

SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

(Continued from page Two)

well for two minutes after I had moved my battery he dropped two enormous shells where I had my first section. An hour later after I had done a piece of maneuvering he dropped two big shells where my ration wagons had just been standing. I had to lead the battalion into position as I am senior Captain, in the Major's absence. Twice I passed through gas covered areas; and we were shelled the entire day. Finally we went into position and you should have seen my boys dig, and I may add that I used the pick myself, and pretty soon we had our holes well under the surface, and covered over with everything we could find that would stop the shell splinters. Then I got my ammunition up and the way we sent messages to the Boche was a regular heart tonic, and we have continued to send them ever since, and will continue as long as they let me stay forward.

I have seen something since I last wrote you that I shall never forget—a horrible sight—the shelling of a horse train driving along the road—poor innocent creatures doing their duty toward their masters, and being shot down and mutilated in a most terrible fashion. I saw horse after horse stagger and fall, some would try to rise so as to continue, but all in vain, and all that any person could do was to stand and watch. I hope I shall never see anything again with any such genuine horror attached to it. It all seemed so useless—the utilization of the world's biggest minds to the invention and improvement of methods for the killing of men. However, I wish to repeat that there can be but one end to this war, and I shall never return to the United States, if there is any but THAT ONE ending.

In the midst of this terrible day I received several letters from home, and after reading the birthday letter which you wrote July 10th, I could do nothing but move away from my men for a few moments and reflect upon the memories of my birthday occasions in days gone by; and as long as you shall live, my mission in life shall be so to conduct myself as to bring honor and credit to you and your name.

Your devoted son,
Francis.

Bowles Morgan Writes Two Letters.

September 27, 1918.

My Dear Sister:

We have moved from where we first landed in France, so that's why I haven't written in some time. I will try to write a few lines today. We haven't much news to write so will have to make this short.

I'm as well satisfied as could be expected. Am getting plenty to eat, and nothing much to do. We are somewhere back of the front lines but not close enough to be in any danger. We are doing some very easy work. Just fixing up some dugouts. Don't know just how long we will be here. Maybe all this winter but I think the war will be over before the winter passes. If they keep this drive up, I hope so, anyway.

Well, I hope everything is going well at home. I haven't had a line from home since I landed in France except one you wrote on the 2nd of August and it was addressed to New York and forwarded to me. I am expecting to get some mail in a few days. We have been moving so often and that is the reason I haven't received any. I will write as often as I can and you must do the same. How is everybody at home? Did "Jinks" have to register? And has Press had to leave yet?

How is the crop this year? Guess they are gathering by now. When have you heard from Hugh?

Well, as news is all out will stop. With love to all.

Your loving brother,
Corp. W. B. Morgan.

Co. E, 306 Engineers, American Expeditionary Forces, A. P. O. No. 791, via New York.

Somewhere in France,
October 8, 1918.

My Dear Papa and Mama:

I received your letter last Sunday, also Ruth's and Nona's. I certainly was glad to hear from you all and I feel so much better now. I had been thinking of home all day Sunday, so Sunday night your letters came and I haven't even had the blues since. I am feeling just fine. I haven't even had a bad cold. We have a good place to stay and plenty to eat, so you see we boys just couldn't help but be satisfied. I don't think we will have to stay over on this side much longer anyway, if all reports are true.

I'm glad your crop is good this year. I think you will get a good price for it and that will be a big help to you. Was sorry Press had to leave. Just received a letter a few days ago from him and Cornelia

which they wrote while in Charleston. Was just fixing to answer it when I got yours saying he had gone. Tell Cornelia I say he will never have to cross over if things keep going like they are now.

How is old Lake? Tell him to write to me sometimes. Tell Judge he had better look out, they will have him in the army before long and F. A., too. Has it been cold over there yet? We have only had a little cold weather over here. I like this country very well, but not as well as I did England.

Guess you are settled down now for a while anyway. Mama, I will bring you some French shoes when I come back home. Think I have some picked out that would just suit you. Well, I will have to stop now. News is scarce. Tell Nona and Ruth I will answer their letters before long. With love to you and the children. I am, as ever,

Your devoted son,
Corp. W. B. Morgan.

Letter From Frank Adams to H. W. McKie.

September 22, 1918

Dear Henry:

You may be a little surprised to get a letter from me. I have been thinking for some time that I would write you but under the conditions I haven't had a chance.

After leaving Camp Jackson I haven't stayed very long at a place. I didn't stay at Camp Sevier or Camp Upton, either as long as I thought I would and of course what little spare time I had I would write to the home folks.

My trip so far has been all right. I have seen a great deal in my travels. The trip from New York across was something else! We landed in England and stayed there a short while and then came on to France. It certainly is a beautiful country. The scenery is wonderful. The best roads I ever saw. No mud at all. I would like to have you here in your Buick to see the country and enjoy the good roads.

They raise grapes, Irish potatoes, sugar beets, beans and grain, and they raise some fine cattle and sheep. They use mostly draft horses, and use two-wheeled wagons with one or two horses. When two are used, one is in front of the other which looks funny to me. The travel in every way is somewhat different to ours. Two story street cars with lady conductors are used. You ought to see the bicycles. Everybody has them. There are very few autos for pleasure over here. The vehicles are mostly trucks and there is certainly a great number of them.

I notice from the papers that you all have had a new registration over there. I guess you signed the cards. I suppose it got a good many of the folks around there. I guess some of them are somewhat scared about it. They need not worry. It is a wonderful trip to come over here and see some of the world. I have certainly seen some sights.

We are furnished all the clothes we need and plenty to eat. The Red Cross gave us a sweater, two pairs of good woolen socks, wristlets and a comfort bag, which is real nice for us and a big help, too. We are furnished everything we need to make life comfortable.

The money in France and England is different from ours somewhat and is hard to learn. I am getting along with the money all right but can't do much talking to the French people. We manage to get along somehow, though.

The people over here live in small villages together, a little larger than Colliers and go out on the farm to work. Everybody lives in rock, brick or concrete houses. You seldom ever see a wooden building.

I haven't seen George Miller but once since we came over, but we don't stay very far apart now.

I often think of the good times that I have had at your home. I am living in hopes of having some more in the future. You can tell the folks at home that you heard from me when you see them.

Best wishes to you and the rest of your family.

Your friend,
Pvt. B. F. Adams.

Hdq. Co. 321st Inf. A. P. O. No. 791.
American Expeditionary Forces.

Henry Harris Writes His Parents From France.

Dear Father and Mother:

Your letter which I have just received gave me much real pleasure. I was very glad to hear from home. Mother, this letter leaves me well and I do hope you all are enjoying good health. We are having a big time. I wish you could be here and see us. We are having a lot of bad weather here in France. I will write again soon. My address is Co. A, 118th Infantry, Somewhere in France. Goodbye to all for this time,

Henry Harris.

H. H. Smith Writes His Mother From Vancouver, Washington.

Vancouver, Wash.

17 Spruce Squad. 2nd Prov. Regt.

My Dear Mama:

I guess you will be surprised to know that I am in the hospital with Spanish influenza, but I must say right now before I go any further, I don't want you to worry about me; for I am in the hands of the Red Cross and we soldiers do not suffer for a thing. I have been in the hospital six days. I was certainly sick when I first got here, but the nurses went right to work on me and I got better right away.

The Red Cross is certainly doing good work here. There are four hundred cases of the "flu" here in this ward and no telling how many in the others. The nurses and doctors are very good to us boys. I was wondering when I reached the hospital what I would do for stationery and stamps but the evening after I came here the Y. M. C. A. man came and supplied us, so you see we don't suffer for a thing, so don't you worry about me for Uncle Sam will take care of his boys. I hope you all will not have the "flu" but it seems that everybody is going to have it before it blows over.

You don't know how glad I am that John is at home yet. I have certainly been worried. If he has to go into service I don't see how you all can do without him.

How is the cotton market? We never hear anything about cotton markets. Everything is so different here from old South Carolina.

My commanding officer says that as soon as the "flu" blows over we Southern boys are going east. I couldn't be pleased any better than to be started that way this afternoon. But I don't expect to see home until this war is over and I don't think that will be before next September, if then.

I am sorry that the schools were closed. I am anxious for Maud and Lavina to be in school. I think they will open again some time during November anyway.

I got three of the Edgefield Advertiser yesterday. I certainly did enjoy reading them. Don't you all worry about me, for I am all right and will be back in camp before long.

I have written Frank seven letters and he says he hasn't heard from me. When you all hear from him send the letters on to me.

I will try and write every day or two and all of you must do likewise.
Your loving son,
H. H. Smith.



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Geo. F. Mims,
Optometrist.
Edgefield, S. C.

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CITATION.

State of South Carolina,
County of Edgefield.

By W. T. Kinnaird, Probate Judge.

Whereas, Mrs. Leora Simmons made suit to me, to grant her Letters of Administration of the estate and effects of Manning E. Simmons.

These Are Therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Manning E. Simmons deceased, that they be and appear before me in the Court of Probate, to be held at Edgefield Court House at my office on November 7th next after publication thereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my Hand, this 21st day of October A. D., 1918.
W. T. KINNAIRD,
Probate Judge E. C.

Oct. 21—2t.

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Edgefield, S. C.

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Abner B. Broadwater.
23-8tpd.

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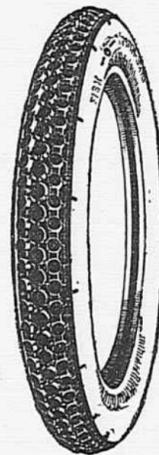
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