

that Yvonne—good, kind Yvonne—would have no dealings with Michael Ossory. His sin, in her eyes, had been regarded as unpardonable.

Téphany was passing the Pouldour cottage upon the following morning, when Yannik ran out to greet her with a face so radiant that, for the moment, Téphany hardly recognised her. Yannik at once plunged into a somewhat inarticulate recital of an amazing piece of good fortune. Léon and she were to be married within a month. To Léon had been given the loan of a boat and nets, and a sum of money—everything that was needful.

“Has Léon a fairy godmother, Yannik?”

“Mademoiselle, it is Monsieur Ossory. He has let us have the use of *La Cigale*, equipped, mind you, for the fishing. And all we have to do in return is to get married.”

“Monsieur Ossory is generous.”

Yannik exhausted her vocabulary in praising Michael.

“But what will he do without his boat?” said Téphany, after a pause.

As to that Yannik understood from Léon that Monsieur Ossory was leaving Pont-Aven.

“Leaving Pont-Aven?” Téphany repeated the words. “And when?”

Yannik knew nothing; still, it was clear, was it not, that the most generous of men would not give up a favourite boat unless he were going elsewhere, and a long way off, too, because Léon had professed his willingness to sail the boat to England if it were necessary—

Téphany went on her way sorely perturbed by this piece of news. Why should Michael leave Pont-Aven? And from her knowledge of his character, was he not quite capable of slipping away without leave-taking other than a hastily scribbled note? At the possibility—nay, probability of this—Téphany found her heart beating. Then a curious light shone in her eyes. Singing-masters had been familiar with