

AUCTION SALE!

Greenwood Boy Tells How He Won War Cross.

(From Columbia State.)

The following letter has been received by Mrs. Frances H. Oliveros, from her nephew, Lieut. Wm. Osce Coleman, describing how he won the palm and the famous Croix de Guerre, which was conferred upon him by the prime minister of France on March 2nd.

Dear Aunt Frank:

I wrote you a letter thanking you for the wonderful box that you sent me and delayed mailing it for about ten days on account of forgetfulness, so I am writing again to make up for the other letter. This time I am writing what is to be great news. I only wish Grandfather Holloway were alive to hear this. I being the only representative from our family over here, and in fact in the army, have tried to do justice towards our future reputation as loyal and brave citizens and I shall let you judge when you have heard my story.

Perhaps you will hear before this through the newspapers. I have been in the trenches for almost seven days without very much sleep and not a garment touched during this time. To start with I was weak, sleepy and tired and being in the front line trenches isn't the best thing for anyone's nerves. I had been conducting the fire of our battalion of 75's on a working party about 1 a. m. on March 1. As the deafening sound of our high explosive would die away, through the chill of the early morning would come the shrieks and groans of Mr. Boche as he scampered away.

At 5.50 a. m. on the same morning I was dumbfounded by the sudden volume of explosives that seemed never to quit. The shell of the enemy had cut our telephone communications and it was impossible for us to find out just what was going on. Our first information came when a sergeant with dirt, sweat and a pale face came dashing up and said that the Boches were raiding our trenches. I immediately started, although we have no artillery in the front line, but feeling that it was my duty, I went. As I came up to the portion of the lines that had been raided the Germans were going over the top back to their own lines. To my left and to my right were the dying Huns. I began searching their bodies, even before they were dead in some cases, to get anything that would give us any information. I could not find any of our own dead until I had searched 11 of the enemy and was on my way to the 12th one when I saw a poor boy that had been bit by a shrapnel. His remains were picked up with a shovel and buried. He was in threads. Then I went on with my duties.

I had finished searching over a score when I heard the saw news of my friend's death. He was from Dillon, S. C. The son of Dr. John H. David, Sr. We were in school together and had been with him in the trenches for quite a while. If I had obeyed my feelings I would have sat beside him and mourned for the remainder of the day, but my duty was before me and I was about "all in" too but looking out across "No Man's Land," I spied a Boche who was wounded making his way back to his own line. The lines are about 300 meters apart at this particular place and he was 250 meters from me.

It was 10 o'clock and very clear and I knew the snipers were on their jobs and the machine guns too, but prisoners are very valuable so it was up to me. The men on outposts stopped me saying that machine gun fire had been playing around all morning but I stuffed myself of everything that would prevent me being free and started. It seemed hours and hours before I reached my objective. It is no pleasant job to crawl through mud and shell holes with two knees and one hand with a gun in the other. I was about 10 feet from Mr. Boche before he saw me and when he turned his face to me he began to yell "Kamerad!"

I lunged the ground because I knew the others in the trenches would fire in the direction of the noise. They did. I got him quiet and was about to start on my way home when I heard a rustling noise behind me. I turned just in time to put a shot about one and a half inches above his left eye. His dying face will forever be in my imagination. I could not sleep for two nights afterwards. Whenever I would close my eyes I could see nothing but his bloody, trembling face gasping for its last few breaths. I searched him before he died and was soon on my way back. It was a journey never to be forgotten.

I turned my prisoner over to stretcher bearers with orders to have his wounds dressed and then bring him to headquarters. Being unable to sleep, I roamed for the remainder of that day and the next.

Late on the afternoon of March 2,

I received orders to report to a certain place the next morning at 9 o'clock. I was a little late arriving and found the battalion of infantry that I was serving with during the raid in the field. As I came to the front in answer to my name the battalion came to present arms and the prime minister of France, in the presence of the French commanding general of the first army, and his staff and of our commanding general with his staff, came up to me and decorated me with the famous "Croix de Guerre" with a palm, the palm being the highest order of the Croix de Guerre. I know that no one has ever been so surprised.

In the midst of all of this embarrassment were seven moving picture machines clicking in my face assisted by countless cameras. Then I had to tell my life history a thousand times to newspaper reporters. I was glad, tickled and oh! so tired. I could sleep then and I did.

Please excuse the different paper Aunt Frank and write to me as soon as you can. Give my love to all and send this letter to Papa Watts to read,

If you want to. Kiss the girls for me and lots of love to you.
Sincerely,
Osce.

March 3, 1918.

BYRD'S NEWS.

Byrd's, April 15.—We are having some pretty weather after the week's rain. I sincerely hope it will stay clear for awhile so the farmers can plant cotton seed. They are busy putting them in the ground this morning. I don't think the fruit crop is injured, but can't say what will take place later.

Mr. J. R. Anderson, a Confederate veteran, who was raised in the Byrd community, died at his daughter's, Mrs. Ed. Atwell, in Spartanburg, April 11th and was laid to rest Friday afternoon at 6 o'clock in Bethany Presbyterian cemetery, to await the Resurrection Morn. The services were in charge of Rev. J. F. Jacobs, assisted by Rev. W. I. Herbert, of Spartanburg, in the presence of a large con-

course of friends and loved ones. He leaves to mourn his irreparable loss, his widow, who was Miss Adella Adair before her marriage, and the following children: Mrs. Ed. Atwell, of Spartanburg; Mrs. Perry Hawkins, of Gaffney; Mr. Roy Anderson, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. W. R. Anderson of this place, and quite a number of grandchildren, other relatives and friends. They have the sympathy of the community. He was a Christian of high principles, loved and respected by all who knew him. A good man is gone. We can say truly, Peace to his ashes.

Miss Sara Glenn, of Chicora college, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Glenn.

Mr. W. J. Martin spent Monday with Mrs. Geo. Byrd and daughters.

Miss Eva Bolt has returned home after spending some time with her sister at Pelzer.

The teacher of the school in this community, Miss Annie Garrett, has returned to her home in Kentucky.

New line of Lamps just received.
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Cincinnati authority tells how to dry up any corn or callus so it lifts right off.
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A quarter of an ounce of freezone costs very little at any drug store, but is sufficient to take off every hard or soft corn or callus. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to inflame or even irritate the surrounding tissue or skin.

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Many handsome coats and suits to be sold at a sacrifice. Some styles good for all seasons' wear, and you will be unable to duplicate except at a big advance. Coats in all the new styles and materials. Coat Suits in a variety of colors, all high grade, well tailored Davis-Roper quality---sizes 16 to 50.

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New shipment Silk Dresses \$14.25

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The old Shelton & Goodwin place, owned by W. H. Shands, Clinton, S. C., will be sold at AUCTION on the premises in small farms of 50 to 75 acres. Watch for the date in the next issue of this paper.

AMERICAN LAND CO.
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