

and failing to overtake his party, had wandered with the Indians during five years, until his providential rescue, as it were, when he wandered into the camp. He concluded his letter by stating that although he was very anxious, indeed, to see her, he thought he might remain in the Yukon a year or two. If fortune favored him he might accumulate in that length of time enough to keep her not only comfortably but in independence during the rest of her days.

Everet waited days for a reply, but the days grew into weeks and months, and no word. He then began to doubt—possibly his mother had passed beyond the reach of the mail—who would have cared for her during those five long years? Who would have supported her? He knew that it had been all she could do by working long hours to make both ends meet during the younger days of his youth, and now she was far past middle age and on the decline. Dwelling upon such thoughts as these caused him no little unrest, until finally one morning the steamer from Vancouver arrived with the mail. It brought his letter returned with the "Unknown" stamp upon it. He gave up all hope and concluded that his mother—his dear, kind, caressing mother, from whom he had so tenderly taken his leave—was no more.

After a year or more of waiting for Everet to return, his poor, distracted mother, pining in health and void of any means of support, fell into dire need and was taken to the county poor farm to become a public charge. Here she lost her individuality, as is generally the case, and Mrs. Rose became to be known simply as Peggy. Hence, it was that Everet's letter never reached her.

Another five years in the Yukon found the lost son with a comfortable fortune amassed, but in spite of his prosperity he was not happy; retrospectively he recalled the days of his youth, his mother and his home. He experienced that which all men have undergone when far from home,—a longing for kith and kin. His hopes gathered; perhaps his mother still lived. What happiness this flickering thought afforded him. When autumn arrived he decided to go East, he was now in such anxiety that he would never be satisfied until he had assured himself of her lot. He came down to Vancouver on the last boat before the closing of navigation, crossed the continent and arrived in the village of his childhood on Christmas Eve.

During the long years that Mrs. Rose had waited for her son, her Faith was ever paramount; she never once thought that