

limbs strewn around; frantic mothers terribly injured heard the cries of their little children caught in the burning debris of the houses and were unable to rescue them. Dead bodies of men, women and children, mingled with the remains of horses, cats and dogs.

Men who had left their work and rushed home to try and find their loved ones, desperately tearing at the burning brands to reach the inmates inside; others carrying their friends on planks and doors, placing them on teams to rush them to the hospitals, everyone covered with dirt and filth and unrecognizable. Then again to see women and children rushing along with their clothes blown off but practically unhurt; mothers with blood streaming down their faces, sitting near their old homes nursing dead children, and many other pathetic sights.

CHAPTER FOUR.

About one hour later, the news was flashed around that another explosion was expected as the flames were spreading from a ruined factory to an ammunition yard.

People already dazed were running wildly around not knowing where to turn. "Get into open ground!" was the cry. Teams were commanded, loaded with human freight, horses were lashed and headed for the open country.

"Put your child on this team," said a driver to a man who was trundling along with his wife and