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The Somerset Herald

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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1876.

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1876 WALL PAPER, 1876.

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SNYDER & UHL, Good Work and Good Fits.

THE OLD MIRROR.

On I see thy weight, In the hollow gleam Of the dim old mirror...

Little ruffled face, Locks of golden shiner, Laughing eyes of childhood...

Princess, said to him, how soon can you be ready to leave Dessau?

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By making a pill reader's daughter the partner of his bosom.

"I shall marry her," he cried at last, "trusting to the fact that she will be a power on earth shall keep me from it."

The mother who knew his temper, immediately ceased arguing with him.

No sooner had he sterner from the room than she sent for General Dismar, the commander-in-chief of the little army of Anhalt, and the young Prince's military superior.

"I will put a stop to it," said the old general.

"Princess," he said to him, how soon can you be ready to leave Dessau?

"In two hours," replied the Princess.

"In one hour," thundered the General.

"I send you as our commissioner to the army, fighting under Prince Leopold against the troops under the King of France, Captain Bellmann and Von Fliess shall be your aids."

Leopold was an enthusiastic soldier, and he knew that the orders of his superiors must be obeyed at all hazards.

So he hurried to Ann Liza and bade her an affectionate farewell; after making her promise that she would remain true to him, no matter how long he should stay away from Dessau.

"In three years," he said, "I shall be of age; then I shall ascend the throne, and my first act as ruler shall be to make you my wife."

For eleven months he remained with Prince Eugene, fighting bravely against the French, and obtaining among his comrades the honorable surname, the lion of Anhalt.

Then he was sent to Italy, and kept there until he was of age.

During all this time he had constantly corresponded with his girl, his letters have all been preserved, and they are those of a very illiterate man, but in other respects they are quite as remarkable as the famous love correspondence between Abelard and Heloise.

He returned with the utmost gallantry to Dessau, and straightway to the house of Mr. Foesche, the druggist, his intended father-in-law.

The old druggist did not at once recognize the young hero, for he had changed markedly since he had gone away from home.

"Who may you be, sir?" asked the druggist.

"Himmeldank, Herr Foesche!" cried the Duke, "don't you know me?"

"Great heavens! is that you, young Lioness?"

"Where is Anna Liza?"

The poor druggist had turned very pale, for believing that the Duke would never marry his daughter, he had encouraged Mr. Peter Ahlers, a notary, to marry her to a young man named Leopold.

The latter had turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of his clerical suitor. Ahlers was at that very moment with the girl, making a last effort to win her.

"Where is Anna Liza?" thundered Leopold, as the father of his sweet heart was vainly endeavoring to hide his confusion.

"I will call her," he stammered out at last.

"Where is she?" demanded the young Duke, with a terrible scowl.

"Without waiting for another word, Leopold hurried up stairs, and burst into the room.

"What a spectacle burst upon him there! The girl, Anna Liza, who kept her face averted, was the young licentiate, who just breathed the words, in the turgid style of that period:

keep your temper in check. If the Emperor proves inexorable, why, then leave him without getting angry.

Her husband promised that, too; but the idea that he should keep his temper under any sort of provocation was a ludicrous one. Anna Liza learned to know him and his character much better by and by.

The Duke went to Vienna, and applied to the Emperor for an interview. At first Leopold the First was disposed not to admit Leopold of Anhalt at all to his presence. Had he adhered to it he would have saved himself a terrible humiliation.

But he changed his mind, and said to the Emperor in Latin, "I have a favor to ask of you, your Majesty."

At first he was humble enough toward the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire of German Nationality.

But when the latter said to him, "My dear Duke, how would you have been guilty of such politeness as to ask me to give you the hand of my daughter?" the Duke's face was crimsoned.

"Your Majesty," he replied, "would not allow any one to talk disrespectfully about the Emperor. In the same manner I herewith forbid you to use such expressions about my wife!"

The Emperor raised his eyebrows. He was amazed beyond expression, for no one had ever ventured to address him in that strain. But a glance at the Duke, who stood before him with a terrible scowl, convinced him that he had a dangerous adversary to deal with.

"This audience is at an end!" said the Emperor, motioning toward the door.

"It is not, your Majesty!" cried the Duke; "no, I never able to control his wrath; I shall not leave this room until you have written me a letter making my wife a Duchess!"

So saying he took from his belt two pistols, and, throwing one of them to the Emperor, he said, "I have a good blood in me, as an Austrian ever had. You have insulted my wife, and you shall answer for it now and here, pistol in hand, or give me satisfaction by writing the letter I demand!"

The Emperor was speechless with terror; for the flashing eyes of the Duke showed him plainly that he was in a dead earnest. He cast a timid glance toward the door. The Duke hastened to it and locked it.

"Will you write the letter? I ask you to do so for the last time!" roared the Duke.

The Emperor humbled himself by complying with the Duke's demand. The letter was written, and Leopold pocketed it with a profound bow.

Then he unlocked the door and hurried to his father-in-law, who was waiting for him in the parlor.

"What was he to do? The best policy for him to adopt was that of silence. So Leopold of Anhalt was permitted to leave Vienna without honor or hindrance.

Upon his return to Dessau, Anna Liza was solemnly proclaimed a Princess of the German Empire. She lived happily with her eccentric husband, to whom she bore a large family of children.

The peculiar manner in which he had obtained the Emperor's consent to his elevation to the ducal dignity, did not become known until after Leopold's death. The Emperor had died abroad in 1805, and there is some reason to believe that the Duke had been at that memorable interview, was the first nail to his coffin.

The charges against Blaine, Morton and Bristow are the unpleasantest features of the canvass. We have sought to handle them as delicately as we are surprised that any of them should have a moment's consideration.

Mr. Bristow seems to have done his duty in every case where his honor is now impugned. Mr. Morton, so far from deserving censure for his action as Governor of Indiana, where he held the State true to the Union in spite of a Copperhead majority which had determined upon stopping all war supplies, deserves lasting renown.

His action will be remembered to his glory by those who have decided the war long after the burning questions of this hour are forgotten. To investigate that would do the Democrats about as much good as if they were to investigate the battle of Gettysburg and the capture of Richmond.

Blaine is concerned we do not see the shadow of evidence upon which to convict him of any dereliction of duty. One man says to another that he heard a third man say that certain bonds were given to Mr. Blaine by the members of the Senate and member of Congress. If evidence like this is to be entertained when the honor of our statesmen is involved, there is not a reputation in the country that is safe.

Mr. Morton, Mr. Bristow, and Mr. Blaine are gentlemen who belong to the history of the time; men in whose genius and achievements we should all take pride. We may have our own opinions as to their fitness for high places; we may think that Morton is too desperate in his views on many questions to be trusted in the White House; we may think that Bristow is too young, and too inconsiderate for the duties of his supreme office; we may feel that Blaine is too much of a trimmer and politician; but this does not justify us in assuming, as a consequence, that they are all corrupt and bad men, who use their office for personal gain; who are vulgar jobbers; who have forfeited the confidence of the people, and who should be in jail. Let us take some things for granted in dealing with our public officers, and among them this, that when men attain the eminence of Morton, Bristow, and Blaine they are not, as a general thing, corrupt. Until corruption is proven incontestably let us at least give them the benefit of their services and their fame.—N. Y. Herald.

A vinegar-hearted old bachelor says he always looked under the head of "marriages" for the news of the week.

Beautiful Hair.

To get and retain beautiful hair you must attend to daily brushing it, occasionally washing it, and periodically trimming it, and striving at all times to keep the general health up to the average.

Now as to brushing. The skin of the head, like that of every other part of the body, is constantly being renewed internally. But it is not so easy to brush the hair properly as one might imagine. Few hair-dressers, indeed, know very much about it. The proper time for the operation, then, is the morning, just after you have come out of your bath, provided you have not wet the hair. Two kinds of brushes ought to be found on every lady's toilet table, a hard and a soft. The former is first to be used, and used well, but not roughly; it removes all dust, and acts like a tonic on the roots of the hair, stimulating the whole capillary system to healthy activity. The use of the soft brush—to give the gloss from which the morning sunshine will pleasantly glisten and gleam with glory that no Macassar oil in the world could imitate. Whence comes this gloss you inquire. Why, from the sebaceous glands, which, in the hair, nature's own paint-pot, make the soft brush do its work. Secondly, one word on washing the hair. This is necessary occasionally to thoroughly cleanse both head and hair. One or two precautions must be taken. Never use soap if you can avoid it; if you do, let it be the very mildest and unperfumed; avoid so-called hair-cleansing fluids, and use rain water filtered.

The yolk of two new-laid eggs should be used in the water. The yolk of a fresh egg, when they make a beautiful lather, and when the washing is finished, and the hair thoroughly rinsed in the purest rain water, you will find when dry that the gloss will not be destroyed, which an alkali never fails to do. The first water should be used as only just warm, and the last perfectly cold. Dry with soft towel—but do not rub till the skin is tender—and afterward brush. Be very careful always to have your brushes and combs perfectly clean and free from grease, and always to keep them in the table for friends of yours who happen to be Macassarites.

Pointing the hair regularly not only prevents it from spitting at the ends, but renders each individual hair more pliable, less attenuated—i. e., more healthy, and the whole more vigorous, keeps up the growing process, which otherwise might be blunted or checked. Singeing the tips of the hair has also a beneficial effect.

It will be seen that I am so advocate for oil and pomade. No, my advice, in all cases, is to do without them if you possibly can, by using good nature and over-stimulating properties they often cause the hair to grow thin and fall off—other than in otherwise would. Let well alone.

One word, in conclusion, about dyes. Avoid them, if you are your own friend. Hair-dyeing is very satisfactory, as far as dead hair is concerned, but on the living head its perfect success is a chemical impossibility.—Harpur's Bazar.

Three Days in a Sewer.

About noon Thursday a man was discovered in the act of robbing Jackson's saloon, near the Singer works, at Elizabeth. He immediately decamped when he found out that he was watched, and ran down toward Trumbull street, hotly pursued by a policeman, who was closely behind him, when he jumped into the opening of the sewer at the corner of the street. The officer procured a lantern and followed him up the sewer, which is four feet by six, but could discover no trace of him, and returned to his quarters, believing that he should have a moment's consideration.

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A Romantic Affair.

There was great excitement at the depot on Wednesday night, April 12, a short time before the arrival of the 12:30 train going south, caused by an attempt by a ruffian to recapture an escaped kidnapper young woman. The following are the particulars:

The young woman, aged about 18 years, arrived here on Wednesday afternoon, on the train from Hazleton, being on her way to Reading. She was informed that she would be obliged to wait until the midnight train, and she sought a place to remain until the train arrived. As she required to be near the depot, she was directed to the St. Charles Hotel, where she went. A few minutes before the arrival of the train she started, and when about half way across the street she would-be abductor suddenly came upon her, whereupon she screamed "murder," and the man, who brought all hands out of the depot. The ruffian, who had evidently followed her secretly, seeing the danger of himself being captured, made speedy tracks and was soon among the missing.

The young lady's story is that when she was a child she was stolen from her home by a band of gypsies, and that she had made frequent attempts to escape, but each time was recaptured, the last time being threatened with death did she make a similar attempt, but she did, and barely escaped recapture. She was taken to a place where she was properly taken care of by the railroad employees, one of whom accompanied her as far as Harrisburg, and there she was placed in safety on the train for her home in Reading. We are sorry that we cannot chronicle the capture of the villain, and hope that he may yet meet the punishment he deserves.

The young lady's story was corroborated in part by her dark complexion and clothing, being dressed as gypsies usually are. She said she recognized the voice of her assailant, one of the gypsy band.—Simsbury Democrat.

On Her Ear.

The other night an Austin man who was reading a story to his wife, came to a piece of "fine writing," in which the ear of the heroine was compared to "a new-made, creamy white, pinkish shell of the ocean."

"By the way," said the husband, "out of your book, 'that description of the ear reminds me of your ear; you have an ear like a shell.'"

"Was the first compliment she had received from him since the early days of their marriage, and a blush of pride suffused her face as she asked:

"What kind of a shell, darling?"

"An abalone shell," he replied. "I have never before heard of or seen an abalone shell, but she did not want to display her ignorance; so she made up her mind to hunt it up in the 'Condensed Treatise of Conchology' that ornamented the centre table. She turned it over and over, but she did not find her husband had left the house, was to hunt up the description of an abalone. She found it. It was described as a shell about the size of an ordinary wagon wheel. She turned her wrath during that day, and when her husband came at the door with the towel roller—and now his ear is as big as an abalone shell, but it looks like a piece of pounded beef.

There is rather a good story told of a dialogue between a navy man and a merchant. The merchant said: "I have caught a five-pound fish. Seeing the fish on the bank, the navy man wanted to know:

"What d'ye call that 'ere, mister?"

"Pike," answered the angler.

"Will 'e 'oist mister?" asked the navy man.

"Put your finger in his mouth and try," laughed the angler.

"No, I won't, but I'll put my tail in," retorted the navy, and sitting on the action to the word, he caught up his dog, a large black dog, and proceeded to do as he said.

No sooner was "pup's tail" in the pike's mouth than the jaws closed on it, and away went the dog across the country with the pike after him.

"Hallo! I say, you fellow," cried the angry angler, "call back your dog!"

"No, I won't," laughed the savy; "you call back your fish!"

"Well," said the young man, "I will give you all I have, if you will give me all that you have, and that I have not."

Martin did not know what to say; but the tutor told him to speak freely.

"Oh, yes," said Martin then; "I will change places with you."

But when the young gentleman stepped out, Martin saw that he was not a large man, but he had to back with crutches—his face was pale and thin, like that of one who is often ill. Martin then began to think that health was better than a fine carriage.

"I would gladly be poor," said the young man, "if I could run like you; but as it is God's will that I should be lame, I try to be happy and thankful as I am."

"Brother, why don't you ask the stranger to pray?" Because, "reprovingly observed a deacon, "this ain't no place for practical jokes. That man's the president of a gas company."

Governor Inaugurated.

HARTFORD, CONN., May 3.—Governor Rogers was inaugurated today, and the Legislature convened.

Increase of Crime.

Crime really increasing in the United States, or do we