

RELLEPONTE, PA

SEA VENTURES.

I stood and watched my ships go out. Each one by one, unmooring free. What time the quiet harbor filled With food-tide from the sea.

THE OLD STORY.

When visions of her face came o'er me, Of her sweet face so far away, I say what lovers say before me.

Awful Scene in a Menagerie. A Musical Band Fall into a Den of Lions—Three Men Killed—A Number Injured.

The Middletown (Mo) Banner has the following: The usually quiet little village of Middletown, Missouri, was lately thrown into a painful fever of excitement by an awful catastrophe which occurred to the band lately attached to John Robinson & Co's circus and animal show, and led by Prof. M. C. Sexton.

Upon starting out from Cincinnati for the season, the management determined to produce something novel in the way of a band concert, and conceived the idea of mounting the band upon the colossal den of performing Numidian lions, and which would form one of the principal and most imposing features of the show.

Although repeatedly warned by Professor Sexton that he deemed the cage insecure and dangerous in the extreme, the managers still persisted in compelling the band to ride upon it. On the fatal morning of the 12th the band commenced to move, and the shouts of the multitude of rustics who had assembled to witness the grand pageant, and hear the enticing strains of music. Not a thought of danger was entertained by any one, but the awful catastrophe was about to occur.

As the driver endeavored to make a turn in the streets the leaders became entangled and threw the entire team into confusion, and he lost control of them, and, becoming frightened, they broke into a violent run. Upon the opposite side of the street the fore wheel of the cage came in contact with a large rock with such force as to cause the braces and stanchions which supported the roof to give away, thereby precipitating the entire band into the awful pit below.

For an instant the vast crowd was paralyzed with fear, but for a moment only, and then arose such a

SHRIEK OF AGONY as was never heard before. The awful groans of terror and agony which arose from the poor victims who were being torn, lacerated by the frightful monsters below, were heart rending and sickening to a terrible degree. Every moment some one of the band would extricate themselves from the debris and leap over the sides of the cage to the ground, with a wild spring, and faint away upon striking the earth, so great was their terror. But human nature could not stand and see men literally devoured before their very eyes, for there were willing hearts and strong arms ready to render every assistance necessary to rescue the unfortunate victims of this shocking calamity.

A hardware store which happened to stand opposite was invaded by the request of the noble hearted proprietor, and pitch-forks, crowbars and long bars of iron, and, in fact, every available weapon was brought into requisition. The side doors of the cage were quickly torn from their fastenings and then

A HORRIBLE SCENE was presented to view. Mangled among the brilliant uniforms of the poor unfortunate lay legs, arms, torn from their sockets and half devoured, while the savage brutes glared ferociously with their sickly, green colored eyes upon the petrified crowd. Professor Charles White arrived at this moment, and gave orders in regard to extracting the dead and wounded, he well knowing it would be a difficult and dangerous undertaking to remove them from the infuriated monsters.

Stationing men with forks and bars at every available point, he sprang fearlessly into the den amid the savage monsters, and commenced raising the wounded and passing them upon the outside to their friends. He had succeeded in removing the wounded, and was proceeding to gather up the re-

main of the lifeless when the mammoth lion, known to showmen as old Nero,

SPRANG WITH A FRIGHTFUL ROAR upon his keepers, fastening his teeth and claws in him, in his neck and shoulders, lacerating him in a horrible manner. Professor White made three heroic efforts to shake the monster off, but without avail, and gave orders to fire upon him.

The contents of four of Colt's navies were immediately poured into the carcass of the ferocious animal and he fell dead; and the brave little man, notwithstanding the fearful manner in which he was wounded, never left the cage until every vestige of the dead was carefully gathered together and placed upon a sheet, preparatory for burial. It was found that three of the ten who mounted the cage a short time before were killed outright and four others terribly lacerated. The names of the killed are August Schoer, Conrad Freetz, and Charles Greiner. Coffins were procured, and an immediate burial determined upon, as the bodies were so frightfully torn and lacerated as to be unrecognizable to their most intimate friends. It was a melancholy day for Middletown, and a sadder day for the friends and companions of the deceased.

Making A Fortune.—The Modern Way to Wealth—Operating in "Bank Stock"—Perseverance and Nitro-Glycerine Rewarded.

Samuel McFadden was a watchman in a bank. He was poor, but honest, and his life was without reproach. The trouble with him was that he felt that he was not appreciated. His salary was only \$4 a week, and when he asked to have it raised, the President, the Cashier, and Board of Directors glared at him through their spectacles, and frowned on him, and told him to go out and stop his insolence, when he knew business was dull and the bank could not meet its expense now, let alone recklessly lavish one dollar a week more upon such a miserable worm as Samuel McFadden. And then Samuel McFadden felt depressed and sad, and the haughty scorn of the President and Cashier cut him to the quick. He would often go into the side yard and bow his venerable twenty four inch head, and weep gallons and gallons of tears over his insignificance, and pray that he might be made worthy of the Cashier's and President's polite attention.

One night a happy thought struck him, a gleam of light burst upon his soul, and gazing down the dim vista of the years with his eyes all blinded with the most joyous tears, he saw himself rich, honored and respected. So Samuel McFadden fooled around and got a jimmy, a monkey wrench, a cross-cut saw, a cold chisel, a drill, and about a half a ton of gunpowder and nitro glycerine, and all those things. Then, in the dead of night, he went to the fire proof safe, and after working at it for a while, burst the door and brick work into immortal smash with such perfect success that there was not enough of that safe left to make a carpet tack. Mr. McFadden then proceeded to load up with coppers, greenbacks, currency and specie, and to send all the odd change that was lying around anywhere, so that he pranced out of the bank with over one million dollars on him. He then retired to an unassuming residence out of town, and sent word to the detectives where he was.

A detective called on him next day with a soothing note from the Cashier. McFadden treated him with lofty scorn. Detectives called on him every day with humble notes from the President, Cashier and Board of Directors. At last the bank officers got up a magnificent private supper, to which Mr. McFadden was invited. He came, and, as the bank officers bowed down in the dust before him, he pondered over the bitter past, and his soul was filled with wild exultation.

Before he drove away in his carriage that night it was all fixed that Mr. McFadden was to keep half a million of that money, and to be unmolested if he returned the other half. He fulfilled his contract like an honest man, but refused, with haughty disdain, the offer of the Cashier to marry his (McFadden's) daughter.

Mac is now honored and respected. He moves in the best society, he prowls around in purple and fine linen and other good clothes, and enjoys himself first rate. And often now he takes his infant son on his knee and tells him of his early life, and instills holy precepts into the child's mind, and shows him how, by industry and perseverance, and frugality, and nitro glycerine, and monkey wrenches, and enterprise, and cross cut saws, and familiarity with the detective system, even the poor may rise to influence and respectability. —Mark Twain.

The city election, held in Waterbury, Connecticut, on Monday last, resulted, in the words of the Waterbury American, (Radical), "in a clean sweep for the Democrats in everything except the Second Ward." The American claims that this is not surprising, excepting as regards the Third Ward. "This ward," it says, "is known to be strongly Republican, but it went Democratic." The Democratic candidate for Mayor, Isaac E. Newton, was elected by 193 majority, Waterbury, last year elected a Radical Mayor by 316 majority, but her citizens seem to prefer a return to Democratic management.

Amalgamation Nipped in the Bud.

In the forenoon of yesterday a thin, tall, awkward, colored man shuffled gracefully into the Probate Court room, and presented himself before the clerk who presides over the marriage license desk. The clerk looked up and saw before him a jet black face, wrinkled from age, overworking or ill-health, and surmounted by a coarse, uncombed, straggling, mat of black hair, marked here and there by gray. The man was unmistakably an American citizen of pure African descent, fully forty years old. He said he wanted a marriage license, and after giving his name as Thomas Sharp, and the name of his intended bride as Sarah Baker, he added with a twinkling of pride, "De lady is pure white blood, sure." The clerk dropped his pen, looked up in astonishment at the black face before him, and said "You can't get a license, sir."

Thomas Sharp looked bewildered. He evidently did not perceive that the Fifteenth Amendment conferred on his race only the right of choosing men to rule over them, and not wives. The inexorable clerk referred him to the Judge, and the Judge told him to bring his bride into the court.

Thomas went on his errand, and soon returned with three women. One was a dark mulatto, another a light mulatto, and the third, Sarah Baker, was indeed, as Thomas had described her, of "pure white blood." She had long, light, soft hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, regular features, with no trace of negro blood or parentage about her. She was small, and possessed a neat, symmetrical figure.

Judge Hoeller called the two before him, and explained that the law forbade the intermarriage of persons of pure white blood with persons of African blood, or having a visible admixture of African blood, and imposed a penalty of fine and imprisonment up on the Probate Judge who should issue a license for such marriage, as well as upon the person contracting the marriage. He then asked the expectant bride about her parentage. She did not become sufficed with blushing, but told her story with a clear, straight forward, business air, in strange contrast to the halting, dubious, expressions of her intended husband. She said she never knew her father, he died when she was quite young. Her mother was a light mulatto, the slave of a Mr. Baker, of Nashville, Tennessee. She had been told that she was the child of her young master.

The Judge asked her if she had any testimony to offer in support of her statement. She referred to the dark mulatto woman, who, being sworn, testified that she and Sarah were playmates together at Nashville, Tennessee. Their mothers both belonged to Mr. Baker, who lived on Cherry street, near College Hill. Sarah was reputed to be the child of her mother's young master. Sarah's mother is a very bright mulatto. The witness and Sarah had been here about four years, and were each about twenty two years of age.

This was all the testimony she had to offer, and the Judge told them to return at two o'clock to hear his decision. At that hour Thomas came alone, evidently fearing the decision would be adverse to his hopes. The Judge at once told him he was satisfied that Sarah Baker was of pure white blood, and that a license could not be issued.

"I am very sorry, mas er," said Thomas, "I've only been here four months from the cotton fields. I met thugal at a ball, an' I've been taking her to church, an' you see we nat ally fell in love, an' we wanted to get married. Very sorry indeed, sir." And he walked away, sad hearted and slow. —Cincinnati Gazette.

A Specimen Indian Maiden.

Harper's Weekly contains a highly poetical allusion to Sarah Winnemucca, the interesting daughter of Mr. Winnemucca, chief of the Putes, whose gallant exploits in stealing horses and cutting the tongues out of defenceless emigrants will long be remembered by the people of Nevada and Southern Idaho with feelings of just pride and admiration. Now this noble aborigine daughter, Sarah, is to come in for a share of the honors which have been lavished so unsparsingly in days gone by upon her illustrious sire, the old, good man, Winnemucca. Miss Sarah says Harper's Weekly, "has written me a very agreeable letter to Indian Commissioner Parker, in which she has eloquently portrayed the wrongs of her race." What indigenous noddies some of those Eastern people are! We are not very much mistaken, we had the pleasure of seeing, some years ago, Miss Sarah at Camp McDougal, Nevada. She and a few other interesting relics of the "noble red man" were being fattened at the Fort during that winter for the spring campaign against Akkha emigrants. The emigration having stopped for the season, "there were no other worlds to conquer," so Sarah and her tribe were about to fare badly, as the supply of dried scalps, grasshoppers and her had been exhausted. Their condition excited the sympathy of Uncle Sam's boys at the Fort, so they were taken in and cared for until spring, when they resumed their favorite pastime of stealing and murdering. But it is our recollections of Miss Sarah that we propose to recite. Sarah was at that time about sweet sixteen or twenty—it would be difficult to judge of her exact age from her appearance, owing to a careless habit she acquired of never washing her beautifully chiseled features. But as we had been taught to judge the age of a cow by the wrinkles on her horns, or the age of a tree by the belts of growth on its trunk, so we made a slather at Miss Sarah's age by the number of scales of greasy dirt which naturally accumulated on the ridge of her comely countenance during the lapse of years. She was about four or

five feet high—how is that for "Lo?"—and not quite so broad as she was narrow. Her raven tresses, which had been permitted to coy with the sportive breeze; unbound, unwashed, and uncombed, from her earliest childhood, stood out in elegant and airy confusion from her classically shaped *cebe* which contributed to her contour an air of romantic splendor. Her style of dress, though primitive, closely assimilated that worn by her more fashionable sisters in Paris and other big towns. It was the fashion of the day, slightly exaggerated, consisting of an elegant scarf, about a foot wide, cut from an ancient horse blanket, which was gracefully girdled round her delicate waist, the circumference of which, owing to the scarcity of clover and fresh crickets at that season, had materially diminished, over which hung a beautiful set of skeleton hoops. These completed the toggery of this sweet and simple daughter of nature. Her feet were incased in moccasins, and showed evident indications of hard service and long walks over the rocky hills and sage brush plains, the mud of her native hedge, crisp and dry, clinging tenaciously to her toes. And we are glad to be able to announce that this divinity was treated during her brief sojourn among the white savages with all the respect due her exalted rank and birth right—as the only daughter and heiress of that noble old chief, Minnemucca.

An Item For Every Man.

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend the following hints as worthy of their consideration. Never use a lady's name in an improper place, or at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and heart broken by a lie, manufactured by a villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the woman, for your mother and sisters are women, and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their life unblemished by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the all that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow creature.

David Young's Almanac.

This publication was of the old school, which predicted the weather, and these predictions, says the N. Y. Observer, "were, of course, as often wrong as true." David Young's almanac, year after year, had a great popularity in New Jersey, where the weather prophet had lived and died. It is reported of him that one warm, bright summer day he was riding on horseback through a country road, with which he was not familiar, and, being in doubt, he stopped and asked a man if this was the road to Morristown.

"Yes," said the farmer at work near the fence in the field, "but you must make haste, or you will get a wet jacket." David saw no signs of rain, and being wise as to weather, jogged on with out fear. Soon a summer cloud darkened the sky, and down came a shower of rain, which made the almanac man send for shelter. Here was something for him to learn. The shower over, he remounted and retraced his steps to the prophetic farmer. Finding him, this spake David.

"My friend, I have come back to ask you for your sign of rain. I am in the weather line myself, and will give you a dollar, if you will explain to me the secret, for I am sure you must know more about it than I do." "Give me the dollar," said the farmer, and, taking it, he proceeded: "Well, you see, all about here we take David Young's almanac, and when it says 'look out for rain,' we know it's going to be fair; and when he says 'fair,' we know it will rain, sure. Now, this morning, I was looking in the almanac, and it said for to day, 'Fair weather,' so I knew for certain it would rain afore night."

Let Us Help One Another.

This little sentence should be written on every heart, stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway, and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow creature. A helping or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and hear a kind voice whispering: "Do not feel discouraged—I see your eye troubled—let me help you." What strength is inspired—what hope created—what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty is dissolved like dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak, and lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and he, whose willing hand is ever willing to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days," if not to us, to those we love.

PITILESS FATE.

I saw in my dream, a wonderful stream, And over the stream was a bridge so slender, And over the white was a scarlet light, And over the scarlet a golden splendor. And beyond the bridge was a goodly ridge Where bees made honey and corn was growing, And down that way through the gold and gray A gray young man in a boat was rowing. I could see from the shore that a rose he wore, Stuck in his button hole, rare as the rarest, And singing a song and rowing along, I guessed his face to be fair as the fairest. And by all the town who the bees at morn Made combs and honey—with her bright hat, I saw by the stream (it has only a stream) A lovely lady that watched and waited. Her eyes were fair green, waves on her silken hair, And she looked in the winds with a lowing, And she kissed her hand with her milk white bowing, And she kissed her hand with her milk white bowing. The gray young man in the boat was rowing, And all so light in her apron white, She caught the red rose, he cast her, And the stream she cried with her arms so wide, "Haste, haste, haste!" but the boat was past her. And the gray so cold ran over the gold, And she sighed with only the winds to bear her, "He is gone still," and he rowed with a will, But it was late, not he, was the stealer. And there 'till the moon blushed over the part, And over the lake in their sweet ends humming, Her locks with the dew drenched through, She watched and watched her false lover's coming. But the maid of to day, who reads my say, May keep her young heart as light as a feather. It was only a dream the bridge and the boat, The day and lover, and all together.

A SAD CASE—A HUSBAND WAITING FOR THE MISSING STEAMER, CREW OF BOSTON.

The particulars of a case, touching, even thrilling, in its sadness, were related to us yesterday. In the fall of 1866 there arrived in this city a young man direct from Germany, who had come to the west to seek his fortune leaving his new made wife behind, with the understanding that she should join him in his new home as soon as he could send for her. He came here with a willing, patient heart and active hands, and by dint of the utmost energy and attention to business succeeded in collecting together money enough to send for his wife, and in due course of time was informed by his friends in the old country that she had taken passage in the City of Boston. Elated with hope and joy, the husband went to New York with the expectation of meeting her, and there he is waiting yet, pacing the dock and looking out on the sound for the vessel, which started away with his heart's dearest treasure, but which, alas, has never signaled, for the conviction has forced itself upon the minds of all the City of Boston has gone down. Like the President, she sailed away from port with flying colors, and was "never heard of more." Already the underwriters have commenced to settle the claims entailed by her loss. Disasters at sea are terrible, coming in any shape, and death is awful, but there are in most instances some crumbs of comfort for the consolation of mourners. There are the final ministrations given to the lying one, there is the last look to be bestowed upon the form that once lived and loved, there is knowledge of the whereabouts of its last resting place, where one can go with reverent hands to tread wreathes and deck the sod with plants typical of our memories. The want of those things makes the grief of the poor husband we have described, the harder to be borne. Dying in his arms he might have some consolation. It is the uncertainty of his fate that makes him unconsolable, and forces him still to remain. It is a hard heart which would refuse its sympathy to him or any one who can say, "Our beloved one who is dead, but we know not where the body lies buried." —Dubuque (Iowa) Herald.

SWALLOWED A HOUSE.—John Haynes, while on a bender, recently, made a mistake very natural to one in his condition.

He imagined that he was indulging in copious dilutions of benzine, when, in fact, he was drinking genuine linseed oil. Shortly after John felt a queer taste coming into his mouth. The first idea that occurred to him was that he was poisoned. A physician was sent for, and he applied a stomach pump. "Is there arsenic in it, doctor?" faintly inquired the patient. "No," replied the Esculapian, "it smells like a newly painted house." "What?" screamed John. "It smells like a newly painted house," repeated the physician. "Doctor," cried the now excited patient, "you don't mean to tell me that I've swallowed a house?"

ON MONDAY THE DEMOCRATS OF NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, ELECTED THEIR ENTIRE CITY TICKET, WITH 160 MAJORITY.

Last April the Radical majority was 110. Another evidence of the popularity of Grant, the Fifteenth Amendment and Chinese labor.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

How to make a fire hot—Keep it cool. WELCOME lines to the ladies—Mascot, lines. WHERE cowardice is excusable—On Cape Fear. COIN from the mint of nature—Penny royal. Motto for an Arab Tribe—Up and Bodoun. THE bow of a ship is not evidence of its gentleness. ROLLING stock—Capital invested in bowling alley. MOSQUITOES have commenced their evening serenades. HIGH Masonry—A bricklayer on a five story building. WHY is a key like a hospital? Because it's full of wards. DIFFICULT Punctuation—Putting a stop to a gossip's tongue. THE favorite watering place of printers in Europe is Emis. EVERY coat, as well as every man, should go on its own hook. SHOT old acquaintances be forgot? Not if they have money. THOSE who have their millions have a right to put on airs. THE London Fan says that Nero was the Pagan-nimy of his day. GOOD advice (but impossible to practice) for the season—keep cool. A old saw newly filled—Crows show which way the wind blows. WHAT kind of portraits should a tailor have? One in water-colors. WHAT game do gambling wags generally play at—as it pitch and toss? Show this to your husband—A never-failing cure for "ulks." SILKS. ADVICE gratis—What accountants should not do—overlook their accounts. SOMEONE calls Charles II. Sweetest of the Great American Paper Starter. WE know a policeman so officious that he actually "took up" his real denon. IN studying the Book of Nature, the best reading will be found in the swamps. THE Dr. Moines Bulletin announces births under the head of "Spring Chickens." WHEN the swallow's homeward fly, as soon as the bartender gets the plug made. MEN are generally like wagon, they rattle prodigiously when there is nothing in them. SOME invalid old men get to be like a piece of money, full of crotchets and quivers. IN a West-Indian village a crowd of remarkable trotting powers is in training for a race. WHEN women come to sit in the parlor, possibly infants may get to be criers in court. A boy who undertook to ride a horse, called as now practising on a saddle of mutton. WHEN does the rain become too familiar to a lady? When it begins to pouter in her back. SOME fast young men go to biases on a dog cart, but the proper way is on a fire-engine. "A cat may look like the picture of innocence, but don't leave it alone with the canary. THIS potato is said to resemble a near-sighted person, it is so frequently "speaks over its eyes." BAPTIST says a "Congregationalist" is a dry Baptist, and a Baptist is a wet Congregationalist. THE world will have its prejudice if it prefers strength in its beverages rather than in its butter. YOU see women are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet. IT is a paradox in India that a lot of rufes is a most common thing among the wealthy class. THE only men that think wof of menses are the expectant heirs, who don't care how saving the fellow is. LOVE, in France, is a comedy; in England, a tragedy; in Italy, an opera serio, and in Germany, a melo-drama. IF you want an ignorant to respect you, dress to death, and wear white seals about the size of a brickbat. WHY is a fellow getting drunk and swearing up stairs like a good man? Because he is above doing a bad act. WBMAS' rights are respected in the Iowa penitentiary. The female convict do the same work as the men. WHAT part does every right-justiced citizen occupy in the chariot of state? He is a spoke in the common wheel. ANGELO—An actress of rather angular proportions lately received a love letter commencing, "My dearest angel." EVEN if a woman had as many lock-upon her heart as she has upon her head, a cunning rogue would find his way into it. JOHN BILLINGS says he would never patronize a lottery so long as he can hire anybody else to rob him at reasonable wages. A BENEFICENT gentleman has discovered that in forty years a snuff taker devotes twenty-four months to blowing his nose. WE are told that if a sailor have a caul, he can't be drowned. When an actor gets a call, we know he is pretty certain to go down. A WESTERN paper thinks that women would not make good statesmen. "The question of the age" would always trouble them. THE New York papers say the spring suits for ladies are ornamented with every thing "from Jacob's ladder to a pen-wiper in silk." A DRYDOG who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might as well sit down on a wheelbarrow and try to wheel himself. BALTIMORE church members are quarreling about which church has the tallest steeple. They are all built as far up as they have the right of way. THE New York Tribune calls the anti-chorus and artillery accompaniment at the Bethoven Festival there, "the quaintness of Slam-bang."