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R. H. JORDAN \& C0., Special Agents

| THE BADEN-POWELL BUST <br> A QUEFR BLUNDER IN HISTOIRY <br> Capt. John Bmith Claimed as an Nis- <br>  <br> Buck" and the Head Waiter of the <br> Hotel LaFayette. <br> Written for The Observer. <br> A year or more ago an 'nterprising <br> town of one of the <br> woman, wife of a nist, who proved. <br> went on to graphica <br> Contederato officer. <br> was told of her love at her home in the <br> tlon of her aristocra latives, her fidelity <br> chotce, their marriag. <br> North. The only ${ }^{\text {th }}$ <br> story was that it was Itnguished Confederat <br> tion having lived and d and consequently never <br> granddaughter. <br> officer who achleved <br> in the Boer war, writes agers of the Jameston <br> that he desires to pres position a bust of the <br> John Smlth, the founder, <br> orter savior of Jamestown; "who," <br> Baden-Powell in conclusio illustrious ancestor <br> as the credited Virginia <br> recent issue of The Rich <br> Dispatch. is an astoundin General Baden-Powell's <br> is a well known fact that Jo wes never married. He wa <br> new world altogether not q years, arriving with Ba <br> Gasnod and the councl in part of 1607 , and returning <br> in the latter part of 1609. <br> marry in Virginia; had he it would surely have been <br> the voluminous writings of <br> cher and WIllam Strachey. <br> no record anywhere of his <br> nor does he, in any of his anglanil <br> will he specifically child. Indeeed, in his <br> will he specifically devises t helr of his father property <br> ed to him cond!tionally on his survis <br> ing his brother Francls. <br> Baden-Powell should have <br> a blunder in his geneology-though <br> may well be, like many others who d <br> John Smith, considering the tens of thousands that have been born Into <br> the world, <br> one is somewhat the way of fate that <br> of the truly great men of any uge of clime, should stand on the pages of <br> the chrontcles as plain, prosalc, mono- <br> sylablic "John Smith." He was born at Willoughby, England, in 1579, and <br> ticed death of his father was appren <br> early concelved a distaste for <br> years old bullt a hut in the <br> and devoted himself | sorts of James I and Charles I in a tribute to the memory of Pocahontas, who, as Mrs. Rolfe, died in England. He dled in London in 1631 , during the relgn of Charles I , aged about 52 years John Smith had all the quallities of greatness, with few or none of the weaknesses and foibles which reduce men to the small and commonplace. Though we have no reason to believe that he was of herculean stature he expert swordsman. terrible with the batte-axe, and a superb horseman; patient of toll and privation, and unused to hardchips. Personally he was brave, ever to hardihood; as a commander, he was vigilant, prudent and a born leader of men, a wiso ruler, and a thoughtful, comprehengive adThing Jamer of affairs have nothing which will be beloved with more interest by the tons of thou- sands who will flock to the ter-cen- tury celebration of the first perma- ment settlement In Virginit than a bust of John Smith-though he was the ancestor of nabody. -o. +- <br>  names of her parents. $\qquad$ mystery of the selve was reached when the father and mother arrived from London, and Identified the body as that of thelr dataghter, an English woman. The crux of the mystery was flashed under sea and over head, by cable and wire, all over the world. when the Paris pollce read at the perfecture the entry of the Amerlcan girl who, at that very hour, maybe, was strolling across the beautiful compus. fronting a stately plle of bulldings, with a background of dense, dark forest, thousands of miles away. <br> In the store of Mr. W. H. Powell on Person street. Fayetteville, stands a clock. tleking the seconds, marking with unvavying fldelity-though it has seen many years of service, and has a history. <br> Fifty years ago 4ts place was on the substantial, handsome mantleplece in the office of the state bank on Gillesple street, where are now the large sales stables of Bevill \& Vanstrong. There It rocked ith pendulum Inexor- ably to and fro, day by day; heedless of the haughty, proppetvus merchant. who strode in with creaking boots. heavy gold watch-chain, and fine broadcloth, to make a big deposit: whitying. of the mortgaged wretch, and trembling hands, to make a renewal on the note which was cating up his substance. What were wealth and poverty to it-the husbandman of the heavy crops of time?-and it wung its pendulum ons. Then war's rude alarms crashed in on the sound of ith beats, und flames | surged about it, while men grappled In deadly conflict on the streets; and the walls crumbled above it, and fell; and it seemed as if "ts occupation was gone"-for was not this the end was gone"-Ror was not of all things? But it had not finished its work, But it had not fnished dos wotk, and it was saved from the devastaton of even that day, forty-one years ago. when Sherman's army entered Fay- etteville. It was afterwarda sold at ettevin. It was arterwaras sola at auction, and was bought for 850 by the late Jesse W. Powera, long a merehant 1ate Jesse W. Powers, long a merchant on upper Hay street. In hls last days, In When about to lose his hoid on the thing of this life. Mr. Powers gave the clock to Mr. W. A. Powell, who was with him much in his illiness, as a token of friendiship and esteem. The clock has yet a bright, cheery face, and there ls an old-Ime music ful servant of hoary. Inxatlate, scy the- bearing time, who cuts, and cuts, and cuts his crops: <br> Men may come. and men may go; But 1 go on forever." <br> Mr. H. E. C. Bryant. clty editor of The Charlotte Observer, who recently <br> a day or two in Fayetteville. lally gremed hy hits and the pa- <br> per many friends, has a devoted ad- mirer in Jim neaves. the head-walter <br> at the Hotel LaFayette, though at the same time he is the terror of that in- <br> divldual's 1 ife. Jim Reaves is I sort of lopped-orf. fore-shortened Hercules. He is He 18 not much over 5 feet high, but has the trunk of Goliath and the neck of the bull of Bashan. He is a steady, uncompromising black from head to heel, while in Intensified by a sult of glossy black broadcloth, and has the manners of my Lord Chesterfield. Just arter Mr Bryant had taken his seat at the table room, and JIm Reeves was atrapphg a towel around his neck to keep him from slobbering the noup over his nhirt bosom, Mr. Bryant sald: UJm, I a strange dream about you the night before I left Charlote. it inought that coopper-colored man came int my room and sald, In a deep, hollow volce. - $k$.ll when that hend-waiter, Jim Ret to Fayettevile. Res sranger than that. the evening ${ }^{1}$ go here 1 was sitting at a friend's fire side, when over the mantelplece handwriting came out on the wall With these words: © dont forget abou, killing that nigker before you leave.: part of the dining-room. and seemed Buck from turte to time. Later on In the meal, as Mr. Bryant was ing his fork into his fourth hale or roast chicken, he beckoned to Reeves and the later went over to his table. over this matter, I have no Intention of killing you. because I like you: <br> would have to go through the trouble <br> if being tried for my life. So there in no danker of my killing you-unthat there is no telling at what minute ing at you with a queer lobk out of my eysk, you'd better get out of the way until i sorter come to myself." Late that afternoon I met Jim Revees in the corridor of the Hotel LaFayette and asked: "Jim, has Mr. Bryant. of Charlotte. left the cly <br>  |  |
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