

led down to insignificant proportions to leer grimly at us as we passed little grated windows and low, scowling doors. Occasionally we passed a clump of empty boxes, barrels, and such debris and merchandise as had been crowded pell-mell from some inner storage by their newer and more dignified companions; and now and then we passed an empty bus, bulging up in the darkness like a behemoth of the olden times; or, jutting from still narrower passages, the sloping ends of drays and carts innumerable. And along even as forbidding a defile as this we groped until we came upon a low, square brick building that might have served at one time as a wash-house, or, less probably, perhaps, a dairy. There was but one window in the front, and that but little larger than an ordinary pane of glass. In the sides, however, and higher up, was a row of gratings, evidently designed more to serve as ventilation than as openings for light. There was but one opening, an upright doorway, half above ground, half below, with little narrow steps leading down to it. A light shone dimly from the little window, and as the boy motioned me to pause and listen, a sound of female voices talking in undertones was audible, mingled with a sound like that of someone snoring heavily.

"Hear the old man a-gittin' in his work?" whispered the boy.

"I dodded. 'He's asleep'."

"You bet 'e's asleep!" said the boy, still in a whisper; "and he'll jist about stay with it thataway for five hours, anyhow. What time you got now, cap?"

"A quarter now till four," I replied, peering at my watch.

"Why, it's Christmas, then!" he cried in muffled rapture of delight; but abruptly checking his emotion, he beckoned me a little farther from the door, and spoke in a confidential whisper.

"Cap, look here, now: 'fore we go in I want you to promise me one thing—'cause you can fix it and she'll never drop! Now, here, I want to put up a job on Sis, you understand?"

"What!" I exclaimed, starting back and staring at the boy in amazement.

"Put up a job on Sis?"

"Oh, look here, now, cap; you ain't a-goin' back on a feller like that!" broke in the little fellow, in a mingled tone of pleading and reproach; "and if you don't help a feller I'll bet to wait till broad daylight, 'cause we ain't got no clock."

"No clock!" I repeated with increased bewilderment.

"Oh, come, cap, what do you say? It ain't no lie, you know; all you got to do'll be to flat tell Sis it's Christmas—as though you didn't want me to hear, you know; and then she'll give me my Christmas gift! First, you know, and, oh, lordy! won't she think she's played it fine!" And as I slowly comprehended the meaning of the little fellow's plot I nodded my willingness to assist in "putting up the job."

"Now, hold on a second!" continued the little fellow, in the wildest glee, darting through an opening in a high board fence a dozen steps away, and in an instant reappearing with a bulky parcel, which, as he neared me, I discovered was a paper flour sack half filled, the other half lapped down and fastened with a large twine string.

"Now this stuff, he went on excitedly, "you must tuggle in without Sis seein' it—here, shove it under your 'em, here—there—that's business! Now when you go in, you're to set down with the other side to the 'bed, you see, and when Sis hollers 'Christmas gift,' you know, you jist kind o' let 'er slide down to the floor like, and I'll bet it'll slip enough, though I'll bet, you know, it ain't Christmas yet, and look sold out, and say it wasn't fair for you to tell her, and all that; and then I'll open up sudden like, and if you don't see old Sis bug out them eyes of hers I don't want a cent!" And as the great boy concluded this speech, he put his hands over his mouth and dragged me down the little, narrow steps.

"Here's that feller come to see you, Sis," he announced abruptly, opening the door and peering in. "Come on, he said, trying to see if I followed, opening the door and looking curious-ly around. A squabby, red-faced woman, sitting on the top of a low bed, looked down at me, but with no salutation. Her old, crooked, peeped up with twisted, blood-shot eyes, the girl directly opposite me, and through the warped and broken cover in front of her, a dismal, ghastly expression of the spirit that brooded within. At the side of the proposition on the floor, lay the wreathed figure of a man, evidently in the deepest state of drunkenness, his head thrown loosely over his was an old, tattered piece of carpet and a little checkered shawl.

"There was no furniture to speak of, a chair—and that was serving as a stand—stood near the bed, a high, hump-shouldered bottle sitting on a fruit-can full of water, and a little tin and smoky lamp that glared salubly.

"Jamey, can't you sit the man a chair or somethin'?" uttered a thin voice from the bed; at which the red-faced woman rose reluctantly with the rather sullen words: "He can sit on the floor."

"So this is Sis," I said, with reverence.

"The little negress like I went down was beautiful. Her eyes were dark and kind—very tender, and though deeply shadowed were most childish in expression and structure and luminous. She reached a wasted little hand out to me, saying simply: "It was

mighty good in you to give them things to Jamey, and send me that mo—that—that little box, you know—only I guess I—I won't need it." As she spoke a smile of perfect sweetness reposed on the face, and the hand within my own nestled in dove-like peace.

"The boy bent over the white face from behind and whispered something in her ear, trailing the little-laughing lips across her brow as he looked up.

"Not now, Jamey; wait a while."

"Ah!" said I, shaking my head with feigned merriment, "don't you two go to mooting about me!"

"Oh, hello, no, cap?" exclaimed the boy, assuringly. "I was only jist a-tellin' sis to sat you if she mightn't open that box now—honest! And you jist ask her if you don't believe me—I won't listen." And the little fellow gave me a look of the most penetrative suggestiveness; and when a mo-

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for his own. "Guess I'm too glad, 'cause I can't do nothin' on'y jist feel glad; and somethin' kind o' says that that's the gladdest glad in all the world. Jamey!"

"Oh, pshaw, Sis! Why don't you tell a feller what's the matter?" said the boy, uneasily.

The white hands flanked more closely with the brown, and the pure face lifted to the grimy one till they were blent together in a kiss.

"Be good to father, fer you know he used to be so good to us."

"O Sis! Sis!"

"Molly!"

The squabby, ed-faced woman threw herself upon her knees and kissed the thin hands wildly and with sobs.

"Molly, somepin' kind o' says that you must dress me in the morning—but I won't need the hat, and you must take it home for Nannie— Don't cry so loud; you'll wake father."

I bent my head down above the frowzy one and moaned—moaned.

"And you, sir," went on the falling voice, reaching for my hand, "you— you must take this money back—you must take it back, fer I don't need it. You must take it back—and—give it—give it to the poor." And even with the utterance upon the gracious lips the glad soul leaped and fluttered through the open gates.

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Santa's Christmas

By MARY D. ABBOTT

LINDENETTE struggled valiantly with the tears that squeezed at last through tired eyelids. It was not often that the brave little homemaker gave way to grief, but in the present moment she seemed unable to control her emotion.

In the next room childish voices prattled joyously. Lindenette had not found the heart to tell them that Christmas would have to come and go without the much heralded visit from Santa Claus. Since the loss of both parents Lindenette had managed to keep a roof over the heads of her small brother and sister and had provided food for their slight frames. What did it matter if her cheeks had lost their roses and her lips their cheery bloom? The smile lingered. That was all that mattered.

She brushed her tears aside and arose to answer an unexpected summons from the knocker. She looked her surprise at the great man who stood on her tiny porch.

"I have come in search of one Linden Lane," the stranger said, with a smile to which the girl responded.

"The name is unusual," admitted Lindenette, "and my own is even more impossible—being Lindenette Lane. May I ask you in from the cold?" She opened the door and Marvin Goodwin entered the pitifully barren room into which she led him. His eyes followed the girl rather than the contents of the room.

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RESULTS OF CAMPAIGN FOR BELGIAN RELIEF

WILL BE MADE KNOWN AT MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE

TONIGHT AT EIGHT

In Rooms of the Chamber of Commerce—Other Matters to Be Taken Up.

At the Chamber of Commerce at 8 o'clock this evening will be a meeting of the general committee in charge of the campaign to raise in Anderson a contribution to the South Carolina fund for Belgian relief.

When the committee has determined the amount of money secured for this worthy cause the results of the campaign will be wired to New York, where the headquarters of the work have been established.

When this matter has been disposed of the question of perfecting an organization for furthering the cause of charity here in the city and county of Anderson will be taken up. The committee will discuss a number of matters along the line of local charity, such as a community Christmas tree, an idea suggested at the recent meeting of the Churchmen's Club, of Grace Episcopal church, which was held at the residence of Gen. J. L. Bonham one night this week.

Common Sense the Chief Qualification

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—President Wilson let it be known today that he had made "common sense" the chief qualification of the five men he will nominate as members of the new trade commission. He does not desire theorists, but men who can deal intelligently with business conditions. Politics, it is said, will not govern the board's makeup. At least one Republican will be named. Among the numerous men whose names are under consideration are Joseph Davis, commissioner of corporations; A. C. Thurston, solicitor of the commerce department; E. N. Hartley, president of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association; John E. Richardson of Tennessee; Thomas S. Felder, of Georgia; George Rublee, of New Hampshire; Samuel L. Rogers, of North Carolina; Professor Henry J. Waters, of Kansas; E. A. Krauthoff, of Missouri, and W. B. Westlake, of Indiana.

Steamers Captured For Violation Neutrality

LIMA, Peru, Dec. 17.—A dispatch from Buenos Aires says the Argentine cruiser Fuyroredon has captured the German steamer Eleonore Woermann for an alleged violation of neutrality.

The British steamers Orosma and Corcobada are remaining in port at Arica, Chile, fearing to put to sea as the German auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich is outside. The Orosma is awaiting the arrival of a Peruvian cruiser to accompany her to Callao.

A dispatch from Buenos Aires Wednesday said the Fuyroredon had chased and captured the German steamer Patagonia in the Gulf of San Jorge, alleging that she violated Argentina's neutrality by supplying a German cruiser with provisions.

The Eleonore Woermann, which belongs to the Woermann Line, was last reported November 1 in the harbor of Buenos Aires, where she had arrived from West Africa.

Declarer Dividend

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—The Atlantic Coast Line Railroad today declared a semi-annual dividend of 2-1/2 per cent on its common stock. The dividend is payable this January 11. Six months ago it was 3-1/2 per cent. Semi-annual dividends were declared. This is the first time since 1913 that the stock has paid less than 7 per cent.

Complete Jury to Try Town Clerk

NEW CITY, N. Y., Dec. 17.—To complete a jury to try William V. O'Leary, town clerk and Democratic leader of Haverstraw, on a charge of murdering his son-in-law, Eugene M. Newman, July 23, Justice Morschauser held a session of the supreme court here tonight. The first panel was exhausted this afternoon after ten jurors had been sworn.

The jury was completely at tonight's session and the case for the people was presented. Two unimportant witnesses were examined before the session was adjourned.

Masked Bandits Seize Diamonds

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

For the next 10 Days we will Sell

| |
|--|
| Snowdrift Lard at 10c per Pound. |
| 2 lb. Buckets Snowdrift . . . 20c |
| 4 lb. Buckets Snowdrift . . . 40c |
| 5 lb. Buckets Snowdrift . . . 50c |
| 10 lb. Buckets Snowdrift . . . \$1.00 |
| 20 lb. Buckets Snowdrift . . . \$2.00 |
| 18 lbs. Granulated Sugar for . . . \$1.00 |
| Kerosene Oil 10c gallon |
| 1 gal. cans Velva Syrup 55c |
| 3 lb. cans Hand Packed Tomatoes 10c |
| Kingan's Sliced Breakfast Bacon, 1-pound boxes 35c box |
| Extra choice Irish Potatoes 35c peck |
| Exrtta choice Peaberry Coffee 25c lb. |
| Good Flour at . . . \$5.75 per barrel |

We are agents for the celebrated Paul Jones Flour, made from washed wheat

THESE PRICES ARE CASH

We are the "Poor Man's Friend."

We Divide Our Profits with You.

Southside Grocery Comp'y

CHAS. C. PRESVOST, Agent.

2 Phones—Nos. 74 and 98.

OFFICIAL WAR STATEMENTS

PARIS, Dec. 17.—(2:50 p. m.)—The French war office gave out an official statement this afternoon as follows: "Between the sea and the Lys we have occupied several German trenches at the point of the bayonet; consolidated our positions at Lombardzyde and St. Georges, and organized the territory taken from the enemy to the west of Gheluvolt."

"We have made progress at some points in the region of Vermelles. "There has been no infantry action along the remainder of the front, but we report very effective shooting on the part of our heavy artillery in the environs of Tracy-Le-Val on the Aisne and in Champagne, as well as in the Argonne and in the region of Verdun. "In Lorraine and in Alsace there is nothing to report."

VIENNA, via Amsterdam to London, Dec. 17.—(7:45 p. m.)—The following official communication was issued today: "The latest news permits of no further doubt that the resistance of the Russian main force has been shattered. After the defeat of the southern wing in the battle of Limanovo, which lasted several days, our allies also gained a victory near Lodz. "The Russians now are completely routed on the River Bura. "Threatened by our advance across the Carpathians from the south, the enemy began a general retreat which they are trying to cover by stubborn fighting in the regions before the Carpathians. "Our troops are attacking on the line of Grodno-Zablotny. "Along the other parts of the front the pursuit has begun."

BERLIN, Dec. 17.—(by wireless to London, 3 p. m.)—Army headquarters today issued the following statement: "Yesterday the French continued their attacks at Neuport without success. Attacks were attempted at Zillebeke and La Bassée, but were repulsed with heavy losses to the enemy. "The intention of the French to throw a bridge over the Aisne at Solsois was prevented by our artillery. "French earthworks at the east of Rheims were destroyed."

PARIS, Dec. 17.—(10:55 p. m.)—The following official communication was issued by the war office tonight: "In Belgium our troops have gained ground north of the road from Ypres to Menin, and also on that to the south and southeast of Blichoote. "We have debouched to the northeast of Arras and have reached the first houses of St. Laurent Bligny. "Appreciable progress has been made at Oulverre-En-Bonnesle, Mambray, and Maricourt in the region of Hainaut and Peronne."

From the Somme to the Vosges there is nothing to report."

LONDON, Dec. 17.—(9:45 p. m.)—The official press-bureau tonight issued the following statement concerning the making of Egypt a British protectorate: "His Britannic majesty's principal secretary of state for foreign affairs, gives notice that in view of a state of war arising out of the action of Turkey, Egypt is placed under the protection of his majesty and will henceforth constitute a British protectorate. "The suzerainty of Turkey over Egypt is thus terminated, and his majesty's government will adopt all measures necessary for the defense of Egypt and the protection of its inhabitants and interests. "The king has been pleased to approve the appointment of Lieutenant Colonel Sir Arthur Henry MacMahon to be his majesty's high commissioner for Egypt."

82 KILLED; 250 INJURED

Latest Official Estimate of Casualties Resulting From German Raid at Hartlepool.

(By Associated Press.)

HARTLEPOOL, England, Dec. 18.—(By London, 12:15 p. m.)—Although a late hour tonight the official estimate of the casualties was 82 persons killed and about 250 injured, many wrecked houses had not been explored and it was believed the list of dead eventually would reach 100. Eight soldiers and two sailors were killed. Throughout the day rumors were current that German and English fleets were firing off the Scotch coast. Army officers estimate that the Germans fired 200 shells, many of which were unexploded 12-inch shells were found today. Two large German cruisers and one small cruiser did the shelling here. C. Nielsen, the American consul, narrowly escaped death, the house adjoining his being demolished. It is estimated that the cruisers were about 4,000 feet off shore during the heaviest part of the shelling. The shore guns acquitted themselves creditably and were unharmed.

Steamer Sails With Horses

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., Dec. 17.—The British steamer Anglo Patagonian, carrying a cargo of 1,000 horses for use by the allied armies in the Balkans, was sent sailing from this port for Bordeaux, France, today.