

sional bold plunges across country—it runs into some cart or carriage, but nobody ever seems to get hurt, and these incidents are all treated quite as part of the routine, and nobody worries, though when the conductor fell off, as he did more than once, the engine driver obligingly stopped to enable him to climb on board again, which he did smiling and unhurt.

Our villa was short of St. Briac proper. It was situated quite near to the sea in a hamlet known as La Chapelle, and was an old grey stone house with quaintly shuttered windows and panelled rooms. Adjoining it was a smaller house, where dwelt our landlady, a charming old lady, quite an extensive landowner we afterwards discovered. There was, of course, no water supply laid on in the house, and baths were unheard of. We had, fortunately, with us a green canvas camp bath, which we took in solemn turns under the direction of the housemaid, who saw that a due order was observed.

After one had completed ablutions in the green bath, it was necessary to find a friend to help one to empty it out of the window, as if you left it with the water in all night, it was apt to leak through on to the floor. Another convenience the Maison N— did not possess was a latch key, so when any went forth to dine they were told to whistle on their return, when the key of the front door was lowered to them at the end of a long string by the occupant of the front bedroom.

The bathing was delightful. We were so close to the Bay where "Monsieur et Madame" presided over terraces of bathing huts and rows of tents. Here, for a consideration, Monsieur permitted us to pitch our tent, cautioning us not to forget our towels or bathing dresses, or the "pouces" (a hungry and omnivorous brand of sand fleas) would eat them.

He also brought us tubs of hot water to bathe the salt from hands and feet after we came out of the sea, a great addition to the joys of bathing. It was a very charming sea at St. Briac, very clear and so buoyant that you can't sink in it. When it goes out you can paddle and catch prawns amongst the rocks, and boil them for tea. At the village shop, for a few pence white canvas rope soled shoes can be bought, which are capital things to wear for scrambling about on the sands and rocks.

We were charmed with the country people, especially the innumerable "veuves" who called upon us with provisions of all kinds to sell. Many of the men are sailors, and this Brittany sea is cruel and greedy, so, alas, many of the women wear the badge of widowhood. This is a white band like a white evening tie fastened under the chin, and tied in a bow on the temple. No ceremony was observed, veuves, smiling and brimming with conversation, would plunge in upon us as we sat at breakfast, laden with market baskets in which reposed figs or pears, plums, apricots,



A BRETON VEUVÉ AND HER TWO GRAND CHILDREN.

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