The Master Barks in Church

There lived a master and a peasant hunter. The master constantly called the peasants: "Well, these fools!" The hunter did not contradict the master.

Once the master rode to church, and he met the hunter, who was also going to church. The master rides, and the hunter walks alongside the carriage, and they talk between themselves. The hunter said:

— Master, my bitch has had puppies. Good ones: some bark loudly, and some bark softly. Other hunters are asking me for them.

The master says:

— Leave the good ones for me there, Ivan.

Well, so they entered the church and stood there.

— Master, master, — asks the hunter, — and which puppies should I leave for you — the loud-voiced ones?

The master says:

— The loud one, the loud one!

— And with what kind of loud voice?

— Well, like this: bow-wow!

The priest got angry:

— Take this master out of here!

The master's men took him by the arms and led him out. The hunter came out too and says:

— Well, master, what do you say: are the peasants fools?

— The peasants are fools, but I'm even more of a fool.