

Out of the way as Calumet might seem to city folk, yet the boys of the place managed to have a very good time. There were nearly a hundred of them, ranging in age from seven years to seventeen, attending the school which stood in the centre of a big lot at the western end of the village, and with swimming, boating, lacrosse, and baseball in summer, and skating, snow-shoeing, and tobogganing in winter, they never lacked for fun. Frank was expert in all these sports. Some of the boys might excel him at one or another of them, but not one of his companions could beat him in an all-round contest. This was due in part to the strength and symmetry of his frame, and in part to that spirit of thoroughness which characterized all he undertook. There was nothing half-way about him. He put his whole soul into everything that interested him, and, so far as play was concerned, at fifteen years of age he could swim, run, handle a lacrosse, hit a base-ball, skim over the ice on skates, or over snow on snow-shoes, with a dexterity that gave himself a vast amount of pleasure and his parents a good deal of pride in him.

Nor was he behindhand as regarded the training of his mind. Mr. Warren, the head teacher of the Calumet school, regarded him favourably as one of his best