

A CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

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tunnel from the other end, which, with the aid of a poiilu, we finally discovered.

The entrance to this tunnel was extremely difficult. We soon had to walk on all fours. Soon the pale light of the orifice through which we had entered was lost and we had to light our candles and electric lights. Arrived at the foot of a staircase of seventy steps, we found ourselves in a series of little rooms, about which were scattered innumerable bottles. It had been the German beer shop. There were also all the appliances for boiling and sterilizing water. One of the rooms had evidently been a dormitory, the mattresses being still there, but this was not what we had come to seek—not a corpse was to be found. Had they, then, invented this gruesome tale?

Suddenly in the last compartment by the light of my smoky candle I seemed to see in the partition wall of the mine a closed door. I pulled it towards myself and it opened, releasing an odor of mushrooms and mould and a swarm of mosquitoes.

A Scene of Horror.

The pale and smoky candle revealed a horrible sight. Before me lay the bodies of soldiers in every imaginable pose in which death had overtaken them with such suddenness. They had lain there since August, 1917, some leaning against each other, some on the back, some on the face, some seated, others leaning on their guns, many lying side by side seemed asleep. It would seem as if the humidity and lack of light and air had preserved the bodies—the flesh was still on the hands except in certain places, where it had fallen off and the bones were exposed.

The heads were still covered with hair under the helmets, while the eyes, wide open, were like great empty black holes, which seemed to shrink with terror from the light.

The spectacle was infernal and one had to summon all the force of his soul to preserve his equanimity and see what he wished to see. How had they died? What must be done to prevent our own men from a similar fate? These thoughts were strong enough to conquer the horrible repulsion I experienced against continuing the exploration.

"The corpse of an enemy always smells good," says an old proverb of the savages, but at the same time I realized that a soldier who has died for his country is always worthy of respect, even when it is the case of a country like Germany, which has treated us with the most abominable cruelty. I wished to pass among the dead with reverence and to accomplish this I prayed to the god of battles that he would accord to these warriors the pardon of their faults towards us, and that their souls in repose might show their compatriots, still living, the folly of the war and of their own misdeeds.

Trying Moments.

A muddy and blackish water stood over the surface of the soil in the middle of which one found groups of corpses forming little islands. You can imagine the pain and horror with which I passed from one of these little islands to another assisting myself with ends of old rails and moldy planks. To cross here it was necessary to step across a head, or an arm, or a cross formed by a leg and an arm—at one point I thought I had arrived at solid ground formed of sacks of earth. It proved to be backs or loins. Perspiration poured down my face, my hands were covered with the mould and filth of the walls, my clothes had touched everywhere the horrors which surrounded me. In spite of all my precaution my feet had sunk in the mud and water where for nine months the decomposition of these corpses had been in progress.

Victims of Their Own Device.

At last I arrived at the end of the tunnel, only to find it a cul-de-sac. It had been completely closed by the explosion of one our largest projectiles. This projectile had penetrated the earth to a great depth, burst the tunnel and spread on all sides a mass of oxide of carbon, which had asphyxiated in the most terrific manner all those who had taken shelter in the tunnel. Those who had been at the end through which I had made my entrance were entirely cut off from the outer air by the little door, carefully closed, of which I have spoken, and must have been instantly killed. This door had been used as a protection from the gas which they anticipated. What they had looked upon, as a safety device proved the cause of instant death. They were victims of an invention which they and their kaiser had so much admired.

Seeking an Exit.

I had been told that the tunnel contained surgical operating rooms and that I would find a surgeon in the act of taking off a leg, etc. I examined thoroughly every outlet and passage without success. You may imagine with what relief I left this chamber of horrors and found myself once more in the fresh air. The light of the morning was becoming

strong and there was considerable danger of being discovered by the enemy. I was not willing to leave, however, without extending my research as far as possible. I had heard that there was another entrance at the side of the first one by which one could discover the infirmary. I felt that I must find it. A poiilu in charge of a mitrailleuse was stationed at a little distance; with his aid I discovered the entrance which I wished, but this time it was absolutely the unknown. The entrance was nothing but a man hole without steps about eight or ten meters in depth and filled with water. I saw how one might descend—simply let oneself fall in, but the question was how to get out. The chimney sweep to go up the chimney helps himself with feet and the hands on the sides, which is perfectly solid, but if I had attempted to mount by this method the earth would have crumbled and I should have been precipitated into the infirmary. I should have to invent some special means to accomplish this descent. It was too late then to seek for them. The light was becoming more and more bright. Already the balls were beginning to whistle and ricochet among the broken stones.

I must postpone this operation and if I succeed I will tell you what I have seen, at least for the present. I shall hope to be able to send you some more interesting and less lugubrious news.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 30c.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executor of the estate of George W. Beard, deceased, will, on August 22, 1918, offer for sale to the highest bidder at the residence of the late George W. Beard, the following personal property of the said estate: 1 buggy, 1 wagon, cane mill, kettle, etc. Terms of sale, cash.
G. W. BEARD,
Executor.

July 23—4t.

PETITION FOR FINAL DISCHARGE

State of South Carolina, County of Bamberg.—Court of Probate.
Ex Parte, Pink Ealey, In Re, Estate of William Ealey, deceased.
To all and singular the kindred and creditors of William Ealey, deceased: Take notice, That the undersigned will apply to the Judge of Probate at Bamberg, S. C., on the 22nd day of August, 1918, at 11 o'clock, a. m., for a final settlement of the estate of William Ealey, deceased, and discharge from the office of Administratrix of said estate.
PINK EALEY,
Administratrix of the Estate of William Ealey, Deceased.
July 26th, 1918.—4t.

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the Child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

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Enterprise Bank

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WAR-SAVINGS STAMPS**

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BAMBERG, S. C.**

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TOM DUCKER

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BUY W. S. S. and Help WIN THE WAR

BUY W. S. S. and Help WIN THE WAR



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Straw Hats**

New Hats of the very newest shapes and braids are still coming in. You are sure to get the most becoming shape, for our assortment is immense.

HOW ABOUT

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We Still Have a Good Assortment. We carry a complete line of E. & W. Shirts and Collars.

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BAMBERG, S. C.**



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Keep a few bottles of

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THERE'S NONE SO GOOD

At home in your refrigerator—always ready to serve.

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