

# THE CAMDEN CHRONICLE.

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## Little Hans' Christmas Tree

Translated from the Swedish of Jenny Brown

UPON the hill, a short distance from the hut 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 out over the white snow. Hans walked round and round it and looked at it from all sides. It had grown so erect, and was just high enough to find room under the low roof of the hut. In his imagination the little six-year-old saw it in all its beauty, with gilt paper stars, ginger bread hearts, rosy-checked 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 doorstep 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 said was his.

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," but father could not eat anything, and hid himself down on the wooden bench and complained of pains in his chest. Mother laid aside the bag of rice and the coffee and sugar father had brought home. Father was ill! He had to admit it; he was suffering more pain than he would tell. Mother comforted him to go to bed and prepared a tannin 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 relieving 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.

"Dear 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 pleasures.

"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, however, 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 the little Hans' Christmas tree. She also had her pride, and she knew what remarks would be made. Poor men's children have no right to pleasure or luxuries. The gingerbread and candies and apples would be considered an awful waste and extravagance. To the doctor's children it would have looked a poor pleasure, but for her own little boy it was a sinful luxury. How different God provided for the people in this world, was the poor woman's thought, as, heavy hearted, she walked home with the prescription in her hand. Had the poor no right to have



## THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

a heart that could feel and suffer? "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 us 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 bought the things for the Christmas tree, then he could have got the medicine. I understand 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 of the hut 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 his eyes out, for if he saw any new ones, he would be sure to bring a new one, and then he would be

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 would sell it in town so father could get money for medicine.

Jerker, 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 tree. 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 his bed in the hut at night he had seen mother knitting a pair of mittens that were too small for father. So, surely, they must be for him.

But with all his sorrow there was a warm glow at his heart. Was he not wealthy? He had sold his Christmas tree for two large silver crowns. Had he not bought the medicine for father and had a large silver crown left as a Christmas gift for mother. God had helped him. Had not mother said that God watches over little children, and had he not sent a wealthy lady that had given him two large silver crowns for his tree, notwithstanding he had been told it was not worth fifty ore?

A little golden-haired girl had met him in the beautiful richly furnished room where he had brought the tree. It was placed on a table, and the little girl was gently pleased over the tree. He wondered if the little girl had known why he had sold his tree, and that all of his Christmas pleasure was lost, would she have been just as highly pleased? He followed her with

other child had his tree. He thought of his tree as a living being, and that it felt the separation as much as he. But now he was home. Father slept and mother was at the hearth preparing the evening meal.

"Hans, where have you been?" inquired mother.

"Into town, mother, and I have a Christmas present for father."

"You? Where did you get it? Have you money, Hans?" inquired the mother in her astonishment as Hans placed the bottle of medicine on the table.

"Where did you get it, boy?" Hans inclined his head, and smilingly pushed his mother toward the window. He drew away the curtain and pointed to the hill. Mother could look out in the starlight night and at once noticed that the tree was gone. Yes, she saw plainly that little Hans' Christmas tree was not there. She understood it all; she could read it in the big blue eyes that sparkled up toward her. She lifted the child in her arms and pressed him toward her, too deeply moved to find words for her feelings. But she felt so happy, so proud that this was her child, and the poor mother in all her poverty and humility would not have exchanged her lot for a queen's coronet.

"Mother, I have a Christmas present for you also," whispered Hans, and placed the silver crown in her hand.

Hans had rejoined much, had denied himself all, and therefore his gift was above ordinary value.

## CHRISTMAS IN DAWSON CITY.



Klondike Ike: "Wot did yer find in yer stockin' this mornin'?"

Chilkoot Pete: "Frost-bitten toes."

**A Funny Dream.**  
I had a funny dream last night. As strange as it could be I dreamed that I was Santa Claus and Santa Claus was me. And when I came to Santa's house, (where we live now, you know) I took out near a hundred things And laid them in a row: A bicycle with level gear, A pair of skates, a new car, Were some things that I brought, And then I said: For fear I've missed A little thing or two, I'll leave this pocketbook well filled, That's just what I will do." On waking I only had a dream. But still I think I would be just great if I was Santa Claus And Santa Claus was me.

**A Christmas Cross.**  
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**God rest you, then, my gentle friend, And take your cross away, Or, clothe it with a radiant new one, On this glad Christmas Day.**  
—Willis Boyd Allen, in Youth's Companion.

## CHRISTMAS GIFT.



AN ARTISTIC PLANT STAND.

**Grandmother's Talk.**  
Grandmother says, while she's sitting there, At the fireside, in her old armchair: "Ain't any Christmas now, my dear, 'Like the ones of long ago! When I was a girl, there was more of light An' song in the world, a Christmas night; The green just blossomed over the white 'In the Christmas long ago."

She talks that way, 'cause she's old, you know, An' her hair is whiter than white snow, An' she thinks that her time is come to go 'In a Christmas in the sky, But my arms around her neck I throw, An' say: "Grandmother, in the long ago, Did you have anybody to love you so?" An' she smiles, an' pines her eyes.

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.



## PALMETTO NEWS IN NOTES

Many Newsy Items Gathered From all Sections.

### Experiment in Trucking.

Beaufort, Special.—Mr. R. C. de Bruyne is a guest at the Sea Island hotel. His business here is to plant, experimentally, a considerable number of acres of vegetables on the large farm of Mr. C. U. V. Benton, on Broad river, about seven miles from this place. Ten acres will be used for lettuce alone. A certain acreage will be allotted to each vegetable of a variety. He will cultivate in accordance with an improved method of which he is master. Heavy fertilizing is said to be a part of the system. Recent experiments by him in Asheville, N. C., were very successful. He is a native of Holland and a graduate of Stuttgart university. He has been in this country about two years, and is a young gentleman of fine appearance and cordial manner.

### South Carolina Items.

The directors of the State dispensary held their monthly meeting last week and merely answered correspondence which has been accumulating. No matters of importance were brought up, and may not be. The directors will soon prepare their annual report to the general assembly, but this will require a great deal of time as there are about 125 dispensaries to be heard from in regard to the annual business for the fiscal year closing December 31st. Mr. H. H. Evans, chairman of the board, stated that the best dispensary will this year make the best financial showing in its history, and he is very proud of that fact, as the administration was changed this year, and Mr. L. J. Williams, who had been chairman of the board, and Mr. H. H. Crum, who had been commissioner, retired and were succeeded respectively, by Mr. Evans and Mr. Tatum. Two new members were elected on the board, Mr. John Bell Towill and Mr. L. W. Boykin.

It is not often that a trial judge voluntarily asks for a pardon for one convicted and sentenced in his court, but such a case was put on record yesterday. Judge R. O. Purdy asks for a pardon for a negro stealing a sheep. The only thing to operate against the petition being granted is that the convicted man appealed to the State Supreme Court, and thus put the State to a lot of trouble in his case.

In his letter to Governor Heyward, Judge Purdy says: "I have for some time thought that I gave too harsh a judgment, and following this up so wrote to Solicitor Davis some months ago, saying that I was thinking of bringing the matter to your attention and asking for a pardon. Mr. Davis answered, concurring with me."

The one hundred and twenty-eighth annual session of the grand jury of this State, convened in Charleston last week with a large attendance of officers and delegates. The only important officer being absent being Col. Charles Inglesby, the grand secretary, who is ill in Columbia. Mr. John Harleston gave way to Mr. Fred B. Dible, acting grand secretary, upon the assembly of the grand jury. The roll showed 186 chartered lodges and five under dispensation represented at the communication. A number of reports of officers and committees were received and acted upon. The report of Grand Master John H. Bellinger of Hamburg was read and referred.

Gov. Heyward has received numerous letters from the secretary of agriculture relative to the meeting in Washington of the American Forest congress, January 2nd to 6th. Secretary Wilson wants the governor to attend and to send five other delegates from this State. This meeting will be one of vast importance to South Carolina, for the Appalachian forest reservation will come up for discussion.

To-day Jones and Sam Sullivan, young negroes of the county, shot each other Sunday evening a few miles south of Laurens, while engaged in a drunken row. Jones, who was shot in the thigh, is in jail. Sullivan's condition is more serious and it will be a few days before he can be removed. He was shot in the lower right side.

Jones it appears, was the aggressor. After plunging his man he started to retreat when Sullivan brought him down with an ugly wound in the thigh.

The total amount of the dispensary profits for the month of November which have been turned over to the treasurer of Richland county by the county board of control, is \$2,404.96. The amount will, of course, be divided equally between the city and county.

Mr. Jesse T. Gantt, secretary of state, was appointed Col. J. H. Gaston, acting grand secretary, upon the State capital to succeed Johnson Black of Barwell, resigned.

Mr. J. E. Butler, magistrate at Sellers, in Marion county, has moved into Georgetown county and Gov. Heyward's office is in receipt of a number of signed petitions asking for Mr. Ben B. Sellers to be appointed to succeed him.

Gov. Heyward, has received appeal for a pardon from a woman in North Carolina who wants a pardon for her father, a Confederate veteran who was sentenced to two years in the county chain-gang for having a gun with a key which was

## FOR INLAND TRANSPORTATION

Convention to be Held in Columbia on the 28th Exciting Much Interest.

A special from Columbia says: The convention which is to be held here on the 28th for the purpose of developing the natural water transportation routes along the Atlantic coast is arousing great interest throughout this and neighboring States, as the scheme has in view a profound change in the freight rate situation throughout this section of the South. The strictly inland towns which cannot hope to be reached by any of the inland routes are appointing delegates and otherwise showing a lively interest in the matter, inasmuch as they will be affected greatly. It is confidently believed, although their benefit will of course come in an indirect way through being closer to towns enjoying a water rate. The cotton mills in the up-country are particularly interested in the objects of the convention, though of course such cities as Charleston, Georgetown, Savannah, Wilmington, Augusta, Columbia and the like will not get the greatest benefit, as their advantages will come direct.

This scheme contemplates connecting the Great Lakes at their eastern end with all the harbors on the Atlantic coast by the Erie Canal, and connecting those lakes at their western end with the whole Mississippi valley by the Chicago drainage canal and other available routes.

The proposed inland water route by avoiding Cape Hatteras and all other dangerous points will provide a safe route for barges or canal boats from the northern ports to all ports on the South Atlantic coast, as far South as Jacksonville. If this route were open and free, Newbern, N. C., would be about the same distance from New York that Buffalo is by the Erie canal, and she would move her heavy products of the forest and the farm as cheaply as Buffalo can. Georgetown, S. C., would stand in about the same relation to New York city that Cleveland, Ohio, now does, and ought to get the same rates by water. Barges taking the inside route to Georgetown can carry lumber much cheaper than the more expensive vessels that go outside of Hatteras. Nature has given us a wonderful system of waterways, which if properly used by development of boat traffic to the heads of navigation, would start in our Southern States an era of prosperity unparalleled in history. Many points in this State by the completion of this inland water route would be put in closer touch with the great markets of the North.

It is a great scheme, and when rightly understood, will secure the hearty co-operation of the immense and daily increasing population upon its completion. These interests, though diversified and widely localized in several States, will sure unite to form the coalition required as the only means of gaining this great mutual benefit.

**General Cotton Market.**  
Midling:  
Galveston, quiet ..... 7 11-15  
New Orleans, easy ..... 7 1-2  
Savannah, quiet ..... 7 3-8  
Charleston, quiet ..... 7 5-8  
Wilmington, quiet ..... 7 1-2  
Baltimore, nominal ..... 7 7-8  
New York, quiet ..... 7 9-5  
Boston, quiet ..... 8 00  
Philadelphia, quiet ..... 8 25

**Charlotte Cotton Market.**  
These figures represent prices paid to wagon:  
Good middling ..... 7 1-2  
Strict middling ..... 7 1-2  
Midling ..... 7 3-5  
Fines ..... 7 to 7 3-8  
Stints ..... 6 1-2 to 7

**Palmetto Items.**  
J. H. Weeks, the dispenser at Elmore, whom the State board of dispensary directors made famous this week by closing his dispensary on a majority petition of the people of the community in preparing to test the right of the State board to make such a removal under the new price act, which, it is claimed, limits the closing of dispensaries to counties. He has not yet brought action, but it is likely that he will test the matter in the courts. It will be an extremely interesting case, affecting all dispensary communities. In the meantime, the State board has wisely gotten credit for a willingness to yield a peg or so to the prohibition sentiment before the convening of the Legislature next month, which may make such radical changes in the law as will render Weeks' testing the point entirely useless. This South Carolina dispensary situation gives promise of furnishing much live copy for the newspapers in the next few months, as it has been doing for the past ten years.

**Visible Supply of Cotton.**  
New Orleans, Special.—Secretary Heeter's statement of the world's visible supply of cotton, shows the total visible to be 4,448,796 against 4,317,437 last week and 3,763,849 last year. Of this the total of American cotton is 3,778,312 against 3,678,514 last year and 3,176,849 last year. Of the world's visible supply of cotton there is now about and held in Great Britain and continental Europe, 2,225,000, against 2,050,000 last year; in Egypt, 174,000, against 101,000 last year; in India, 210,000, against 142,000 last year, and in the United States, 1,776,000, against 1,424,000 last year.

**Indiana Commission Acquired.**  
Lawton, Oklahoma, Special.—Judge E. M. Payne, of Chickasha, Texas, State commissioner, has been appointed to the Federal Court at the place of the late Judge

## MISS PATTERSON TESTIFIES

Young Woman Charged With Murder Goes On Witness Stand

### SHE DENIES SHOOTING YOUNG

Alleged Murderess Takes the Stand and Says That She Only Heard the Flash and Saw the End.

New York, Special.—"Did you or did you not shoot Caesar Young, Nan?" said Lawyer Levy to Miss Patterson. "I did not," replied the witness in a firm voice. "I would give my own life to bring him back. If it were in my power, I never saw the revolver with which he was shot. There was a flash—and then the end."

In a voice quivering with emotion, but filled with dramatic intensity, Miss Patterson, who is on trial charged with the murder of Caesar Young, the book-maker, related to the jury the scenes of her life, which had to do with her dealings with Young. Not only did Miss Patterson swear she did not kill Young, but she denied every circumstance of the case which the State brought up. She denied that she was dismayed because Young was about to leave her and go to Europe, after having been told by him, as it has been alleged, that all was over between them.

On the other hand, she testified that as a result of her conference with Young, it was agreed that she should join him in England and take apartments in the Hotel Cecil, London, taking care that she kept her whereabouts a complete secret from Mrs. Young and Young's relatives. An important feature brought out was the fact that Young gave the woman a postal card, on which he wrote her name and address, saying it was something she might need.

The crowded court room became suddenly still when the former lady took the stand. The first of her testimony, relating to herself, was given in a low, even voice, but as she proceeded, her tones became more tense until, in her account of the fatal cab ride, her voice was filled with tragic expression.

Early in her story, Miss Patterson told of her original meeting with Young, of their life together, and of their contemplated European trip. She told of her talk with Young the night before his proposed departure for Southampton, of her being awakened by a telephone message from him to go to the pier to see him off, of the ride down town, of the moments in a taxicab and of the ride in the cab before the shooting.

She was asked to describe what happened after leaving the taxicab, while driving down West Broadway.

"We talked about his going away, and he kept questioning me about my coming to meet him," she said. "I did not say anything, and finally he said, 'But I don't feel positive that you are going to come over.' He said, 'I believe that you are fooling—aren't you?' Then he said, 'Are you going?' 'Well? Caesar, there's no use in my will, because I've made up my mind not to, but you go over there, and get things quieted down, until the fellow has forgotten about things by that time. I will meet you at the Saratoga meeting.'"

"He looked at me a while, and said, 'Do you mean that?' and then he grabbed me by my hand nearest to him, and pulled me over toward him. He had me so that I tried to pull away, but I could not get away from him. I put my other hand up and he grabbed me. Somehow or other I got away from him. I told him that he hurt me."

"He said, 'If you don't come over there, and I have to wait until the Saratoga meeting, I may never see you again. My horses have some business. I've lost all that money. Now I'm losing my little girl; do you mean that?'"

"He grabbed me and hurt me so badly that tears came to my eyes. I tried to struggle away from him, and had to bend away over."

"There was a flash—the end!"

**Atlantic Coast Line Promotions.**  
Savannah, Ga., Special.—General Superintendent W. H. Demaris, of the Atlantic Coast Line, has been promoted and ordered to fill the position of chief assistant to the vice-president and General Superintendent J. R. Kenly, Superintendent of the line to be superseded in this district by Newton Riddell, formerly district superintendent at Richmond. The transfers are effective January 1st.

**Admiral Togo's Report.**  
Washington, Special.—The Japanese legation received telegrams from the office at Tokyo informing Admiral Togo's report on naval operations at Port Arthur. They show total casualties of 13 killed and 17 wounded in the attack of Wednesday and Thursday, and one Russian destroyer destroyed by the Japanese fleet. Admiral Togo's report says that at least six Russian destroyers were sunk by the Japanese fleet. The Russian ships were sunk by the Japanese fleet. The Russian ships were sunk by the Japanese fleet.

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