

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1896.

THEIR WARLIKE SPIRIT.

PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS WANT TO WEAR UNIFORMS.

Department of Militia Will Furnish Arms and Clothes for a New Company Composed of Dalhousians—The Men Who Will be Future Officers.

HALIFAX, Feb. 27.—"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," but there are many winds that blow good all round. One of these good winds is that which has created the military feeling among the student and even among the solemn professors of Dalhousie college in this city. Professor MacMechan, and especially Professor W. C. Murray, a loyal New Brunswick, are the professors who particularly have become imbued with military ardor. The students have become so worked up, so energized by martial feeling, that out of 250 or so enrolled under the various faculties, at least 50 have come forward and expressed themselves willing to take the oath of fealty and don the uniform of the citizen-soldier defenders of her majesty's Canadian Dominions. The students will gain a double advantage in this enrollment, for, while obtaining a knowledge of military drill which may prove useful to them and to their country, they will obtain physical exercise of great benefit and contribute much in bestowing upon them the greatly to be desired healthy body for the healthy mind. This is one phase of the good which this good warlike wind has blown.

Then again look at this wind from another point of view. The officers and men of the 63rd Rifles have for more than a year felt the disadvantage in which they were placed from the fact that the 66th Fusiliers had been granted an increased establishment which placed that regiment ahead of the 63rd, though the Rifles professed to look down upon this increase of the 66th and to ridicule their necessary recruits, as they sometimes called the new men. Had the full pay not been granted, the 63rd were ready to say, that the 66th ranks would have thinned out like snow before the summer's sun. The 63rd professed to believe that the 66th was largely composed of men who could not stand the breath of adversity such as a withdrawal of pay would mean, and they held that this was specially true of the men who had been enrolled under the extra exertions of the increased establishment. Yet notwithstanding all this assurance and self-complacency on the part of the 63rd there was that feeling that in the eyes of at least a part of the community, they had to take a secondary place compared with the 66th, because of the prestige which the increased establishment and larger numbers gave the Fusilier regiment. Now the 63rd are about to receive an additional company recruited exclusively from Dalhousie college, which will go a long way towards bringing the 63rd up to the 66th in point of numbers. Thus this wind has blown good to the 63rd Rifles, a battalion which dates back prior to confederation.

Then the wind has blown, or will blow, personal good to two or three officers of the 63rd. The new company is being organized on the understanding that not only are the rank and file to be drawn exclusively from the college halls, but that its officers shall be none other than men who have graduated, and who call Dalhousie their Alma Mater. The captain and the two lieutenants must be graduates of Dalhousie. The 63rd regiment now has two lieutenants who are Dalhousians—C. D. McDonald and W. E. Thompson. Mr. McDonald is a first lieutenant, and it is natural to suppose that he will be transferred to the students' company as captain; and that Mr. Thompson will be transferred and promoted to the first lieutenancy of the students' company. Both men would be willing and glad to make the change, for as matters have stood it might be a long time ere promotion came to them otherwise, though they both are good and thoroughly competent officers. As to the third lieutenant, what on earth is to prevent Professor W. C. Murray from obtaining the necessary certificate and being ready, at the beginning of the next session, to take a position in the company as third lieutenant. A couple of weeks study would enable Professor Murray to pass, and in the meantime he can enroll in the ranks. No man would be better liked in such a position than this Professor. There is not a more popular man in college, in the best sense of the word, than he, and none would make a more desirable officer than Professor Murray. Let it, then, without fail, be second Lieutenant W. C. Murray! Thus this wind is blowing good at least in the way of Messrs. McDonald and Thompson. This movement in the direction of militarism in Dalhousie had its origin solely among the students themselves but the faculty smiles approvingly on their efforts.

It is said that Colonel Egan of the 63rd has offers similar to that from Dalhousie from Bedford, Dartmouth, and other points, to raise companies for his regiment. The department of militia has promised to furnish the arms and clothing for the

students and doubtless they would be willing to do the same for the other proposed companies. The sun seems to be shining therefore, as well as a good wind blowing upon the 63rd Halifax Rifles.

BURIED A SPARROW WITH POMP. A Queer Incident of the Cuban Revolution of Nearly Thirty Years ago.

What is a historical fact in Cuba and what appears to be a second edition of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" is an interesting story related by Col. Figueroa, a noted Cuban leader.

It appears that years ago a Spaniard with an idea of rendering a valuable service to the city of Havana brought from Spain a large number of sparrows similar to the English variety, and which were thought to be useful as a city bird in forming an army of diminutive city scavengers. Imagine his surprise and anger when upon arriving at the city he was charged an excessive duty on the little birds. In a fit of passion he liberated all the birds and became involved in trouble for trying to evade the custom dues.

The sparrows invaded the city, where the multiplied in a surprising manner. They proceeded to wage war upon a small city bird, which they drove entirely from the city limits. For this act the Cubans called them the Spanish bird, and in time began calling the Spaniards "gorrion," which means sparrow. On this trifling subject a very bitter feeling obtained a foundation. It was carried so far that the Spaniards recognized the sparrow as the emblematic bird, much as we Americans look upon the eagle, and they zealously guarded the welfare of the midget.

After the outbreak of the revolution in 1868 the bitterness in this line as well as others became intensified. One day a sentinel on guard at the palace in Havana found the body of a dead sparrow, which had fallen from one of the trees in the park. With the greatest care and reverence he took the little body before a council of volunteers then being held. The volunteers deliberated over the death of the bird, and on the impulse of the moment they passed resolutions of respect for the deceased sparrow, and made an assessment among the members of the volunteers whereby they raised \$80,000, the idea being to give the little Spanish sparrow a most imposing funeral. A skillful silversmith was summoned before a committee, and ordered to make a beautiful casket of silver, to be elaborately trimmed with gold, for the bird. The handsomest hall in the city was obtained, and the drapers put to work to prepare it for the reception of the sparrow, which was to lie in state. In the centre of this hall a richly decorated catafalque was erected, and on this the little casket containing the remains of the sparrow was placed.

All the city and military officers visited the hall and paid homage to the bird. The volunteers appointed a strongly armed body to guard the remains. A Bishop was forced to officiate at the ceremonies. While the body was lying in state the occupants of the houses on the streets on which the funeral procession was to march were ordered to have their houses draped.

When the day of the funeral arrived the volunteers were out in full force, and the procession was one of the most imposing during the march several persons lost their lives. One was observed on the sidewalk laughing and presuming to ridicule the demonstration, and one of the volunteers shot him down in his tracks. A house was passed that had not been draped for the occasion, and one of the inmates, being seen by the volunteers was also shot. After a lengthy march the casket was returned to the starting point.

About this time an unfortunate cat, presumably of Cuban inclination—as a Spanish cat would never have been guilty of such an act—was discovered on a housetop eating one of these sparrows. The amazed feline was seized, tried, and after a speedy court martial was brought out into the public square, and four skilled marksmen were selected as executioners.

THE STRENGTH OF ICE.

A Thickness of Eight Inches Will Sustain a Battery of Artillery.

The army rules are that two-inch ice will sustain a man or properly spaced infantry; four-inch ice will carry a man on horseback or cavalry or light guns; six-inch ice, heavy field guns, such as 80-pounders; eight-inch ice, a battery of artillery with carriages and horses, but not over 1,000 pounds per square foot of sledges; and ten-inch ice sustains an army or an innumerable multitude. On fifteen-inch ice railroad tracks are often laid and repeated for months, and ice two feet thick withstood the impact of a loaded passenger car after a sixty foot fall (or perhaps 1,500 foot tons), but broke under that of the locomotive and tender (or perhaps 3,000 foot tons).

Troutman gives the crushing strength of firm ice as 167-250 pounds per square inch. Col. Ludlow, in his experiments in 1881, on 6½-inch cubes, found 292-889 pounds for pure hard ice, and 222-820 pounds for inferior grades, and on the Delaware River 700 pounds for clear ice and 400 pounds or less for ice near the mouth, where it is more or less disintegrated by the action of salt water, &c. Experiments of Gzowski gave 208 pounds; those of others, 310-320 pounds. The tensile strength was found by German experiments to be 142-223 pounds per square inch. The shearing strength has been given as 75-119 pounds per square inch. The average specific gravity of ice is 0.92. In freezing ice increases in volume from 1-9 to 1-18, or an average of 1-11; when floating, 11-12 is immersed. Engineering Mechanic.

PICKED UP A TREASURE.

SINGULAR GOOD FORTUNE OF A CALIFORNIA TRAMP.

He Found the Place where Train Robbers Had Hidden Fifty Thousand Dollars in Gold—How He Spent Most of the Money—He is Now in Jail for Larceny.

In the California State prison at Sacramento is confined a man whose experiences during the past fifteen months read like the wildly improbable adventures of a dime novel hero. A year ago last November he was a penniless tramp, making his way to San Francisco on the brake beams of a freight train. He was put off a train, and camped beside the track over night. The next morning he found—simply found—a fortune of \$50,000 in gold coin. Then he became one of the best known and most reckless high rollers in San Francisco. He spent in the fifteen months about \$40,000 of his find. A week ago last Thursday he was arrested and taken to prison, charged with grand larceny. Still, he only found the money.

The man's history previous to his finding a fortune by the railroad track is far from uninteresting, and altogether his life has been such that even the remarkable West could not easily furnish a duplicate. He was a wealthy man before he was a tramp, and when he found the fortune fifteen months ago he had all the knowledge of how to use it to advantage in getting the most pleasure for his money. He did not simply throw his wealth away, as an inexperienced tramp would probably have done.

The strangest part of the story is how the fortune he found came to be where he discovered it. The money was the plunder secured in one of the most daring train robberies ever committed in California. A passenger train was held up, and the express car robbed, and the robbers buried their treasure beside the track, expecting to come back for it when the storm had blown over. But the tramp came along a day or two later and carried off the money, not knowing at the time where it came from, and naturally little caring.

The tramp's real name appears to be Carl Herrmann, and he was at one time a prosperous business man in New York. He is now 50 years old. His parents owned, in their early life, a farm on the outskirts of Hamburg. The city grew out toward the farm, and before long the land was sold for a considerable fortune. Herrmann's parents became very wealthy, and he received the education and training natural to their condition in life. When he came of age he received a fortune. He spent the greater part of it travelling in Europe; seeing the sights, he put it, for he has always been by nature a man who believed in seeing life to the limit of his resources. He came to the United States a score of years ago was established in a prosperous business as a dealer in smoked fish in this city. He accumulated another modern fortune, and abandoned his business to see life in this country.

He saw a good deal of various phases of life in the West, and eight years ago reached the Pacific coast penniless. Since then he has wandered all over the coast region and the adjoining States, practically a tramp. Still he was not a professional tramp. He worked in the summer at anything he could get to do, on ranches, in hop fields, in lumber camps, or on farms. But he was always moving about, and rarely had more than enough of money one day to last him until nightfall. He beat the railroads and camped in the open air on his wanderings.

Fifteen months ago, in November, 1894, he was working his way toward Sacramento, intending to go thence to San Francisco, and further South for the winter. A few miles outside Sacramento he camped for the night beside the railroad track. A night or two before this, or it may have been the same night, for the exact facts have not been determined, two masked men held up the east-bound passenger train two miles from Sacramento, blew open the express safe, and secured more than \$60,000, which was in care of the Wells-Fargo Express Company. They carried their plunder into the bush a little way down the track, dug a shallow hole, and into the hole dropped the sacks containing the coin, filled in the earth, and scattered leaves over the place. The work was badly done, as the robbers had no proper tools, and were naturally in a great hurry. They knew nothing of the near presence of the tramp Herrmann, or Harms, as he then called himself, who was sleeping in the woods only a few hundred yards away.

In the morning Herrmann gathered up his blanket and started on his way for Sacramento. In making his way toward the railroad track from the piece of woods in which he had camped he came upon the newly made mound in the bushes. He had not heard the robbers at work during the night. His curiosity was naturally aroused, and he commenced to dig in the mound to see what it might contain. In a few moments he uncovered the canvas sacks, and,

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opening them, found them brimful of golden eagles. There was about \$50,000 in gold in the sack, the robbers having taken about \$10,000 with them, as one of them explained when captured later. What he thought about how the money might have come there he has not yet told. But he lost no time in removing it. He reburied some of the gold, but a great part of it he tied up in his blanket along with his few traps, slung it over his shoulder, and boldly tramped down the railroad track into Sacramento. He passed several parties out hunting for traces of the train robbers or their plunder, but Herrmann was quite well known in that section, having worked there off and on for eight years or more during his wanderings about the coast, and he was not questioned.

Just what he did in the ensuing two or three months is not yet known. He appeared in San Francisco last spring, and established himself in expensive quarters, and from that time on until last week, when he was arrested, he lived the life of a wealthy man of somewhat sporty tastes and habits. He had many acquaintances in San Francisco, and to them he explained that he had inherited a fortune from relatives in Germany. Some of his acquaintances had known him in New York, and knew enough of his history to make them readily believe his story of the source of his newly acquired wealth. There was absolutely nothing to connect him with the train robbery near Sacramento. Indeed, the main evidence now connecting him with the finding of the proceeds of that robbery is his own confession to the detectives who arrested him.

Herrmann was most generous with his money. He was everybody's friend, and spent his money pretty much as any other spendthrift might have done. He had an expensive establishment, dressed in the height of style, and dispensed generous hospitality at the most expensive hotels. He cultivated the acquaintance of racing men, and not a little of his money was spent at the race track. Still, the general testimony of his acquaintances is that he got the worth of his money, so far as values go in that sort of expenditure. He knew enough of the uses of money to make it go in more satisfactory ways than simply burning it. He has spent about \$30,000 since last summer. When asked how he managed to spend so much, he said:

"How? Why, my dear sir, that is not spending money at all. I can spend \$10,000 a week, and without giving it away or allowing myself to be robbed."

He is said to have visited New York at least once during the past year, and to have remained there a week or so seeing the sights. He lent several thousand dollars to acquaintances who wanted to start in business, and Wells, Fargo & Co. are going to try and recover this money.

Just how he was discovered to be the finder of the plunder of the express robbers is not yet clear. Several months ago his rooms in San Francisco were robbed, and it is said that among the articles taken were some letters or other documents that gave an inkling of his find. This information was given to the express company, and detectives were put on Herrmann's track. Even then it was several weeks before Herrmann was located and arrested, and the arrest was made entirely on the personal responsibility of the detectives who relied on getting a confession from Herrmann in order to hold him. They succeeded, and for this Herrmann is now calling himself a "blending idiot." The detectives say Herrmann voluntarily told of finding the buried treasure, but he says he thought he was arrested on a warrant, and told the story under a promise of immunity. He was taken to the jail in Sacramento, but no charge was even then made against him, as the express company wanted to try and recover some of the money. Detectives went to Herrmann's rooms in San Francisco and searched them thoroughly.

The landlord protested and finally called in a policeman. When the policeman found one of the searchers was a deputy sheriff of Sacramento county, he quietly left the house. But the story was out then.

Herrmann is now held on a charge of grand larceny. He denies that he knew that the money was stolen by train robbers, and does not believe he can be punished for finding money and spending it. He has made what restitution he can, and in jewelry and various valuables and securities has turned over about \$9,000 to the detectives. Just what will be done in his case is, of course, not known. The detectives are busy now trying to recover whatever money they can.

Meantime the San Francisco papers are finding dozens of people who knew Herrmann and who profited by his bounty. Every one seems to speak well of him, saying he was in all his manner and dealings an honorable gentleman, and all sorts of interesting stories are told of the spectacular way he spent his money during his brief career in San Francisco.

REIGN OF THE PLUG HAT.

It is Ugly and Inconvenient, but Still There Are Those Who Cling to It.

The tall cylindrical hat is perhaps the most hideous, the most uncomfortable, the most inconvenient, the most perishable, and the most tenacious of all articles of head-gear known to history. Our male ancestors wore odd and unbecoming things; shoes whose prolonged tips were attached to the knees, ruffs about four feet in diameter, tights of incredible tightness, and so forth, but these foolish fashions never lasted long. Men wearied of them, or were laughed or preached out of them. But the tall hat sits as tight and eternally as Theseus on the human skull. Like toe corset on woman, and far less excusably, it seems to be a permanent institution.

True, we are more emancipated than our sires, who played golf, and even cricket, in orthodox tall hats. Advanced thinkers wear deer-stalking caps, round cloth caps, socialists or Bible-readers flat-shaped soft black felt things, and the Tyrolean or Monte Carlo hats, which a lady has described as more brilliant than Socialist. In the country tall hats are little worn now, except by elderly physicians and solicitors. Thus there are seeming tokens of the decline of the tall hat, but it holds its own firmly in London and Paris. An eminent statesman wears his mostly in his hand, to cool his intellectual brow; still he wears it. Few persons who do not positively pose as "enemies of society" or "friends of the people" (terms curiously interchangeable) have the courage to wear any other head-gear in town, even at Lord's. Yet no mortal has a good word for the tall hat, except doctors, who carry stethoscopes in theirs. Even in church the tall hat is a nuisance, and gets bruised and dusty. In a drawing room it is a source of embarrassment or a refuge of shyness. It is hard to keep on the head in a wind, and when it is blown off it flies before the gale like a ship at sea. It's one esthetic merit, if it has one, glossiness, is out of place and fugitive.

All hats are so alike that they are often changed at clubs. So evanescent are the glories of the topper that a self-respecting person ought to have a new one every day. The wretched cylinder heats the brows and produces baldness. In brief, the tall hat has a thousand faults and not a single redeeming virtue. It is a badge of class, but not a picturesque badge like the sword. Our modern hats are fearfully and wonderfully made of fine twill muslin or calico, stiffened with shellac. The black, shiny outside cannot be made in England, and is procured from France. The processes of making up require very skillful workmanship. They are difficult, and we may wish, with Dr. Johnson, that they were impossible. But what would haters do if hats went out? The popular belief in their lunacy is not accounted for, and the folklore society might examine the antiquity and origin of the superstition. Hats are among our articles of export, and it is odd that nations which do not even

make them should wear them. However, we ought not to grumble at a singular and to us a profitable aberration. If the original hatter who invented the tall hat was insane (as tradition indicates and reason suggests), his delirium has been catching. Few can throw the first stone at the hatter, and, indeed, we presume that he seldom wears his own hats.—London News.

WHISKERS FROM THE SEA.

And Long Brown Hair That is Made From the Same Material.

There is a marvellous marine growth called sertularia which has the appearance of a delicate bush, although its slender stalks or fibres are built up by thousands of minute animals, something as the coral polyp builds up coral. It is found in clumps and bunches on wreckage and stones and elsewhere, and sometimes it is torn loose in storms and driven ashore. The many thousands of tiny creatures which have built it up and inhabit it die, and the dead bush is called a skeleton. Its fibres shrink some how, and so they are even finer than they were. They may be a foot in length; sometimes nearly two feet. They are brown, some bunches being dark and some of a lighter shade.

As the children of the carpenter adorn themselves with shavings from their father's work bench, so do the children of the fishermen with the sertularia cast up from the sea. Its fibres are pretty nearly straight, so they cannot be made to serve as ringlets, as curly shavings do, but the girls take the longer, finer bunches, which are usually the lighter in shade, and make of them long brown tresses. The boys make great moustaches of the sertularia, and flowing dandereary whiskers and sober beards. In wandering along the shore one might come upon a stranded boat hauled high above the tide and with her side stove in, perhaps, so that she would not float, but occupied by a dreaming youth in sertularia beard and moustaches, who imagined her a gallant ship and himself her bearded commander.

The Maine Central Man.

Everybody on the road knows W. A. Kimball, the clever advertising agent of the Maine Central. His views on any subject are worth hearing. When he says that after having suffered for years from dyspepsia he was completely cured by Hawker's dyspepsia cure his words are golden winged messengers to all sufferers from indigestion or dyspepsia. He writes as follows:—"I have suffered for years with dyspepsia, and Hawker's dyspepsia cure cured me. I suffered terribly at times from the disease, but the cure has been complete. I recommend all sufferers from the same cause to take Hawker's dyspepsia cure." This is terse and to the point. Hawker's dyspepsia cure is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medical Co. (Ltd) St John, N. B.

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