

The Bamberg Herald

ESTABLISHED APRIL, 1891.

Thursday, January 18, 1917.

A good roads association has been organized for the county, and we hope that it will result in much improvement for the road of the county. Some mighty good arguments were made at the good roads meeting in favor of a good system of highways. Now, we would suggest that it would be a good thing to get the actual work started, that the association call for volunteers to put in, say a day or two days, in work on some road of the county. As the Hunter's Chapel road is in mighty bad condition, this would be a good road to work on. This plan has been carried out in other places with fine results, and we see no reason why it cannot be done in Bamberg county. It is to the interest of every member of the good roads association, and the public generally, to get a good road to Hunter's Chapel, and to every other section, for that matter, but a start must be made on some road, and it is a fact that traffic is being directed away from Bamberg because of the condition of this road. If several hundred men would volunteer to put in even one day's work, this road could be put into good condition in a remarkably short time.

"I AM A UNION MAN."

How Andy Johnson Dominated an Angry Virginia Mob.

It was some time after dark when we arrived at Lynchburg, Va., where the largest crowd we had yet seen was waiting for the train. Many of the men bore torches, but they were not cheering for Wigfall; they seemed to be in an ugly humor about something. Suddenly there were cries of "Hang the traitor! Here is a rope! Bring him out!" as the maddened mob fairly swirled about the car. A man burst through the door, rushed up the aisle to where I was seated, and, leaning over me, said to my neighbor, "Are you Andy Johnson?" "I am Mr. Johnson," replied the stout gentleman.

"Well," said the stranger, "I want to pull your nose!" and he made a grab for Mr. Johnson's face.

The latter brushed the man's hand aside, at the same time jumping to his feet. There followed a scuffle for a few seconds, and poor little me, being between the combatants, got much the worst of it; I was unpleasantly jostled.

The crime for which they wanted to lynch Mr. Johnson was the fact that he was reported to be on his way to Tennessee for the purpose of preventing that State from seceding. Mr. Wigfall came up to Mr. Johnson and asked him to go out on the platform with him. Wigfall at once addressed the mob and urged them to give Mr. Johnson a hearing, which they did. The latter commenced his speech by saying, "I am a Union man!" and he talked to them until the train moved off, holding their attention as though they were spell-bound. His last words were, "I am a Union man!"—and the last cry we heard from the crowd was, "Hang him!"

On relating the foregoing incident to Mr. George A. Trenholm, then secretary of the Confederate treasury, I expressed the opinion that it was one of the greatest exhibitions of courage I had ever witnessed; but Mr. Trenholm cast a damper on my enthusiasm by saying, "My son, I have known Mr. Johnson since we were young men. He rode into prominence on the shoulders of just such a mob as you saw at Lynchburg, and no man knows how to handle such a crowd better than Mr. Johnson. Had he weakened, they probably would have hung him."—James Morris Morgan, in the January Atlantic.

Where He Got It.

He was a witness in a case in the police court.

"What is your name?" inquired Prosecutor Robinson.

"Mah name?" from the darky incredulously.

"Well, sah, mah name is Hallowed Hopkins," answered the negro.

"Hallowed—Hallowed!" gasped the judge.

"Where did you get that name?"

"Frum mah maw," answered the negro. "It am from de Scriptures."

"From the Scriptures? What part of the Scriptures?"

"Doan' you r'membah, judge, wheah it says, 'Hallowed by thy name?'"

The judge recalled the passage.

Nothing Intentional.

"Dear me, these Boston streets seem to get more mixed up every time I come."

"Sorry, mum," said the polite patrolman, "I assure you we don't shuffle 'em."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PONTARLIER SPY STRAINER.

Border Spot Where Grim Guards Have Niches in Their Guns.

The tightest spy strainer in all Europe is at Pontarlier, on the French border of Switzerland. They can sicken your soul, those dozen Frenchmen at Pontarlier. They've got niches in their guns. They have caught spies, who have been shot, and they are trying to catch more.

"It's a matter of life and death here," explained, in a half-heated apology, a whiskered French officer who had once lived in Cleveland, Ohio. "We are constantly sending our spies into Germany by this route, and the Germans are always trying to get their spies into France through this station. We're out for blood here." But he didn't render this explanation until I had been put through a 24-hour grilling.

I wonder if the pretty little American woman with the red silk knitted sweater is still worrying her heart out in the Hotel des Postes at Pontarlier, where the French had held her three weeks on suspicion. I wonder what her name was. Wonder if she is still alive. She, in her red sweater, is one of the war pictures burned most deeply into my mind. There were deep black rings under her eyes. The matron of the little hotel told me she had not eaten for ten days. "I don't want to talk to you," she said to me. "I don't want them to think that I know you're not a spy?"

"But your name? I'll tell the American consul at Paris that you are held here. I'm a newspaper man from New York."

"How do I know that? I don't want to be seen talking to you. This hotel is full of spies."

She returned to her room and I never saw her again. There were 15 persons being held in that little hotel, men and women of misty nationality who had tried to come into France from Switzerland and who had been caught as suspects in the Pontarlier spy strainer. They were afraid to talk to me; they were afraid to talk to each other; they suspected each other as much as the spy catchers did. As I look back now at those three Sunday meals in the dining room of the Hotel des Postes and see those silent, mysterious worried men and women file into the room, one at a time, solitary, suspected and eaten with suspicion, it seems to me that they were the most miserable and unhappy lot of human beings that I have seen in all the war.—William Gunn Shepherd, in Collier's Weekly.

A Regular Cheer.

"I hear," said a member of the church to the young parson, "I heard that you have an offer from another church."

"Yes," the minister replied, "I have a call offering four thousand dollars a year."

"And what," the friend inquired, "are you getting now?"

"Nine hundred."

"And you call the other a call? I should think it was nothing short of a yell."—Brooklyn Eagle.

GOVERNOR INAUGURATED.

(Continued from page 1, column 4)

indicated mingled disappointment and amusement.

The audience which packed the galleries was composed of all walks of life and ages. There was a sprinkling of gray haired veterans of the Confederacy, young ladies from the colleges in Columbia, young men from the University of South Carolina, business and professional men from Columbia and all parts of the State, men in the honorable garb of the laborer, and ladies of the Equal Suffrage League. It was a representative and typical audience of South Carolinians, rejoicing at the beginning of another term for Governor Manning.

Before the governor took the oath of office, the inaugural prayer was read by the Rev. Kirkman G. Finlay.

The governor's closing with an appeal for a reunited and forward looking people met with a hearty round of applause which swept through the floor and galleries. The governor was given an ovation at the close of his address.

Chief Justice Gary then delivered the path of office to Lieutenant Governor Andrew Jackson Bethea, who succeeded himself for another term. The lieutenant governor made a short address, the governor and his escort retired, the joint assembly was dissolved, and the senate returned to their chamber at 1:05, the whole inaugural exercises having consumed just one hour.

Merry Christmas!

It was the week before Christmas—the time of the last frantic efforts to straighten out the Christmas list.

"Let me see"—Edwin L. Sabin wrote this in the American Magazine—"there's Helene. I've simply got to give her the collar. It's almost done, anyway. No, I can give her the one I made for Winifred and send Winifred a card, or else give it to Nettie. I'm so glad I haven't finished the towel, though. A card will do as well for Virginia. All she sent me last year was a sample bottle of cheap perfumery. And she's rich. I believe I'll send Aunt Georgia a card, too, or else write a nice letter to explain that we're being sensible this year and economizing, especially at Christmas. She doesn't give to anybody. She's too close."

"But she may leave us something some time," I hinted.

"So she may. Perhaps I'll give her a collar of mine, then, that I've never worn. What did I have down for her? Oh, yes; a pin. But the collar is just as good, as a remembrance, and I can save the pin. Or I can give the pin to—Let's see, I can give it to Lois. No—I'm to send Lois a card, wasn't I? Or Virginia."

False Success.

Willis—I took up golf to reduce.

Gillis—Did you succeed?

Willis—Yes, I reduced my bank account, my hours at the office, and my reputation for veracity.—Puck.

The Fishes' Guide.

Certain fishes are thought by Drs. V. E. Shelford and E. B. Powers to be guided in their migrations by highly developed senses of smell and touch. In experiments made the fishes recognized the presence of slight traces of acids and alkalies and herrings proved sensitive to changes of a fraction of a degree in temperature. It is concluded that salmon find their way from far at sea to their chosen rivers by some chemical peculiarity of the water. In a similar way herrings are influenced by variations in sea water and run in favorable localities.

WEDNESDAY, 7th FEBRUARY

MATINEE AND NIGHT Henry B. Walthall (Star of Birth of a Nation)

"The Sting of Victory"

This is undoubtedly the best picture that Henry B. Walthall has ever starred in, not excepting "The Birth of a Nation."

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

The Auditor or his deputy will be at the following places on the days and dates named below for the purpose of taking returns of personal property, transfers of real estate, and income tax returns:

At the court house until Monday, January 15, 1917.

Farrell's store, Tuesday, January 16, 1917.

Denmark, Thursday and Friday, January 17 and 18, 1917.

Lees, Monday, January 22, 1917.

Govan, Tuesday, January 23, 1917.

Olar, Wednesday and Thursday, January 24 and 25, 1917.

St. John's, Friday, January 26, 1917, from 9 a. m. to 12 m.

Kearse's, Friday, January 26, 1917, from 1 p. m. to 3 p. m.

Ehrhardt, Monday and Tuesday, January 29, and 30, 1917.

At the court house until February 20, 1917, after which date the 50 per cent. penalty will be added.

Every taxpayer is requested to learn the name and number of his school district before coming to make his return.

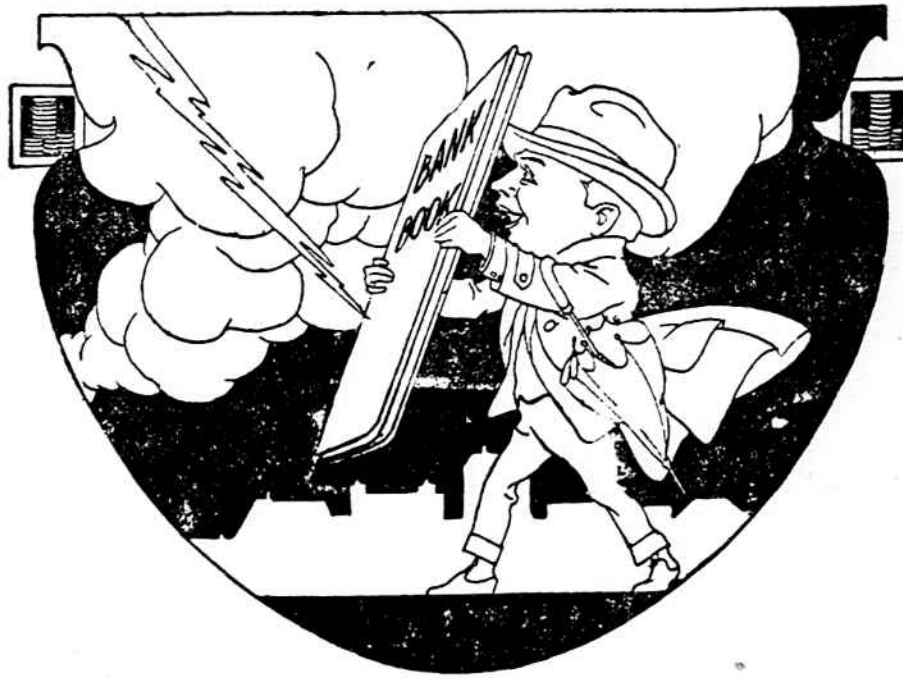
Taxpayers are also urged to come prepared to make separate returns for town property, giving number of acres and buildings, and lots in town.

Persons living in town will please state the fact to the Auditor so that they will not be charged with computation road tax.

All real and personal property must be returned in the school district in which it is located.

R. W. D. ROWELL, Auditor Bamberg County.

Be Prepared to Weather a Storm.



THINGS may be going well with you today. You may have a fine position. Your business may be prospering. You may be in the full vigor of youth and health. Of course none cares to look on the dark side. But it always is well to be prepared for a change in the tide. The greatest preparation is a healthy bank account. Drop in and see us about an account. We'll gladly talk it over.

4 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Savings Deposits. CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$100,000.00

Bamberg Banking Co.

A MATTER OF ECONOMY

It is more economical to appoint us as your Executor and Trustee. When an Individual buys and sells investments for an Estate he charges the Estate with brokers' commissions. When you name us as Executor and Trustee you are charged with no commissions either for the purchase or sale of the securities the law requires the funds of your Estate to be invested in. May we talk this matter over with you?

BAMBERG BANKING COMPANY

Bamberg, S. C.

Horses and Mules

We have a full stock on hand of Horses and Mules. Our stock is selected personally by a member of our firm, and each animal sold has the Jones Bros.' guarantee—and you know what that means. When you need a horse or mule, don't fail to come to our stable. We will take pleasure in showing you. Our stock is always in good condition—they are bought sound and sold sound.

Wagons, Buggies, Harness

We have a splendid line of Buggies, Wagons, Harness, Lap Robes, Whips, Etc. We have a number of styles in Buggies and Harness, and we can suit you. We handle only the best vehicles to be had, and our prices are always right. Come to see us; you are always welcome.

Jones Bros.

BAMBERG, S. C.



\$63.75 is what you will have if you join our **Christmas Banking Club.**

Bees have lots of HONEY in their hives in the winter by putting it in there a little at the time while they can. You can have MONEY the same way.

Come in—get a "Christmas Banking Club" BOOK FREE and put in our bank only 5 cents for the first week and increase your deposit 5 cents each week. In 50 weeks YOU will have \$63.75.

This is a "fine" thing for Boys and Girls—for Everybody.

You can also start with 1 or 2 cents or 10 cents and in 50 weeks have \$12.75, \$25.50 or \$127.50.

You can put in \$1.00 or \$2.00 or \$5.00 and in 50 weeks have \$50 or \$100 or \$250

We add 4 per cent interest.

You can start TODAY—START!

Peoples Bank
BAMBERG, S. C.