

"I know something of Bretons. I've seen very little of Brittany."

Carne began to talk of Tréguier, the Léonnais country and Lower Brittany. He had attended most of the great "Pardons," had paid a pilgrimage to Sainte Anne d'Auray, had sketched the huge menhirs and dolmens of Locmariaker. Téphany listened, on edge to ask a question, and yet shrinking from the first plunge. Finally, she said carelessly: "I dare say you sketched the different coifs?"

"Some of them, Miss Lane."

"This Pont-Aven coif is the prettiest I have seen," said Keats.

Carne considered.

"Well, I don't know. The coif the girls wear at Arles, in Provence, is quite charming. This Pont-Aven coif is rather too much of a good thing, eh?"

"You like the simpler forms?" said Téphany.

"Yes, I do, Miss Lane. I like to see a girl wearing a coif, not a coif wearing a girl."

"May I see your studies?" said Téphany, with a slight flush.

"They're out of sight," observed Keats, enthusiastically.

"They are," said Carne, "but I'll fetch them."

Presently he returned with a large portfolio, containing some drawings. Téphany looked at one after the other, very slowly and carefully. Half way through the portfolio, she said: "Oh, this is a very pretty coif."

"That? Why, let me see, where did I do that? Of course, Port Navalo. I'm not likely to forget Port Navalo. Yes, as you say, Miss Lane, a very pretty coif, not unlike the Auray coif. You know there is a symbolism about these coifs. An interesting subject that."

Mary Machin begged him to go on. While he spoke Téphany sat gazing at the study of the girl from Port Navalo, who wore the identical coif of the girl whom Michael had painted in Yvonne's courtyard. But, according to Yvonne,