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(Correspondence of the Beacon.)

OAKVILLE, July 2, 1877.

Messrs. Editors.—Any thinking man who reads O's communications must conclude that he is a sensationalist, a Rip Van Winkle, who has not yet been fully awakened from his slumbers, or an ardent youth fresh from school who has been favored with a seat among old politicians, while they were discussing the jolly scenes of "Auld Lang Syne"—as we are well aware that many discussions are held in private circles on this subject, and there are really more who think possible in this advanced age. As a sensationalist, he has chosen a good theme with which to get up one of the things of a Van Winkle, who can imagine his surprise when he is fully aroused and finds that the subject which he was thinking over when peacefully slumbered overtook him long since become obsolete; but if he is a young man just starting out on life's journey and wishes to write his name in the book of fame, I know that he has taken the wrong means to gain that end. If he is a sensationalist, a counter-irritant is applicable. I judge he remembers that the stump orators have been for many years in the habit of telling the people that the consumer paid all the Government taxes. No matter who paid the money to the Government, it in the end was paid by the consumer. O, I suppose, endorsed that doctrine. As it emanated from democrats, and he seems a good party man, can he show me the difference? All who are successful in any business must clear expenses, and taxes are certainly expenses. If the farmer in consideration in making his calculations for hiring labor and selling his wheat, he would soon be on the road to ruin. If a Van Winkle, my advice is, wake up and look around you, and say, do you think it possible to sink the laboring man to the position he held a century ago? But if he is an ambitious youth aspiring to climb "the mountain steep of fame," I think that a few words of friendly caution will be beneficial. If O will examine the subject thoroughly, or in his own words "go to the bottom of the well" and not play with the great central thought by chasing around, he will find that the different interests of labor and capital are so interwoven that it is impossible for the most astute mind to find a dividing line; and that he who strives to array one against the other is no friend of either. Opposition begets opposition, and any attempt of one to curtail the rights of the other will necessarily lead to counter efforts. The last two centuries has witnessed the gigantic struggle in which labor has raised itself from the slough of ignorance and dependency to such narrow-minded rulers had consigned it to one of equality with capital. This is its true position. Brain and muscle have won and will continue to win if opposed by capital, but where all three are united and work harmoniously together, neither striving to intrude upon the rights of the other, the greatest good will certainly be attained. Go deeper and you will see that the great underlying principle of our Government is that "merit makes the man," or, in other words, "all men are created equal, and their position in after life must depend upon their own actions." But to follow O's theory or do it who has inherited, or by some means acquired property, would be politically superior to the intelligent and industrious laborer and would have him entirely at his mercy. As an illustration, we will suppose that a man who inherited \$20,000 has at the age of thirty spent one-half or perhaps all but is, by unfair means, holding a large amount of property which justly belongs to his creditors, is he to be entrusted with the management of public affairs in preference to the honest and intelligent man who starts in life with nothing but his brains and muscle and has accumulated a little but not enough to make him one of the favored few? Methinks any intelligent man would answer, no, yet O says differently. Who is the better man or more worthy to be trusted, he who builds up a name and fortune by industry and economy or the spendthrift son who squanders it? Common sense gives but one answer, yet, to adopt O's theory, the first must toil long years before he can acquire any political rights, while the worthless son, not fit perhaps to own a burial place, inherits them. Really, such ideas are simply ridiculous. If O will look again, if he will examine carefully, he will find that three-fourths

of the inflated bills brought against the county are brought by *tax-payers—the only class who have any thought for the material interest of the county!* Men who are honest in their dealings with each other, think it no harm to fabricate enormous charges against the county. Their taxes may be increased thereby, still they profit. It is a great temptation to a shrewd business man to realize that by investing \$5 he can realize a few hundred! I sincerely hope that neither of us will live to see communism rooted in our country, but he can rest assured it will soon be among us if there are any attempts to get his theory in practice. I am well aware that the Republican party is composed mostly of laborers, but can the gentleman show when they have ever evinced any leveling disposition? Will not their elected and appointed officers compare favorably in the matter of tax-paying with those of any democratic administration? If they did not care for the interest of the county, methinks it would be otherwise.

A few words to J. He says, in speaking of the Southern Maryland Railroad, "I cannot go from home without discovering new evidences that the Republican ticket will be run in its interest at the first favorable opportunity." He should have given those evidences to the public. It is not right to leave us in suspense. We may be trying to prepare to meet the foe and our preparations might turn out all wrong. Methinks I have heard some of the would-be political prophets of his section indulging in that talk before, but unfortunately for their reputations as such, their prophecies have never been verified. The truth is, the wish is parent to the thought. Nothing would give the managers of either party greater joy than to see their opponents commit themselves to some such suicidal course as he talks about. The majority of the people of this county wish a railroad and think that there will eventually be one built, but who unto that politician or set of politicians who endeavor to pledge the county's faith to endorse any railroad bond or subscribe to the stock of any company. There has been enough of those investments, and no more will be made I am certain until the county realizes on the one made. If he will examine the records of the last Legislature, he will find that the attitude of the Republican party to this company was not very friendly then, and I have seen no change since. Be this as it may, he may rest assured that *poor and ignorant* as the Republicans are, they are not such fools as to attempt the resuscitation of a corpse. We will cheerfully leave all such pleasant tasks to our opponents. We have lately had fine rains in this section, and they have greatly brightened everything up. Corn is looking well for the season. The tobacco crop is nearly all planted and is growing off finely. The wheat harvest is over and a fair yield is looked for. And, on the whole, despite the hard times, everything looks cheering. M.

CHURCH INDEBTEDNESS.—The New York Tribune a few days since published a list of the religious institutions of New York city which are in debt giving the amount owing by each. The list numbers fifty-five, the smallest indebtedness being \$5,000; the largest \$250,000. These sums are secured by mortgages, and embrace only those which have been made since 1869. Foreclosure proceedings have been commenced in several cases, and it is not unlikely there will be a good deal of embarrassment to the bodies occupying the edifices. The recapitulation by denomination is as follows:—Presbyterian, \$706,000; Reformed, \$664,000; Protestant Episcopal, \$453,000; Roman Catholic, \$229,000; Baptist, \$212,000; Methodist, \$79,000; Lutheran, \$44,886; total \$2,367,886. The Tribune remarks:—The finest and costliest of the fashionable churches in this city are heavily mortgaged. No other class of improved real estate in this city appears to be so heavily incumbered as that of its religious associations. Nearly the whole of the debt created by these mortgages has been for the purpose of enlarging edifices, or the construction of new ones. There can be found scarcely an example where a church has incurred debt for the purpose of increasing salaries or the number of its laborers, or to enlarge its contributions to general charity or missionary funds. All has apparently been for show.

POTATO BUGS.—Our farmers, and especially those who are large potato growers, will no doubt be pleased to learn that an effectual remedy against the voracious potato bug has at last been discovered in "gas-house lime," that is, the lime which is used for purifying gas, and through which the fluid passes in order to get rid of the ammonia with which it is impregnated in its original state. The ammonia is retained in the lime itself, and is supposed that, with the pestiferous insect. Aside from its influence upon the potato bug, of course every farmer knows that the lime and ammonia also benefit the land, and he thereby kills two birds with one stone. *Annapolis Advertiser.*

"What you been a-doin'?" asked a boy of his playmate, whom he saw coming out of the house with tears in his eyes. "Chasing a horse-ship around my father," was the snarling reply.

The Train Wreckers.

It was shortly after the war that Pompey came to us, the same summer, in fact, that the great railroad, stretching itself across the country, came through the southern part of the State, and passed directly over the lower end of our meadow.

It was having time when he came along the road and begged for work.

"What's your name?" my father asked him.

"Pompey," was the simple answer.

"What can you do?" my father asked.

"I kin pick cotton, massa," he said.

"Can you mow?"

"Guess so. I see mighty quick to learn."

So father called out to me.

"Jack," said he, "take this man in and give him some supper. I think he'll do."

And Pompey did do—a splendid deed that I'm going to tell you about, only that was years after.

All that time he stayed with us, and there was not one of us but loved him. Faithful, patient, trusty old Pompey!

We always had a kind of grudge against the iron rails for passing so near us and cutting off the prettiest portion of our favorite meadow.

And we never to this day have grown quite used to the roar of the train and the shriek of the locomotive as it comes rushing by in the night.

It always disturbed us all except Pompey.

Somehow the negro and the railroad struck up an intimate and lasting friendship.

Although he was intelligent enough about most things, towards the locomotives he seemed to feel a sort of superstitious awe, looking upon them somewhat as the earlier Indians regarded the first ships that came over the Atlantic.

Almost every evening, if the night was fine, Pompey would light his pipe after supper, and go down through the orchard to the meadow, and sit there until the train went by.

That was not until ten o'clock.

There were two passenger trains each day, one at morning and one at night.

Of course there were plenty of freight trains running at all hours.

It was one hot afternoon that Patty came in from the barn.

Patty is my sister.

She said that there was somebody in the hay-mow asleep.

She had heard him snore.

Pompey was sitting in the kitchen porch just then.

There was nothing particular doing that day.

Father had gone to town.

He jumped up when Patty told us this. "It's them dirty tramps!" he cried.

He looked upon all tramps with contemptuous disdain.

They were always allied in his simple mind with the "white trash" of his native South.

So, with him at our head, and our dog Rover too, we took up our march for the barn.

Pompey seized a pitchfork, and climbing the ladder, sprang eagerly into the hay, very much as a terrier dives in among the rats the instant a door is opened for him.

Presently we heard his voice.

He seemed to be stirring up somebody.

"Come, now, wake up here! What you tink? Gwine to lay abed all day! Rouse out, now. Time was on your trabbels, I reckon."

Perhaps it was not the course for us to take, crossing in the dark by the narrow plank; but we did not at the moment think of danger.

There had been a heavy recent rain, and the river was full.

We could hear the water roaring and gurgling by as we stepped on the boards.

We advanced boldly until we came to the covered part, which was some forty feet long.

Then we hesitated, Pompey himself inclined to turn back.

But I laughed at her, and, taking arm hold of each other's hands, we moved on.

I don't know how it was, exactly, but as we reached the very centre of this part which was roofed over, almost creeping along in the darkness, a shudder seemed to seize both of us.

I think we felt at that moment the presence of some person or persons besides ourselves beneath that covering.

We stood still for an instant.

Then we hurried on more rapidly and less carefully, towards the opening at the other end.

Just as we were stepping out into the starlight again, something occurred that might well have paralyzed hearts far stouter than ours.

It was Pompey's voice that rang out loud, clear, and distinct from the darkness behind us.

And his words were so terrible, that, for an instant, we sank down helpless, fully catching their meaning, yet unable to stir.

"This was what he said—

"Run!—run for your lives! Git a lantern and stop the train. These dirty tramps has torn up the—"

That was all that he said.

We heard a low curse and a dull sound, as if a blow had been given, and then the words seemed to fade and gurgle out in an awful groan.

I think both of us realized fully the situation—our own danger, and that of the train even now due—from the very first.

Only we were so frightened, that for a moment we could not move.

What roused us was a shout and an oath from one of the tramps.

"We must catch them," he cried, "or they'll stop everything."

We heard the sound of heavy boots on the planks, and then I gave a violent jerk at Patty's arm, and away we went, running as we never had run before.

It was not until we were some twenty feet away that we were shot at; but it was probably some time before we were shot at.

After the first fright, the thought uppermost in our minds was the train.

We knew that we must stop that at all hazards; and we were praying in our hearts that we might be in time.

We turned off at the meadow and ran up through the orchard.

By a special providence, as I cannot but believe, father was engaged in the barn with a light.

We told him the whole story in half-a-dozen words, and then all three hurried back to the railroad and down to the line.

But the train wreckers were nowhere to be seen.

Probably, now that the alarm had been given, they had thought it best to hurry away.

The line was straight for a mile or two, and away down the bank there, just how near we could not tell, was the glowing headlight.

Father advanced towards it swinging the lantern round and round.

It did not seem half a minute—it was not much more than that, really—before the train was upon us.

The whistle shrieked.

Oh, would they never stop!

Father kept his place, still swinging the lantern, until the engine was within a few feet of him.

But the brakes had been applied, and presently it stopped, not half-a-dozen rods this side of the river, and excited men came running back.

It did not take a very long time to repeat the story.

We went back and found Pompey lying there, tied to a beam beside the line, stone dead, with a terrible wound across his forehead.

His thick honest lips could not tell us the story.

They were white and bloodless now, and would never speak to us again.

He Had a Heart.

"As heartless as a Jew" is an expression that long since passed into a proverb, but why as "heartless as a Jew" would probably puzzle the inventor of the expression were he now living.

Its survival only shows, even in the nineteenth century, that we have not outgrown the blind and unreasonable prejudices of former ages.

The story of Abraham Levi, dealer in second-hand clothing and purveyor of cast-off trifies, is a notable example showing that the much-abused Israelite has a heart.

His place of business is in a tumble-down old house on Webster avenue, in the smoky city of Pittsburgh. The exterior of his shop and dwelling reminds one of the tenements of the Five Points, while its interior presents a veritable curiosity shop filled with every imaginable second-hand article, as though a whole colony of enthusiastic Mrs. Toodlees had consolidated their auction treasures for the purpose of giving a grand exhibition.

Overcoats and dress coats in various stages of dilapidation, broken-winded broken-back books, door-plates and boot-jacks and every imaginable odd and end of domestic or personal appointment, are to be found piled up on boxes, shelves and in dusty corners.

Every day Mr. Levi sallies forth with a dirty black and green piano-cover under his arm, and comes back with a miscellaneous collection of books, old boots, and all manner of cast-off articles to add to his collection, and meet the wants of his customers who live on the "hill."

Mr. James Harbison was one of the iron kings of the Smoky City, a widower with one son and two daughters, and a million in solid cash.

Emma Harbison was not a favorite with her brother Arthur and her sister Samantha. She had been her mother's favorite, but her father never exhibited much partiality for her. She was reserved and shy as her brother and sister were forward and boisterous.

Mr. Harbison had removed to Pittsburgh from the interior of the State, upon the death of his wife, while his children were yet small, and Emma, as she grew up, still kept the rural ways of her early childhood, which gave mortal offense to her fashionable brother.

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brought to light the horrible practices that had been carried on for years.—How delicate girls were horsewhipped and tied up by the thumbs, and subjected to every conceivable torture at the caprice of the officials. Poor Emma, so gentle and uncomplaining, came in for a share of the punishment, and her recitals before the committee made strong men weep in very indignation. A wealthy lady, hearing the story of the poor girl's wrongs, adopted her and gave her a home full of every comfort, and her young life became joyous once more.

But how fared it with her unnatural brother and sister? For a while they led the fashionable portion of society, and lived magnificently. They outrivaled in the magnificence of their entertainments and the splendor of their equipages.

Arthur prided himself on his financial sagacity, and invested his and his sister's fortune in paying stocks that brought handsome dividends.

But the financial crash of 1873 brought them ruin. The collapse of the National Trust Company, Brady & Co.'s banking house, and other banks where Arthur had invested, beggared them, and swept almost a million dollars out of their selfish grasp.

They were in as great straits for the necessities of life as poor Emma had been, and lived solely on the charity of a few of their wealthy friends, a little less fearless than the most who had once favored upon them but knew them no more.

Abraham Levi valued Emma's work-box at ten dollars, but found no purchaser. After vainly trying to sell it one day, he shook it indignantly at the customer as he was leaving the shop, and was surprised to hear something move inside of it. He took the key to unlock it, but it was empty. Holding it open, he again heard something moving. Examining the interior still more closely, he observed a minute spring, against which he pushed, and a false bottom was thrown open.

And such a sight as met the astonished eyes of the Jew! Spread out on the bottom of the box was a new United States seven-thirty bond, with ten years' coupons unclipped. He picked it up, and another precisely like it met his gaze. Grasping the second, the third appeared, and so on till they numbered thirty-five. Here was a greater fortune than Abraham Levi had ever dreamed of. He seized a pencil, and calculated the interest. The bonds and coupons were worth more than six hundred thousand dollars in the money-market. They were his. He was wealthy at last. He replaced them in the box, put down the false bottom and locked it up in the safe.

But Abraham Levi's peace of mind was gone. He no longer took any interest in his business and began to lose his customers. Several times he had taken the box and started to New York to get the bonds exchanged, but his heart always failed him. He knew that he ran no risk, and yet he had not the courage to realize his fortune.

One day, after musing for an hour, a strange smile crossed his face and he said: "Best shub vat I vill do!"

He opened the safe, took out the box and placed it under his arm. Just as he reached the street a carriage stopped in front of his store and Miss Emma alighted.

"O! Mr. Levi," she exclaimed, "I am just in time. I see you are going to sell my box. I have come to redeem it."

"No, Miss," replied Levi. "I not go out to sell him; I go to take him to you. But coom in, young lady. I wish to explain."

Emma entered the dingy place, and Mr. Levi told her the whole story of a straight-forward way, and then showed her the fortune he guarded so carefully and ignorantly for so many years, and which he had tried to sell for the sum of \$10.

"And how can I ever reward you, Mr. Levi?" asked Emma, grasping his hands.

"Vell," said he, "I tink ash you might gif me a hundred dollars."

"No! no!" said Emma, seizing one of the bonds, "you shall take one of these at least."

But Levi hesitated for a long time insisting that \$100 was a sufficient reward. Finally Emma induced him to accept a ten thousand dollar bond, and to-day Abraham Levi is one of the happiest of men, although he still keeps up his endless variety of odds and ends and goes from house to house in search of "old clo's."

Emma Harrison was too sensible a girl to act like the girl in the story and divide her fortune with her ungrateful brother and sister. She did nothing of the kind. She secured the position of shipping clerk in a rolling mill for Arthur, and the position of music teaching for Samantha. She treats them in the most sisterly manner, but insists that they shall earn a living for themselves, and to this all who know the trio say amen.

A STEAM BATH A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—A French newspaper published the following as a cure for hydrophobia:

Dr. Buisson was called in to give his assistance to a young girl who was suffering from the last spasms of hydrophobia. He bled her and wiped his hands with a handkerchief impregnated with the saliva of the patient. On one of the fingers of the left hand he had a slight wound; he soon discovered how imprudent he had been, but confident in a

method of cure he had just discovered, he simply washed his hands in water.

"Thinking," says Mr. Buisson "that the disease would only manifest itself on the fortieth day, and having many patients to see, I put off from day to day to take the remedy I had discovered, namely, steam baths. On the ninth day, while in my study, I had a violent pain in my throat and in my eyes; my body seemed to be a tremendous weight, so that if I leaped out of the window I could have floated in the air. My hair was so sensitive that it seemed to me that I could count each individual hair without seeing it. The saliva was abundant in my mouth. The air produced a very painful impression on me, and I avoided letting my eyes rest on brilliant objects. I had a continual longing to run about and bite, not men, but animals and all kinds of things around me. I drank with difficulty, but the sight of the water was more painful than the pain it caused in swallowing it. I think that a person suffering from hydrophobia could always drink if their eyes were closed. The pains occurred every five minutes, commencing at the wound and running up to the shoulder. Thinking that a steam bath was a preventive, not a cure, I took one—not as a cure, but to try to soothe myself. When the bath came to 52 degrees centigrade (125 Fahrenheit) all the symptoms left me as a by-product, and since then I have never felt them. I have attended more than eighty persons bitten by rabid animals; all were cured by a vapor bath."

If a person has been bitten by a mad dog, seven vapor or Russian baths must be given, from 37 to 63 degrees centigrade (98 to 145 Fahrenheit). This is only a preventive. If once the disease has declared itself, only one bath is necessary, rapidly heated to 37 degrees centigrade (98 Fahrenheit), and then more slowly up to 63 degrees (144 Fahrenheit). The patient must then remain in his room till he feels quite well.

Cassell's Family Paper proposes an ingenious method of giving a vapor bath which may complement the previous information for Russian baths in America are not