

A FRONTIERSMAN

CHAPTER I

PUPPYHOOD

THE snow was falling heavily on the ship's deck, but the place where I sat down had become quite damp, while in the muzzle of a po. gun I moulded white lighthouse towers to mount on snow-ball cliffs around my coast. Presently my brother flounced by along the poop, very important, his hand dripping gore from a fine new wound. He was too proud to speak, and I sobbed with jealous rage. That is my first memory.

Our home was an old battleship used for the training of "boys unconvicted of crime," but under suspicion; in my case to be painfully confirmed. As I grew, too good to be quite wholesome, it was with a general air of having stepped into the wrong century by mistake. When I was old enough, and went to school in the Midlands, the big boys, with a healthy instinct of something wrong, did their best to put me out of my misery; and I survived, but with broken nerve, a coward.

Yet that was not so disastrous as the grammar-school tuition, which still prepares the modern boy