



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

STREET RAINBOW
CHAPTER XXII

CHAPTER XXII Continued.
During this last brief interval that elapses Dick has a chance to shoot one glance upward. The chief engineer's alarm is back of them, and to his alarm he sees a figure in a window.

"Pauline, for heaven's sake, girl, hide!" he calls, and evidently the one he addresses hears, for the figure no longer stands there boldly in the window, although he is positive Pauline will remain where she can watch the awful battle for the possession of her birthright—the El Dorado Mine.

"Let loose!" suddenly shouts Dick, as he fires his gun into one of the onrushing groups.

A flash of fire runs along the line of intrenchments, just as wild-fire runs over the prairie, only there is accompanying this the rattle of firearms. It must at such short range be deadly in its nature, and the assailants stagger under the blow. In some cases the sight of blood makes men demons, and such seems to be the effect now; instead of halting they rush on more rapidly than ever, and their cries are enough to curdle the blood of honest men.

A peculiar change has also been effected in the situation by that burst of musketry from behind the intrenchments. Strangely enough nearly every marksman seems to have picked out a torch-bearer for his target—at least every man but one of those who carry flambeaux is down, and this sole remaining individual, finding himself left as it were, the focus of all hostile eyes, becomes panic-stricken, throws his torch upon the ground and flies from it as though the inanimate object might be the most deadly rattlesnake to be found in all the jungles of Mexico.

In the midst of this weird, ghastly sight, the followers of the Mexican Hidalgo are discerned rushing up to the breastworks and engaging the defenders in a terrible hand-to-hand struggle.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Shadow of the Cuchillo.
That is the moment when Colonel Bob brings to bear his tactics. He and his men have up to now taken no part in the encounter, for the time was not ripe, but when the others reach the point that they are fighting like tigers over the breastworks to get in their work.

At a word from the colonel his men pour a withering fire upon the foe, not those who are in the advance, for that would subject their friends to the leaden hail, but a contingent of rioters that hurries up to the assistance of their companions gets the benefit of the volley.

Bewildered, panic-stricken, they hardly know what has come upon them, or in which direction to flee. Enemies to the right of them, enemies to the left of them, enemies behind them, volley and thunder. Some roll over upon the ground in their despair, while still others turn and scamper away as though a legion of fiends pursue—scamper off without weapons, without hats, without everything that made them so bold but a minute before.

They are lucky, indeed, who are able thus to save themselves. Some of their comrades lie upon the field of battle who will never more lead the charge or diminish the aguardiente flask, for they have met in the midst of a crime-stained career by death on a pale horse.

Colonel Bob has made a good beginning, but Colonel Bob is not satisfied. He knows his friends are being hotly beset by the fellows who have gained the breastworks, and his idea now is to descend upon these wretches from the rear, with the fury of the hurricane that sometimes sweeps over the Sierra Madre, coming out of that mystic gulf, the scene of romance and history.

His first act is to bend down and seize upon one of the torches; having grasped this he waves the flambeau around his head until the current of air causes a bright flame to spring up. Nor is it the only torch regenerated; a number of his followers have profited by his example, and at least half a dozen lights are circling through the air at the same time, describing all manner of parabolic curves, and looking like meteors flying in zigzag fashion through space.

Thus what is akin to darkness falls upon the scene, where men rush forward to grapple with their fellows in a death-clutch. It is saved from being absolute gloom by three things—in the first place some of the torches continue to flicker even while lying upon the ground, then the occasional flashes of lightning send a white light over El Dorado, that comes and goes with a dazzling intensity—last of all the blaze from the guns of the Americans is really a factor in bringing some illumination to the scene.

All this has occupied but a fraction of a minute, and then the torch-bearers leap toward the line where the desperate hand-to-hand struggle goes on—leap that way, bearing the blazing light in one hand and a revolver in the other, for they are determined, these men who fight for Miss Pauline, that the right shall triumph on this night.

The crash, when Colonel Bob and his men come in contact with their enemies, is like a sharp and distinct clap of thunder, only more disastrous. Men are seen running in all directions, fire arms rattle, and that terrible shouting continues, as though the Americans would add terror to the fight of their defeated foes.

uneasiness. He cannot find his comrade, Dick.
He roges around, seeking information, and at last strikes a clew. Dick was seen heading for the house of the chief engineer just when the last line of the Mexicans broke and fled, so it looks as though he might be there.
Without waiting longer Bob Harlan rushes away, and a minute later enters the house.
Once inside the doorway he pauses to listen and hears sounds that indicate a desperate engagement of some sort. That arouses Colonel Bob, who cannot stand by when there is any fighting going on; he rushes headlong for the scene of the disturbance, for a wonder holding his tongue. As a general thing, under similar circumstances, he would be shouting as he ran, telling those who fought not to bring the little affair to a finish until he came, but something momentarily palsies his tongue now. Perhaps the thought has struck him that the miserable Professor John, that buldog of a naturalist, may be in the house with the intention of running off with Dora, and the idea is so staggering that it has actually taken his breath away.
At any rate, it has not deprived Bob of his powers of locomotion, for he gets over the ground in a way that is surprising, and in a few moments bursts upon the scene.

It is essentially and peculiarly dramatic, for the characters engaged form a complete company. That tragedy has also entered into it can be seen at a glance, nor is the comic side missing—Dora attends to that.
The combatants are those old-time bitter foes, Barcelona and the man against whom he holds such a bitter grudge, the man for whom he has waited so long, the man who has on several occasions done him up hand-some—Dick Denver.

Stretched upon the floor is Senor Lopez, with the blood oozing from a wound in the breast. The pistol that did the awful work is not three feet away from his hand—it belongs to Barcelona, and the Mexican has by some terrible accident shot his employer just as the man the bullet was intended for leaped upon him.

Bending over the fallen Mexican are two female forms, one being an old woman, the other a young girl whose face and figure betray the beautiful Juanita. Where they have come from is a mystery; but, perhaps, knowing something of the mission of the senator, they have entered the house looking for him; some other motive may have stirred Juanita to action, some deep feeling of the heart, for she is a girl of singular impulses.

Colonel Bob's gaze does not stop here; he looks for something beyond. Dora—where is she only and delightful Dora? A cry reaches his ear in a voice he knows, and turning his head Bob sees a sight that causes a broad grin to spread over his face—a sight that is certainly humorous enough to cause a hearty laugh, although serious for one poor individual.

Dora is there, very much there; she holds in her hand a revolver which this same Colonel Bob gave her recently with which to defend herself. Dora has taken a few lessons with this weapon, but she is woefully at sea regarding its use, and although she swings it around in a truly dramatic style she has neglected to draw back the hammer.

Crouching before her is the little bug-hunter, who dodges his head in great alarm every time that weapon comes in line with her eyes, all the while keeping up a jargon of beseeching exclamations, calling upon all the gods to witness the fervency of his devotion, and anon begging the adorable, the charming Dora, not to murder him in cold blood, he whose only fault is in loving her not wisely but too well.

Quite a strange scene, taken all in all—tragedy and comedy combined. Colonel Bob hardly knows whether to laugh or look serious. He sees that his comrade is in rather a bad predicament and makes one step toward helping him, when he hears Dick say: "Stand back, Bob; I want to manage this chap alone if I can. Stand back, old fellow."

The two men struggle with the power of giants, and Barcelona, seeing a companion near by, ready to give his antagonist assistance if necessary, realizes how desperate his case is.

A scream thrills Bob; he turns his head just in time to see a figure flash before him, and realizes that it is the maid of Mexico—lovely Juanita. He sees her spring between Barcelona and Dick Denver just in time to receive in her bosom the murderous cuchillo that is launched forward, intended for the American.

A cry of horror rings out—even the bull fighter appears half stupefied at what he has done—at the persistency with which fate steps in between himself and Dick Denver.

The stricken girl staggers and falls across the form of the Mexican. Then a human figure flies at the bull fighter

like a crazy thing; it is Dick, who has been more than ever aroused by the sight of Juanita sent bleeding and dying to the floor at the hands of this fellow—Dick, who now assaults him with irresistible power, who dazes the Mexican by the brilliancy of his actions, and presently crushes him to the floor with several sledge-hammer blows that render the humiliated and doomed athlete almost senseless.

One figure Colonel Bob has not noticed before—it is that of Miss Pauline, who has been standing just beyond a table. She now darts forward, and when Dick turns after so quickly disposing of Barcelona, she discovers her bending over the fallen girl, endeavoring with trembling hands to staunch the flow of blood.

"Was—he hurt?" the Mexican girl gasps.
"Dick? No, no—you saved him, dearest Juanita."
"For you. I ought to hate you, Pauline Westery, for you have stolen what I thought belonged to me, but I cannot do it; where I would hate I love—I know not why," gasps the stricken girl.

Dick reaches her side—upon his face is the deepest concern, but Juanita smiles.
"It is just as well—I could never have lived and been happy, knowing you loved her. Now I have saved you for your Pauline. I gave my life—'twas all I had. This is fate—it was my destiny to suffer."

A groan is heard, but it does not proceed from the dying girl. Senor Lopez struggles to raise himself, and manages to gain a position where he can look upon the face of his child—his lips move, and they hear him utter strange words:
"It is the decree of fate! She saves him for the other. Come closer, you against whom Manuel Lopez has fought so bitterly—come to my side and hear the news I would tell you."

The old Mexican's strength is fast leaving him, and it is only a question of time when he must yield up the ghost. He realizes this himself, and musters all his powers to aid him.
"Pauline Westery, before I die I would hear you say you forgive me. The fierce desire to see my family regain its old-time prestige must be my only excuse for doing what I have done. With the El Dorado in my hands I could have stirred up all Mexico, and perhaps placed myself in the chair the usurper Diaz holds. I am proud, but when death hovers near all pride is leveled. I beg that you will forgive—it is easier to do so because all of my plans have proven failures."

"Rest in peace, Senor Lopez. I cannot comprehend how a man of honor can war upon a girl for the sake of power; but Heaven has seen fit to baffle your purposes, and far be it from Pauline Westery to cherish feelings of malice against a defeated enemy. I only grieve because this wicked scheming has brought one you love to pain and sorrow, perhaps death. Poor Juanita!" and she strokes the luxuriant hair of the Mexican maid tenderly as she speaks, while over the face of the dying girl there passes a look that is akin to holy love.

The old senator experiences a new sensation—tears flow from his eyes—he weeps.
"Strange, mysterious decree of Providence, that one should die to make the other happy. Who can say the hand of Fate is not in it all," he mutters.

Dick and Bob exchange glances. Surely the old senator must be feeling the cold hand of approaching dissolution; he raves! They continue to listen, and hear more strange things.
"Senorita Pauline, I am about to make a disclosure that will give you joy and yet bring perhaps the keenest pain. I solemnly assert that I did not myself suspect the truth until very recently, and it was my intention to utilize the fact if the plans which culminated so disastrously this night failed to place me in possession of the mine."

Pauline hears and holds her breath in suspense. What news can he impart that will bring to her the greatest of joy and the keenest of suffering?
"I learned in Paris what your mission was, and having already an inkling of the truth I set about discovering facts. Years ago, for revenge upon your father, I hired a woman to steal away your little sister Beulah; it was Beulah who was drowned; I myself never doubted it, for the woman swore to the fact when I paid her. Years later this same woman entered my employ again—she brought with her a child to whom I took a strange fancy—I adopted her."

"Merciful heaven!" cries Pauline, bending upon the dying Juanita a look of startled eagerness and supreme anguish—"that child—Juanita!"
"I have since discovered is the Beulah stolen from your father in the past. Antoinette Duval, stand forward and testify to the truth of my words."

"What Senor Lopez has stated is the truth, every word. Mon Dieu! I hope I may be pardoned for the part I took in the wicked business. I swear by all that I hold sacred that this girl is none other than Beulah whom I carried away years ago from the Westery home, where I was employed as a nurse. Look upon her, Mamelle Pauline—for she is your sister."

(To Be Continued.)

A SETTER.

This that follows is really funny. It is told by a Georgia "gentleman of the old school," who is noted for his rare humor:
"I heard a good story the other day about a horse, and must tell it to the children. A man had a horse who would sit down whenever he was touched in the flank. He would squat on his hind quarters like a dog. The man tried to break him of it, but he couldn't, and nobody would buy him. One day a sportsman came along and made his acquaintance, and they took a ride together to hunt partridges. When they found a covey, the man touched his heels to his horse's flank, and he sat down. 'What makes your horse do that?' asked the sportsman. 'Why, he's a setter,' said the man. 'He sets birds just like a dog.' So the sportsman thought he was a most wonderful horse, and he swapped for him and gave \$50 to boot. And he got on him, and after awhile they came to a creek that was pretty deep, and as

the sportsman held up his legs to keep them out of the water, he touched the horse in the flank, and down he sat in the water. When he got up and out and was all dripping wet, he was as mad as a wet hen, and said: 'Well, sir, what made this horse do that way in the water?' 'I forgot to tell you,' said the man, 'that he sets fish just as well as he does birds.'"

In Silent Testimony.
A romantic story is told of the late count of Flanders: Every day he went for a long walk, and always passed a house where a white hand was waved from the closed windows in return to his deep salutation. He never entered the house. The occupant was a lady to whom he was attached before he was married, but whom he had never seen since. Before parting they arranged that when in Brussels he should pass her door once a day, and this testimony to an old love was faithfully carried out.

A FORGOTTEN NAVAL HERO



New York.—Ensign Bagley, one of the heroes of the sea fight of Cardenas harbor, is dead, the Spanish war is history, but the other hero of that conflict of shells and smoke powder with smokeless powder is still living. Capt. Frank H. Newcomb, a native of Boston, the commander of the Spanish war, the only hero of the Spanish war who received a gold medal from congress. He was Lieut. Newcomb six years ago, and now he is Capt. Newcomb, the supervisor of anchorages and the purchasing officer at the port of New York.

Some day the histories will refer to the sea fight of Cardenas harbor on the afternoon of May 11, 1898, as a typical brave, rash exploit of the American seaman. They will mention Bagley's name in sonorous paragraphs. Lieut. Newcomb's name in other sonorous paragraphs, and they also will tell of how Lieut. Newcomb, commanding officer of the ex-revenue cutter Hudson, a wooden boat, ran in under destructive masked batteries, threw a line to the disabled Winslow, remained there in the zone of fire for 30 minutes, and finally brought away the Spaniard's prize in triumph.

Dared Spaniards to Combat.
The affair in Cardenas harbor followed a series of astonishing captures of Spanish ships—of armed and unarmed merchant ships, and it also followed a series of daring attempts to engage the naval vessels of the Spanish government in do-and-die fights. For whenever a Spanish gunboat or cruiser showed herself in public, she is to say, whenever she showed her smokestacks and hull to an American fighting ship, small or big, effectively or crudely armed, she was promptly invited to test her powers.

Some of these challenges were ludicrous, for a converted small yacht would openly advance on a large gunboat possessed of ten times greater equipment, run up her flag proudly, fire her barking six-pounders, and rush ahead and give every sign of wishing to engage in mortal conflict for the eternal glory of one side or the other.

The battle of Cardenas took place because three Spanish gunboats used to sneak out of their shelter at opportune moments and try to pick off passing American tugboats and launches. If the gunboat advanced spiritedly into the zone of effective marksmanship, demonstrating at once the superiority of its individuals, the Spanish boats retreated. So the Americans began to consider them rank cowards. However, they did not follow the Spaniards into the harbor, because they feared probable mines.

Eager for Brave Deeds.
On May 11 the gunboat Wilmington, the torpedo boat Winslow and the so-called gunboat Hudson, a converted revenue cutter, met outside the harbor of Cardenas and decided to go inside and do some damage. They were weary of the sallies of the Spanish gunboats. Then they were eager to do brave things. This waterway to conflict was broad and shallow, with two jagged stretches of land close to the mouth, and outside a dotted formation of coral keys. Here and

there were other green-topped keys, with a channel running indefinitely among them. Beyond the wriggling channel Cardenas lay in an angle of sloping hills, seven miles away.
The Wilmington, drawing 18 feet of water in these shallows, proceeded to a location within 1,500 yards of the water front; the Winslow, a lighter draught boat, went 300 yards farther. The little Hudson impudently followed. Ahead of these two American craft were the scudding Spanish gunboats. They fled apparently from force of habit until they nestled somewhere among the wharves of the city. Now the Winslow and the Hudson were triumphant pursuers. They rushed pell mell into a zone of buoy. Through the sultry air echoed and reechoed a discharge of numerous guns.

Every gun on the Winslow instantly replied, although the location of the Spanish batteries was a guess-work place. The enemy used smokeless powder; the American ships were draped with smoke. Then came another discharge from the Spaniards—from the shore, from visible warehouses, from the docks. The Americans knew that the gunboats were hidden among certain wharves, so they steamed ahead in defiance of the mines and the masked batteries. They penetrated the zone of the buoys until they were only 800 yards from the gunboats. There was a continuous pyrotechnic display. The water around both boats constantly showed seyers.

Lieut. Newcomb observed the condition of the Winslow and steamed toward her, still valiantly peppering everything Spanish within range. He saw Bagley signal and hold aloft a megaphone, and presently he heard the ensign yell:
"We are disabled! Come and tow us off!"

At once the Hudson steamed within the uneven circle of water spots. He approached until he was only 200 yards from the battered Winslow. The shells came thicker and thicker and the Spaniards were shooting with surprising accuracy. Once the Winslow careened and belched forth a part of her body. Steam followed the assortment of missiles. On board the Hudson Newcomb observed to his men that the boiler of the Winslow was evidently gone.

Jested in Face of Death.
Bagley rushed to the rail and cried out to Newcomb to heave a line. An officer of the Hudson ran forward with a line and belted:
"Don't miss it!"
Bagley laughed and waved his hand cheerily.
"Let her come!" yelled the boy. "It's getting too hot here for comfort."

Eventually the task was apparently completed. The Hudson started ahead, her men looking back calmly at the screaming town of Cardenas. Thirty seconds later the hawser snapped. The Winslow swung around and her men flung another hawser on board the Winslow. Far rearward the Wilmington was steaming to and fro, firing shell after shell into the town, acting after the manner of a caricatured animal.

Through Storm of Shells.
The second hawser from the Hudson was a five-inch one. They attached it to the pilot house under a rain of ammunition. Then the Hudson began to move forward again. She continued to move forward, firing her six-pounders as rapidly as the men could load them. These gunners were swearing at their slowness and the commander kept urging them to work harder. He strode up and down the deck, dividing his attention among these gunners and the Spaniards and the hawser. His quartermaster walked beside him, praying unconsciously that the rope would not part like its predecessor. They stood out boldly on the deck of the little revenue cutter, entirely unmindful of the spat, spat, spat of the bullets and the screaming of the shells.

It was absolutely necessary for the Lieut. Hudson to get the remains of the Winslow and her dead out of the zone of fire. Half a dozen times the Hudson was struck by shells, so that she also began to resemble a derelict. But she kept steaming ahead through the treacherous shoals, over possible locations for mines, now scraping a coral reef, now dragging the Winslow off an unseen shallow place, but always belching forth flame and smoke from her six-pounders and always leaving the masked batteries farther and farther behind, until at last the nearest geyser was yards and yards rearward.

And then the officers yelled to the men on board the Winslow and learned of the death of Ensign Bagley and of four other deaths. So great was the rage on the Hudson that every member of her crew wanted to have the boat turned around and reenter the harbor and destroy every visible object in Cardenas, including the three gunboats and the masked battery and all the Spaniards there.

Given Deserved Honor.
Of course they were mentioned in the reports of the conflict. Particular mention was made of the commander of the Hudson for his coolness and supreme disregard of apparently certain destruction. Then President McKinley sent to congress this recommendation:
"I recommend that in recognition of the signal act of heroism of First Lieut. Frank H. Newcomb, United States revenue cutter service, above set forth, the thanks of congress be extended to him and to his officers and men of the Hudson, and that a gold medal of honor be presented to Lieut. Newcomb and a silver medal of honor to each member of his crew who served with him at Cardenas."

Both branches of congress united in passing favorably on the recommendation and Lieut. Newcomb received a letter from the treasury department containing this expression:
"Yours is the proud distinction of being the only commissioned officer of any service to whom congress awarded a gold medal for heroism during the war with Spain."

His Lucky Shot.
In his "Sporting Trips of a Subaltern," Capt. R. M. Giosop tells how he shot three lions one morning before breakfast. He came upon the first lion in this manner: "I could just make her out lying crouched for a spring, in the thicket with her head lowered between her forepaws, and every now and then raising it to give vent to ugly, snarling roars as she saw me approaching. With the eyes of my Somalis upon me, I had to pretend to be valiant, whatever my feelings might be, so I walked straight up to within 30 yards of her, finger on trigger, and momentarily expecting a charge, sat down and shot her dead through the neck. A very tame ending, but considering possibilities, quite exciting enough at the moment."

As Revised.
"Every pitcher goes to the well once too often," quoted the moralizer. "I don't know anything about that," rejoined the demoralizer; "but I know every baseball pitcher goes into the box once too often."—Chicago Daily News.

Foolish Old Customs.

Antiquated and Silly Ideas That Still Prevail in European and Asiatic Courts.
Time has not brought about a readjustment of many of the antiquated customs that surround royalty. When the king of Spain was 12 years of age he one day had the misfortune to slip and fall down a flight of the palace steps. The fall would very probably have been attended with fatal results had it not been for a servant who extended a kindly hand and saved his young master by breaking the fall.

But, by a stringent rule of Spanish etiquette, no servant may dare touch the sacred person of the king, and for this "grave" offense the servant was at once dismissed from his position.
At a remarkable law of royal etiquette, which has existed for a number of years past at the court of Siam, no person is permitted to sleep in an apartment situated above that occu-

pled by the king. A deliberate breach of this rule has on more than one occasion been punished by death.
Recently, when the king of Siam paid a visit to Paris, a number of bedrooms were reserved, directly above that in which the king was to have slept, for the dusky followers of the royal visitor. The blunder caused great consternation among the fearful courtiers, until the matter was explained to the management and duly rectified. All the courtiers and servants were placed in bedrooms on floors below that occupied by the sovereign.

When the emperor or empress of China appears in public, no other person is allowed to occupy a higher place. Therefore, on such occasions the shutters of all buildings are drawn, and the upper parts of the houses past which the royal procession is expected to move are deserted, the inhabitants swarming to the ground floors in order to show due deference to their rulers.

NEW HOMES IN THE NORTHWEST.

Shoshone Reservation to Be Opened to Settlement—Chicago & North-Western Ry Announces Round Trip Excursion Rates from All Points July 15 to 25.

Less than one fare for the round trip to Shoshone, Wyoming, the reservation border.
The only all rail route to the reservation border.
Dates of registration July 16th to 21st at Shoshone and Lander. Reached only by this line.
Write for pamphlets, telling how to take up one of these attractive homesteads.
Information, maps and pamphlets free on request to S. F. Miller, A. G. F. & P. A., Omaha, Neb.

FROM A CYNIC'S DICTIONARY.

Rouge—Face suicide.
Benedick—A penitent bachelor.
Courage—Marrying a second time.
Love—The banked fires of passion.
Divorce—The correction of an error.
Altruism—Mowing your neighbor's lawn.
Suspicion—Testing the engagement ring on window glass.
Jealousy—A tribute to man's vanity that every wise woman pays.
Furious—A word expressing the pleasure a girl experiences when she is kissed.
Conscience—The internal whisper that says: "Don't do it; you might get caught."
Widowhood—The only compensation some women get out of marriage.—Henry Thompson.
Water Wagon—A vehicle from which a man frequently dismounts to boast of the fine ride he's having.

BLOATED WITH DROPSY.

The Heart Was Badly Affected When the Patient Began Using Doan's.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maxwell, of 415 West Fourth St., Olympia, Wash., says: "For over three years I suffered with a dropsical condition without being aware that it was due to kidney trouble. The early stages were principally backache and bearing down pain, but I went along without worrying much until dropsy set in. My feet and ankles swelled up, my hands puffed, and became so tense I could hardly close them. I had great difficulty in breathing, and my heart would flutter with the least exertion. I could not walk far without stopping again and again to rest. Since using four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills the bloating has gone down and the feelings of distress have disappeared."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Glass That Keeps Out Heat.
An Austrian inventor, Richard Sigmond, is reported to have made a new kind of window glass whose chief peculiarity is that it prevents the passage of nine-tenths of the heat of the sun's rays.
It is well known that ordinary window glass allows nearly all of the heat derived from the sun to pass through, but, on the other hand, intercepts all heat coming from non-luminous sources, such as a stove or the heated ground. This is the reason why heat accumulates under the glass roof of a greenhouse.

If covered with Sigmond's glass a greenhouse would, it is claimed, become a cold house, since the heat could not get into it. One advantage set forth in favor of the new glass is that a house whose windows were furnished with it would remain delightfully cool in summer. But in winter, perhaps, the situation would not be so agreeable.

Accept Signatures in Irish.
Irish language revivalists have just scored a notable victory. The directors of the National bank have agreed to accept checks signed in Irish, provided the signature is repeated in English. One of the advantages of this system, as the bank points out, is that it acts as a double protection against forgery.

Foreigners, in their ignorance of the language, so often mistake the sultan's trades for 'trades.—Albany Argus.

DOCTOR'S SHIFT.

Now Gets Along Without It.
A physician says: "Until last fall I used to eat meat for my breakfast and suffered with indigestion until the meat had passed from the stomach."

"Last fall I began the use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast and very soon found I could do without meat, for my body got all the nourishment necessary from the Grape-Nuts, and since then I have not had any indigestion and am feeling better and have increased in weight."
"Since finding the benefit I derived from Grape-Nuts I have prescribed the food for all of my patients suffering from indigestion or over-feeding and also for those recovering from disease where I want a food easy to take and certain to digest and which will not overtax the stomach."

"I always find the results I look for when I prescribe Grape-Nuts. For ethical reasons please omit my name." Name given by mail by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The amount of the wonderful amount of nutriment, and the easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is not hard to find.
In the first place, the starchy part of the wheat and barley goes through various processes of cooking, to perfectly change the starch into Dextrin or Post Sugar, in which state it is ready to be easily absorbed by the blood. The parts in the wheat and barley which Nature can make use of for rebuilding brain and nerve centers are retained in this remarkable food, and thus the human body is supplied with the powerful strength producers so easily noticed after one has eaten Grape-Nuts each day for a week or 10 days. "There's a reason."

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page.