

of joy the two friends threw their arms about each other, and hugged one another like two enthusiastic young bears. Then they ran off as fast as their legs could carry them to tell the good news.

There was not a happier, prouder family in all Acadia that night than the Lloyds. Mr. Bowser and Frank came in to exchange congratulations, and they rejoiced together over the boys' success. Mr. Bowser was as delighted over Frank's passing as Mr. Lloyd was over Bert's scholarship. Like many men of defective education, he had very vague views about college. It was all a mystery to him, and that Frank, whom he was just finding out to be something more than a boy, should so easily penetrate these mysteries, and take a good place among the candidates for admission, was a source of unbounded satisfaction to him.

After the first exuberance of joy had subsided, the conversation sobered down somewhat, and they began to talk about the future.

"Now, young gentlemen,—for I suppose I dare not call you boys any longer," said Mr. Lloyd, smilingly,—"you should soon be making up your minds as to what part in life you intend to take, because, once you have decided, your studies at college should be carried on with that end in view. Don't you think so, Mr. Bowser?"

"I most certainly do, sir," replied Mr. Bowser, promptly.

"Well, of course, it is not a question to be decided