

She paused again. Carne nodded sympathetically. He made sure now that Yvonne was about to confide to him some incident in her own life, unconnected with T ephany. This disappointed him; but interest and curiosity still flickered in his eyes. Yvonne's nice use of words astonished him, till he remembered how much she had associated with men of culture and refinement. She was the daughter of peasants; she had led a laborious life, cultivating a sterile soil, as her people had done for generations. But among the cabbages she had planted flowers.

"Do you speak of love?" he asked softly.

"I speak of ambition, Monsieur."

The word startled him. He moved uneasily, divining the drift of her preamble.

"I am ambitious," she continued. "And I can sympathise with all who are ambitious, especially the young. My friends—I have had many friends—have been ambitious men, Monsieur. They come here to me, and they like the simple life of this little world, but their thoughts are in the larger world beyond. They enjoy the present because they think so continually, so confidently, of the future. I cannot blame them, because I have done that myself. Indeed"—she laughed whimsically—"I do it still. I live to-day in a hotel larger than my annexe."

"I have my castle in Spain, too," said Carne.

"One of the young men who came here had genius—the most wonderful thing in the world. Because he had genius he thought nothing of pleasing the dealers and the people who buy pictures. He tried to please himself. Ah! but he was hard to please. Nearly always he destroyed his work, painted it out, and began again, and again, and again."

"Yes, yes," said Carne, eagerly, "it is the only way."

"Unfortunately, he was very poor, and he could not find what he wanted here. Others had found it, not he. Who can account for these things? One day I told him that he must leave Pont-Aven. I felt that he would find in Morbihan,