

Back Hill of Curlywee, and have his letters brought by way of the kirk and the Lamachan herd's lass that lived three miles from the post office.

"Oot wi' ye!" said the mistress briefly, addressing her offspring, and the school scaled with a tumultuous rush, which left a sense of vacancy and silence and empty space about the kitchen.

"And now will you tell me how your children are so well taught?" said John Bradfield. "How far are you from a school?"

"Weel, we're sixteen mile frae Newton Stewart, where there's a schule but no road, an' eleven frae the Clatterin' Shaws, where there's a road but no schule.

"How do you manage then?" The Minister was anxious to have the mystery solved.

"WE KEEP A TUTOR!" said the herd's wife of Curlywee, as calmly as though she had been a duchess.

The clock ticked in its shiny mahogany case, like a hammer on an anvil, so still it was. The cat yawned and erected its back. John Bradfield's astonishment kept him silent.

"Keep a tutor," he muttered; "this beats all I have ever heard about the anxiety of the Scotch peasantry to have their children educated. We have nothing like this even in Yorkshire."