

Bamberg, the Smallest County in the State, will soon have a Million Dollar Bank

The Resources of the Bamberg Banking Company have more than trebled since 1915, and in the same period the deposits have increased almost 500 per cent.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF DEPOSITS AND RESOURCES

On Nov. 4, 1915 to Nov. 4, 1919

	DEPOSITS NOV. 4	TOTAL RESOURCES NOV. 4
1915	\$167,013.89	\$290,391.89
1916	314,795.89	436,893.34
1917	473,300.06	641,773.49
1918	589,341.32	717,935.88
1919	824,423.76	951,935.31

Our Resources Will Soon Reach the Million Dollar Mark

GROW WITH A GROWING BANK

IF YOU HAVE MONEY, WE WANT IT
IF YOU WANT MONEY, WE HAVE IT

Bamberg Banking Company

BAMBERG, S. C.

PERSONAL MENTION.

People Visiting in This City and at Other Points.

—Rev. L. E. Wiggins, of Columbia, was in the city last week.
—Mr. W. Z. Bryan, of Allendale, was a visitor in the city this week.
—Mr. J. B. Black, Jr., left Monday for St. Louis on a business trip.
—Miss Theresa Fowler, who has been very ill, is improving, her friends will be delighted to learn.
—Miss Grace Hill returned Sunday from the Columbia hospital, where she has been under treatment for some time.
—Rev. P. K. Rhoad, of Providence, was in the city Tuesday. Mrs. Frances Folk returned to spend some time with Mrs. Rhoad, who is her daughter.
—Mrs. L. E. Hanberry, of Denmark, left a few days ago for Charleston to attend the marriage of her niece, Miss Edythe Morgan White, to Ensign Clarence E. Kiefer, U. S. N., which took place Wednesday, Oct. 29th.

Dr. Watson to Return.

Among the changes to take place at the meeting of the Upper South Carolina conference at Greenwood this week will be the transfer of Dr. E. O. Watson, formerly pastor of the Washington Street Methodist church here, back to South Carolina, his duties as secretary of the general war commission of the church with headquarters at Washington having ceased. Dr. Watson is well known in Columbia and over the State and his friends will welcome his return to the State. He will be given a charge by Bishop U. V. W. Darlington, presiding, at the conference meeting this week.—Columbia State.

In Time to Stop It.

"So your father went to the war after all, Freddie?"
"Yes, sir."
"The war must have been nearly over by the time he reached France."
"Well, he got there just in time to stop it."—Yonkers Statesman.

The biggest stock of ledgers, cash books, journals and day books carried by any store in this section of the State. All bought before the recent advances in price. Our prices have not been advanced. The Herald Book Store.

LAUGHED AT REAL HEROISM

Soldier Insists Authorities Confered Decoration for Deed That Was Merely Second Rate.

He had come back with the *croix de guerre*, but he would not talk about how he won it. Of course his family and friends knew the formal citation, but they wanted him to tell them the details, and he modestly and persistently evaded them.

"I think it's simply silly," declared an irate cousin in her teens. "What's the use of ducking and dodging, and pretending you're not a hero, when you know perfectly well you are?"

The worm turned. "Yes, of course I know I am," he assented coolly. "The trouble is, they didn't give me my cross for the right thing. Do you expect a fellow to talk about his heroism when he gets a decoration for doing what lots of other fellows did who weren't lucky enough to be noticed, and then finds the bravest thing he ever did, or ever expects to do, treated lightly or ignored altogether? At least, I was a hero once. Before we were ordered abroad, I was invited to luncheon by my colonel's daughter. Now, you know I am a country boy from an inland state. It was the first luncheon I'd ever attended—and the first time I'd ever been served raw oysters. I hate shellfish, and when I saw those six, soft, slimy, slithery horrors set before me I nearly fainted. But I didn't know whether anything much was to follow or not; and I couldn't decline a main dish under the eye of my hostess. I shuddered with disgust. I wasn't sure they would go down; I feared they might come up. But—I ate those oysters, all six, and smiled as I ate them! She told me so two years afterward, when I confessed. Now, I call that true heroism. But it wasn't what I got the cross for."

"Maybe," said the saucy young thing in her teens, "it's that you're going to get the girl for."
"No," sighed the unappreciated hero, "she agrees with the rest of you and General Mangin. She only laughs at my real claim to glory!"—Youth's Companion.

Death Took Old and Young.
During the war the London Times, either wittingly or unwittingly, published innumerable items about the very old men and women in the British empire who were dying off. Their great age, their longevity, formed a melancholy contrast to the slaughter of youth then going on in Europe. During six months in 1918, 312 persons over one hundred years old died in the British Isles, but the figures of young men who fell during that time before the guns of the enemy and who died with influenza mounted toward a million. Not one of the old, he it said in passing, died from "flu."

A VAGABOND LOVE

By MILDRED WHITE.

Gloria opened the casement and stepped out into the pillared veranda. Presently, when Aunt Prudence was not looking, she would fly across the lawn, like a bird released from its cage, then—then she would seek him. Honestly, to herself, the girl admitted it.

When one could find, by just walking down to the bridge, all the joy of pent up dreams, why not dare a little, for that compensating pleasure? There was much to endure in her dulled, monotonous life; compensation was deserved.

"He" would be there at the bridge. The girl's eyes softened in anticipation. For a little while he would pretend not to hear her step, or be aware of her presence. Then, suddenly, all eagerness he would turn with his dear welcoming smile.

She could see in fancy, the graceful disorder of his attire—the velvet jacket, the soft shirt with its collar opened at the throat where he held so caressingly his violin.

Gloria thrilled anew, at the thought of the dark eyes bent upon her, as he swayed the bow. "A song of love to you," he would say, while the low music which followed filled her with emotion.

"A vagabond," the villagers called him, "a poor adventurer living by his wits."

Their ridicule and mockery stung her cruelly. He was her wonderman, whom none save herself could understand. Some day, she meant to run away with him, to be his wife when he should ask her, sharing willingly his care-free life. She knew that trying to influence Aunt Prudence or her own father to her view-point, would be unavailing.

How strange the girl thought with a sad little smile, that this reckless romance should end her sheltered girlhood. No young man of the neighborhood, however promising, had been allowed to call.

"His daughter must make no unwise attachments," her father decreed. Gloria happened to meet the stranger one morning on the rustic bridge. At her glance of surprise toward the old violin which he carried, the man motioned her silently, as one accustomed to be obeyed, to a bench on the bridge; she had sat there—in a sort of a dream, while he played.

When she thanked the man primly for his music, he had laughed carelessly, and bade her "come again if she liked it." And Gloria the prudent, the guarded—went again.

Almost against her will it seemed at first—the music lured and drew her. Later, the visits became an accustomed

natural thing. And one day naturally also, it seemed, this roaming musician spoke of his love for her and her heart went out to him in return.

Many hours of unhappiness the girl spent, her cheek pressed against her wet pillow; so useless was it to struggle against this charmed fate, so grievously would it hurt those nearest to her.

The very townspeople mocked at the man's idle irresponsibility, making shift for himself, in an old shack by the water's edge. Crude was his furniture, they said, and he must be poor. There were days together when he failed to come in his worn velvetenees to the village for supplies.

"A little cracked" these same people considered him, lying alone in the marshes at night, making weird sounds on his violin, and this was the man her successful father and conventional aunt, must hear of as—her husband.

"Must!" Gloria whispered passionately. For life without this one man's tenderness—would be to her unbearable.

When she found him again at the bridge, and was folded close in his arms, Gloria sobbed out her story. Some one had hinted about their meetings, her father was sending her away—to visit a cousin in the city, hoping that absence would obliterate her fancy for him.

The "vagabond" comforted her with gentle words and caressing touch. "I will come to you," he said at last, "and you shall marry me."

So Gloria went away. She wondered, troubled, how her lover might send word to her, and where he would ask her to meet him. The cousin, of course, must not know.

It was the suggestion of Aunt Prudence that some desirable man be found to take her niece about and by way of comparison to bring her to a sense of former folly.

So with this new escort Gloria was sent to the theatre. It was to be an evening of music, the young man told her, with "notables" participating. Traynor, with his speaking violin, was alone worth hearing, his imitation of bird calls being wonderful.

His companion was a listless sort of girl—the escort thought. When Traynor came on the stage with his violin, his opinion quickly changed.

Breathless, her eyes shining, Gloria leaned forward. At the end of the performance, the obliging and perplexed young man was abruptly dismissed, while no less a person than the celebrity possessively took his place.

Out in the starlight Gloria faced him. "You lived like a tramp out there," she accused, "and you never told me who you were."
Traynor laughed happily. "I was learning and relaxing," he said. "And—it was so sweet to have you love me for myself."

FAMILY MARKED BY ODDITY

London Newspaper Tells of Strange Fate That Pursued Group Both in Life and Death.

There lived at Ipswich in the reign of William III a family known as the "odd family," a most appropriate name, as the following facts prove, London Answers states:

Every event, good, bad or indifferent, came to that family in an odd year or an odd day of the month, and every person was odd in manner or behavior or appearance. Even the letters of their Christian names always amounted to an odd number.

The father and mother were Peter and Rahab; their seven children (all boys) bore the names of David, Ezekiel, James, Jonas, Matthew, Roger and Solomon. The husband possessed only one leg and his wife only one arm; Solomon was blind in his left eye and Roger lost his right in an accident; James had his left ear torn off in a quarrel. Matthew's left hand had but three fingers.

Jonas had a stump foot, David was humpbacked and Ezekiel was 6 feet 2 inches at the age of nineteen. Every one of the children had red hair, notwithstanding the fact that the father's hair was jet black and the mother's white.

Strange at birth, all died as strangely.

The father fell into a deep sawpit and was killed, the wife died five days after from starvation. Ezekiel enlisted, was wounded in 23 places, but recovered. Roger, James, Jonas, David and Matthew died in 1713 in six different places on the same day; Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned in the Thames in 1723.

RECALL LEGENDS OF HAWAII

Two Idols, Recently Unearthed, Bring to Memory Folklore Tales Almost Lost to Memory.

Of the two old Hawaiian idols lately found concealed in the earth at Hookupu, Paukukalo, one, a female idol, is in a fairly good state of preservation. The idol is supposed to be that of Kihawahine, the Undine of Maui myths. Her haunts are the springs at Paukukalo, the Kauaha pond, and the matchless pools in the wooded glens around Piholo, Makawao.

The legends about her compare with those of the German fairy folklore, and around the charms of her person as she sits combing her wealth of golden tresses at the edge of some bathing pool is woven many a half-forgotten Mauri folk tale.

In some of the latest ones she is reputed to have lured two hoales at different times on a merry chase only

to see her disappear in one or another of the deep, clear-water pools among the wooded glens of Piholo. One, a doctor, ended his aimless wanderings to her glenwood haunts, by becoming a paralytic, the other, a woodcutter, never ceased to describe the charms of this "wonderful woman with the golden hair," always able to elude his embrace, but ever beckoning him on to her lair among the vines and trees and pools and crags of the glens about Piholo.—Waikuku (H. L.) Times.

The Cynical Actress.

The late Oscar Hammerstein believed that the actresses should lead a pure life.

"Cynical, disillusioned actresses are no good," he once said at a dinner. "I remember an actress of mine some years ago who fell down badly in a part I'd given her."

"Look here," I said the morning after she fell down, "all the critics say you don't show half enough emotion in the scene where your husband leaves you never to return."

"The cynical, disillusioned creature gave a tart laugh.

"Oh, I don't, don't I?" she sneered. "Well, look here, Mr. Hammerstein, I've had six husbands leave me never to return, and I guess I know how much emotion ought to be shown in such circumstances as well as anybody."

Safe Light for Miners.

Nowadays the up-to-date miner carries a package of electricity about with him while underground. It is a small storage battery attached to the back of his belt, and is connected by a cord with a lamp fastened to the front of his cap. The lamp, provided with a reflector, throws quite a flood of light in front of the miner. But its chief advantage is absolute safety. In older days miners (who must, of course, have light) carried about with them open-flame lamps. These caused innumerable disastrous accidents through ignition of coal dust or gases. Sir Humphry Davy's invention of a safety lamp whose flame was protected by a wire gauze saved an immense number of lives. It is in common use today, but the electric mine lamp is better and more convenient.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to a commission issued by the secretary of State to the undersigned, as corporators of FARMERS' TOBACCO WAREHOUSE COMPANY, a proposed corporation, the books of subscription to the capital stock of the said corporation will be opened at the office of E. H. Henderson, at Bamberg, S. C., at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of November 8th, 1919.
J. F. BRABHAM,
E. L. SPANN.