

said another—"I think he's a damn chump!"

"He's easy there's no doubt about that," remarked a third. "I never had an 'exam' under him yet that I didn't poney." "That's no lie either," said another "I've done the same myself."

"Well, he's a good natured fool any way, but I don't reckon he'd feel very jolly if he saw his horse workin' so hard!" came from another, and all laughed loud at the "good one" they were playing on "Hinky."

"Hustle the nag up there," shouted a fellow near the driver—"We're goin' too slow entirely—I'm in a hurry for that cider."

As the horse dashed off at a quicker gate the fellows livened up again, giving way to another chorus of yells. Again they quieted down to conversational tones, but not for long. Soon again they were up, drowning the rattle of the cart with their cries.

Finally they were drawing near to the cider-press.

"Slow up the poor nag a little there, it's a darn shame to abuse him so," shouted one of the fellows, with a sarcastic laugh as he struck a match to light a cigarette.

"Yes gentlemen! I think that a very good suggestion," suddenly sounded a very dignified voice, and a man stood up in the cart. "Kindly let me have the reins. I will take my turn at driving now!"

The light from the smokers match reveiled the speakers face.

Thunder and Lighting!!!

"Old Hinky" himself, right there in the midst of them.

Struck dumb with amazement, for a moment not a fellow moved. The horse, stopping, turned his head slightly round and whinnied.

"Yes, Ben, I'm here," said the Professor and picked up the reins, which the driver had let fall.

This was enough. Suddenly, with simultaneous realization of the situation the whole crowd of fellows began