

died 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 box, 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 forlidding 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 sidesteps 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 nodded. "He's asleep?"

"You bet he'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 his 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 reproof; "and if you don't help a feller I'll haf 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 is to jist tell Sis it's Christmas—mas—as though you didn't want me to hear, you know; and then she'll git you 'Christmas gift' first, you know;—and, oh, lord! 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 juggle in without Sis seein' it—here, shove it under your 'ben,' 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 bolters 'Christmas gift,' you know, you jist kind o' let it slide down to the floor like, and I'll nail it slick enough—though I'll p'tend, 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 can't see old Sis bug out them eyes of hers I don't want a cent!" And as the gleeful 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, turning to me. I followed, closing the door, and looking curiously around. A squabby, red-faced woman, sitting on the edge of a low bed, leered upon me, but with no salutation. An old cook-stove, propped up with bricks, stood back against the wall directly opposite, and through the warped and broken doors in front sent out a dismal suggestion of the fire that burned within. At the side of this, prone upon the floor, lay the wretched figure of a man, evidently in the deepest stage of drunkenness, and thrown loosely over him was an old tattered piece of carpet and a little checkered shawl.

"There was no furniture to speak of;—and that was serving as a stand—stood near the bed, a high lamp-shouldered bottle sitting on it, a fruit-pan full of water, and a little dim and smoky lamp that glared sulkily.

"Jamey, can't you git the man a cheer or somethin'?" queried a thin voice from the bed; at which the red-faced woman rose reluctantly with the rather sullen words: "He can sit here, I reckon," while the boy looked at me significantly and took up a position near the "stand."

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

The little haggard face I bent above was beautiful. The eyes were dark and tender—very tender, and though deeply shadowed were most childish in expression and starry 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 little box, you know—only I guess I—I won't need it." As she spoke a smile of perfect sweetness rested on the face, and the hand within my own nestled in dovellike 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 plotting about me!"

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



"LEAN DOWN HERE," SAID THE GIRL.

ment later the glad words, "Christmas gift!" rang out quaveringly in the thin voice, the little fellow snatched the sack up, in a paroxysm of delight, and before the girl had time to lift the long dark lashes once upon his merry face, he had emptied its contents out tumultuously upon the bed.

"You got it on to me, sis!" cried the little fellow, dancing wildly round the room; "got it on to me this time! but I'm game, don't you fergit, and don't put up nothin' snide! How'll them shoes there ketch you? and how's this for a cloak?—is them enough beads to suit you? And how's this for a hat—feather and all? And how's this for a dress—made and over'thing? and I'd 'a' got a corsak with it if he'd only had any little enough. You won't look by yer nothin' when you throw all that style on you in the morning!—Guess not!" And the delighted boy went off upon another wild excursion round the room.

Even slatternly Molly looked up with a faint show of interest that might have grown into enthusiasm, and the sudden lump of flesh on the floor stirred and moaned uneasily, his drunken slumber disturbed by the noisy joy of Jamey. "Sis" gasped a bit and lovingly her thin hand hovered over the things that should have been precious to girl or woman. She lifted the shoes, stroked the cloak and dress, and there was just the suspicion of a sob in her throat as she nodded the hat, "feather and all." Then she turned toward me.

"Lean down here," said the girl, a great light in her eyes and the other slender hand sliding from beneath the covering. "Here is the box you sent me, and I've opened it—it wasn't right you know, but somethin' kind o' said to open it fore morning—and I opened it." And the eyes seemed asking my forgiveness, yet were filled with great bewilderment.

"You see," she went on, the thin voice falling in a fainter tone, "I knowed that money in the box—that is, the bill—I knowed them bills 'cause one of 'em had a inkspot on it, and the other ones had been pinned with it—they wasn't pinned together when you sent 'em, but the holes was in where they had been pinned, and they was all pinned together when Jamey had 'em—cause Jamey used to have them very bills—he didn't think I knowed 'em—but when he was asleep, and father was a-goin' through his clothes, I happened to find 'em in his coat fore he did; and I counted 'em, and hid 'em back agin, and father didn't see 'em, and Jamey never knowed it. I never said nothin', 'cause somethin' kind o' said to me it was all these things here, so—only I won't need 'em, ner the money, nor nothin'. How did you get the money? That's all!"

The boy had by this time approached the bed, and was gazing curiously upon the solemn little face.

"What's the matter with you, Sis?" he asked in wonderment; "ain't you glad?"

"I'm mighty glad, Jamey," she said, the little, thin hands reaching

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 linked 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, red-faced woman threw herself upon her knees and kissed the thin hands wildly and with sobs.

"Molly, somethin' 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 graciously lips the glad soul leaped and fluttered through the open gates.

**LEGEND OF THE YULE LOG**

Old Negro Tradition of Its Origin as Told in Virginia Every Christmas Eve.

While the family sit around the yule log and sip their Christmas eggnog, there is told in many Virginia homes every Christmas eve the old negro tradition of the origin of the yule log.

In the early days one of the old darkeys would recite the story after the fire was kindled and the lurid glare of the yule log lit up the darkest corners of the room.

Then the old legend was told as follows:

One very cold Christmas eve, when the frosty wind howled across a world of snow, an old black man was sitting in his little cabin on a mountain side, wishing and wishing that he had a fire to warm him.

Suddenly he heard the cry of a little child away out in the cold. The old black man hobbled to the door and gazed out across the icy world of snow. The wind and the snow came rushing in and the old man shivered till his "coldest two feet" chattered with cold.

The plaintive cry of a little child came again across the snow. It went straight to the old man's heart and he wished with all his power of longing that he might have strength to go out and find the unfortunate little one.

A third time the wailing cry came, and then a wonderful thing happened. A miraculous power filled the old man's veins. His muscles became strong and tense, his crutch fell back into the cabin and he stepped from the threshold out into the snow.

He hurried over the snow with an activity he had not possessed since boyhood, and by and by he came to a little child in a snow bank.

As the child's little form touched him a great, new strength came to him which seemed to give him wings to speed back to his little cabin.

He placed the child upon the bed and tenderly drew the ragged quilt about it and then he looked to see if there might be a piece of furniture of which to make a fire to warm the little one.

At that very instant a great log rolled across the threshold and into the fireplace. The little child looked at the log with eyes like stars, which sent gleams of light that kindled the log with the most brilliant fire the old man had ever seen.

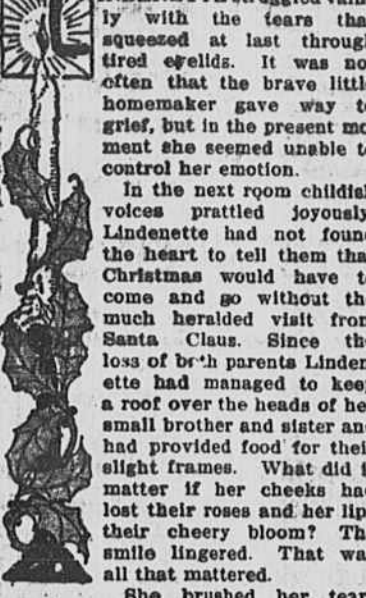
The dingy little room was filled with radiance and warmth, and as the light wrapped the child he laughed and laughed like a song of the heart. The old man turned his eyes to where the fire burned and watched the flames leap in beautiful rainbow tints over the log, forming the shape of a cross in fire.

The flames of the cross leaped higher and higher, blue, red, yellow and white, till all mingled into the colors of the rainbow, and as the old man watched all this display, suddenly and magically a table appeared in the center of the room, covered with a Christmas feast such as never before had been spread before his eyes, and never again was he hungry, or cold, and never after that was there a Christmas in old Virginia without the yule log and the Christmas Child to give light and warmth.

This is the story of the yule log as it is told in Virginia every Christmas eve.

**Santa's Christmas**

By MARY D. AEROTT



INDENETTE struggled vainly 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 her parents Lindenette had managed to keep a roof over the heads of her small brother and sister and had provided food for their eight 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's even more impossible—being Lindenette Lane. May I ask you in from the cold?" She opened the door and Darwin Goodwin entered the pitifully barren room into which she led him. His eyes followed the girl rather than the contents of the room.

Two small, pale faces peered at him from the kitchen door, and Goodwin smiled at them.

"Do I look like Santa Claus?" he asked them by way of breaking the ice.

"No, you don't," returned the boy, bluntly. "Besides, Linda says it may be too cold for Santa Claus to come out this year." There was a wall from the little sister, and the boy strove vainly to conceal his disappointment at this announcement.

Linda gave them each a hug and told them to run along. When they had gone she turned to Goodwin with inquiry in her eyes.

"My errand is a pleasant one," he said quickly, for his own voice was none too controlled. "It will add to your happiness, I know." He drew a memorandum from his pocket, and after consulting it, asked: "Your father, Linden Lane? Did he live in Stillwater, Minn., 22 years ago?"

"Yes," replied Linda, with a flush of excitement lending roses to her cheeks. "I was born there."

"Then, to come directly to the point," Goodwin told her, "we find two depos-



its of \$25 each in two of our banks here. One Linden J. Lane opened the account 22 years ago."

Linda laughed softly.

"My father used always to fear bank failures, and put small amounts in many banks." She turned sparkling eyes upon Goodwin. "We thought we had collected all his savings," she said.

"These two nests were undiscovered," the man laughed, "and the hens have been laying golden eggs. You have, at this very minute \$300—"

"Three hundred dollars! Oh!" she impulsively held out her two toilworn little hands. "It is a fortune! The children! They can have their Santa Claus!"

Goodwin found himself feeling happier than he remembered having felt before. Was it the knowledge that he had been the Good Fairy in this small family, or was it something more subtle, more wonderful that had crept into his mind?

He laughed a trifle nervously.

"I am going to ask for immediate payment for the joy I have found for you," he said and when Linda's questioning eyes met his he said impetuously: "Let me come tomorrow—and help make Christmas glad for the children. May I come?"

Linda glanced at him with a new shyness. "Yes," she said, simply. "If you like I will go with you to help get that Christmas tree."

Next morning Linda and the children were up early.

The crackling of the fire as it roared up the stovepipe created a spirit of cheerfulness that greeted Merrin Goodwin when he presented himself at an early hour.

"Oh!" shouted Bobby, "here's our own Santa Claus!" His eyes were glued to the crumpled packages Goodwin deposited on the table.

"Bobby!" cried Linda.

"Haven't you ever seen Santa Claus before?" queried Peggy.

"Never! This is my very first experience. I hope I will acquire myself with proper dignity."

And Linda's eyes, over the heads of the children, looked down deep into Goodwin's big soul, and unconsciously she let the man read what her heart was saying.

"Next Christmas," he was saying in his mind, "Linda will have permanent roses in her cheeks, and her eyes will be mine, and that will be all the happiness one Santa Claus could have."

Lindenette smiled.

**RESULTS OF CAMPAIGN FOR BELGIAN RELIEF**

WILL BE NOW HELD 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 visited 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 Davies, commissioner of corporations; A. C. Thurmon, solicitor of the commerce department; E. N. Hurley, 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 Pueyrredon has captured the German steamer Eleonore Woermann for an alleged violation of neutrality. The British steamers Orcoma and Corocoba are remaining in port at Arica, Chile, fearing to put to sea as the German auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich is outside. The Orcoma is awaiting the arrival of a Peruvian cruiser to accompany her to Callao.

A dispatch from Buenos Aires Wednesday said the Pueyrredon had captured and captured the German steamer Patagonia in the Gulf of San Jorge, alleging that she violated Argentine 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.

**Declares 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 January 1. Six months ago a 3-1/2 per cent. semi-annual dividend was declared. This is the first time since 1912 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. Cleary, town clerk and Democratic leader of Haverstraw, on a charge of murdering his son-in-law, Eugene M. Newcas, July 23, Justice Morschauer 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 complete 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**

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 17.—Two masked bandits tonight entered a jewelry store near Grand and Olive streets in the heart of the city, seized \$4,000 worth of diamonds and, after exchanging a Cozen shot with the proprietors of the store, escaped.

**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
  - Extra 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 Alps we have occupied several German trenches at the point of the bayonet; consolidated our positions at Lombardsteyde and St. Georges, and organized the territory taken from the enemy to the west of Gheluvelt."

"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."

**82 KILLED; 250 INJURED**

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

(By Associated Press.)  
HARTLEPOOL, England, Dec. 18.—(via London, 1:50 a. m.)—Although at 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, chiefly 9 and 12-inch shells. Several unexploded 12-inch shells were found today.

Two large German cruisers and one small cruiser did the shelling here. C. Nielsen, the American consular agent, 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 uninjured.

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 European war zone, sailed from this port for Bordeaux, France, today.