

an audience of numbers. "Some of the bravest soldiers we had never wore a uniform and their skins were of a different color from our kins. I move that our comrade Isaac Copeland here present be admitted to membership in this Camp. If this motion is regular and accordin' to the rules of the organization, I make it. And if it ain't regular—I make it jest the same!"

"I second that motion" said Sergeant Jimmy Bagby instantly and belligerently, as though defying an unseen host to deny the propriety of the step.

"It is moved and seconded," said Judge Priest formally, "that Isaac Copeland be made a member of this Camp. All in favor of that motion will signify by saying Aye!"

His own voice and the Sergeant's answered as one voice with a shrill Aye.

"Contrary, no?" went on the Judge. "The Ayes have it and it is so ordered."

It was now the Sergeant's turn to have an inspiration. Up he came to his feet, sputtering in his eagerness.

"And now, suh, I nominate Veteran Isaac Copeland for the vacant place of color bearer of this Camp—and I move you furthermore that the nominations be closed."

The Judge seconded the motion and again these two voted as one, the old negro sitting and listening, but saying nothing at all. Judge Priest got up from his chair and crossing to a