she was warned of the Count's approach in seeing her ring turn black. Then she rushed into the fields, and arrived at the cabin of a shepherd, where there was nothing save a magpie hung up in his cage. The poor afflicted one remained here a whole day and night, weeping and praying. Finally, the next evening, she retook her route by the footpaths which ran along the fields of flax and barley. Comorre, who had followed the grand road, could not find her, and after having ridden two days, returned the same way till he reached the fields. But there, unfortunately, he entered the shepherd's hut, and heard the magpie trying to imitate the laments of the preceding night, in repeating, "Pauvre Triphyna! pauvre Triphyna!" Thus Comorre knew that the Countess had been in this place. Calling his ferocious dog, he told him to find the track, and then followed him.

During this time, Triphyna, pushed by fear, had kept on walking, and had almost reached Vannes. But there, feeling her strength at an end, she entered a wood, and, her lovely child still in her arms, threw herself upon the grass. As she held him—half happy, half weeping—she perceived a falcon, which wore a golden collar. He was perched upon a neighboring tree, and she recognized her father's falcon, the king of the country from where comes the White Wheat. She quickly called him by his name. The bird descended upon her knees, and she gave him the ring of warning presented by Saint Veltas, saying:

"Falcon, fly toward my father, and bear him this ring. When he sees it he will understand that I am in danger, and he will order his soldiers to mount to horse, and will come here to save me."

The bird understood, seized the ring, and fled like lightning toward Vannes. But almost at the same instant Comorre appeared upon the road with his fierce dog, who always followed Triphyna's track, and as she no longer had the ring to warn her, she knew nothing until she heard the voice of the tyrant encouraging the dog. She only had time to envelop the infant in her mantle and throw him into the hollow of a tree before Comorre appeared, mounted upon his Barbary horse, at the entrance of the clearing. The poor innocent felt her blood grow cold in her veins. In seeing Triphyna the Count gave a cry of a wild beast, and rushing toward the unhappy woman, who had fallen upon her knees, with one blow of his cutlass he severed her head from her body. Feeling now quite content (for he failed to perceive the child), he whistled to his dog and left for Cornovaille.

But the falcon had arrived at the court of the king of Vannes, who was dining with Saint Veltas. He flew toward the table and let fall the silver ring into his master's cup, who no sooner recognized it than he cried:

"Alas! some misfortune has happened to my daughter, since the falcon brings me her ring! Let them saddle quickly the horses, and let Saint Veltas accompany us, for I fear that we shall soon have need of his aid."

The servants obeyed promptly, and the king set forth with the saint and a numerous escort. Their horses went on the gallop, following the falcon's flight, who conducted them to the clearing of the forest, where they found Triphyna dead, and her child living. The king precipitated himself from his horse with cries which would have brought tears from an oak, but Saint Veltas imposed silence upon him.

"Keep quiet," said he, "and pray God with me; he can still restore all!"

At these words he fell upon his knees with all present, and after having addressed a fervent prayer to heaven, he said to the corpse,—

"Arise!"

The corpse obeyed.

"Take thy head and thy child," added the saint, and follow us to the chateau of Comorre."

The dead one did as she was ordered. Then the frightened troop remounted their horses, and spurred toward Cornovaille. But rapid as was their course, the headless woman...