

rural club. As the members thawed out he found them all first-rate fellows, and, what was more, they were appreciative listeners. His stories were all evidently new to them, and nothing puts a man into a genial frame of mind so quickly as an attentive, sympathetic audience. Few men could tell a story better than Yates, but he needed the responsive touch of interested hearers. He hated to have to explain the points of his anecdotes, as, indeed, what story-teller does not? A cold and critical man like the professor froze the spring of narration at its source. Besides, Renmark had an objectionable habit of tracing the recital to its origin; it annoyed Yates to tell a modern yarn, and then discover that Aristophanes, or some other prehistoric poacher on the good things men were to say, had forestalled him by a thousand years or so. ~~When a man is quick to see the~~ point of your stories, and laughs heartily at them, you are apt to form a high opinion of his good sense, and to value his companionship.

When the horses were shod, and young Bartlett, who was delighted at the impression Yates had made, was preparing to go, the whole company protested against the New Yorker's departure. This was real flattery.

"What's your hurry, Bartlett?" asked the whittler. "You can't do anything this afternoon, if you do go home. It's a poor time this to mend a bad day's work. If you stay, he'll stay; won't you, Mr. Yates? Macdonald is going to set tires, and he needs us all to look on and see that he does it right; don't you, Mac?"

"Yes; I get a lot of help from you while there's a stick to whittle," replied the smith.

"Then there's the protracted meeting to-night at the schoolhouse," put in another, anxious that all the attractions of the place should be brought forward.