

off hand," continued Mr. Lloyd, "nor one which we should decide for you, unless you turn it over to us. So we will leave it with you for a while, if you like."

"I don't think that's necessary, father," spoke up Bert. "Frank and I have pretty well made up our minds already—that is, of course, if there is no objection."

"And what is your choice, Frank?" asked Mr. Lloyd.

"I would like to follow my father's business, if he will have me, sir," answered Frank, giving his father a look of inquiry.

Mr. Bowser's face flushed with pleasure. He rose from his chair, and crossing the room to where his son sat, he put his big hand upon his shoulder, and said, in his heartiest tones:

"Aye—that I will, my lad, and all that I have shall be yours when I am gone."

"I hope that won't be for a long time yet, father," said Frank, looking up affectionately into his father's beaming face.

"So do I, my boy, so do I; but when it does happen, God knows what a comfort it will be to me to leave such a son behind me." And the tears slipped down his broad cheeks as he went back to his chair.

There was a moment's silence, for all had been affected by this touching little scene; and then, Mr. Lloyd, turning to Bert, inquired of him:

"And what is your choice, Bert?"