

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1910.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sumter, S. C., as Second Class Matter.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. H. Chandler left Thursday for New York to purchase the spring and summer stock for the D. J. Chandler Clothing Co.

Dr. Walter Cheyne returned Friday morning from Baltimore.

Mrs. B. Frank Kelley, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Durant, of Sumter, has returned home, accompanied by her sister, Miss Marie Durant.—Bishopville Visitor.

Miss Clifford Faircloth, of Dalton, Ala., is visiting Mrs. C. L. Stubbs, 107 Hixson Ave.

Messrs. R. W. McLendon and J. H. Singletary, of Bishopville, were in the city on business Saturday.

Lieut. Gov. T. G. McLeod was in the city Saturday for a few hours.

Mr. Guy L. Foster, of Greenville, is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Merrick, of Chicago, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Strauss.

Mr. Septimus A. Harvin, of Privater, the oldest of the sons of the venerable and highly esteemed Mr. Thomas Harvin and a "worthy son of a worthy sire" was in the city Saturday. For over two hundred years without a break the eldest son of this branch of the Harvin family have borne the name of Septimus.

Mr. Wallace Sanders a prominent planter of Hagood, spent Saturday pleasantly in Sumter.

Mr. John W. Ridgell an influential and progressive planter of Charleston was in the city Friday.

Mr. C. R. Spott, the energetic manager of the Manning Cottonseed Oil Company, was in Sumter Friday.

Dr. Charles Ryttenberg, of New York, is in the city on a visit to his mother.

Father O'Donnell, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., is visiting his brother, Mr. Neill O'Donnell.

Mr. J. E. DuPre, of Piznah, spent Monday in town.

Miss Louise Murray, of Columbia, spent Saturday and Sunday in the city.

Mr. W. L. Saunders, of Stateburg, was in the city Monday.

Mr. M. DeVaux Moore has returned to Sumter after spending a delightful week at Beaufort. He was appointed as a delegate from Carolina Lodge, No. 9, of which he is a member.

Miss Annie Peyree Moore has returned to Stateburg, after spending a few days with her father, Mr. M. DeVaux Moore, No. 124 Broad St.

Death at Hagood.

Hagood, January 30.—Mr. Garner Sanders, one of the oldest citizens in this part of the County died yesterday afternoon after an illness of three weeks with pneumonia. He was born and reared in this community and spent all of his days here except the four years that he gave as a devoted follower of Lee and Jackson in the days that tried men's souls. When quite a young man Mr. Sanders enlisted in Capt. Spans's Company, one of the first to be organized in Sumter county and participated in the hostilities incident to the fall of Fort Sumter. Afterwards he joined the company commanded by the late Captain P. P. Gaffard, which formed a part of the Seventh Battalion in Hagood's Brigade. He saw active service in the Virginia campaigns and participated in many of the numerous battles. His old army comrades all speak of him in the highest terms as a soldier and say, "that he was one of the gamest of the game." He never surrendered until General Lee laid down his sword at Appomatox. After the war Mr. Sanders returned home and led the life of a quiet, law abiding citizen.

About ten years ago he was appointed Post Master at Hagood and held the position up to the time of his death. He was never married but leaves five brothers and a host of relatives. Mr. Sanders was one of the oldest members of Claremont Lodge A. F. M. His remains will be laid to rest at the High Hills Baptist Church today where his family for generations past have been buried.

Scranton, Jan. 29.—L. E. Poston, a son of R. T. Poston, and a well known young planter and merchant of Blossom, Florence County, was stabbed in the neck last night while attending a public box party at the Blossom School building by R. Lewis Bazem, death resulting in a few minutes.

FOR RENT OR SALE—My farm on the White's Mill road 4 1/2 miles from town. Good dwelling, new barn and stables and tenant house on the place. Possession given at once. Neill O'Donnell. 1-17-10.

MAJOR MARION MOISE DEAD.

TOOK HIS OWN LIFE IN FIT OF DESPONDENCY.

A Terrible Tragedy That Shocked and Grieved the Entire Community—Found Dead in His Office at 6 O'clock Sunday Afternoon With Pistol Wound in Head—No Explanation Except Nervous Break-down From Overwork and Worry.

A few minutes before six o'clock Sunday afternoon Maj. Marion Moise was found dead in his office in the Lee & Moise office building on Main street. He was seated on a settee, with body relaxed and head resting slightly to one side, as if overcome by weariness, he had fallen asleep. He had been overcome by the overwhelming weariness of a lifetime of mental and physical labor that probably seemed to him in a fit of despondency too great to be borne and he had fallen asleep to wake no more. In his right hand was grasped a revolver and in his temple was the wound that had cut short his useful life and brought him the relief from the earthly cares that had unsettled his mind and destroyed his wonted serenity.

There is no explanation for his suicide other than despondency, following an attack of grippe and a general break-down from long continued overwork. For several weeks he had been despondent, and his condition, so unusual, for a man of his cheerful disposition, sanguine temperament and poise and strength of character, gave his family no little worry, but it seemed to be a mere passing phase, incident to his illness and the recent worry he had had over the burning of his home and the accidental shooting of his nephew, Alva Solomons, by his youngest son Harold, and they hoped from day to day that he would quickly regain his health and throw off the mental depression that made him so unlike himself, and nothing was further from their thoughts than that he would take his own life. His suicide was a most terrible shock, not only to his family and associates, but to the entire community, for of all men he seemed most happily situated and to have most to live for. He was successful in business and in this community no one was more highly esteemed nor more universally beloved. His business was in perfect order and he was not oppressed with financial cares or reverses and there existed in his case none of the conditions that are ordinarily given as an explanation of suicide. What impelled him to take his own life is an inexplicable mystery and will forever remain without explanation.

Maj. Moise was discovered by Mr. Dozier Lee, who went to the office a few minutes before 6 o'clock to write a letter. When he entered the office he detected the odor of gunpowder and remarked to himself, "Smells like some one has been shooting; a gun in here." He found all the shades drawn and the room was in semi-darkness. He raised the shade of one window and when he turned to leave the office he saw Maj. Moise sitting on the settee just inside the door. He did not recognize him at the first glance, but when he looked closer he saw that he was dead and that he held a pistol in his hand, and on the floor at his feet was an old revolver. Mr. Lee went to the door to summon help but no one was in sight so he decided to go at once to notify his father, Mr. R. D. Lee. At the corner of Main and Warren streets he passed Mr. Davis D. Moise, Maj. Moise's oldest son, who was going down town in his automobile. Not thinking Mr. Moise was going to the office he did not stop him and tell him of his father's death. Mr. Davis Moise went directly to the office and finding his father dead, rushed to the door and called for help and then collapsed in the doorway from the horror and shock of the terrible discovery. Dr. Cheyne was called and arrived within a few minutes. He examined the body and stated that death had been instantaneous and that Maj. Moise had been dead some time, although the body was still warm.

It cannot be determined at what hour the tragedy occurred, but it was probably about 5:30 o'clock, Maj. Moise having gone to the office between 3:30 and 4 o'clock.

As soon as the news of Maj. Moise's death spread over the city a large crowd gathered and on all sides were heard expressions of heartfelt sorrow and the greatest surprise. His death is felt to be a loss to the city, such as we have seldom been called upon to sustain and everyone feels it to be a personal bereavement. Maj. Moise is survived by his wife and five children: Davis D. Moise, E. Warren Moise, Francis Moise, Harold Moise and Mrs. Paul DeLeon, his mother, Mrs. E. W. Moise and four brothers and six sisters.

Coroner Flowers empaneled a jury that night and after viewing the body adjourned the inquest until Monday. At the inquest there were only two witnesses, Mr. Dozier Lee

and Dr. Cheyne, who testified to the facts substantially as stated above. The verdict of the jury was as follows:

"That Maj. Marion Moise came to his death from a gunshot wound inflicted by his own hand."

The funeral was held at the Synagogue at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, the funeral cortege leaving the residence of Mrs. E. W. Moise at 3:30 o'clock.

Sketch of His Life.

The following account of Major Moise's life is taken from "Men of Mark in South Carolina."

"Marion Moise, was born on Sullivan's Island, Charleston County, South Carolina, June 14, 1855. He is the son of Edwin Warren Moise and Esther Lyon, his wife. The father, a prominent lawyer, held the position of Adjutant and Inspector General of South Carolina for the period 1876-1880. He is of Jewish descent. Abraham Moise, a native of Alsace (one of the old German provinces ceded to France in 1648), emigrated to the West Indies and married the daughter of a prominent Jewish family on the island of Saint Eustatius. Upon the memorable insurrection of the slaves in 1781, he fled to Charleston, S. C. His son, Abraham Moise, born in 1799, married Caroline, granddaughter of Meyer Moses, and these were the grandparents of the subject of this sketch.

"Marion Moise grew up a healthy and active youth, with a special taste for hunting and fishing and but little love for study or reading. His early years were passed in the town of Sumter, and the circumstances of his father being prosperous, the son had no tasks or special duties assigned to him as a boy, and he preferred to be amused. His mother, however, was an excellent wife and parent and exercised a signal influence for good in his intellectual and moral life. His special lines of reading were the Bible and Shakespeare, and later, the legal writers, Blackstone and Kent. His preparatory studies were in the schools of Sumter. He subsequently attended the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va., and finally was a student for a few months in 1872 of South Carolina College. Deciding upon the profession of law, he laid the foundation of his career as a clerk in the law office of his father, in Sumter, S. C., and the sterling character and well-earned success of the parent were potent in stimulating the son to exertion, not only toward efficiency in his profession, but in other lines of activity. Commencing the practice of law, he married November 7, 1877, Isabel DeLeon, whose family name has been distinguished in literature and the arts. They have had seven children born to them, of whom five are now living.

"Mr. Moise has filled usefully many positions of trust and honor. He served as State Senator of South Carolina from 1886 to 1890, and also as intendant of the Town of Sumter, for two terms, without remuneration of any kind. He has served as vice president of the Bank of Sumter for the past eighteen years, and was further prominent in financial circles, having been a director of the Sumter Savings Bank, and in many other business institutions. He also served as a member of the board of school trustees for the Sumter graded schools for the past seventeen years. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias, of the Knights and Ladies of Honor, of the Masonic fraternity and the Euphradian Society, and of a number of other organizations. He has been constantly identified with the Democratic party, using his best efforts for the interests and prosperity of his State and country. He is a zealous member of the Jewish Congregation Sinai. His relaxation in mature years continued from boyhood, in hunting and fishing.

"His precepts for success in life for ambitious youth are to adhere to the simple life of our ancestors; to subdue all desire for indulgence beyond one's pecuniary resources, as the trend is toward habits of extravagance; to act uprightly in every relation and responsibility of life without ostentation or pretence; to be a true man in all things and to concentrate all one's energies unflinchingly upon whatever work or duty is undertaken, but, lest one fall by the wayside, some short periods of relaxation should be taken as often as may seem requisite to the maintenance of health. Be ever pure in thought, sincere in utterance, and urbane in manner to all, in whatever sphere, exalted or humble."

Gin House Burned.

The gin house on the farm of Mr. J. J. Britton, Jr., five miles south of this city was burned Friday night. The loss is estimated at \$1,500 to \$2,000, with no insurance. The fire is supposed to have originated from a spark from a nearby house, as a high wind was blowing that night.

Cannon says he will never voluntarily quit under fire. Why qualify the statement that he will never voluntarily quit?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SHOT BY A NEGRO.

Mr. Geo. Booth Seriously Wounded by a Drunk Negro.

Mr. George Booth was shot and seriously wounded by a negro on his farm at Ulmers, Barnwell county, Saturday afternoon. The negro who was a hand on the place, was drunk and creating a disturbance in the lot, and Mr. Booth went to stop the row. When he approached the negro he saw that he had a gun leveled on him and was in the act of shooting. He seized the gun by the barrel and attempted to push it away, but the negro pulled the trigger almost instantly and the lead passed through the fleshy part of the thigh just above the knee, tearing out a large piece of flesh. The wound is a very painful one and quite serious, but at last accounts Mr. Booth was getting along as well as could be expected.

SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC THREATENED.

The Situation at Bossard's Regarded As Quite Serious Owing to Number Who Have Been Exposed to Infection.

In compliance with the request of County Supervisor Pitts, Health Officer Reardon went out to Bossard's, Sumter county, Saturday afternoon to investigate the reported case of smallpox at that place. He reports that he found Mr. Madison Yates suffering with one of the most typical and virulent cases of confluent smallpox he has seen in fifteen years. Mr. Yates was suffering considerably and his body is covered with hundreds of large pustules. The pustules are in the roof of his mouth, eyes, face, soles of his feet, palms of his hands, and in fact all over the body. The patient was very ill, but had not yet finished "breaking out" as they say during the pustular stage. Rigid inquiry as to where Mr. Yates contracted the smallpox brought forth the information that several cases of smallpox are in the Mechanicsville section near Bossard's and that no quarantine had been established and the patients had gone around in the country before they had completely recovered.

Unfortunately Mr. Yates, just before he was sick enough to be confined to his room, and before sending for a physician went around the country a good deal, and so did members of his family. People went to Mr. Yates house, also, before he found out he had smallpox. Mr. Reardon quarantined the Yates residence, placed a board of health yellow quarantine card on the house, notifying every one to keep out under penalty of the law, and signed the card as acting county health officer.

It was impossible to say just what the results of Mr. Yates illness will be as the case had not sufficiently developed to forecast results, but it is a very severe type of smallpox. Mrs. Yates had never been vaccinated, but the health officer vaccinated her. As she has been exposed to the disease for more than ten days he has little hopes of preventing her contracting smallpox, but hopes that the vaccination will "take" and at least mitigate the disease.

Mr. Yates' brother, the only other member of the family, was successfully vaccinated about seven years ago. Therefore his chances of contracting the disease, although constantly exposed for ten days, are remote, but he submitted to vaccination anyhow to be on the safe side in case his old vaccination or immunity has "run out."

There is no disposition to frighten the people, but the health officer says that hundreds of people are coming into Sumter from the infected section every day. He does not know as yet how many more cases of the disease, if any more there be, in that section, and he is not authorized to remain out there long enough from his city duties to make a close investigation. But he thinks that for at least one week there should be a smallpox expert stationed in that community to visit every house and hunt out any cases there may be, vaccinate the people generally, and quarantine and disinfect.

Unless this is done he fears that there is going to be a serious outbreak and that Sumter and Bishopville are in danger of having serious outbreaks of the disease, as both those places are being visited by hundreds from Bossard's and Mechanicsville neighborhood. He desires to impress upon Sumter people the importance of having themselves vaccinated immediately.

The citizens of the rural districts, Bishopville and Sumter can do more than any one else to check the outbreak by hunting up the physicians and the health officer and being vaccinated without further delay. Vaccination of everybody will kill out smallpox quicker than anything else.

But even yet the drop in food prices has not been marked by any dull sickening thud.—Indianapolis News.

THE RIDDLE OF SLEEP

A Mystery That the Mind of Man Is Unable to Penetrate.

THE CAVERN OF MORPHEUS.

It is Pitch Black as Far as Human Understanding Goes, For We Know No More About It Than We Do About its Twin Mystery, Death.

When all is written, how little we know of sleep! It is a closing of the eyes, a disappearance, a wondering return. In uneasy slumber, in dreamless dead rest, in horrid nightmare or in ecstasies of somnolent fancies the eyes are blinded, the body is abandoned, while the inner essence is we know not where. We have no other knowledge of sleep than we have of death. In delirium or coma or trance, no less than in normal sleep and in dissolution, the soul is gone. In these it returns, in that it does not come again, or so we ignorantly think.

Yet when I reflect on my death I forget that I have encountered it many times already and find myself none the worse. I forget that I sleep. The fly has no shorter existence than man's. We bustle about for a few years with ludicrous importance, as bottleflies buzz at the window panes. They, too, may imagine themselves of infinite moment in this universe we share with them. But this is to take no account of the prognostics of sleep. There is something hidden, something secret, some unfathomed mystery whose presence we feel, but cannot verify; some permeative thought insistently moving in our hearts, some phosphorescence that glows we know not whence through our shadowy atoms.

Neither sleep itself nor half its promises nor mysteries have been plumbed. It is the mother of superstitions and of miracles. In dreams we may search the surface powers of the freed soul. Visions in the night are not all hallucinations; voices in the night are not all mocking. There is a prophet dwells within the mind—not of the mind, but deeper throned in obscurity.

The brain cannot know of this holy presence nor of its life in sleep. The brain is mortal and untrustworthy, a phonograph and a camera for audible and palpable existence. Strike it a blow in childhood so that it ceases its labors and awake it by surgery after forty years and it will repeat the infantile action or word it last recorded and will take up its task on the instant, making no account of the intermediate years. They are nonexistent to it. Yet to that hidden memory those diseased years are not blank. It knows, it has recorded, though the brain has slept. And in hypnotic or psychic trance, when that wonderful ruler is released from the prison of the body, it can speak through the atom bent machinery of the flesh and tell of things man himself could not know because of his paralyzed brain. This ruler is not asleep in sleep, nor in delirium is it delirious, and in death is it dead? Through all the ages it has been our sphinx, which we have interrogated in vain. It joins not in our laughter nor our tears. We have fancied it with immobile, brooding features of utmost knowledge and wisdom and sorrow. It has asked us but one question, nor from the day of Oedipus unto today have we answered rightly, so that we die of our ignorance. It is Osiris living in us. It is the unknown God to whom we erect our altars, the fire in the tabernacle, the presence behind the veil. Not in normal wakefulness at least will it answer our queries, but in sleep sometimes it will speak. And it may possibly be that at last, after all these centuries, we are learning how to question it and in hypnotic trance and in the fearful law of suggestion are discovering somewhat of its mystery and how to employ it for our worldly good. Yet to its essential secret we are no closer than our forefathers were.

We may define dreams and nightmare, coma and swoon and trance with what terms we will, search their physical reasons and learn to guide and guard, yet we know no more of them than of electricity. We may begin to suspect that telepathy and clairvoyance and occult forces of the soul are not superstitious fancies, and we may even empirically classify and study and direct them. Yet the soul itself is no nearer our inquisition.

Though we should know of its reality, though our finite minds should fathom the infinite, of what benefit would it be? Would it modify our beliefs or our hopes or our faiths? Would it dictate one action to our passionate lives? There would be no change in human nature and no reforms of the world. We are the children of our fathers, and our children will tread the prehistoric paths. Dreams are our life, whether we wake or sleep. We drowse through existence, awaking and dying and being reborn daily, ever tormented and unamazed, and our thousand slumberous deaths we call restorative sleep—sleep that restores our physical being, building up where we have torn down, recreating what we destroy.

Black—pitch black, indeed—is the cavern of Morpheus. Faith peoples it with varied legions and builds its chaos into myriad forms. Nightly we enter it and drain the Lethæan air and forget, and dally we return with rejoicings, babbling of dreams that were not dreamed, and finally we enter for the last time and drain somewhat more deeply the essence of ecstasy and awake no more and no more return to the autumn dyed skies of the dawn. And yet we shall dream.—Atlantic Monthly.

Generally the man or woman who says "I don't care" is a liar.

A LOAFERS' PARADISE

Life of the Happy-go-lucky West Indian Negroes.

LAZY JOY FOR LITTLE WORK.

Six Months' Labor Enables Them to Loll in Indolence For a Year and a Half—Combing the Islands For Men For the Sugar Plantations.

A happy-go-lucky, stand up and fall down, genial, inconsequential spirit animates the West Indian negroes in their labors and in their begging. From the sweating toilers on the dock at Macoris loading sugar into the steamers, with their warning cry, "Bee-low!" to the men in the hold, to the grinning boys hauling their fishing boats up on the beach at Dominica, they live from day to day and take no thought of the morrow. A West Indian negro with \$50 will live for a year and never do a stroke of work.

And why not? His living costs him only 9 cents a day. He has his little cabin for the occupancy. A mango tree grows in his yard, and he can pick plantains by the road at will. If he is too lazy to bake 5 cents will buy bread for the family for the day, and a few cents more will buy a dozen small fish and one large one. A single garment does for the women, and \$5 will clothe the man for a year, while the pickaninies run as God made them.

The West Indies are the paradise of the happy loafer. Every year the islands are combed from end to end for hands to work the great sugar plantations in Santo Domingo, and at that the negroes must often be practically kidnaped to get them on the boats.

In November of each year the sugar boats, little sloops and schooners that spend the remainder of the year trading among the islands get into the Santo Domingo negro trade. Their captains and supercargoes, when they have them, and the owners go up and down the islands telling the negroes that on a certain day the vessel will sail for Sanio Domingo and take all who want to go to work on the sugar plantations.

Take the little island of St. Martin's for illustration. For a week the island is combed, and on the appointed day a dozen sloops and schooners are crowded into Marigot bay. The night before the negroes have begun to stream into the little town that sleeps through the year, waiting for this one day to bring it to life. Boards are laid across boxes, and rum and whisky are set out to arouse the negroes to the pitch that will carry them out to the vessel-bound for the plantations.

All day the men stream into the town, traveling barefooted along the sandy roads, swept in by the sailors, singing their song of riches to be had for the asking. Ahead of the men walk their women, toting heavy boxes on their heads, while the men are dressed in their best, with a cocky straw hat perched on one ear, swinging a dandy cane and carrying their shoes in their hands. At the outskirts of the town they put on their shoes and swing gayly up to the open air bars on the beach.

The women lug the big boxes down to the beach and wall at being left alone until they, too, become filled with the excitement of the scene and urge their men folks on. The men hang back and laugh and drink and deny that they are going.

"Is you goin', Big Tawm?"

"Naw, Ah ain' goin'. Ah jus' come tub see."

"Tas, yo' is goin', Big Tawm. Git in dat boat."

"Come on heab, boy. Ya, ha!"

And all the time the rowboats, loaded to the gunwales, are plying back and forth between the shore and the sloops. By sundown the beach is swept clean and six little sloops and a schooner make sail and drift out of the harbor on a dying breeze, loaded down with a thousand black men and women, who will wake in the morning with a raging thirst. Then woe be to the captain who has not filled his water casks, for there is sure to be at least one body to be given to the sharks after the fight around the butts!

When the vessels drop anchor off Macoris the plantation foremen come off and look over the cargoes and pay the shipmasters \$2.50 each for passage money for the negroes. Then the blacks are herded ashore and are credited with 30 cents a day for a month for working from sunrise to sunset in the cane fields. By that time the \$2.50 passage money is paid back. Then they receive their 30 cents a day in cash for the next six months until the cutting and grinding season is over, when the sloops show up again and take them to their homes for \$2.50 each, paid in advance.

The foremen collect from the plantation owners 63 cents a day each for pay for the black hands, but with their share of the money the negroes can live for a year and a half before they have to think of doing another day's work. And they do it. Year after year the trade is piled, and the islands are combed for men for the plantations, and year after year the negroes return home to eighteen months of lazy joy.—New York Tribune.

Groundhog. Teacher was telling her class stories in natural history, and she asked if any one could tell her what a groundhog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically.

"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a groundhog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's sausage." Everybody's Magazine.

How harsh it sounds to hear a man criticise your pet hobby!