

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1896.

## DONE BY THE TROLLEYS.

WATCHES ARE MAGNETIZED BY ELECTRIC CARS.

Sometimes They Are Not Affected While at Other Times They Are—Some Kinds of Watches Yield More Easily Than Others to the Electric Influence.

One of the worst enemies of good timepieces is electricity, says the Philadelphia Press. Next to letting a watch drop out of a fifth-story window there is no surer way of demoralizing a timepiece than to venture with it near some powerful electric-generating machine. This danger has become so generally recognized that in many large electrical plants there are signs posted warning the visitor, if he cares for his watch, to leave it outside. Yet there are hundreds of people who never go near an electric dynamo, and yet find their watches going astray in a most unaccountable fashion. Visiting the watchmaker they find that it has mysteriously magnetized. Tell the general run of people that the watch was magnetized and deranged from being carried in a trolley car and they will probably be much surprised. Yet the facts are strong in confirmation of such a statement.

Inquiry among many of the representative watchmakers of the town shows that on the average two and a half times as many magnetized watches are brought in now for repair as was taken in two years ago, when the trolleys had not been introduced.

"Probably 50 per cent of the watches brought into us for repairs," said a prominent watchmaker, "are those which have been deranged by being magnetized. The subject has interested me very much. I may safely say that before the trolleys were introduced we did not have half as many magnetized watches."

A magnetized watch will play queer pranks with time. It may start off at a reckless gallop and gain five to ten minutes a day for weeks. Then it will slow up as though out of breath and jog along at an easy pace, dropping back a dozen or so minutes a fortnight. All these pranks are caused by the subtle influence of the electric fluid on the steel parts of the watch works. When the hairspring becomes hardened by the magnetism the watch will gain time. When friction between the delicate parts of the works is increased by the magnetic influence, the watch will lose time. There is no accounting for the pranks that are played. The magnetism may spread from one part of the works to the other, and each part in turn may become especially charged, producing different results in the going power of the watch from time to time. Some watches are more liable to be magnetized than others, and when brought into proximity with electrical conditions there is no telling when any watch is going to succumb.

Anybody can tell whether his or her watch is magnetized or not by passing a small pocket compass around the case. If the needle swerves violently there is magnetism in the steel springs of the case, at least. Now rest the compass above the balance wheel, and if the works are magnetized, the needle will rotate rapidly and assume a swinging motion from side to side, keeping time with the balance wheel below it.

A practical electrician, when questioned as to the probable effect of the trolley cars. I come in contact with large numbers of motormen and conductors, and they generally complain that their watches are put out of order by the electricity in the car. It is natural that if anybody's watch suffers by the trolley it will be a motorman's or conductor's. When the wires on the cars are insulated the tracks, pole, and motor are not. Electricity may, and I think does, spread from these parts through the car, and entering the body of the passengers centres itself in the very magnetizable steel parts of his watch works.

"I should say that the worst place to sit in the car, so far as watches are concerned, is directly over the motor. The worst effect on the watch is reached when the car stops and is started again; for it is by this process of stopping and starting the current that a horseshoe magnet obtains its magnetic attraction. Each piece of steel in the works becomes subjected to the electrical condition just as does the horseshoe magnet. Why all watches are not magnetized in the trolleys it is hard to say, but that some watches are magnetized may be granted. As gold is a better conductor of electricity than silver, and as silver is better than nickel, it follows that a nickel case watch is less liable to be magnetized, since it is the poorest conductor. Excellent non-magnetizable watch works would be made of platinum, if that were possible. "Whether there are any conditions that make the magnetism of watches in trolley cars more or less likely I cannot say. If the conditions were powerful enough to exert any influence I should say that magnetism was more likely to take place in damp weather than in dry; and in summer more than winter, for then the clothes are

moist from perspiration. Of two people the one who offers the most body resistance to the electrical current is the least likely to have his watch affected. It a person wears rubbers and insulates himself from the floor of the car his body is more apt to accumulate electricity, which may strike the watch. But all these conditions probably exert a very slight influence on the magnetization."

Some very interesting experiments have been made on the question. One watchmaker found that after placing his pocket compass on his knee on a moving trolley car the needle was violently rotated every time the car stopped and started. The rotation was caused by the increased effect of the electricity at these moments on the needle and shows the greater probability of magnetization of the watch at those times. It is stated that a thin strip of steel placed on the floor of the car over the motor will, in the course of a day, become sufficiently magnetized to attract iron filings.

"The queerest thing about it all," said a well known watchmaker, "is that though a magnet will magnetize a watch, a magnetized watch will not affect another watch, though it be next to it for hours. When once magnetized they may be brought around all right by demagnetization; but they are more susceptible to the influence than they were before."

DOUBLE LOSS OF CONFIDENCE.  
His Dog a Poorer Fighter and He a Worse Judge of Dogs Than He Thought.

One day as we lay in camp on the Republican fork at the Arkansas River one of the boys caught a big jackrabbit in a snare and made a cage of willows to keep him for a pet. Three days later a tender foot came along with a hunter's outfit and accompanied by a canine which looked to be a cross between a bound and bulldog. He said he had bought the dog the day before of a teamster, and that the animal was a match for any three mountain wolves.

"What d'ye think of him yourself?" asked the Corporal.

"He looks to me like a fighter," was the reply.

"How much did you pay for him?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"I don't think he's a fighter." Observed the Corporal in a careless way. "He looks to me more like a runner."

"Have you anything which can run him?" asked the tenderfoot as he bristled up.

"What's a hog dog?"

"Sort of a prairie wolf. There isn't much fight in 'em, but there's less in your canine. I'll bet \$5 he runs your dog out of sight."

"If he does I'll give you \$10!" shouted the stranger, who, having ruled over the way the boys were winning and grinning.

The dog was placed out on the level beyond camp, and the Corporal went after his rabbit. Before bringing him out he tied his ears over his head with a strip torn from a red handkerchief, and other strips were made fast to his body. He was the oddest looking creature any one ever saw outside of a museum when the Corporal finally dumped him out in front of the dog. We were gathered in two lines, and the rabbit had to run for the dog to get clear of us. The dog was apparently ready for a row with one of his own species, but when that living creature came for him he dropped his tail and started off at full speed. The jack probably took him for an old pal of his, for he followed close at his heels and humped him for all he was worth. The dog made two complete circuits of the camp, yelping at every jump, and then finding the rabbit close at his heels, he jumped into the river and swam across and thus got away. The stranger looked on without a word, and when the affair was over he handed down a \$20 bill.

"How's this?" asked the Corporal.

"Why," replied the man, "one of us is for my dog being a blamed coward and the other for me being a blanked fool."

LITTLE OUF AMBER NOW.

A Pipe Mouthpiece Three Inches Long Worth from \$12 to \$15.

"Is that real amber?" asked the man as he held up a pipe before the dealer. The pipe was a handsome briarwood one, and it had a clear amber mouthpiece nearly three inches long. The price mark was \$3.50.

"Yes, it's real amber," said the dealer.

"That is, it's as real as any amber you can get nowadays in a pipe. It is not from a piece of amber, but is made by a melting process. Ninety per cent of that mouthpiece is amber. The other 10 per cent is a composition used to harden it and make it stick together. Some years ago amber was plenty, and a pipe like that would have a mouthpiece of amber cut from a block and never melted. But the amber mines have practically given out, and you can't get any more big pieces. A piece of cut amber as long as that on the pipe you have there would be worth from \$12 to \$15, and it wouldn't be a bit better than the manufactured amber. It wouldn't be so durable and would not feel any better between the teeth."

"I was in England a year ago," said a man who had listened to the conversation, "and one of the largest pipe manufacturers there said that there had not been a piece of amber as long as three inches in the market for five years."

"That's so," said the pipe seller. "You may get a pipe with a genuine cut amber mouthpiece in some stores in New York, but if you look up its record you will find it was made eight or ten years ago and has been in stock. This composition is used to-day in expensive meerschaums as well as in briarwoods."

## ON A GREAT WOLF HUNT.

A BIG SLAUGHTER IN MONTANA A GENERATION AGO.

Results of one Trip Through a Wilderness Infested by Indians and Wild Beasts—More Than Three Thousand Wolf Skins Secured in Four Months.

It was almost noon, one day late in November 1863 that thirty-five men left Fort Benton, Montana, and pulled out of the valley. Ascending the long, steep hill, and moving out on to the rolling prairie, we found ourselves at once among small bands of buffalo and antelope; and as we moved slowly northward these bands increased in size and numbers, until they formed a seemingly vast and continuous herd.

Our objective point was the Sweetgrass Hill; three lone pine-clad buttes just south of the Canadian line, and sixty or more miles east of the Rockies. In the afternoon of the fourth day out we reached the west butte, and camped on a little stream which flows from it southward, until finally it is lost in the thirsty ground. We did not dare camp very near the butte, for had we done so a war party would have had a great advantage in firing down upon us from the high points. Instead, we chose for our winter camp ground the centre of a wide, level flat about half a mile from the butte, where we built a strong, high corral large enough to hold all our horses, and around the outside put up our lodges. Then, after hauling great piles of dry cottonwood and quaking ash for fuel, we were ready to begin wolfing. Owing to the danger of being attacked by the Indians, we arranged it so that at all times there should be eight men in camp, and a ninth one with the horses, which were corralled every night.

Climbing to the top of the butte one day I got out my glass, a long, powerful telescope, and took a good look at the surrounding country. North, south, east, and west, as far as the eye could reach, the prairie was fairly covered with buffalo and antelope. Herds of elk and deer fairly swarmed on the pine-clad sides of the hills; and higher up, among the rocky ledges, the timid bighorn made their home. Little bands of bears, nearly all grizzlies, were roving about constantly, feeding on carcasses the wolves had killed, and occasionally securing some unwary animal themselves. As for the wolves and coyotes, they were everywhere; singly, in pairs, in bands of fifty and more.

Let us interfere with one another, the direction each outfit should take in putting out baits was determined by lot, and I was very well pleased that my firm drew the northwest course. Going from the camp in this direction, we would pass over the west shoulder of the butte, thence out into a broken prairie country and on to the long deep coulees which led down to the Milk River valley, about ten miles away. Early in the morning of a sunny day, old Dan and I mounted our horses and started out to begin our work. About a mile from camp we sighted a band of elk and shot a large fat cow. We ripped the animal open from throat to tail and removed the viscera. Then we mixed two bottles of strychnine with the blood which collected, and smeared it all over the meat, cutting deep gashes here and there, so that the poison would work into the thicker parts. A mile from the elk we successfully stalked a little band of buffalo, and secured a large young bull, on which we used three bottles of poison. Then, as the wind shifted to the north and snow began to fall, we turned back and went home.

In a few days, however, we got out all the baits we would, and every pleasant day we would go out and skin the wolves which were not frozen. Nowadays it is very difficult to get wolves even to approach a poisoned bait, but in those times they had not been educated, and were so ravenous that we often saw them go up to a carcass and begin to eat before we had ridden a quarter of a mile away.

The strychnine was so rapid in its action that some of the animals died with their head resting on the bait. Occasionally one of them would get half a mile away before the poison began to work; but three-fourths of them fell within 200 yards of the bait. I had several opportunities to watch the effect of strychnine on wolves. It seems to deprive the animal suddenly of the use of its legs, which become as stiff as poker. Then the creature falls over on its side, makes a few ineffectual gasps for breath, and dies.

As the days and weeks slipped by we began to think that either the Indians did not know we were wolfing on their territory or that they had no desire to attack so formidable a party. One evening late in February, however, the east course outfit, Duval, Scott, and Atwood, came into camp and reported that they had had a running fight with a small war party and had killed or wounded two of them. They had gone out to the end of their line, and on their way back, when about three miles from camp, they had been fired on by a dozen o-

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more mounted Indians who rushed up out of a coulee. The boys put spurs to their horses and retreated with all speed, followed by the Indians, who kept firing as they could load their guns. At last Duval's horse was shot and down he went; then the boys stopped and fired a round at the Indians, and had the satisfaction of seeing one of them fall from his horse. Abandoning his horse and saddle, Duval then got up behind Atwood, and they went on as fast as they could. In a few minutes the war party took up the chase again, leaving only two or three of their number with the one the boys had shot. As Atwood's horse was now carrying a double burden, they could not go on so fast as before, and soon the bullets began to strike unpleasantly near. So Scott dismounted and checked their pursuers, and when the other boys had made a few hundred yards he followed them. This manoeuvre was repeated several times, and was quite successful, for the Indians were armed with old Hudson Bay Company "fukes," or smooth bore flint locks, which were not reliable at a distance above seventy-five yards, while Scott, as well as the rest of us, used the Remington rifle, thirty-two balls to the pound, which was every bit as accurate as the modern breechloader. So it was that when Scott dismounted the Indians kept at a safe distance, hoping that one of the many shots they fired at him would find the mark.

As the distance to camp became shorter and shorter the boys felt their courage rise, and finally they concluded that they wouldn't be driven a yard further. They all dismounted, and although the trade balls from the Indian fukes occasionally struck the ground a little too near, they took deliberate aim at their pursuers, some 300 yards distant. As the smoke drifted away they saw one of them reel and tumble headlong to the ground. The boys gave a yell of triumph, and fired several rounds as fast as they could reload; but the Indians seemed to have had enough and quickly rode away, carrying their fallen comrade with them.

Discussing the affair that night, we concluded to stand our ground. Everybody was well aware that the Indians never would be satisfied until they had tried to avenge the death of their comrades, and that in two or three weeks they would return in full force and try to wipe us out. One or two timid ones favored an immediate return to Fort Benton, but they were soon silenced when old Dan said:

"I think I express the sentiment of this yer camp when I say that sooner'n leave the wolves lyin' around, the Injuns gets my ha'r."

Except for a few days in January the weather had been so cold that it was impossible to do any skinning, the wolves freezing solid in a single night, and hundreds of them were lying around our baits. But now a warm interval set in, and we all worked from daylight to dark skinning the animals and stretching the hides on the ground about the camp. In less than two weeks we made such progress that we had cared for all the frozen animals, and had only to work on these that we found about the baits from day to day. So we quit going out over our lines, kept a watch (11:30 a.m.) out on the hills two miles from camp, and fortified our position as well as we could. Around the inside of one of the lodges we built a sod wall two feet wide and twice as high to shelter the women and children. The corral was chinked with poles to make it fairly bullet proof, and lastly we threw up some breastworks on the east side of the corral, relying on the corral itself and the wagons as a shelter from other directions.

Then the time began to drag. Everybody felt more or less in suspense, and wished the Indians would come, if they intended to come at all. After a few days of this monotonous lying in camp I think if anybody had proposed a general retreat to the Fort there would not have been a dissenting voice. But after the stand we

had taken nobody liked to be the first to make such a proposition.

It was on March 23, about ten o'clock in the morning, that our scouts came charging into camp and reported a large body of Indians approaching. The horses were corralled, the women and children crowded into their lodge, and our rifles and revolvers carefully loaded, we got behind our breastworks and patiently awaited the attack. In a little while we saw the Indians, 100 and more, come riding slowly over the ridge down to the creek, some 400 yards distant, and disappear in the little belt of timber which fringed its banks. In a few minutes they suddenly rushed out in a solid body and came over the flat at us as their horses could run. All of them, the flower of the Assinaboine camp, were decked in full war costume of trailing eagle plumes, brightly decorated shields and war clubs, and ermine fringed skirts, and their faces and limbs were painted with red, blue, white, yellow, and black, in alternating bars and spots. On they came, singing the shrill war song and firing their guns, but we never moved or made a sign until they were within 100 yards of us, then Duval shouted out "Fire!" and thirty-five rifles were emptied into them, bringing a dozen or more of them to the ground. Then we drew our revolvers—every one of us owned two—and rained bullets into them. But before our pistols were half emptied they swerved with one accord to the left and passed out of range. We had barely finished reloading when they came on again, circling around the camp and firing into it, but we lay low and waited for them to come near.

Thinking perhaps to get in behind our breastworks, they finally assembled on the west side of the corral and charged down on us, but we quickly ran up under shelter of the wagons, which formed a north and south wing to the corral, and met them as before with a shower of lead. This seemed to dishearten them; the war song ceased and they fled in all directions. But we were not satisfied, and, leaving a few of the boys to finish the wounded, the rest of us jumped on our horses, which had been saddled before, the battle commenced, and took after them. Many of the Indians rode splendid animals and, with the start they had, easily got out of the way. But others were not so fortunate, and were overtaken and despatched. In less than half an hour an Indian was to be seen, so we rode back toward camp, more than satisfied with the day's work. Long before we reached the camp, however, we heard the women wailing for the dead. Antoine Bisette was the unlucky one. With the others he had rushed out to despatch the wounded Indians. He had stooped over one, who was apparently dead, to secure the beautiful shield lying by his side, and the cunning rascal suddenly raised a big horse pistol and sent a bullet through Antoine's heart. We buried the poor fellow next day, and marked the place with a cross of stones laid on top of his grave. We also dug a deep trench and filled it with the bodies of our enemies which lay about the camp. There were twenty-seven of them, which, with the eight others we overtook on horse back made a total of thirty-five Assinaboines killed. We had little fear of another attack from Indians, and, in fact, they never returned. Early in April we packed up our hides and outfit, and returned to Fort Benton.

In all, 3,113 wolves were killed and skinned. Of that number Dan, Jeff, and I owned 462, which were sold for over \$2,000. That was wolfing thirty years ago.

ST. BERNARD DOGS.  
They Have Not Degenerated and are Useful as in Former Times.

An English tourist recently published in a review a severe criticism of the St. Bernard dogs. He said that he and a companion were in the Grisons endeavoring to reach the summit of Langgurt, when suddenly an enormous St. Bernard dog rushed upon them and threw them both down into a ravine. While the tourists were trying to get out of the snow as best they could, the dog tore open their basket and refreshed himself with cold chicken and sandwiches. This complaint has become the subject of an interesting discussion. The Austrian tourists protested and denied that there was any truth in the

tory. They spoke of the services rendered by the St. Bernard dogs, and ridiculed the English tourists for carrying a basket of cold provisions instead of going to one of the hotels in the mountains. They insinuated that the two Englishmen were drunk. A breeder of St. Bernard dogs in Austria also took part in the discussion. He wrote to the prior of the St. Bernard monastery, requesting him to give full details regarding the temper and disposition of the dogs and you desire especially to know if it is true that they render to travellers the services that have been spoken of so often. Yes, they do. The present dogs are just as good as their famous ancestors. In the winter they are absolutely indispensable to us. I repeat it, absolutely indispensable; and that not only because they discover the travellers who happen to get lost in the snow, but because they are our only guides, showing us the way during the frequent snow storms which come upon us so suddenly in these heights."

PAINTING SPELLS FROM KIDNEY DISEASE.

A Sufferer for 18 Months Cured by South American Kidney Cure.

For eighteen long months Mrs. J. Hallman, wife of a well known flour and feed merchant of Berlin, Ont., was troubled with an affection of the kidneys. As illustrating how seriously kidney trouble may develop, the pain in Mrs. Hallman's case would become so severe at times as to cause fainting spells, and it was dangerous to have her left alone in the house. "During all this time," she says, "I never knew what a comfortable nights rest was. I doctored, and, in fact, tried everything; but nothing seemed to relieve me for any length of time. I saw South American Kidney cure advertised in the local paper, and the case described seemed to be my complaint exactly. I purchased a bottle, and relief came in a few days, and the second bottle cured me of all kidney trouble. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Mr. Gratebar's Advice to Philip.

"It isn't new, the idea of living within one's income," said Mr. Gratebar, "but I am trying to impress on Philip the importance of beginning in his youth. I don't want him to be mean or stingy, but I do want him to save something every year, without interruption, and to begin when he is young. Begun early and kept up continuously, it is almost wonderful how even small savings accumulate. There is scarcely a man who cannot provide himself with a moderate fortune from his savings alone by beginning early and keeping at it. "Old" Of course it's old; old as the hills, but how many of us have profited by it? And I want Philip to begin now."

Some years ago the Austrian government issued a decree by which every emigrant who has driven his engine for an entire year without accident shall receive a reward of 100 florins (\$50), and that those who have done so for ten consecutive years shall receive 1,000 florins (\$500) and a gold medal.

## Woman Kind.

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