

they must appear at their best, even to those whom least it should concern.

But it was not that which kept back the words then faltering on my lips. Clarissa's lip had trembled. Before another moment had passed she was in tears. It was not only weakness this time. Some spirit of courage had broken within her. She had given way.

Amazed though I was, I let her cry awhile before I questioned her; then, leaning nearer, I begged her tell me what it was.

"I—I couldn't be there alone," she faltered. "I—I couldn't bear it alone. Oh—I must have a little pride! I can't take anything more from you. You have given me so much as it is. I want to go home. I want to go back to Dominica. I wish to God I'd gone when you told me to last year. I should have been spared all this. You would have been spared it, too. Let me go back to Dominica."

"You'd sooner that," said I, "than the castle in Spain—the cottage in Kent?"

"Yes—I couldn't be there alone. Oh—I know what a disgrace I am. Do let me go."

"You're sure of what you say?" I repeated.

"Yes—yes—quite sure."

I shrugged my shoulders and rose to my feet.

"God who made women," said I, "must understand 'em. You shall go back to Dominica."

And I left her.