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will have their next illustrated advertisement in Oct. 14. Last big advertisement was on page 1531 of Sept. 23.

Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

She was silent, and I pressed the point.

"Didn't you?"

"Yes, I did." It was the other woman asserting herself, the woman who had charmed me by the clearness of her thought at our first meeting. "I did help him," she repeated. "He couldn't have done it without me. He bought the formula for the soap from a peddler, but I made it up on my stove in the kitchen. Hours and hours I stirred it in those first years before the factory came. That's why my hands are like this—look at them." She pushed them out toward me. "The stirring did that. And now—" her voice faltered and broke a little—"and now he says they're too big—"

It was the other woman back again, timid, cringing, ready almost to cry.

"And he won't take you to church," I said, "because he doesn't think you look well enough. And your daughter patronizes you, and you're tired of it all, and wish you had never helped him to succeed: is that it?"

I knew it was a rough speech. I had no mind to have her crying in the study; the other woman in her—the strong, aggressive one—would resent that attack upon her husband, I thought, and so it proved. She straightened suddenly, rose and faced me with real dignity.

"I did not come here to have my husband insulted, Doctor James. You do not understand. Good morning."

She started to go, but I reached the door before her.

"Now," I said, "we can talk. I wanted you to say that; I wanted to put you in a frame of mind where I could talk to you. You're in that frame of mind now. Sit down. I can help you."

For a moment I thought she would leave in spite of my plea. When she was finally seated again the defiant look still held its place in her eye; she would not cry now, I felt sure, no matter what I said.

And so I told her the truth very bluntly, drawing generously on my imagination and guiding myself by her changing expressions, which told her story, had she but known it, as clearly as though it had been acted on a stage. I sketched their life together in the little village, where they had first dreamed the success that his fortunate discovery, and her genius, had at length made true. I went farther back than that even, into her girlhood, and introduced to her the two spirits, the two girls who had inhabited her soul. There was the girl who would dare anything, who led the crowd and counted even some of the boys among her followers; and the other girl, who, depressed by a moment of failure, would draw herself away into settled retirement and morbid introspection. I told her story, not in terms of her life, but in terms of the life of these two—the one carrying her husband upward upon the wings of her vision; the other, dormant through their earlier married life because of the vitality of their love and achievement, casting over these later years an evil spirit of introspection and self-pity.

"You are not a woman," I said. "You are two women. I knew it when I talked with you at your home. You were one woman when you came cringing through the doorway to meet me, and an entirely different woman when the conversation stirred the memory of your days of happiness and success. The second woman demanded much of your husband, and gave him much in return; the other one shriveled under a bit of fancied neglect and thereafter neither demanded nor gave. That's your trouble. You can't blame your husband for leaving the first woman at home; what you must do to be saved is to first resurrect the other one and keep her permanently on the throne."

Her eyes were wide open in amazement. "How did you know all that?" she demanded.

"You told me."

"I? I haven't told you anything."

"Yes, you have. Every line of it has written itself as plainly as could be on your face; I have merely read out to you what I saw. And I am right, am I not?"

"Yes."

"Then you must trust me absolutely;

you must do exactly what I say, and you must carry it through."

Then I told her what she must do. At first she was incredulous; the doubting woman in her lifted up a voice of protest. But I convinced her at length. We pored over the time-table and laid out her route to New York. Then I sent her over to the parsonage to talk with Mrs. Jones and to secure the addresses of those artificers in New York who by means of gowns and hairdressing and face massage, and heaven knows what, can bring the soul of a woman that has been a long time dead, back to life.

"But how shall I tell my husband?" she demanded, as she was ready to leave the study.

"Tell him what?"

"That I am going."

"Don't tell him," I said. "Write him. Just go."

She went. I hope heaven has forgiven me for the deception that enshrouded those next two weeks.

Three days after she had gone I met Dives on the street. Rather, I took the occasion to meet him: it was a necessary part of the day's work, just as necessary as the long daily letter that every night went to Mrs. Dives in the city, telling her that under no circumstances must she come home until I sent for her, and commanding her—that is the right word—to buy new dresses no matter how tired she got or how much they cost.

"Won't you and Mrs. Dives come up to dinner to-night?" I said to Dives, and I ought to have blushed with guilt at the words.

"Thanks ever so much," he responded, "but Mrs. Dives is out of the city for a day or two. Gone to New York on a little pleasure trip." He said it jauntily, I thought. I went home to find another letter from Mrs. Dives saying that she was homesick and must come back. And I wired her sternly that if she let the weak woman in her creep into another letter I should never attempt to help her again. Whether that rebuke drove the weak woman into retirement, or whether the wiles of the dressmaker and hairdresser had awakened the strong one into full life, I do not know, but from that time on her letters took on a new, confident, happy note.

I had purposely let Dives alone for a week, but when in her letter she enclosed one from him complaining because she did not come back, I knew it was time.

"You and Mrs. Dives are coming to dinner to-night," I said to him over the telephone.

He was flustered; I could read it in the tones of his reply.

"Awfully kind of you, Doctor; but you see—the truth is Mrs. Dives hasn't got back yet—unexpected delay, you understand."

"That's too bad," I replied. "We'd like to have you both; but we'll have you anyway. Six-thirty sharp. We'll count on you." And I hung the receiver up before he had a chance to refuse.

It was a different man who dined with us that night. He had lost much of his jauntiness, and though he made a brave effort to maintain his usual blustering good-fellowship the result could hardly be termed a success. There were rings under his eyes as though he had lost his sleep, and the hand that reached out to take his cup of coffee shook a little. But not until late in the evening did we let the conversation drift on to the subject which was uppermost in all our minds. My wife, whose generalship can be counted on in matters of the kind, delivered the first shot.

"We enjoy Mrs. Dives so much. She is perfectly charming. She is going to join our Ladies' Society."

Dives could not conceal his astonishment. His wife in a Ladies' Society—she hadn't joined anything since the day she first began to stir the soap; he had long since lost any thought of her as a social being.

"Yes," I hastened to add, "and why didn't you tell us that she sang? She's going to join our choir, too."

"She's a wonderful little woman," mused my wife. "When does she come back?"

"I really don't—that is to say—I'm



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