

her. In body and mind she was for the time worn out. When but seventeen she had married, and, as was thought, married well. Her husband was rich. They had all that men desire. A few years in our growing land would bring their acres near New York and about Albany to such values as would make them feel at ease concerning the remote future.

Paul Preston was a man who was joyous and companionable because fate had never given him cause to be otherwise, and had the restless vivacity of slightly-constructed character. Men of this type resemble in a measure certain immature feminine natures, and have a like attractiveness. But the easily pleased possess the seeds of danger in their facile temperaments. Pain in all its forms is as near as pleasure, and far more potent to influence. The terrible intimacy of marriage soon taught his young wife some sharp lessons. She saw as others had seen that he was always too near unhappiness, and soon learned that he would go to any length to escape annoyance or avoid discomfort. This temperament simply dooms a man if by mischance pain becomes for any length of time a fact with which he has to deal. No man who has not fought this demon knows how many other devils he brings with him into the house of torment. From them Paul Preston shrunk morally disabled. A brief but painful malady taught him how easy it is to escape from pain by the aid of sedatives. For such men there is no to-morrow. Renewed attacks of disease served to fasten on him the habit which of all