

She was gay, stylish, handsome—a woman whose highest ambition was to be the leader of society, such as it was, in the small colonial township in which she lived.

That Robert Walton married for love I am sure. For what Helen Grey married I have never discovered.

Their house had the appearance of a little paradise—for Mrs. Walton had exquisite artistic taste—yet it lacked the atmosphere of home. Robert Walton possessed a beautiful house, but no home; a beautiful wife, but no help-meet. At forty-five he appeared quite elderly, and was a typical book-worm,



"YES, DARLING, I AM WET ALL OVER, BUT IT DOES NOT MATTER."

for his only comfort and companionship lay in books. His intimate friends had been driven away, one by one, by Mrs. Walton, who, although she considered her husband not at all, became furiously jealous of anyone whose companionship seemed to give him pleasure.

By the tragedy of his married life the true nature of the man was warped. The wreath of tenderness with which he would gladly have surrounded his wife, he had found, by bitter experience, served only as a subject for ridicule.

And yet, at times, Mrs. Walton had such

pretty, engaging manners. Often, when she, with her bright auburn hair piled high on her head, and her tall, slender figure gracefully draped in soft black material, was flitting from guest to guest distributing smiles and witticisms with unequalled grace, I have seen her husband gaze upon her with a pained, hungry, yet proudly admiring expression. Once all those charms had been displayed entirely for his benefit. Now he was the one person in the world for whom they were never displayed.

And they were bound for life! The pity of it! Fortunately, or unfortunately—it is difficult to judge which—there were no children living. The family consisted of this ill-mated husband and wife, and Miss Grey, Mrs. Walton's step-sister.

For some time after I became acquainted with Mrs. Walton I was greatly puzzled by the visible anxiety with which Miss Grey seemed constantly, yet covertly, to watch her, and I could not understand why both husband and sister should so quietly and unresistingly pass over her cruel taunts and insults.

However, after I had been the pained and unwilling witness of an unusually disgraceful domestic scene, Miss Grey confided to me the reason of their long-suffering anxiety.

Early in her married life Mrs. Walton had suffered from a very painful illness, and had only been able to obtain relief from the frequent and intense spasms of pain by taking chlorodyne.

At first she took it only in small and very occasional doses; but she soon became so fond of it, that even after all necessity for taking the drug had ceased, she felt a constant craving for it. To this craving she yielded, and before anyone was aware of the fact she had become dangerously addicted to taking chlorodyne.

Dr. Cook, the family physician, and an old friend, first discovered and pointed out the danger. And then began a painful game of hide and seek.

Although the chemists, instructed by Dr. Cook, refused to supply Mrs. Walton with the forbidden drug, in all manner