

boys sat on the right, while Grove and two little girls occupied the left side. Mrs. Stone was very gay as she hurried to and from the kitchen. The eldest daughter wore a pleasant smile, but said nothing unless spoken to. The old boy, Charley, was defiant, and evidently did not believe in students. Reams and Tedder saw this, and had also noticed that the little girls were very shy at first. But the youngster next to Charley did not hesitate to ask embarrassing questions of the students in a very unrestrained and unconventional way. His mother spoke to him often, but he was not very tame. Grove was not at all reticent, and being an easy man to get acquainted with, and a great talker, especially at the table, he and the students and Stone were soon engaged in familiar conversation.

The talk had one queer jolt during the meal. Grove was a man with a pin under his tongue, and he sometimes spoke before he thought of the malice in his words.

Tedder had complimented Mrs. Stone on some baked cabbage which he liked, saying that he thought it was educated cabbage, indeed. Grove saw an opportunity. His merry gray eyes twinkled at the students while he exclaimed:

“But I wish they wouldn’t raise such a smell in the course of their education.”

Stone was ruffled, but did not look up. The students looked at Grove and smiled an acknowledgment. Mrs. Stone gazed over the others toward her daughter and said simply:

“It may not be just the dish to set before company, but I am glad you like it. Mr. Grove, is tomorrow the Sunday for preaching at our church?”

The weather had cleared before dinner. At one o’clock Stone had his team at the door, and Tedder and Reams were ready to depart. They were ready to go, but it was like leaving an old home. The scenes and life of the college seemed to be of another world in which they did not belong any more.

Mrs. Stone asked them to come often, and they felt that they could come again as honest guests with the greatest and truest pleasure.