



VOL. XIX.—No. 953.]

APRIL 2, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

### CHAPTER I.



THE DOCTOR.

IN a shabbily furnished sitting-room belonging to a house let in apartments in the Rue St. Hilaire in Paris, sat Eugénie Lacour—and in all France a more lonely and forlorn little figure could not have been found that bright, sunny day.

Three days ago her father, Monsieur

Rotraud Lacour, had been carried thence to his last resting-place in Père-la-chaise, and Eugénie, "little Génie," as he had always lovingly called her, was all alone in the world, an orphan and very poor.

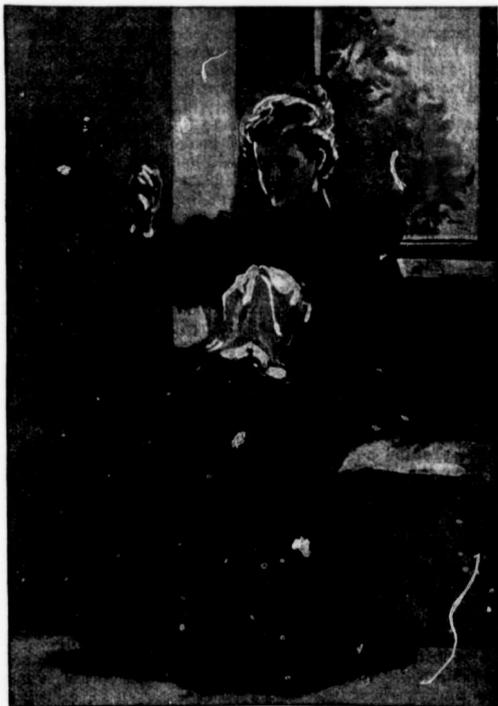
Rotraud Lacour had once been a successful painter; his pictures had taken important places in the Salon, and had sold for high prices, but, like many of his kindly profession, he had been imprudent and generous to a fault, sharing every piece of good fortune which befell him with the impecunious, happy-go-lucky friends surrounding him. It is probable that if his young wife had been spared to him, she might have saved something out of the good times for their child; but she died when Génie was only seven years old, and her little daughter's recollection of her was not altogether happy.

Madame Lacour was a Swiss and a very ardent Protestant. Her friends blamed her for marrying a French painter who, if he was anything, was a Roman Catholic; but she asserted that he belonged to no

Church whatever, and possessed only a sort of primitive Christianity which cared nothing for dogma. He made no objection to little

Génie being brought up in her mother's creed, and even years after that mother's death, when he found it advisable to move from the South to Paris, he chose a street close to a small French Protestant quarter, inhabited by a Huguenot congregation whose privileges had survived the St. Bartholomew, probably trusting that among these survivors of a persecuted race room might be found for his child should anything happen to himself.

In the height of his success Rotraud Lacour had been seized with a slow but hopeless illness, and on being told by



EUGÉNIE.

*All rights reserved.*]