

packs up my traps and my plunder and leave ole Lyon County and come down yere to dis town, whar I is been ever since.

"But frum dat day fo'th dey calls me a wite folks' nigger, some of 'em does. Well, I reckon I is. De black folks is my people, but de wite fo'" is always been my friends, I know dat good and well. And it stands proven dis very night. De black people is de same ez cast me out, and dat fool Jones nigger he sets in my 'pinted place on de flatform," — a lament came again into his chanting tone, and he took on the measured swing of an exhorter at an experience meeting — "Dey cast me out, but I come to my wite friends and dey mek me welcome."

He broke off to shake his wool-crowned head from side to side. Then in altogether different voice he began an apology:

"Judge, you and Mistah Bagby must please suh, s'cuse me fur ramblin' on lak di' I reckon I done took up nuff of yore t'ime — I spect I better be gittin' on towo'ds my own home."

But he made no move to start, because the old Judge was speaking; and the worn look was gone from the Judge's face, and the stress of some deep emotion made the muscles of his under jaws tighten beneath the dew-laps of loose flesh.

"Some who never struck a blow in battle, nevertheless served our Cause truly and faithfully," he said, as though he were addressing