

**The Watchman and Southron.**  
 WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1909.  
 Entered at the Postoffice at Sumter, S. C., as Second Class Matter.

**PERSONAL**

Mr. S. M. Nabero formerly of Florence, S. C., having accepted a position with Mr. D. T. Meade in this city will move his residence here.

Prof. J. N. Harper, and D. N. Barrow, of Clemson College, spent the day in Sumter.

Mrs. S. B. Gandy, of Darlington, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Middleton on Calhoun street.

Mr. Howard Middleton, of Atlanta, Ga., is spending a few days with his brother, Mr. J. A. Middleton on Calhoun street.

Mrs. G. J. Williams and little daughter have gone to Lancaster for a few weeks stay.

Miss Ulicia Dinkins has returned home from a visit of several weeks to her nephew, Mr. T. Waites Dinkens in New York.

Miss Emma Bruner has returned to the city from her month's summer holiday.

Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Mikell are spending a few days with Mr. Mikell's mother, Mrs. R. M. Mikell. Rev. Mikell is now minister of a large church in Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. A. C. Emanuel of New York City who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Altmont Moses left Saturday for Sullivan's Island where she will be the guest of Mrs. Marion Milne.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Stuckey and children went to Sullivan's Island Saturday.

Miss Armida Moses left this morning. Miss Armida Moses left Saturday for a week's stay on Sullivan's Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Loyns went to Charleston Saturday for a few days visit to relatives.

One of the parties going to Sullivan's Island Saturday morning consisted of Mrs. C. W. Dwyer, Miss Jennie Walsh and Miss Lorraine Sessions.

Mrs. H. G. Hill returned from Wrightsville Beach Saturday.

Messrs. Eugene Wilder, J. G. R. Wilder and Frank Patton went to Timmonsville Saturday to assist the Timmonsville Band at a picnic and dance.

Mrs. E. W. Moise, Miss Jessie Moise and Mrs. Agnes Bogan returned Saturday from Sullivan's Island.

Mrs. H. J. Harby and son Hal returned from Sullivan's Island Saturday.

Mrs. R. S. Hood and Miss Gusste Hood left Monday for a few days visit to Sullivan's Island.

Misses Marguerite Dukes and Ruth Boliver, of Orangeburg, and Miss Stodie Desportes, of Ridgeway, are visiting the Misses Randles on Washington street.

Prof. W. S. Schumacher returned Saturday afternoon from New York.

Dr. B. F. McLeod, of Clio, is spending a few days in the city.

Mr. Charles Pinckney, of the A. C. L. R., forced off Monday for a business trip to Monticello, Fla.

Mrs. H. L. Tisdale and Miss Susie McKinney have gone to Hendersonville, N. C., for a few weeks pleasure trip.

Miss Edna Randal left today for a week's business trip to Monticello, Fla.

Miss Edna Randal left Monday for a visit to friends at Flat Rock, N. C.

Mr. Lewis McCullough left Monday for Beaufort, S. C.

Mrs. R. L. Wright left Monday morning for Beaufort, S. C.

Mr. Frank Patton left Monday for Flat Rock, N. C., to spend a week at his home.

Mrs. T. B. Reynolds and children, of Florence, are visiting Mrs. L. Adams on Oakland Ave.

**Thomas-Baldwin.**

Invitations have been issued announcing the marriage of Theo Pearl daughter of Mrs. Sarah P. Thomas, to Mr. Vernon Baldwin, Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 4, 1909, at 3 o'clock, at home in Hartsville, S. C. They will be at home after Aug. 15, at 24 Kendrick street, Sumter.

**DEATH.**

Mrs. Margaret Shillings, of Charleston, S. C., died at the home of her son, Mr. Augusta Saillings, in this city Sunday afternoon about 5 o'clock. The funeral services were conducted Monday afternoon at 5 p. m. at the Lutheran church, by the pastor, Rev. E. H. Kohn, after which the remains were interred in the city cemetery.

Mrs. Shilling was a native of Washington, D. C. She was quite old when her death came, being 72 years and 1 month of age.

**IN HONOR OF JUDGE HUDSON.**

A large number of lawyers and other prominent men of Sumter, assembled at the station Friday evening at 6:30 o'clock, and placed a floral tribute on the bier of the late Judge Hudson, while his remains were awaiting the Bennettsville train.

The following gentlemen from Bennettsville came to this city to meet the funeral party, and accompany the remains of the honored jurist to Bennettsville.

Judge C. P. Townsend, Sheriff J. B. Green, H. H. Newton, Esq., Col. Knox Livingston, S. J. McIntyre, Esq., W. P. Breeden, Esq., F. J. Hollis, Esq., Dr. Kinney, L. Strauss, Esq., and Sen. T. I. Rogers.

The funeral services and interment occurred at Bennettsville Saturday.

**SUMTER WOMAN AT AN ENGLISH CELEBRATION.**

Miss Elizabeth Wilson is Taking Part in the Historic Pageant Going on at Bath, England.

Bath, Eng., July 22.—A dozen charming young American women are taking attractive part in the historical pageant being held here this week. The tableau which is most applauded is that in which the Americans appear.

Each day at the close of the pageant, which reproduces events in the history of this ancient city, "Lady Bath" enters, accompanied by a sword bearer and pages, robed in cloth of gold, and takes position on the steps of a temple.

Then appear the twelve young women from the United States, each representing a city or town named Bath and the State in which it is situated. They are:

From Illinois, Miss Sisson; Kentucky, Miss N. C. Dubois; Michigan, Miss Freda Harte; Missouri, Miss L. Dubois; New Hampshire, Miss Hazel McLane; Ohio, Miss Minta McKintyre; New York, Miss Eva Herniman; North Carolina, Miss Jeward; Pennsylvania, Mrs. Edward Henshaw; South Carolina, Miss Elizabeth Wilson; South Dakota, Miss Nichol; Maine, Miss M. P. Clifford. All are clad in silvery gowns draped classically like the robe of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, and each carries her State's coat of arms. Led by heralds and pages, carrying banners they approach, make filial obeisance to the figure typical of the mother city and join in her train.

The Americans have made themselves extremely popular among the citizens. During their stay they are guests of the residents and find it impossible to accept all the invitations extended to them. Garden parties are held daily in their honor, and they have been the guests at many lunches and dinners. The Marquis of Bath was their host yesterday at his country residence at Longleat, and today Sir John Dickens-Poindexter entertained them. The citizens will give a banquet at the Guildhall in their honor them. The citizens will give a banded a battle of flowers at Sydney Gardens.

Several thousand Americans are attending the pageant.—N. Y. World.

**DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED**

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. 7-4-1m.

**A 1909 Model.**

Tooter—Seen our new baby?  
 Chuffer—No; but have you seen mine? I tell you he's a model child! He—  
 Tooter—How old is he?  
 Chuffer—He's eighteen months old now, and—  
 Tooter—Huh! Well, mine's a 1909 model.—Cleveland Leader.

**CASTORIA**  
 For Infants and Children.  
 The Kind You Have Always Bought  
 Bears the Signature of

To a depraved taste, sweet is bitter.—Spanish.

**NAPLES.**  
 By C. C. Brown.

The following communication of historic interest, from Dr. C. C. Brown, who is now in Europe, will be read with interest in connection with his recent letter to this paper from Switzerland, and which was written just after this one here was printed. The item is indebted to the Baptist Courier for this clipping.

It cannot be denied that Baldeker's Guide Books are highly valuable, full of information, and almost indispensable to the tourist; but he and his collaborators are all Germans, with a strong leaning towards a sort of destructive criticism. Over many places and things of interest, whose historic genuineness cannot be disproved, Baldeker casts a suspicion of doubt, simply because the facts about the place or thing cannot be proven to a demonstration. Stoddard in his lectures and Burton Holmes in his Travelogues are not so sceptical, and day by day I rejoice over the fact that I have read and made copious notes from these books.

Yesterday, after leaving Posilippo, we drove on to Pozzuoli. If the apostle Paul had not gone there, 2000 years ago, it might never have occurred to me to go there yesterday. The town of 15,000 inhabitants is situated on the northern and eastern point of the land at the mouth of the Bay of Naples, and it is eight miles away. Out in the sea, east or a little southeast from Pozzuoli, lie three islands—Ischia, the largest, is a small mountain, rising precipitously from the Mediterranean; next is Procida, and then Miseno. A little southwest of Posilippo lies a small, rocky island known now as Nisida. The son of Lucullus owned a villa here, and here Brutus fled, in B. C. 44, after he had killed Caesar. Here also Cicero visited him, and here he took leave of his wife Portia on his departure for Greece. Shakespeare has outlined this pathetic parting, and I refer my readers to that gentleman for further instruction.

But Pozzuoli—that is the place I am now seeking. Luke says, in describing Paul's journey to Rome. "On the second day, we came to Puteoli, where we found brethren, and were intreated to tarry with them seven days, and so we came to Rome." Concealing of the Bay of Naples as a horse-shoe in shape, Pozzuoli is the northern or upper point. In Paul's day, it was the most important commercial city in Italy, and the principal depot of traffic with Egypt and the East. At present, it is a town of about 15,000 inhabitants. Just beyond the suburbs is the crater of the half-extinct volcano of Solfatara. From numerous fissures in which vapors and gases still ascend. Puteoli juts out into the bay, and there is a small quay on each side, offering protection to ships; so that one who walks along the edge of the bay could not be far from the place of the apostle's landing. Just ahead of him, on an elevation of rock, he saw the great amphitheatre for Roman games. In its ruins today, it is magnificent and inspiring. It is 472 feet long by 384 feet wide, while the arena proper is 236 by 138 feet. It provided seats for 30,000 spectators. We walked through the subterranean passages and chambers, the prisons where captives were held until sent into the arena to fight and die, the dens where wild beasts were kept, which opened into the arena above. A water conduit is still seen, by means of which the whole of the arena could be flooded, when naval combats were to be presented. During the reign of Diocletian, many Christians were here thrown to the wild beasts, and torn limb from limb "to make a Roman holiday." The large cell or jail in which they were kept until called out to meet death in its most horrible form, is marked by a large marble tablet. Many traditions concerning the martyrdom of Christians centre about this place, such as that we find about Januarius, whom the lions refused to tear, and it was found necessary to kill him with clubs.

Not far away from the amphitheatre, Paul must have looked upon the temple of Serapis. This filled a square court of one-third of an acre. The court is still surrounded by the remains of 48 massive granite columns. The portico rested on six Corinthian columns, three of which still remain. All of these columns are worm-eaten, showing that at some time in the past the whole plot of land has been below the sea. One explanation is that the Solfatara volcano erupted about a thousand years ago, and the land sunk below the sea level; another is that the low place of the temple was once filled with sea water and used as a fish tank. At any rate, the worm holes in the columns are there.

The fact that Paul landed at Puteoli is still a blessing to the inhabitants. Thousands of tourists visit the place annually, and each one of them pays a franc at the amphitheatre, or lunches at a restaurant or sleeps in a hotel. If Paul had never landed there the town would have no special historic interest.

Every one who visits Naples feels called upon to ride around the bay

over the road that leads to Sorrento, and now and then we come upon one who tries to describe the thing; but I must be excused, I am sure I could give no adequate idea of the delightful excursion. The road leads by the sea, now on a level with it, now a hundred feet above, beside lovely villas, the homes of the wealthy, through olive groves and orange groves, the trees now laden with golden fruit, and finally brings one to Sorrento, a beautiful town of five or six thousand inhabitants, where we lunched on a terrace a hundred feet above and overlooking the waters of the bay.

But Pompeii—what can one say that has not been said a thousand times? It was destroyed in A. D. 79, Aug. 24th. The excavations, I guess, extend now about 1,000 yards in one direction by 800 in another. The city was a mile and a half by two miles. The remaining portions are being slowly excavated. A little tramway, with small cars and a two foot track, carries away the ashes. There are no indications, as far as I could see, that the city was ever burned by fire. It lies as far from Vesuvius on one side as Naples seems to lie on the other. The cone of Vesuvius, which we ascended, and from which the smoke is still rising, is a sister cone to the one which destroyed the cities. As said above, Pompeii was not destroyed by fire. The lava dust, blown by currents of wind several miles through the air, deluged the city. The impression made upon me is that the houses were thus covered about as high as the first story; the upper portions were not covered, but the city was deserted, and the upper parts of the houses wasted away. I say this because all the houses—or a large number of them—seem to have been preserved up to the second story, and all above that is gone. If I am flying in the face of history and the facts, I beg pardon. I am only writing of the thing as it impressed me. The widest streets are about 25 feet, but 12 feet is the rule. The Pompeiians seemed to live on good terms with each other as neighbors, as the houses are all contiguous, the east wall of one house serving as the west wall of another. I entered the former home of my old friend, Sallust, and from that got my best idea of an ancient Roman dwelling-place. The pictures are cut on the wall—the different rooms—that is, the dining room, bed rooms, servant's rooms and kitchen (with brick oven) are all easily distinguished. The comploum and the imploum—that is, the place for the rain water to come in through the roof and be caught and collected in the yard below—are all in there. The mosaic floor, made of bits of stone or minerals a quarter of an inch square, was wonderful to look at. The floors remained in perfect order as long as they were covered by the lava dust; but exposed to air, they are

beginning to break up. At the corners of a number of streets are water fountains, whose stone curbs are worn by the hands of time who came to them for water. Now and then stepping stones across the streets are found, and the rough paving stones show the ruts in which vehicles once ran. I am inclined, however, to believe that only hand carts were used, as the stepping stones are so high and wide that horses could not well get over them. The stores of the wine merchants abound, each having a marble counter with 10 or 20 gallon terra cotta jars inserted. So too the store of the man who dyed cloths; each has its great caldrons set over and into brick furnaces for boiling the articles to be dyed. But why continue this snispid narrative? Let one conceive of a town of brick and stone houses, with narrow streets the whole broken off at the first story, and he will have a general idea of Pompeii as it now stands, if he will allow to almost each house an open court in the centre surrounded by stone or stucco columns. The part of the house on the street was for business, and the rest for residence. The rooms on the street were rented out. It was customary to rent one part of the house to merchants or others, and to live in the other part. This rule still prevails. I am writing this letter in a house, two stories of which are rented for boarding houses; while another story is occupied by the family of an Italian prince who owns the property.

All the treasures found at Pompeii are stored in the museum at Naples. To see the ruined city gives one but half an idea; to see the collection in the museum gives the other half. Pots, beds, pans, water vessels, statuary, loaves of bread, egg shells, pictures from the walls, and a thousand

articles which tell of their manner of life and customs are carefully stored at the great museum. I hope all the readers of this letter will come to see this museum; then they will see why I do not write more fully and give a better idea of things.

**TRUTH TRIUMPHS.**

**Sumter Citizens Testify for the Public Benefit.**

A truthful statement of a Sumter citizen, given in his own words, should convince the most skeptical about the merits of Doan's Kidney Pills. If you suffer from backache, nervousness, sleeplessness, urinary disorders or any form of kidney ills, the cure is at hand. Read this:

E. W. Vogel, S. Main St., Sumter, S. C., says: "I had severe pains in the small of my back for several years and whenever I attempted to stoop, my suffering was intensified. My back became very weak and on several occasions I was forced to give up my work. My family physician treated me without giving me any relief from the awful pains in my back and I then tried every known remedy on the market but still failed to be benefited. I at last read a testimonial regarding Doan's Kidney Pills and was so much impressed that I procured a box of this remedy at China's drug store. After taking the contents I was restored to good health and for that reason heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. No. 5.

**Miss Hennessey.**  
 There was a young lady in Tenn.,  
 Whose name was Sophronia Henn;  
 Growing old and infirm,  
 She was oft heard to mirmur:  
 "I wisht I had wan av thim Menn!"  
 —St. Paul Dispatch.

**Hot Weather Clothes.**

**Men's Pure Linen Two-piece Suits \$5.00.** Made by Leon Godchaux Co., of New Orleans, who have the reputation of making the best Linen Suits in America. They were bought to sell for \$7.50 and \$8.50 per suit, but we have too many and are closing them out at

**\$5.00 Per Suit.**

**Wash Suits For Small Boys**

We have a nice line of Wash Suits for small boys; Sizes 3 to 6.

Made by the famous "Mother's Friend" people who make nothing but fine goods.

\$2.50 SUITS, NOW . . . . .	\$2.00	\$2.50 SUIT, NOW . . . . .	\$1.50
\$1.50 SUITS, NOW . . . . .	\$1.00	\$1 SUITS, NOW . . . . .	.75c

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 Phone 166. Sumter, S. C.

**Lime, Cement,**

Shingles, Laths, Acme Plaster, Fire Brick, Drain and Sewer Pipe, Building Material of all Kinds, Cow, Hog and Chicken Feed, Hay, Grain, Horses and Mules, Buggies, Wagons and Harness. Wholesale and Retail. : : : : : :

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 BEST LIVERY IN SUMTER. SUMTER, S. C.

beginning to break up. At the corners of a number of streets are water fountains, whose stone curbs are worn by the hands of time who came to them for water. Now and then stepping stones across the streets are found, and the rough paving stones show the ruts in which vehicles once ran. I am inclined, however, to believe that only hand carts were used, as the stepping stones are so high and wide that horses could not well get over them. The stores of the wine merchants abound, each having a marble counter with 10 or 20 gallon terra cotta jars inserted. So too the store of the man who dyed cloths; each has its great caldrons set over and into brick furnaces for boiling the articles to be dyed. But why continue this snispid narrative? Let one conceive of a town of brick and stone houses, with narrow streets the whole broken off at the first story, and he will have a general idea of Pompeii as it now stands, if he will allow to almost each house an open court in the centre surrounded by stone or stucco columns. The part of the house on the street was for business, and the rest for residence. The rooms on the street were rented out. It was customary to rent one part of the house to merchants or others, and to live in the other part. This rule still prevails. I am writing this letter in a house, two stories of which are rented for boarding houses; while another story is occupied by the family of an Italian prince who owns the property.

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