's eye signals."

"If they are white he goes ahead without slacking; if green, he is cautious; if red, he applies the air to make a stop. Sometimes a train is brought to a dead halt before the engineer learns what's up against him."

"The running men tell me that the eyes of polecats and rabbits are almost as perfect signals as cat's eyes. No, there's been no talk of training cats to act as signalmen. Engineers wouldn't stand for it, because they hate cats on general principles, and if they had their way would be happy to lay the feline family on the rails ahead of their locomotives and crowd on all steam."

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Try one for  
**DESSERT**