

this glow, which indicated an illumination of dark and difficult places. She returned to the château, and wrote a note to Michael, asking him to dine with them on the following evening. She added a postscript to the effect that she would accept no refusal. This she despatched by a bare-footed urchin to Pont-Aven, instructing her messenger to find Michael and to bring back an answer. Presently, the urchin returned bearing a verbal answer—"Yes." Later, Téphany said quietly to Mary Machin :

"I want to try over a song or two with you."

"You are going to *sing*?"

"Yes; I am sure my throat is perfectly well. Sir Japhet said I might attempt two or three songs—simple ones, of course."

"What songs?"

"Lassen's *Allerseelen* and the *Love Song of Har Dyal*."

"The *Love Song of Har Dyal*?" Machie's soft blue eyes twinkled.

"Why not? It is one of my favourites."

Machie opened the piano.

The songs went surprisingly well, and Téphany declared that her throat felt none the worse for singing. It is true she sang them *sotto voce*, but her tone had regained its wonderful velvety quality.

"If only Mr. Carne could hear you," said Machie, as the last line of Har Dyal's song melted away. She made certain that Téphany had changed her mind—that she had chosen this particular song deliberately. What a charming way of calling back a lover too hastily dismissed! Machie continued: "Johnnie has said half a dozen times that Mr. Carne adores first-rate singing. And he's wild to hear you himself."

"Johnnie would far sooner talk to you," Téphany replied absently. "We will ask them to dine."

"To-morrow?"

"No, not to-morrow. Michael Ossory is coming to-morrow."