

But to wait, to wait is horrible, undermining, breaking-down.

The post box, for the old country, was, in the Isle of Arran, very primitive. We might have been in the last ranch of the West so far as the post box went—for it was merely an old mustard box covered with zinc on which the Highland rain played tip-tap between blinks of sun, an old mustard box on top of a stake driven into a bank at the roadside, just where the cart track to the farm debouched from the fine road that runs round the island.

My father walked down with me on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, walked down eager and impatient. He had his own mail to expect, of course, but I know he was eager about that letter for me.

Even on Wednesday it did not come. He had, however, a large mail of his own and among it some newspapers. He slipped his letters into his inside pocket to read afterwards and, with his walking-stick under his left arm, opened a newspaper, held it wide, scanned the pages, frowned under his hanging brows, puffed his moustache, pouted, and bent his head. I thought some speculation had gone agee; but no—he handed me the paper and pointed.

The newspapers had received the list of prize-winners before the letter announcing my place had come to me. Yes—I had won a scholarship. My name looked out on me, in hard print, from among the twenty under the