

and the answer usually is :

"Yes, I am angry. You have taken a pig from your god and given it to your friend ; you have given me no *kara* (native drink) ; but go and live."

The family soon find another pig. The priests gets a good feast by it, and so the matter ends, but the poor little boy has cause to remember it all his life.

These things used to happen, but you will be thankful to know they do not often happen now. Missionaries have taught these people about our Saviour ; and some years ago a Christian native became their king. He was a preacher as well as a king ; and, if you had gone to hear him preach some Sabbath morning, and noticed his hands, you would have seen that one finger was gone—cut off when he was a boy in just the same way as this little fellow's in the picture.

So you see heathenism leaves its scar, even after it has been given up for years.

A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

John Brent was trimming the hedge, and the "snip-snap" of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly kept lawn, in the centre of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure, which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars.

The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming his hedge. "A close, stingy old skinfint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say.

No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive ; indeed, he was very particular, even about what are known as the minor appointments of dress.

Instead of being stingy, he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises, and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked for his help.

Just below the hedge was the public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work on one side of the hedge, and they were on the other.

"Hello, Fred ! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you ?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it ?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well now that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred ; "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him I offered you another time as much ; and that will settle it."

"No Charlie," gravely replied the other boy. "that will not settle it—neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Frenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he had stepped to a gap in the hedge in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"That lad has a good face, and is made of the right kind of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. Fred Frenton was again a participant in it.