

I have come to tell you that I think the bad women are better than the good ones, and that I am going back to Elsa ; to Elsa—betrayed, deserted, outcast, my Elsa, who, but for you, might still be like one of these.” He touched one of the white anemones with his scarred hand. “I am going back to her—and if—in time she can forget the past and feel kindly towards me—I will marry her.”

And he did.

MARY CHOLMONDELEY.