

gladder because the terrible storm had rolled roaring away, leaving them behind to live and laugh.

He saw and heard the children, apprehending their message to him; reading also the writing upon the rain-washed woods and fields, upon the river as it flowed to the sea, upon the skies so incomparably tender in tone and texture.

Would it have been better for him and Téphany if Furic had killed him?

Why had he been spared?

Téphany lay staring at the mask which had saved her life. And at first she thought of Furic—of Furic, who now knew. But for the moment she pictured him alive, not dead. She saw him amid the salt grey mists of the Northern Atlantic, as he stood by the wheel at midnight, peering into the waste of waters, searching for the face that she held in her hands. Had he not sought for it a thousand times? Or, just before dawn, that mysterious twilight hour when errant spirits flit from the darkness of night and are lost in the radiance of day, had not Furic awaited the spirit of her he had loved and slain? Aye, with throbbing pulses and bursting heart. Or again, in his own country of Morbihan, returning after long years to the hamlet where she and he had played together on the sands—to the cool, dewy lanes wherein they had wandered, to the Calvaries upon whose granite steps they had prayed side by side—had not Furic known with ever-increasing conviction that sooner or later Liczenn would come back? Expecting to see her uneasy spirit for ten dreary years, she had not revealed herself. But he had heard her voice—the wail of the doomed creature condemned to linger upon the earth although not of it. The roaring gales had not drowned her cry; it vibrated above the tempest even as it had moaned in the pine-tops, or sighed across a summer sea.

And at the last he had seen what he believed to be the flesh-and-blood woman which was only a face of clay.

Was it nothing more?