

## CHAPTER XI

It was a day early in the month of May when I said good-bye to Clarissa. The next day following that afternoon when she had expressed her wish to go home, I went away myself, leaving her in the care of Moxon with instructions that when she was ready to return to Dominica, I should be sent for. How could I have stayed on there in the house, seeing her possibly every day, knowing that each hour was drawing nearer to that moment when my life was to be empty once more? It was better to train myself to the knowledge of it at once, wherefore I went away seeking the loneliness that was bound to come.

I sometimes think she felt my absence a little during her convalescence; but there is more hope than belief in the thought.

We were very silent as we drove to the station. What, indeed, was there to say? I find that it is not only sufficient that a woman should come to you in trouble, for when she goes, she leaves a whole world of trouble behind her. I suppose I must have taken it for granted in my mind that if she came, she would stay. It can only be then that I am utterly ignorant of women. How indeed should I be otherwise?