

## To the Dissatisfied Ones. [Concluded.]

latter is that its lesson lies in its coming opportunities.

One-third of the American people belong to the Irish race. They have a malignant and powerful enemy, always seeking to destroy her mother country, which it has invaded gagged and robbed; and always seeking, in order to justify and protect itself, to destroy the good name and influence of Irishmen and their kindred in this country.

Every citizen has a vote, as every savage has a knife to protect himself and his interests. The Irish-American who would trust the Republican party with his vote, after these twenty years experience, would be as foolish as the Indian who had trusted its rascally agents on the reservations.

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We do not believe in sudden conversions under the suction of necessity. We liked Blaine's "foreign policy," it had an American ring to it that was good to hear amid the jabber of the dudes who are ashamed to be American. But Mr. Blaine, powerful and brilliant as he is, is not the Republican party; and we do not believe, when in power, he would be allowed by his party, even if he had the will himself, to have any policy but one in keeping with his own narrowness and selfishness.

### Snake-Killing Dogs.

"What sort of a dog do you call that?" inquired a reporter of a plenty-of-time-and-nothing-to-do-with-it sort of a person, who with a brace of dogs, had overtaken him on the Kingsbridge road.

"I reckon ye'd never guess," said the Virginian. "He ain't a pointer nor a setter. He might be taken for a Spitz, but he ain't; and, I reckon, the only one in the United States. I raised him down yonder in Culpepper County, Virginia; and talk about snakes! why, just look at him at the very mention of the word."

The little dog certainly had been seized with what the reporter judged from personal experience to be a regular Virginia chill. His ears stood erect, and every lash of his tail nearly threw him out of plumb.

"Just come over yonder on the hill side," continued the owner, "and see what he's good for." The reporter followed him over the fence, the little black dog leading and making for a slight declivity covered with rocks.

"That's a likely spot for his game," laughed the owner. In a moment the excited animal was tearing away at the stones, utterly short yelps, while his companion, a fine fox hound, stood by looking stolidly on. The small dog soon struck hard pan, judging from the noise, and out writhed a goodly-sized garter-snake. The next moment the reptile was ten feet in the air, and the tosser, bracing himself, grabbed him by the neck as it came down. Then ensued a wrestling that defies description. He shook the snake so that he lashed his own sides unmercifully, a proceeding which seemed only to enrage him the more. Now he was thrown off his feet, lying on his side; now he was rolling in and out among the rocks, yelping, snorting and throwing the gravel about, while his master danced around in delight, and the fox-hound bayed in evident rapture. The snake, though a good-sized one, stood this treatment and gave out. Then the dog carefully crunched every rib and bone of the snake, down to the tail, laid the defunct reptile at his master's feet, made his "how-d'ye," and looked again at the heap of stones with an eager air. "Shake 'em out," said the owner, and for half an hour the black bunch of dog flesh literally waked snakes in that locality, and killed six of the reptiles that had been aroused from their winter sleep.

"Oh, he's a caution to snakes," said his owner, tossing the dog a lump of sugar; "but these snakes don't show him up, though. You ought to see him tackle a moccasin. See this collar? Rattles? Sure's your born. That rattle represents the last of five rattlesnakes tossed in Culpepper County; and talk of moccasins! he's at home with a nest of them."

"When did he develop the taste?"

"From birth, I reckon; but he knocked around my place for a year before I fairly sized him up. We considered him of no account, but one day a circus came along with one of these yere snake charmers, and the girl lured her snake hadn't eaten for six months. The long and short of it was she offered a dollar for the pup, and I made the sale, declining the invite to see the fun, as she called the feeding. Wall," continued the Virginian with a roar of laughter, in which the little dog joined by showing his teeth, "the next morning I looked out of my window at sunrise, and there a-rushing through my simlin patch was yere snake charmer. She came up all a-standing under the window, and I'm dog-gone if she didn't tongue-lash me till I lowed I had enough. She had a dead boa-constrictor about ten feet long over her arm, which she wanted me to come down and pay for. But I didn't, though she sued me for selling her a wild dog, as she called him, but it didn't cost me a picayune. You see she cracked the dog in, and, as I heard from a cady butcher, she hadn't loosed her hold before the dog had the snake for all he was worth. He got his fore leg bro'e in the wrastle, but when they tore 'em apart he started for home, and there he is." —*New York Sun*.

### FLORIDA FACTS.

For Which Strangers Are Not Prepared by Reading Florida Literature.  
[Palatka Cor. New York Sun.]

At almost any bookstore in this state you can buy a score of books, pamphlets, and periodicals devoted exclusively to Florida topics. Some of them contain a good deal of information. Yet, having read all of them, the northerner in Florida is continually coming upon facts that are new and surprising to him. You may be surprised.

To observe that a region which was discovered nearly 400 years ago, and is said to be so inviting to man, has found so few the invitation.

To find [notwithstanding all you have read concerning Florida winters] the January sun so warm at midday.

To find [in view of all you have read] so few wild or cultivated blossoms thriving in the sun's rays, and so little fragrance in them.

To find so few birds, barring hawks and other birds of prey, warmed into a voiceful mood by the semi-tropical sun—to find so few birds of any description.

That the duration of twilight is so brief.

To find how little covering you require on your bed upon retiring, and to find how much covering you wish you had when you wake up toward morning.

To see, upon going out doors, that the ground is not covered with frost, and that the flowers [such as they are] are not killed.

To note how little soil there is, and how many empty tin cans there are above the sand.

To see orange trees, with rich green leaves and loaded with yellow fruit, growing out of the gray sand.

To cross gardens in which plants and vegetables are growing in great quantity and luxuriantly in this same sand.

To observe that so few persons have these flourishing gardens, and to be told that not many can afford to buy the quantity of fertilizer this luxury calls for.

To find the sidewalks shaded by orange trees weighed down by tempting golden fruit.

To discover that this golden fruit is wild oranges, and very sour.

To be told that strangers should be careful about drinking much of the water at first.

To learn how little self-denial the observance of this caution calls for.

To see how yellow most of the native and acclimated residents are.

To discover, before long, that you are turning yellow yourself.

To note how few persons there are who are past 70 years of age.

To see so many idle negro men, to observe that nearly all of them wear heavy woolen caps, and to learn that their heads are still cold.

To be told by so many of them that they were "bo'n in de nör."

That the negro laborers on the docks can't work without making such a bedlam.

That they can do any other work while making it.

To discover that your water-tight top boots leak sand, and to be told that everybody's boots and shoes contain more or less sand.

To be forced to the conclusion that wherever there is sand there are red ants also.

To hear the voice of the nocturnal mosquito in midwinter.

To wait in vain for him to settle down and bite, so that you can get a whack at him, and to be told in the morning that mosquitoes haven't enough energy in winter to do much biting.

To find yourself wondering whether they, too, are yellow and bilious.

To be assured by a plain and candid appearing white man that the mosquitoes were so thick here last summer that they not only darkened the air at high noon, but put out the lamps which were lighted in the stores.

To find that there are bigger and less harmless liars than he in nearly every neighborhood.

To have to fight so many flies in the houses in the winter.

To be told that flies do not come into the houses in the summer.

To reflect that you permitted yourself to be surprised at the information, when it would have been so much more reasonable to assume that your informant lied.

To come face to face in the sandy wilderness with a pack of gaunt, bony, shaggy beasts of almost every color and resembling nothing you have ever seen before.

To be informed afterward that they were Mr. Julius Lemon's shotes.

To be assured that Mr. Lemon and his family contemplate eating them ultimately.

### Tips in Paris.

In private life every service rendered by one's inferior and servants is equally expected to be rewarded, not only throughout the year, but at the beginning of the next besides. The waiter who tends upon one in the restaurant receives upon an average 4 pence a day for serving one with two meals—6 pounds 1 shilling 8 pence per annum; the waiter at the cafe receives 2 pence—3 pounds 10 pence per annum; the barber expects 2 pence each time he cuts your hair—4 shillings; the attendant at the bath ditto. Seeing that a warm bath is out of question in an ordinary French apartment, one goes at least twice a week—17 shillings 2 pence per annum. The concierge expects at least 10 francs each time the rent is paid, which is four times a year—total, 1 pound 12 shillings. Woe betide the tenant who fails in this latter quasivoluntary contribution. His most intimate friend will be told he is not at home when he has made a most important appointment; he himself will be left at the street door after dark until he is clammed with cold or weary with waiting. If the question be asked: "How does the concierge know that it is the defaulter in question who is pulling the bell?" the answer is, the concierge does not know; but according to her lights, if there be one black sheep in the house, she indiscriminately inflicts suffering upon every inmate. The good pay for the bad; that is the maxim, from which there is no appeal. The

landlord sides with his understrapper. If he should dismiss her, the chances are that the house falls from the frying-pan into the fire. An old Anglo-Parisian whose concierge was ill was heard to express the hope that she would get over it. "You like her very much," asked his friend. "Not so," came the answer; "but I prayed for the removal of her predecessor, and we got worse; I prefer putting up with the known evil." No Parisian will quarrel with his concierge; if he does, his life will be a misery ever afterward. Until 3 o'clock in the afternoon he will live upon a desert island. Not till that hour will his letters and newspapers come to hand.—*Cor. London Globe*.

### TRAFFIC IN NAMES.

The Curious Profession of a New Yorker.

A pleasant, gray-bearded gentleman sat in a Sixth avenue elevated train, talking to a younger man. A reference to the occupation of the older man made him say:

"Mine is an unusual business. See here."

He pulled out a card. If his name had been Henry Jackson, the card would have read:

HENRY JACKSON,

DEALER IN NAMES.

"Won't you explain?" said the younger man.

"I buy and sell the addresses of people in all parts of the United States and Canada. There are hundreds of business men who reach their customers by circulars as well as by advertising in the newspapers. Thus a book publisher gets out a new book which he wants to sell through agents. He is anxious to learn the names and addresses of all the men and women in the United States who sell subscription books. He also wants the names of those who sell other goods in the same way, because they are very likely to drop the other article for the sake of the new book. Then he wants the addresses of the people who have never acted as agents, but who want to try it to see what they can do. He advertises for agents in a variety of papers, and at a pretty heavy expense. It costs him several cents for every letter of inquiry about his book that he receives. To that letter of inquiry he sends his elaborate circulars. I come to the relief of the publisher by selling him a very large number of agents' addresses at a small part of the cost of getting them by advertising."

"How do you get them?"

"You see every publisher has a list of agents whom he has employed at one time and another. Nearly every one will sell me a copy of his list for a consideration. The combined copies make a formidable pile of manuscript. Then there are the novelty men who accumulate large lists of names of agents. Agents from one line of special names. Invalids from another."

"Not necessarily. Every community has a lot of people who are always buying medicine. They are the most valuable lot an advertiser can reach. The consumption remedy circular gives them a hacking cough and a hectic flush. The blood purifier circular flushes them with eczema. So it goes through the list of chronic and acute ills that flesh is heir to. They will buy anything from beer and bark to a steam atomizer to doctor a sprained foot. All these people at one time or another write to some advertising doctor or vendor of the elixir of life. I buy the names from the advertiser, classify them according to the number of times the names have been used by medical men and the last diseases that afflicted the writers, and sell them over and over again. Sometimes I sell the original letters outright. The careful advertiser sometimes varies the character of the circulars sent according to the characteristics of the letter writer, even writing a personal letter in some cases."

"What other classes have you?"

"Two general classes. One for the sharpers and one for the general advertiser. The latter class is cosmopolitan. It includes all others, really, but it is made up mostly of farmers."

"What prices do these names bring?"

"I have got as high as \$25 a thousand for names for sharpers' use. Good lists of habitual invalids are worth all the way from \$10 to \$20 a thousand. Agents are so easily obtained that \$10 is a big price; from \$3 to \$5 is ordinary. General-use lists, copied from the letters, bring from \$3 to \$5 where they have not been mailed to more than twice. When mailed to oftener than that, and where a year or two old, they get down to a dollar a thousand."

"Are many in this business yours?"

"Not continuously. They drop in, make a good thing, and straightway begin mailing circulars on their own account. The number of actual addresses handled by me in one year has never exceeded 1,000,000, but it has crowded that figure closely." —*New York Sun*.

### INVENTION OF SCALES.

Weights and Measures of the Ancients.

In the ancient Egyptian belief the hearts of all the dead were weighed before Osiris in the Hall of Perfect Justice, and a papyrus representing the ritual for the dead, preserved in the British Museum, pictures the ceremony of the weighing "for good or evil," and incidentally affords an excellent view of the scales of early Egypt. In these scales the balance beam is neither suspended by the center, as in the modern form, nor after the form of the steelyard, but is arranged with a shifting fulcrum, the adjustment of which shows the difference between the weights of two objects. The weights used were of metal in the form of rings, and it may be said in general that this was the prevailing type of all early weights. These scales, it will be observed, are by no means of the simplest form, or that which would naturally first suggest itself to mankind, and this fact argues the employment and gradual improvement of weighing apparatus long anterior to the date of this papyrus (1350 B. C.). We have no knowledge of their earliest invention or forms. The discovery of their uses has been attributed

many geniuses, and doubtless with something of truth in the individual cases. Pliny credits them to Phidion of Argos, Gellius says that Palamedes invented them, and a host of writers following in their wake, each crowns his own particular inventor with the honor. Among others

Juno pours out the urn, and Vulcan claims

The scales as the just product of his flames.

But certain it is that they have been known and tried from time immemorial. Their known existence, however, dates back very far, and puts to the blush the fictitious origins attributed to them. When in 1860 B. C. Abraham weighed out 400 shekels of silver as consideration for the first real estate transfer of which history makes mention, he used them, and they are frequently referred to in the Bible in Cheshire, Leviticus, etc. The earliest scales were temporary, simply beam balance in a stirrup, the weights being arbitrary and varied, though, as above stated, usually in the form of metal rings. In ancient Egypt they were strictly under the superintendence of the priesthood, and so continued until that people came under the Roman sway. They were kept in the public markets, as was also the practice in Greece and modern Egypt. The larger scales were constructed on the same principle of the beam and stirrup, with the addition of a flat board or platform suspended from each end of the beam by four ropes or chains.

In all scales accuracy and the quality of turning under the slightest possible inequality in balancing weights are the highest desideratum, and so great has been the perfection obtained by means of knife edges and agate planes in some of the finer scales that the declaration to Shylock that

If the scale turn But in the estimation of a hair, Thou diest,

would be robbed of its terror. The English mint is said to possess a scale which turns at 1-900000 of the weighing capacity.

In all ages the scales have been the emblem of justice, and it is to be hoped that the latter has kept pace with the improvements of its emblem. —*In dustrial World*.

### CLEVELAND.

Agents wanted for the advertising of his life; visitors at his own home with his co-operation and assistance, by the renowned Goorrich. Largest, cheapest, handsomest best. Telegrams. Illustrated. Costs more than to manufacture. The scales are sold at other ten to one. One of our agents made a profit of over \$50 the first day. A harvest of gold will be realized by every worker. All new by great skill and great care. Ten years and the most liberal ever offered. Send valuable time by sending 25 cents for postage, etc., on free outfit which includes large p specimens box. Act quickly; a day at the start is worth a week at the finish.

H. HALLETT & CO.,  
Portland, Maine.

## THE HARTER'S IRON TONIC

### FACTS REGARDING

Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic

THE ONLY TRUE

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FOR THE TREATMENT OF

ALL DISEASES.

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