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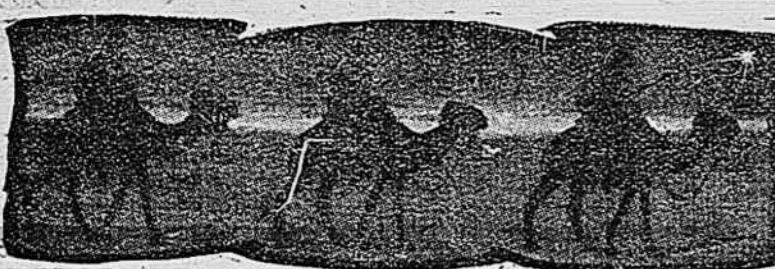
Edgefield Advertiser.

THE NATIONAL BANK,
OF AUGUSTA, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.
L. C. HAYNE, President.
FRANK G. FORD, Cashier.
CAPITAL, \$250,000.
Surplus & Profits, \$140,000.
We shall be pleased to have you open an account with this Bank. Customers and correspondents assured of every courtesy and accommodation possible, under conservative, modern banking methods.

VOL. 69.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1904.

NO. 52.



Little Hans' Christmas Tree

Translated from the Swedish of 'Jenny Brown'

UPON the hill, a short distance from the but stood a lonely pine tree, that father had promised to cut down on Christmas eve. It was so beautiful, where it stood, and stretched its dark green branches over the white snow. Hans walked round and round it and looked at it from all sides. It had grown so even, and was just high enough to find room under the low roof of the hut. In his imagination the little six-year-old saw in all its beauty, with gilt paper stars, ginger bread hearts, rosy-cheeked apples and lighted candles.

"Poor as I am, Hans," father had said, "you shall have a Christmas tree, and fine it shall be, that I promise you."

And how the little child's heart palpitated with pleasure and expectation! Father had gone into town, and was not expected to return before noon. Would he be long in bringing back all the beautiful things he was to buy at the same time he was getting the other Christmas things for mother? Time and again Hans went out on the doorsteps and looked down the long, snowy road. At length father was seen in the distance. Hans started to meet him, and was permitted to carry the package father had bought for him.

But how tired and pale father looked. He did not feel well, he said, but Hans must not worry over that. It was only a result of the hard labor that he now began to feel. It would soon pass away. And Hans believed that, too.

"Mother, father has come," cried Hans, and pushed the door wide open.

The noonday meal was ready. Father could not eat anything, a himself, down on the wooden floor, and complained of pains in his side. Mother laid aside the bag of the coffee and sweet fat, and had to admit that she was more in pain than she would care to confess.

Mother compelled him to go to bed and prepared a foment saturated with turpentine that she spread on the chest. It was too bad that he should be taken sick, and on Christmas eve, but there was to help for it. In his rejoicing over the beautiful things for the Christmas tree, little Hans for a few moments did not think of father. But when he looked to the bed where father was lying, moaning with pain, Hans did as mother had done. He pushed aside the beautiful Christmas tree things and knelt down by the bed.

"Poor father!" and with his little hands he stroked the bearded cheeks.

"Don't worry, my boy; you shall have your Christmas tree. Speak to Neighbor Jerker, and he will help you."

This was all well and good, but father was ill, and the Christmas pleasures spoiled. And such a Christmas that they had expected! Last year they had no means to provide for a Christmas tree or any extra pleasure.

"I am going to the doctor," said mother, as she tied the shawl over her head.

"You stay with father, Hans; I will hurry back soon."

The doctor did not live very far away. He did not like to be disturbed on Christmas eve, but he wrote out a prescription after finding out from the woman what the symptoms were. To visit the sick man was not to be expected of the doctor on Christmas eve. "Give him this every two hours and the pain will soon pass away. If, well, as it is Christmas eve, I will only charge fifty ore"—he had the right to demand a crown, but he felt charitable, and the poor woman's last silver piece landed in the doctor's pocket. He did not inquire if she had any money left for the medicine, and she did not care to tell him that it was her last piece of money, and that father had spent his last crown for the things to decorate little Hans' Christmas tree. She also had her pride, and she knew

THREE MEN KILLED

A Serious Accident Occurs On The Battleship Philadelphia

THREE BOILER MAKERS ARE KILLED

The Giving Away of a Gasket, or Rubber Washer, Converts the Fire-room of the Massachusetts into a Seething Pit of Steam and Hot Water—Four Survivors Terribly Scalded—Lieutenant Cole Injured in Gallant Rescuing the Endangered Men—Boiler Said to Have Been Thoroughly Tested.

Philadelphia, Special.—Caught in a trap and helpless to save themselves, three men lost their lives and four others, including Lieutenant Wm. C. Cole, were terribly scalded Thursday by a rush of steam and boiling water in the fire-room of the battleship Massachusetts, lying at the League Island yard. The dead are: Edward Dub, boiler maker and civilian; Andrew Hamilton, married boiler-maker; Charles Ritzel, boiler-maker. Injured: Lieutenant William Cole, U. S. N., assistant chief engineer of the Massachusetts, scalded about the head and body, taken to the Naval Hospital; William Anderson, ship's boiler-maker, badly scalded; taken to the naval hospital; James Wilson, boiler maker's helper and civilian employe, scalded, taken to the Methodist Hospital; Joseph A. Durand, boiler maker's helper and civilian, scalded, taken to St. Agnes Hospital. With the exception of Lieutenant Cole, all the killed and injured resided in Philadelphia.

Lieutenant Cole received his injuries in a heroic effort to rescue the others. The accident was caused by the giving away of a gasket, or rubber washer, on a boiler on the starboard side of the ship.

The Massachusetts has been at the navy yard for some time, undergoing extensive repairs, particularly to the boilers and machinery. Although Captain Edward D. Taussig and his complement of officers and men are aboard the ship, the Massachusetts is not yet ready for sea.

SECRETARY WILSON'S REPORT

Figures Showing the Astonishing Values of This Year's Crop.

The Secretary of Agriculture has transmitted his eighth annual report to the President.

In opening his report the Secretary enumerates some of the more important features of the year's work. Among them are extensive cooperation with agricultural stations; the taking of preliminary steps to conduct feeding and breeding experiments; the war waged against the cotton boll weevil and against cattle manges, plans for education of engineers in road building; the production of a heavy orange, a hybrid of the Florida orange and the Japanese trifoliate; valuable research in successful shipping of fruit abroad; the value of nitrogen-fixing bacteria; successful introduction of plants suited to light rainfall areas; establishment of pure food standards; the extension of agricultural education in primary and secondary schools; the extension of instruction to our island possessions to enable them to supply the country with \$200,000,000 worth of domestic products, now imported from abroad.

He then proceeds to discuss the place of agriculture in the country's industrial life.

The corn crop of 1904 yields a farm value greater than ever before. The farmers could from the proceeds of this crop pay the national debt, the interest thereon for one year, and still have enough left to pay a considerable portion of the government's yearly expenses. The cotton crop, valued for lint and seed at \$600,000,000, comes second, while hay and wheat contend for the third place. Combined, these two crops will about equal the corn crop. Notwithstanding the wheat crop shows a lower production than any year since 1900, the farm value is the highest since 1881. Potatoes and barley reached their highest production in 1904; save in 1902 the oat crop was never so large by 60,000,000 bushels. The present crop of rice promises a yield of 900,000,000 pounds—300,000,000 more than ever before.

Horses and mules reach the highest point this year, with an aggregate value exceeding 1,354 million dollars. On the other hand cattle, sheep and pigs all show a decline.

The steady advance in poultry leads

TWELVE DAY FIGHT

A Vigorous Assault On The Russians By Japanese

GEN. STOESEL DESCRIBES ATTACK

Dispatches From the Port Arthur Commander Relate How the Fortress Was Held Against the Supreme Effort of the Japanese From Nov. 20 to Dec. 2.

St. Petersburg, By Cable.—Gen. Stoessel's dispatches to the Emperor, which were received Friday night, were given out Sunday. The first is dated November 25, and is as follows:

"I am happy to inform your majesty that on November 20, after an increased bombardment, the Japanese attacked one of the forts on the northeastern front and leaped with a portion of their forces on the parapet. They were annihilated by rifle fire and the bayonet and thrown back into the trenches. Their reserves were scattered by shrapnel.

"From November 21 to November 23 the enemy violently bombarded the fort, inflicting great losses, effected by their perseverance a passage between the two forts on the northeastern front.

"At 5:30 o'clock in the evening of November 23, after heavy firing, the Japanese suddenly hurled themselves against several works on this front and seized a portion of the trenches, but they were thrown back by the reserves after a fierce bayonet struggle. They returned to the assault at midnight and again occupied a part of the trenches, but were annihilated by our bayonets. At 2 o'clock in the morning all was over and your majesty's heroic troops were able to rest and start to repairing the damage. The Japanese lost more than 2,000 men. All of our troops behaved as heroes. The following especially distinguished themselves: Generals Kondrakhin (commander of the artillery) and Gorbostovsky and Lieutenant Colonel Naumko. (A dozen other officers in lower grades are also mentioned in the dispatch.) The bombardment of the town and harbor continues daily. A number of buildings have been destroyed and the harbor has sustained some damage. The garrison

One Carload Received,

and more coming in, which includes the following HOLIDAY GOODS. Boys wagons, Goat carts, Hobby Horses, Sho-Flya Velocipedes and Tricyclo. A large and fine assortment worth selling.

Seven cases of Chase's fine plush and heavy robes from \$1.25 to \$25.00. Remember the Balcony vehicles.

H. H. COSKERY,

Sole Agent.

749 AND 751

AUGUSTA, GA.

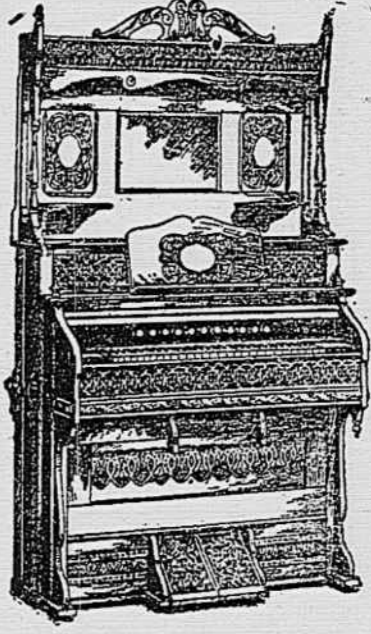
Farrand

Organs

The Best in the world. The Factory does three quarters of a million dollars worth of business a year.

Quality considered they are the CHEAPEST ORGANS made. Over fifty now in stock. Terms accommodating. Write me before buying elsewhere. Other magnificent organs in appearance at Forty-Five Dollars, with stool and box. Freight paid

J. A. Holland
NINETY SIX, S. C.



W. J. Rutherford & Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bricks and Lime.

AND DEALER IN

Cement, Plaster, Hair, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, Ready Roofing and other Material.

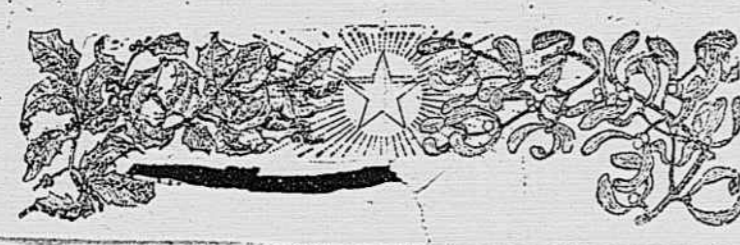
Write To The Edgefield Advertiser.

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"The doctor gave me this prescription," said mother, "and the turpentine cloth was to remain, and you will soon be well, father."

"Oh, I don't believe the medicine will do me any good, and we will just let it alone."

The mother understood, and she could not keep back her tears. Father had no money left for the medicine. "Don't cry, mother, don't cry," exclaimed little Hans, as he tried to pull the mother down to him by her dress. "Father should not have brought the things for the Christmas tree, if he could have got the medicine. I under-



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ne of the products of the farm during 1904, made within the census scope. It is safe to place the amount at 4,900 million dollars, after excluding the value of farm crops fed to live stock in order to avoid duplication of values. This is 9.55 per cent. above the product of 1903, and 31.23 per cent. above that of the census of 1899.

Some comparisons are necessary to the realization of such unthinkable value, aggregating nearly five billions of dollars. The farmers of this country have in two years produced wealth exceeding the output of all the gold mines of the entire world since Columbus discovered America. This year's product is over six times the amount of the capital stock of all national banks; it lacks but three-fourths of a billion dollars of the value of the manufactures of 1900, less the cost of materials used; it is three times the gross earnings from the operations of the railway and four times the value of all minerals produced in this country. The year of 1904 keeps well up to the average of exports of farm products during the five years 1899-1903, amounting to over \$50 million, while the average for the five years was nearly \$65 million. During the last 15 years the balance of trade in favor of this country, all articles considered, exceeded 4,384 million dollars, but taking farm products alone, these showed a balance in our favor of more than 5,300 million.

Reviewing the increase in farm capital, the secretary estimates it conservatively at 2,000 million dollars within four years—this without recognizing the marked increase in the value of land during the past two years. The most striking figures show as illustrating the farmers' prosperity are those presented by deposits in banks in typical agricultural States. The Secretary selects for this illustration Iowa, Kansas and Mississippi. Taking all kinds of banks, national, State, private and savings, the deposits, increased from June 30, 1896, to October 31, 1904, in Iowa, 164 per cent; in Kansas, 219 per cent; in Mississippi 301 per cent—in the United States 91 per cent. A similar favorable comparison may be made as to the number of depositors.

The secretary concludes that the farmers' rate of financial progress need fear no comparison with that of any other class of producers.

News of the Day.
A special dispatch from Stamford to a New York paper says "The Rev. Dr. William J. Long, prominent as a writer and lecturer on animal life and kindred subjects has been stricken totally blind and the chances of his recovery are very poor. For covering his sight he wears a pair of glasses on that account he retired from the ministry in 1903. Last week he lost the sight of both eyes. He is confined in a dark room and bears his affliction with cheerfulness."

Sasoneff, the murderer of Interior Minister Von Plehwe, was sentenced in St. Petersburg to penal servitude for life and Skiforsky, his accomplice, to 20 years penal servitude.

Members of the opposition wrecked the interior of the Hungarian Parliament chamber.

The first production of "Der Roland Von Berlin," in the Royal Opera House, at the German capital, was a great success.

same night the enemy attacked the attachment on Panlung Mountain, but were repulsed, as also was their attack on Yishkel (203-metre Hill).

"On the 26th the Japanese began to bombard and attack fiercely the forts of the northeastern front and the advanced trenches. The trenches repeatedly changed hands. Nevertheless, on the night of the 26th we threw back the Japanese at the point of the bayonet. The enemy succeeded in blowing up the parapet of one of the forts and began building parallels there. At another fort, on the same night, they laid sacks along the rampart, but our artillery dispersed them. Towards 10 o'clock in the evening the Japanese attacked a battery on our left flank in considerable strength, and at first obtained possession of a portion of the works, but our heroes brought bayonets into use and the Japanese retired, leaving a heap of their men. Along the whole front the Japanese opened a violent fire against the interior of the fort, keeping it up until 5 o'clock on the morning of November 27. The help which God sent us on the birthday of our mother the Czarine gave us further victory."

Many Marine Disasters.

New York, Special.—The snow storm and gale which struck the coast Saturday afternoon and continued until the early hours Sunday morning was the most violent that has occurred for several years. Reports from the New Jersey and New England coasts and from incoming steamers, tell of furious gales and many disasters. At Vineyard Haven, over 15 schooners anchored in the harbor were blown ashore and several others were damaged in collisions. Off the Bay-head, N. J., life-saving stations, the schooner L. I. Brayton, bound for Providence, R. I., from Baltimore, went ashore, the crew being rescued by the life-savers.

Snow Two Feet Deep.

Newport, R. I., Special.—As a result of the worst blizzard that has visited this city in many years, all local traffic is practically at a standstill. The storm began at midnight last night and abated at noon today. On a level the snow is more than two feet in depth, while a strong wind has piled up drifts that block the streets.

Girl's Body Found.

Colorado Springs, Col., Special.—The dead body of a white woman, apparently about 18 years old, has been found on Mount Cutler by two surveyors. An attempt to destroy the features, supposedly to prevent identification, had been made. Detectives have been unable to establish the girl's identity, but advance the theory that she was a tourist from the East. The girl had been dead a week or ten days when the body was found.

Prominent Minister Dead.

Nashville, Tenn., Special.—Rev. R. L. Ansh, secretary of the Tennessee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is dead here at an infirmary, where he had undergone an operation. He was prominent in Southern Methodism and at the time of his death was pastor of the church at Palaeoki, Tenn. He was 45 years old.

Ambassador Jusserand placed a wreath of laurel on the tomb of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello.

from were closed at the time of the accident, and the only avenue of escape was a safety ladder. Only one man, Bramich, a ship's fireman, thought of the ladder, and he escaped without a scar. Few on the upper decks knew what had happened until the steam came rushing up from the seething pit below. The work of rescue was prompt, and to this moment those who escaped death owe their thanks.

The first to enter the fire hole was Lieutenant Cole. Without hesitating, and being scalded by the steam and steam, he entered quickly and quickly dragged the men to a place where they were taken in charge by others. Bub and Hamilton were dead when found, and Ritzel died a few minutes after being taken to deck.

Whether the gasket was defective or was carelessly put in place, remains for an official court of inquiry to determine. It is said the boiler had been thoroughly overhauled and tested under a tremendous pressure of steam. At the time of the accident the steam pressure was only sufficient to run the ship's heating plant.

The accident will cause little or no delay in preparing the battleship for sea.

Bridge Falls, Killing Three.

Charleston, W. Va., Special.—Three persons were killed and four others seriously injured by the collapse of the suspension bridge across the Elk river, which connects East and West Charleston. On the bridge when it went down were six children on their way to school and a number of other pedestrians together with six teams. The dead: Mamie Hugginbotham, aged 11 years; Annie Humphreys, aged 17; O. H. Gibbs, aged 15. The injured: Stella Smith, aged 17, compound fracture of elbow; William Holmes, colored, driver, cut and bruised; Henry Fielder, driver, serious internal injuries; Elma Tucker, aged 13, arms and leg broken.

Lumber Men Meet.

Norfolk, Special.—Representatives of twenty mills, controlling practically the entire output of Virginia and North Carolina pine lumber met here and decided not to make any change in the scale of prices which became effective November 15. An invitation to the North Carolina Pine Association from the Secretary of Agriculture to attend the American Forest Congress in Washington, January 2 to 6, 1905, was accepted, and a delegation named to represent the association.

Shot His Father's Slayer.

Covington, Ga., Special.—At Hardy's Cross Roads, in Jasper county, J. M. Parker was shot and killed by Jesse Hodges. Joseph Parker, aged 18, son of J. M. Parker, secured his father's pistol after he had fallen and sent two bullets through the body of Hodges. The wounds of Hodges are pronounced mortal, though he is still alive. The trouble grew out of an old feud. Young Parker, it is believed, will not be prosecuted, for shooting Hodges, as it is generally held that he was justified in trying to avenge his father's death.

Farmer Killed by Trolley Car.

Spartanburg, S. C., Special.—Robert Peiboh, an aged resident of the county died at an early hour Thursday morning as the result of injuries sustained by being struck by a trolley car on Magnolia street. He suffered concussion of the brain and died without having regained consciousness. The coroner held an inquest and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts.

THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

stand that well enough," remarked little Hans, with a precocious mien.

"No, no, Hans, it would not have helped me," interrupted father from his place in the bed. "But thank you for your kind heart. You shall have your Christmas tree as I promised you."

Little Hans went out on the hill and ran to his tree on the hill. He walked around it, and the tears came in his eyes. But he wiped them away with the back of his hand. No, he must not cry; he must not feel or show any sorrow over the sacrifice that would bring gladness and blessing to the home. He put his hands in his pockets and tried to look glad and free from care when he entered the neighbor's hut. The children had for weeks heard him brag about his Christmas tree, and he had promised them that they should see it in all its beauty and splendor on Christmas eve. Now he would affect indifference and pretend that he did not care for a Christmas tree, but he would sell it in town so father could get money for medicine.

Jerken, the eldest of the neighbor's children, cut down the tree. Hans was crying, but stoutly swallowed his tears and made Jerker promise him to tell his mother that Hans had gone to town to buy a Christmas present. "The mother was very much surprised. Where could Hans have got the money. She could not understand it. Jerker did not know. He only told her what Hans had told him, and that he would not return before evening, and they must not worry about him.

How cold little Hans felt, and how that little heart of his felt heavy and sorrowful. Young as he was, he had already learned a lesson from life's story—the lesson of self-denial. He felt cold, his coat was short and threadbare, the shoes in poor condition and his mittens full of holes. But he knew that Christmas eve would bring him a new pair of mittens. From the top of the roof so white, and Hans his song is ringing.

Good-bye, Merry Christmas, Good night.

Christmas Eve.
The day has now come to an end,
And I look up into the sky;
The stars and the snow seem to blend
As the evening clouds go by.

The fire is merrily crackling
On the hearth which it makes so bright;
Hung by the fire was a stocking
When children went to bed to-night.



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