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"We are pleased to be able to advise you that the Enterprise Blazer Pipeless Furnace we just installed are working lovely, and what we liked most about installing same, was the complete form in which instructions were sent for setting same up. We have no hesitation in recommending Enterprise Blazer Pipeless Furnaces.  
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"The Enterprise Blazer Pipeless Furnace I put in is a very satisfactory heater and giving first class results."  
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**THE WOMAN HE MARRIED**  
BY JANE PHELPS

A BOY'S INSIGHT  
Chapter 118

Junior was at home for the long summer vacation. I was delighted to have him. He had grown so manly, and was such a dear thoughtful boy that his company went far toward making me forget my unhappiness with him. At first Dick also seemed pleased to have him around, but after one or two tactless remarks Junior made about Juanita, he said to me: "Your mother wrote that she would like Junior to spend part of his vacation with her. Why not let him go?" "Oh, I don't know! Later, perhaps." "Why not now? Then he can be with us just before he goes back to school." I saw through Dick's willingness to part with Junior, but as I had no wish that the boy should suspect that more than ordinary friendship existed between his father and Juanita, I felt in a quandary. He felt sure Dick would have liked me to visit mother also. But I had taken the contract to renovate two houses, so it would have been useless for him to suggest it—as he well knew.

Dick appeared to breathe more freely after Junior departed. He had refrained from visiting Juanita so often while the boy was accompanying him, but only when I suggested it. He never asked home, but now he seemed anxious to make up for lost time. He went over almost every day to see her, either in the late afternoon or in the evening.

The long hot summer passed slowly. Junior remained with me until he came back to school. How I loved those seven days with my boy. I had arranged my work so that I might spend all my time with him. Junior urged his father to join us on a picnic, and in a ride over the mountains. But as I was with Junior at all, he went rather to avoid being alone with him. I was not displeased. I feared Junior would say something about Juanita that would annoy him.

My boy had taken an intense dislike to the woman who was doing all she could to take his father from me. He absolutely refused to call her "Aunt Nita," as he had formerly, but addressed her as "Juanita," as we all did. "What makes you pretend, mother?" he asked one day apropos of nothing. "I don't know what you mean, dear. Pretend what?" "Oh, pretend you like Juanita! You know you don't."

"What makes you think I don't like her?" "I guess I can tell!" was his boyish answer, and I said no more save to laugh at him for having foolish notions in his head. But the perspicacity he had shown made me more resigned to let him leave me. I would win Dick back if it were humanly possible. If I did our boy never knew how nearly I had lost him.

Then came a time when I lost heart and courage. Dick would spend evenings with Juanita, and upon his return look at me so strangely, as if he were trying to say something he knew would hurt me dreadfully, and hadn't the courage to do so. I had the floor of his study all night long. When I spoke of it he made pretense his story was troubling him. I knew better. Juanita was becoming too strong for him—he could scarcely resist her. But his conscience was troubling him. Of that I was certain. He would not easily succumb to her fascinations, which I always credited even to myself, for it meant giving up Junior as well as me.

I would say to myself as I lay wide-eyed in the darkness listening to him walk back and forth. "He is struggling to make himself think he has the right to be happy with her. She has the right to be happy with her. She has taught him her theories." Then I would pray that she would fall; that God would give him the strength to resist her.

"Somehow, I had a feeling that it wasn't a real love, that actuated Dick—your feeling. But that it was a sort of hypnotic influence she exerted over him, but that she loved him I never doubted. When a woman loves a man as intensely as I loved Dick it is only natural for her to think that every other woman also finds him desirable. And Dick was really a lovable fellow, still boyish, full of ideals.

Then Juanita had an accident. At least she said it was an accident. Yet in my distress I accused her in my heart of doing it purposefully, even though she must have suffered physical pain. But what was bodily pain compared to my heartbreak?

"Should I tell Dick of this gossip, I don't know. I would speak of it not as hurting him, but as injuring Juanita. So I said: "Dick we are both too intimate with Juanita to want harm to come to her through us." "What do you mean?" "People are talking about her saying that you visit her too often to much gossip for her reputation. It is no longer working together; I thought I'd better tell you for her sake. Of course we both know it is all right, but people will talk you know if they imagine there is anything out of the way."

"Damn the gossips! A friendship between a man and a woman seems impossible to the old cats I expect some woman has been talking to you."

"She may be suffering!" Mary

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time. Then her husband, using an unfortunate episode of her infatuation as a basis, divorced her. Mrs. Baker's recital interested me immensely, and I asked many questions.

"What happened to her first husband?" "He killed himself. He was crazy over her and she absolutely ignored him, as far as giving him any rights a husband expects. It was when she first came here, so not much was known about him. He was an ordinary fellow, a clerk or something. I imagine she was very young when she married him. She said once that her own people didn't understand her, that they were strict disciplinarians, and that she couldn't live at home."

"Does anyone understand her?" I queried. "She would claim that few did. Perhaps your husband—or some man she is trying to bedevil into playing her because of her loneliness. It is the stock in trade of some women who lack the art of being understood, just as it is with men when they want to wander into forbidden places. But we are gossiping horribly—and about an interesting woman! Mr. Baker once said that if a man or woman was interesting, much could be forgiven them. I am inclined to agree with you, Mrs. Baker. An interesting woman threatens the happiness of another woman. Then I prefer she should be stupid."

I knew that all this talk of Juanita was meant as a warning to me. Mrs. Baker has said all she felt free to say when twice she had warned me. This time she had shown me something of Juanita's life with him. It was sure, the same old story in view.

The newspapers had taken up with avidity the story of the suicide of her first husband and the scandal attached to her divorce from her second but little she cared, so Mrs. Baker told me. "I think she rather gloried in the publicity it gave her. You know they say that no one is more charming than a widow unless it is a divorcee. She gave her side to the papers also. It was very cleverly put, for publicity purposes—she should have been an actress. She claimed she couldn't help it if men fell in love with her, even if they killed themselves for her sake."

I shuddered every time Mrs. Baker mentioned that first husband. Hadn't my Dick almost accomplished the same thing? And I never had even looked at another man with any unwifely thought in my heart. Perhaps they, the people, were mistaken about Juanita's first husband. Perhaps he, too, had a heavier burden than he could bear financially. Juanita was horribly extravagant in her ideas.

I asked Mrs. Baker: "Where did she get her money?" "You say her first husband was a poor clerk, and her second divorced her, not she?" "Just about the time the clerk killed himself an uncle of hers died and left her a fortune. He was an irascible old fellow they say and left her his money because she was different. She surely is different from anyone I ever have known. The old man said in his will that he hated her for the things she did, but admired her for daring to do them. It seems she was the only one of all the relatives he had who never had asked him for help. I guess that was the reason he left his money to her."

"But, Mrs. Baker, hasn't she any conscience? Not many women practise their wiles upon a man, and at the same time remain friendly with his wife. It simply isn't done by decent women." "No, Mrs. Williams, Juanita has no conscience—nothing save her own sweet will. Her desires overweigh her. She brags that she always gets what she wants."

"Yes—I have heard her." "This talk with Mrs. Baker, while it made me fear Juanita more, also stimulated me to greater endeavours to hold Dick."

**FASCINATING WOMEN SELDOM UNDERSTOOD**  
Chapter 122  
"Did you know that Juanita had been married twice?" I asked Dick at dinner the day Mrs. Baker told me her history. "Yes, she told me all about it. "I think you might have told me. Mrs. Baker thought it strange I knew nothing of it when we are so intimate with Juanita."

"I considered it her business. If she wanted you to know she would have told you. I never repeat a

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