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**SQUADRONS OF HORSE FLIES.**  
 Scheme for Carrying Disease into the  
 Camp of the Enemy.

Some amusing particulars of the in-  
 ventions that have been offered to the  
 French war office since 1871 have re-  
 cently been published in a French  
 newspaper, the majority of which, ac-  
 cording to the London Court Journal,  
 are about equal to the Laputan scheme  
 for plowing fields, namely, by sowing  
 acorns in rows and then turning in  
 pigs to root them up. One genius  
 sought a patent for the training of  
 squadrons of horse flies. These aux-  
 iliaries were to be fed exclusively on  
 blood served up beneath the delicate  
 epidemics of mechanical figures  
 clothed in the uniforms of members of  
 the triple alliance, so that when  
 political relations in Europe were  
 strained the flies might be given daily  
 a little of the juice of certain poison-  
 ous plants, and on actual declaration  
 of war be turned out in the path of  
 the enemy. Another ingenious person  
 proposed a scheme for educating war  
 dogs. In times of peace he would  
 train French war dogs to bite fig-  
 ures wearing Prussian helmets,  
 in order that on the outbreak  
 of war the kennels of the whole coun-  
 try might be mobilized, and let lose  
 on the enemy. Then there are nu-  
 merous proposals for bridging rivers  
 by means of ropes attached to cannon  
 balls, and a photographer suggests a  
 novel kind of captive shell, which,  
 breaking over the fortified position of  
 an enemy, would disclose a small  
 camera attached to a parachute. The  
 enemy's fortifications would be instan-  
 taneously photographed and the ap-  
 paratus hauled back by the string and  
 the negatives developed at leisure.  
 Two ideas are very inhuman. One is  
 a scheme for sending large quantities  
 of poisoned needles, as if in charity,  
 to the enemy's generals, who would,  
 of course, distribute them to their  
 forces, and so poison the unfortunate  
 users; and the other to charge ex-  
 plosive bullets with pepper. Two objects  
 are pursued by the inventor of the  
 pepper—its discharge would blind the  
 enemy and the great demand for the  
 confinement in time of war wool stimu-  
 late the trade of the French colonies  
 and increase the revenue of the coun-  
 try. There are also many other  
 equally absurd proposals, such as sug-  
 gestions for making soap by machin-  
 ery, growing potatoes on barrack  
 roofs in December and killing whole  
 army corps of Prussians by post—but  
 they are too numerous to be men-  
 tioned.

**Odessa.**  
 Odessa, which is frequently de-  
 scribed as the Liverpool of Russia,  
 and which in point of trade and pros-  
 perity ranks as the most important  
 city of the empire, has just been cele-  
 brating the centennial anniversary of  
 its foundation. Built on territory  
 ceded to Russia by Turkey in 1792,  
 the foundations of the present city  
 were laid in 1794, and when at the  
 beginning of the century, the French  
 emigre, the due de Richelieu, arrived  
 upon the scene to assume his duties  
 of governor general, a post to which  
 he had been appointed by Emperor Alex-  
 ander, there were only 400 houses and  
 about 6,000 inhabitants in the place.  
 To-day the population is over 500,000,  
 of whom no less than 150,000 are He-  
 brews, and there is no city in the em-  
 pire more bountifully endowed with  
 magnificent public buildings or where  
 the inhabitants are possessed of  
 greater wealth, mostly amassed by  
 commerce.

**Money Thrown Away at Panama.**  
 The great De Lesseps Panama ditch  
 is a melancholy wreck. The wharves  
 are falling into the water and acres of  
 machinery are rusting to dissolution.  
 On the isthmus are nearly 1,000 miles  
 of steel track with locomotives and  
 thousands of dump-carts, now half  
 hidden in the tropical growth. Sev-  
 enty-six great steam shovels stand  
 side by side in the excavation buried  
 in luxuriant vegetation, so that only  
 the giant arms stand up above the  
 green. While 200 locomotives have  
 been housed, it is estimated that nine-  
 tenths of the millions squandered on  
 this prodigious enterprise is going to  
 waste. Much of the excavated land  
 has been washed back into its original  
 place and the great scar on the face of  
 the Panama isthmus is rapidly fading  
 from view.—Springfield Republican.

**Negroes Hooking to England.**  
 The Westminster Gazette calls at-  
 tention to the fact, upon the authority  
 of Consul General Patrick Collins, that  
 negroes are flocking to England in  
 great numbers. The steamship com-  
 panies confirm Mr. Collins' statements,  
 and add that nearly all the wealthy  
 colored folks are sending their sons to  
 study law, medicine or art in London.  
 Most of these people are West Indian  
 negroes and not Afro-Americans. The  
 wealthy Afro-Americans send their  
 sons to be educated at Harvard, Yale  
 and Oberlin, and only in isolated cases  
 do they send them to Europe.

**In the Country.**  
 They had but recently been married  
 and the young husband was airing his  
 wit before his bride. An old deaf  
 man, unknown to the bride was pass-  
 ing. "I say," said the husband, ad-  
 dressing the old man, "you old bald-  
 headed idiot, did you know your hat  
 wasn't on straight?" "Why Charlie?"  
 interrupted the bride. "Good evening,"  
 said the old man, halting, and un-  
 conscious of the insult; "may I ask  
 if you saw a big red calf come along  
 this road a minute or two ago? I've  
 lost sight of him, but I thought I  
 heard him holler."—Life.

**Masked's Endurance.**  
 An old newspaper published in Bos-  
 ton has a notice of the marriage of  
 Captain Thomas Baxter of Quincy and  
 Miss Whitman of Bridgewater, on De-  
 cember 16, 1788, "after a long and  
 tedious courtship of forty-eight years,  
 which both sustained with uncommon  
 fortitude."

**HIS KNIFE**  
 Was an Old Friend 'hat Wouldn't Stay  
 Lost.

The old gentleman shook the water  
 from his palm leaf, hung up his rub-  
 ber coat, rapped smartly his briarwood  
 pipe on the wood bench, pushed a  
 straw through the stem, filled the  
 bowl and started a smudge equal to a  
 coal pit, turned a pail bottom-side up,  
 placed a couple of meal bags thereon,  
 and as he sat down, gravely remarked:  
 "It's a wet rain."

This sage remark having been  
 adopted without a dissenting voice,  
 the old man continued: "I've got a  
 silver in one of my hands and I want  
 one of you fellows to get it out," at the  
 same time producing an implement  
 which appeared to be a cross between  
 a marlin spike and a cheese knife.  
 The silver having been removed and  
 thrown out on the wood pile for future  
 use, the old gent carefully wiped the  
 blade of his tool, bestowing on it  
 an affectionate glance or two, and  
 then proceeded:

"Ain't it funny how some things'll  
 stick to ye wus'n't the itch or a bad dol-  
 lar? Now, I've had that ar knife  
 nigh on to forty year. The blade was  
 made for me by a tramp blacksmith,  
 and there never was a better piece of  
 stuff put into a blade. The handle I  
 made myself from the horn of a deer  
 I shot out in the swamp yonder. I've  
 lost it several times, but it has turned  
 up again as often.

"Dropped it into the lake one't  
 through a hole in a raft of logs, but I  
 cut it out of a big pickerel I caught  
 through the ice the next winter.  
 Another time I came across an old  
 bear with a cub. I shot the old one  
 and tried to save the young one alive,  
 but the little cuss clawed and scratched  
 me so I got mad and stuck the knife  
 into him 'fore I thought. It must  
 have hurt him bad, for he gave a  
 powerful wretch, got away from me  
 and run into the brush with the knife  
 a-stickin' in him. I put a ball into  
 him, though, the next spring, and he  
 wasn't very fat, but the knife was  
 there just where I'd left it.

"The next time I lost it I'd been  
 about three miles up the river looking  
 for a likely railway. I tied my boat  
 up to an old windfall while I ate my  
 lunch. Used my knife to cut some  
 meat. Stuck it into an old log. For-  
 got it and started for home. When I  
 were about half way down I wanted  
 the knife to cut some bacon with. It  
 was gone. Well, as I knowed jist  
 where I'd left it, and as the water was  
 smooth, I thought I'd go back and  
 get it. Now, I hadn't gone more'n  
 half a mile, when I'll be blamed if I  
 didn't see that ar knife stuck straight  
 up in a piece of bark sailing along as  
 grand as could be and a-coming down  
 the river to meet me.

"Yes, I do set a great store by  
 that knife, but it's cow time, boys,  
 and I must be a-going."—Forest and  
 Stream.

**Pathetic Tale of a Rat.**  
 A touching story of a rat comes  
 from Rickmansworth. The hero is  
 old and blind. He lives with his fam-  
 ily on a sewage farm, and since he lost  
 the use of his eyes he has taken his  
 daily airing with two of the younger  
 members of his family. To guard  
 against misadventures the three go  
 abreast, with a piece of stick in their  
 mouths, which the youngsters use as a  
 tiller to steer the blind gentleman  
 with. Thus fortified the afflicted rat  
 is enabled to take his walks over his  
 native sewage farm, crossing planks  
 and eluding dogs as in the days of his  
 youth and vigor. Even the lady who  
 "cut off their tails with the carving  
 knife" will have no chance against the  
 blind rat of Rickmansworth.—West-  
 minster Gazette.

**Very Conscientious.**  
 A quiet, nice man had opened an  
 undertaker's shop in a Western town,  
 and about the second day after, the  
 bully of the burg called on him and  
 insulted him grossly. An hour later  
 the undertaker called on a friend for  
 advice.

"That tough, Bill Slug," he said,  
 "came into my place awhile ago and  
 called me a liar."  
 "Why didn't you shoot him?" was  
 the prompt inquiry.  
 "I didn't like to," he said diffidently.  
 "Why not?"  
 "Aw, well," he hesitated, "I kinder  
 thought people might say I done it for  
 business purposes only."

**The Soul of Aaron Burr.**  
 When the timid colonial clergymen,  
 were afraid to criticize Aaron Burr's  
 treason, they asked Lorenzo Dow  
 what he thought of Burr's meanness.  
 He raised both hands like a great V  
 and shouted: "Aaron Burr, mean!  
 Why, I could take the little end of  
 nothing whittled down to a point,  
 punch out the pith of a hair, and put  
 in 40,000 such traitor souls as his,  
 shake 'em up, and they'd rattle."—  
 Argonaut.

**An Impression.**  
 The rood bird, delicate and delicious,  
 lay supine on a bit of toast, when  
 Uncle Caleb from New Jersey sat  
 down.

"Are you fond of the little fowl?"  
 asked the hostess.  
 "Well," he replied, "ez fur taste,  
 they're fine. But ez fur 'pearance,  
 I must say they 'mind me of a mosqui-  
 to growed up."

**TWO QUEEN BEES.**  
 The Remarkable Discovery at an Ex-  
 hibition in Vienna.

A discovery was made and has been  
 demonstrated at the bee exhibition  
 held in connection with the Austrian  
 horticultural and apicultural society  
 in Vienna, which is the talk  
 of the capital and the truth of  
 which is vouched for by hundreds and  
 thousands of visitors, besides being  
 duly attested in writing by thirteen  
 trustworthy and competent witnesses,  
 including members of the aristocracy,  
 scientists and physicians. And this  
 discovery is of a nature to overthrow  
 all other theories about the political  
 constitution of bees which may play  
 such a prominent part in political and  
 scientific literature.

Heretofore it was looked upon as an  
 established fact, which could not be  
 called in question by the most skepti-  
 cal, that each community of bees was  
 distinguished by its ultramonarchical  
 principles and its loyalty to one queen.  
 The members of the hive would never  
 hear of a pretender, still less of a  
 demurrate or triumvirate, and any  
 attempt to bring about such a change  
 in their political situation would have  
 brought about a revolution. But the  
 lawful queen herself would not allow  
 things to go to any such extremes.  
 The moment a rival presented herself,  
 she would, speaking figuratively, at-  
 tack her tooth and nail, and the duel  
 would only end in the death of one or  
 both.

"We have changed all that  
 now," the Austrian bees seem to say to  
 their human visitors.

Professor Gatter of Simmering, has  
 exhibited a thriving hive, the mem-  
 bers of which are governed conjointly  
 by two queens, and the bees appear-  
 ily approve the innovation. Nay,  
 what is still more remarkable, the two  
 monarchs get along most satisfactorily  
 and without the slightest friction. Not  
 only are there no signs of rivalry,  
 jealousy or attempt at those feminine  
 amenities which are the last resort of  
 cultured females of the human race  
 when compelled to endure the other's  
 society, but the two queen bees are  
 positively affectionate—so affectionate,  
 indeed, that one might be tempted  
 to suspect that one of the two was a  
 king in disguise, if such a hypothesis  
 were not rendered absolutely untenable  
 by the strongly accentuated  
 physiological characteristics of the  
 queen bee.

One of the greatest authorities on  
 apiculture, Dr. Dzierzon, whose name is  
 favorably known throughout the world  
 in connection with several ingenious  
 inventions for the comfort of bees, sat  
 for hours at a stretch observing the  
 conduct of the two queens. They ap-  
 proach each other from time to time  
 without the slightest antipathy, and  
 on two or three occasions actually  
 caressed each other most tenderly and  
 then separated quietly and peacefully,  
 followed by their devoted suit. Pro-  
 fessor Gatter received the first  
 prize for his sensational exhibit,  
 which is attracting crowds to the bot-  
 tanical show, and the members of the hor-  
 ticultural societies of Vienna are proud  
 to think that no such extraordinary  
 spectacle as this was ever witnessed  
 or recorded in the history of bees.  
 The document drawn up, signed and  
 duly attested, will be preserved in one  
 of the museums of Vienna, and copies  
 of it sent to apicultural societies  
 throughout the world.

**Sacrifice the First.**  
 He had been working all the winter  
 to get a place in the brass band as a  
 cornet-player, and just as his hopes  
 seemed to be on the verge of fulfill-  
 ment she met him on his way home  
 from the postoffice, and, linking her  
 hand within his arm, walked on in  
 silence until they reached the poplar  
 walk. There she stopped in the long  
 shadows and said: "George, I wish  
 you wouldn't play the cornet in the  
 new band." "Why not?" said he,  
 surprised. "It is a place of honor, and  
 I get a great deal of attention by it,  
 dear." "Yes, I know," she said coax-  
 ingly. "It is nice to have you noticed  
 by every one, and all that, but—"  
 She paused and hung her curly head a  
 little lower. "But what?" said he  
 sharply. "Blowing the cornet makes  
 —makes—" Her voice sank to a  
 pouting whisper. "Makes the lips so  
 stiff and hard!" George had decided  
 not to be the cornet-player in the  
 band.

**Wonderful Adroit Echoes.**  
 There are some remarkable echoes  
 in the wood encircled Adirondack  
 lakes. A single whoop will be tossed  
 about a dozen times from a bit of  
 woodland edging the lake, and when  
 the last echo seems to have died away  
 some more distant woodland will sud-  
 denly take up the call with increased  
 loudness, and the sound will at length  
 fade out in extreme distance. The  
 nearer echoes seemed to be filled with  
 the inexpressible freshness of the  
 woodland, and it is hard to believe  
 that the sound is mere airy mimicry  
 of the human voice.

**The Impudent Weasel.**  
 Impudence seems to be the leading  
 characteristic with the weasel in his  
 relations with man. Perhaps the  
 creature has confidence that his long,  
 slender body can always be snatched  
 away into safety before the ordinary  
 human being can do him harm. At  
 any rate, the weasel will coolly sit in  
 the chink of a stone wall and watch  
 the doings of men within a stone's  
 throw of his asylum, and after night-  
 fall the beast will crawl about fear-  
 lessly within a yard or two of any  
 human being that may approach its  
 haunts.

**Forest Land of the South.**  
 The South contains over 200,000,-  
 000 acres of forest land—over one-half  
 of the woodland area of the United  
 States. She has almost an endless va-  
 riety, so far as quality is concerned.  
 There are nearly 6,000 saw mills in  
 operation, employing over 78,000  
 hands. The output of the planing  
 mills in 1890 was \$22,000,000.

**Where They Will Go.**  
 SILVER CREEK, Neb., Nov. 21, 1894.  
 Editor THE AMERICAN—Dear Sir: I  
 cannot for the life of me see why it is  
 that some of our Protestant people will  
 say that the Roman Catholic church is  
 as good as any other church. I think  
 they had better read ancient history a  
 little more and see who are the leaders  
 of the Roman Catholic church. They  
 are the Jesuits, and they (Jesuits) dare  
 not abide by the laws of our free Amer-  
 ica. They swear by Almighty G. d  
 that they will exterminate all heretics  
 and their laws. Who is the Protestant,  
 knowing this, that would vote for one  
 controlled by them?

Here is a bit of history which will be  
 good for those to read who have the  
 book. Get the *Pictorial History of the  
 World*, written by James D. McCabe.  
 On page 488 you find a Spanish soldier,  
 Ignatius Loyola by name, was the in-  
 stigator of the Society of Jesus, by the  
 permission of Pope Paul III. Its dis-  
 tinguishing features were absolute de-  
 votion to the pope and unhesitating  
 obedience to its superiors through all  
 varieties of fortune, in exile and im-  
 prisonment, and even in dissolution.  
 Their oath of unquivering, unhesitating  
 obedience to the papal command has  
 never been broken.

There is nothing so low and degraded  
 as the Jesuits, and still there are thou-  
 sands of ignorant, superstitious, Roman  
 Catholics who believe that what they  
 [Jesuits] say is gospel truth. But they  
 are going the road that leads to hades,  
 and if there is a place that is lower  
 than that, all the priests and the  
 Jesuits will go to it.

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 rary* may be seen at this office. The  
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 prudence, have brought about a state of weakness  
 that has reduced the general system so much as to  
 induce almost every other disease and the real  
 cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected,  
 they are destined for ever to be the victims of  
 disease. During our extensive college and hospital practice  
 we have discovered many of these cases, and  
 the accompanying prescription is offered  
 as a certain and reliable remedy, hundreds of  
 cases having been restored to perfect health by its  
 use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure  
 ingredients must be used in the preparation of this  
 prescription.

- R—Krythronin root, 4 drachms.
- Saffron, 2 drachms.
- Helonin, 4 drachms.
- Calomel, 5 grains.
- Fat. Ignatius acore (saccharin), 2 grains.
- Est. Ispidula, 2 scruples.
- Glycyrrhiza, 4 g.

• Make 90 pills. Take 1 pill 3 or 4 times, and another  
 on going to bed. This remedy is adapted to every  
 weakness in either sex, and especially in those  
 cases resulting from impropriety. The recuperative  
 powers of the system are being rebuilt, and the  
 use continued for a short time changes the languid,  
 dejected, nervous condition, to one of renewed  
 life and vigor.

• To those who would prefer to obtain it in a  
 resulting \$1.50 a small package containing 90 pills,  
 carefully compounded, will be sent by mail from  
 our private laboratory, or we will furnish 5 pack-  
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 painted; store room on corner 30x50 feet,  
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 nection; one 18x21 bath shop. Here is  
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 good business stand. Price \$5,000. For partic-  
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