

newest and raggedest brand, and between the aisle and on the seats negro men and women were skylarking and yelling to friends and strangers along the sidewalk. The sawing bleat of the agonized bass fiddle cut through the onspeeding clamor, but the guitars could hardly be heard. A little further along, the old Judge had to skirt the curbing to find a clear way past a press of roystering darkies before a moving picture theatre where a horseshoe of incandescent glowed about a sign reading *Colored People's Night* and a painted canvas banner made enthusiastic mention of the historic accuracies of a film dealing with *The Battle of San Juan Hill*, on exhibition within. The last of the rented livery rigs passed him, the lathered horse barely able to pluck a jog out of his stiff legs. Good natured smiling faces, brown, black, and yellow showed everywhere from under the brims of straw hats and above the neckbands of rumpled frocks of many colors. The Eighth of August still had its last hours to live and it was living them both high and fast.

When Judge Priest, proceeding steadily onward, came to where Clay Street was brooding, a dark narrow little thoroughfare, in the abundant covert of many trees, the tumult and the shouting were well dimmed in the distance behind him. He set his back to it all and turned into the bye-street, an old tired man with lagging legs, and the shadows swallowed him up.