I will have to tell you about the Wilmington, N.C.

Riot. This happened before we were married. Mr. Manly answered in an editorial a statement a lecturer made, uncomplimentary to the women of his race. It got under his skin so to speak. The Daily Record sent it out to the world. It turned the Southern cities from N.C. to Ala. upside down. They said Alex Manly had defamed white womanhood and the big black burly coon must not live. Five hundred white men went hunting on horseback to linch him. Then came the Riot. They burned the Record office to the ground. In the meantime, a white man who was a friend of your father sent for him and told him they were going to linch him

I have a picture of the Record office in flames.

the difference. That is how your father's life was saved.

I was in London England at the time and I read in the London Chronicle that trouble was brewing and it would only be a matter of time before they would catch the edition, as he had escaped to the swamps and the blood hounds were on his trail. I stood on the stage that night to sing my solo and my voice quivered and stopped. A doctor came backstage and said this child has had a shock. Do you know boys, my voice has never been the same since. You see all I knew about blood hounds was what I had read in Uncle Tom's Cabin. That was something terrible. Mr. Loudin, my manager, was very lovely to me. He would not let me sing for a week and paid me my full salary.

I have a copy of that Record. It is yellow and falling to pieces, as it is fifty-six years old. I should let the "dead past bury its dead" but as I think of the happy days I spent with the boys in that paper, it brings back happy days of long ago. Every man connected with that paper has gone to his rest where there will be no more sorrow or riots. I must tell you this about Gov. Ben Tillman of South Carolina. This Alex told me long after we were married. Mr. Tillman said (while they were looking for Alex to shoot him before the Riot) "Haven't they caught that scroundel yet? If we had had him in S.C., they would be making hash in hell of him before this." Years after, your father was reading his evening paper and he turned to me and said, "Carrie, here is a notice of the death of old Ben Tillman. I wonder who is making hash in hell out of him tonight?" We will leave his weakness and evil sins with The Dear Lord and I hope he is No wonder they called him Pitch Fork Ben! How my poor boy went through all he did and came out cheerful and forgiving is a wonder to me. Until he died, he never spoke resentfully toward that mob. He often said he did not want to be buried in Carolina, so we laid his body to rest in Fair View, Pa. Cemetery and a simple Vermont granite stone marks the spot. The tears will blot this if I don't stop, so I will say good night. Your loving Mother Carrie Sadowar Manly