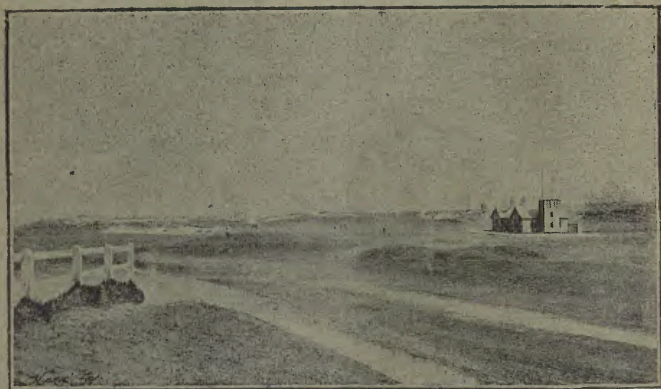


THE
DUTCHMANS
GOLF CLUB
PAPERS.



MONTROSE LINKS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Mr J. H. Calkins

1001 1/2 Kew-Forest Road

Brooklyn

THE
Duffers' Golf Club Papers.

BY A MEMBER.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A DAY ON THE LADIES' LINKS.

MONTROSE:
PRINTED AT THE *STANDARD* OFFICE, 66 HIGH STREET.

1891.



P R E F A C E .

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THESE papers originally appeared in the *Montrose Standard* and met with such general acceptance that the author has been induced to partly re-write and to republish them in a collected form, believing that the great and increasing interest in the classic game of golf will make them acceptable to a much wider circle of readers than they could possibly reach in their original form. The characters are drawn from life, and the incidents described in most of the matches are real and not imaginary.

A very large proportion of the golfing community belongs to the class of players whose sayings and doings are here chronicled, and it is for them this little book will, it is hoped, have the most attraction.

Some time ago many of the conversations detailed would have been in great part unintelligible to English readers, but now-a-days most golfers in England will (if it be the good fortune of the book to penetrate so far as that new home of golf) be able to follow or puzzle out the vernacular, without which the work would not be worth the paper on which it is printed.

If any southern reader should wish to make the acquaintance of Willie Cushat, he has only to spend a day or two on the Montrose Links in the course of his next golfing pilgrimage to Scotland, a sojourn which will well repay the trouble, if only for the sake of the opportunities of enjoying the game on one of the very best greens in Scotland.

MONTROSE, 1st July, 1891.

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Wm. J. H. Calkins



THE LAIRD'S PUTTER.

THE DUFFERS' GOLF CLUB.

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CHAPTER I.

THE FORMATION OF THE CLUB—THE MEMBERS.

THE good old town of Montrose has been a home of golf ever since the game was introduced : when that was, is one of those things lost in the mists of antiquity. There are several golf clubs in the town, the principal and oldest being known as the "Prince Consort," having changed its name from that of the "Montrose Club" which it had enjoyed for over a century, when "the Prince" consented to become its patron about forty years ago.

As is the case in most clubs of any standing, there are members of all degrees of proficiency and the reverse, from the scratch player, who is up to good St Andrews form, to those who are bad as bad can be, and this is saying a good deal, for the worst golfers are worse than players at any other game. At cricket, for instance, or football, an outrageously bad player is not tolerated, because his incompetency spoils the play of others. It is different at golf, for let a man be as bad as he may, he will have no difficulty in finding some one as bad as himself, and as two make a game, he is independent of superior performers. It is not of the latter class of players we have to tell, however, but of some members of a much larger group who comprise the bulk of the golfing community, and whom we may without offence describe as mediocre players.

The "Prince Consort" numbered among its members some gentlemen of this class, who had long felt and deplored their disadvantages in not being able to compete with any reasonable chance of success for the Club medals, or to share in the first-class matches so frequently made and played on their beloved links.

One evening over a glass of punch and a pipe a few of those ardent golfers, albeit not first flight performers, were discussing the well worn but ever fresh subject of their triumphs and disasters, when one of their number suggested the brilliant idea of getting up a club of their own, an *imperium in imperio*.

The beauty of an institution like this, he argued, would be that gentlemen of the calibre indicated would be allowed to occupy a relative position not accorded to them in any existing club. As it is, they are relegated to an obscurity far in excess of their demerits, and merely tolerated in good matches *faute de mieux*. In their own (the new) Club they would be of the first importance, and could get up their own matches, and if desirable, record them in their minute book. They could have a medal too, on which the names of winners would be engraved and handed down to posterity. Many other arguments were adduced in favour of the proposal, and it was finally moved "That a new golf club be instituted, consisting of players whose average round is from ninety to—"

"A hundred and fifty," suggested the would-be wit of the party.

The gentleman from whom the suggestion originally emanated being of rather a touchy disposition, here fired up, and said if there was to be any tomfoolery of that sort he would wash his hands of the whole concern. Being mollified, however, (partly by the browst of a fresh jorum of toddy, and partly by a remark of the peace-maker of the party, anent a certain iron shot made some months ago out of a bunker at the last hole, which landing dead, secured

the hole, and halved the match) it was settled that a hundred and ten should be entered, and so it was agreed that it be from 95 to 110. Not only was this the average limit settled upon, but admission was to be strictly by selection, and the members restricted to eight. Each player was expected to be ready to "go half-a-crown" on every match, single or foursome. The Club was to have no name, and no office-bearers, but a Committee of the whole Club to meet regularly at intervals to be afterwards settled, to manage affairs, and clear up disputes. Matches were to be made at such meetings, and it was settled that any matters of special interest should be minuted if the Club deemed them of sufficient importance, and that a record of the meetings be kept. The gentlemen present all agreed to join the Club and to look out for others among their friends "good men and true" to make up the requisite eight.

Next day eight members were quickly secured, and when the scheme became known a perfect host of applications for admission were made, and great was the chagrin of many when they were told the Club was full. Most of the rejected applicants, however, consoled themselves with the idea that they were above the standard, and would have had too much the best of it in matches to have kept their game up. One of the disappointed ones suggested that the name of the Club be "The Duffers" and though the title was repudiated by all the members, we fear it will stick. At all events in the meantime there is no other name by which the Club can be known, however incorrect the designation may be.

The following are the names of members :—

Thomas Process, Dr Peter Bolus,
 Rev. S. Howler, Rev. J. Dunter,
 David Pleader, Dr Robert Galen,
 George Meadows, better known as the Laird,
 John Audit, better known as the Factor.

The list thus contains two ministers, two doctors, two lawyers, and two gentlemen connected with the landed interest. Their

characteristics need not be described, as they will come out as the proceedings are chronicled. A meeting was called the following night at Luckie Runcie's (a retired and conveniently situated old fashioned house, where the whisky is good and the customers select) and further arrangements made for a match to be played on an early date.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST MEETING.

THE meeting arranged for Friday evening duly came off, though only four members were able to be present, the others having engagements elsewhere. The time was half-past eight, and the place as before mentioned, the well-known, cosy hostelry of Luckie Runcie. We need not specify the exact locality of this establishment, but it is no doubt well known to all who are interested in golfing affairs.

The first to put in an appearance punctually as the half hour struck in the old church tower hard by, was the Laird, who, though he lives a mile or two off, is usually more up to time than many who are on the spot. Finding no one else appeared, he sat down, a little uncertain whether to wait for a bit or to order in the *materials* forthwith. Before proceeding further we may give a brief description of Mr Meadows.

A little on the shady side of forty, tall, stout (fat his detractors call it), good-looking, and of an easy, good-natured disposition, he has taken things very quietly and comfortably since he came of age, and succeeded to the nice little property of Sleepynook, which brings him in something over a thousand a year. He is a bachelor, and altogether a man to be envied in many respects. Having been more or less of a golfer all his life, and having been in the habit of regularly spending a month or two at St Andrews every spring for many years, he is considered a bit of an authority, and really plays the game very well. Being too stout for long driving,

he naturally has a very strong opinion that the short game is of the greatest importance, and that 50 yards or so in a drive is of little consequence compared with a good approach, for which he prefers what he calls a "short spoon," but is really a "baffy."

Just as he had made up his mind to ring for toddy, steps were heard on the stairs and in came the two medicos of the Club. Dr Peter Bolus was almost the same age as the Laird and had begun to play golf after he was thirty, Dr Robert Galen was a few years younger, and, having begun a little earlier, was slightly the better player. Both the gentlemen enjoyed good practices, but had no difficulty as a rule in finding time for an occasional afternoon on the Links.

"What has become of Pleader," said the Laird.

"Oh," replied Bolus, "he has an engagement which he couldn't put off, but he will be here in a few minutes: meantime we had better proceed to business."

"What business?" said Galen.

"Toddy, of course," said the Laird. The toddy was accordingly ordered, and Bolus produced a strong cigar and the Laird a cigarette. Galen being rather easily upset, and not having smoked till recently, preferred waiting a bit. The conversation soon fell upon the all absorbing topic of the new Club, and half an hour soon slipped away; at the end of it Mr Pleader put in an appearance.

"How tiresome some litigants are. For instance,"—

The Laird here interrupted, "Never mind your infernal litigants, let's get on to golf business. I propose that we have a foursome to-morrow week, and Pleader and I will play you two doctors."

"You'll need to give us something," said Galen.

"The devil a stroke," said the Laird, "you are as good as I am, and Bolus is better than Pleader."

"We would need a couple of holes," said Bolus.

"Aye, but you'll no get them, its mair like twa holes the

ither way" replied the Laird, who was notorious for making his matches on the right side for himself, and was given to relapsing into his native Doric when at all excited.

"I'm off my game completely," said Galen, "and Bolus hasn't been down for more than a month."

"What about that" interposed Pleader. "He'll play all the better for it. Even match say I."

"Of course," said the Laird, "it canna be anything but an even match."

"Well," said Bolus, "if you'll lay us two to one in the betting we'll play you even."

"Two to one! Not very likely, but I'll tell you what we'll do. If we beat you even the first round, we'll give you two holes up in the second."

"Very well. Done!" said Bolus, who, notwithstanding all his protestations, fancied his side had a shade the best of it, as did his partner, who whispered, "I think we can just about do them."

"We had better play for lunch as well," said Pleader.

"Including drink?" added Peter.

"Of course," said the Laird, who thought he had a good thing, and already had counted up to himself that the half-crowns would pay the caddies, and of course the lunch being paid by the adversaries, he and Pleader would have their day's sport at the expense of the doctors. How this fell out will be shown later on.

After drinking two rounds of toddy, ten o'clock came and the medicos left, but the Laird and Pleader lingered a little longer at the risk of their hostess being pounced upon by the police for not shutting to the minute. The risk, however, was not so great as she pretended, for there was always a nip for any bobby who made his appearance, and this was usually convincing evidence to his mind that the house was cleared.

"Now, Pleader," said the Laird, "you must play up on

Saturday. If you can only keep those long drives of yours anything like straight, we can easily knock them into a cocked hat."

"Oh, I'll keep straight enough if you play your usual short game, but if I was you I wouldn't play that new putter you bought from Tom Morris the other day. You had better wait till you get a little practice with it before using it in an important match like this."

Now the said putter had been greatly fancied by the Laird when in a recent match at St Andrews he had had the veteran Tom for a partner, and the latter never missed holing if he was on the green—a very different state of things from his usual way, for putting is well known to be Tom's weak point. The Laird naturally thought that if Tom could get everything down with this notable putter, there was no reason why he should not do the same. It was rumoured that he had given a fancy price for it, which is not unlikely, for it generally happens that when a gentleman fancies, and is determined to have, a club of any kind belonging to a professional, the said professional cannot play with anything else, and consequently has to be paid a very large price before he can be induced to part with it. Now the Laird in his secret heart had not only made up his mind to play with the precious putter, but was certain it would be the means of winning the game. However, he merely said

"We'll see. I'll do my best to win anyhow."

After just a nip to finish up with he and Pleader took their departure, and parted to meet next Saturday morning.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST MATCH—FIRST ROUND.

THE morning of the eventful Saturday came round as most mornings do, and there was no disappointment about this one inasmuch as it was bright and quiet, and gave promise of a beautiful day.

The Laird was called about a couple of hours before his usual time, and, on getting up, immediately made for the window, heaving a sigh of relief when he found the weather looking so favourable. After a glance at the weather glass, which stood at "Fair," he dressed in his most sporting costume, and descended to breakfast, to which he did ample justice.

His trusty housekeeper, seeing there was something in the wind, and, being endowed with a full share of feminine curiosity, said,

"Shall you lunch at home to-day, sir?"

"No," he replied, "I am going to Montrose to play golf and shall lunch there," adding mentally, "and at somebody else's expense I hope."

At nine o'clock to the minute, a trim dogcart came round, into which the Laird gaily stepped and was driven to the town, being as usual the first of the party to put in an appearance. He had not long to wait, however, before Bolus and Galen turned up.

"Pleaser, you're late as usual," remarked Galen when at last the lawyer arrived.

"Better late than never" was the only excuse he offered for his tardiness.

When they were walking down to the Clubhouse Bolus said—

"I hope Mrs Cushat will give us something decent for lunch. I hate those everlasting collops." The Laird smiled and said, "I have taken care of that, for I dropped Willie a note yesterday and told him to get a bit of salmon and a mutton chop." "Ah, that will do," said Peter, who had had to visit several of his patients before starting, and had no time for breakfast in consequence. Soon they arrived at the Club-house, where they were greeted by the veteran Willie Cushat, the club steward, greenkeeper, ball and club-maker, local professional, and general factotum to the club

"Gled tae see ye, gentlemen, for there's terrible little doin here the noo." *To the Laird*—"I got your letter, sir, and hae a fine bit fishie for the lunch."

"That's all right" said Dr Bolus.

The Laird said "We'll just have a nip and make a start. Willie, you'll carry my clubs."

Now, both Bolus and Galen thought this a bit of sharp practice on the Laird's part, for Willie was of great assistance to him, he being of rather a choleric disposition, and apt to be put out and lose his temper if any mishap occurred. Willie, who might be said to combine the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, had a knack of keeping things pretty smooth by minimising all the bad shots, and exaggerating the merits of the good ones. In addition to this, his advice as to distance, and the proper club to play, was very useful, especially to players who were not on the green every day, and didn't know the exact position of the holes, which of course, have to be shifted from time to time.

The Doctors said nothing, as the Laird was quite within his right in retaining the services of Cushat.

"The latter said, "Fat's the match?"

"Mr Pleader and I against the Doctors," said the Laird, adding quietly, "I think we should manage them."

"Ye'll need a' yer time, I'm thinkin', but we'll gie them a heat for'd at onyrate."

The nips having gone the way of all nips, the party sallied forth, all eager for the fray, Pleader and the Medicos selecting caddies to suit themselves.

At the first tee (the old clubhouse) Cushat whispered to the Laird,

"Play you aff here, and that'll gie you the drive at the short holes, and lat Mr Pleader tak' the gully."

Bolus for the same reason elected to make the start for his side.

"Well up," said the Laird, as Willie was preparing to tee the ball, "I want the full benefit of the wind" (which was favourable.)

As the Laird was taking up his position, Cushat said to Dr Bolus—

"Div *we* hae onything on the match?"

"What would you like?" said Bolus.

"Twa baas," said Cushat.

"All right," said Bolus.

Galen chimed in, "I'll go you a couple too, Willie."

"Losh be here," said the latter, "that's rayther heavy, but I suppose we'll hae tae du'd."

"On you go," said Bolus to the Laird, "you'd better take the honour when you can get it, you may not get a chance for a while, again."

The Laird said nothing, but addressed the ball very carefully, and putting all his disposable force into the shot, drove a very decent ball in the right direction.

Bolus wasn't quite so successful, for he half topped his shot, which, however, ran a fairish distance.

"I never can play a decent shot off a hanging tee," he said by way of excuse.

Galen played next, and made a long low shot which travelled a good distance.

"That'll let you get home next," said he to Bolus.

"Yes, if I get a decent lie, but I think it's in the middle of a bunch of sourrocks."

Pleader now had his turn, and sent the ball within a good iron shot of the hole, rather to the left, which was the best side for the approach. Bolus found the lie better than he expected, and landed on the edge of the green at the railway side. This gave Galen a down hill putt, which from the keenness of the green, made getting dead a matter of some difficulty. Meanwhile the Laird said to Cushat "What shall I play here, Willie?"

“Take your middle spune, and keep weel up the brae : it's shure to drap doon a bittie.”

The Laird played his ball round to the left, and when it stopped it wasn't much nearer the flag than before. He began to use strong language, when Cushat remarked—

“You've opened the hole at ony rate.”

“Opened the hole !” said Pleader. “It was open enough before. I'll never get dead from there.”

“They'll maybe no get deid ayther,” said Willie, which turned out to be true, for Galen giving his ball what is known as “too much,” got about four yards past the hole. Pleader got a little nearer.

“Like as we lie,” said the Laird. “Let's see my putter.” Out came the wonderful putter, a most powerful looking weapon, with a head about half as big again as an ordinary one, and a face about two inches deep.

Pleader looked at it very suspiciously, but Bolus playing the odd failed to get down, and he breathed more freely. The Laird, after looking at his putt, from both ends, adjusted the putter, and, playing very carefully, sent the ball quite straight, but rather hard. However, it caught the metal lining of the hole fair, and plumped down to the bottom.

“That's a putter for you,” he said, “there's naething wrang wi' it I can tell you.”

“A confounded gobble,” muttered Bolus. “If it hadn't caught the lip dead in the middle it would have been out of holing altogether.”

While Pleader and Galen walked off to tee their balls, the Laird remarked to Cushat—“The new house is a great improvement, Willie. I suppose you feel quite grand now that you are down there.”

“I'm no takin' mysel' up aboot it, I ashure you ; I was weel eneuch content wi' the auld ane. It did brawly wi' me and wi' ither fowk too. If it hadna' been for a curn o' thae new comers

'at werna' pleased wi' fat saired aulder and better players, we wid niver a' hard a wird about it."

The new Clubhouse seemed a sore point with Willie, so the Laird said—

"It's a wiselike place, and mair like the Club than the auld ane."

"Maybe," said Cushat, "I dinna' ken fat they'll be wantin' next."

Bolus said "You'll need to get a livery to wait at table in, Willie, and a cook to help Mrs Cushat."

"Deil tak' them and their cooks and liveries," said Willie, and the other, seeing it was a tender topic, changed the subject.

As regards the game, matters were squared at the second hole, for Pleader put the Laird into the bunker with his third, and the ball lying beside a big stone which altogether precluded the use of a wooden club, the Laird failed to make any appreciable change in its position with his niblick. Pleader didn't get it out next time, and, as the others were beside the hole in four, their opponents picked their ball up and gave up the hole.

It would be wearisome to chronicle all the details of the game up to the gully, suffice it is to say that the Laird did not appreciate the play in the Bent holes, and thought them inferior to the Old South Course which was in vogue when he began to play golf. At the ninth hole the doctors were one up, and Pleader played off, drawing his ball into the ditch close to the stone slab which forms a bridge.

"Now's your chance, Galen," said Bolus; "an easy shottie over and we'll be two up to a certainty.

Galen, who had been doing very well all through, thought he would make what he called "a regular whistler," and hit a mighty swipe which caught the ball with the heel of his club and sent it sailing to the right, bang into the heart of the very worst part of that dreaded hazard the Gully.

"I believe you're in the German ocean," said Bolus.

"I've seen a good enough lying ball where we are," said Galen.

"You'll no see'd this time I doot," whispered Cushat to the Laird.

"What made me pull my ball into the ditch Willie?" said the latter.

"Juist a bad stand, and the wind helpit it roond, but it disna maitter, they'll need sax or sevin to win out yonder," said Cushat, and he was right, for after several clouds of sand had been sent up, apparently without effect, the Medicos emerged from the recesses of the bunker looking very hot and not very amiable, with the ball in the caddy's pocket.

"All square again," said the Laird, "Come on!"

"Tee it well up again, Willie, and we'll walk awa fae them noo."

"Play your best then," said Cushat, "for if you dinna geng into the field twa up, you're awa"—

"Awa, How?"

"The girss is rank wi' the wat wither, and the lies is baad. They baith play cleeks and irens, and Mr Pleader and you'll hae nae chance wi' your widden clubs alangside o' them."

In playing to the Girdle the Laird had a goodish drive, and Bolus went plump into the ditch. Lifting the ball, Galen played two more, but had a good one up to the edge of the hummocks in good line for the hole. "You'll get on the green with the loftier, and we'll maybe halve yet," said he. Pleader playing one off two was rather uncomfortably situated, for he couldn't get up with a short club, and a long one was risky. However he chanced it, and went into the long grass in the hollow in front of the Girdle.

"Play two more again," said he to Bolus, who did, and got well up. The Laird remarked—

"If I could only get my putter till'd I would lay her deid."

As it was he took his iron and did it with that.

"That's your auld style, Laird," said Cushat.

The Laird looked very pleased, and said "You couldna' do muckle better yersel', Willie."

"Better! Lord, I couldna' du'd ava, and I questin if Willie Park could play a shot like that himsel'."

Bolus and Galen chuckled in their sleeves at this gross flattery, but the Laird did'nt seem to see it in that light.

"One up," he cried. "Come along, it's nearly lunch time."

The next hole was halved, and the Powder House hole went to the Laird and Pleader.

Said Willie—"Noo tak' it richt cannie and see and get the Gaties, or halv'd at onyrate, and ye'll be just aboot richt."

Alas! Pleader with his tee shot heeled his ball into the garden at the back of the cottage.

"Our hole," said Galen, jumping for joy.

"Play your shot," said Pleader.

"No, no, said Bolus," you have played, gone into the garden, and lost the hole, so we don't require to play at all."

"Is that right, Cushat?" said Pleader.

"Sattle't yersels, gentlemen," said the cautious Willie.

Said Bolus "You old humbug. You know perfectly well it's a lost hole, why don't you say so at once."

"I'm no' the referee," said Cushat, but after a *sotto voce* remark to the Laird, the latter said—

"Well we'll gi'e you'd."

"There's nae giein' about it," said Bolus. One down, and four to play. Let's go on."

"We wud hae needit anither ane to be right," said Cushat to Pleader, who however, was plucky, and said—"No fears."

The long fifteenth hole went to the doctors with great ease—both their opponents selaffing and baffing and making nothing of the heavy lies.

"All square again."

"If you could halve the next," said Cushat, "we nicht du,

but I think it's waur than the laist," and so it proved, for the same difficulties beset the Laird and Pleader, and the others banging through the field with their cleeks easily took the hole.

"One up and two to play," said Bolus. "I begin to see my way to a free lunch."

The Laird looked rather down in the mouth, so Cushat, by way of encouragement, said—

"Ye've twa chances yet at onyrate, and there's naething to hinder ye to tak baith the next holes."

He wasn't very far wrong, for if the Laird, in his over anxiety to secure the next hole, hadn't been too careful and studied a putt till he was quite bewildered, and consequently missed it, he would have won, and so squared matters.

Pleader said nothing, but made up his mind to have it out about the grand putter, to which he attributed the miss, as soon as the next and last hole had been played.

The Medicos were now dormy one, and in the end won the match with a half at the last hole. The Laird stalked off looking like thunder, and made no remarks, but both he and Pleader were somewhat mollified by the sight of a nice grilse and new potatoes, brought in by Mrs Cushat just as they entered the Club. There were some long soda water tumblers on the spotless tablecloth, as well as everything necessary for refreshing the inner man.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LUNCH.

"I'll have a whisky and soda, Willie," said the Laird.

"So will I," said Pleader.

"Ginger wine and soda, with just the least touch of spirits for me," added Galen.

"I think I'll have a bottle of porter," said Bolus, "and see if it will help me to get the balls along."

"You've muckle need," said the Laird, "for I never saw you driving so badly; if it hadn't been for that—what do you call

it? lofter!—of yours that often got you dead when you had no business to be, we should have won easily. I think I'll get one myself."

"Don't do anything of the sort," said Pleader, "it's a fraud, as Bolus will soon find out." The latter made no allusion to the weapon under discussion, but Galen remarked—

"I've got a far superior implement, a sort of cleek, iron, and putter combined, that I made myself, I'm going to take it out this afternoon, and I'll show you how to play a lot of shots in a new way."

The Laird and Pleader looked quite delighted to hear this, but Bolus's face became very serious in a moment.

"Look here," said he, "None of your confounded experiments in a foursome like this. Keep them for a single, when no one else's interests are involved."

"I never objected to your lofter, said Galen, and it was just as much an experiment as my thing."

"You may well call it a thing, but I have played my lofter for months; I would never have dreamt of bringing it out in a big match for the first time." Galen said no more, but applied himself to the salmon. "Ring the bell," said he, after a bit.

"Have you got any cucumber," he asked of Cushat who answered the summons.

"Ony fat, sir?"

"Cucumber."

"I niver hard o't," said Cushat.

"Nonsense," replied Galen, "You must have had it here often with salmon."

"Oh, you're makkin' a fule o's noo,"

"The devil a bit, you surely know what cucumber is."

"You're trying to draw my leg, shurely."

"Of course he is," said the Laird, "he just invented the name to bother you, Willie."

"I kent it brawly a' the time," said Willie as he left the room.

After the salmon was discussed the chops were produced. On seeing them Bolus said—

"I can't understand why they cook everything to rags here; I know I shall have frightful indigestion, and shall not be able to play a shot after a dose of leather like that."

"Hoots," said the Laird, "you'll be a' the better o' a chop to steady you."

"I'll be hanged if I have anything to do with them. Give me some bread and cheese."

The others struggled with the chops, and then, after finishing, lit their cigars, with the exception of Galen, who went to his box, took something out, and stealthily slipped out of the room.

Bolus, who had been keeping an eye on his movements, said—

"He's off to practice with that beastly club of his. I know we shall lose the match if he insists on using it."

"I never saw such a fellow for fancy clubs," said Pleader. "He must have hundreds of one sort or other, but he manages to play them wonderfully well sometimes. If he would only stick to one set he would play half a stroke better."

"That's the worst of him," said Bolus, "he changes his style too, every time he sees a good player."

The Laird here rang the bell. "Give me a whisky and soda," he said to Willie, who promptly answered.

"Hale or haaf, sir?"

"Hale to be sure" was the reply.

After serving the refreshment indicated, Cushat returned with a club in his hand, which he passed to the Laird, saying—

"What div ye think o' that ane?"

"What's this?"

"It's a richt auld hanle as straucht as a rash, and juist your fit."

"Where did you get it," enquired the Laird.

"I got it fae Jamie Anderson fan I was through payin' my accounts laist week."

"What do you want for it," said the Laird.

"Oh, if it shutes you, tak it, and we'll saddle about the price aifter."

"Well put it in my box."

"A'richt sir, I'll du that."

"Have you anything that would suit me, Willie?" said Dr Bolus.

"If you would wait twa or three days I'm gettin' a curn richt anes through fae St Andrews and I'll gie ye the pick."

"Let's be starting," said the Laird, "we'll need all our time. Its a comfort to think that when the new house is opened we can get down in five minutes instead of twenty."

CHAPTER V.

THE SECOND ROUND.

On going out for the second round the party found Galen trying to flick his ball into the sand box with his combination club, and apparently in a state of great delight with it.

Bolus played off first, having "the honour" after winning the first match. He made a long drive, and the Laird said

"A porter shot, by jove!"

"Porter or no porter, I don't think you can reach it," replied Peter.

The Laird topped his ball, sending it only about a dozen yards.

Pleaser said "That's the effect of your extra whisky and soda."

"Not at all," replied the Laird, "If I had had another I could have done a great deal better."

"A shot's naething here nor there at the first hole or twa," said Cushat. "Tak' time an' ye'll come a' richt."

The Laird missed again when it came to his turn to play, and said to Cushat

"What in the world am I doing, Willie?"

"Yer takin' yer club ow'r even up, sir; pet it weel oot ahint ye."

It was too late however, for all chance of even a half was gone as far as the first hole was concerned. The second was halved, so Cushat said "Double or quits, gentlemen, I suppose?"

"Better make it half a dozen balls, Willie," said Galen

"T'Almidgens I wad be rooind!"

"Ruined!" said Bolus, "I believe you are one of the richest men in Montrose."

"Speir at Mr McCash, the banker than, and he'll tell ye a different story. Na, na, double or quits wi' ye baith, gin ye like, but nae mair."

"All right, double or quits be it."

Turning to the Laird, Cushat said, "For ony sake play up, for I've lost I dinna ken fou mony baas this while."

"Not you," said Pleader, "you are too old a bird."

"As shure's death I hev. They a' tak advantage o' me."

"You shouldn't let them," said the Laird.

"Fat can ye do?" said Cushat, "the t'ane says, 'We'll hae a ba, Willie,' and the tither says, 'I'll gae ye twa baas Cushat,' and if I dinna tak them up, they say 'at I mak ae-sidet matches; so a body hes to try and mak the best o'd."

The Laird and Pleader played the next three holes uncommonly well for them, and at the fifth stood three up.

"I'll geng ye sax baas the piece noo," said the wily Cushat.

Bolus, who was a little put out by being so far back, answered rather sharply,

"You wouldn't take them when you could get them, so I'll see you far enough first." The saw, "Its a queer game gouff," was soon illustrated, for Galen and Bolus took the next four holes, and so were one up at the Gully.

Playing off, the former skied his ball and it fell short, right against a newly dug face of the bank, lying almost unplayable.

"What an abominable place," said he. "Who has been cutting up the bunker like this? It was bad enough before, but this is something infernal."

"Oh, that's ane o' Mister Haupman's improvements. He thoct the Gully was growin' ower easy."

"Confound Mr Haupman. If he were in here, he would ken whether its ower easy or no."

"He says naebody has ony business ta be i' the Gully ava, and them 'at gengs in should juist suffer for'd," said Willie.

"Does he never get in himself?"

"Oh mony a time."

"Come here with that wonderful club of yours Galen," said Bolus, after playing and failing to alter the position of the ball more than a foot or so. Galen did; and used the despised weapon, making a very fine shot which, unfortunately, however, fell into the "Coffin." Bolus again failed to get out, Galen played another indifferent one, and in the end it took them eight to get down. The other party played very badly, and only got down in seven. Under the impression that his side had only played seven also Galen claimed a half, which led to a dispute between Bolus and Cushat, the latter emerging triumphant on giving a detail of the shots, which he did as follows—

"Ye were intae the Gully in ane, ye didna win oot in twa, ye were i' the Coffin in three, and didna win oot in fower; ye were oot in five, and short in sax; missed the putt, and doon in aucht. We're doon in seven, there's nae dispoot about that."

"Very well, come along. All square and eight to play."

The doctors got the next two holes, and Bolus said to Cushat—

"Cushat I'll take your six balls now if you like."

"Na, na, doctor. Ye wad like a' the ream on yer ain pig." At this sapient quotation they all laughed heartily. At the "Gates" (the fourteenth hole) the match was square again.

The laird, while his ball was being teed for the long fifteenth hole, said—

"It's very poor golf to play all these last holes the way you did last time, and sneak through the green playing nothing but iron clubs."

"Shabby I call it," said Pleader.

"You can play what you like," said Bolus, "And so can we."

"Oh, of course you have a right to do it, but all the same it's a poor business."

The tee shots played, Galen and Bolus went off to their ball, which was well to the right, the others making for the left. When out of hearing the latter said,

"Let's play wooden clubs when we can, so as to give them nothing to say. We are pretty sure to beat them as it is, and they'll only make a song about it to the others, so we had better give them a chance."

"All right," said Galen, "I don't mind. Give me my brassy."

The result of the concession was most disastrous to the Medicos, for though they lost this hole by bad luck, the next was completely thrown away, bad lies, feeble drives, and brassy shots throwing them hopelessly out.

"Dormy," shouted the Laird in a state of great glee.

Galen said "We have given you the match because you made such a fuss about playing cleeks, and finking wooden clubs, but I'll take precious good care not to be made such a fool again."

"Oh, doctor," chimed in Cushat, "I didna think ye was sae saft as ta be taen in wi' the like o' that."

"Well, it'll not happen again," was the reply. "We may halve the match yet."

The Laird was chuckling when he played off, and as any want of attention is sure to be fatal, he made a most egregious miss.

"What's the meaning of that, Willie," asked he.

"Ye loot yer fit awa fae ye; that's the wye ye missed, sir."

Playing three, the Laird went far past the hole, and again appealed to Willie.

“What the deuce made me go so far.”

“Ye got a rinnen faa, and that took ye bye the green.”

The hole was ultimately lost, as was the next and last, and the match was halved.

Some slight recrimination here took place between Pleader and the Laird about the last two holes. The former said,

“The worst of you is that you can’t play up when it comes to a tight job, there’s no excuse for missing all those easy shots when we had nothing to do but play steadily and win. Just think, dorny two, and a halved match.”

“When you’ve played as long as I have, you’ll have seen many turns like that, but you’ll admit that if I hadn’t played an extra game all through up to the last two holes we should have been hopelessly out of it all the time.”

“I don’t know, I played fairly well myself.”

“Come, I like that, you didn’t play half a dozen really decent shots all day.”

Here Cushat interposed and threw oil on the troubled waters by saying,

“I ashure ye, gentlemen, ye baith played uncommonly weel. If we hadna haen a’ the mortal bad luck, and them gettin’ a’ the guid, we wad a haen a gey curn holes tae the guid i’ baith the matches.”

“What’s that you are saying?” said Bolus, who came near at this point.

“I was just saying, sir, that you and Dr Galen played a splendid game a’ day, and hardly ever made a mistak’, and yer puttin’ was something extraordinar’.” This speech was accompanied by a delicate wink to the others.

Both parties were thus mollified, and by the time they had had a slight refresher after their exertions, they were on the best of terms again. On settling up the score the Laird and Pleader found that instead of clearing expenses they had quite a tidy little sum to pay. The others had their sport for very little,

as the half-crowns they won in the first match more than paid their caddie's fees, so they were something in pocket. On the way home they agreed to turn up without fail at Luckie Runcie's in the evening to meet the other members of the Club, talk over their day's play, and arrange something for a future occasion.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EVENING AFTER.

In the evening, all the members turned up at Luckie Runcie's pretty early, with the exception of Galen and Bolus who had some business to attend to. The Laird and Peadar had dined comfortably at the lodgings of the latter who though he was a lawyer of some age and standing, preferred the freedom of "rooms" to the responsibility of housekeeping, and, as he was a bachelor of somewhat easy habits, he was likely more comfortable one way than the other, though lodgings have their drawbacks, as we shall see by and bye.

"How did you get on?" was the question of Aduit.

"Had you a good game?"

"We had a good enough game," replied the Laird, "but frightful luck. I think we were in every bunker and bad lie on the green, whereas Bolus and Galen seemed to have teed balls every shot. I think we are really about a third better than they are, but they beat us the first match, and we halved the second."

"How is Willie Cushat, and is he reconciled to the new Club house yet?" asked Dunter.

"Oh, he is all right," said the Laird as wide awake as ever, "the leary old chap has to please everybody and look after himself at the same time, and I must say that so far, he has succeeded in doing the former at all events, but I question if he will have such a good job of it under the new *régime*."

"A real decent body is Willie," said Howler, "I hope they won't curtail his privileges at all, for he is a thoroughly honest old stock, with all his oddities."

“Is he a native of Montrose?”

“Not he,” said Pleader, “he professes to come from some place in Fife, but he is a north countryman; Aberdeenshire I should say.”

“Just Aberdonian style, gey pawky, and able to keep a devilish sharp eye on the main chance.” A long talk followed about the details of the matches, the play and misfortunes of the various parties, so, with the aid of sundry glasses of grog and whisky and soda, the evening slipped past. It was getting on for ten when Galen and Bolus put in an appearance.

“You are very late,” said Dunter. “It’s Saturday night, and you know how Howler and I have to look over our sermons, and besides, it doesn’t quite do for us to be enjoying ourselves so near Sunday. I am afraid that if you don’t change the night of meeting, we shall have to become honorary members.”

“We might be playing members and just come to the meetings occasionally,” said Howler.

Said Process—“Well, I don’t see that you would be much use in that case, for neither of you can play a decent game, though we must all admit your great convivial abilities, and as this club is as much a social as a playing one, we can’t well dispense with you. Why shouldn’t we have our meetings on Friday nights instead of Saturdays.”

“Friday is a very bad night,” said the Laird, “for many reasons, and specially bad for Audit and me.”

“Why?”

“Well, for one thing, we always golf on Saturdays, and one can never play so well next day after ‘a night of it,’ and if I am late in getting home it is not such an easy matter to be ‘up in the morning early,’ to get in in time. It is different with you fellows who live in the town.”

“It is far better, certainly, to have our ‘social’ after playing, there is so much to discuss, and half the pleasure of a game is talking it over afterwards,” said Process.

“What do you say Dunter?” asked the Laird.

“I agree with Howler. Saturday is a most awkward night for me. I have to keep my head clear for Sunday, and I have had some difficulty in doing that lately. I am better since I came back from Machrehanish certainly, but I have a headache, to a moral, if I sit among you fellows smoking for any length of time. I think you must look upon me as an occasional member.

“Oh, you’ve been at Machrehanish, have you? I wish I could go. I am told it is a splendid golfing place, and the company and the eating and drinking first rate,” said Audit. “I think I must try to go with you next year.”

“I don’t do much in the drinking way myself,” replied Dunter, “but I believe the whisky is good—Campbeltown, of course.”

“Nasty muck,” said Pleader. “I wonder people don’t drink decent whisky, but prefer to poison themselves with filth like Campbeltown and North Port.”

“North Port,” said Audit, who was generally understood to have some interest in the distillery of that name. “North Port is second to none if it is a fair age, and for my part I like it as well as your Glendronach and Mortlach.”

“Oh come” said Pleader, “you admitted that my Glendronach is the finest stuff you ever tasted, but I don’t believe you know one whisky from another. Now I could tell almost any whisky I am in the way of tasting, with my eyes shut. I’ve tried a good many, and give me Glendronach.”

At this juncture Mrs Runcie’s head appeared at the door—

“Five minutes to ten, gentlemen. If you want any more refreshment, will you please call it before the bar shuts.”

“No more for me,” said Dunter.

“Nor for me,” added Howler, “You had really better take Dunter and me off the official list of members, and we will just play, and join you occasionally. You can easily make the number up to eight. There is Mr Heigh and Mr Crickets from

the Mearns very anxious to join the Club, and they will make far better members than we can be; they are both good men and fair drinkers."

"Well," said Galen rather maliciously, "They can play better, but whether they can drink so well is another question."

"Too bad, Galen," said the Laird, "I am sure the ministers are quite free from anything like excess."

"Of course we know that, I was only joking."

After a little more talk it was so settled.

Mrs Runcie again appeared at the door and said—"Past ten, gentlemen, and there is a policeman at the front door."

"It's a pity to break up just as we are getting fairly comfortable," said Audit, "beginning the evening one might say."

"I'll tell you what," said Pleader, "come along to my place and have a glass of Glendronach, and we can arrange something for next week."

"All right! Agreed," said the others, but something appeared to strike Pleader, for though he was hospitality itself, he said—

"Perhaps it would be better to come some other evening, and we could have more time."

"No, no," said one of the others, "there's no time like the present. I vote we go to-night."

"All right, come along," said Pleader somewhat reluctantly, and off the party went.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FINISH OF THE EVENING—A SYMPOSIUM.

We had now better give some idea of Pleader's *menage*.

His landladies (for there were two of them) had been in what is known as "good service," one as cook, and the other as housemaid, in a nobleman's family, and having saved a little bit of money, they invested it in a house and furniture, and took in a lodger. Pleader was lucky enough to secure the rooms, and very comfortable they made him. The elder of the two was the cook,

and a prim and rather formidable person she was—short tempered, and apt to be put out if her dinners were kept waiting and in danger of being spoiled by unpunctuality on the part of her lodger or his guests. She was a U.P. of an austere type, and hated having to work on Sunday. Pleader at one time showed a tendency to Sunday dinners, or rather, we should say, indicated his wish to have a friend or two to dine with him on that day, but his intentions were nipped in the bud by the sour looks of *Miss Dalrymple* as she was called, her sister being generally known as *Mary*. The latter was the very opposite of her sister, being of a mild and timid disposition. She would never have thought of offering the smallest opposition to anything her lodger wished, and would have served a dinner on Sunday, or a supper at midnight without dreaming of grumbling. Her greatest horror was having to open a bottle of soda water, for she had once heard of somebody being severely injured by the explosion of one, and she lived in mortal dread of a similar catastrophe happening to herself. Pleader very considerably abstained from asking her to do anything of the kind, but some of his friends when they had had a glass or two of wine would ask her to do it for the fun her trepidation gave them.

Pleader's manifest wish to postpone the visit of his friends to some other night, was the result of the idea which crossed his mind that they might take it into their heads to stay till after midnight, and as that would entail a desecration of the Sabbath in the eyes of *Miss Dalrymple*, he was a little uneasy in case she might betray any symptoms of irritation before his guests. He was rather sensitive on the point, as he had more than once been twitted both by *Audit* and the *Laird* about being afraid of his landladies. On arriving at the house, which was an old-fashioned one, and access to which was got by an entry or close like many of the best old houses in the place, Pleader said—

“Don't make more noise than you can help for my landladies may be having their reading.”

"I believe they've gone to bed," said Audit.

Pleaser only wished they had, but he didn't say so. All question as to this was set at rest by their finding Mary in the dining-room, "tidying up" as she called it.

"Lets have some glasses, and put out the whisky and soda water Mary, please," said he.

"Plain water for me," said Audit, "I think soda spoils decent whisky. It is all very good for inferior stuff like Campbeltown, but not for this sort of thing," taking a bottle of labelled Glendronach, 1882.

"Aye, that's the stuff," said Process. "With the exception of some old Long John I know of, it is the best going."

"You can't get really old Long John or old anything else nowadays," said the Laird. "Where are you getting yours from Process?"

"I'm promised a dozen or so by a friend in Perthshire," said the latter, "and I'll ask you to my place when it arrives, and you shall give me your opinion of it."

"I'll have some soda water," said the Laird, as the others were helping themselves.

"Miss Mary would you kindly open a bottle of soda water for me?"

Mary looked frightened, and began to quake visibly, when Pleaser interposed—

"You had better let me, Mary isn't a very good hand at it.

"Oh, she'll do it nicely," said the Laird, and Pleaser did not like to interfere further. Mary fiddled about with the cork for a bit saying—

"I canna bide thae fizzin' drinks. It'll gae aff like a gun I ken brawly," and just then off it did go, Mary holding it as far away from her as possible, the consequence being that three or four of the party were pretty well drenched with the shower of soda water.

Mary gave a suppressed shriek.

"What's the matter with you," said the Laird, "you've nearly drowned me."

"It's a Lord's mercy we're no a' killed, and I winna draw anither bottle o' that fearfu' stuff for onything," said Mary.

The Laird was obliged to open a fresh bottle for himself, the first having been nearly all lost. Mary took the opportunity of slipping out of the room.

After they were all comfortably settled with pipes, cigars, and grog, the conversation fell upon the merits of the bulger, Audit and Bolus strongly advocating its superiority, the others being in favour of the old straight-faced clubs.

"I have ordered a couple from St Andrews," said Bolus.

"I shall have a couple too," said Audit. "I'll write to-morrow and they can all come together."

"You should get a machine head that will insure your balls going straight, Bolus," said the Laird. "I never saw such toeing and heeling as your exhibitions to-day. Point and square leg were your most frequent hits."

"I don't mind so much," said Bolus, "if I can get them along a good bit. A free hit, even if it is a little bit wild, is better than trundling the balls fifty or sixty yards straight, as some people I could name are in the way of doing,"

"I wonder you fellows don't try to get into something like a full swing," said Audit, who prided himself upon having one. "Give me a club and I will show what you half, and quarter swingers do."

The discussion was getting rather heated, for all the parties were talking loud, and Pleader was becoming a little uneasy; besides, the time was getting on, and from present appearances his guests seemed as likely to stay for several hours as not.

"Where do you keep your clubs," said Audit to him.

"There is one at the end of the side-board, but don't go stamping about with it or you will disturb the whole house."

"Never mind the house," said Audit, bringing out the club.

“Look here, this is just about your style, Bolus,” bringing the club back half-way up to his shoulder.

“How can you expect to play with a poke like that.”

After giving occasional illustrations of the usual swing of all the members present he proceeded to show his own superior method. In swinging the club round his head he sent it smash into the gasalier—crash went a couple of globes, and the noise was appalling. Pleader was full of apprehension that Miss Dalrymple would interfere, and his fears were well founded, for, in a minute, there was a gentle tap at the door followed by the entrance of Mary’s head and shoulders.

“If you please, sir, my sister sent me to say that its just upon Sabbath morning, and she’s fear’d the neebours will be complainin’ o’ the noise.”

“All right, Mary, we’ll not make any more now,” said Pleader, we are just about finished.”

“Have an eke before you go,” he said to the company.

“Go,” said Process, “who’s talking of going? We’re just beginning to enjoy ourselves.”

Pleader said, “There’s no hurry, of course, but don’t for goodness’ sake make such a row, Audit. What’s the good of smashing the place up like that.” Here he recovered the club, and put it safely out of the room.

“Let’s have a song, Laird,” said Process, “give us something about golf.”

The Laird had a good voice and was nothing loth, so he struck up the following ditty, and sang it remarkably well :—

DUFFERS YET.

We’ve played long time together,
 In rain, and bright and stormy weather,
 And many times around the green,
 From long ago to yester’een;
 When did we ere a ninety get,
 And must we still be duffers yet?
 Duffers yet, duffers yet.

After games and matches played,
 And many a divot well relaid,
 Both toes and heels, bad shots galore,
 Excuses good, but made before,
 Loud curses oft, and deep regret,
 So here we're counted duffers yet—
 Duffers yet, duffers yet.

We've scuffed and baff'd and topped the ball,
 And bunkers deep, been in them all,
 We've hashed and smashed and missed the globe,
 And every whin we've had to probe,
 Out of hazards failed to get,
 For still, alas ! we're duffers yet—
 Duffers yet, duffers yet.

We've tried by lunch the luck to turn,
 With nips our throats have made to burn,
 We've stopped our smoke, but all in vain,
 Result the same, we fail again,
 A hundred yards we cannot get,
 And hang it all ! we're duffers yet—
 Duffers yet, duffers yet.

At the conclusion there was a good deal of applause which was a source of great discomfort to Pleader, who was just going to remonstrate when a tap was heard and Mary made her appearance.

"My sister's compliments, Mr Pleader, and she'll be much obliged if the gentlemen would make less noise, and its past twal o'clock." After a slight pause she added, "and time for a' decent fowk to be in bed."

This was unusually strong for Mary, and Pleader knew quite well that her sister must have been furious before she could have induced Mary to say so much.

"We'll be off in a few minutes," said the Laird, "and will make no more noise. Tell your sister to go to bed and keep herself easy," and off Mary went.

Pleader smiled rather a ghastly smile and said—

"Just another nip and I'll let you out quietly."

Before the nips were finished an altercation arose between Galen and Audit about a new club which the former claimed to

have invented, and the latter said was as old as the hills. The argument was at its height, and the voices were raised, as sundry nips are apt to raise voices, when Mary's head again appeared at the door.

"If you please, sir," she had modestly begun, when she suddenly disappeared with a jerk, having evidently been sharply pulled from behind, and was replaced by her sister whose face was red with anger, and whose whole appearance betokened a suppressed fury, which broke out as she came fully into the room.

"Fat kind o' conduc's this, Mr Pleader, turnin' a respectable house intil a pandemony like this? I wonder ye dinna think shame o' yoursels, at this time o' nicht, and the Sawbath mornin' too. I'll no submit till't I can tell you, and gin ye canna keep decent oors an' live quietly, you maun look oot for anither lodgin'.

"Hoots woman, ye needna mak sic an adoo aboot naething," interposed Process.

Miss Dalrymple turned upon him in an instant—

"Wumman! wha do you ca' a wumman I wad like to ken? I'm nae mair a wumman than ye are. I'm respectable and decent, and that's mair than you can say, leavin' yer wife and family, and sittin' drinkin' on the Lord's Day!" Audit here laughed, so she addressed him saying, "There's ither men wha wad be better at hame too, tho' they've nae wives to fash aboot.

This was rather a sore point with Audit, as it was an open secret that he had proposed several times lately to a lady in the neighbourhood and been refused, so he cut short Miss Dalrymple's attack by saying,

"Well, we'd better go, Pleader. Good night."

"I'll come with you as far as the corner," said the latter, fearful lest his landlady should open the vials of her wrath on him when left alone, so he went out with the others. On getting into the street he said to the Laird—"I'll walk as far as the Commercial stables with you, and that auld draygon will perhaps have gone to bed before I get back."

On the way to the stables mentioned, where the Laird's horse was put up, a brilliant thought struck Audit who exclaimed—

“Let's go to Edzell next week and try their little course, and we can dine together after our game.”

“Edzell!” said Process, “there's no golf there; just two or three holes in the Muir.”

“Never mind, we can make an afternoon of it, and I saw an account of a match between two Montrose worthies and a pair of Edzellites in the paper the other day, so we should be able to get a game of some sort at all events.”

“A good idea,” said the Laird, “but what about the clubs.”

“Oh! write, or telegraph to Willie Cushat to bring them out, and we'll give him a day in the country too. It will do him good, the auld rascal.”

Both Bolus and Galen said they could not manage it, but the others agreed to go without them, and get Dunter and Howler, if possible, to join them. It was settled that the party should drive out together, weather permitting, the next Saturday.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JOURNEY TO STONEHAVEN.

HAVING heard that the Edzell games and golf caddies' trip were to take place on the next Saturday, the proposed excursion to that charming village was unavoidably postponed, but a meeting of the Club was called for the purpose of arranging something else. Mrs Runcie's, as before, was the rendezvous. The Laird, Audit, and Process were the first to arrive.

“Yon was a bonny kick up at Pleader's on Saturday night,” said the Laird. “Has anyone seen him since.”

“I have,” said Audit, “but I couldn't get much out of him. He said nothing about leaving his rooms, so I suppose he has made his peace with Miss Dalrymple.”

“Auld deevil,” said the Laird, “I wad gie her her kail through the reek if she was my landlady and broke oot in yon

fashion. I wonder Pleader could stand it. I vote the next time we are there we kick up a regular row and have some fun."

"I don't know about that," said Process "she has a deuce of a rough side to her tongue when her monkey is up, and says some nasty things, eh Audit?"

"She's an impudent besom," replied the latter, "and an ill-tongued limmer, that's my opinion of her."

Just then Pleader arrived.

"Well Laird, I hope you got home all safe," said he.

"I hope *you* did," was the reply; "I couldn't help fancying that Miss Dalrymple would be waiting behind the door with a coal shovel to give it you hot when she had you alone."

"All was quiet when I got back," said Pleader, "and on Monday she was as mild as milk. I didn't see her on Sunday for I had a long walk in the country after church, and didn't get back till latish."

"After church," said Audit laughing. "You don't go to church once a year. I suppose you went to Miss Dalrymple's church?"

"Well, as it happened, I did, for I thought it would mollify the old lady if she heard I was there, and I believe it had that result."

"Sensible man," said Process, "it's no use quarrelling with the best cook in Montrose. We'll be quiet and orderly the next time we come to see you." Here he winked at the others, who seemed to understand the situation.

"What are we going to do about our next game," said Process. "We can't go to Edzell. What do you say to Stonehaven on Wednesday?"

"Capital!" said Audit. "I believe it is a very sporting course."

"Not I," interposed the Laird, "I hear you might just as well go on a grouse moor, and, besides, I must go to the cattle show. I'll tell you what, however, you three should go, and get Howler to make a fourth, and the week after, I suggest that

Pleader and I should try to get Bolus and Galen to go to St Andrews for the day, and have a return match, playing as we played at Montrose.

"A good idea, said Pleader, "I can manage both expeditions, as I am taking my holiday just now, but I don't care about leaving home for more than a day at a time."

After a glass or two of toddy the quartette parted—Pleader arranging to telegraph for Willie Cushat to bring the clubs and meet them at Stonehaven on Wednesday.

On that day the party, which included Howler, started, and met Willie Cushat at Montrose with four bags of clubs.

"You're well loaded Willie," said Howler.

Said Cushat—"They tell me there's nae caddies at Stenehive; fat's ta be dune?"

"You'll have to carry all the clubs yourself," said Audit.

"Me! I coudna' cairy fower sets o' clubs. I coudna' du'd when I wis a young man, and I'm ower auld noo."

"Ower auld! how auld are you?" said Pleader.

"Forty-seven, sir," was the reply.

"Forty-seven! Sixty-seven you mean."

"No, sir, juist forty-seven."

"What a lee," said Process.

"It's as fac's death," replied Willie. "I dinna ken fou a' you gentlemen try ta mak' me oot an auld man. It's a dagon'd shame, for they'll be thinking I'm growin' past playin', and ye ken brawly I'm as guid as ever I wis."

"Faith, I think you're better," said Audit. "You can do three rounds in a day."

"Aye, and rise at fower i' the mornin' an' mak' holes, an' work at night tu, an' there's no mony 'at can say the same, there's no."

By the time the conversation was finished the train arrived at Stonehaven.

"We'd better have a trap to the course. It is a mile or two off," said Pleader.

"You'll drive, Willie."

"Me drive! Lod be here, I wad pit ye a' i' the dutch or ever we'd gane a hunder' yairds,"

The end of it was that a driver was got along with the vehicle, and, as the party were about to start, Process remarked—"That Railway Hotel is rather a nice looking place. It might be as well to have a little refreshment before we proceed further."

This idea was hailed with satisfaction, and they all had something, including Cushat, who, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, said—

"There's no muckle wrang wi' that whusky. It'll be Glenury, I'm thinkin'."

"We'd better take some up with us. There may be none at the place, or the house may be shut, and it would be rather awkward to be without any," said Pleader.

"Better take a bottle," said Howler, "we need't drink more than we want"—and a bottle it was. It was given into the charge of Cushat, who regarded it very fondly for a bit, and then put it into his coat-tail pocket.

On arriving at the ground they were all charmed with the situation of the neat little clubhouse perched at the top of a precipice. Fortunately it was open, and inside they found a party just about to set out on a foursome. These accorded our friends a hearty welcome, and proposed to split parties and make two foursomes, Stonehaven against Montrose. This was readily agreed to, and after another refresher the matches started off.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MATCH WITH THE MEN O' THE MEARNs.

PLEADER and Audit were pitted against two gentlemen, one of whom was a banker and the other a factor, while Howler and Process played a stout looking lawyer and a Government official. The first tee was situated close to the clubhouse, and the hole

was over the brow of a hill and not visible from the starting point. Pleader and the banker played off, the former getting into grass up to his middle, the latter knowing the ground found a better place. Audit, failing to move the ball, said to Pleader—

“You can have a shot at it yourself, and that’ll teach you to be a little more careful where you go.”

Pleader also failed, and they gave up the hole. The second hole was played back to the starting point, and the factor pulled his ball, which went over a precipice. Of course the Montrose party, though they were lying badly in deep grass again, made sure of the hole, and had played a careless shot or two, more by way of practice than anything else, when, to their surprise, the banker, climbing up the rock, teed his ball and said—

“Now I play your like.”

“How?”

“Well, you see we count two for going down there, and you have played four altogether, so we play the like.”

“By Jove,” said Pleader, “I wish I had played more carefully.”

The Mearns men won the hole easily.

“Two down. Where do you go now?” said Pleader.

“Over the ravine,” said the banker, who, after he had teed his ball, sent it flying over a chasm, which appeared about two hundred yards across.

“I shall never get over,” said Pleader.

“You’d better, for if you don’t it’s another hole gone. It is impossible to play it up out of that brae face.”

To his surprise, Pleader got over easily, and Audit, with his second, was near the green. The other party got into an impregnable mass of whins, and Pleader and Audit were congratulating themselves on being certain of a hole at last. Presently, however, the factor emerged triumphantly from the whins, popped his ball in a good place, and said, “Now, I play

the odd." "The devil you do," said Audit. "You have lifted your ball and lost the hole,"

"Oh, not here. If a ball is unplayable we lift it and count one, and there we are."

The natives won this hole also. Three up. The next hole was halved. Going to the fourth the balls were teed on the brink of a precipice, about 200 feet high, the hole being down below, near the water edge. Both Audit and the factor sent their balls into the sea. On descending by a circuitous route they looked along the beach to see if their balls had been thrown up by the waves. Suddenly the factor plunged into the water, and, after a struggle, brought his ball, which had been floating about, gleefully out of the water and laid it on the sand. "We can do that and count one" he said, in answer to the enquiring looks of Audit.

"What becomes of us then," said the latter,

"Oh! If you've lost your ball you've lost the hole. We've found ours you see."

"Well, one is always learning something," said Pleader, "Where is the next hole?"

"Up there," pointing to the heavens.

"You don't mean to say you play up that perpendicular rock?" pointing to a sheer ascent which looked about a hundred and fifty feet high.

"Yes we do. It is not so high as it looks."

Cushat, who had been carrying for both Pleader and Audit, and who had hitherto maintained a discreet silence, here muttered—"I've seen mony a haizard, but that ane sneaks a'."

Teeing the ball, and turning to Pleader he said—

"You'll juist need tae tak' a ticht grip o' yer iron and gie'd a guid skelp, weel in anaith the ba', mind."

Both balls were well up to the top, to the surprise of Pleader and Audit who had perhaps rather over-rated the height of the hill face, which certainly looked formidable enough. After

climbing up, the whole party was completely blown, including Cushat, who remarked—

“Weel, I’ve been on mony a gowf coorse, but this palls the deevil.”

Having rested a minute or two, they were preparing to go on when Audit said—

“Hold on a bit, I would just like to see how Howler negotiates this place ; let’s wait and see.”

Nothing loth to take a little rest, they sat down, and very soon the other foursome made its appearance at the bottom.

As soon as arrangements were made for playing off, and the direction pointed out to Howler, he seemed to get quite excited and his voice, generally a fine organ, now modified by the distance, came faintly up the hill—“No ! No ! No ! I couldn’t do it. It is quite out of my power to scale that height. I should lose my head and fall, and be dashed to pieces. Not for worlds. Utterly impossible.” Next, Process was heard remonstrating—

“But you see you spoil our game if you refuse to go up.”

“I’m very sorry, indeed, to spoil sport, but my head is never very strong at the best, and I dare not attempt that precipice.”

“Process tried another tack. “Have a good nip of Glenury, and you’ll go up like a lamplighter.”

“My dear sir it is quite beyond my power. I’ll take the nip, but if I attempted to mount that fearful place you would soon see my mangled corpse at the bottom.”

Process seemed to think that would be too much of a good thing, so he hailed the party above and asked them to send Willie Cushat to take Howler’s place.

“I’m no gaen doon there again, so, tell’m tae play up his ba, and I’ll play the neist shot up here.” This suggestion was communicated to Process by Audit, and acted upon. However, the former only got half-way up the hill with his tee shot, so Willie had to go down after all, much to his disgust. The result of this change of plan was that Pleader and Cushat took a brassey and a cleek each, and left the rest of their clubs to be picked up on

the second round. The rest of the play was uneventful, with the exception that Audit lost his ball over the rocks at the sixth hole and never saw it again. When they got back to the clubhouse they were four down, and tired to death.

They found Howler, comfortably seated at lunch with a huge plate of cold beef and potatoes, which was flanked by a very large whisky and soda.

“You lazy beggar, Howler! Why didn’t you play out the round?”

“My dear fellow I have some regard for my life and limbs, and I don’t feel justified in risking them for a game at golf. I never felt so appalled in my life as when I was told I must climb that fearful height. I feel myself infinitely more comfortable now.”

“What are you going to do all the afternoon? We are going out again after lunch.”

“I can make myself very comfortable here,” (taking a quiet look at the stock of whisky and soda water on the side table.) “Yes, with a stroll along the braes, and a little repose, I can put in a nice quiet afternoon while you fellows are playing.”

There was no help for it, so the two former started off after lunch, Cushat again taking Howler’s place. Cushat was very tired before the second round was finished; the others, with the exception of the stout lawyer, appeared to take very kindly to the hills and dales, and to get fresher as they went on. On mounting the steep, which had proved too much for Howler in the morning, the lawyer said to Cushat—

“I must have a nip to carry me on. Will you have one too, Willie?”

“Thankee sir, I’ll tak’ a wee drappie, juist a’ at ye’d ken, for this is terrible wark for a middle-aged man like me.”

The nip seemed to refresh them both, and they finished the round without much more difficulty. On their return they found Howler fast asleep, and on rousing him he began, half awake, to mutter—

“No, no, I would rather go to the Sheriff Court than try to climb that precipice. Eh! Willie?” (This to Cushat who had just come in to pack up the clubs.) He replied—

“Weel I dinna ken about it. The Shirra Coort’s no nae better than it’s ca’d.”

“What do you know about it? Have you ever been in it?” asked Process.

“Aye, I ance tried a man in’d for the price o’ a pair o’ buits, twal and saxpence it wis, an’ tho’ I got a degree as they ca’d, my expenses an’ time lost cam tae twal an’ fowerpence, an’ juist left tipp ta mysel fan a’ was dune, so I’m nae gaen back if I can help it.” He left the room, but soon made his appearance again at the door, saying—

“The machine’s here.”

Bidding their friends goodbye, our party set off much pleased with their day’s play, their experience of the Stonehaven green, and the hospitality shown them. When about half way to Stonehaven, Cushat exclaimed—

“God’s mercy! I’ve forgotten the clubs.”

“What clubs? they’re all here.”

“The clubs you gentlemen left at the heid o’ the brae fan I gaed doon tae tak’ Maister Howler’s place. I’d nae a bit mind o’ them.”

“You’ll have to go back and get them,” said Pleader, “and you can get an N.B. train later, which will take you to Montrose.”

“Oh I’ll manage fine, dinna ye loss yer train for me, I’ll maybe be hame afore ye, gin ye hae tae wait at Dubton as lang as ordinar.”

This turned out to be about an hour and a half, so, in all probability, Cushat was right. They parted at the station, all promising to meet at Luckie Runcie’s in the evening.

CHAPTER X.

THE EVENING AFTER THE MATCH.

LUCKIE RUNCIE'S best parlour was well filled in the evening, all the members of the club being present. Pleader, Audit, and Process looked very tired, but Howler was quite fresh, which, considering that most of his exertions had been confined to the clubhouse at Stonehaven, was not much to be wondered at. The Laird had just returned from the cattle show, and was anxious to hear an account of the day's proceedings.

"Dunter, it's a pity you didn't go instead of Howler," said Audit.

"Why?"

"Because he only went half round once, and then stuck in the house all the rest of the day."

"Was it wet?"

"Wet! Well it was fair outside at all events, but I should say it was rather wet inside. Eh Howler?"

"What's all this about?" said the Laird.

"The fact is," interposed Howler, "I went to play golf, and it turned out to be an Alpine club expedition, and not so much golf as climbing, so I chucked it. You may be very thankful you weren't there, for you wouldn't have got the length of the third hole, whereas I got to the fifth. I couldn't climb the fearful precipice going to the sixth."

"By Jove," said Galen, "that's the place where Bolus nearly stuck last year. If he hadn't got his opponent to give him a hand I believe he would have been there now."

"I can quite sympathise with you Howler, but I wonder you didn't try to struggle up."

"My dear sir, I have a very bad head for heights, as I endeavoured to explain to those fellows. You know my pulpit is pretty high up, and even there I have a difficulty sometimes in keeping my brains clear."

"Well," said Process, "I have heard that somewhere, but I didn't understand it was attributable to the height."

"Never mind about Howler's head," said the Laird, "tell us about your day."

"We had a very pleasant day, and learned some new ideas and rules about golf," said Pleader.

"Did you win?"

"Win! No, we were beaten thoroughly all round, but I tell you what it is, we'll just get those Stonehaven folks to come to Montrose some day, and we'll give them a good beating."

"Don't be too sure. I believe that Galen and Dunter, and Bolus and I would give a better account of them. What do you think, Dunter?"

"I'm not going to have anything to do with it," said the latter. "I can't stand all this being made public. You know how sensitive I am about my name appearing in the papers with anything in the way of ridicule attached to it, and I didn't at all relish the allusion to Machrehanish and Campbeltown."

"Oh, if you're so particular as all that, we'll keep it quiet."

"In that case I don't mind, but I can't stand publicity."

"What about the St Andrews expedition?" said Pleader.

"Let's go next week," replied the Laird. "You and I will play Bolus and Galen."

"All right," said Galen. "We'd better take Cushat with us."

"I hope the old chap got home all right."

"Why shouldn't he? Didn't you bring him back with you?" said Dunter.

"We forgot some of our clubs, and he went back to get them, and was to go home by an N.B. train later on. The only thing I am afraid of is that he might go and wait at the station hotel, and taste too freely of the Glenury whisky he fancied so much."

"Not he! I never saw him the worse, or hardly ever."

"It will do him good to take him to St Andrews, for he is rather in the dumps just now."

"What about?"

"Oh, I think this new house is too much for him and has upset his nerves a little, but he was in very good fettle to-day."

After a good deal of talk it was arranged that the Laird should dine and sleep at Audit's the night before the St Andrews expedition, as they would have to start by six in the morning, so as to have plenty of time for breakfast after their arrival, and get off before the links was crowded.

The eve of the great day came round, and after the Laird and Audit had dined and were having a quiet cigar, Bolus, Galen, and Pleader dropped in to talk matters over.

"I wish I could have gone," said Audit.

"Why don't you," said Bolus, "I will give you my place and go another day. I rather fancy Carnoustie, and I can reserve myself for that."

"Unfortunately I can't, for I have a rent collection, Lammas you know."

"To be sure, I forgot."

"I'll be with you in spirit however. Talking of spirits I have got a bottle of Long John which Process presented to me. I vote we try it."

They accordingly diluted it more or less, and all tasted it with the air of connoisseurs.

"What do you think of it?"

"Not bad," said Bolus.

"Very good," said the Laird.

"I don't pretend to understand whisky," said Galen, "but this suits me very well."

"And me too," said Audit, "I think it is really excellent whisky."

"Pooh!" interrupted Pleader, "that shows how much you know about it. It is not Long John at all, it is Talisker, I swear I'd know it in a thousand. It is quite a distinct whisky from any I've been in the way of tasting for some time, but it is Talisker beyond a doubt. Process's friend has deceived him about it."

Pleader being a great authority on whisky and being very strong upon the point, his verdict was accepted by every one but Bolus, who, being of an essentially contradictory disposition, said—

“I don’t believe you know anything about it. My opinion is that it is Islay. It’s not the least like Talisker.”

“Islay!” scoffed Pleader. “You might as well say its Glendronach. Do you think I don’t know one whisky from another?”

“It’s not Glendronach whatever it is,” said Bolus, “and I don’t believe it’s Talisker. If it’s not that it may be Long John after all.”

“Give us another taste,” said the Laird, “it suits me very well at all events.”

By the time they had all tasted again the bottle was empty, and then they had to fall back upon Glendronach.

“Aye, that’s the stuff after all,” said Pleader. “The best whisky in the world, and far before that Talisker.”

They all agreed that though the disputed Long John was good, Glendronach was better, and the conversation was changed to the dearly beloved topic of golf. They were deep in discussion as to the merits of a new cleek invented by Willie Park when Process made his appearance, and was at once told that his bottle of whisky had been fully discussed in both senses of the word. After hearing all about the dispute, he quietly said—

“Just as I thought. Not one of you is the least bit of a judge. *That was a bottle of the Glendronach we always drink.* My Long John hasn’t arrived, so I sent up a bottle of the old stuff just to see if you’d know the difference. It is true, honour bright.”

“I knew it all the time,” said Pleader.

“Get out!” said Bolus, “you knew nothing about it, as I said all along.”

Pleader tried to get them to believe him, but they wouldn't have it, and for the time his reputation as a judge of whisky is gone.

"I must be going," said Galen, "or I shall not be able to get up in the morning."

"The party, after another eke, broke up, the four promising to be in good time next day.

CHAPTER XI.

THE JOURNEY TO ST ANDREWS.

A CONSIDERABLE struggle some of them had, and very sleepy they looked when they turned up at the station, Pleader just catching the train by a narrow shave as usual.

"Cushat will meet us at Arbroath with the clubs," said the Laird, "I have engaged him to carry for me."

"Oh, have you?" said Bolus, and then he began to cogitate.

The Laird said, "We'll have to settle what we are to play for. It would be a good idea to play for breakfast and lunch, and we might dine in Dundee and go to the theatre on our way back." Both Galen and Bolus objected to this as they were obliged to get home in the evening, but finally it was settled that they would dine with the others, leaving the latter to go to the theatre and get home by the last train, breakfast, lunch, and dinner being the stakes to be played for.

Bolus took Galen to the other end of the carriage and said—

"Look here—Pleader has got Cushat to carry for him, and Willie knows the St Andrews green as well as Montrose. The Laird has played there off and on for years, and neither you nor I know any more than we have read in books or seen in a plan. We must get hold of two first rate caddies who can tell us every shot or we are done for. Mind you get a good one."

"All right," said Galen, "I twig."

Just then they arrived at Dundee where Willie was waiting, having arrived by an earlier train.

"Come in here beside us Cushat," said Pleader, "and we

can talk matters over on the way up ; but first of all tell us how you got home the other night."

"Weel ye see I had mair nor haaf an oor ta wait, so I gaed intae the station hotel and hed a donal. Mind I thocht terrible muckle o' yon whusky, so I brocht half a mutchkin awa wi'ze, but I fell in wi' Chay Mull and Sy Burgess, and it was a' skinket or ever we wan the length o' Kinnaber."

"You must have been screwed, Willie," said the Laird.

"I wisna naething near hand fat ye nicht ca' fou, but juist the least thing jeck ye ken."

"What did the wife say when you got home?" asked Bolus.

"Oh, she never sa'd, juist thocht I wis tired and so I wis, but I slippet awa ta ma bed gey canny, and raise braw early i' the mornin' and gaed ower and gied my heid a bit dip i' the saut water and wis a' richt gin brakfast time."

"I hope you brought all my things?" said Galen.

"Surely you are never to take that putter mashie of yours out on the St Andrews' green," said Bolus. "What will the people think? They will fancy we are a set of lunatics. Do, for goodness sake, stop all your fancy business when we get there."

"What about your lofter?"

"Oh, I have dropped it altogether, at all events for a time. We must really try to beat these fellows or they will crow over us for the next year to come."

"Are you in any hurry to get home to-night?" asked the Laird of Cushat.

"No me, Sir. If I win hame the nicht ava I'll du brawly ; fou wis ye speirin'?"

"I was thinking we nicht treat you to the theatre."

"Mercy be here, the theatre, div ye no ken 'at I'm a deykin o' a kirk ; I wad hae ta geng afore the Session if it wis kent."

"We'll keep it quiet and nobody will be a bit the wiser. You can go to the pit, and in the crowd you'll never be seen."

"Losh, I doot it widna du, no bit fat I wid like ta see'd brawly, for I've offen hard o'd, but it wud be a serious job upo'

me gin I wis fun' oot."

"Oh, there's no fear, you go, and you'll enjoy it I am sure."

"Weel a weel I'll risk it gin ye promise never ta lat on till onybody at hame."

The train just then pulled up at St Andrews, and the party set off to Rusack's to have breakfast, Cushat going up to Tom Morris's to call on him to secure caddies for the Laird and the two doctors

Bolus called after him—"Mind you get me a thoroughly good man, Willie, one who knows every inch of the ground, and who'll be of some use to me."

After a good breakfast had been done ample justice to, Bolus and Galen took a stroll along the links for a bit, as they were still very early, it not being much past nine o'clock. They had settled to start at a quarter to ten so as to get off before the crush set in.

"I can't make out how this Swilcan burn is such a bugbear," said the latter. "A couple of decent drives ought to get you near enough to get over with anything, and, as far as I can see, there is nothing difficult about the course. The bunkers seem fully easier to get out of than ours."

After walking about a little longer, Bolus said—

"Let's go back and see if they are ready to start."

On arriving at the hotel door they found Cushat with two men and a boy. Bringing up to Bolus a tall, slim, military-looking, albeit very seedy, individual with his hair and moustache well brushed, and his coat tightly buttoned up to his neck, apparently to hide the absence of superfluous linen; boots with about half a dozen patches each, and a pair of black cloth trousers, mended with corduroy, Cushat said—

"This man'll shuit ye. He's a rale guid hand, kens every inch o' the links, an auld sodger, and a gey fair player; ye'll ha'e to gie 'im three an' sic; but I telt 'im 'at if he did the richt get an' pleased ye, ye wad maybe gie 'im anither shullin' till 'imsel'."

The boy was for Galen, who looked rather disappointed that he had not got one of more experience than the boy seemed to have. Cushat seeing this said—

“The lathie’s as guid as ony o’ them—been a caddie a’ his days.”

The remaining one was for the laird, and was a very pugnacious looking individual, short and stout, with a red nose and a brilliant black eye by way of contrast. He was dressed in an old suit of clothes which had evidently been made for a much taller and thinner man, for the sleeves and trousers were both rolled up by a good bit. The waistcoat didn’t meet by several inches, but this difficulty was got over by loops of string connecting the buttons and button holes. He had an elastic-sided boot on one foot, and a shoe on the other, and evidently from his appearance, had lately been on the booze for some time, and was very hot-tempered, and, on the whole, fierce looking. “We’d better go, I suppose,” said the Laird, and off the party started for the tee, round which they found two or three couples already waiting to start.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MATCH—FIRST ROUND.

WHEN their turn came, the Laird and Bolus drove off, both getting along a fair distance for them. After the others had played in their turn, the former two had to play over the much talked of historic Swilcan Burn. The Laird topped his ball and dribbled in, to the great delight of Bolus, who said—

“I’ll take precious good care I don’t top mine,” and he didn’t for, getting well below it with his iron, he sent it right up in the air and down it came plump into the middle of the water.

“If I’d only taken my lofter I believe I should have been about dead.”

His caddy remarked—

“It’s astonishin’ how many gentlemen get into the burn. It’s

generally believed there's something in that water that has an attraction for gutta percha, at least I've often heard it explained that way."

Whatever the explanation might be, it seemed to be a very common occurrence, for a crowd of youngsters were posted at both the outgoing and incoming sides, who immediately plunged into the burn, and, after a scramble and tussle for the balls, chucked them out, thereby earning an honest penny.

Both the others got over at the next essay, and the hole was halved in six.

"That's above average," remarked Bolus to his caddy, who replied—"Well, you see sir, its very hard to strike an average here for they run from three up to nearly anything you like. Six is not so very bad after all."

Seven was the figure at the second hole, both parties having been bunkered.

Going to the third, Pleader said to Cushat, "Now tell me about the bunkers and hazards. What's this for instance in front of us?"

"That's the Principal's nose. Tak ye gey guid care or else ye'll be in'd," and into it he accordingly went.

"Never mind," said Cushat "the doctor's in Tam's Coo so it comes to the same thing aifter a'. If ye played twa or three rounds here ye wad ken the feck o' the bunkers."

Here the Laird's caddy, who hadn't uttered a word since the start, said to Cushat—

"What the deil gar'd ye engage that lang tangle o' a sodger."

"Fats adoo wi'm," asked Cushat.

"Aadoo wi'm, I'll lat ye see something adoo wi'm if I get the chance, the slack backit whaup, he cuttit me out'n a job last week, but I'll ca's heels ower's heid the first time I get at him."

Cushat, who is essentially a man of peace, tried to pacify the red-nosed man, who said no more just then, but was evidently in a very revengeful mood. The doctors won the hole, and the military caddy seemed to take the credit to himself, which only

made the red-nosed man more furious than ever. At the fourth hole the latter finding no opportunity at present of venting his spleen on Bolus's caddy, turned his attention to his own master who had just missed a putt and said.

"I've seen that putter afore, but I never saw a putt like that missed wi'd." This was small consolation to the Laird who merely said—

"Two down. Come on. Tee my ball well up!"

The caddy did as he was told, muttering something which sounded very like "Weel up or weel doon, it's a' ane."

By the time they came to the end hole, the Laird and Pleader were three down. The former, producing a flask, the party went up to old Daw who was seated with his gingerbeer cart close by. Getting some soda water from him they had a modest refresher. Bolus gave his man a drink and Galen his boy a bottle of lemonade. Cushat whispered to the Laird—

"Dinna gie your ane ony whusky," he's ower muckle already."

Unfortunately the rednosed man overheard him and he turned upon Willie like a tiger.

"What do you say you auld swine? I havna' taisted a single drap this blessed day. It comes deevilish bad aff you tae interfere wi' ony gentleman an'the man 'at's carryin' till 'im, but I suppose ye ken nae better in the place at ye cam fae: Ferryden is't they ca'd?"

"Give him a taste," said Galen, wishing for no interruption to the game, which looked so promising for his side. The Laird thinking it would be the best plan, gave him a good nip, which seemed to mollify him for a time. Coming in, the Short Hole was halved, and the Laird and Pleader won the High Hole, making them two down, so things were altogether looking better for them, and more pleasant generally.

On the green at the Heathery Hole, the Laird playing the odd, got down a putt half the length of the green at five, and the red-nosed man for the first time showed an interest in the game—



“Tak’ ye’r cheenge oot o’ that,” he said, the remark being directed to, or rather at, the military gentleman who was carrying for Bolus, who was just about to play the like, and had a nasty one of about three yards. Bolus missed, and the soldier broke out—

“You’ve no right to speak when my gentleman’s playing, you put him off and we lost the hole by it.”

The red-nosed man with all his pugnacity and anxiety to have a row with the soldier, was so conscious of his breach of order that he apparently didn’t see his way to defend his conduct, and merely contented himself with saying—“It was an unposnable putt so it made nae difference.”

“Come on, and stop that chattering,” said the Laird, whose side was only one down and five to play. The next hole was halved. Going to the Ginger Beer Hole both balls were near each other in the celebrated Hell Bunker. Bolus’s ball being partly on grass and partly on sand, the soldier lifted a bit of stone which was behind the ball. The red-nosed man, who had been watching him closely, exclaimed—

“Oor hole. Ye’d nae business tae touch that stane.”

“We’re lying on grass,” replied the soldier.

“Girss or nae girss ye’er within the boonds o’ the bunker, and if ye wer’ worth yer saut ye’d ken that brawly. Ca’ yersel’ a caddy! Ye’er naething but a reed herrin’!” The soldier seemed very much enraged, but his habits of discipline evidently still remained with him to some extent, for he replied—

“If it wern’t for the gentlemen I would make the rest of you as black as your eye, adding, after a slight pause, “unless maybe your nose.” Down with a crash on the ground went the clubs the red-nosed man was carrying, and putting himself into a fighting attitude, he squared up to the soldier, shouting—

“Come on ye herrin’-guttet wannel strae, I’ll learn ye ta tak’ a job oot o’ my haunds.”

A fight seemed inevitable, so Cushat put himself between the combatants and said—

“Decency now! Dinna spoil the gentlemen’s game.” This was addressed mostly to the red-nosed man, who said—

“Oot o’ the road wi’ that lang nose o’ yours, or I’ll pet it intil a better shape for ye.”

Galen suggested that they should fight it out after the round was over, and this was backed up by a threat on the Laird’s part to report the case to Tom Morris, which had the desired effect, and though growling at each other for the rest of the match, they refrained from coming to actual blows.

Pleader and the Laird didn’t claim the hole, much to the red-nosed man’s disgust, who muttered to himself—“Ca’ themsel’s gowfers, I never wis oot wi’ sic a set o’ foozlers, an’ nae ane ta mend the ither.”

At the Dyke Hole the doctors were one up. The Burn Hole was halved. Playing to the Home Hole both balls were again in the burn, Pleader and Galen being this time responsible.

“I never saw such duffers,” said Bolus, playing his over, as did the Laird. After the others had played, Bolus heeled his ball which went into the road and required two shots to bring it out, thereby losing the hole, the Laird having got well on, and Pleader being dead with his next.

“Halved match,” said Cushat.

The caddies were marching off with the clubs when Pleader said to the Laird—

“You had better get your clubs and have another caddy, for that brute will spoil our game altogether in the afternoon.”

“Go and pay him Willie, and get another man for me,” said the Laird.

“For ony sake, sir, du’d yersel’ for I’m fear’d ta gae near’im. He’s a dangerous like chara’ter, and wud gi’e me a dunt i’ the nose as sune as look at’s, but I’ll geng and get Tam tae see fat’s ta be dune.”

Off he set, and our party went up to lunch at the Club, the Laird being a member. They found some friends who were very

glad to see them, and after lunch passed a pleasant hour chatting and smoking, and inspecting the premises, which have recently been much altered and improved.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MATCH—SECOND ROUND—THE RETURN.

COMING out for their second round they found Cushat with the military man and the boy, as well as another to take the place of the red-nosed man, who however, soon came up and demanded his pay, to which Tom had told Cushat he was not entitled after his behaviour. The Laird paid him at once, notwithstanding, to get rid of him.

The soldier intimated to Bolus that it was settled that they were to have a fight in the evening, as Tom Morris had threatened to prevent their getting employment if they didn't behave themselves through the day.

“Are you fit for him?” said Galen.

“I should think so,” he replied. “I am good for half a dozen of him, but he will be dead drunk before we come in again,” a probability which he seemed rather glad of for all his bravado.

The second round was very interesting to the players, but we shall not inflict the details upon our readers. Suffice it to say that our friends were in almost every bunker on the green, the fortunes of the game changing several times, the Laird and Pleader winning the first three holes, and the others the next two, and so on. At the Burn Hole, incoming, they were all square, but Bolus playing three, in some unaccountable way heeled his ball which went through a window and cost him the hole as well as seven and sixpence for a new square of plate glass to repair the damage.

“That comes of your confounded bulger,” said Galen ruefully. “I thought you couldn't heel or pull a ball with it.”

“Well, it drives further at all events” said Bolus, always contentious. “I believe if I had played with a flat-faced club it wouldn’t have gone through the thick grass.”

This view didn’t strike Galen as affording much consolation, nevertheless he rejoiced greatly that Bolus had to pay the seven and sixpence, which certainly served him right.

After a modest quencher our friends made their way to the old station, their respective caddies carrying their clubs. On getting to the gate they found the red-nosed man redder than ever, waiting their arrival. He immediately began to abuse the whole party in the following tirade, addressing some bystanders in his own line, who seemed to enjoy the fun :—

“A bonny set o’ gowfers ! I wad play the whole lot wi’ ae haund tied ahint ma back. There’s no ane o’ them can drive a ba’ thirty yairds. They come fae Montrose. I aye hard it was a puir concern o’ a place, an’ if that’s a specimen o’ the players it maun be weary gowfin’. An’ this is their purfeshinal,” (*pointing out Cushat, who was trying to make himself small behind the Laird.*) “Come out o’ that and lat yersel’ be seen ye lang-nosed speldrin. Look at ’im, he’s mair like a shumaker nor a gowfer!”

Here Pleader interposed and told the fellow he would send for a policeman if he did not move off, and the military caddy also came up and put his hand on the red-nosed man’s arm. This latter attention was promptly responded to by a blow right on the nose, and a fight was organised in a moment. Just as a ring was being formed the train came up, and our party quickly took their places, glad to get out of the row, which was, however, interrupted by the appearance of a policeman.

As the train rounded the bend after leaving the station, the combatants, attended by a small crowd, were seen making their way across the Links apparently with the intention of having it out.

On arriving at Dundee, Cushat was instructed to get some refreshment for himself, and afterwards go to the theatre, meeting his employers at the station in time for the last train.

Bolus and Galen had to stand the dinner as per arrangement, and being a very good one, it was much relished by our tired and hungry golfers. Immediately after, the two doctors started for home, Pleader and the Laird having a quiet cigar before proceeding to the theatre. When they arrived there, they found a sparkling burlesque in full swing. Looking round several times for Cushat without seeing him, they fancied he must have repented and thought better of his intention of going. At last, however, Pleader spied him keeping himself as much hidden as possible behind a pillar, but evidently intensely interested in what was going on. There was a good deal of dancing; in fact, a regular ballet in a small scale formed one of the scenes. At the close they hurried down to the station so as to have plenty of time to get their clubs, &c., which had been left in the luggage room. The train was in, and it was past its starting time, and still no appearance of Cushat. At last, just as it was about to move off, he came running up quite breathless.

"Come in here. We've got the clubs," said the Laird.

After Willie had a little time to get his wind, Pleader asked—

"What made you so late Willie?"

"I wis terrible dry and gaed intil a publikhoose ta get a haafy an' i' the hurry I think I maun ha' cam oot at the wrang door for I lost ma road an' tummel'd ower an aiss bakit an' I've haen ta rin a' the road."

The Laird and Pleader both roared at this, and it was some minutes before their mirth subsided sufficiently to allow them to ask Willie what he thought of the play.

"Losh be here," he said, "Yon coves the gowan. I never saw a curn wimen sae near haund nakit i' my life afore. They flang their feet heicher nor their heids tae. Guid looking lizzies tho' the maist o them. It was a fine sicht yon dancin', bit fat wud the wife say gin she kent I wis lookin' at a curn cutties wi' hardly a sark tae their backs fleein' aboot yon wye?"

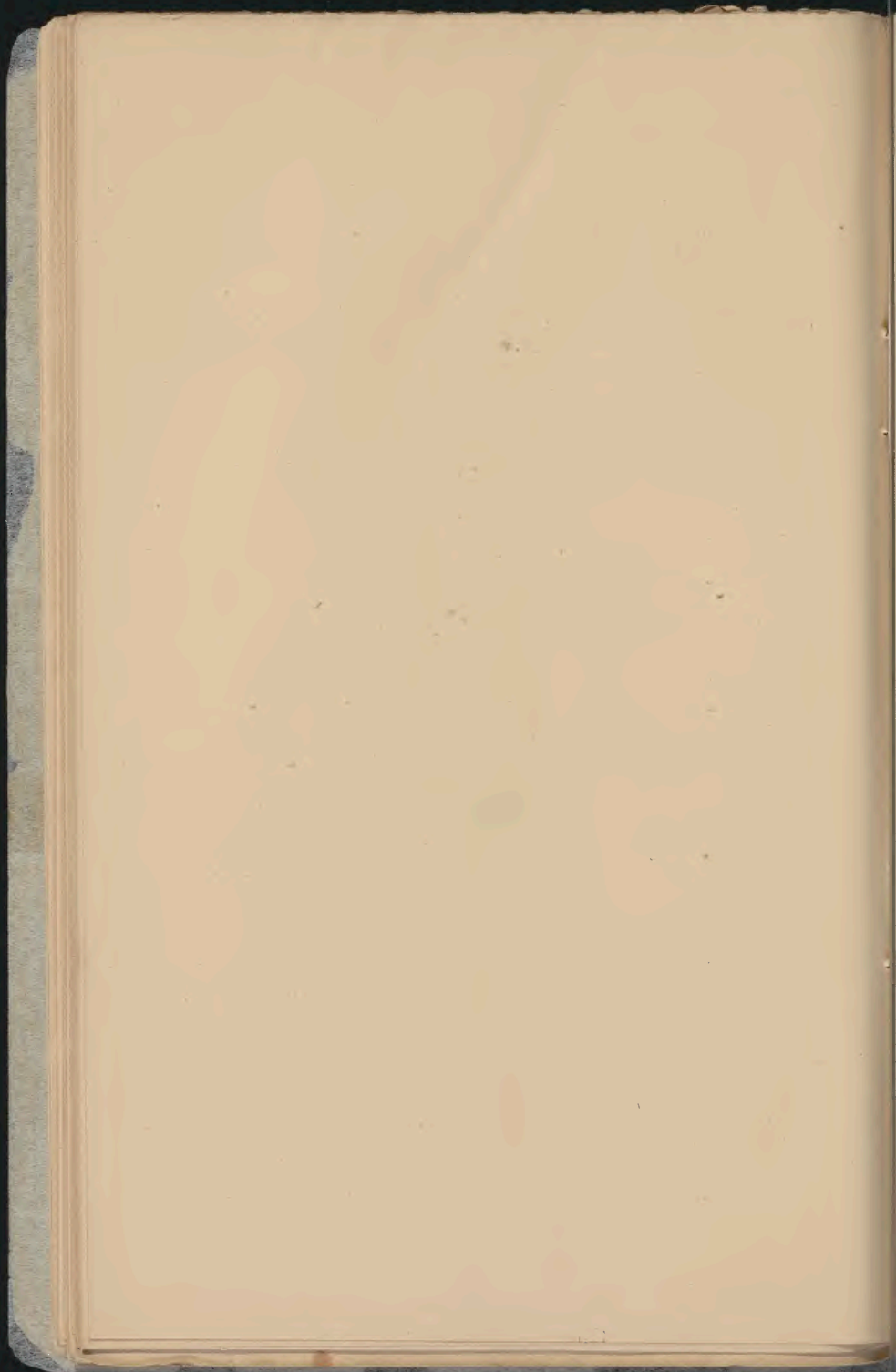
"Oh, that's nothing particular," said Pleader, "its the regular thing at all the theatres. I've often seen ministers looking at the same sort of thing."

"God be here ! Ye shurely niver ? I dinna ken fou I'll look Mr Drygrass i' the face the morn. For ony sake, gentlemen, never lat on onything about the theatre at hame, or I'll never hear the end o'd."

"All right, Willie, we'll keep it quiet," was the reply.

We shall now leave our friends for a time, but at some future date if anything worth recording crops up we may chronicle it.





The Ladies' Golf Club.

P R E F A C E .

—:o:—

It is needless to say that the characters in the following sketch are *not* taken from life, but are purely imaginary, with one exception—Mrs Cushat.

A DAY ON THE LADIES' LINKS.

It is the first Wednesday in September, and the day of the monthly competition for the gold medal of the Ladies' Golf Club. A tent has been erected, and arrangements made for a sumptuous afternoon tea.

On previous occasions there was no tent, and there would have been no tea but for the kindness, some crusty individuals called it weakness, of one or two members of the Prince Consort Club, which is situated in the immediate vicinity of the Ladies' Golf Course. These gentlemen, it is understood, got themselves into some little trouble by infringing the rules of that august institution so far as to take ladies inside the sacred precincts, and in accordance with the fine spirit of independence, conspicuous in the so-called gentle sex, the ladies resolved to have a tent of their own, and being thus in an independent position could afford to indulge in a good many sneers and contemptuous remarks upon the churlishness and shabbiness of Prince Consort people, who, they considered, ought to have been only too glad to throw their Club open and place its resources at the disposal of, what an irreverent youth has called, the Sister Club. It is believed that the experiment of the tent has been so far successful that it is seriously proposed by the ladies to get up a stone and lime Clubhouse of their own,

and there is a talk of having a bazaar to raise the necessary funds. No one could find fault with this proposal, for the ladies have from time immemorial been willing promoters of bazaars for all sorts of schemes, and it is surely only reasonable that they should expect the most enthusiastic support when they have a bazaar for their own purposes. They say that if any attempt is made to throw cold water on their proposal it is a case of goodbye to bazaars for any other purposes in the locality for this generation at least.

This is, however, a digression from the business in hand.

The first competitors to put in an appearance about a quarter of an hour before the advertised time of starting, 2.30 p.m., (it is astonishing how punctual even otherwise dilatory people are in connection with golf matters) were the two Misses Blunderby who, having only begun to play about a fortnight before the meeting, are about the keenest members of the Club, and use more technical, albeit incorrect, expressions than older hands. They talk about "two more" and "one off two," as being the same thing, but that is of little consequence.

Next comes a group of fair ones, which includes Mrs and Miss Slowgo, the two Misses Rapid, Miss Talby, Miss Slimkins, and Miss Shortly. This party is accompanied by several young men and one or two old ones, some of them being brothers, and others—well, we may call them sympathizers.

Troops of fair ones now approach from all directions, some with, and some without, attendant cavaliers.

It may be mentioned that the Ladies' Club includes a number of gentlemen who are allowed to subscribe but have no other privileges unless that of marking for the ladies in the medal competitions, two acting as Treasurer and Secretary and generally taking all the trouble and securing most of the abuse going in the Club, a little of the latter being, of course, reserved for dear friends and rivals. Two of these gentlemen are standing near the tent discussing the event and the arrangements. The

conversation, which was naturally well out of earshot, ran something like this—

“Look here, we really must try to get the markers so distributed that there can be nothing like collusion.”

“Oh, there is not much chance of that, the ladies are all thoroughly honest.”

“No doubt, but still it is better to have an independent man with each couple, a man who will be inflexible about such things as hitting a ball twice on one stroke, and will insist on holing out with the utmost rigour. If Johnny A. marks for Miss B. and her sister he won't dare to count it a stroke if the former moves her ball when she addresses it. No, no, put him with Miss C. and her partner.”

“All right, I will see to it, though I am sure they have already arranged that he is to mark for them.”

“We agreed to allow brothers to mark for sisters.”

“That is the safest thing of all, for they are sure to insist on the rigour of the game if only to show their superior knowledge, but I don't believe you will get them to do it, they would much rather mark for their friends than their relatives.”

“Well, the only way to do is for me to conduct the ballot and you call out the names of the markers apparently haphazard but you can exercise a discretion without showing it.”

“What mischief are you two hatching,” said the pretty Miss Slimkins who came up at the moment.

“We are only making arrangements for the start, and I think it is past the hour, so we had better begin the ballot.”

“I came to ask if you will manage to let Willie Softleigh mark for me and my partner. We don't like the idea of a stranger finding fault with us every time, and he is fairness itself, and very strict.”

“I am afraid you must take your chance, the names will be called in order but we will see what we can do.”

“Thanks, I hope you will be able to manage it for us,” and

off she went satisfied that she had made that all right at all events.

"I told you so," said the official who had started the subject, "we must stick to our arrangement, however, and say we couldn't manage it, though no doubt we shall hear of it again."

There was now a large gathering both of competitors and spectators, and the tent was crowded while the ballot was going on. When it was finished, cards distributed, and a start made one of the officials said—

"Well, we have managed it all right. I think it will be impossible for any one to accuse the marking of partiality."

On going out a little later to see how matters were progressing, they found to their surprise that Miss Slimkins had been too much for them for not only was Willie Softleigh marking for them, but he was also giving directions, such as—

"Play well to the right and you will come back off the hill," and so on. This wasn't all, for several other couples were attended by markers whom the officials had been very careful to allocate otherwise.

On approaching Miss Slimkins she said—

"Sorry you couldn't give us Mr Softleigh as a marker, but we exchanged with Miss Blundell and Miss Aitkins, and a good many of the others have exchanged too, so we are all comfortable."

The poor men could say nothing without causing unpleasantness, which would have been fatal to the Club's prosperity, so they merely held their tongues and walked away.

We will now follow for a hole or two the fortunes of Miss Talby and Miss Shortly, who were playing together, and had as marker a no less independent and unbiassed individual than the *fiancé* of the former. Miss Talby was just about to play off when Miss Shortly said—

"You are about a yard in front of the tee."

"Oh," said the former, "that is of no consequence, it is

quite different from a yard on the putting green. It's all right isn't it?" This to the marker, who said—

"I don't suppose it really matters, but it is just as well to keep to the rules."

This, Miss Talby did by coming back about six inches and then playing off before any further objection could be offered. Miss Shortly was not to be done, so she played off from the same spot.

At the next hole, after a stroke had been played, Miss Shortly's dress, which was rather long, swept her ball a foot or two from its place. It so happened that its new place was much more favourable than before, and the marker said it ought to be replaced in its original position. Miss Talby, on the other hand, was magnanimous enough to call it a rub of the green, and suggested that it should be played from where it lay, adding that if she was pleased, no one else had a right to object. On the marker mildly observing that it was not a match but a stroke competition for the medal, he was very bluntly told that it was all the same and that rules were rules, and if he didn't know them he shouldn't undertake a position he wasn't fit for, and so on. Miss Shortly ended the little tiff by playing, and the party proceeded. It is unnecessary to say that there was no further interference with either of the competitors, who it may be stated, were such bosom friends that each wished the other to win.

The next couple were Miss Slimkins and her cousin, the former of whom, on holing out, said—

"Three! That put makes me eighteen for the six holes."

"You really hit your ball twice in the second stroke," said Mr Softleigh, "it ought to be four."

"Hit my ball twice, what do you mean?"

"You moved it out of its place when you put your putter down."

"But I didn't play it, I wasn't making a stroke at the time, I was only addressing the ball as you call it, and everybody knows, or should know (this with an almost imperceptible sneer)

that it is only in striking that it counts two when the ball flies up and strikes the handle of the club or something of that sort."

The couple behind were now shouting Fore ! Fore !! so the party who had stopped at the hole during this discussion were obliged to go on and nothing more was said at the moment, but a little later Miss Slimkins said,

"Willie ! what did you put me down at the sixth hole ?"

"I put you down three, but really you must be more careful not to do these things, it is not golf."

"That's a good boy, it may not be what you call good golf to touch the ball before playing, but I know it doesn't count a stroke. I must try and improve my style for it is only a matter of style after all."

The next couple were the two Misses Rapid who had as a marker their young brother, generally known as "the Brat" in the family circle, and called outside it "the Chuffer," the why and wherefore of the latter being a profound mystery even to the authors of it, viz., his schoolfellows, the propriety of the former cognomen being sufficiently obvious. On starting off he said—

"Now, girls, you must play properly and no humbug, I am in charge and I shall see that the rules are strictly enforced, and shan't stand any nonsense." This was said with an air of authority and in an offensively domineering manner.

"Can't we get some one else to mark," said the elder Miss Rapid (whose real name is Victoria Constantia, but who is known to her intimates and for that matter to everybody else, as Joe) casting a wistful look at a tall, good-looking young man of the military type who was standing near.

"Can't you mark for us, Captain Spark," she said. "The Brat is so tiresome, and really knows nothing about the game."

"Don't I though," said the latter, "I will soon show you whether I do or not."

"I am awfully sorry," said the Captain, "I should have liked to mark for you very much, and would have given anything to get off my engagement which is to mark for Miss Fatky

and old Miss Scraggs. They asked me last night and in a weak moment I stupidly agreed without thinking."

"Let's leave them the Brat and you come with us" said Miss Eve Rapid, who is generally called Adam by her friends.

"I'll see you all blowed first," said the Brat, "I have been told off for you and I mean to do my duty, so come along."

There was no help for it for just then Miss Fatky and Miss Scraggs came up and took possession of Captain Spark.

The girls were a little put out by the failure of their effort to exchange markers, and consequently didn't play so well as they might have done. At the third hole Miss Joe's ball lay within about six inches of the hole after her second stroke.

"Three," she said, giving her ball a flick towards the next tee with her putter.

"You just play that hole out Miss," said the Brat, "and more than that, you must play it from where you are now, and that will take you two more."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. I couldn't have missed where I was—on the very lip of the hole.

"I don't suppose you could, but in medal play everything must be holed out. I will disqualify you," said the Brat with a lofty air.

"At all events let me put my ball where it was. I had a certain three, and if I play from here I shall take five."

The Brat was resolute, and as the next couple were playing up, Miss Joe, very much to her disgust, was obliged to do as her young imp of a brother ordered, and had the mortification of having a five instead of a three added to her already formidable score. She remarked—

"My sweet youth I will make you suffer for this," at which the Brat grinned, and gave the order—

"Play on and don't keep the whole green waiting."

It is needless to say that after this there was no more trifling in this party at all events.

The next couple or two were rather uninteresting, and then

came Miss Fatky and Miss Scraggs, escorted by the gallant Captain. Miss Scraggs had taken an average of five to each hole, but, nothing daunted, she played on with all the airs and graces of a youthful damsel of eighteen, whereas she is at least—but, perhaps, she is much younger than she looks; at all events, she is much less than the fifty summers which the heedless and scoffing of her own sex attribute to her. Miss Fatky is forty, and admits it, and is an uncommonly good player notwithstanding. She plays with what her partners call devotion, and if constant practice can be fairly held as indicating that virtue, she certainly is devoted. She has a putter with a gold top, and a shield with her crest and monogram let into the shaft. A good player, one of the best in fact, like most over anxious people she does not play her best in a competition, though she is almost invincible in a match. Miss Scraggs, on the other hand, is frivolous, and cares less for the game than for the opportunities it offers of showing herself on the links, and indulging in such little attempts at getting up a flirtation as at her time of life are possible. At present she is much more bent on attracting the attention of the Captain to her style and grace than to her play.

“Oh! Captain Spark, I only found out this morning that you belonged to the Marines. I dote on the Marines, they are the finest branch of the service. Did you ever meet Captain Jinks.”

“No; I never had that pleasure, for you see he belongs to the mounted branch, and I to the Light Infantry. I have often heard of him, however,”

“Captain Lad-di-da is an old friend of mine, too,” said Miss Scraggs.

At this point Miss Fatky, who was bursting with impatience, cut in with—

“We really must get on, for the couple behind are getting impatient, and seem to be laughing at some of us”—this rather maliciously.

"Oh, good gracious! It is very tiresome that two people can't be allowed to have a little quiet conversation without being observed." This remark was accompanied by a rather languishing glance at the Captain, whose gallantry didn't seem equal to the occasion, for he seemed rather to take alarm, and scarcely spoke another word in the round, which ended, Miss Scraggs, seventy-nine; Miss Fatky, fifty-two.

This last was a most excellent score, being two below three a hole, and proved to be the best on the green.

The Misses Blunderby now came up, full as usual of golf talk, and presented their cards, the elder having done the round in eighty and the younger in eighty-three. The latter said—

"Not a bad round, I think, I am three above, and Sarah three below."

"Three below," said the Secretary; "three below what?"

"Three below me. I am three above her, if you like to put it that way."

To attempt any explanation was just then hopeless, for the competitors were coming in, and those who had made scores sufficiently good to give them a chance of success were getting impatient to start on the second round.

Miss Eve Rapid went up to the Secretary and said—

"Is it necessary that we should follow the same order as in the first round?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the official.

"In that case I shan't play any more."

"Why?"

"Well, we were just behind Tilly Slowgo and her mother, and they kept us waiting at every hole till my patience was so thoroughly exhausted that I couldn't play a single stroke decently, so I have had enough of it to last me some time. It isn't good enough."

"Couldn't you shout to them to go on?"

"Couldn't I just—if I dared? If I could only have said what I did say, at the top of my voice instead of to myself, they

would precious soon have cleared out of the way and very likely a good many more of the others too."

"I daresay there has been a good deal of mental strong language. It is the only relief to the feelings available to the ladies."

"Oh, I wish I were a man, and could swear aloud as much as I liked, I should feel ever so much more comfortable."

"I don't know that you would after all. "What is your score?"

"Fifty-eight."

"That does not by any means put you out of it if you play a good second round. I tell you what it is, when it comes near your turn to play get out of the way a bit, and we shall be obliged to start some other couple in your place, and you can turn up afterwards and make any excuse you like."

"You won't disqualify me?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied the thoroughly strict and conscientious Secretary, who had a sneaking admiration for Miss Eve's style, though the most staid and quiet of young men himself.

The second round was played immediately after, the final result being that Miss Talby won the gold medal with a score of a hundred and seven—fifty-four and fifty-three. Miss Fatky as usual losing her advantage with a comparatively poor score, fifty-seven, in her second round, this with her previous fifty-two made her a hundred and nine. This, however, gained her the silver cross which consoled her for her disappointment. There were the usual sharp comments and reflections upon the partiality of the markers, but these were soon forgotten in the prospect of tea which was now due and much needed, as the ladies had been playing and hanging about for over two hours.

The tent was soon crowded and everything seemed in order with the exception that there were only five cups and saucers for about fifty people. Miss Cushat and a servant presently appeared with four teapots, hot water, &c., and was at once

asked for the cups and saucers which had been ordered on hire from one of the crockery shops in the town.

"This is a' the cups at's here," she said.

"Didn't they send a lot from Smith's shop this morning."

'Aye did they, a curn coorse blue willa patren rubbitch, so I just tel't them if they hadna naething better nor that they cud just tak them hame again. They sed that wis the only kind at they hid for lennen oot, so I sed I wad think shaim ta pit them doon afore ladies and gentlemen, an the lathie at brocht them taen them awa again and I've hard nae mair aboot it."

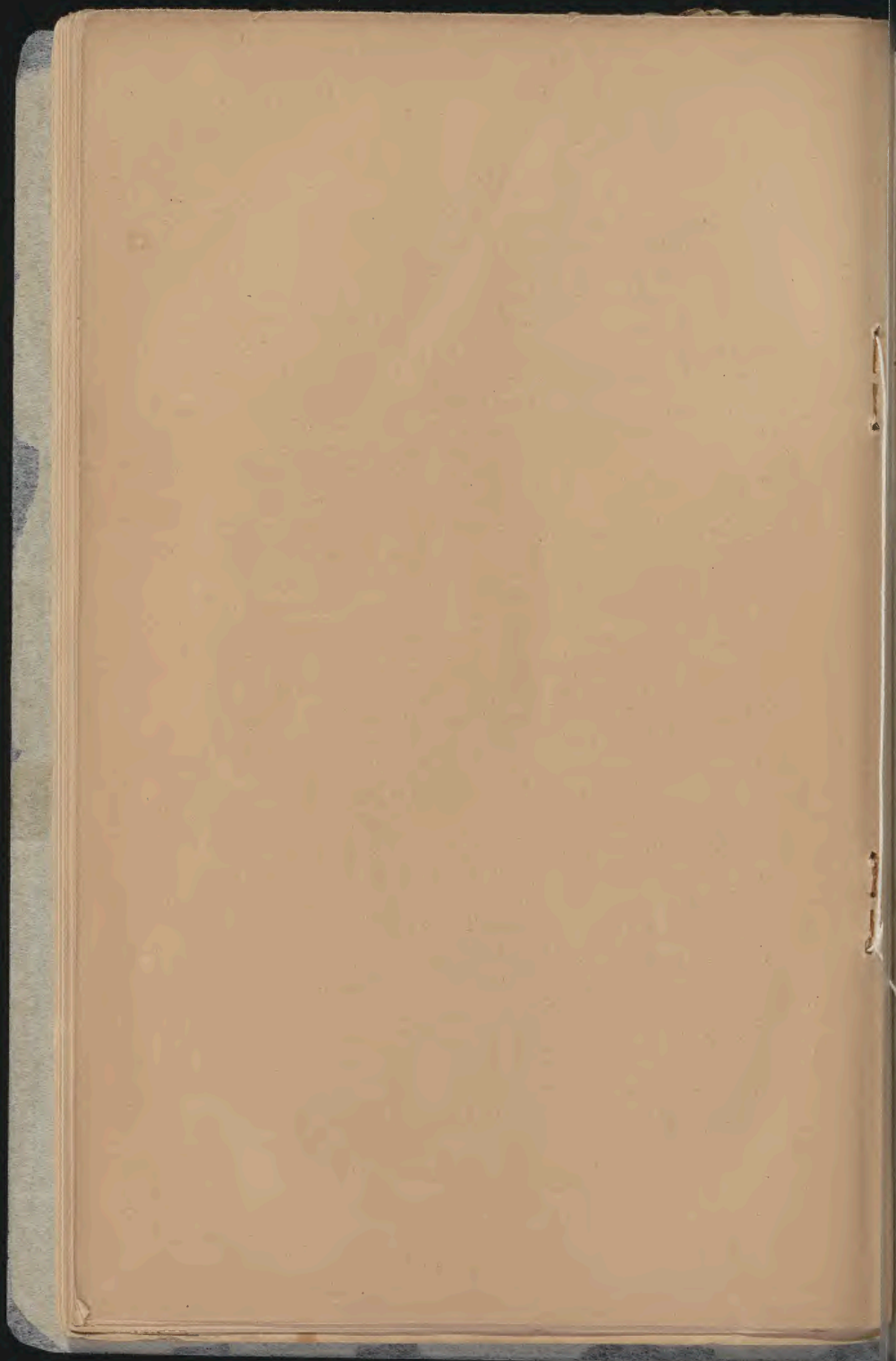
"What in earth is to be done," said Mrs Ribstone, who was at the top of the table. "Can't you give us some out of the club? I am sure the gentlemen wouldn't mind lending us their cups and saucers even if they wont allow us to go into the house."

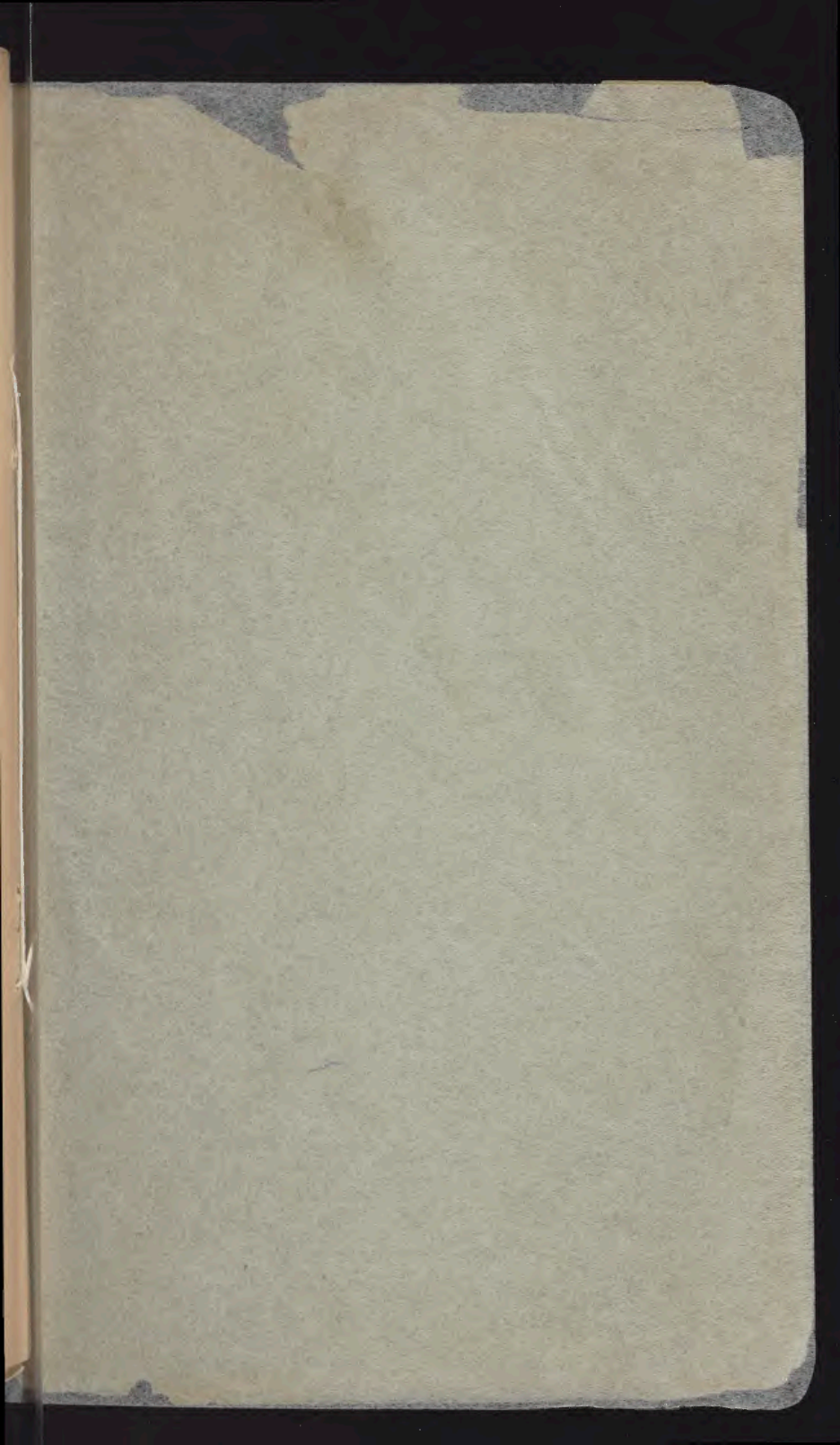
"Cups and saucers. Losh be here, they dinna hae nae cups and saucers, there's plenty o' soda water tum'lers, but they never drink nae tea but juist an interan cup and syne they get the len o' ane o' mine. Thae's a' mine, she went on regarding the china with fond pride, ye can easy tak yer tea time aboot and pass the cups an they'll sair ye a' that wye."

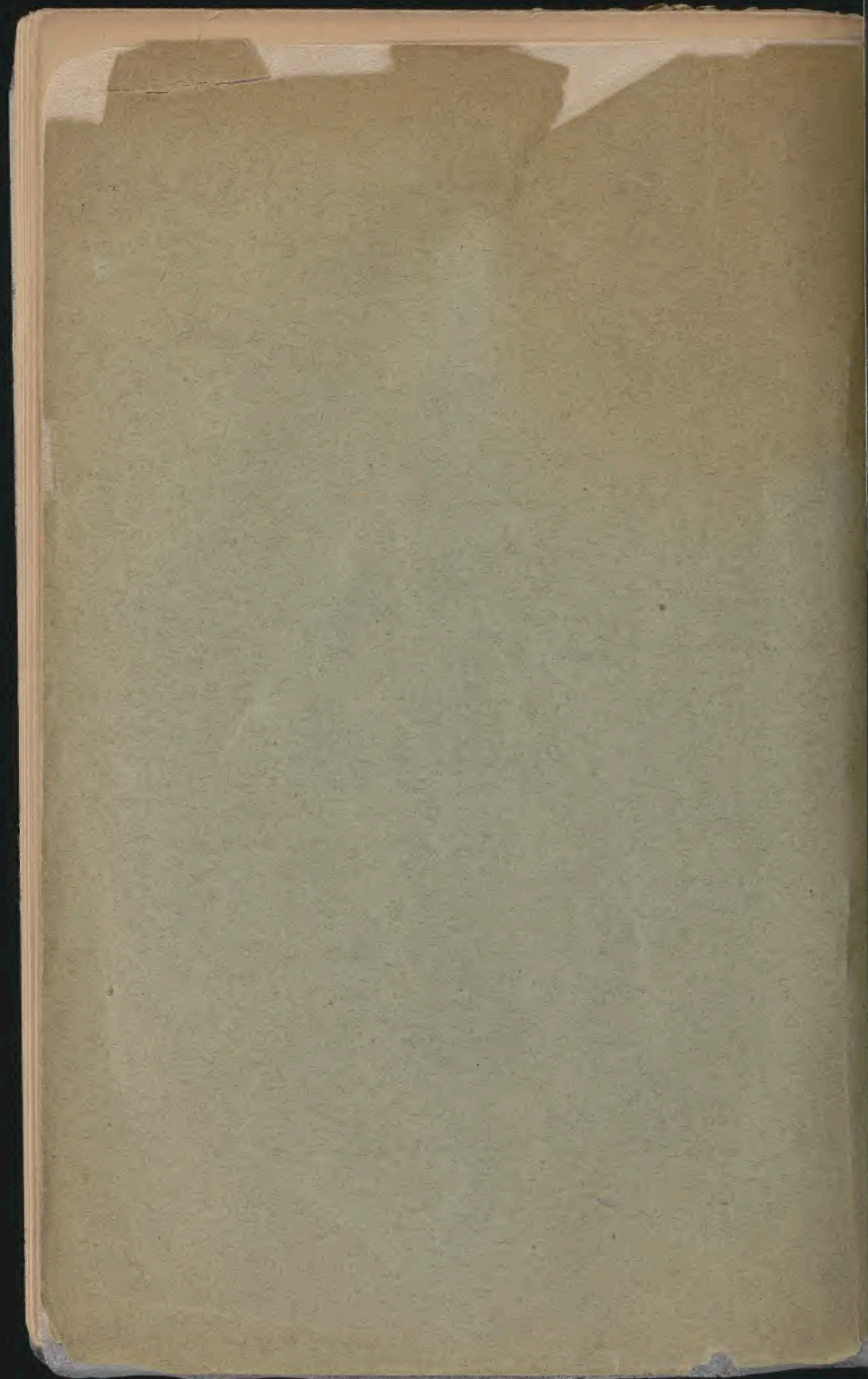
There is nothing for it but to take tea in relays of five, and have the cups washed up every time, The younger ladies consoling themselves with lemonade and an extra allowance of cakes, shortbread, &c., of which there was great abundance. The men adjourned to the Club and, in all probability, put some of the soda water tumblers to practical use.

So ended the ladies medal day. No doubt there will be an abundant supply of cups next month.

THE END.

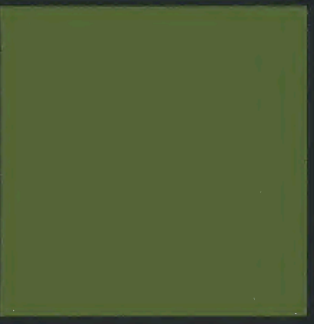
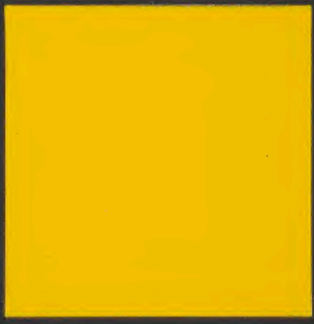
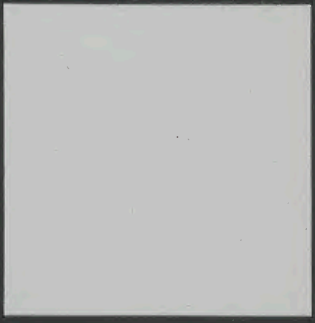






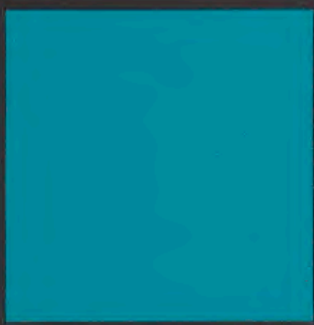
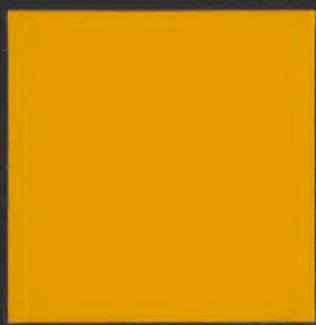
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