

The Pinehurst Outlook

VOL. IV., NO. 11.

PINEHURST, N. C., JAN. 18, 1901.

PRICE THREE CENTS

THE CADDIE'S CONSCIENCE.

As Paul Trenton neared the entrance of the golf ground, a girl separated herself from the little group and looked at him with an eagerness that drew his attention to herself. She was about thirteen, with an old red Tam o'Shanter on a wild tangle of black locks, and her eyes were shrewd and sparkling.

"Do you want a caddie, sir?"

"Are you one?"

She touched the brass badge on the sleeve of her faded green coat.

"Yes sir."

Trenton looked at her curiously, attracted by the dark gypsy face. Hitherto he had been accustomed to a caddie of the masculine persuasion, and he owned himself tired of them. Still it was difficult to put aside the usual for the unusual, but at the present moment he felt more drawn to the other sex than his own.

He ran his eye carelessly from the little group of boys to the girl before him.

"All right," he said briefly. "Here's the bag."

She lifted it and swung it over her shoulder briskly, and, following in the footsteps of her employer, she first turned to shoot back a glance at the disappointed unemployed that was both contemptuous and triumphant, and more than a trifle malignant.

For some time Trenton was too much occupied in making acquaintance with the thoroughly sporting character of the ground to spare much thought to the black-haired witch trotting demurely beside him. But half way round the course a superb "drive" brought the kindling eyes of the caddie up to his with such a glow of appreciation in them that he smiled involuntarily.

"Not so bad, eh?" he said, boyishly and apologetically. "And I am shockingly out of practice, too."

The girl nodded her head emphatically several times—quick, adroit movements that reminded him of an impudent and confident robin redbreast.

"It was first-rate—that. There's no one there"—with a contemptuous wave of her little brown hand in the direction of a group near the club house—"could do a better—not even him"—and another wave indicated a tall man who was addressing himself to his ball with a solemnity that was ludicrous—"and he thinks that he is better than a professional."

"Unlucky chap! What is your name, you witch?"

"Margaret Louise Smith. They call me Meg."

"Not Meg Merrilies?"

"No, sir," with a puzzled stare from her great black eyes. "Smith." And the owner of the name drew herself up with much dignity.

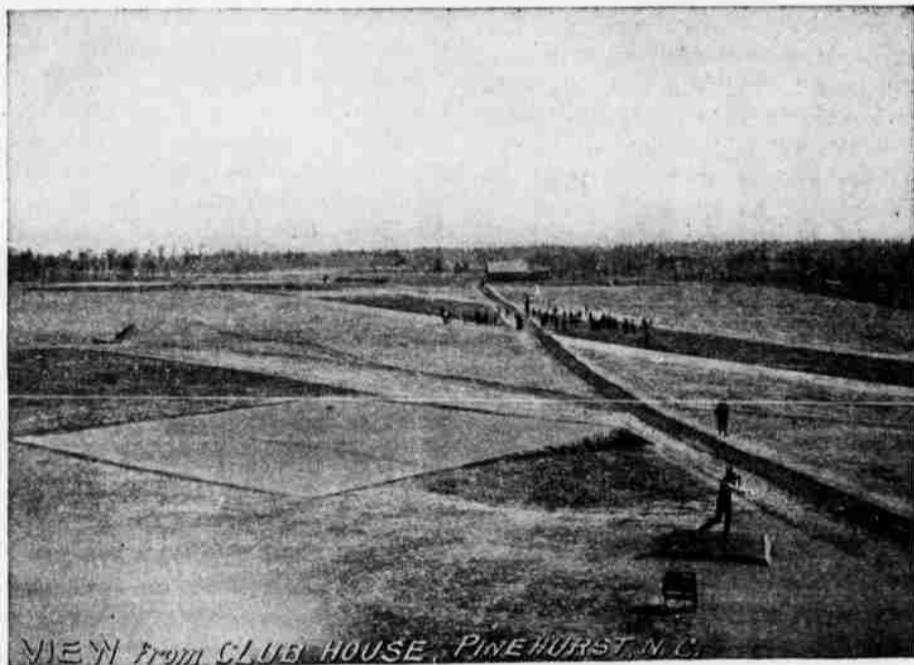
Before an hour was over he voted her the most intelligent caddie that he had

ever had. Her knowledge of the game and its technicalities was marvelous. She was tactful and on the alert, and not a bit shy. Her bright elf-like eyes followed every stroke, and once or twice she came out with a shrewd word of advice, that Trenton found himself following to his own advantage.

"You witch; there is more science in that little head of yours than in a half a dozen fellows put together."

The "Witch" looked down and shook her black locks deprecatingly, but a complacent smile stole over her odd little face.

After that the boy caddies had not the ghost of a chance. The "Witch," as Trenton had dubbed her, was his constant companion on the links. It was an unusually quiet season at Rhys, and often the only solitary figures that traversed the breezy moorland were those of Paul Trenton and his caddie. The man practiced indefatigably—per-



VIEW FROM CLUB HOUSE, PINEHURST, N. C.

haps to pass the time as much as anything until the coming of the one for whom he waited. The perfection of human happiness was his now, and though it never found voice in words, it showed in his springy step and the glad ring in his voice. His odd little attendant felt the joyousness of his manner, though she could not guess the cause. She had plenty to say about others, but very little about herself; but she had her dark days, when her life owned a black background—a malignant influence that she called "M'uncle," with a baleful gleam in her eyes and a stormy frowning of her brows. It was long before Trenton discovered that she meant her uncle. She spent her nights unwillingly beneath his roof, and in the morning sped swiftly from the cruel hand that sought to make a down-trodden slave of her, and part her from her moors. Trenton heard, though not from the "Witch," that her ancestors had been possessors of all the land about at one time, and that a trace of blue blood ran in her veins. She had

a bitter tongue, and had a mocking word for everybody. She warred tooth and nail with her natural enemies—her fellow caddies. She was the only girl among them, and they resented her intrusion. But never one of them got the better of her. She seemed absolutely devoid of fear, and would dance like a small demon at the sight of their discomfiture. Trenton often thought her absolutely devoid of heart until one day he tore his hand on some barbed wire, and the caddie bound it up with hard little fingers that were tender and womanly, but all the color had gone out of her face.

Trenton rallied her playfully.

"You little coward! Why, 'Witch,' I thought you had heaps of pluck, and here you are as white as a piece of chalk!"

She looked up in a sudden blaze of passion.

"Do you think I'm afraid?" she said.

little face.

Her dislike of the club waitress spread to every member of her own sex that appeared on the links. She held the lady players in contempt, and no words of hers could fittingly convey her scorn of their efforts.

"They play!" she would ejaculate contemptuously. "It's all 'topping' and 'heeling' with them!"

Their dainty gowns, the chance glimpse of a silken skirt, their well-fitting shoes, all came under the hammer of the little misanthrope's venomous tongue. If Trenton noticed them admirably she would fall into a sullen silence, and her vivacity only returned with their departure.

The day that Trenton appeared walking with a tall, fair girl and an elderly man with a selfish, patrician face, evidently her father, was a black one to his little caddie. They passed within half-a-dozen yards of her, and Trenton was too engrossed with his pretty companion to notice the small figure in that shabby coat, and with the strangely tragical eyes disconsolately watching them. That inexorable little face did not even relax when Trenton came up to her at last and said cheerily:

"Witch, Miss Ashburnner confesses to a most lamentable ignorance of golf, so you and I are going to give her a lesson. Get the clubs, like a good girl. I left them in the club house."

The "Witch" moved off silently, first lifting her eyes to the radiant vision that stood smiling down upon her from Trenton's side. That swift glance took in every detail of the perfect figure and sweet, sunshiny face.

Betty Ashburnner looked after her curiously.

"What an unpleasant, unhappy looking child, Paul! Is that the caddie you spoke of?"

"Unhappy? Why, she is the jolliest little soul you could imagine."

"Then," said Miss Ashburnner, smiling a little as she watched the girl returning, "it must be that she does not approve of me."

She laughed at the very absurdity of the thing; but, accustomed to be loved and admired at every stage of her life, it annoyed her that this uncanny-looking elf should resist her. She walked beside her and persisted in talking to her in her pretty, gracious way, but the only response that she received was an occasional "yes" and "no."

The caddie followed them from the teeing ground with feet that moved heavily in her thick boots. Every beat of her passionate little heart seemed tuned to the phrase often repeated, "I hate her. I hate her!" There was a vein of conscientiousness in that untrained mind, and she shirked none of her duties. She was ready with the clubs, she was active and alert, and assisted Trenton well. But the pleasure in her work was gone from her. It was to this pretty interloper that Trenton's looks and

shrilly, her black eyes flaming. "Look, look!" And before he knew what she was about she had lifted the cleek and inflicted a gash on her arm that made Trenton's scratch a mere shadow in comparison. He exclaimed in horror, and tore the club from her.

"You won't say any more that I am frightened," she said, steadily, looking up at him with all the fury gone from face and voice. "I was sorry about you—that you were hurt, sir; that's all. This? Pooh! this doesn't matter to pins."

Trenton shook his head over her, and bound up her arm in spite of her shocked protestations that he should do this for her. Then he took her off to the club house for more skillful help. The "Witch" herself was quite unconcerned, though when the smart attendant was sent flying here and there by Trenton's impetuous commands to wait on "that little minx of a caddie," a malicious twinkle shone in the child's deep eyes and a smile of intense enjoyment spread over her odd