

"Michael Ossory?" Suspicion glimmered in Machie's fine blue eyes, but Téphany continued suavely: "He is going away, leaving Pont-Aven for an indefinite time. We may not see him again."

"I am so sorry. I like him so much. It is a thousand pities that he should be such a hermit."

Téphany nodded, and left the room. Mary Machin played over the last bars of Har Dyal's song very softly. Her blue eyes were clouded, her placid forehead was slightly lined, as she murmured to herself, "Have I made a mistake?"

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Upon arrival Michael said curtly that he was leaving Pont-Aven for Le Faouët. He met squarely Téphany's glance, but she noted that poignant expression, which we may find in the eyes of a dear friend about to set sail for a distant country, the eloquent question, "When and where shall we two meet again?"

"We have heard of your great kindness to Léon and Yannik," said Mary Machin.

"They will be married at once; and you, Miss Machin, will not be cruel enough, I am sure, to keep such a good fellow as Keats waiting; so I have brought you this." And he presented a small box of tortoise-shell inlaid with silver.

Mary, after thanking him, admitted, with blushes, that her Johnnie refused to be kept waiting. Michael turned to Téphany.

"And you, I suppose, will go back to your triumphs?"

"Perhaps," said Téphany.

"Of course she will," affirmed her friend. "She sang yesterday; her voice is better than ever."

"I should like to hear you sing, Téphany."

"You shall," she said, with a slight blush, reflecting how easy it was to deceive such ingenuous friends.

After dinner they sat in the garden, while Michael smoked.