

CHAPTER II.

THE CHOICE OF AN OCCUPATION.

THE fact was that Mrs. Kingston felt a strong repugnance to her son's following in his father's footsteps, so far as his occupation was concerned. She dreaded the danger that was inseparable from it, and shrank from the idea of giving up the boy, whose company was now the chief delight of her life, for all the long winter months that would be so dreary without him.

Frank had some inkling of his mother's feelings, but, boy like, thought of them as only the natural nervousness of womankind; and his heart being set upon going to the woods, he was not very open to argument.

"Why don't you want me to go lumbering, mother?" he inquired in a tone that had a touch of petulance in it. "I've got to do something for myself, and I detest shopkeeping. It's not in my line