

Kingston, sitting alone in her cottage, and wondering when her boy would make his appearance, was surprised by an unceremonious opening of the front door, a quick step in the hall, and a sudden enfolding by two stout arms, while a voice that she had not heard for months shouted in joyous accents,—

“Here I am, mother darling, safe and sound, right side up with care, and oh, so glad to be at home again!”

Mrs. Kingston returned the fond embrace with interest, and then held Frank off at arm’s-length to see how much he had changed during his six months’ absence. She found him both taller and stouter, and with his face well browned by the exposure to the bright spring sunshine.

“You went away a boy, and you’ve come back almost a man, Frank,” she said, her eyes brimming with tears of joy. “But you’re my own boy the same as ever; aren’t you, darling?”

It was many a day before Frank reached the end of his story of life at the lumber camp, for Mrs. Kingston never wearied of hearing all about it. When she learned of his different escapes from danger, the inclination of her heart was to beseech him to be content with one winter in the woods, and to take up some other occupation. But she wisely said nothing,