

immediately saw the woman's perplexity, and realized that they were too numerous. Tedder remained with Reams and the rest left for the college.

Mrs. Stone with tenderness and thoughtfulness did everything she could for Reams. A room was arranged for the newcomers, after which all retired for the rest of the night. The boys were urged to call if they needed anything.

"Isn't this queer luck?" said Reams, after they had gotten into bed. "Good people though, ar'n't they?"

"I don't understand them," said Tedder. "What made them insist on you coming in? And then his wife. Why she did not make a word of inquiry or show a sign of agitation after the gang left."

"Strange to me how we happen to be in this house. The queer part is that we took up the man's offer in almost the same matter-of-fact way that he proposed it."

"Yet our acceptance was really a necessity. Wouldn't we have had a lovely time lugging you clear to town, and what could we have done after we were there? I guess he did the good Samaritan act that time."

They talked a while longer, but excitement became calm, and fatigue became drowsy, and they fell asleep.

"Whoa—Morning, Mrs. Stone."

"Good morning, Mr. Joel; hard shower we had this morning."

"Did rain some."

"I hoped you would come along, but hardly looked for you after such a rain."

"Cracking thunder we had there a couple of times. Pretty early in the season for such showers. You can generally count on me, though, rain or shine. People expect the butcher on a certain day, and that is the only day they want him. Country people are very particular about their meat, and they have a right to be, too. But city people; why last fall when I was at— Joe! Joe! what's the matter with you? Get out! You—seems though a butcher's dog ought to have enough to eat without trying to eat other people's dogs."