

remember finding crocuses with her under the snow. Her husband had a livery stable so horses were easy to find. His name was Alec Carlisle. He was good friends of the colored people. They all loved him and on election days he had a way of finding a bottle of gin here and there for a vote.

In the livery stable he had a herdic which he used to take the Negroes down to their campground on Sunday. Of course they paid him.

The herdic came in real handy at one time when the men about town thought a certain colored man needed lynching. There was a mill in town where the owner fired the workman. The next morning there was a horrible massacre at the owner's house at the far end of town. The man and wife were both killed, the daughter injured, and the baby boy had hidden under the blanket.

Alec, with several important men about town, blacked their faces and went in search of the Negro. He was in jail in Rockville. In the dark of early morning, they got him out of jail, - I don't know how but they did, and drove down the road a little bit and tied him to a tree and lynched him.

Ever since then when we drove by, Aunt Willie used to say, "That's where the man was hanged." After the lynching when we would take a ride in the surry, Alec Carlisle always carried a gun and we were scared as we would drive through the colored neighborhood, but nothing more ever came of it.