

A CLAY IDOL.

It was universally conceded that Bill Kingerty was the toughest character in Lone Rock. The stage-driver told me as much before we had gone three miles from the station on our fifty-mile drive to camp.

'Tough?' he said. 'I should say yes. Always plays in great luck, drinks lots of whiskey, spends a bushel of money, and is mighty 'handy' with his gun.'

We arrived at Lone Rock the next morning, and I must confess the town did not make a very favorable impression on my English sensibilities.

The largest building in town was the inter-ocean saloon, a long, low building of rough boards, thrown together in true frontier style. The camp had grown up in a day, as it were, when the placer fields were discovered a mile or so up the canon. The floating population of the whole territory had flocked hither, and what a month before was a lonely gulch as could be found in the Rockies, was now a flourishing 'city' of several hundred.

As I wandered into the Inter-ocean that evening, the stage-driver, who was standing near the door, recognized me, and drawing closer whispered:

'There's Bill Kingerty over yonder at the farther table. Remember, stranger, and don't run up against him.'

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a large-boned, roughly-dressed man of perhaps fifty, seated at a parlor table, playing cards. His wide slouch hat was pulled down over his eyes, so that only the lower part of his face was visible. His chin was covered with a grizzly growth of reddish-gray hair. There was a goodly stock of gold at his elbow, to which he added now and then as the game went on. It was evident the stage-driver was right about Bill Kingerty's luck.

The scene before me was new and strange. From a secluded place in a dark corner of the room I watched the motley crowd singing, drinking and gambling. Now and then some especially lucky player would cash in, and, advancing to the rough board counter answering for a bar, call up the crowd and set up the liquor. I had not been noticed in my dark corner until later in the evening a tall, sinewy cowboy scooped a great pile of gold into his pockets, and advancing to the bar, threw down a handful and called up everybody.

Glancing about the room with a glass of the reddest of red liquor in his hand, he spied me.

'Hey, there tenderfoot,' he shouted, 'what are you skulking in that corner for? Come up here and have something.'

I advanced meekly into the light, and hardly knowing what I said or did, replied: 'If you will excuse me, I will take a cigar instead.'

'Cigar?' he roared, and pouring out a brimming glass of whiskey, handed it to me with the words, 'take that and drink it, quick.'

'Really, I said in my fright, 'I don't care for this. Pray excuse me and I'll smoke a cigar instead.'

'Cigar be hanged,' he sneered, 'drink that liquor,' and pulling a six-shooter from his belt, he pointed it at my head.

I looked at the gleaming muzzle in terror. The mouth of the barrel looked to my frightened senses as large as a drain-pipe. The drawn, hardened face of the man behind it looked fiendish.

'Really—I stammered. 'Drink!' he shouted. I raised the glass to my lips and gulped down a mouthful. The fiery stuff choked me, and, throwing it up, I went into a paroxysm of coughing.

The crowd surged about me, laughing and shrieking, when the cowboy waved his weapon over his head, fired, and pointing it at me again, shouted: 'Drink it down, tenderfoot, drink it down or I'll finish you.'

As I raised the glass again, Bill Kingerty stepped forward and walked up to my assailant with the words: 'That's enough of that, stranger. Put up that gun, and let the boy alone.'

The cow-puncher didn't know Kingerty, and besides, he was half drunk. Without a reply he turned suddenly, and pointing his revolver at Kingerty's breast fired.

I don't know to this day how it was. I was never brave or heroic. In fact I am a beastly coward, but, nevertheless, as the cowboy fired, I leapt forward, and, striking the gun, threw up the barrel. His bullet sped harmlessly over Kingerty's head.

I didn't realize that there was but one shot; but when the smoke cleared away the cowboy lay dead upon the floor, and the smoke was still floating from Bill Kingerty's gun. The cowboy's partner came forward and took charge of the body, but did not speak to Kingerty.

As I started to leave the place, Kingerty laid his hand on my arm, and drew me to the door and down the street to the shanty where he lived. He opened the rickety door, and, entering, lighted a candle, placed it on a box, and, pushing me a stool, bade me be seated.

'Stranger,' he began, after clearing his throat, 'what are you doing out here? You've no business in this country. Why, sonny, you're the biggest tenderfoot I've ever seen.'

I threw off all restraint—for there was a kindly light in his rugged face—and told him my story. How I had just left college, and, lacking the necessary money to pursue the study of medicine as I wished, had come West to make my fortune, hoping to go back in a few years to my chosen profession.

Kingerty was silent after I had told my story, and, by the flashing light of the candle, I could see he was in deep meditation.

'So you come from England,' he at length began, 'and to make your fortune.' He turned uneasily in his chair, and, looking me full in the face continued: 'My boy, go home; you're not fitted for this life out here. If you stay here you'll either get tough or get shot, or both. If you're tough you won't save any money. If you're dead the cash won't do you much good. I knew a boy who came West,

the same as you, only few years ago. He came from London, too. This chap had finished school, and, carried away with the stories of wealth to be gained in the West, packed up his things and came out here.

'He was ambitious to be rich and honored, and so he left his country with its limited chances and long, uphill pull, to make his fortune in the western goldfields. Neither his aged parents nor his sweetheart were able to dissuade him from this fool-hardy step. He told his little flaxen-haired sweetheart that last night at home that he would soon return with wealth and power, and pictured how happy he would be in the home he would be able to furnish for her. And he went away.'

As he finished these words his voice was low and husky, and I could see in the dim light that he was looking far beyond me, through the open door and out towards the mountains, towering dim and majestic in the eastern sky, his face was wonderfully softened, and I could hardly realize in the man that stood before me the murderer of an hour before.

'I knew the boy well,' he continued, 'perhaps better than his own parents. Well, he came west and for a few months kept up and saved money. The frequent letters from home and the little souvenir his sweetheart had given him seemed to keep him from the temptation which surrounded him. Then came the long winter when we were snowed in and for months received no mail. The absence of word from home and loved ones seemed to press heavily upon him. He became sullen and morose—then came cards, and whiskey, and perdition. When the snow melted and the delayed stage arrived, he, fallen to a common roustabout at the saloons, read that his sweetheart had died during the long winter—died in his mother's arms, and in the wild delirium of brain fever had begged him not to go—oh, not to go away.'

'Thus was broken what seemed the only chain that bound him to decency.'

'Then he drifted with the wild, turbulent current of western life through this camp and that, a drunkard, a murderer and a gambler.'

We sat in silence. Kingerty's sad, dreamy eyes were fixed on space, and it seemed I could see a teardrop glistening on his rugged cheek. He turned to me, and laying a hand on my shoulder, as a father might, continued:

'Boy, go home. Work at anything it needs to be to gain your end, only don't sever yourself from good influences, from an early training, from a Christian home.'

I rose and grasped his hand, too much overcome by my emotions for words. As I started for the door he said:

'No, my boy, don't go up to the hotel, it might not be safe. Bunk in here with me.'

I lay awake far into the night. Suddenly riches seemed to me of little value now, when associated with constant temptation. I had just money enough to get back. I would go on the morrow.

I must have been asleep several hours when I was awakened by a shot. I leapt from my bunk. The sun was just peeping over the mountains. A cowboy stood a few rods from the door, a smoking Winchester in his hands. Bill Kingerty lay across the doorstep, dead.

I laid him out myself for a decent burial. Suspended from his neck by a slight golden chain was a locket. The bullet that had pierced his breast had broken it open. Inside, clotted with Bill Kingerty's life-blood, was a lock of flaxen hair.—P. McArthur.

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WONDERFUL X-RAY TEST

A BLIND MAN SEES THROUGH THE TOP OF HIS HEAD.

It is Different From Ordinary Sight, But It Serves Some of the Purposes of Seeing—The Experimenter's Personality Graphically Described.

The extraordinary, almost miraculous effects produced by the Roentgen X rays have led to experiments in several scientific directions, not always with the expectation of reaching definite results, but sometimes to simply investigate what could be accomplished by their use. Edison has suggested that, as by these rays solids can be rendered transparent, they might produce some effect in overcoming blindness. Perhaps he specially intended to apply the experiment to such persons as have been made blind by the intervention of a solid medium, and who have known sight before—like people whose pupils became opaque in childhood or later life. But these experiments have been extended and last Saturday were applied to a person blind almost from his birth, and one of such extraordinary development of brain and the other senses that the results reached are conclusive in their way. And, while nothing like sight was reawakened or produced, they were none the less astonishing and significant in what they did reach.

One must begin by describing the subject experimented on, for, without that, it would be impossible to properly estimate the value of the experiments. Dr. J. R. Cooke of Boston is at present a man most thoroughly conversant with medicine in all its various departments, and especially conversant with the oldest as well as the most modern teachings and procedures in nerve diseases. He has a very large practice in Boston, and accomplishes an enormous mass of clinical as well as scientific work. This man when three weeks old, had his sight destroyed completely by the accidental application of an acid to the eyes. He never had a conception of light or of the looks of things. It would take a volume to relate how, under this difficulty, his other senses developed to an almost miraculous acuteness. How he can touch a fabric and tell the stripes or figures on it and their color; how by the slightest sound, he correctly estimates the dimensions of a room; how by the touch of the hand, he can at once recognize the person, and how, by slight feeling, the material, color, shape, and use of objects are known and described. And yet he has never seen any of them at all, and one wonders in what shape they present themselves to his own sightless mind.

If we add that this wonderful person, who is the most amiable, the most lucid, and one of the most learned and most variously gifted men one can imagine, has written a number of successful novels, and is at present composing a comic opera full of the brightest airs, the reader will probably doubt the veracity of the report. His musical constructiveness is such that he simply dictates a score and it is as simply read to him for correction. No touch on the piano as yet. Then when it is played it is found to be a good air in excellent harmony. And this person, who earned his way through college by testing tobacco for the Lorillards by touch for many years, and has helped himself up from nothing to an astonishing position, without one of the most necessary senses, is the man who consented to be tested by the X rays last Saturday. The X rays have opened a new door to him, and he enters in it with excited interest, not as promising personal benefit, put as a study and field for self-investigation.

The experiments were conducted in the private laboratory of the Boston University School of Medicine, and in the presence of a number of physicians and professors of various medical schools. The tube used was a specially constructed instrument, which gives the most intense Roentgen ray of any tube heretofore made. It was attached to a coil which produced an electric current of nearly 2,000,000 volts. Dr. Cooke at the beginning of the experiments noticed this, and said it was different from and more intense than any he had previously experienced.

Seated in front of the tube glowing with yellowish green light, at a distance of four feet, Dr. Cooke held his head down so that the rays struck on its top. He first felt a sensation that he could not describe, a certain something which disappeared the moment the light was cut off and was instantly felt when the tube was in glow. A pair of cutting pliers were held half way between his head, bent down, and the glowing tube. He at once described them. A thing with prongs, so long, and held in this direction; when turned, he described the change of direction; when they were moved rapidly—all without sound or stir—he became dizzy and ordered it stopped. It made him faint. These pliers were two feet from his head and two feet from the light. His descriptions were mathematical; that is, he said:

'There are two lines, and their extremities, the prongs, meet at an angle. And the lower part of the lines [the handles] are curved.' When he was allowed to touch the object, he knew at once what it was. Then he added: 'I can't see these things. I only feel their shadow. It is just a sensation.'

The next pair of shears, were held in the same position. He described it as two lines crossing each other, and circles at the end of each [the handles.] These were rapidly but noisily removed and a hammer substituted. He grasped at it and cried: 'Oh, don't!' He had an attack of vertigo, the result of the rapid motion of the objects. After a rest the hammer was gently replaced in the same position. He exclaimed: 'I know that. That the hammer!' The week before they had tried him with this at the X rays, and he instantly remembered the impression. A screwdriver was held up now. He described that as a straight object, up and down. It was held at different angles, and he described these accurately as 'an angle of fifty degrees,' or 'of ninety degrees.'

A hand was held up before him. He described that as 'four straight masses parallel to each other,' and told the respective lengths of the little and ring fingers to the rest. When the hand was held horizontally he again described it in a new position. The thumb he described as a large, short mass. Of course he only noticed the bones—the flesh was transparent. When he was allowed to touch the hand and recognized it as such he was surprised. Remember he has never 'seen' any of these objects and only knew them by feeling.

Tin foil is opaque to the X rays, and now letters cut in the tin foil were held up two feet from him toward the glowing tube. The letter I was accurately described, making the same impression as the screwdriver. The letter C was also told, a curve, and the direction in which it went. When the position was changed he detected it at once.

A bunch of keys with one longer than the others was described as a dark mass with a straight line in the centre and a circle above. A loop of glass, which produces a light shadow on the fluorescent plate, and a loop of tin foil of the same shape, which produces a black shadow, were successively held up, between the head and the light, and the impressions of both were minutely and accurately described. The same was tried toward the side of the head and the back of the head, and similar but weaker impressions were described.

Dr. Cooke tried to give an idea of the way in which these objects impressed him. He said they gave him the idea of weight and of extension. He had a feeling of something stretched out so long, and in such or such a direction, and this something felt in his mind like a defined heaviness or weight. When the object was not held in a perfect position between him and the lighted tube he described it as one sees it in the microscope, with longer or shorter shadows.

As Dr. Cooke was anxious to establish

the difference between the effect of the electricity streaming upon him from the tube and the effect of the shadow of the objects cast upon his brain, he had the Tesla coil disconnected from the tube and passed its current through his body. The Tesla instrument so modifies the power of this great flow of electricity that its effects can be sustained without danger. When the doctor took the current it was supposed that the Roentgen tube had been shut off. But he said in surprise: 'Why I feel the same effect as before.' Upon which it was discovered that the tube had not been turned off. When it was finally removed from the circuit he at once stated that he felt nothing. This was one of the most convincing incidents of the evening. All through the session a convincing feeling of the doctor's genuineness and sincerity mastered those present.

The X rays open a field for him unknown before. Though he distinguishes red and black by touch, he does not sense what they are. He says he would give years for a correct impression of the color of a rose or the look of the sun. The new light gives him a hope of gaining something akin to this impression.—Hartford Times.

MISS ZELMA RAWLSTON.

A CHARMING SOUBRETTE WHO ATTRACTS LARGE AUDIENCES.

She Tells something of the Hard Work Necessary to Make a Successful Artist—Many Break Down Under the Strain—An Interesting Chat with a Telegraph Reporter.

From the Quebec Telegraph.

Those who have attended the performances at the Academy of Music this week, will readily concede that Miss Zelma Rawlston is one of the brightest soubrettes on the stage. She is a clever musician and a charming singer, and as an impersonator shows a talent considerably above the average. She has winning ways, a mischievous twinkle in her eye, and a captivating manner. Her magnetism for drawing large audiences is not alone confined to the stage, as she is possessed of a character which is pleasing to come in contact with. It is full of good nature, amiable qualities, and a charm that endears her to all those who have been so fortunate as to have made her acquaintance. A Telegraph representative had the pleasure of an interview with Miss Rawlston which resulted in a biographical sketch of her life being published in these columns on Saturday. During the course of the interview, Miss Rawlston let out a secret, which she consented to allow the Telegraph to make public. For many years she has devoted the best part of her time to study, sometimes practising at the piano alone for 10 hours a day. It is not therefore astonishing, that under a strain of this kind, she began to feel the effects upon her nervous constitution. She is of a robust build, and apparently strong physique, and stood the strain without interrupting her studies, until she had perfected that which she desired to accomplish. Like many other artists who have gone before, she completed her work, graduated with the highest honors, and prepared to enter upon her stage career. The reaction of over study, and long hours, soon began to tell upon her, and although it did not interfere with her climbing the ladder of fame as an actress, she very soon became cognizant of the fact that she was suffering from a strain on the nerves which threatened sooner or later to result seriously to her health. Her sufferings did not interfere with her engagements, but prevented her from participating in pleasures of any kind. The nervousness increased to such an extent that she became a victim to insomnia, and slowly her digestive powers gave out, and she was fast becoming a chronic sufferer from nervous debility. After trying many remedies and prescriptions, she one day read an advertisement in one of the daily papers referring to the complete recovery of a similar case as her own, with the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She had tried so many patent remedies that she almost despaired of trying any more. Something seemed to influence her to test this preparation, and she ventured to purchase one box of the pills. Before she had used half of them, she began to feel an immediate improvement in her condition and by the time she had used two or three boxes, she was a different woman entirely, and today there are few actresses who display a better example of perfect health than our representative found Miss Rawlston in when he called upon her last week. The subject was suggested by our reporter seeing a box of the Pink Pills in Miss Rawlston's possession. 'I always carry them with me,' she said, 'and would not be a day without them; although I do not take them regularly, I find them a very beneficial stimulus for one in our profession. If the assertion of the benefit which these pills have worked upon me will do the public any good, I am perfectly willing that my name should be mentioned, and that the facts should be given to the public.'

Miss Rawlston's permanent address is in care of her manager, Mr. Tom McGuire, Room 5, Standard Theatre Building, New York City.