

"You know, boys, last week I said you could not have it for that price; but now my mother needs money so much that, well, I suppose I must let it go."

"I told you so," whispered Jim, quite overjoyed.

Louis felt sorry for Dick. He would like to have offered a larger price, only he felt afraid of Jim. The bargain was closed, and away went the boys, joint owners of the coveted possession.

"It is as good as new, and worth double what we gave for it," said Jim. "I say, Louis, let us try it near your house the first thing after school."

"All right," said Louis.

Louis' home-folks were all in the garden after tea, to see and hear about the fine new bicycle. They knew that Louis had been saving his money to get one.

"It was a real bargain, too, Mr. Green," began Jim, who soon told the story of the purchase. Mr. Green looked grave.

"Why, it was all fair, father," said Louis. "Dick need not have sold it, you know."

"All fair as things go in this world," said Mr. Green. "But not just the way I would like my son to do business. Let me tell you a story about the Duke of Wellington."

"One day his steward begged him to buy a farm next to his estate. 'Buy it,' said the Duke, who believed in the wisdom of his steward. When the purchase was made, the steward said: 'The best of it is, that your Grace has got such a cheap bargain.' 'What do you mean by a cheap bargain?' asked the Duke. 'The real worth was £1,100, but you got it for £800, because the owner was in great want of money, and obliged to sell.' 'Go at once, then, and hand him the remaining £300, and never again talk to me about cheap bargains," said the Duke."

"Good for the Duke," said Louis.

"So say I," added Mr. Green.

Louis saw the application at once. "Look here, Jim," he said, "I don't feel comfortable about this; suppose we go back and tell Dick we will pay him full price!"

"Not I," said Jim, decidedly.

"I will," said Louis, boldly. "I shall feel then that my half, at least, is fully paid for."

Louis was as good as his word; not a penny did he spend till he had enough to offer Dick as much again as he paid in the first place.

Unless they change very much, it is not hard to predict which one of the two will grow up to be the true, magnanimous Christian man of business.

DANGER.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-fluttering. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened. Presently an elder-tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything. Bad children those.

The elder said: "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, and she said to herself: "O, that's a beauty! I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her, and called: "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown-and-crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after, I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone, she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy or girl.—*Christian Weekly.*