

With which she rose to her feet and, gazing for a moment somewhat defiantly on Crabsley village, which contained, she presumed at that moment both Mrs. Swannington and Mr. Musgrove, whom should she see climbing the hill towards the golf-links but the solitary figure of the latter. He had seen her too, for he raised his hat and seemed to quicken his pace. Beattie gave an exclamation of dismay, but that may have been due not to the unexpected appearance of Mr. Musgrove, but to the fact that the forgotten letter which, when she rose, had fallen from her lap to the ground, where it had lain for a moment unnoticed, had just been lifted by an inopportune breeze, and was now floating merrily over the cliff, from which, like a large white butterfly, it fluttered down on to the beach to be carried she knew not whither.

"If I wait for him to come up to me," said Beattie, "that letter will be lost."

And though she could have borne with equanimity the possibility of its being carried away by the rising tide and soon rendered illegible, the other alternative, that someone coming along the beach might find it and read it before the re-delivery which its address would ensure, was so exceedingly unpleasant that she determined to possess herself of it at all costs. There was a narrow winding path which had been made down the cliff, but it was some little distance further on.

"Mr. Musgrove will think I am running away from him," said Beattie, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes. And indeed the gentleman toiling up towards the slim, white-robed figure which looked so charming against the sky was, to say the least, disappointed when he beheld it turn round and rapidly

disappear. By the time he reached the summit of the hill, Miss Margetson was several feet below him at a distance quite impossible for purposes of social intercourse.

"What on earth did she do that for?" said Cecil, not unnaturally annoyed, for how could he know about Beattie's letter, which was now safe in her pocket. "I wonder if she did not see me after all."

A similar thought was passing through Beattie's mind. "I wonder if he knows I saw him. I should like to go back this way. The tide won't be up for a long while yet. I don't want to be rude, but somehow I don't fancy a long *tête-à-tête* just now."

But when Mr. Musgrove saw her begin to stroll along the sand in the direction from whence he had come, he immediately concluded she did not know of his whereabouts, and sacrificed his dignity by shouting to her. Beattie had to look up, but though he was asking her how to get down, conversation was so far from easy that it was only by his gesticulations she could gather his meaning. There was a path down in the direction of Crabsley as well as the one she had chosen, and that she indicated—to avoid, as she told him afterwards, taking him further out of his way. It was not till he had retraced his steps to past the place where he had first seen her that Mr. Musgrove discovered that was not the one she had used. Meanwhile they were taking their walk at a considerable distance from one another, much to the amusement of one of them, and to the annoyance of the other. And yet, somehow, the fact that he was annoyed seemed to prove to Mr. Musgrove that Miss Margetson had more power over him than he had suspected.

At the foot of the pathway, which he

at last reached, Beattie waited for him and greeted him with explanations.

"I didn't think you ran away on purpose," said Cecil, somewhat mollified, now that he was with her at last.

Beattie was silent, looking down. One need not say all one thinks.

"Let us rest a little while here," said Cecil, "if you are not in a hurry. I am rather tired after my exertions, and the sun is still hot."

"What made you take such a long walk immediately after your journey?" asked Beattie, innocently.

"Mrs. Swannington was just taking me on to the esplanade after tea," said Cecil, "when she met a gentleman she knew, who stopped and spoke to her. So she said if I liked a walk I should probably find Mr. Swannington on the links, or meet him coming back. She said she did not know you had gone out, but possibly you were on the cliffs too."

"And you didn't see Uncle Arthur?"

"I forgot about him," said Cecil. "I saw you."

"Until I 'softly and silently vanished away,'" said Beattie, laughing. She was anxious to avert any approach to sentiment. And as soon as possible she suggested that he had better not rest any longer or they would be late getting home. Nevertheless the time they had stayed had made it problematical whether they would get back all the way along the beach without being overtaken by the tide, so they climbed up the cliff again, and as this was the longest way home, and Mr. Musgrove showed no disposition to hurry, Aunt Ella's interview with Michael Anstruther was not interrupted by the inopportune appearance of Beattie, which she was dreading, while she was telling untruths about her with unblushing boldness.

(To be continued.)

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was late when Madame Féraudy and Génie arrived at the Norman farmhouse in which the *pasteur* had found them rooms.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, the stars beaming their soft brilliancy in a sky of velvety purple. The two ladies were very tired, but when they entered the large cool room which they were to share, their one idea was what news there might be from the Hospice.

Madame Lana, the farmer's wife, had plenty to tell them; at the Hospice things were going well. The matron was satisfied with the progress that everyone made. Father Nicholas had walked over in the evening to ask what time they were expected, and had left word that Sœur Eustacie would run round to see them at ten o'clock when the work of the house was done. She begged them not to come and see Doctor André until the following morning.

Madame Lana brought them a plentiful but homely supper, of fresh bread and

butter, eggs and cider, and they grew quite hopeful and bright under the influence of their landlady's comfortable reports.

A little after ten Sœur Eustacie arrived, a little active dark woman of middle age, with quick black eyes that took in everything and met theirs with a glance candid and true as steel.

She sat down by the table with her hands folded on her knees, prepared to answer all their questions. She told them that Doctor André had arrived the day before, that the long journey had been more exhausting than he had expected. Yes, she answered, that he was up, he rested better in a chair, for he suffered from attacks of breathlessness. He had not been able to sleep for a long, long time. He had hoped much from the sea-air, but perhaps to-morrow—

Génie could hardly bear it.

"Tell us, *ma Sœur*," she said, "we are very strong because we love him so much. Is he very ill?"

The Sister shook her head gravely. "Yes," she said after a pause, "he is very ill; it is the heart, you know, and Doctor Simon here tells us that he will not suffer much; he is worn out."

Génie could not suppress a fit of sobbing which shook her from head to foot. Madame Féraudy asked with dry lips—

"Does he know?"

"He has not spoken of it," said the Sister gently, "But *va!* he is one of the best doctors we have! You do not realise his reputation! Is it likely that he does not know?"

"He will be glad," said Génie. "He is already not one of us. He is one of God's saints, and he will be glad to go!"

"Poor child," said Sœur Eustacie, "Go to bed and try to sleep. It is one's duty not to waste strength, and when you see him to-morrow you must be very brave and calm."

Génie consented and went to bed feeling that she could bear no more.