

THE YOUNG WOODSMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL TO WORK.

"I'M afraid there'll be no more school for you now, Frank darling. Will you mind having to go to work?"

"Mind it! Why, no, mother; not the least bit. I'm quite old enough, ain't I?"

"I suppose you are, dear; though I would like to have you stay at your lessons for one more year anyway. What kind of work would you like best?"

"That's not a hard question to answer, mother. I want to be what father was."

The mother's face grew pale at this reply, and for some few moments she made no response.

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The march of civilization on a great continent