

HERMIT COMES TO TOWN.

Strange Old Man Shows Up in Bank in Greenville.

Greenville, S. C., Dec. 9.—Over \$2,600 in gold and silver coin and in currency, the paper money packed tightly in a metal tube and encased with the coin in an old wooden cartridge box, almost rotted from having been buried in the earth over a score of years; deposited in a local bank by a mysterious old man, who answered but few questions and let drop occasionally remarks that aroused the most intense curiosity; the sudden departure of the hermit, giving his address for the next two days and no more—these are some of the facts of one of the strangest and most interesting stories that has "turned up" in these parts in many a day. Worthy of treatment with the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson, the story must be pounded out roughly and under the high pressure of daily newspaper work. Here is the story in detail:

Would Lead to the Bank.

Thursday last the cashier of a local bank returned to his work about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon. As he entered the door he observed an old man seated inside the lobby on an old wooden box. Upon being asked if any service could be done him, the mysterious man replied that he "had a little money he would like to lend the bank." The cashier replied that he was in that particular business himself, but that the bank was always glad to receive money for deposit, and upon which a certain interest was paid. With that the old man explained that he had come for this purpose. Upon being asked where the money was he wished to deposit, the stranger arose from his seat and pointed out the old box he had been sitting on.

Treasure Box Opened.

With the aid of an assistant, the cashier bore the box behind the counter and pried off the lid, while the stranger stood by and observed the proceedings. What met the eyes of the cashier as he tore the top off the box, reads too much like fiction to dwell upon. A tangled mass of metal and sand half filled the box, and in the midst of it lay a mysterious-looking metal tube. The cashier dug his hands into the box and lifted out a pile of coin, yellow gleaming among the silver, and placed it upon the counter. The operation was repeated until the box was emptied. The metal tube was taken up and a cap pulled off one end. Inside was hundreds of dollars in currency. The several bills had been rolled tightly and crammed into the tube when the old man wished to make a deposit in his subterranean bank.

An Hour to Count It.

With the contents of the box placed upon the counter, the cashier began the task of separating the coin from the dirt which had sifted into the box from time to time. It took the cashier over an hour to complete the task, and when he had finished the skin had been worn off the tips of his fingers by the grit and the rust which had collected on the silver coin. The gold and silver coin and the currency amounted to something over \$2,600.

It was when the cashier had finished counting the money and was ready to make the deposit slip that the real mystery began to show up. The old man seemed reticent about giving his name, but finally yielded to the solicitation of the cashier. Still more trouble the cashier encountered when he asked the stranger to give his address. "Oh, I haven't any address, I never stay in any one place long at a time. Just keep the stuff here, and I will call for it some day," is, in substance, the stranger's reply. Finally, the cashier was told that he could address the stranger at a little town in Georgia, but only for the next two days, for after that he would be gone.

Buried Twenty Years.

The old man yielded to a few questions of the cashier. He stated that he had had the money buried for over 20 years. He would not say where he had it concealed, or from whence he came; but it was surmised that the old fellow came from somewhere in the State of Georgia. The stranger said that the money had been buried in the fields and that crops had been planted over it for more than a score of years. He stated that some eight years ago, when alone in his cabin, he grew fearful lest someone might find his treasure. In the dead of night the old fellow took a wheelbarrow and rolled it 8 miles to the spot where he had his money buried. He took up the box and carried it back to his cabin. After counting it and satisfying himself that it was all there, the old man carried it out and buried it again.

No Faith in Banks.

For nearly a quarter of a century, said the stranger, he had deposited every penny he earned, with the exception of enough to keep him alive and dressed, in the box. He offered

HER FACE HER FORTUNE.

New Jersey School Teacher Wants \$5,000 for Loss of Good Looks.

Camden, N. J., Dec. 6.—Claiming that her beauty had been spoiled entirely in an accident and her chance of marrying advantageously, ruined, Miss Annette Myers, an Atlantic City school teacher, entered suit here to-day for \$5,000 damages against Robert Cain, a member of the Camden board of free holders, whom she alleges is responsible.

Recently the school teacher and a party of friends while walking along a country road on their way to a fair were run into by Cain, who was driving a fast horse attached to a light carriage. Several of the party were knocked down but all escaped serious injury except Miss Myers who sustained a broken nose and a crushed cheek bone.

Miss Myers's counsel claims that she was so disfigured that "she hates to appear in public."

A Living on One Acre.

With the whole world, embarrassed by the high cost of living problem, the declaration coming from people at San Diego that they can live in comfort and raise a family on one acre of land is attracting wide attention. Near the exposition city is a small colony known as the Little Landers of San Ysidro (pronounced Isidro,) where all of the agricultural holdings are small, many of them as small as one acre. Among the colonists are teachers, college professors, retired business men, literary people—a class of people of intelligence if not of means. Having solved the question of contentment with little, these people have proposed to the exposition management that they be allowed to demonstrate the manner of making a living on one acre. They purpose establishing three one-acre farms at once, in order that the fruit trees, grape vines, berry bushes, asparagus and other things requiring time to develop, may be ready by the time the exposition opens. The exposition management adopted the idea. The little farms will be laid out and improved and in 1915 visitors will be shown the produce for each year since work started, and they will be able to see what is being done then. In this way strangers will not need to accept the statements of real estate dealers as to the productivity and profits of California lands. They will be able to see.

Girl Faces Murder Charge.

Owensboro, Ky., Dec. 7.—A new record for the age of an alleged murderer in this State was established last night when Nellie Dowell, 11 years old, was arrested at McHenry, Ky., charged with the murder of Ethel Kirby, a 12-year-old girl friend. The alleged murder took place last Sunday at the home of Meredith Dowell, father of the accused girl.

The body of Ethel Kirby was found in a room at the Dowell home Sunday afternoon. A load of shot had torn a hole entirely through the body. On the floor a few feet from the body a shotgun was found. It is alleged that Nellie Dowell was the only person in the house at the time of the tragedy. When arrested last night the accused girl maintained her innocence and said she was in another part of the house when her attention was attracted by hearing a shot fired. The father of the dead girl swore out the warrant for the arrest of the Dowell girl.

no explanation of why he chose this method of keeping his money instead of depositing it in the bank, where it could draw interest. The old fellow said that once upon a time he deposited some money with a bank in Columbia, but that he drew it out the following morning.

As the stranger was about to go he reached in his pocket and extracted some \$15, remarking that he supposed he had better deposit it all. On second thought, he kept back \$6, saying it would take this much to buy his supper and pay his railroad fare to where he was going. Taking the old wooden cartridge box under his arm, the mysterious man departed.

No Reason for Deposit.

Thursday night the cashier came down the street, and in passing the bank observed the old man who had made the deposit sitting upon the steps. The mysterious and ill-clad stranger, who had that afternoon deposited more than \$2,600 in the bank, was devouring a half-rotted banana for his supper. He recognized the cashier and spoke to him and stated that he would be seeing him the following morning. Asked as to what time he would leave the city, the old man replied about 6 o'clock, probably not knowing that banks do not open so early as that.

The story is told as it happened, without any attempt at coloring. The cashier of the bank knows as little about the stranger, or where he came from, or why he chose to deposit his money here, as anybody else.

A CITY WITHOUT GOVERNMENT.

Flat River, One of the Wealthiest and Busiest Places in Missouri.

"The door of the city caboose is wide open and silent. Like a faithful sentinel it stands, keeping guard when all things else have fled. Its hinges are rusted in idleness because no criminal has been detained there for many moons. The city hall has long since been vacated and locked up. The mayor and other municipal officials have retired to business and private life and the former chief of police has become a deputy sheriff. Every vestige of the once strong and assertive city government is now only a pleasant memory of bygone days."

The preceding paragraph, taken from the St. Louis Republic, might well be an epitaph for Juarez or some ill-fated city that had been wiped from the map by fire, flood or pestilence, but such is not the case. Those conditions are true, it is asserted, in every detail of a growing, thriving Missouri town and it is one of the wealthiest, busiest places in the State.

Flat River, Mo., with a population of from 8,000 to 10,000 people, representing almost every nationality, political conviction and religious belief, yet without the slightest pretence of municipal government, is the centre of the most unique economic situation of the present decade. It is another link in the chain of evidence proving that truth is stranger than fiction. Flat River is a typical mining town; and, so far as being selected because of the conspicuous congeniality of disposition, its population is more cosmopolitan than perhaps any city of its size in America.

Another remarkable feature, says the St. Louis paper, is that though a mining camp is usually looked upon as the embodiment in a pre-eminent degree of lawlessness and a low order of citizenship, Flat River is the very heart of the greatest lead mining district in the world and 60 per cent. of its male population makes its living underground. Twenty years ago the town was not even on the map of St. Francois county. As recently as 10 years ago it was practically unknown except to those living in that immediate vicinity, and a few Wall street operators, who were interested in the lead market and hence familiar with centres where the metal was mined.

Though there are no saloons in Flat River, which fact in itself is remarkable considering the number of foreigners, men occasionally tank up in neighboring towns and stray into Flat River, where they are arraigned on various charges before the justice court, and petty crimes and family disputes are not less frequent there than in many other towns.

The thing that has made possible the development and crystallization of such a powerful moral sentiment in this mining community is the fact that from its very beginning the most prominent men of the neighborhood were stalwart church members and representative citizens, who used every means in their power to build up such a sentiment and even underwent personal sacrifice to discourage and prevent any conduct or institutions which tend to impair it.

In speaking of this large mining community at Flat River, it is well to explain that Flat River is only the largest of a group, and though St. Francois, River Mines, Disloge and Esther are geographically a continuation of the city of Flat River, they have separate postoffices and are generally spoken of as distinct towns.—Kansas City Star.

Bishop Candler on Negro Problem.

Mobile, Ala., Dec. 8.—A special from Meridian, Miss., says:

"At the second day's session of the Mississippi Methodist conference, Bishop Warren A. Candler, of Georgia, spoke in favor of giving assistance to the negro college at Augusta, Ga. He said: 'Some folks can be bigger fools in their mouths than they are in their heads and the sooner the talk of getting rid of the negro is stopped and white folks take up the task of uplifting them, the sooner the South will be better off.'"

"He said also: 'I have no earthly respect for the missionary enthusiasm that blazes over the workers sent to Africa and can't help John D. Hammond, of Georgia.'"

Ray Supreme Court Librarian.

Columbia, Dec. 6.—Mr. Duncan C. Ray, member of the Columbia bar, and for a short time Attorney General of South Carolina, was this afternoon elected by the Supreme Court as librarian for a term of four years, to succeed the late Rev. H. A. Whitman. Mr. Ray was Attorney General by appointment after the death of Attorney General Youmans, and until the qualification of Attorney General Lyon in 1906.

An ad. in The Herald will bring recults. Try one and see.

SELLS LIQUOR; IS REJECTED.

Federal Judge Smith Says Violator of Law Can't be Citizen.

The precedent was established to-day in the United States circuit court that papers of citizenship will not be given to any applicant who is engaged in the sale of liquor in violation of the State statute, Judge Smith making the ruling after having obtained the petitioner's statement that he was engaged in the sale of liquor.

A number of petitioners came before the court to-day to be made citizens, this being the regular rule day for citizenship proceedings, and Judge Smith personally examined the applicants. Among the number was James Patrick O'Connor, a native of Mayo, Ireland, and subject of Great Britain. In questioning O'Connor it was established on the petitioner's own admission, under oath, that he was engaged in the sale of liquor, and Judge Smith immediately declared that he would admit no foreign resident of this district to citizenship who engaged in the violation of the law and he refused O'Connor's petition. The refusal was made without prejudice, however, and later O'Connor may secure citizenship papers, by quitting the illegal business and again presenting himself before the federal court—Charleston Evening Post.

Girl and Lover Shot by Father?

Franklin, N. C., Dec. 9.—A serious shooting affair occurred at West's Mill, near Franklin, last night. The parties involved were W. J. West, former State Senator from this district, West's daughter and Perry Morrison, a merchant at West's Mill. It appears that West objected to Morrison's attention to his daughter and a quarrel arose over the affair.

West's version of the affair is that he shot Morrison in defense of his daughter. Morrison says that West shot him and that West also shot the girl. Morrison and the girl each received two bullet wounds. Both the injured persons are seriously, if not fatally hurt, but both are still alive this morning.

It is impossible to get a satisfactory account of the matter at this time, owing to the conflicting statements of the parties.

J. J. JONES CASE DOCKETED.

Supreme Court Soon to Hear Appeal of Pearlstine's Slayer.

Columbia, Dec. 8.—The appeal in the case of John J. Jones, who shot and killed Abe Pearlstine in the post-office at Orangeburg, and who was tried at Orangeburg, in January of this year, convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to ten years and one month in the penitentiary, was docketed late this afternoon in the supreme court and will be called when the first circuit is called on December 18. Since his conviction Jones has been in the penitentiary, but not as a convict, simply awaiting action on his appeal.

The grounds of appeal allege that one of the jurors, S. E. Rutland, was over 65 years of age and therefore incompetent, and also allege certain errors in the judge's charge to the jury which convicted Jones. The case was tried before Judge Memminger.

On the letter head of "John J. Jones, attorney at law, South Carolina penitentiary, Columbia, S. C.," Jones addressed the following letter to Col. U. R. Brooks, clerk of the supreme court to-day:

"By request of my attorneys, Messrs. Wolfe and Berry, of the Orangeburg bar, I am sending you copy of the testimony in my case, this day by registered mail. Please file same as portion of the record in said case, which is to be argued on call of the 1st circuit. I will thank you to acknowledge receipt of the testimony."

Breaking the Monotony.

It was a small town in Central Indiana. The village storekeeper was ticket agent, baggage master and telegrapher of the little flag station, past which two fast trains thundered each day. At last, growing tired of the monotony of life, he went out and pulled up the flag. The train slid in and came to a stop in front of the tiny station.

"Where's your passenger?" demanded the bustling conductor.

"Well," drawled the agent, "I dunno as thar is any one wantin' to git on, but I kinder thought mebber some one might want to git off."—Success Magazine.

SHE COULD SHOUT, SAYS

Mrs. John W. Pitchford, of Aspen, North Carolina.

I will always use Hunt's Cure for itching trouble, and tell all I see about it. I could shout now to know that we are all well of that dreadful trouble. The first of last fall my little boy broke out with some kind of itching trouble. Thinking his blood was bad I gave him a blood tonic, but he got worse, and could not sleep at night. Some said he had it, and told me what was good for it. I used what people said would cure it but nothing did any good. My other two children and myself took the disease from him in January, 1911. I saw Hunt's Cure advertised and I purchased a 50c box. It helped my little boy so much I got a box for each of the family, and now we are all well of that awful trouble. Hunt's Cure will cure it in a short time if you will go by directions. We had it in its worse form, and used Hunt's Cure, and we are now all well.

Thanks to A. B. Richards Medicine Co. of Sherman, Texas, manufacturers of such healing medicine.

MRS. JOHN W. PITCHFORD, Aspen, N. C. Sold by: Peoples Drug Co., Bamberg, S. C.

TAX NOTICE.

The treasurer's office will be open for the collection of State, county, school and all other taxes from the 15th day of October, 1911 until the 15th day of March, 1912, inclusive.

From the first day of January, 1912, until the 31st day of January, 1912, a penalty of one per cent will be added to all unpaid taxes. From the 1st day of February, 1912, until the 28th day of February, 1912, a penalty of 2 per cent will be added to all unpaid taxes. From the 1st day of March, 1912, until the 15th day of March, 1912, a penalty of 7 per cent will be added to all unpaid taxes.

THE LEVY.

For State purposes 5 1/2 mills
For County purposes 5 1/2 mills
Constitutional school tax 3 mills

Total 14 1/2 mills

SPECIAL SCHOOL LEVIES:

Bamberg, No. 14	9 mills
Binnakers, No. 12	3 mills
Burford's Bridge, No. 7	2 mills
Clear Pond, No. 19	2 mills
Colston, No. 18	2 mills
Cuffie Creek, No. 17	2 mills
Denmark, No. 21	6 1/2 mills
Ehrhardt, No. 22	9 mills
Govan, No. 11	4 mills
Hutto, No. 6	2 mills
Hampton, No. 3	2 mills
Heyward, No. 24	2 mills
Hopewell, No. 1	3 mills
Hunter's Chapel, No. 16	1 mill
Lees, No. 23	4 mills
Midway, No. 2	2 mills
Oak Grove, No. 20	2 mills
Olar, No. 8	4 mills
St. Johns, No. 10	2 mills
Salem, No. 9	3 mills
Three Mile, No. 4	2 mills

All persons between the ages of twenty-one and sixty years of age, except Confederate soldiers and sailors, who are exempt at 50 years of age, are liable to a poll tax of one dollar.

Capitation dog tax 50 cents. All persons who were 21 years of age on or before the 1st day of January, 1911, are liable to a poll tax of one dollar, and all who have not made returns to the Auditor, are requested to do so on or before the 1st day of January, 1912.

I will receive the commutation road tax of two (\$2.00) dollars from the 15th day of October, 1911, until the 1st day of March, 1912.

JOHN F. FOLK, Treasurer Bamberg County.

FARMERS' UNION MEETINGS.

The local Bamberg Farmers' Union meets at the court house in Bamberg on the first and third Friday mornings in every month. Meeting at 11 o'clock. Applications for membership received at every meeting. Let all members be present.

J. P. O'QUINN, Secretary.
J. W. STEWART, President.

D. J. DELK CARRIAGE WORKS

When in need of anything in my line, don't forget the place, No. 24 Main street, Bamberg, S. C., in front of the cotton mill.

We run a first-class repair and wheelwright shop, build one and two-horse wagons, sewing machine and delivery wagons, log carts, and any special wagon; paint buggies and automobiles in factory style.

We are agent for the Deering harvesting machinery, disc harrows, compost spreaders, gasoline engines, etc.

We carry a stock of the best grain drills on the market. Call and see us before you buy. Anything sent us will have the same attention as if you were to bring it yourself.

D. J. DELK BAMBERG, S. C.

G. MOYE DICKINSON INSURANCE AGENT

WILL WRITE ANYTHING Fire, Tornado, Accident, Liability, Casualty, in the strongest and most reliable companies.

'Phone No. 10-B, Bamberg, S. C.

Before disposing of your cotton seed, see me. Will buy or exchange. W. G. HUTTO, at Copeland's store.

The Money Savers

That is exactly who we are. We can save you money on most anything in our line, and during these hard times every dollar that you can save is doubly valuable. When you start out purchasing those presents for Christmas be sure and visit our place of business. We have some of the nicest goods suitable for gifts ever exhibited in Bamberg, and the prices on them are in keeping with the present price of cotton. Remember our motto is "Live and Let Live."

Bamberg Furniture & Hardware Company
BAMBERG, S. C.

Greet Your Friends

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year....

WITH A.....

Hand Painted Calendar
THE LATEST PRODUCTION OF ART

Other Holiday Novelties Also on Hand. Also Bargains in Everything in Our Line at

The Millinery Store
(Formerly K. I. SHUCK & CO.)
BAMBERG, S. C.