

the circumstances. Of this type was the lad just mentioned. With a mischievous wink at his partner, he took a slight step forward and in the most cordial tone exclaimed:

"Good evening, Professor!" The Prof. started and glanced at the speaker as though just realizing where he was. The lad continued: "We were just preparing to have a little feed—won't you—join us?"

The Prof. shot a glance toward the stove, upon which stood a frying-pan, full of large pieces of fried chicken; then, turning a stern front to the lad, looked him through and through. The latter returned the gaze as calmly as though regarding one of his own class-mates.

The Prof.'s face showed some surprise, but the next moment his eyes began to twinkle merrily, the corners of his mouth turned up and he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, yes—thank you—I will—be very glad to, indeed," he exclaimed.

"You'll have a bite, too, I hope?" again spoke up the indomitable youth, addressing the farmer. The latter had been standing silently by, stroking his long beard, his eyes bulging with surprise. He looked at the young spokesman a moment, then exclaimed, the wonder still on his face:

"Wall, ef you ain't the beatenest hunk of a boy I ever seen yit. So them's what's left of my chickens, is they? I'm right partial to chicken myself. Smells powerful good, I'm darned if it don't! Ef the Perfesser's goin' to join yeh—well, specks I'd better set up, too." His face lit up with a broad grin, and as he took a chair offered him, he exclaimed:

"Sam *hill*, but ain't this fun!" and gave way to a loud burst of laughter.

"Bring out the rest of them," cried the Prof., with a knowing glance at the two lads. He was well used to the old tricks of Prepdom.

Immediately there was a scrambling and a half dozen sheepish, grinning youths made their appearance. Here again the Prof. and the farmer laughed loud and unreservedly.

The ice being now thoroughly broken, all gathered about