## SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER XVIII

"SO AS BY FIRE" For three weeks after that wild idnight ride, Mr. J. Dafton Mills ays in his luxurious room at the lotel with two doctors and a white-apped nurse steering him through a ry narrow passage way between and death.

When he roused from bewildering When he roused from bewildering dreams of shricking winds and scurrying drifts, 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

ctor," he said, to the first medical gentleman in command on his next visit, "how long before I am

out of this?" You have had a close shave with double pneumonia, Mr. Mills. You ought not to venture out for four

Four weeks!" echoed Mr. Mills "You may know your business, but not your man, doctor. I'm off, either in a Pullman car or an undertaker's casket, within six days. I'll never get my lungs clear in this consarned dry-rotting East of your, I want a breath of air from the mountain top

where the world is new.

"Six days! My dear sir, it will be madness," said the doctor. "You will have to take the consequent "You

"I will." answered Daffy, and he did, to the doctor's dismay. Six days later found him propped up with pillows in the drawing room of a

pillows in the drawing room of a palace car, speeding westward as fast as the Limited Express could fly.
"I have to get away from it all quick," was his mental soliloquy.
"If I should meet the Judge and her together again it might be too much for me. And I've got to stand by her as I swore. I've got to stand by mer as I swore. I've got to stand by Weasel to the death. I ain't ablamin' her. No, I ain't ablamin' her luck was too hard, Lord, Lord!" as the picture of the girl with the roses stood full again before Daffy's thought, "Lord but it took pluck and

Yet sturdy and steadfast as he held himself, it was rather a white faced Mr. Mills that walked in suddenly upon his manager, Jake Jones, at the quarry store, and dropping into the leather chair that had replaced the old stool, announced he was

'Money ain't give out?" asked

"Money and s give Jake, staring.
"No," answered Daffy, "it's piling up and running over, sonny. But this here part of the world is good enough for me, and I've come back to irrigate it with a golden flood. I've come back to make this here Graystone Ridge the toppermost

Graystone Ridge the toppermost notch of this county."
"You've been sick, haven't you?" asked Jake blantly.
"Yes. I've been sick, worse than sick. I've been dotty, loony. than sick. I've been dotty, 100hy.
I've had two doctors blowing gas into me to keep me alive and my veins pumped full of salt water. But I'm here to the good yet, as you'll see when I get to moving. How is business and what is the news?
Anybody dead or buried or married?"
"Yes I'm married," answered Jake,

rather sheepishly.
"You!" exclaimed Mr. Mills, staring. "You! Well, all the fools ain't dead

l about it," answered Jake. as nice a girl as you'll find things of life, in Elinor Kent's name "No fool about it," answered Jake.

in the Ridge."
"Oh, it's Grete Wonn, Fritzie's towheaded sister? I take back all personal remarks, Jake. As a married man your salary doubles from this date. Take your pick from the electro plated stock for a wedding present, and may you be happy Anything else happened of thrilling

"Buck Graeme," said Jake. "But you know all about Buck Graeme. You did the business for him, got

"Is he out?" asked Daffy, eagerly, for Graeme's fate had been lost like most other things in the blur of the

the gulf between us which their pride can never cross. I have come back to my old home and life—to my last month. "Out and dead," answered Jake, briefly. ad!" gasped Daffy.

"Didn't live a week," continued Jake. "Old woman hed been living close to the prison so that she could see him every day. She brought him home to the Road House and thought she could keep him alive there. But it was no good, too far gone, I guess. Died right off. Was buried more than two weeks ago. Folks was pretty nice at the last, chipped in and im a decent burial on his own lot, and stocked up the old woman with wood and groceries. They with wood and groceries. They tried to get her away, but she won't leave the place. Says she stood by her boy in life, and she'll stay by him in death till they lay her beside

in death till they
him."

"Tough," murmured Daffy, under
his breath, "It's been pretty tough
on all of them. And women do turn
into old catamounts when they're
robbed of their young, Jake. So we'll
have to look out for the poor old
have to look out for the poor old
"The girl standing on the thresh-

And with this kindly thought in hold drew a long, quivering breath his mind, Daffy turned his steps that as she heard.

evening toward the Road House. As "Grandmother!" she said, and there was a pitying tenderness in the tone that the Wessel of old had never breathed. "Poor, poor old

yore, fluttered to his shoulder.
"Hallo, old chap!" said Daffy,
stroking the feathered head. "You're
gloom within. stroking the feathered head. You're gloom within.
on the wing still, eh? Come on, then we'll take a look at your old roost And Daffy, turning away, cast a comon the wing still, eh? Come on, then

together." And walking slowly, for he was still weak, Daffy was conscious of the invigorating thrill of his native air in every breath. For though the snowwreaths still lingered on the loftier heights, there was a whisper of spring on the Ridge, the bare boughs were swelling with tiny buds, there were soft twitterings and rustlings in the pine thickets, ventugesome vines were already green, and the "burn," fall-fed from the melting snows, was leaping joyouely over the rocks. Honest Daffy was neither a dreamer nor poet, but something in the chill, pale promise of the wakening spring recalled the white-faced, gray-cyed girl of long ago, the girl who had never had "no chance"—the girl who, with all the sap of a glorious youth frozen in her veins, had turned so desperately and daringly to the sun and blossomed into the radiant vision that followed him now night and day. prehensive glance at house and porch and broken gate, and recalled the pictured walls and stately rooms still fresh in his memory, TO BE CONTINUED ogether." And walking slowly, for he

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

> BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER I

It was a day in April, toward th olose 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, vast, still, awe inspiring, then fell upon a log house in the clearing—an island made by the white man. At the door of this human habitation stood. At the door of this human habitation stood a woman, her eyes on the western sky, its glory on her face. That face was no longer young and fair, for life on the frontier had ravaged its youth and beauty, but it wore the race charm that perfect heart happiness bestows. The carmine was missing from the well-out lips, but in its place was a smile which grew more tender as the soft blue eyes lingered on the sky. She was looking into the glass of memory, and instead of the ocean of green surrounding her she saw the narsh caw Rip suddenly fluttered from his shoulder and flapped away on broken wing. And Daffy, looking up, startled at his quick flight, stood mute and breathless, indeed. A green surrounding her she saw the broad acres of her father's Virginian plantation, and the white house with woman was coming down the road— a woman whose heavy black garments could not hide the slender grace of its many columned portico. her eyes came from the sky to the great wood the smile faded, and she sighed, but instantly the light expression returned to her countenance as she said, half-aloud, "We her form, a woman with deep shad-ows of pain under her gray eyes, and a mourner's veil falling over the red-"Rip!" she cried, tremulously, as the bird fluttered to its old place in her arms. "Daffy and Rip!"

"But we'll stand by her, old boy, won't we?" said Daffy, scratching the feathers of the crow, who in the last three years had often been his companion and confident. "You

companion and confident. "You and me will never crock her down, if she climbs to the stars. We'll just stand off and keep mum, though—What's the matter?" for with a loud,

harsh caw Rip suddenly fluttered

"Weasel! Lord! I'm seeing things

"Yes," she answered, "it is Weasel

"And—and—and," speech quite

"Ah, Daffy, Daffy!" she said, read

off—has hurt or shamed you, Weasel,

a fierce oath broke from the speak er's lips. "I'll have it out with him

"Oh, Daffy, hush, hush!" she pleaded, "hush and listen to me,

believe me, for I speak the truth at last. I told all—all—by that old

man's deathbed to which you took me that awful night. Told all—how

old poverty and sorrow and shame

Ah. I know what you would say

Daffy. I know you would spare me from it all—but that — that cannot

be—that cannot ever be."
"I don't ask it," he said, huskily

for something in her voice, her look, had brought a choking sob into his throat. "I don't ask nothing, Weasel,

but to be your friend, your square, true, honest friend. And—to make

things a bit easy for you—in the dark rough way you've got to walk—

And they went on together through

the gathering shadows in silence. Tears were falling from the gray eyes

to speak. Under the black gloom of

the pine, through the broken gate, up the weed-grown path to the old rotten porch, they passed to the door that stood a little ajar. A sound of

ne knew, and could not trust himself

said Daffy, gasping for

again! It ain't ever Wease

will make it more beautiful than even the old home, and I shall be happy here, which I was not there."

It was five years that day since she had stolen from her father's house, grown hateful under the ungentle rule of the woman who gentle rule of the woman who had come to reign in her mother's place, come to reign in her mother's place, to meet her young lover, who, with fleet horses, was waiting for her at the orchard gate. After riding for an hour they alighted before the door of the village church. The venerable clergyman, who had known the girl from childhood, was convinced that in choosing the young and—and—ane, speech quite failed Daffy. He could only hold the little hand she extended to him and look up into the pale, shadowed face with eyes that mirrored his heart and vinced that in choosing the young Irish land surveyor she had made no and, Daily, Dany! she said, reading those honest eyes, "you know all.
And it is all—all over, Daffy. That wild, mad, wicked dream—that lying life—that—that you saw."

"Weasel, no!" oried Daffy. "I nistake; so he married them without nesitation. The newly wedded pair had started for Kentucky and through dangers and difficulties they made their way to Lexington, where the young wife found many old friends and acquaintances, who interested themselves in her future in the new didn't see nothing. I don't know nothing. I don't—don't ask nothing. Only—only—" and suddenly the tender lies died on his lips, and the country by securing for her husband a valuable tract of land, on which they helped him to build the humble log house. Then had begun that labor of which we, who are reaping the rich fruits, can form but a faint kind face darkened. "If anyone has gone back on you—has driven you the rich trutts, can be to the conception. The young surveyor laid aside his chain and compass, and shouldering his axe, went forth alone to conquer that world of trees, while if it was a king on his throne."
"Oh, Daffy! No, dear, good, true old Daffy, no, no, no. It was I—I—who broke—away. I who could live a lie no longer, Daffy. I who came back to be honest and true—my own the girl wife, whose hardest tasks hitherto had been the embroidering of flowers on silk and velvet, baked poor, true self, before God and man."
But Daffy still stood with flerce eye the corn pone on the rudely fashioned and lowering brow. "If he that dared call you sweetheart — wife, almost, Weasel, has gone back on you, I'll settle him for it—highly born gentleman that he may be. I'll treat him like the cur and coward he is."

"Oh Dagge hugh, hugh," she ne, washed the linen at the spring, and spun and wove during the long silent hours. Yet they were happy, and when a year later, a bab

came to them, life grew wonderfully rich and full of promise.

In her rude orib in the cabin that baby lay, chasing through slumber-land the butterflies of her waking world of green and sunshine. The flush that had brightened her cheeks an hour before as she crept wearily from play to her mother's arms, had faded, leaving an ivory paleness, which the face at the door also ness ceased, for the curls tossed and place. After three long, lying years I told all, Daffy. And though they were so shocked and hurt and shamed, they would have kept me over the pillow were black, soft and heavy, while the blue-veined lids were folded over eyes as shamed, they would have kept me there in my false place—kept me in pity, compassion — perhaps im—in love. But I would not stay. I would not stay, Daffy. I could not bear it, not even for all they could give. I need, only be silent they said—he said—only silent and hide all. But I could not—I could not be the false. I could not—I could not be the false, lying thing I had been all these years, any longer. And so—so I broke away from—from it all. I have put

mingled above it two shades of brown. "She may be wearing the beauty o one of our Spanish ancestors" George Martins had said on one occasional visit to the log house. The mother had laughed at the remark of her husband's cousin, as she playfully counted the centuries that had elapsed since the Spanish Armad was swept from the seas by the Patitish pays and the winds of Heaven British navy and the winds of Heaven and a remnant of its wreck drifted into the friendly port of Galway. But the odd fancy often recurred to her mind. It came now as she stood in the doorway thinking of the beautiful home they would one day build for that child, and she wondered what long dead woman's eyes looked out from her daughter's face. It was then that a figure of a man loome up before her, on the path that led brough the green lawn to the wood. He was young, and tall and straight. A shirt of deer skin hung from the shoulders half-way to the knees; breeches of like material encased his legs; his arms were bare and, with his face, showed a light copper under the sunset light. He was coming to the cabin and spell-bound for a minute by the atrange sight, for the Indian had disappeared from his happy hunting ground, woman stood gazing at Fear roused her and she was tur nd she was turning rear roused her and she was turning quickly to the shelter of her home, when she saw the man stop and fold his arms. She paused, with her hand on the door, her face toward the in-

"I come not to harm the white man's squaw," he called to her across the green, level, strip. His

words reassured her.
"What do you want?" she asked.

"Your pale-face is dead out you-der," he replied, pointing toward the place where she knew her husband was working. "A big tree caught him. Ab! your pale-face will cut down no more of our big trees." His listener suddenly recollected that a short time ago she had heard

that a short time ago she had heard the great woods re-echo to a ter-rific crash, as the giant trunk and branches of one of their ancient com-pany had struck the earth, and that the sound of the axe, which had beaten cheerily on her ears all day,

was not heard again.

"My God! my God!" she cried tossing her arms toward the sky,
"Why did you not send me my death instead of this loss? O my love! my

instead of this loss? O my love: my love!"

She darted down the path, then thought of her child. The Indian had turned and was walking toward the woods with long, swift strides. Suppose he had told her a lie to lure her from the house that he might kidnap the baby. She would take it with her. But as she formed the determination the thought ran through her mind that if this were his intention he could easily accomplish it by tion he could easily accomplish it by waylaying her in the forest. She called after the retreating Indian, and when he paused, asked him to wait for her. She returned to the cabin, closed the door, and when the latch fell into its place, she pushed the leather string through the small aperture. Whoever would enter that cabin now must first break down the strong door, so the baby was safe. She stood for a moment on the step, hoping to hear the sound of the axe, but there was only the unbroken silence of the wilderness. She cried piteously. "Gerald! Gerald!
O Gerald!" but the echo of her words came back with a hollow sound. She clasped her hands, lifted them and her grief-wrung face toward the sky, then sped down the narrow white path to the waiting man, and with him passed into the silence and gloom of the woods.

CHAPTER II

Ten minutes later a voice singing lighted, evening silence, at first faint, far-off, then growing clearer, fuller, as the singer neared the opening.

An' for bonnie Annie Laurie I'll lay me doon an' dee."

sang the voice, as the man emerge from the wood and followed the path leading to the cabin. One hand kept the axe in its place on his shoulder, the other hung by his side, clasping a bunch of violets which he had spent a full hour searching the woods to find. The song ended abruptly as the log step before the cabin door showed not the familiar waiting figure, and with a sinking heart Gerald Martins hurried to his home, to find it barred against him. "Amy," he called, knocking lightly.

There was no answer. He re-ceated the name and knocked more loudly. It awoke the child, who, finding herself alone in the dark, began to cry.
"Hush crying, baby! It's father.

Where's mother?"
"I aunno," sobbed the child. "I'm 'fraid, father! It's so dark! Come get me, father, p'ease: p'ease. Come

get baby?
"Nothing's going to harm the baby," replied the father, while his face grew white and his voice husky.
Where was Amy? Had any evil be fallen her? Hush crying, there's a good little girl, and let father in." He heard the patter of the tiny

bare feet and as it ceased at the door, he said : Get on a chair baby, and pus

the string through the hole." The little maiden obeyed and in less than a minute she was in her father's arms. The room lay in darkness save for the faint glea thrown out by the fire, now dying down into the ashes. The kettle was suspended from the hook in the chimney, the iron oven was on the hearthstone; on the rude table stood ther vessels with the unprepar other vessels with the unfinished food, and the sight of this unfinished supper sent a chill into his heart. He threw a basket of chips on the embers and under their quick bright light he looked a second time around the room; but she was not there. He questioned the child but all she could tell him was that her mother had rocked her to sleep while it was still daytime. He ran out into the yard and called his wife's name until the great forest rang with the re-peated echoes of his words; but here was no answer. He hurried down to the spring that bubbled up at the foot of the oaks, but there wa no trace of her there. He plunged into the woods, shouting, calling, halloing, but there was no replying voice when his ceased. As he was running madly on, scarcely heeding in which direction, he thought of the child. Suppose she had attempted to follow him? With a frantic prayer to God to help him he hastened back to the cabin. The fire he had kindled was pouring out its red light through the open door, and as there came to him none of the expected cries of infantile fear, the cold perspiration broke on his brow His strong young limb grew un-steady and like a man smitten with palsy he crept to the threshold, and sunk on its step from the sudden reactionary emotion as he saw the child sitting on the floor gathering up the violets which had fallen from up the violets which had fallen from his unconscious hand. The kettle was now singing cheerily over the leaping flames, and all that the sight of the room recalled made the man lift his hand to his eyes, while the anguish that was wrenching his heart escaped in a hard dry sob.

"Yes," he returned. He walked across the room to the fire and from his place on the hearthstone said, as the father was lifting the child, ington is in Lexington?"

The tone in which the question was asked was peculiarly insinuating.

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. As he turned he saw a man standing in the doorway. There was a second's sur-prised silence, then the newcomer said: "Good evening!" and Gerald Martins recognized his cousin

George.

"I got back to day from New Orleans," explained the visitor, in peculiarly smooth, liquid tones, as he advanced and removed his fashionable hat, "and came out as soon as I could. Your part of my business trip was splendidly successful. Your tobacco brought a good price, and I've contracted with a firm for all you raise this—"

Then it occurred to him there was comething wrong in his cousin's home. He paused abruptly and

glancing around, asked, "Why, where's Amy?"

A second seb tore up from the husband's heart, and he answered in a husky voice: "I don't know. When I came from the field, about half an I came from the field, about half an hour ago, the door was bolted, the string inside. The baby helped me to get in. I found the house as it is now, except that the fire was partly out. All the baby knows is that her mother put her to sleep sometime during the atternoon. George, what can have happened Amy?"

The man addressed had dropped into the rude chair near the door and was staring through the soft fire-

and was staring through the soft fire-light at the grief-whitened face of

I've searched for her at the spring," went on the husband, "and in the wood. I've called so loud I thought they must hear me in Lex ington. There is not a trace of her anywhere.'

anywhere."
"Perhaps she went to Lexington,"
interrupted George Martins, in the
voice of a man whose suspicions
have been aroused, and as he spoke. looked from his cousin to the hat

he held in his hand.
"Why should she go to Lexington at this late hour? You can see she had begun to get supper?" asked the husband, in surprise

"Some one may have sent her an urgent message," suggested his cousin, and his voice was lower.
"She would have left me a note

in that case," replied the husband.
"And do you think she would go
without the baby?" he added.

"It is strange that she did not
take the baby with her," remarked George Martins, reflectively; but the husband did not hear, for he had astened to the bedroom adjoining. A moment later, he emerged from

heir eleeping apartment, saying : Her dresses are here except one she wore to-day, and here are her bonnet and shawl. No, Amy did not go to Lexington. George, what can have befallen her?" He crossed to the door and looked toward the forest, which now rose before him like an insurmountable She never ventured into the wall. woods alone—Great God! an Indian may have carried her off!" He was bounding down the steps when his cousin sprang up and caught his

There are no Indians in these parts," he cried harshly, then sub-duing his voice, he added: "except a few trusted and friendly ones, mostly half breeds."

This certainty of war with the British may have emboldened them to venture back,' cried the distracted nan; but he returned to the cabin, and picking up the shawl began to wrap it around the child, who still sat on the floor absorbed with her

give the alarm, George," cried the father, who was now fully convinced that his wife had been captured by some prowling savage. "Bring the some prowling savage. search party here. I will meet you. Take the baby to Mrs. Halpin's—"

At this juncture, the child sprang to her feet and flinging aside the shawl, cried, "I won't go wif tousin George! I won't! I won't!" and she emphasized the words with flashes from her great dark eyes. Why not?" asked George Martins

with a peculiar smile around his mouth. 'Cause you's a bad man. You

frew a stick at my birds. I hate you They struck his listener's ears as Father, p'ease, p'ease don't make me go wif tousin George!" and she flung erself against her father, in a pas

sion of screams and tears.
"Say what you will," remarked
George Martins, folding his arms, but there is a spirit in that young one that you and gentle Amy can no more claim than you can claim her eyes and bair. Have a care, my Spanish beauty," he added mocking-ly to the child, who for the moment, had ceased her sobs and was looking at him, "that it does not bring you as much bitterness as it doubtless brought your great ancestress!"

The father did not heed the remark, if he heard it, but coaxed the child to accompany her cousin. She pleaded against obeying, with piteous finally he desisted.

"I cannot understand her," he said, perplexedly. "She never acted like this in her life."

"There was never an occasion until now," remarked George Martins sententiously.

"I must go to Lexington myself," said the father. "You will wait for said the father. "You will wait for me here, George?"

"Yes," he returned. He walked

## **What is an Internal Bath?**

By R. W. BEAL

have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilzed man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem the most important, as well as the nost beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands. and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering known as constipation," "auto-intoxication," auto infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practise of internal bathing.

How many people realize that nor mal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying t do a man's portion of work on half man's power. This applies equally

to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is certainly too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you no including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong. The number is appallingly small.

such, even in that hour of anguish. St. John Worthington had been

Gerald Martine' rival for the hand of

Amy Howard, but one night the young Virginian had ridden in wound-

ed pride and anger from the white

house because the love he would have died to win had been bestowed

upon a poor Irish surveyor, employed

"He may have been the bearer of

some news, some message from Old Virginia," went on George Martins,
" and Amy may be here before you

when you come back with your search party."

The voice had gone back to its

liquid smoothness which veiled the meaning of the words. If hint or

caution, or both, lay below them, the husband could not determine; but he felt a sudden, inexplicable revulsion

as he listened, such as he would have

experienced if a snake had dragged its slimy length across his flesh. He clasped the child closer to his breast

and without a word quitted the cabin. Half an hour's walk brought

groups of men ceased their discussions, and waited in breatbless ex-

pectation for the words this unex-pected visitor had to speak.

by the country to mark out the line of a projected roadway.

Much has been said and volumes | 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.

> Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to system atic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and dis-

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keen the hody free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal. your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bath-ing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and them to appreciate the value of this countless other questions are all anlong sought for health producing swered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inven-tor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and pro-longed. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 455, 280 street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in the CATHOLIC RECORD, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these state-ments, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Progrestination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastin-ation to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable informa-tion, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?

"Gentlemen." he said, "I need your assistance !" and briefly he reated his sad loss. Before any other of that assembly could offer help, a young man stepped forward and with hand extended, stood in front of the bereaved husband.

"While I live, Gerald Martins, have a friend to aid you!" he cr and Gerald Martins looked into face of St. John Worthington wrung the outstretched hand. sleeping child was given to the win of the hotel-keeper, while a hastily collected band of men, well-armed and carrying lanterns, with the father to the little log house standing in the heart of the wooded country. An expression, too fleeting to be defined, crossed the dark, handsome and refined face of George Martins, as rising from his chair t fore the fire, he saw St. John Worthfore the fire, he saw St. John worth-ington enter with his cousin. After a few arrangements had been made the party left the cabin, separated, and went toward the forest in differ-ent directions. All that night they wandered through the vast woods and when morning broke they returned him to the village of Lexington, and still carrying his little girl, now fast asleep, he went direct to the principal had been found. A number of retavern. When the light fell on his face as he entered the room the nouse and after breakfast, which had been prepared and sent to them by the tavern-keeper's wife, a new and larger search party was formed. Among the late comers was an old