

tower. This defect makes these two otherwise magnificent works less pleasing in general effect than the spires of Ewerby and Heckington, which are planned more in accordance with the Northamptonshire models. And it may be a question whether the beauty of the churches and their spires in the Southern Division of Lincolnshire may not be ascribed

to the influence of the Northamptonshire school of mediæval architecture and their contiguity to that very remarkable county.

The absence of cruciform churches with central tower is a singular fact in the Southern Division of Lincolnshire, although many of the churches are unusually spacious.

Our reason for selecting Louth as our illus-

tration is that it shows less Northamptonshire influence than any other spire in the county.

It is impossible to travel through Lincolnshire and notice its magnificent church towers without being impressed by the fact that in mediæval times it was a more than usually prosperous county, and one which carried on a remunerative trade both by sea and land.

## DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.



### CHAPTER XI.

R. ANDRÉ FÉRAUDY arrived at the little station at Poinville at six-thirty, and found Maturin waiting for him with the trap. Maturin had a great deal to tell him about the condition of things at Féraudy; the promise of the

fields, of the orchards where the great cider apples weighed down the branches of the trees with the abundance of their fast ripening fruit. It was a fine year, Nature had been very bountiful, apportioning sunshine and rain with equal grace.

Dr. André had something to ask too about his aunt, her health and occupations, and on this subject also Maturin was voluble. The young doctor could not bring himself to ask about Génie—until Maturin began to speak about her of his own accord, telling his little tale of her usefulness and willingness—of how everyone loved her, even Madame Canière, who, everyone knew, cared for nobody and bullied her poor son, but would do anything in the world for *notre demoiselle*.

Madame Féraudy was waiting at the door to receive her nephew; her face was rigid, and her eyes dark with anxiety as she gave him the quick kiss that was all she ever gave in the way of caress.

"It was good of you to come at once," she said. "And you will stay with me some days, I hope. You are very thin, André," she said, looking at him lovingly. "Too thin, my boy."

"I am starving," he answered, trying to speak gaily. "That is the worst of this fresh country air, it is a very poor economy."

"We will dine at once—instantly, my boy. Génie has not come in yet, but we will put her dinner aside. Dear child! I have no doubt that she has gone to see Madame Lamotte, and they always keep her as long as they possibly can. Jeanne! Jeanne! quick! Monsieur is starving."

"It is all ready, madame," Jeanne

shouted from the inner room, and as they went in she flourished off the cover of the soup-tureen.

In spite of Dr. André's assertion that he was starving, after swallowing a few spoonfuls he tried to hide that he was sending away his plate. It was the same with the delicately fried fish and chicken.

"For a hungry man you eat marvelously little," said his aunt rather drily; she was disappointed and her heart was beating fast.

"It is enough, *ma tante*," said the young man. "One loses one's appetite in town. Let Jeanne bring our coffee into the garden. Let us sit in the arbour, it will be cool and quiet there for our talk. See! how pretty St. Anne looks in that lovely glow. What a charming evening it is."

Madame Féraudy seated herself in the arbour—even her pride in her statue of St. Anne was put aside this evening. Her lips were dry when she began the subject so near her heart.

"My boy," she said. "I must begin, for already it is late. First of all you are going to stay with me for a few days?"

He shook his head. He had seated himself on the rustic table by her side and was looking out to sea. The sunset glow shone on the thin dark young face, and lit up the steadfast eyes.

"I must go back to-morrow, *maman*—back to the battle-field. The fever has broken out again."

"Ah, may God be merciful," said Madame Féraudy shrinking. "That is terrible at this time of year. Then, André—listen—you got my letter?"

"Yes, dear. I got your letter and I considered it carefully."

"And what am I to do, André!"

"You cannot do better, dear, than accept Monsieur Canière's offer," he said very slowly.

"You—you say so?"

He went on rather dreamily. "He is a man of excellent character—of much talent—he is doing very well in a most honourable profession. He can give her ease, even wealth, and all the bright pretty accessories of life that women love so well."

"That is a man's view of women!" said Madame Féraudy hoarsely. "All those advantages would be nothing if she cared—"

"But that also need not be wanting," said André looking still over the sea. "He can give her the best gift it is in

the power of a man to give, his devoted love."

There was a moment's pause. Madame Féraudy was struggling with the conflicting feelings in her breast and with the strong sense of opposition to his conclusions. There was something in his face which awed her into silence, and forced back remembrance.

Dr. André turned to her suddenly with a smile so sweet that the tears rushed into her eyes.

"So, *maman*," he said, "he must have his chance. We, the two stern guardians, must allow him every opportunity."

Madame Féraudy looked up at him and saw how his wistful eyes again wandered out to sea.

"André," she said, very low, "I had another hope, and it was very dear to me."

"Here is Jeanne with our coffee," he said in a quick common-place tone. "Pour it out, dear. You do not need to be reminded that I like plenty of sugar."

Jeanne put down the tray and went away. She sky was blazing with colour, it was becoming late. Jeanne thought to herself, "Surely it was very strange that Madame Féraudy had not begun to wonder why Génie had not come home." She grumbled a little as she went indoors; young girls should not be allowed so much liberty, it was not so in her day.

André put down the scarcely-tasted coffee.

"*Maman*," he said, "I know that you have had other hopes, it is natural. You have been my mother always, and it is very hard on you to see how unsatisfactory I am, and that I can never promise to settle down with you in a peaceful family party as other men do. But it is better to realise the fact, that it can never be. My life is dedicated to my poor."

"And must it be always so, André? Are you to have none of the common joys of men? none of their blessings—no loving wife? no little child?"

"No. I cannot drag a woman into my life of toil and poverty and even privation. I have no right to do so, and I would not if I could. I have no money now, *maman*, it is all sunk in the little hospice. My earnings in our quarter are just enough for me to live on alone. And after all, is this a time to talk of such things when we are on the verge of a fever which, mark you, at this time of year will be no trifle. Jeanne!"