

So the time passed until Saturday, when it would be possible to hear from Jourdey's superior officer. Croisette spent a restless day. Every ring brought her to the door of the Presbytère, with her hands pressed over her fast-beating heart. But, alas! the posts came in one after another, and there was no letter, no sign, until the evening shadows fell dark over the garden, like the gloom over Croisette's soul. Then there was a quick pull at the bell, a face at the grating, a rush down the path, and the fathers saw Croisette enveloped and hidden in the arms of a man who bore no doubtful likeness to the departed Jourdey. He walked with a stick and had his head plastered up, it is true, but it was manifestly Paul Jourdey the hairdresser, just as it was the emotional Croisette of old who, laughing and weeping by turns, led him up towards the house.

"Why am I at home so soon, *chère ange*?" he was saying. "We had a little skirmish in Alsace, to which I owe this ornament, *vois-tu*?" and he pointed to his head. "And my presence here. Ah! it was cheaply gained."

The four priests' heads were all poked through the refectory window, varying expressions of consternation being depicted on each countenance. Père Monnier was, of course, the first to return to his rapidly-cooling meal.

"Well, we have lost her at last," he said, with a heavy sigh. "Still, as she will live next door, it may be, perhaps, that we have not tasted the last of her *ragouts*."

"I wish that we had waited before saying that mass for the repose of his soul," observed the *curé* irritably. "That good-for-nothing girl to deceive us into thinking that she had seen the Phantom! She deserves to have to cook for us for some time, in exchange for our trouble."

"It must have been the storm she heard," remarked M. Fréville, with conviction.

M. Lecoit said nothing. Perhaps his faith was shaken in the Phantom Funeral. But from henceforward the inhabitants of Dinage were divided on the subject, some maintaining, with the priests, that Croisette's experience could not have been the hitherto infallible portent, others that the warning had failed in that instance, and therefore was no longer to be relied on.

At any rate, M. le Curé married Croisette and Jourdey in a month's time, though everybody noticed how gloomy was his countenance, and that of all his brethren. And he had to fit the ring over an artificial finger, which had, after all, cost Paul nothing, since his friend the medical student made it his wedding present to Croisette.

A ROUND OF GOLF.



IT is a glorious morning in the month of August. The club house at St. Andrews is filled with golfers, some getting out their clubs and preparing to start, others chatting about the topics of the hour, others glancing at the papers while waiting for their turn. From

the windows of the large reading-room can be seen the beginning of the links, which stretch away to the right towards the estuary of the Eden river. In front is the first teeing-ground, with a telegraph-board indicating the number of the party which is starting. For during the busy season, every fourth minute from nine o'clock onward receives a number, one of which has to be secured by the player on the preceding day.

A trio of golfers are standing by the window. A slight military-looking man casts his eye upon the telegraph.

"Our number is next but one, Preston; isn't it?"

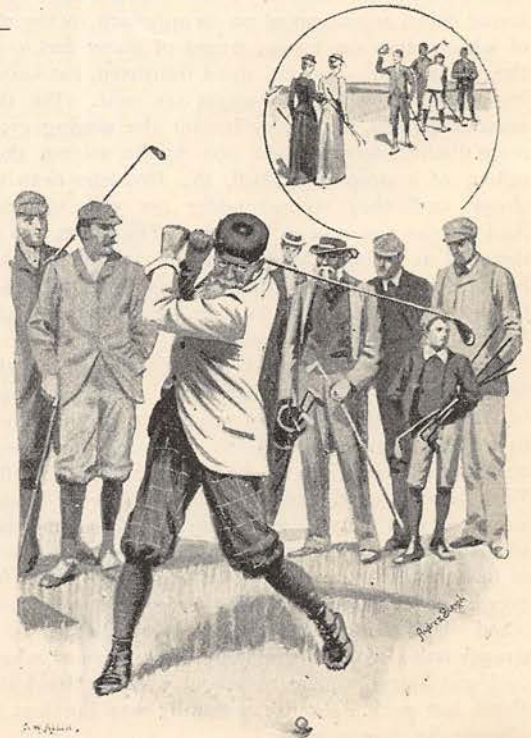
"Yes," replies a burly golfer in a bright red coat.

"I hope to goodness the Professor won't be late."

"Trust him," chimes in the third, as the smoke from his cigarette forms a halo round the group.

"He's never late, though he's always last."

"But to-day he must not be allowed to talk," rejoined the big man. "If he plays with me, I shall have



"THE PROFESSOR DRIVES OFF" (p. 355).



"OGILVIE FINDS HIMSELF UNABLE AT THE NEXT HOLE TO EXTRICATE THE BALL FROM A SMALL DEEP BUNKER" (p. 356).

to feign deafness again. By the way, how should we be divided?"

"Well—" and the Colonel paused—"I think you and I might be partners. Ogilvie, will you take the Professor? You're young, and can do the driving."

"Right you are, Colonel," replies the young man; "and here he is. Good-morning, Professor. You and I have to take half-a-crown off each of these gentlemen. It's all arranged."

The party has collected at the tee. The Colonel is beheading daisies with his driver, "to get his arms loose," while the Professor shows a favourite club to Ogilvie. The caddies are discussing among themselves the chances of the match. A rabble of small boys crowd around, while here and there several members of the fair sex are threading their way across to the ladies' course. A sprinkling of professionals completes the crowd, together with a large number of visitors.

"And this is golf," remarks one of the latter, a tall athletic man, dressed in a suit of flannels. "It seems to me the tamest thing I have ever seen. What are these chaps going to try to do?"

"Well," replies his initiated friend, "the object of the game is to send the ball into a series of holes in the fewest number of strokes. Look at this party: those two men," pointing to Ogilvie and the Professor, "are to play together against the other pair. Each side uses one ball, and the partners take alternate shots at it. The side that finishes out in the less number of strokes wins that hole, and both try to be some points to the good at the end of the round."

"But what if they do a hole in the same number of thwacks!" asks the stranger.

"Then it is halved, and does not affect the score at all. Come along; let us walk out with this foursome, and you will see the game."

"Ye caan play noo, sur," suggests one of the caddies; "they've had thur saecond." And as the party in front are out of range, the Professor drives off, and tops the ball into the road.

"My dear Ogilvie, so sorry! My race down to the club has put me off."

"Oh, all right; don't apologise," replies his partner; and a fine long cleek shot takes them to the edge of the burn. The other pair are a few yards behind, and the Colonel, afraid of the hazard, sends his ball straight into the stream. Preston has to play the three

more, and a careful approach by the Professor gives him the hole in five.

At this point Ogilvie recognises a couple of girls on the ladies' links, who come across, and ask if they may be allowed to walk out a few holes with the foursome. He introduces them to his partner, and the Professor bursts into an animated conversation. Preston has met one of the new-comers at a tennis party, and is an admirer, but is doubtful whether she recognises him in his gaudy plumage. He presses to make a long drive, and completely misses the ball. With quivering lips he turns away, and the Colonel has to despatch the ball on its way. Preston misses his next shot, and later on is heard muttering something about the "Nuisance of ladies following," "Childish chatterbox," and the "Rudeness of some people," as he emerges from a bunker with his niblick.

The second hole falls also to the Professor's side, but on the third green the Colonel has an opportunity of reducing his opponent's lead. He has a five-foot putt for the hole; but just as he lifts the club—

"Oh, *do* look at that *funny* man, Mr. Ogilvie!" cries one of the ladies. "What *is* he trying to do in the railway?"

This is too much for the Colonel, and a dangerous flash from Preston's eye makes Ogilvie suggest silence to his friends. Of course, however, the putt is missed, and the Colonel has to be content with a half.

"I never thought he'd mind," murmurs the fair offender; adding, in a loud whisper, "I don't think he ought to have minded." Unfortunately, the remark seems to have been overheard, and the play becomes



"IT IS QUITE IMPOSSIBLE TO SEND THE BALL IN, EXCEPT BY LOFTING IT OVER THE OTHER" (p. 357).

worse on both sides as the game proceeds. Even Ogilvie misses a tee shot; and a general feeling of relief is experienced when, at the sixth green—conscious, perhaps of the disturbing influence of their presence—the ladies turn back.

The Colonel and his partner are now three holes to the bad. But relief is at hand, for Ogilvie finds himself unable at the next hole to extricate the ball from a small deep bunker, whither his partner has sent it, and has to give up. The next is a short hole, and each match is required to wait until their predecessors have finished it before they play on. Two parties are already seated on the ground, waiting for their turn, when the foursome arrives. The players throw themselves upon the grass, and watch the balls as they are

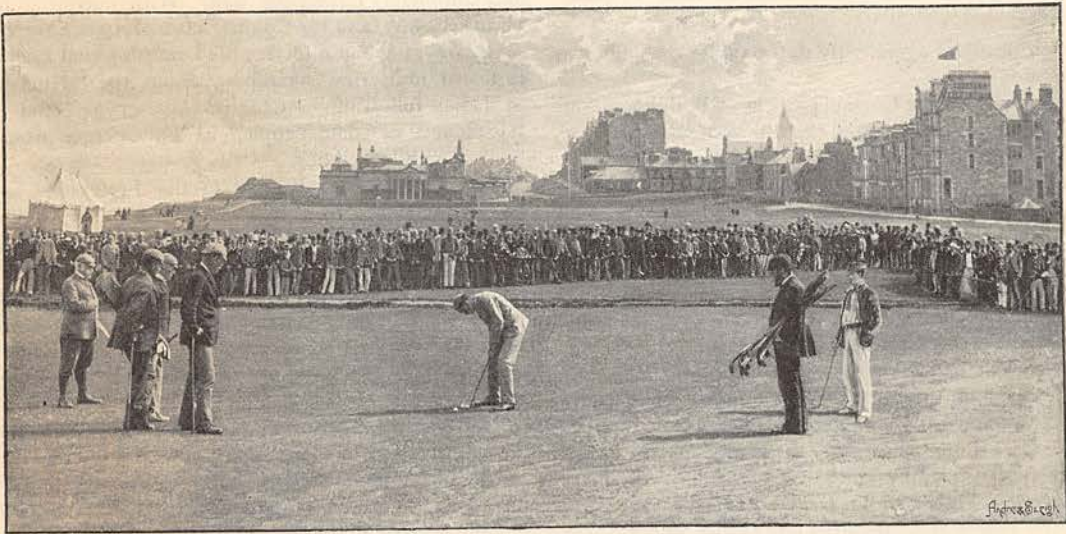
the turn." He takes his iron, and makes a beautiful loft on to the hole. Ogilvie also succeeds in reaching the green, but the Professor is short with his putt, and the hole goes to his opponents in three. The last hole is also won by the Colonel and his partner, and the match turns all square.

By the tenth teeing-ground stands a hand-cart, with an awning spread over it, below which are rows of glasses. Old "Daw"—one of the characters of the place—is in charge, and dispenses ginger-ale and lemonade to the thirsty golfers.

"Have a drink, Professor?" cries young Ogilvie.

"No, thank you, my boy," replies his partner. "Why, we have lost the last three holes."

The two strangers, however, who have been follow-



A ROUND OF GOLF AT ST. ANDREWS.

(From a photograph by A. Downie, St. Andrews, N.B.)

struck off from the tee, while they listen to the larks singing gaily overhead. Round to the right is the broad estuary of the Eden; the surface of the water, dotted here and there by the brown sail of a fishing-smack, is flashing like burnished silver beneath the rays of the mid-day sun. A line of yellow sand borders the expanse; and far away to the north the outline of Lochnagar is clear-cut against the sky, across which a few masses of glittering cloud are slowly sailing. Two miles to the south, the grey buildings of St. Andrews rise above the cliffs, and the spires of the ruins tower above the city.

"What a perfect day!" cries Ogilvie, as he offers a cigarette to the Professor. "And just a breath of wind to keep us cool."

"Yes," rejoins his partner; "everything is favourable for good play."

Preston has overheard the remark, and growls to the Colonel. "Thank goodness, those ladies have gone! We must play up now, and bring the match square at

ing the game, yield to the charms of a cooling drink. The old man hears that one of them has never seen the game played before.

"Hoots, maun! wha' hae ye bin daeing? Ye'd hae made a graan' gowfer."

"But I am going to begin, Daw; and I suppose one can pick it up soon."

"Hech, laddie!" sighed the old gentleman; "ye're a' wrang, ye're a' wrang; but if ye stick till't, ye'll mabbe be able to skelp a ba' in fower or five year."

Four or five years! The stranger lifts his hands, and turns away.

At the first hole going home the Colonel was bunkered, and played three more on the green. The other ball was lying some dozen feet from the disc, and Ogilvie asks:

"You give up the hole?"

"Mak' him play it oot, sur; mak' him play it oot," whispers the Colonel's caddy; and his master adds: "Ah! just let us see where you go."

Somewhat nettled, Ogilvie turns to his partner; "Your shot, Professor; lay us dead." But the putt is short, and Ogilvie, in attempting to hole the ball, runs past the disc and lays himself a stimie.

"Play the like, Professor," says Preston in a tone of irritating precision.

It is quite impossible to send the ball in, except by lofting it over the other; so the Professor, instead of making sure of a half by a putt to the side of the hole, takes his iron and fails. Ogilvie again misses his shot, and Preston's putt wins the hole.

"Well, 'pon my word," cries the Colonel, "I would have given any odds against our winning that."

"It's a queer game, gowf," his caddy suggests: "a vara queer game."

The next hole is also a short one, and beyond the green is the river Eden. Preston, taking his cleek, drives over into the sand, and Ogilvie profits by his experience, and wins the hole in three.

"All square, and seven to play," remarks the Colonel. "It seems that we shall have a tight match."

The prophecy turns out correct, for the next three holes are halved, and neither side can get a lead. But the fifteenth green sees a change in the score. In playing the like on the green, the Professor is a little too hard, and unluckily lays a stimie for his partner. In attempting to loft over the other ball, Ogilvie knocks it in instead of his own.

"I say, partner, that's our second bit of bad luck," he murmurs; "but we must win."

There is a look of determination in the young man's face, which augurs ill for his opponents. But Preston and the Colonel seem to have also nerved themselves to win, and not a word is uttered as they move up to the next teeing-ground. The caddies, too, are getting very interested, and the Professor's attendant seems anxious about the fate of his sixpence.

The sixteenth hole lies along the railway; and as Preston's drive is sliced off the course, the match is again brought square, and two holes to play. The Colonel and the Professor have the next tee-shots, but Ogilvie's second is far beyond the other, and his side reaches the green in three. Preston plays the odd out of a small bunker by the side of the green, and plays it so well that a half in six is the result. The match depends upon the last hole.

Two good drives, followed by fair seconds, bring both balls to the green. Preston plays the odd, and lies five feet from the disc. Ogilvie takes his putter, with a palpitating sensation visible about the chest. "That for the match!" remarks the Colonel, with a hopeful wink to his partner. Ogilvie measures the distance, and as he raises the club strikes a small twig which he had not noticed on the ground. He stops, and flings it away; but he is evidently nervous, and the putt is short. The Colonel makes a good bid for the hole with the odd, and lies by the rim. Again, "That for the match!" is heard; and the Professor steadies himself, and makes the putt. On and on rolls the ball; it will not be up—yes, it trembles for a moment on the edge, and falls to the bottom.

"Well holed indeed!" cries Ogilvie. "Partner, that's capital!"

"Yes, my lad; you said we must win, and we have."

Preston mutters something about a fluke as he pays his caddy; but he can smile as he congratulates Ogilvie with almost ironical effusiveness on the victory.

"That was an extraordinary hole, Colonel, the tenth," remarks Ogilvie, as lunch is ending. "I thought we had it as safe as could be."

"Never give up a hole till you see your opponent's ball at the bottom of it: it's a golden rule, my boy."

"Your partner was tremendously delighted at it," replies the young man.

"By the way, now that he's gone, was Preston very angry with me as we were going out?"

"Yes; and so was I, you young dog, for bringing those girls round with us. Preston was most inconsistent; he first abused you for not introducing him to them, and then began to curse because you allowed them to stay."

"I'm so sorry, Colonel; they *were* rude to you, weren't they? But they don't understand, poor things! They are coming to play tennis with us this afternoon. You'll drop in, and be reconciled?"

"Well—I—"

"Oh yes; you'd better," interrupted Ogilvie. "I'll ask Preston to come too, and we'll be able to let the Professor know what day we decide upon for the return match."
ERIC.

A TOUCH OF LIVER.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE liver is a hard-worked organ, and generally it does its work well. It is the largest gland in the body, and is mainly concerned with the functions of digestion and nutrition, though it has other important duties. So varied and complex is its work that most people think they are safe and justified in ascribing a majority

of the minor ills from which they suffer to a disordered liver. In this way it is a much maligned organ, and has many things laid to its charge of which it is wholly innocent.

Actual disease of the liver is a serious matter, but it is comparatively infrequent, and never exists alone. In this paper we are only considering those functional