

breath. And even spring at its legitimate time, she reflected, was blasted and retarded by many an untimely frost, and soon scorched again by the heat of summer, which in its turn was so quickly swept away by the cold autumn rains. And when people did fall in love they soon fell out of it again, and friendship was seldom satisfactory, and every relationship of life a fetter forged in the furnace of pain.

How could that which had befallen her be explained but by the innate perversity of fate? For the man who had come to woo her, so they would have her think, was a good man and kind, and she, a good woman, had done the best that was in her to meet him and be happy; and now there was only one thing in which she dared rejoice, and that was that they had not walked so far together on the highroad of life as to make it harder to separate.

The mind that is candid, however, cannot long see its picture of life drawn in false proportions and tolerate the mistake.