

do not wish to know. I had a shameful curiosity once—well, it has gone. Can I make you believe that?"

"Not yet. If only you could!"

He let his eyes turn from her face, as if he could not withstand the supplication, so poignantly eloquent, upon it. Then, as if divining that he could not resist her if she spoke again, he burst out violently:

"You are an impulsive woman, Téphany; you have sung, you have spoken, to-night on the wild impulse of pity"—he hesitated, as if searching for an adequate phrase—"of pity," he repeated.

"No, no," she interrupted.

"I must give you time to consider. I am the stronger; I must consider you—protect you from yourself; perhaps——"

"If I let you go now, you will not come back."

"I will come back," he answered gravely.

"When—where?"

"I shall be at the chapel of Trimour at ten to-morrow morning. If you do not meet me——"

"I shall be there." He noted the triumph in her voice. Then she whispered softly: "Good night, dear Michael," and held out her hand.

"Good night, Téphany."

When she felt the touch of his hand she smiled.

"How young you look!" he exclaimed.

"The moon is kind to you, too," she whispered.

Michael, indeed, appeared suddenly as the young man at Saint Malo—with features twisted not by age, but by the misery of parting. The scene on board the packet-boat reproduced itself with extraordinary vividness. Details, even, were not lacking: the throb of the engines, the laughter of the homing travellers, the harsh, imperious cry, "Gangway's being cast loose, sir!"

"Are you as strong as you used to be, Michael?"

"Eh?" He did not understand.