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**CARDOME**  
A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOQUE  
CHAPTER XVII

In deep, unbroken, dazzling whiteness lay the Blue Grass country one morning in the winter of '62. The sun had been up three hours, and its warm, unobstructed light pouring over the scene presented from Cardome's southern veranda, brought out all the desolateness with startling distinctness. On the lowest step Virginia was standing, the loneliness of what she saw finding its reflection on her pale face and in her blue-gray eyes. A far-trimmed cloak enveloped the tall figure, and her head was covered with a crimson hood which accentuated the pallor of her cheeks, as the bright light of the sun made more dazzling the whiteness of the snow. The walk to the office, from whose chimney a column of blue smoke rose, had been swept clean of its soft covering and ran hard and cold-looking to the narrow porch where the dogs lay, curled up warmly on their blankets.

Her eyes, as they had done for the thousandth time that morning, and every morning of that seemingly interminable fall and winter, went down the road that wound over the Elkhorn to Georgetown, while her ears waited for the sound of the horse's feet that announced the coming of the boy sent for the mail. She saw him between the leafless trees and noticed that he came slowly. She had learned to read the signs with accuracy, and dejection instantly showed on face and figure. He left the papers at the office, then came slowly up the walk to the veranda.

"No letters this morning, Job?" she asked with a wintry smile. "No, Miss 'Ginia, dah yain't no letters come yet! I 'spect dem pos' office men's overlooked it. His's sho' to be hyah to-mo'ah, dough," and the big eyes and berry-colored face were lifted in hopefulness to the sadly smiling Virginia. Poor Job! So many, many days he had come empty-handed from Georgetown to speak those words of consolation to the loved young mistress who always met him on the steps, and whose face, which grew thinner and whiter each day, haunted him.

Virginia drew her cloak around her, and as she passed the office on her way to the wood, she suddenly remembered the June morning that she had trespassed on the Judge's time in her curiosity to learn the name of his one caller. Ah, how long ago that was! There was laughter now on face and figure, and more than once she paused and laid a hand against the great bole of a tree. She had not rested well the night before, for the mad wind that tore through the pines, making them lash the portico and from the house with their long arms, had filled her with anguished thoughts. Where was Thomas to-night? she questioned. Was he in some strange land, surrounded by dangers? or, if safe in the North, was he enduring all the hardships of this night, his only protection a blanket spread on the frozen earth? And where was Hal, he who was separated from his own as far as human beings can be separated; he, whose less robust constitution had made him from boyhood an object of solicitude, whose comfort was ever first to be considered, who loved and never been called upon to endure any of its hardships? Ah! had he even a blanket and tent, he whose cause was that of the weak against the strong? For long weeks no letter had come from either of the boys, and the gloom and sorrow of Cardome grew with each passing day. No laughter now woke the echoes of its wide halls and deserted rooms; and, though Mrs. Todd bore up bravely and discharged her duties without shrinking, Virginia, measuring it by her own, knew the depth of that mother's grief and anxiety. What was she now suffering these days! Virginia's thoughts went on from their own misery to the sorrow that was darkening almost every home, rich and poor, throughout the land. She remembered all the women whose hearts were asking such questions, whose eyes were shedding such bitter tears.

There was but one thing in their lives to look forward to—the mail. When a letter came from Thomas, the family would collect in the sitting-room, and many of the older householders would be called to listen to the news from this soldier son and mother; but when the letter came from Hal, the mother read it in her bedroom, alone, save for Virginia. But the slaves were sharp, because they loved her, and noting and interpreting the expression of relief that would afterward show on their mistresses' rapidly aging faces, they would cluster around her and beg for their share of her glad tidings; and between sobs and smiles they would listen as she read for them the light-hearted, hastily penned words. Then for days afterward there would be singing and laughing in the kitchen and in the "quarters." Perhaps, in times, the Judge came to understand the reason for this changed atmospheric condition in his household, but the proud silence was not to be broken, and none who had heard his voice on that never-to-be forgotten September morning dared make the attempt to move him from it.

As Virginia entered the snow-covered wood the mark of a foot crossing her path drew her attention. The foot-prints led in an irregular line from the bridge that spanned the Elkhorn. The mark on the snow was broad, and as a diversion from her gloomy thoughts the girl placed in it one of her shapely feet, and then smiled at the wide margin that showed on either side.

"He takes a short step for a man," she thought, setting her other foot in the next print. "And how irregularly he walked! Evidently he was unfamiliar with the way, so it could have been none of the negroes. Here he went back a step, suddenly, as if he had been seized with dizziness; and here is the mark of the end of a gun, as if he had rested on it a while."

With the sight of the weapon's track Virginia's thoughts recurred to her own soldiers, who, perhaps, had roamed through unfamiliar lands. Unconsciously she began to follow the footsteps, and a little further on she was shocked to see the full imprint of a man's figure in the snow. As that meant physical weakness or inability, either of which cases a human being was lost somewhere in the field, dying from cold and hunger, perhaps, she gathered up her skirts and began to run in the direction of the footmarks. They led her down into the depth of the wood. A tiny stream ran through the pasture to join the Elkhorn, and as she neared it Virginia gave a cry of surprise at the sight of a Union soldier lying on the opposite bank, his face buried in the snow, his feet in the water.

She ran forward, a fear wringing her heart. As she lifted the soldier's head, and saw a stranger's face, she gave a sigh of intense relief. The face had the same look that the dead wear in the snow; but with the optimism of the young, she could not believe life extinct. She bent on one knee, and drawing the soldier's head into her lap, felt for his pulse, then bowed her ear to his heart; but the silence there seemed to confirm the meaning of the body's heavy weight. She gathered some snow and with it rubbed vigorously the face and hands, while she called loudly for help; but the mouth and eyes kept their fixed expression, and the deserted, white-cold wood gave back the echo of her voice.

"Oh, he is not dead! He can not be dead!" she cried, and rubbed the hands and face the harder, although her fingers were aching with cold. Nor was he, for finally he unclosed his eyes and looked at her, but with out consciousness; then the lids fell again, and her heart gave a fierce throb of pain, for those eyes were a bright clear blue like Hal's. She drew off her warm cloak and folded it around the soldier's head and shoulders, and all the while her voice, growing wilder and sharper, was ringing through the great desolate wood. Thus she spent half an hour. Her own hands were now scarcely less numb than those she strove to warm back to life, while the excessive trembling of her limbs brought her that soon she would be neither able to assist the unknown man nor herself. She was fully a mile from the house; to leave him and run for help was to imperil the faint spark of life that she was keeping alive. Ah! were none of the men hunting in the field that morning as was their custom? Why was there no children skating on the Elkhorn? Why was she left so utterly alone in her helplessness? Twice the soldier had opened his eyes, and the last time she had caught an expression of consciousness; but weakness had overpowered him. A drop of brandy would save his life. She felt in his pockets, but all they held were a match case and the picture of a sweet faced girl; when Virginia saw the latter her woman's soul grew wondrously strong, and she felt the power was hers to save that life. In the hollow of the old dead tree near by were many dry leaves. Out of them, and the seasoned branches, she could make a fire, and that she would find the strength to carry the man to it she never doubted. As she was rising stillily from her position she heard a running step on the snow, and a warning cry from the snow of the negro man.

"Foh God's sake, Miss 'Ginia!" he cried, his eyes seeming to start out of their sockets. "Was dat yuh a-calling lak yuh was dyin'?" "Wat's de matter wil yuh, mah honey?" "Oh, Ben! Ben! I'm so glad you've come! I found a poor soldier here. He's dying, I think. What will we do? He mustn't die, Ben," she cried, tears in her eyes.

"But hit yain't de one Marse Hal waha, an' I jes' late de sight of din' lak pizen!" yet all the time he was rubbing the blue clad soldier's hands and face, stopping occasionally to pour some of the gin between his white lips. After a while the soldier lifted his head from the black man's arm and asked:

"Where am I?" "With friends," said Virginia, and as he turned his face and saw her, he smiled and said:

"Ah, yes! I remember. I dreamed that I was going down to an awful pit and you came and led me back. He closed his eyes, but Ben shook him roughly and said:

"See hyar, yuh sojer man! doan yuh go a-tripin' to git back to dat pit enny moah. Miss 'Ginia, she's most dead wid de cole. Hyah, now," as the stranger made an attempt to rise, "yuh drink de res' uv dis gin an' stath yuh feet a little, an' we'll he'p yuh to Cardome."

The young fellow obeyed, and, looking at Virginia, said, very warmly: "I'm sorry I've been so much trouble to you, madam. I'm so grateful to you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Virginia, a smile breaking over her white face, "to hear your voice is ample reward for anything I may have done. I thought indeed, that you were dead."

Thus and no nearer the meridian, and its warmth aided the gin in restoring the soldier; so leaning heavily on the arm of Ben, and accompanied by Virginia, he started up the hill. As he came in view of the red brick house and caught sight of the Stars and Stripes floating above it, he turned toward Virginia and said:

"Yes, I am indeed among friends!" "All of the house," replied Virginia, with gravity, "do not uphold what that flag typifies; yet while one spark of humanity lives in the heart the helpless and suffering never find other than friends."

Not until the supper hour had the soldier recovered sufficiently to come downstairs. As he sat with the family at the evening meal, he told his story. His regiment, which was an Ohio one, was on its way to join General Buell's force, then pressing southward on the Confederates, who a few days before had begun their retreat from Kentucky. It was then Mrs. Todd interrupted him by asking:

"Has General Hindman evacuated Bowling Green?" "Yes, ma'am," he replied, surprised that the mistress of a house which floated the Union flag should be interested in the fortunes of the Confederate force.

So he was gone! They had broken camp in this awful wintry weather! The mother's heart could endure no more, and, rising hastily, she excused herself and left the room. A silence followed, which was broken at length by Virginia asking:

"Are all the Confederates leaving Kentucky?" "Just as fast as they can get out!" he exclaimed. "It seems," he said, turning toward the Judge, "your State is a regular hotbed of Rebels."

"We have done more than our share toward supplying the Union army with troops," returned the Judge, sternly.

"Maybe," returned the young fellow, "but it seems to me every paper I've read late tells of some new company having gone to the Green River force. We got orders in Cincinnati to forge ahead and destroy a company of cavalry that's on its way to join Morgan's command. It seems the leader of the party is one of Morgan's most trusted men. He was sent back at the beginning of the winter and has been working quietly, but most successfully, in the surrounding country. When Johnson found out that he could not hold his line in Kentucky and decided to evacuate, Morgan sent post haste for his friend to come on with what force he had collected. They are making for Green River."

"How did this information reach Cincinnati?" asked Virginia.

The soldier hesitated, but Virginia's smiling face was turned toward him, and he remembered what she had endured that morning to save him from death. He could not refuse to answer her, and being an honorable man, he must speak truthfully. His speech awoke her instant suspicion that their guest was another than the obscure private they had supposed.

"The information, I have been led to believe, was received from a gentleman, who, though not joining the army, is known to be a loyal Unionist."

"Yes, their number is many," replied Virginia sarcastically. Then she said, for the thought flashed through her mind with all the vividness of truth, "And it was in trying to find this gentleman's house and receive full information that you became lost?" The question was asked with that pretty imperiousness of a beautiful woman, and the young soldier, like many another of his sex, found her irresistible; moreover, he was in a Union house, and he had nothing to fear.

"Nay," he replied, smiling at her, "it was after having found the gentleman, and while striving to follow his direction for a short cut to my regiment, that I got lost in your splendid wood."

"He was certainly an inhospitable man who would let a Union soldier leave his house at night without a guide!" she exclaimed.

"I must defend him against your charge," the soldier replied; "I found him in great trouble. His mother had just died and his place is in much confusion."

"Ah," exclaimed Virginia, and she then remembered that a messenger

from Howard Dallas the evening before had brought them word of his mother's death.

For an hour after supper the Judge and the soldier were closeted together in the library. Then the soldier returned to the parlor where Virginia sat alone, while the Judge went to order a horse and guide.

"We may never meet again," said the soldier, advancing toward Virginia; "but while I live, I shall remember you with all gratitude and deep affection; for to you alone, under the mercy of God, do I owe my life. Though this life is a humble one, though in the great world its loss would be as unmissed as the pebble thrown into the ocean, yet there is one to whom it is most precious."

Virginia smiled sympathetically, remembering the picture she had found in his pocket.

"When my six months' bride," he went on, "whom I left alone in her new home, knows what you have done for her husband, she will pray for you as she prays for me."

"May her prayers for us ever be answered as they were to-day," she said; then added: "But you are not leaving to-night?"

"Yes, I must," he answered, "al- though I am still ill from the effect of last night's suffering. My regiment is waiting for me, and is undecided how to proceed until I arrive. If he had been an observant man, he would have noticed that Virginia's face was whiter now that it was at supper, and that her voice was a little unsteady as she said:

"Ah, I remember. You said that you had a company of Confederate recruits to intercept. I suppose there will be fighting?"

"Naturally. But they have not over sixty men, and we have one hundred and twenty-five."

"And—what becomes of those you do not—kill?"

"Send them over to the Columbus penitentiary," he replied, easily, "where they ought to be."

"The night has blown up cold," said Virginia, shivering. "I hope that you have not far to ride?"

"It is good ten miles the other side of Georgetown to where my regiment is. Judge Todd tells me. Then we've got to start immediately and come back half way, and strike across the country for the White Sulphur turnpike. It's a hard ride on a night like this, but your kinsman is going to furnish us with a good guide."

"But do you think you can make it in this time?" she questioned. "That is a long, harsh route."

"We'll have to do some rushing, I suppose. But then, you see, the Rebels aren't expecting an encounter. They think all the Union soldiers are at Louisville or are forging on to Somerset. The road to Bowling Green from here is, comparatively speaking, clear one, and they would have made it in perfect safety, if we had not pushed on so rapidly from Cincinnati."

"And now you think you will certainly intercept them?" she asked, looking anxiously at him.

"Yes, if we reach the White Sulphur road before they make it on their way from Frankfort. I think we will, even allowing for delays, for they have no fear, and, moreover, start late. I think," he finished, for the Judge's step was heard without, "that we will be leading our prisoners back this way to-morrow."

Virginia was excused from answering by the entrance of the Judge, who announced that the horse and guide were ready.

"One of Morgan's trusted officers!" The words had been ringing like a knell through her brain since she heard them at the supper table. Who was that trusted officer? The letters that she had received from Phil had told her that Morgan had no closer friend and confidant than Clay Powell, who was in dash and courage but inferior to Morgan himself. This Hal's word had confirmed, yet in his last letter he had informed her that Phil was not with them now, having been dispatched by Morgan to perform some work calling for the address and cool calculating courage of which McDowell was acknowledged in military circles to be the possessor in a marked degree. Who then was leading those young Kentuckians to Green River? Clay Powell? Phil? or another, unknown to her? Yet what matter who was the leader, since they were the defenders of her South, and were plunging straight to death, or to what would be a thousand times worse to them, imprisonment? She rose at the Judge's entrance and led the way across the hall to the portico, before which the horses stood, and as she opened the door the cold wind which greeted her nearly took her breath away. Her eyes fell on the boy that the Judge had selected for a guide, the alert, sympathetic Job, who had almost grieved himself to death on the departure of Hal, and who, like his father Ben, hated the sight of a blue-coat "worse'n pizen."

"Ob, Job!" she exclaimed, as the light from the wide hall showed her the boy's uncovered ears, "where's your comforter?"

"I jus' couldn't fin' it no'ere, Miss 'Ginia," he said.

She took the silk scarf which she had thrown over her shoulders on leaving the parlor, and, while the two men were saying farewell on the portico, ran down the steps. As she folded the protecting scarf around Job's neck, she said, in a low, authoritative voice:

"Take the soldier back by the lower road. Don't let him get his soldiers to the White Sulphur pike till after midnight. If you do this I'll get the

Judge to give you to me. Then you can go to Master Hal."

She laid her white hand across his lips to make him understand that he must keep absolute silence. With the strange, quiet intuition of his race, Job understood the scheme as perfectly as if she had explained it to him in every detail, and as she watched the pair ride off, she knew the boy's part of the plan was an assured success. The Judge went to his wife, and as she mounted the stairs, Virginia heard the great clock in the hall below strike seven.

TO BE CONTINUED

WHEN FAITH CAME

Mary J. Cain, in Rosary Magazine.

The sight of an aeroplane round old Fort Wilson had become so familiar that the soldiers no longer gathered in little groups to watch its circling flight. Indeed, nowadays, very few bothered to look up at it. There was one, however, who remained untouched by this growing indifference, and that was Captain Burke.

With Captain Burke belief in the conquest of the air was a passion and every advance made in its direction moved him to enthusiastic outbursts, and often to poetry. He had no touch of the inventive mechanical genius himself, but to Lieutenant Wynon Carter, who had, he gave an admiration that was almost worship, and to every flight made by him his rapt attention.

To-day, as the young soldier airman dropped his craft earthward with the circling ease and grace of a bird, Captain Burke hurried over to where the great aeroplane had whirringly settled and greeted him with a new burst of poetry:

Sailing, sailing past the twinkling stars:  
Sailing, sailing to the land of Mars.  
At Luna's side we'll stand awhile,  
To the horn of the moon we'll tie her.

On a cloudlet's breast she may lie at rest:  
Until we're ready to fly her.

"By George, that's what you will be doing, Carter—making the heavenly bodies your stopping-places—if you improve your flying ability much more."

Lieutenant Carter grinned at him as coolly as though his plans were not still vibrating from a record-breaking flight. Different men have different ways of soaring, Captain. Some choose Pegasus," he said, with laughing emphasis.

"A ducead po' steel. All right for carrying the hearts and souls of men aloft, but no good at all for carrying their bodies."

"You'll surely concede him the record for height, if not for carrying capacity. The horn of the moon is up some, remember."

"No argument," laughed Captain Burke. "I am not quarrelling with old Peg. I simply can't help considering the glorious promise of the future that lies within the air."

"You surely are fired the aeroplane fever," said Carter. He had jumped from his seat and was going over the craft with calculating eyes. He examined the oil tank, tightened a few bolts and re-wired one section of the light frame. When he pronounced everything in good order, Captain Burke helped him trundle the unwieldy affair across the parade ground to the shed, dignified by the soldiers with the title of aerodrome.

A gentle breeze from the west swept in through the window and tangling in the monstrous planes set them trembling in awe, ever receiving vibrations. The aeroplane and enthusiast stood rejoicing in the sight and sound for a few minutes before closing the doors.

"I suppose you know where I have been this afternoon?" queried Lieutenant Carter, as they left the aerodrome and started towards the barracks.

"Judging from the direction of your droop, I should say you came from the monastery."

"I did. I wanted to see Father Francis before attempting to break down Eileen's resolution not to marry me unless I become a Catholic."

"You don't feel ready to take the step, then?"

"No, and God knows I've tried. I admire the Church, respect its doctrines, and admit its claims. But faith—that all important thing, Eileen, I cannot look into Eileen's clear, questioning eyes and honestly say, 'I believe.'"

"She'll never marry you until you can!" said Captain Burke with conviction.

"That's what I fear, and you don't know how the probability maddens me—how I am tempted to accept it all as a matter of form just to hold her fast."

"Such deception isn't in your nature, and for that reason God will take care of you."

shouldn't she logically regard the difference of opinion on this most vital point as sufficient reason for deferring her marriage?"

"It isn't as though I were asking her to give up her faith," protested Carter. "The thought of her without it is impossible, like thinking of a flower without perfume."

"That's just it. Eileen's religion is herself. And don't you see that in holding out against you she is merely being consistent?"

Instead of answering, Carter's whole attention was directed to the little path ahead leading up from the river, where the girl under discussion and her father, Colonel Hammond, came suddenly into view.

Eileen caught sight of them almost at the same time, and it was instantly apparent that if love had come to Wynon Carter, he was loved openly and gladly in return. Also, it was equally apparent from the unflickering character of the shadows in the girl's violet-blue eyes that Father Francis and Captain Burke had read her correctly. Not even love could tempt Eileen Hammond from a stand she believed to be right.

"We have been to the river," she announced, as soon as they drew near. "The bridge has just gone down and the water is still rising."

"The bridge down!" exclaimed both men in a breath.

"Yes, I feared it would happen when the water continued to rise to-day," said Colonel Hammond.

"Conditions must be very serious at Marseno and Winchester," said Eileen. "No doubt of it," declared Captain Burke. "That places us two or three miles farther from both towns. Lieutenant, in case of an emergency, you'll have to use your aeroplane."

They all laughed, little dreaming how soon the emergency was to arise.

When they separated, at the foot of the Colonel's steps, a tumult of impatience filled the heart of Lieutenant Carter at the difficulties which stood between him and the consummation of his dearest desire. Ever since coming to the isolated fort, where the War Department had sent him ten months before to work at and perfect a growing idea, he had loved Eileen Hammond. Like all great loves, theirs had come to a head soon and had gone rapidly on until Eileen learned that her hero was an agnostic. When she realized that he had no love for God or the things of God, she immediately made their engagement conditional and closed for Carter the gates of paradise that were rapidly opening to his gaze.

He reasoned, begged, beguiled; but she stood like adamant against the battering of his words. She could never marry unless he put his feet on the path that leads to God. This, because of his ardent love for her, he made an earnest effort to do, and failing, he resolved to assail her scruples, overcome them, and carry her off in triumph. He looked for

own personal experience, how dull, and unfit to work or think properly, billousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is no doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

ward with confidence to the task he had set himself. He believed sincerely that she could not live without him, as he knew that he could not live without her. He pictured her yielding, perhaps unwillingly, but nevertheless yielding when confronted with the alternative of a final parting from him.

His handsome face, as he sat at his window looking over at the spot where he had just left her, showed no signs of the fever of impatience that had consumed him at that time. Now, though his dark eyes were anxious, they disclosed also the relief of decision. How long he sat there, arranging the arguments which he had foolishly hoped would help to break down lifelong principles, he could not have told; but at length he rose determinedly to his feet. As he did so, he was startled by a low cry and the sight of Eileen running swiftly in the direction of his quarters. He hastened out to meet her, and something heep within him seemed to fall at the sight of the pallor of her face and the agony in her staring violet eyes.

He caught her with an exclamation. "What is it, Eileen? What has happened?"

"My father is dying," she cried wildly, chokingly. "He is calling for Father Francis and the bridge is down. You must go in your aeroplane."

His face, too, went white and his words whirled out strained and unnatural. "Your father dying? When? How? Surely not, dear Eileen!"

"Oh, but he is! I know he is. He dropped from his chair just a minute ago and can scarcely speak. Will you not go?" she pleaded frantically.

"Of course I'll go, darling," he said with great tenderness. "But, remember, Father Francis is an old man. He has no faith in aeroplanes and may refuse to come."

She looked at him with scorn flashing through the despair in her eyes. "When did a Catholic priest ever refuse to go to the dying through storm or fire or plague? You just give Father Francis the opportunity," and the natural music of her voice was burnt up in the fever of emotion that dried her throat.

"There, there, dearest! I'll have Father Francis here in three-quarters of an hour," he said with a positiveness that reassured and calmed her.

He handed her into the kindly arms of Mrs. Burke and ran for the aerodrome.

In his furious pace across the parade ground he was haunted by the pale, anguish-stamped face of Eileen. He had not her confidence in Father Francis' acceptance of the aeroplane as a means of conveyance. He had seen brave and seasoned soldiers refuse to risk their lives in the air, and could not picture the gentle old priest, whose whole life had been spent in a monastery, taking such a trip unquestioningly at a moment's notice. Still, small as the chance

For it is not possible to conceive yourself, what a wonderful breaser Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be accounted for—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using this method that in vogue that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L. Cascade," and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his precise and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 454, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this in the Catholic Record.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly interested and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

BY G. G. PERCIVAL, M. D.

Do you know that over three hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95% of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided.

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you some thing to remove this accumulation of waste, before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years.

You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—thats what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time—and the worse feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

You undoubtedly know, from your