The Somerset Herald.

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HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

SAMUEL GAITHER. PAUL H. GAITHER. GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. dec4-72.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL. COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. OFFICE—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block. jan 1.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july14

J. G. OGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity. mar17 '73.

C. A. SNYDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, PA. Office next door south of Schell & Kimmel's Bank—up stairs. apr28-75

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged. Night calls promptly answered. dec. 13, '71-1y.

PROFESSIONAL. Dr. George B. Fundenberg, of Cumberland, Md., informs his friends that he has this day associated with himself in the practice of medicine and surgery, his son, Dr. Walter F. Fundenberg, late the resident surgeon of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. Special attention will be paid to the diseases of the Eye and Ear. mar4

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 25, '70.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

S. S. GOOD, *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON*, SOMERSET, PA. Office in Mammoth Block. 26472

JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. nov11

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!! J. C. YUTZY. DENTIST *DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,* Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality. Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp Address as above. j12-72

THE SOMERSET HOUSE. Having leased this magnificent and well known Hotel property from Mrs. E. A. Flick, the undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally that he will spare neither pains nor expense to make this house all that could be desired. Accommodating clerks and obliging waiters will attend to the wants of sojourners, and the table will at all times be laden with the best the market affords. Mr. G. H. Tayman may at all times be found in the office. D. LAVAN. mmar25

DIAMOND HOTEL. STOYSTOWN PA. SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor. This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. mar11.

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Furniture! Furniture! F. G. WEISE, (Successor to LEMON & WEISE, 111 FOURTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA. Manufacturer and dealer in CABINET FURNITURE, CHAIRS, &c. The trade supplied at lowest rates. CALL AND SEE HIM. may5

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Miscellaneous.

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The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history.

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MY WIFE AND CHILD.

The tatoo beats, the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night in solemn peace rolls on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, my dearest one,
Whose love my early life hast blest;
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy humble breast,
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hover gently, hover near
To her whose watchful eye is wet—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear
In whose young hearts have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear—
As I cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while, at thy behest alone,
Earth's mightiest powers fall and rise,
No tear is wept, to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies.

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern commands
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou brings't the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast;
No frowning look or angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show—
Loved with passions almost wild—
By day, by night, in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
Oh God, protect my wife and child!

WON BY CARDS.

"For Christine!"

"For Christine!" the stranger repeated, as he took his place at the table, while the old woman, with a ringing laugh, shuffled the cards once more, and again the game went on.

It was a wild, weird scene, which perhaps, could not have been witnessed in any other part of the globe.

A group of men in every description of dress, numbering no less than a hundred, stood looking on—some in silence, some uttering oaths and bandying coarse jokes, as they watched Madame Dupray, the wickedest woman in the Colonies, fleece her last victim.

Two weeks before she had announced that she should set her daughter up to be played for. If the man lost he was to pay madame one hundred pounds; if he won—Christine was to pass into his hands; the madam's control over her at an end!

This was madam's latest desperate game, and in anticipation of this she had kept her daughter in seclusion. Only a few had ever looked upon her face, and those few raved so about her beauty that it inflamed the hearts of their comrades.

To-night she had stood before them Never had their eyes fallen on such loveliness Madame arrayed her in costly robes; but even though she had been clad in rags, her rich, radiant, dusky beauty would have bewildered the eye.

Her beauty infatuated the beholder, and one by one the men advanced and flung down their one hundred pound stake, and one by one they arose defeated, while madam's servant swept the gold away.

Some risked, but the game went on; others played game after game, until their pockets were cleaned out, before they would give up.

Madame was exultant; she was reaping a rich harvest to-night What a lucky thought it had been!

Her skill in cards was something almost infernal, as many poor fellows could attest to their sorrow. Hardly a miner, with his bag of gold came down from the mountains whom the madame did not lure into her den; and once in, the facination would be so strong that, when they went out, they did so ruined. Some had retrieved their fortunes; others "had gone to the dogs," and many a poor fellow had filled a suicide's grave.

To-night but few had intended to play when they entered, but now the last victim was sitting down He kept his hat slouched over his eyes; no one knew him. He had dropped in to look on; he had no intention to have anything to do with this "hellish game," as he called it.

Madame played like one possessed, but her good luck was leaving her. She laid down no card that her opponent could not defeat; and, as the game progressed, stillness reigned, every sound died out—all were absorbed in seeing if indeed, Christine Dupray was to be won to-night.

One card more! Madame threw the pack on the floor in a rage, and the stranger arose, saying:

"Christine is mine!"

A wild deafening cry arose; though defeated themselves, the men were glad that some one had won her—Madame could not play that game over.

The stranger advanced to Christine; he saw the wild look of affright in her beautiful, dusky eyes, and his intuitively became softer and he said:

"Get your hat. This is no place for you. You will be safer with me than here," glancing around upon the rough wild group.

As one in a dream she obeyed him, and the men parted to let them pass out. Madame said no word of adieu to her daughter; she only muttered curses upon the fellow whose skill was greater than her own.

The stranger took the girl to a hotel, and early next morning he took her to "parts unknown" to those who had tried to win her; but in reality, only to place her in a good boarding house in one of the cities.

He paid for a year's tuition in advance. He gave them his address and wished them to write twice a year and inform of her progress; and then, bidding the girl to keep to herself all her history, he took his departure.

Four years passed away. Christine's beauty had increased, not diminished. She had not looked upon her guardian's face (for as such she spoke of her owner,) but he was ever in her mind, associated with that awful night. Even now, all the swarm of wild faces swam before her vision and made her sick at heart. From a little, ignorant fourteen-year old she had developed into a glowing, educated, refined young lady of eighteen; and now a letter came, addressed to herself, it read:

"It is four years since I saw you. Your school-days are drawing to a close. I am coming to ask you to be my wife, and go with me to a home of your own."

There was no word that she belonged to him, nothing that indicated his ownership of her, but she shrank back from that letter with affright. She could not meet this man! She dare not meet him! What must she do?

She went out into the open air. At a little distance she could see a steamer at the wharf, almost ready to leave for the Australian shore. A wild thought of escape came into her mind. She had been kept well supplied with money which she had made but little use of. Perhaps she had enough to take her far away. She returned to the school, secured her money and jewelry, and then hastened to the boat.

She had just time to write a note before the plank was pulled in, and amid cheers and good-byes, the boat started on her journey. She purchased a ticket, making an excuse for coming so late that she had just received a letter which summoned her to England.

Two days later, Mr. Hardcliffe made his appearance at the school and ask for his ward, Christine. The matron handed him a sealed envelope. It contained the note she had scribbled on the moment of her departure. She wrote:

"I cannot stay to meet you. I am now on board the Eagle, and before you get this will be far away. I am not going out of ingratitude. I remember what you have done for me; you rescued me from degradation worse than death, and have given me an education which but few in this country receive. And now out of the goodness of your heart, not knowing how else to dispose of me, you are willing to marry me rather than allow me to be cast upon the world friendless. Such an act I cannot permit. You shall not be bound to Christine Dupray, daughter of 'the wickedest woman in the Collonies.' The blight would be fatal to us both. I leave my thanks, and Christine will pray for you as long as the breath of life is in her body. Farewell forever."

He re-read the note, and then turned to the preceptress, who was standing nervously awaiting him to speak.

"My protege has gone to England," he said, quietly. "She could not wait to consult me. I hope she had enough to defray her expenses."

The woman breathed more freely. She had a expected scene—expected to be upbraided for not keeping a stricter watch over her pupil.

"I think she had," she answered. "You were very liberal in your allowance of spending money, and Miss Christine was very careful; she never frittered it away as other girls do."

"Have you any bill against me?" he queried.

"None whatever."

"Then good day!" and he was gone. Six years later.

Guy Hardcliffe had succeeded in the mines beyond his wildest expectation. Almost at the last moment, when his courage was beginning to fail, he had struck upon such a streak of gold, in Golden Gulch, that his fortune was made in a few days. Then word came to him that his uncle was dead, and he came into the Hardcliffe property and title.

He sailed for England, and went to his new home. Everything was strange to him. She customs of his country, the stillness of his new life—everything was dull—and he gave up and went to Paris, to see if he could there be amused for a little while.

Mademoiselle Santelli was advertised and many were flocking to see her. She was the new cantatrice about whom all men were going crazy. Her beauty and her voice were raved about, until Guy Hardcliffe determined to go and see for himself.

Once in the building he was spell bound. In the beautiful creature, whose glowing loveliness infatuated all who went to see or hear her, he recognized the girl he had won by a game of cards—Christine Dupray!

He watched, he listened and in that hour he felt his doom was sealed. No woman had ever thrilled him as this woman did; no woman had ever seemed the same.

He made no remarks, but asked his friend her history.

"She came from Australia," his friend said—"an orphan, alone. Her voice, on shipboard, attracted the attention of old Mezzo, and he engaged her to go to Italy and have her talents educated. She did so; and when he introduced her to the public she was immediately successful. Men were mad about her," he continued, "where ever she went; and Mezzo's widowed sister traveled with her and took care of her, and no one could say a word derogatory to her."

Hardcliffe listened like one in a dream. "Introduce me," he said.

When brought in close contact with her, he admired her even more deeply than when she was on the stage, but to him as to the rest she maintained a cold politeness. He knew that she did not recognize him, for he had changed in appearance, and his true name she had never known.

Day by day he haunted her, and when she was about to leave Paris, he suddenly became frenzied, and told her he could not live without her longer.

She listend to his torrent of words with trembling lips,

"Do not say more," she pleaded, "You know not what you ask. I shall never marry."

"Why not?"

"My past," she said, quietly—"I can not reveal it and it forbids such a thing."

He approached nearer.

"Christine," he said, softly—"Christine, I know it all, and there is nothing in it that should separate us."

"You—you"—she faltered—"were the"—

"The man who won you. Christine, let me win you again,"

And he did. He never regretted having won for his wife the Christine he won from the "wickedest woman in the Colonies," who confessed at the last moment of her life that she was not her own daughter, but only an adopted child.

Adventurers of two Fishermen.

SHOBOLA, PA., May 20.—Samuel L. Downs and W. C. Reeves, of Rochester, have been trout fishing for three or four days on the streams this vicinity. On Tuesday they went out to fish at Taylor's creek, a branch of the Shobola, about five miles from this station. The stream traverses a wild and hilly section, and for some days the woods have been on fire for miles along its course. The men had fished up two miles above its mouth, when the fire approached so near the stream on both sides that they were compelled to stop, and started to retrace their steps. They had proceeded but a short distance on their return when they were alarmed to find that the fire had closed into the stream in that direction also. High and precipitous hills rise on either side of the stream at the point where they were, and even if the fire had not covered them, escape in that direction would have been very difficult. To add to on the peril of the situation, the fires both above and bely them were rapidly approaching one another and reducing the space in which the fishermen found themselves confined. The underbrush also in that locality grows down to the water's edge, and dead logs and dry branches lay across the stream. To these the flames communicated readily, and in a comparatively short time the fishermen were hemmed in on all sides by fire:

At the spot where they were they were forced to halt in a deep pool, at the foot of the fall some ten feet high. This pool is about twenty feet wide and very deep. Downs, seeing that there was no hope of escape in any other way, suggested to his companion that they must plunge into and remain there, if possible, until the fire had so far exhausted itself along the strsam as to permit of their wading down the creek until they got below the burning woods. A new difficulty here presented itself. Reeves could not swim, and the water in the centre of the pool, where they must necessarily take their position, was over their heads. The heat was now becoming intense, and the smoke almost suffocating. There was but one thing to be done. Downs shoved a piece of pine log into the stream, and supporting Reeves with one arm, swam to the centre of the pool. By the aid of the bit of log he was enabled to keep both his companion and himself afloat until they reached the foot of the fall, where a protecting rock offered the former a firm hold for his hand, and by which he kept his head above the water. They allowed as much of the falling water to cover them as they could with safety, and in that trying situation awaited the passing fury of the flames. Fortunately, no branches or dead trees projected into the stream where the fishermen sought refuge, and they had nothing to fear from direct contact with the fire. But the heat from the flames, which were at at no time more than ten feet away on either side was almost unbearable. The men would endure it as long as possible, and then duck their heads beneath the water and keep them there until they were forced to again emerge for air. Added to the sufferings of Reeves was the circumstance of his being obliged to hang suspended by his hands from the rock, scarcely any water touching them. He could not find a foothold, and eased his hands from the heat by literally dipping first one and then the other under the water. For a quarter of an hour the agony was continued, when Reeves, exclaiming that he would rather drown than suffer longer, released his hold and disappeared under the water. When he reappeared he was some feet below, and had touched bottom. Downs shouted to him to have courage, as the worst was over. Reeves, without a word, waded on down the stream, and reaching shallow water, ran as fast as he could between the much-reduced flames that lined both sides of the creek, and emerged, with hair and flesh singed and blistered, below the burning woods.

Downs retained his position in the stream until the fires from below and above had met, and the flame gradually climed up the mountains, and then made his way down stream through the smoke and still red hot embers along the shore, and found his companion about a quarter of a mile below. The latter was considerably burned about the face, while his hands were fearfully blistered, in fending burning brush and branches from his face as he left the pool. Both men were so much exhausted that it was a long time before they could proceed. They walked to a farm house about half a mile from the creek, where their wants were attended to.

Yesterday they took train No. 5 on the Erie for home. They left their rods and baskets at the scene of their adventure, and they were in all likelihood consumed by the fire.

Field Beans.

The bean crop is worthy a place in a rotation, not only for its profit, but for influence upon the soil. It takes little from the soil; is a cleaning crop; requires little outlay for seed, occupies the ground but a short time, and may follow a crop of clover the same season, if an early ripening variety is chosen. The "Medium" ripens early, is hardy, but sells at a lower price than the "Marrow" is very productive on a good soil, and is a popular market variety. If properly harvested, the haulm is much relished by sheep, and is nutritious. The bean, when ground with corn or oats, is readily eaten, and when cooked, pigs will accept it with avidity. No food is better for a growing animal, nor contains more flesh-forming elements than this bean. The idea, however, that beans may be grown with profit upon a soil too poor for any other crop, is erroneous.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Maidens prayer—"papa buy me a new spring suit."

Squeezing Out Money.

According to a writer, an early French monarch having in vain endeavored to keep his treasury full by issuing paper money, tried a system of "squeezing" the rich contractors and others. As informers were to have half the product of the squeeze, an offended lacky had only to denounce his master, and get him tried on a charge of having made too much money. Woe to the plebeian who was convicted of this crime! Besides being despoiled of his property, Paris saw him, naked to the shirt, a rope round his neck, a penitential candle in his handcuffed hands, tied to a dirty cart and dragged to the pillory, carrying on his back a large label: "Plunderer of the People." The French pillory was a revolving platform, so that all the crowd had an equal chance to hurl mud and execration at the fixed and pallid face. Judge if there was not a making haste to compound with a government capable of such squeezing! There was also a mounting in hot haste to get out of such a France. One lucky merchant crossed the frontier, dressed as a peasant, driving a cart-load of straw, under which was a chest of gold. A train of fourteen quarts loaded with barrels of wine was stopped, and in each barrel a keg of gold was found, which was emptied into the royal treasury.

The universal consternation and the utter paralysis of business which resulted from these violent spoiliations may be imagined. Six thousand persons were tried, who confessed to the possession of twelve hundred millions of francs. The number of the condemned was four thousand four hundred and ten, and the sum extorted from them was, nominally, nearly four hundred millions, of which, however, less than one hundred millions reached the treasury. It was easy for a rich man to compound. A person condemned to disgorge twelve hundred thousand francs was visited by a "great lord." "Give me three hundred thousand francs," said the great lord, "and you won't be troubled for the rest." To which the merchant replied: "Really my lord, you came too late, for I have already made a bargain with madame, your wife, for a hundred and fifty thousand." Thus the business of busy and frugal France was brought to a stand without relieving the government.

An Imitative Celestial.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* says that a family in the southern part of that city recently engaged the services of a Celestial domestic, whose intelligence and industry were highly recommended. The lady of the house decided that the matting on the floor of the spacious kitchen needed renewing. The old matting, having been patched, was a sorry sight; in fact it appeared to be made up of a dozen irregular pieces. The bright new matting was sent to the house, and John was requested to substitute it for the frayed and patched stuff. The family accepted an invitation to visit the interior, and left John a clear field for his operations. They returned to find that the new matting had been laid with methodical precision. There was the new matting to show for itself. But what a show! John had cut it into irregular pieces, patched it, and frayed the edges, until it was a counterpart of the old matting in everything but age.

Mirth at Meal Time.

Everybody should plan to have pleasant conversation at the table, just as they have good food. A little story telling—it may be of humorous things, anecdotes, etc., will often stimulate joyous elements of the mind and cause it to act vigorously and healthfully. Cultivate mirth, and laugh when anything witty is said. If possible, never eat alone. Invite a friend of whom you are fond, and try and have a good time. Friendship and friendly intercourse at the table promotes the flow of animal spirits and aids digestion. Think of a sulky churl munching his meat in dogged temper. He will become dyspeptic. Never bring a corroding growl or complaint to the table. Is the pudding too salty? Was the bread burnt? Do not mention it—especially at the table. Let that pass, though you need not eat that which may not be palatable or healthful, but politely decline it. He who brings the most happiness to the table is the best citizen.

Wealth of the Old Time Hebrews.

"The King made gold and silver at Jerusalem as plenteous as stones," is the Oriental way of stating it in the Bible. The commoness and astonishing abundance of these precious metals in Solomon's realm and time can easily be inferred from the 10th chapter of second Kings. Hebrew wealth (even surpassing the Rothchilds') is by no means a modern novelty. It was commerce that made Solomon's age a "golden" one. A small part of this wealth (the mere matter of money) is estimated as follows for the readers of the *Bible Educator:*

In the times of David and Solomon, gold was held in enormous quantities among the Hebrews. The figures given in the Old Testament appear almost fabulous. From 1 Chron. 20:14, we learn that David had collected together, for the purpose of the temple building, a hundred thousand talents of gold and a thousand thousand talents of silver; and from 1 Chron. 29:3, we learn that over and above this enormous amount he contributed from his own possessions three thousand talents of gold and seven thousand talents of silver; whilst the people in addition offered "for the service of the house of God, five thousand talents and seven thousand drachms of gold, and of silver, ten thousand talents," 1 Chron. 29:7. From these data, the total value of the gold and silver has been calculated at nearly one thousand millions sterling, a sum greater than our national debt, and larger than the combined annual expenditures of all the governments of Europe.

To remove dandruff—go to Arizona and interview the Apaches.

A Nugget of Copper.

There came to St. Louis from the Lake Superior regions, says the *Republican*, one of the largest specimens of native copper ever transported a long distance. The mass is heart-shaped, and weighs 6,000 pounds, almost double the weight of the famous bowlder which was transported many years ago from the same region to the Smithsonian Institute at a cost to the government of $5,840. The specimen brought here exhibits the pure copper to the eye, and contains ninety-eight per cent of the metal. It may be seen lying on skids at the southeast corner of the Lindell Hotel, where it has been examined by crowds of people. The specimen was taken out from an ancient digging sixteen and a half feet below the surface by a Mr. Davis, who has spent twenty-five years in copper mining. The mass, when found, had evidently been detached from its bed by the ancient miners. A number of pieces of copper besides the mass were found, weighing from an ounce to seventeen pounds, which were evidently clippings by the old miners. Stone hammers weighing from ten to thirty pounds have been found in cart-loads, several specimens of which mentioned have been brought to this city.

These were the primitive tools with which these ancient miners had to do their work. These tools are found either perfect or broken from use, and the fragments are found scattered through the *debris.* It has been computed that two hundred of these old miners with their rude methods could barely be equivalent to two of the skilled miners of the present day. Who and to what race they belonged, and at what time these people flourished, is not satisfactorily known, and can only be the subject of conjecture. The only plausible assumption is that they belonged to the ancient mound builders and worked in metals long anterior to the Indian races, as evidences of their occupancy were seen by the early Jesuit explorers, and the specimens which they clipped from the copper rocks are found scattered ever the whole continent.

Wonders of the Microscope.

Here is a list of some of the wonders seen through the microscope:

Insects of various kinds can be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits.

Butterflies are fully feathered.

Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our body is covered with scales like fish.

A single grain of sand would cover 150 of these scales, and yet a single scale covers 500 pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself out like water through a sieve.

The mites make 500 steps a second.

Each drop of stagnent water contains a world of animated beings swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like oxen on a meadow.

A speck of potato rot, the size of a pin head, contains about two hundred ferocious little animals, biting and clawing each other savagely.

The male mosquito is decorated with plumes like those of some tropical bird.

The eye of the common house fly is cut into facets, as diamonds sometimes are.

Picking the Ears.

Picking the ears is a most mischievous practice; in attempting to do this with hard substances an unlucky motion has many a time pierced the drum and made it as useless as a pierced India rubber life preserver; nothing sharper or harder than the end of the little finger, with the nail paired, ought ever to be introduced into the ear, unless by a physician. Persons are often seen endeavoring to remove the "wax" of the ear with the head of a pin; this ought never to be done; first, because it not only endangers the rupture of the ear by being pushed too far into it, but if not so far, it may grate against the drum, excite inflamation and an ulcer which will finally eat all the parts away, especially of a scrofulous constitution; second, hard substances have often slipped in, and caused the necessity of painful, dangerous and expensive operations to fist or cut out; third, the wax is manufactured by nature to guard the entrance from dust, insects and unmidified cold air, and when it has subserved its purpose it becomes dry, scaly, light, and in this condition is eas