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Original Poetry.

For the Bradford Reporter.

WAIT TILL MORNING.

BY PAUL PEMBERTON, JR.

I give advice to people who
Their ease in this hard world pursue—
Never perform what you can do
To-morrow morning.

If you a letter have to write,
Don't waste the precious candle-light,
Go out and walk around to-night—
Wait till morning.

A friend has kindly lent a book,
I pray you do not in it look
Till you have slumbered in your nook,
Wait till morning.

Are business bills to be made out?
Take them not into your account,
But have a ride—the *fast* horse mount—
Wait till morning.

Is there a leak in your roof
That ought to be made water-proof?
There are no clouds in the aloof—
Wait till morning.

There is a lock upon your door
That wants a screw or two, or more,
Your hands are feeling rather sore—
Wait till morning.

Have you a cow to milk and feed,
And don't just now her produce need?
Follow in this my easy creed—
Wait till morning.

Good wife, have you the bread to bake,
Dishes to wash and beds to make?
Don't work too hard, your back will break—
Wait till morning.

The sitting-room is full of dust,
Upon the knobs has gathered rust,
Burnish them not, there's no word *must*—
Wait till morning.

A rub of children's clothes is there,
Offensive odors fill the air,
There's more above the kitchen stair—
Wait till morning.

Your *physique* has become a wreck,
With the diptheria in your neck;
Don't die to-night for pity's sake—
Wait till morning.

Has courted long the young and fair,
With sparkling eyes and raven hair,
And money too? young man take care—
Don't wait till morning!

TOWANDA, Aug. 14, 1865.

Miscellaneous.

AN EASTERN JUGGLER.

While traveling through India, between Seroat and Nagpore, my body servant one day informed me that the great juggler and snake-charmer wished to have the honor of showing me something of his wonderful skill.

"What can he do?" I asked.

"Almost everything that is marvelous, I have been told," was the answer that I received.

"Admit him."

My servant withdrew, and returned with a small, withered old man, about whom I saw nothing very remarkable, except his eyes, which were small, black and piercing, and seemed to have lightning imprisoned in them. I do not know that the man could see in the dark, like a cat; but there was at times that peculiar fiery appearance of the balls which is so often observed in night prowling animals. He wore a white vest, Turkish trowsers, a sort of Persian petticoat, worked with strange devices, a turban of many colors, and red morocco shoes, pointed and turned up at the toes. His arms and neck were bare, and, with the exception of a couple of heavy gold rings in his ears, he displayed no ornaments. His age I judged to be rising to sixty, and his short moustache was almost white. He made a low salaam, and then appeared to wait to be addressed.

"Your name?" said I, in Hindostance.

"Paunjar, your excellency."

"I am told you wish to show me some wonders."

"If your excellency wills."

"Well, what can you do?"

He suddenly produced—from where I did not see and cannot tell—a large ball of twine, which he appeared to toss into my air, keeping hold of one end, so that it unwound the whole distance between him and me, at least ten feet, saying as he did so, "Will your excellency please examine what you see?"

Now, I honestly aver that I saw that ball of twine when he threw it as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life—saw it come toward me, saw it unroll, and apparently jump into my lap, so that I brought my knees quickly together to catch it—and yet, when I put my hand down to take it and looked down for it, it was not there—nothing was there—and at the same instant I perceived the juggler balancing it on the end of his fingers.

"Pshaw!" said I; "you deceived me by making me believe you threw it toward me."

"Does your excellency think I have it?" he asked; and, before I could answer I saw, in place of the ball, a large, beautiful rose, which he was balancing by the stem, and yet he had not altered his position and scarcely stirred a finger.

I began to be astonished.

While yet I looked, I saw in his right hand a large cup, and in the left the rose. He stepped forward a few feet, laid the rose down on the ground, and placed the cup over it.

Here, it will be observed, there was no machinery to assist him—no tables, with its false top, concealed apartments, and confederate, perhaps, to effect the change, as we see similar tricks performed in a place fitted up by the magician for the purpose—but only my own quarters, in the full, bright light of day, with myself sharply watching him within five feet, and my attendants grouped around almost as near. Having covered the rose with the cup, as I would be willing to make oath—for I saw the rose distinctly, as the hollow vessel, held by the top, went slowly down over it—the conjuror resumed his former place, and said, "Will your excellency be kind enough to lift the cup and see what is under it?"

Of course I would have wagered a heavy sum that the rose was still there for one thing, because, expecting some trick, I had kept my eye on it to the last moment, and was certain there was no possibility of its being removed after the hand had let go of the cup at the top. I complied with his request, stepped forward, and raised the cup; but instantly dropped it, and bounded back with a cry of terror—for there, instead of the red rose, was one of the little green, deadly serpents of India, coiled up and for a spring, with its small, glittering eyes fixed intently on mine. Snakes of any kind are my horror; and this one not only horrified me, but all my attendants, who, with cries of alarm, enlarged the circle very rapidly, for they knew its bite to be fatal

"No more such tricks as these, conjuror," said I sternly.

"It is perfectly harmless, your excellency," grinned the old man, walking up to it, lifting it up by the neck, putting its head into his mouth, and allowing it to run down his throat.

I shuddered, and half believed the juggler possessed of a devil, if not a devil himself.

He next produced a tube that looked like brass, about two feet long, and half an inch in diameter, and next the ball of twine again.

Where these things came from, or went to, I could not tell. They seemed to be in his hands when he wanted them; but I never observed his hands passing near his dress, either when they appeared or disappeared. When I looked for the cup that I had lifted from the snake, it was gone, and yet neither myself nor any of my attendants had seen this wounderful man pick it up! It was indeed jugglery, if not magic, of the most unquestionable kind.

Through the brass tube the conjuror now raised one end of the twine, which he put between his teeth. He then placed the tube between his lips, threw back his head, and held it perpendicularly, with the ball of twine on the upper end. Then suddenly the ball began to turn rapidly, and gradually grew smaller, till it entirely disappeared, as if the twine had been run off on a reel. What turned it, or where it went to, no one could see. The juggler then set the tube the other end up, and a new ball began to form on the top, but apparently ribbon, of half an inch in width and of different colors. These rolled up, as if on a bobbin, till it formed a wheel of two or three inches in diameter, when the performer seemed to toss ribbon and tube over his shoulder, and that was the last I saw of either.

He next reproduced what appeared to be the same cup I had lifted from the snake, and showed something that looked like an egg, advanced the same as before, and placed the latter on the ground and the former over it, and again requested me to raise it, which I declined to do, fearing I should see another serpent, or something equally horrifying.

"Will any one lift the cup?" said he, turning to the others.

No one volunteered to do so, but all rather drew back.

At this he took up the cup himself and appeared to throw it into the air, and there sat in its place a beautiful dove, which flew up and alighted on his shoulder. He took it in his hand, muttered over some unintelligible words, seemed to cram it into his mouth, and that was the last I saw of that also.

He performed some other tricks similar to these, and concluded with the mysterious bag. This bag—which somehow came into his hands, as did the other things he used in a manner unknown to myself—was from two to three feet long, and about a foot wide. It looked as if it had been used to hold some kind of flour, and I certainly saw something like the dust of flour fly from it when he turned it inside out and beat it across his hands. He turned it back again, and tied up the mouth of it with a string, muttering a low incantation all the time. This done, he threw it on the ground, and stamped on it, treading it all out flat with his feet. He then stepped back a few paces and requested us all to fix our eyes upon it. We did so; and after a lapse perhaps of thirty seconds, we saw it begin to swell up like a bladder when being expanded with wind. It continued to swell till every part became distended, and it appeared as round and as as if filled with sand. Its solidity, however, was apparent—for when the juggler went up and placed his foot on it, it yielded to the pressure, but immediately sprung back, or rounded out, as soon as that was removed. He then jumped on it with both feet, and flattened it all out as at first. He then went away again; and the bag, being left to itself as before, again began to rise or inflate, but this time as if some animal like a cat were inside of it. In fact I could see where there appeared to be legs; and then, to my utter amazement, I may almost say horror, it began to move toward me, as if impelled by the unknown something in it?

I do not thing I am a coward—my worst enemy has never accused me of being one, at least—but I confess that on this occasion my nerves would not let me remain passive, and I retreated from the advancing mystery and informed the magician that I had seen enough to satisfy me of his wounderful occult powers At this he smiled grimly, walking up to the bag, and trod it down again, picked it up and beat it with his right hand across his left, caused it to unaccountably disappear from my sight, and then made his concluded salaam.

How these wonders were performed—by what art, power, or magic—I do not and never expect to know. I have conversed with many persons who have seen quite as strange and unnatural things, but never heard any one give an explanation that I considered at all satisfactory. I simply relate what I saw but scarcely expect any one to credit my statement, well knowing that I myself would not have received such marvels as facts on the testimony of the most reliable friend I have in the world.

"If your excellency wills, I shall now have the honor of showing you how I charm wild serpents," said the necromancer.

I had heard something of this singular power, and was desirous of seeing it displayed. Accordingly, myself and attendants all repaired to an open field, at no great distance where, after some search, Paunger discovered a hole, in which he said he doubted not there was a snake.

"But before I call him forth," he proceeded, "I must be assured that some one of sufficient courage will stand ready to cut him down when I give the signal, otherwise, should he prove to be a cobra capella, my life might be sacrificed."

"I will myself undertake that business," said I, drawing my sword.

The man hesitated, evidently fearing to insult me by a doubt, and yet not eager to risk his life on the strength of my nerves, after the display of timidity I had already made. I thought I read all this in the man's face, and I said very positively:

"Never fear, good sir, I will cut down whatever you bring up this time, be it snake or devil."

"My life is at your excellency's mercy," bowed the man with a show of humility. "Remember the signal. When I raise my hand above my head, may the blow be swift, sure and deadly!"

He then gave his whole attention to the business before him. Putting an instrument, not unlike a small flageolet, to his lips, he began to play a shrill, monotonous, disagreeable sort of a tune, keeping his eyes rivited upon the hole in the ground; and soon after to my utter astonishment, though I should have been prepared for anything, I saw the ugly head of the hooded snake, the deadly cobra capella, the most poisonous of all deadly reptiles, come slowly forth, with its spectacled eyes* fixed steadily upon the strange musician, who began to retreat backward slowly, a step at a time, the snake following him.

When at length, in this maner, he had drawn the hideous creature some ten or fifteen feet from its hole, he suddenly squatted down and began to play more loudly and shrilly. At this the srrpent raised itself on its tail, as when about to make its deadly springs, and actually commenced a dancing motion, in time with the music, which was continued for about a minute, when the charmer gave me the signal to strike. Gradually and stealthily I advanced near enough for the blow, and then struck, cutting the reptile in two, and sending its head flying to some distance. I never took life with better satisfaction.

Whatever deception there might have been about the juggler's tricks, there was certainly none about the snake, for I have its skin still in my possession. I gave the man a couple of gold mohurs, and he went away perfectly satisfied, wishing my excellency any quantity of good luck. I was perfectly satisfied, too, and would not have missed seeing what I did that day for ten times the amount paid.

*A large ring around each eye gives this fearful serpent the appearance of looking through a pair of spectacles; and it also has a hood for the misshapen head, not unlike a monk's cowl, from which it takes its name.—*London Sixpenny Magazine.*

SPANISH PROVERBS.—Since I wronged you I have never liked you.

The day I did not sweep the house, there came to it one whom I did not expect.

Never speak of a rope in the house of a man who was hanged.

If you want to beat a dog say he ate your iron.

The gallows was made for the unlucky.

To be a merchant, the art consists more in the art of getting paid than in making sales.

A YOUNG SOLOMON.—"Ma," said an intelligent, thoughtful boy of mine, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was."

"Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" asked the astonished mother.

"Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own."

"Do you think," said Mrs. Pepper rather sharply, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?"

"Certainly not, ma'am," replied the gallant philosopher, "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

THROUGHOUT southwestern Virginia there is peace and plenty, and the growing corn crop is unparalleled for its promises of abundance. There is a scarcity of sugar, coffee and store clothes, but the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, now running through to Bristol, is fast supplying these wants.

"I SAY, Pat," said a Yankee, "why don't you sue the Railroad Corporation for damages you have received? Both of your legs broken all to smash; sue them for damages." "Sue them for damages, eh boy! I have had damages enough already; I'll sue them for repairs."

WOMAN is like ivy—the more you are ruined the closer it clings to you. A vile bachelor adds: "Ivy is like woman—the more it clings to you, the more you are ruined." Poor rule that won't work both ways.

AN Irishman being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satrical naivete. "Why not? Dosen't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

The age of a young lady is now expressed according to the present style of skirts, by saying that eighteen springs have passed over her head.

PUNCH says this is by a brute: Why is a beard like common sense? Because no woman possesses it.

CHAMA FERGUSON is accused of sticking corn-husks in the wounds of his victims, to torture them.

PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

There is a voice that speaks to us,
If we own no craven heart,
As we pass along life's pathway,
Taking our appointed part;
And it bids us bear our burden,
Heavy though it seem and feel,
And with strong and hopeful vigor
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

What though clouds are darkning o'er us,
They but hide a tranquil sky;
Or should storm drops fall around us,
Soon the sunshine bids them dry.
Never doubt, faint and falter,
Heart be stout and true as steel;
Fortune smiles on brave endeavor—
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Folded hands will never aid us
To uplift the load of care;
"Up and stirring" be your motto,
Meek to suffer, strong to bear.
'Tis not chance that guides our footsteps,
Or our destiny can seal;
With a will then, strong and steady,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Men of worth have conned the lesson,
Men of might have tried its truth
And lips have breathen its maxim
In the list'ning ear of youth;
And be sure throughout life's journey,
Many wounded hearts would heal,
If we all as friends and brothers
Put our shoulder to the wheel.

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

HOW IT IS CONTROLLED BY THE CONSTITUTIONS OF THE FREE STATES.

We recently, in an editorial, referred to the history of the franchise question in the late slave States, showing how it was exercised in such States, and how in the course of time it was restricted until the black man was entirely disfranchised. We present, for comparison, a statement of the free States regulating the same privilege:

MAINE,

by her Constitution, adopted October 29th, 1819, gives the ballot to every male citizen of the United States of the age of 21 years and upwards, excepting paupers, persons under guardianship, and Indians not taxed having resided in the State three months. But persons in the military, naval or marine service, quartered in the State, and students attending a seminary of learning, do not acquire a residence thereby. (Includes negroes.)

NEW HAMPSHIRE,

by her Constitution, adopted 1792, still in force, gives the ballot to "every male inhabitant" of twenty-one years, except paupers and persons excused from paying tax at their own request. Freehold property qualifications were formerly required for office-holders, but these are abolished.—New Hampshire never excluded colored men from voting or holding office.

VERMONT,

which abolished slavery by her Constitution, adopted July 4th, 1793, declared in her Bill of Rights that "all freemen, having sufficient evidence of common interest with an attachment to the community, have a right to elect officers and to be elected into office." By article 21, "every man" twenty-one years of age, who has resided one year in the State, who behaves himself quietly and peaceably, and who will take an oath to vote "so as in your conscience you shall judge will most conduce to the best good" of the State, may vote. In Vermont, therefore, "a white man is as good as a negro, if he behaves himself as well"—not otherwise.

MASSACHUSETTS,

by her original Constitution, adopted in 1780, gave the ballot to every male person twenty-one years of age, resident in the Commonwealth, having an annual income of three pounds from a freehold, or any estate worth £60.

By the amendment now in force the ballot belongs to every male citizen, twenty-one years of age (except paupers and persons under guardianship,) who shall have paid any tax assessed within two years, or who shall be exempted from taxation. But by Art. 20 of the Amendments, "No person shall have the right to vote, or be eligible to office under the Constitution of this Commonwealth, who shall not be able to read the Constitution in the English language, and write his name: Provided, however, that the provisions of this amendment shall not apply to any person prevented by physical disability from complying with its requisitions, nor to any person who now has the right to vote, nor to any person who shall be sixty years of age or upwards at the time this amendment shall take effect." Massachusetts, therefore, never excluded any man from voting on account of color.

RHODE ISLAND

by constitution of 1842, gives the right of suffrage:

1. To every male citizen, of full age, one year in the State, six months in the town, owning real estate worth $134, or renting for $7 per annum.

2. To every *native* male citizen of full age—two years in the State, six months in the town, who is duly registered, who has paid $1 tax, or done militia service within the year. Hence in Rhode Island a native negro votes without a property qualification, while a foreign born white citizen can not.

CONNECTICUT

gives the ballot to all persons, whether white or black, who were freemen at the adoption of her constitution, (1818,) and subsequently to "every white male citizen of the United States," of full age, resident six months in the town, and owning a freehold of the yearly value of $7, or who shall have performed military duty, paid a State tax, and sustained a good moral character within the year. This was amended in 1845 by striking out the property and tax-paying qualification, and fixing the residence at one year in the State and six months in the town. Only those negroes have voted in Connecticut who were admitted freemen prior to 1818.

NEW YORK

admits to the suffrage "every male citizen" of full age, who shall have been ten days a citizen, one year in the State, four months in the county, and thirty days in the district. But no man of color shall vote unless he has been three years a citizen of the State, and for one year the owner of a freehold worth $250, over incumbrances, on which he shall have paid a tax, and he is to be subject to no direct tax unless he owns such freehold. Laws are authorized, and have been passed, excluding from the suffrage, persons convicted of bribery, larceny, or any infamous crime, also persons betting on the election. No person gains or loses a residence by reason of presence or absence in the service of the United States—nor in navigation—nor as a student in a seminary—or in any asylum or prison. A registry law also exists.

NEW JERSEY

the first of those enumerated which absolutely makes color the test of voting, and in which slavery existed up to a very recent period, gives the ballot, by its constitution of 1844, to "every white male citizen" of the United States, of full age, residing one year in the State, and five months in the countey, except that no soldier or marine quartered therein shall acquire the right, and no puaper, idiot, insane person or persons convicted of a crime which excludes him from being a witness, shall vote.

PENNSYLVANIA

gives a vote to "white freeman," of full age, who has resided one year in the State and ten days in the election district, and has within two years paid a tax, except that a once qualified voter returning into the State after an absence which disqualifies him from voting, regains his vote by a six months' residence, and except that white free citizens under twenty-two and over twenty-one vote without paying taxes.

OHIO,

by her Constitution of 1851, limits the elective franchise to "every white male citizen" of the United States, of full age, resident one year in the State, excluding persons in the military and naval service and idiots and insane persons. But, the courts of Ohio having held that every person of one-half white blood is a "white male citizen" within the Constitution and that the burden of proof is with the challenging party, to show that the person is more than half black, which is impracticable, we believe that in practice, negroes in Ohio vote without restriction.

INDIANNA

gives the right of suffrage to "every white male citizen of the United States," of full age and six months' residence in the State, and every white male of foreign birth and full age, who has resided one year in the United States, and six months preceeding the election in the State, and who has declared his intentions to become a citizen. No soldier or marine shall acquire a vote by being quartered in the State nor shall any person lose his vote by absence in the service of the State or United States. "No negro or mulatto shall have the right of suffrage."

ILLINOIS,

by her Constitution of 1847, gives the vote to "every white male citizen" of full age, residing one year in the State, and "every white male inhabitant" who was a resident of the State at the adoption of this Constitution. Like provisions to those of Indianna exist here, relative to soldiers, seamen, marines and persons in the service of the United States.

MISSOURI,

by her recent Free State Constitution, excludes the black from voting.

MICHIGAN,

by her Constitution adopted 1850, gives the ballot to every white male citizen, to every white male inhabitant residing in the State June 24th, 1865, and to every white male inhabitant residing in the State January 1st, 1850, who has declared his intentions, &c., or who has resided two and a half years in the State, and declared his intentions, and to every civilized male Indian inhabitant not a member of any tribe. But no person shall vote unless of full age, and a resident three months in the State and ten days in the town. Like provisions as to persons in the military and naval service, students, etc.

IOWA.

Every "white male citizen" of the United States, of full age, resident six months in the State, sixty days in the county, (with like exceptions of persons in the military or naval service, idiots, insane persons and criminals.)

WISCONSIN.

Every male person of full age, resident one year in the State, and being either: 1. A white citizen of the United States, 2. A white alien who has declared his intentions, 3. A person of Indian blood who has once been declared a citizen by act of Congress. 4. Civilized persons of Indian descent not members of any tribe. (With like exceptions of felons, insane persons and soldiers, &c., stationed in the State.)

CALIFORNIA.

Every white male citizen of the United States (or of Mexico who shall have elected to become a citizen of the U. S under treaty of Queretaro) of full age, resident six months in the State and thirty days in the district. The Legislature has power to extend the right to Indians and their decendants. (Like sundry provisions as above.)

MINNESOTA.

Every male person of full age, resident one year in the United States and four months in the State, and being either: 1. A white citizen of the U. S 2. A white alien who has declared his intentions. 3. Civilized persons of mixed white and Indian blood. 4. Civilized Indians certified by a district Court to be fit for citizenship. (Like sundry provisions as above.)

OREGON.

Every white male citizen of full age, six months a resident of the State, and every white male alien, of full age, resident in the United States one year, who has declared his intentions, may vote, but "no negro, Chinaman or mulatto."

KANSAS

gives the ballot to every white male adult resident six months in the State and thirty days in the town, who is either a citizen or has declared his intentions.

WEST VIRGINIA,

Every white male citizen (except minors, lunatics and felons,) resident one year in the State and thirty days in the county.

The results sum up thus: Of the twenty-one free States enumerated, eight permit negro suffrage to a greater or less extent. These are the New England States, New York, and Ohio. Of the remainder, two, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, are strongly "Democratic," and the rest framed their constitutions and applied for admission at a time when slavery ruled Congress and the nation. Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Oregon, Kansas and Illinois, (seven,) admit as voters those not yet citizens; and besides the New England States, four, to wit: Michigan, Wisconsin, California and Minnesota, provide for voting by Indians. One (Massachusetts) excludes the ignorant, and one (Oregon) excludes Chinamen.

HEALTH OF THE PRESIDENT.—The country will be gratified to learn that the health of the President is restored, and that he yesterday transacted a large amount of business with the public, which occupied several hours, seemingly without personal inconvenience. After the more important affairs had been disposed of in private interviews with officials and other distinguished persons, the doors of the reception chamber were opened to the people present, who had appeals and applications to urge. At first the number of cases to be heard seemed formidable, but the President's dignified affability of manner dissipated the fears of the most timid, while it discouraged a garrulous tendency, and the result was, that the business was soon stated, understood, and disposed of. Though giving audience to scores of people at one time, the President is prompted by the delicacy of a true gentleman to address each individual in a quiet undertone, which reassures, by being inaudible to all but to the parties interested. In this way every one feels unembarrassed, and is able to present his case, in its best aspect. The ladies, of course, have the preference at these public business receptions, and if they fail to receive favorable answers to their applications, they at any rate go away pleased with the kindness and politeness of the President.

In this connection, we may add that great injustice is done the President by the statement that pardons are granted almost for the asking, to rebels of all degrees, with little discrimination. On the contrary, the greatest circumspection is used; and it is only in cases where no end of public justice would be defeated, nor injury to the cause of order would be done, that pardons are granted. If exceptional cases have occurred, it is because no administration of human affairs can be ubiquitous, or omniscient.—*Washington Chronicle.*

Mr. CALVIN PELLETT, a worthy citizen of Paupack, in Pike county, died on the 3d inst., aged 61 years. The cause of his death was unusual. Four of his cows sickened and died. The cause of the disease is unknown. They at first supposed that they had eaten some poisonous weed growing in the low, marshy ground, but on comparing the symptoms of the disease with what is called in the books "murrain," they were inclined to believe that they died from that disease.

Mr. Pellett aided in removing the skins from the dead animals. In a short time he felt an uneasy itching sensation in one of his fore-arms, which, at first he supposed proceeded from a rye beard. He used the knife with which he had taken the skins from the cattle, in searching for the supposed rye beard. Soon the virus began to work its way up the arm and into the general system. Every known means for arresting the poison was employed, but in vain. He gradually sank till he died. He was buried on Saturday. A large concourse of neighbours and friends attended the funeral. The funeral discourse was delivered by Rev. C. S. Dunning of this borough.

A brother of Mr. Pellett lost a cow from the same means. This animal was skinned by his son, who is now suffering from the effects of the virus in some way communicated to his arm.—*Honesdale Republican.*

☞ A singular accident accurred in Summerhill township, Crawford Co., Pa., one day last week. Alonzo Wood, in cleaning his rifle, turned into the barrel say half a teaspoonful of refined petroleum, putting down a wad of tow on the end of the wiping rod and pushing the oil out at the tube. He then put down a larger wad, pushing it down within a foot of the breech, when an explosion occurred which forced the rod into the thick part of the hand, coming out at the wrist, passing up and grazing the arm to the elbow. The rod was three fourths of an inch thick at the butt end The report was similar to breaking a cap, and smoke also issued from the muzzle.

☞ Further developements of the defalcation on the Phœnix Bank of New York has come to light. The bank is a loser of more than $275,000. A former bookkeeper, named Earle, was arrested for complicity with Jenkins, the paying teller, Earl confessed to having received from Jenkins one hundred thousand dollars, which he lost in speculation. During Thursday night he cut his throat in the cell of the station house. Jenkins, it is said, had been leading a fast life, although his outward appearances did not show it.

☞ Accounts from Wisconsin are to the effect that the storm that passed over a portion of the State on Monday night show the damage in Sauk and Iowa Counties to be greater than at first supposed. Fruit trees were entirely stripped of foliage and fruit. Standing grain was actually thrashed; $300,000 is a low estimate of the loss. At least 100 farms were entirely desolated, leaving many families almost destitute of the means of support.

RECREATION.—Recreation is intended to the mind, as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He therefore, who spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting and never mowing; his grass may grow, and his steed starve; as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates is ever mowing, never whetting; laboring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only does the work go forward, when the scythe is so seasonable and moderately whetted that it may cut, and so cut that it may have the help of sharpening.

FAULTS.—If you see half a dozen faults in a woman, you may rest assured she has half a dozen virtues to counterbalance them. We love your faulty and fear your faultless women. When you see what is termed your faultless women, dread her as you would a beautiful snake. The power of concealing that which she must have is, of itself, a serious vice.

BURNING OF AN OIL WELL.

The intelligence sent you by special telegram concerning the g eat fire (Aug. 2), was so unsatisfactory that I avail myself of the earliest moment this morning to write you a more extended account. Yesterday morning, about 10 o'clock, a new well that had been tubed the day before on the Holmden Farm, and on lot 19, near the northern line of the farm, began to be pumped. It was situated on the West side of Pit Hole Creek, between it and the "second bottom." After 50 minutes pumping the well began to yield at the rate of 300 or 400 barrels in 24 hours. The well would have flown that amount without further pumping one hour after they began. It is deemed advisable, however, to pump a well that begins to flow, on the doctrine that agitation does it good. As the owner of the well had no idea what they had when they began to pump, no tank was prepared for the reception of the oil. It was consequently, pumped out upon the ground. During the day considerably over 100 barrels had been pumped upon the ground, filling all the little pools, creeping among the grass, gliding gradually down the creek bottom, and along the bluff 15 or 20 rods. Such things had been done before, and no serious apprehensions of danger were felt.

Crowds of people visited the well during the day, for such a remarkable well was the great sensation of the day. It promised to be the largest of all the mammoths on Pit Hole. At various times there were from 50 to 100 persons present. About 7½ o'clock last night, a large number of people were prasent, and half a dozen were on the derrick and others wers ranged about at various distances. Your correspondent, providentally, did not happen to be of that number, but was at the moment about 30 rods away. My attention was suddenly arrested by an explosion as loud as a good sized cannon would make. The first impression was that some blasting operation had taken place, but immediately on turning about, the scene presented was before me in all its awful grandeur. Suddenly as powder ignites, suddenly as lightning from the skies, there swept up from the earth, from an crea of three-fourths of an acre of ground, which the oil had covered, a flaming, hissing, howling firespout that rose nearly 100 feet into the air, the whole firey mass surmounted by a thick black pall of smoke, as from a hundred-throated furnace. Above the high tree tops it leaped as if springing in impotent fury at the very skies.

Everybody had heard the explosion, and, in a moment, everybody saw the firey demon overshadowing the creek. Lot No. 19 is but twelve or fifteen rods from the tanks of the famous Holmstead well, in which were thousands of barrels of oil stored away. One hundred rods further down the creek were 15,000 or 20,000 more barrels of oil stored in huge tanks, near the Frazier and Twin Wells. As the flames mounted upward and ran into every nook and cranny where a little pool of oil had been formed, everybody expected, in a moment, to see the whole creek bottom a boiling lake of fire.

Instantly upon the explosion the people ran in every direction, some toward the fire, others from it. Men looked excited and alarmed. The few women in the crowd cried and already saw their own friends among the many that felt must have been caught in the whirlpool of fire and dragged down with hungry fury to an awful death. Running in the direction of the fire, I met three wretched men that had barely escaped from the flames. One of them howling in agony, "O my God, what shall I do! what can I do," had his clothes wholly burned from his body. His back and breast, and legs were brown, with enormous fire blisters hanging to the skin, while his hands were burned to the bones. At the time of the explosion he was sitting in the derrick, and in running through the flames, fell down with both hands plunged into the burning oil. He was able, however, to leap into the creek, fortunately not covered with the oil, and thus barely got out of the hissing, crackling blaze. His name was Lucious Kingsley, of Syracuse, N. Y.

On the heels of Kingsley was another man, bleeding and burned, and holding out his charred hands to the passing, frightened crowd. Still another man, bleeding, howling and fearfully burned, followed.—The alarm was so great that neither of them could tell how many others had shared their fate, or suffered even more by burning on the ground. They reported as many as fifty persons having been in the immediate vicinity of the well when the explosion took place, and at least half of these had been probably burned to death on the ground.

The consternation for ten minutes was immense. Millions of property were in peril, and lives already lost. Immediately squads of workmen were organized, who, with shovels and spades worked upon the outer edge of the fire to stay its progress. So soon as the Fire Demon had licked up the oil on the ground, it began gradually to die out on the borders, and finally, in the space of two hours was wholly contented at the well. Engine house, derricks, tanks and evergreen trees had been burned. The fire was still roaring at the mouth of the tubing.

The oil and gas in immense quantities, in consequence of the great vacuum produced at the bottom of the well, poured forth only to leap into furious flames, while the right portion of the tubing dripped with liquid fire. During the night men labored to devise some plan for its extinguishment. At length three pieces of tubing, screwed together, were, by means of a funnel, run into the mouth of the tubing whence the oil issued in flames, and finally fastened, so that the oil was conducted forty or fifty feet further off. By the free use of wet blankets the fire was at length subdued at 1 o'clock this morning, when a shout arose from the men engaged as if a victory over the Rebel hoards had been gained.

In the meantime it was learned that none had been burned alive and that but six were seriously injured. These were Lucius Kingsley, of Syracuse, N. Y., not expected to live though there is hope; Curtis Armstrong, of Clarion Co., Pa.; John Lugan, of Pa.; A. P. Floyd, of Niagara Falls, body burned on the breast and legs and hands; and Mr. Gregory, of N. Y. City, and his lady, to whom he was showing the well when the explosion took place. It is hoped that all of these will recover, though in the case of the first two it is very doubtful.

The well is again running this morning in a hole dug for the purpose. Its yield, since the fire, with the sucker rods, yet in it, cannot be less than 400 barrels It promises to be the largest well on Pit Hole Creek. This morning it is flowing more beautifully in a continous stream, and already gives assurance of being the largest well on Pit Hole. This first fire will be very important in teaching the necessity of not testing wells by pumping them on the ground. This morning the people are gathered about the well, curiously gazing at the few ruins yet remain. This well, hereafter to be famous, is partly owned by the United States Company. Fortunately no lives were lost, though it is miraculous that any escaped.—*Cleveland Herald.*