

the table and with much laughter and jesting set to the feast.

“Well! how yeh feelin’ by this time, Perfesser?” jokingly asked the farmer. “That was a nasty dab I give yeh over the right eye, wasn’t it?” The Prof’s face showed a bruise in the spot mentioned.

“Yes, my good friend, that nearly settled me,” he admitted good-naturedly.

“But, by Joe!” continued the farmer, “my liver’s not straight yit from that root yeh give me long side the stommick! I thot ye’d broke me in two!”

“Found the Professor a pretty good wrestler, didn’t you?” put in one of the fellows.

“You bet!” replied the Farmer, “but I’d ha’ throwed him if we hadn’t drapped in to see yeh jest when we did. The Perfesser he smelled this chicken, yeh know, and was fer comin’ in, so I sais all right, and in we come!” The burst of laughter that followed this sentence contained no louder voice than that of the Prof.

Thus with much talk from the farmer, and questions, small bits of conversation and many a loud laugh from the rest, the feast went on to its close.

As the group rose, preparatory to dispersing, the Prof. spoke, in a voice that compelled attention:

“Now, boys, this has been lots of fun, but we can’t do the same thing every night. I want you all to promise this man that you will never again intrude on him in the way you have to-night.”

All willingly gave the promise, accompanying it with a hearty shake of the farmer’s hand. The face of the worthy rustic beamed with pleasure; and as he reached the door he turned and said:

“Well, good night, boys. Next time yeh come, manage to git round a little earlier in the evenin’. Maria and me ain’t usually in trim fer havin’ callers after the chickens goes to roost.”

With this he passed into the hall and immediately the party broke up.