

lone old black man, and between them there was a perfect understanding. That the high honor they had visited upon him meant to their minds one thing and to his mind another thing was understandable too. So they nodded to him.

They came down the steep stairs, the Judge, and the Sergeant abreast in front, the new color bearer two steps behind them, and when they were outside on the street, the Judge fumbled in his pocket a moment, then slipped something shiny into the old negro's harsh, horny palm, and the recipient pulled his old hat off and thanked him, there being dignity in the manner of making the gift and in the manner of receiving it, both.

The Judge and the Sergeant stood watching him as he shuffled away in the darkness, his loose slashed brogans clop-logging up and down on his sockless feet. Probably they would have found it hard to explain why they stood so, but watch him they did until the old negro's gaunt black shadow merged into the black distance. When he was quite gone from sight, they faced about the other way and soberly and silently, side by side, trudged away, two stoutish, warm, weary old men.

At the corner they parted. The Judge continued alone along Jefferson Street. A trolley car under charter for the Eighth whizzed by him, gay with electric lights. On the rear platform a string band played rag time of the