to pasture, and that he killed him. At other times when he returned from the chase without having taken anything, he untied his dogs and set them upon belated country folk, who were torn in pieces as though they had been wild beasts. But the most horrible thing was that he had successively killed his four wives, who had died in a moment, without having received the last sacraments of the Church, and so suddenly that he was suspected of having killed them with the knife, fire, water, or poison!

The King of Vannes replied then to the ambassadors that his daughter was too young and too delicate in health to change her condition; but the Kernewoods replied brusquely, as was their custom, that the Count of Comorre would not believe in these excuses, and that they were ordered, if they did not bring back the young girl, to declare war against the King of Vannes. He replied that they were their own masters. Then the oldest of the ambassadors lighted a handful of straw, which he threw to the wind, saying that thus would the anger of Comorre pass over the countries of the White Wheat,—after which they all left.

The father of Triphyna, who was a courageous man, was not frightened by such a menace, and he called together all the soldiers that he could find to defend his country. A few days afterward he learned that the Count of Comorre led a powerful army against Vannes. He soon perceived it in effect, as with trumpets and clamor it advanced. He then put himself at the head of his people, and the battle was about to commence, when Saint Veltas went to find Triphyna, who prayed in her oratory. The Saint wore the mantle which had served him as a ship when crossing the sea, and the great walking-stick which he had attached to it in place of a mast. An aureole of flame hovered around his head. He announced to the young princess that the people of Vannes and Cornovaille were about to fall upon each other, and asked her if she wished not to prevent the death of so many Christians in consenting to become the wife of Comorre.

"Alas! it is the death of my happiness and of my peace that God asks," cried the girl, weeping. "Why am I not a beggar? I could at least wed a beggar of my choice! Alas! if the Master of the Earth wishes me to marry that giant of whom I am afraid, say for me, holy man, the office for the dying, for he will kill me as he has done his other wives."

But Saint Veltas said to her: "Fear nothing, Triphyna! Behold this ring, white as milk, and which will always warn you; for if Comorre plans anything for your hurt, it will become black as a crow's wing. Have courage, then, and save the Bretons from death."

The young princess, reassured by the counsels of Veltas, consented to his demands. The Saint then returned quickly to the two armies, to announce the good news. The King of Vannes was still unwilling to give his consent to the marriage, but Comorre made him so many promises that he finally accepted him for son-in-law.

The espousals were celebrated with rejoicings such as the two bishoprics have never seen since. The first day six thousand guests were entertained, and the next as many poor people, whom the bridal pair, bearing napkins upon their arms, served, notwithstanding their great rank. Finally there were dances, for which all the bell-ringers of Basse-Bretagne had been invited, and wrestling matches, in which the people of Brénlay threw the Kernewoods to the ground. Finally, when the great brass stew-pots were all emptied, and the hogsheads drained to the lees, everyone returned to his country, and Comorre led away the young bride as a hawk carries off a poor dove. During the first months, however, his love for Triphyna made him gentler than one would have supposed possible for a person of his nature. The chateau prisons remained empty, and the forks of justice without food for vultures. The people of the country asked each other, "What has happened to the Count that he no longer loves neither tears