

**THE TRIAL AT
"OLD POP CASTLE"**

Happening soon after the close of the war to ride along the road past "Old Pop Castle," I observed a large and excited concourse of colored people standing under the famous oak at that place.

Upon approaching and making inquiry I learned that Uncle Cephas, now Squire Bolden, who, along with some others of his race, had recently been appointed magistrate, was about to hold his first court.

Elbowing my way through the dense crowd till I reached and mounted one of the gnarled roots of the oak, I was enabled to overlook the sea of heads and survey the court.

On the safest corner of a very unsteady shuck frame was perched the presiding magistrate, his ebony forehead, which bowed back without limit over his ball pate, covered with an appropriate frown.

The rest of the frame held the six jurymen, who leaned against or sat upon it, according to each one's confidence in its stability.

The prisoner, a vagabondish but harmless looking man, on whose crooked black face fright was imprinted in an ashy cast, was wrapped up in ropes and placed in the middle of the shuck frame for safe keeping.

I had scarcely gained my position and taken in the surroundings when the court opened.

"De court am now adjured en will proceed to bizness," cried Uncle Cephas in a loud voice as he removed his hat and dropped it on the ground.

"Let whomsomever gwil puss-veute dis pussun hyere in de shuck frame now speak up er f'rever hole his peace!" he continued, with solemnity.

A young mulatto, the smartness of whose dress culminated in a highly glazed paper collar, slowly arose from one of the oak roots, cleared his throat in the most approved legal fashion and announced that he had been engaged to conduct the prosecution.

"Well, den, shoot, Luke, er give up de gun," exclaimed the court after the counsel had wasted a good while fumbling through his pockets in a perfunctory manner.

"Mistah Magistrate en gemmen ob de jury," began the prosecutor after this warning, "you am dissembled tergedder hyere dis purty day under dis blue sky en dese green leashes to deform one er de highes' juties er freeemuns en feller citizens."

"De gentermuns better not take quite sich er big chip en chop er lil' closter to de line," put in the court.

"You am dissembled tergedder," continued the counsel, in no way abashed, "hyere to see dat er pussun dat needs jestice wess'n anybody in de suecle er my whole intelligence gits it en gits er plenny ob it, heaped up, sheken down, squashed in en runnin' ober."

"En ef-ef de law didn' inquire dat some confusions must proceed out'n de mouf er de pussy-uter ery' word dat would be necessary would be, 'Hyere's Nickydemus en dat's de lim' er grapevine,'" pointing to a stout grapevine which lay on the frame near the magistrate.

"Ev'body knows he's done broke ery' law dat been made sence dey first started to makin' laws, sides all sights en stacks un um dat neber 'a' been made. He's broke um straight way, en broke um sideways, en broke um crossways, en broke um sloperdieler, en broke um pependicler, uppendicler, downendicler, en roun'endieler twel he's nately w'o um out to er frazzle."

"But es de law do inquire some confusions to proceed fum de mouf er de pussy-uterin' lyer I will proceed. Fustly, who is dat in de shuck frame? Nickydemus Wagstaff! What is he excused ob? Ery'thing in God Erimighty's world 'cep'n one thing, en dat is doin' right. Eben de biggis' liar 'twixt Roanoke en Tar river never excused him er doin' dat."

"Who'll come to yer house en holler till he'll make yer walk two miles from yer work en mebbe wade de crick en den des want to borry 5 cents?"

"Who c'n gin er thousan' reasons why yer mus' len' him er dollar en den turn roun' en gin ten thousan' w'y he ca' pay it?"

"Who c'n make de biggis' promus en de littles' k'formance in de Nimited States?"

"Who c'n outargyfy Daniel Webster hiffself when he wants to git holt er yer things en den outargyfy him ergin when yer tries to brek dat holt?"

"Who is de lazis', lyinist, eatinis', outlandishis', worryin' nigger awn dis side ob de river? Who aggyvates en 'sturbas de neighborhood till dey don't know dar heels from dar head? Ergin I axes yer who owes er'body in twelw miles er dis place er furdur ef he ranges furdur?"

"Who c'n look into yer min' en tell ter minute how layng it takes yer furgit dat las' 25 cents he borry en den step right up en borry erudder one? Nickydemus! Een now who ken be spard' de bes en missed de less? Nickydemus!"

"Gentermuns ob de jury, you's hyead enough to hang er whole cuppen (cowpea) full er niggers. En all I'm got to say is dat pull'n foder time put nigh hyere on dis er mighty good chance to git ridder Nickydemus."

"Gentermuns ob de jury, is yer agreed?" demanded Squire Bolden.

"We am, sah," came in dignified tones from the frame.

"What is de wordick?" solemnly demanded Uncle Cephas.

"De wordick, sah, am it nobber won' do to let slip dis chance er gittin' ridder Nickydemus," was the reply.

"Stan' up, pris'ner," was the superfluous order of the magistrate to the condemned, who had been standing up from the first.

"You's done plenny harm in dis wor' fer one nigger, en 'sides you's had er fa'r trial 'fo' yer feller citizens. Now, it's de judgment er dis court dat yer be hung to de biggis' lim' awn Pop Castle oak viddier grapevine, caze 't'd be bad luck to use er rope after it been 'bout dead folks, en dat de jury is debytized to do de hangin'."

"Hold on!" I shouted, thoroughly aroused by the groans of the prisoner and the screams of his wife and children.

"Do you know that you are about to deprive a human being of life against law and justice? Why, not even a witness has appeared against him! Mind what you do!"

"De gentermuns in sto' cloze," replied the magistrate sternly, "will pease don't bodder de excusionements er dis hyere court. De cha'cter er Nickydemus Wagstaff is knowed fur as de train goes of not er lil' furdur. De whole yearth en ev'ything in it b's witness ergin him. Gentermuns, do yer juty."

While I was struggling desperately to force my way through the throng and reach the spot the ropes were stripped from the prisoner, a slip noose in the grapevine thrown around his neck, and he was dragged away to the designated spot.

One end of the vine, weighted with a small stone, was thrown over a huge limb. The jury seized it as it fell and pulled with might and main.

The doomed man rose, wildly kicking and struggling against the background of blue sky. He was already several feet in the air when a hitch occurred. The jury gave a jerk. With a snap the grapevine broke, piling them in a heap on the ground.

In an instant Nicodemus was making for the woods, descending the hill twenty feet at a bound, with half the grapevine standing out straight behind him and the whole crowd, Uncle Cephas in the van, in headlong pursuit.

Before 100 yards were covered it was clear that Pop Castle would witness no hanging that day, and in half an hour the breathless, baffled crowd was back again, seeking what consolation the cool spring water could afford.

Whether it was an accidental break in the grapevine or whether the shrewd old man while trimming and "soopin'" gave it a nick it was impossible to say, although there was plainly a twinkle in Uncle Cephas' eye when his gaze met mine on his return from the chase.

Quaint Timothy Dexter.
Many years ago there was an eccentric merchant named Timothy Dexter in Salem, Mass., who had a work of his own writing, called "A Pickle For the Knowing Ones," published, which contained no punctuation marks from beginning to end, except in a few pages at the close, which were entirely filled with commas, colons, semicolons and periods, with a notice that each reader of the book might "mix them in to suit himself." Timothy Dexter was the same person who sent a cargo of warming pans to the West India islands. But he lost no money by this, for the people knocked the lids off and used them for dipping out molasses.

Ought to Be Satisfied.
"I never have any doubt about Henry's affection for me," the young bride said to her father on the occasion of the first visit after her marriage, "but I sometimes wish he were a little more demonstrative."

"Does he ever make any objection," asked the old gentleman, "to your keeping this sore eyed pooble in the house all the time?"

"No."
"What other demonstration do you want?"—Chicago Tribune.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Diggs—Simkins gets a good salary, yet he is nearly always broke. Biggs—"What does he do with his money?" Diggs—"Spends the most of it in trying to get something for nothing."
To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c.

A HIGH PRICED CORN.
It Bothered a Banker and Was Removed by a Surgeon.

Nelaton, the well known surgeon, was one day hastily summoned to the house of a wealthy banker and on his arrival was received by the master of the house, who said that he wished him to perform an operation on him. As he seemed to be in perfect health Nelaton was surprised at these words, but the banker speedily convinced him that he was in earnest.

Seating himself in an armchair, he took off one shoe and stocking and then, holding out the foot, said, "There is a corn which is causing me much pain, and as you are the only one in whom I have any confidence I want you to cut it off."

Nelaton's first impulse was to take his hat and leave the room, for he thought it monstrous that a man of his reputation should be asked to perform such an operation. He quickly, however, regained his usual composure, and without a word he placed a napkin over his knee, took hold of the foot and removed the corn. In a few minutes he was back in his office, and his first act was to send the following bill to the banker: "For performing a surgical operation, \$1,200."

It was now the banker's turn to be surprised, and he lost no time in informing the surgeon that he considered his bill exorbitant.

Nelaton, however, replied that he was a surgeon and not a pedicure, and that, furthermore, he desired to teach on this occasion a lesson which might not be remembered if his bill for removing the corn was anything less than \$1,200. The banker protested vigorously, but in vain, and finally he was obliged to pay the bill.

The University at Cairo.
A queer university this at Cairo, with its 10,000 students! Its central square is open to the sun. About it are separate "trivaks," or porches, for each of the twenty-four recognized nations of Islam.

In each trivak youth from all the Moslem world study to chant the Koran, to write beautiful Arabic script and in the end to be doctors, lawyers, kadis and rulers.

Each nation has its own ceremonial way of doing so simple a thing as drinking water. Nor are sect differences a trivial matter. The schism between the Sunni and the Sufi is so bitter that each deems it duty to pollute the holy wells and sacred places of the other, though if detected the penalty is death.

Minor variations in belief and custom are numberless. There are Moslems who wear the fez, the turban, the tarboosh or no head covering at all; those who bid women veil themselves and those who do not; those who reek of garlic and those who hold onions accursed, because, as they claim, Mohammed never ate them. And the plain man needs guidance.—Era.

How the Trouble Began.
He had been reading the paper and occasionally repeating to her some item that seemed particularly interesting. Thus it happened that he finally ran across an item about the invention of a machine for washing horses.

"They'll have a machine for washing babies next," he suggested. "Huh," she exclaimed indignantly, "I'd just like to see my baby washed by a machine!"

"So would I," he returned. He afterward explained to some one at the club that it was an exhibition of the insincerity of woman, for, while he had done absolutely nothing but agree with her, she was so displeased that he found it impossible to read his paper in comfort.

Saving Himself.
An Englishman who was a keen sportsman, but a very bad shot, had the misfortune one year to half cripple a gamekeeper, who, previous to another visit the next season from the sportsman, took every precaution for his own safety. During the morning of the first day the sportsman shot nothing whatever and later on was told that his ammunition was expended. On seeing a bag containing cartridges he asked the keeper who they were for.

"Them's not for you, sir," said the keeper. "Them's for another gentleman. They've got shot in them!"

Babylonian Women.
Professor Hilprecht, the Babylonian explorer, lecturing upon his discoveries at Nippur, told of one which shows that the women of that famous town aid those of the present day are "sisters under their skin." He says: "Beside the coffins in tombs that we found were jars containing jewels, trinkets and belongings of the dead. There were paintings in these jars, too, for the dead women, for these ancients believed that the departed one would need toilet articles to enable her to keep up appearances on her spiritual journey."

Smith—"Poor fellow, he has a hard time getting along, doesn't he?"
Brown—"He did for a while, but since he started downhill he finds it comparatively easy."

Look out for the girl that never seems to notice anything.

Why They Married.

Postal cards have been sent out to married men with the inquiry, "Why did you marry?" a large number of responses came to hand from which the following are selected:

"That's what I have been trying for eleven years to find out.—X."

"Married to get even with her mother, but never have.—W."

"Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her.—C."

"The father thought eight years' courtin' was almost long enough.—B."

"Please don't stir me up.—J."

"Because I did not have the experience I have now.—G."

"That's the same question my friends ask me.—C. H."

"I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. P. S.—She is still opposite.—A."

"Because it is just my luck.—P. J."

"I yearned for company. We now have it all the time.—Carl."

"Have exhausted all the figures in the arithmetic to figure out an answer to your question. Between multiplication and division in the family and distraction in addition, the answer is hard to arrive at.—Old man."

"I married to get the best wife in the world.—Simon."

"Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. She's got me.—Blivins.—Detroit Free Press."

—Men who make a specialty of picking quarrels rarely complain of a short crop.

—Possession may be nine points of the law, but self-possession is a law unto itself.

—When a young man tells a girl he isn't worthy of her love she is foolish to doubt it.

—Fortunately for a man's peace of mind he seldom hears other people's real opinion of himself.

—Wise is the man who can distinguish between his friends and his enemies.

—The less some men have the more they don't seem to want.

—Just about the time mosquitoes quit putting in their bills the legislators begin.

Land for Rent or Lease.
TWO one-horse farms, one-half mile from Savannah River, in Elbert County. Four and five-room houses respectively on the same. Strong land and well watered and timbered. 800 lbs. lint cotton each per annum.

Notice of Annual Meeting.
THE annual meeting of the County Board of Commissioners for Anderson County will be held in the office of the County Superintendent at Anderson, S. C., on Thursday, the 8th day of January, 1903, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Parties owing me either by Note or Account will call in and settle same without sending to see you or writing you again, as I must have same settled at once. I can't do business as you are taking; so avail yourself and come in at once and save expense.

STORK TIME
to women is a term of much anxiety, serious thought and sweet anticipation. Pain and distress, love and joy, come ever changingly.
With the cessation of pain necessary to childbirth there comes calm, nerves, sleep, recuperation.

MOTHER'S FRIEND
diminishes the pain accompanying maternity. With it and mothers can bring healthy babies into the world. Take away the pain of childbirth and you have bliss and ecstasy. Morning sickness, sore breasts and excruciating pains caused by the gradually expanding and stretching organs, are relieved by this remarkable soothing balm.

CURSE OF DRINK CURED BY WHITE RIBBON REMEDY.
No taste. No odor. Can be given in glass of water, tea or coffee without salient knowledge. White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed, incurable dipsomaniac, drunkard or drunkard. Impossible for one using White Ribbon Remedy to become intoxicated by any alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy.

EXACT
The watchword should be "Exact." A Time-piece that loses or gains is not reliable. A moderate amount of money will put you watch in good health.

Judge of Probate's Sale.
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
In the Court Common Pleas.
Janie Clarke and Jennie L. Ruff, Plaintiffs, against E. L. Clarke, R. N. Clarke and others, Defendants.

Notice of Probate's Sale.
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
In the Court Common Pleas.
M. P. Trith, C. C. P., Plaintiffs, against Mary J. Timms and others, Defendants.

Notice of Probate's Sale.
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
In the Court Common Pleas.
M. P. Trith, C. C. P., Plaintiffs, against Mary J. Timms and others, Defendants.

Notice to Creditors.
ALL persons having demands against the Estate of Rachel Swartz, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

KIDNEY DISEASES
are the most fatal of all diseases.
FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles.
PRICE 50c. and \$1.00.

Which? Potash
A lean and potash-hungry soil, wasted seed, wasted labor and idle gains—A MORTGAGE. Or, plenty of Potash in the fertilizer, many bales and a busy gin—A BANK ACCOUNT.
Write for our book. They are money winners. We send them free to farmers.

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.
Peoples' Bank of Anderson, ANDERSON, S. C.
We respectfully solicit a share of your business.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON, IN THE PROBATE COURT.
J. B. Cox, as Executor of the Estate of Elizabeth Cox, deceased, Plaintiff, against Mrs. Nancy A. Sharles, Mrs. S. E. Bagshaw, Mrs. Mary A. Dunlap, Mrs. S. J. Gaines, Mrs. Mallie J. Elgin, Mrs. Emma Tolson and W. F. Cox, Defendants, petitioners for Relief—Petition not served.
To the Defendants above named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the Petition in this action, which is filed in the office of the Court of Probate at Anderson Court House, S. C., and to serve a copy of your answer to said Petition on the subscribers hereof at their office at Anderson Court House, S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of such day of service; and if you fail to answer the Petition within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief therein prayed for.

County Treasurer's Notice.
The County Treasurer's books will be opened for collection of State and County and School Taxes for the fiscal year, 1902 and 1903, on or before October 15, 1902, at the Auditor's office from October 15 to December 31, inclusive, where the following levies will be collected:

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.
S. G. BRUCE, DENTIST.
OVER D. C. Brown & Bro's. Store, on South Main Street. I have 25 years experience in my profession, and will be pleased to work for any man who wants a Permanent Filling done, and I make a specialty of Extracting Teeth without pain and with no after pain.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles.
PRICE 50c. and \$1.00.
SOLD BY EVANS' PHARMACY

Scientific American.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain from this office whether his invention is probably patentable. Communications should be addressed to the Editors, Scientific American, 375 Broadway, New York.

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TRADE MARKS & COPYRIGHTS &c
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