

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER XVIII

For three weeks after that wild midnight ride, Mr. J. Daffon Mills lays in his luxurious room at the hotel with two doctors and a white-capped nurse steering him through a very narrow passage-way between life and death.

When he awoke from bewildering dreams of shrieking winds and scurrying driftnets, of long vistas of stately rooms ruddy with firelight, and of a girl who, with red gold hair and arms full of roses, smiled in mockery through all, he began to gain—in Western fashion—hard and fast.

prehensive glance at house and porch and broken gate, and recalled the pictured walls and stately rooms still fresh in his memory.

"Your pale-face is dead out yonder," he replied, pointing toward the place where she knew her husband was working.

He rose and took the mother's shawl from its peg on the wall, intending to start to Lexington to place the child in safety and secure a party to search the wood for his wife.

What is an Internal Bath?

By R. W. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER I

It was a day in April, toward the close of the afternoon, in the year 1812. A narrow rim of the sun showed against the intense blue, and the light of the declining day glanced across a sea of woodland.

CHAPTER II

Ten minutes later a voice singing "Annie Laurie" broke the crimson light, evening silence, at first faint, far-off, then growing clearer, fuller, as the singer neared the opening.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.