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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

HE TALKS WITH FRIEND JAKE, ON SOME PUBLIC MATTERS.

The Alliance and the Sub-Treasury—Who Will Pay the Big Bounties?—A Personal View.

Uncle Jake is not a scholar, but is a reader and a thinker. He takes some papers and borrows others. He is getting old, and is quite amiable and tolerant. His natural disposition is not to criticize, but rather to apologize for everything and everybody. When there is conflict and excitement and bitterness, he takes no side, but offers excuses for both.

"There are two sides to this thing," says he, "and folks ought to discuss it more calmly." It always interests me to draw him out on the perplexing questions of the day, and hear him express his "learnings."

"I haven't mind enough," says he, "to decide betwixt 'em, but it will all work out right after while. Our Heavenly Father is mighty good to His creatures as long as good people are in majority. He would have saved Sodom if Abraham could have found ten good people there. I don't know how big the town was—big as Atlanta, I reckon, but it must have been an awful place. God puts up with a heap before He lets his wrath boil over. He never sent the flood until the number of good people was reduced down to eight, and I reckon one of them was a pretty hard case and was just saved on account of his kinfolks. I believe there is many a young man, and young girl, too, who will be saved on account of their father and mother. Atlanta is said to be a right wicked town, but I reckon there are several hundred good people there—pretty good people—and I think she is safe. The towns are worse than the country, for you see the devil hasn't got time to run round from house to house and whisper his devilment in their ears. He wants 'em by the wholesale. He won't set his trap to catch one bird. He has got sense, he has. He won't waste his ammunition."

"Uncle Jake," said I, "what is your opinion about this home for the veterans that has raised such a commotion?" "Well, now," said he, "since it has sorter quieted down I reckon a man can talk a little without being misconstrued. While they were all so mad on both sides I never said nary a word. It wasn't prudent. There are two sides to it and both 'em are good sides. There isn't much difference betwixt 'em really, but they didn't know it. Everybody is willing to do something for the veterans, and the question is, what is the best thing to do. If they had taken a little more time and sent out circulars, and had the magistrates in every direction to send in a report of how many old soldiers in his beat had no kinfolks that he had rather stay with, and who would probably go home, then there would have been something substantial to depend on. There may be right smart of 'em in the State—I don't know."

"I asked our members about it and they didn't know of any in Bartow. It's mighty hard for an old soldier to break up his associations and go off alone. A man has got to be nigh a vagabond to do it. I heard Sam Jones say that the soldiers' home up north were perfectly scandalous. That nobody was in 'em but a lot of vagabond foreigners who come over here without families and pitched in to the fight and they have gone to their homes and draw their pensions and set around all day and drink beer and play cards, and they are considered up there a perfect nuisance. But our veterans are not that kind, and if we can help them we want to do it. But I know some mighty worthy ones who need help and won't go to the 'home,' either—they love their homefolks too good for that. Something might be done for them. There are two sides to this question, and the boys oughtn't to get mad. They are all for the veterans, and the widows, too, and it don't make any difference what their papers up north say about it. What- ever we do won't lose a friend or convert an enemy up there. It makes me sorter mad to hear our people say what will the north say about it?"

THE ALLIANCE AND THE SUB-TREASURY.

"Uncle Jake," said I, "what's your opinion about the Alliance and the Sub-Treasury?" "Oh I don't know," said he, "it will all work out right after a while. There are two sides to it, and whenever there are two sides it gets up discussions, and we will have to wait until the argument is over. It is in a right smart tangle yet but the people will do right when they have time to see what right is. The farmers are raising a powerful rumpus and if they are demanding too much it's a good way to get something. I remember when the watchword of our party was '\$54.40 or fight,' but we settled down to \$39.30 and didn't fight either, for that was all the territory we were entitled to."

"Folks have to make a fuss sometimes, or they will be run over. You know Bob Smith actually quit his crop and went to preaching all the week, and when his boss made a fuss about it, Bob said: 'We is just obliged to do got to preachin.' You white folks done got dis here world, and we niggers is a fixin' to get de next one.' The farmers have been paying tribute to protection for seventy-five years, and they are tired. They want their time to come. They want a bounty in some shape. Sugar has got one, and why not cotton and

corn and wheat and rice? Five dollars a bale on cotton would help powerfully, and that would be only \$40,000,000 a year. That's nothing for a government like this. Suppose we paid \$100,000,000 a year to the farmers in bounties, they would get the money and their products be higher. The poor people would get them as cheap as ever. I can buy sugar at 5 cents, but the sugar planter gets 2 cents a pound more. This would stimulate farming and beat the Sub-Treasury scheme. The manufacturers have had that much or more for fifty years through the protective tariff—why not the farmers?"

"But Uncle Jake," said I, "where will the government get the money to pay these bounties?" "Oh, I don't know," said he, "where there's a will there's a way. There's the income tax that they could make as heavy as they please, and they could put some more on whiskey—whiskey will stand a sight. It pays \$180,000,000 now, and could just as easy pay \$280,000,000."

"But suppose," said I, "the temperance movement abolishes whiskey—what then?" "Why, then," said Uncle Jake smiling, "we would have such a millennium we wouldn't want any bounties—we wouldn't need any. If whiskey was abolished it would save a thousand millions a year to the country. Without whiskey we would all get rich. Whiskey runs poverty and porches and lunatic asylums and orphan's homes and jails and chaingangs and prisons of all kinds. Whiskey runs the courts and the taxes and pretty much the lawyers and doctors, and say nothing of broken vows and broken hearts. We could afford to swap away every bounty and pension and protection to get rid of whiskey, but we won't talk about that now, for it's not in sight. It's only a hope, a dream. The devil will give up everything before he will give up whiskey."

"Uncle Jake," said I, "do you believe in a real, personal devil?" "The old man looked surprised. 'Why not?' said he. 'Why not? Don't the Bible tell us about him and all his officers—Satan and Beelzebub and Apollyon and Moloch and Belial and all those fellows? Why, the old scoundrel came first. He had possession when Adam was created and he began right straight to work on him, and he's been a-workin' on his posterity ever since. Don't I feel it? Don't I know it? He's been working on me all my life, and I have to fight him every day. What makes me have wicked thoughts—thoughts of passion, revenge, envy, covetousness. When that mean old rascal, Jim Wilkins, was torn all to pieces by the cyclone, what made me glad of it? Don't I know that all such thoughts are unbecoming to a gentleman? What makes me love to hear Sam Jones scold the people, what makes a little child show passions and selfishness before it can talk? The Lord didn't make us that way, not at the start, he didn't. The old devil is at the bottom of every bad thing, and we have just got to fight him, that's all. If he whips the fight here, then we become his subjects, and go straight to his kingdom, fire or no fire. That's what I believe. If I tell my boy not to go in a-washing this evening, he is perfectly free to mind me or not mind me, and just so the Lord has made me a free agent, to do right or do wrong. The good spirit works on me and the devil works on me, and I can take my choice—that's what I believe."

"Sam Jones and Sam Small have got together again, and they make a powerful team. It doesn't matter what some folks or some papers say about them they are shaking up the people. I don't know what would become of us if it were not for the preachers. I saw a man meddlin' tears last night while he was talkin' about a pure one in years, they say. May be he will come to himself yet, and like the poor prodigal, go back to his father's house. I hope so. Everybody hopes so. Some folks don't like the spasmodical, emotional religion, but it is better than none. It puts a man to thinking, and is a sign that he is not clean gone. Our tabernacle is an institution and a comfort. It is crowded every day and every night, and all its influence is for good. Hundreds go there that won't go to the churches, and some of them are gathered in."

"There are but two great highways in this world, and one of them leads to the churches and the other to the jails. Not that so many reach the jails, but you can see the jail way off at the end of the avenue they are on. Their bent is in that direction. And you can see the spires of the churches away off at the end of the other. The churches are the freest homes on earth, and the best. They have no secrets, and the doors are wide open, and you pay what you please, and every thing that is done or said there is for peace; nobody quarrels or fights. You can't say that much of any political meeting or any secret society or grand jury or alliance meeting. I never heard of a young man being made worse by going to church. There is a sad song that says, 'Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?' that a poor mother was singing. Well, if I was to step in and say, 'He's at church, madame,' wouldn't she be happy? Parents are not afraid of the church. They may not belong to it, nor go to it, but I never saw one who tried to keep his child away. Did you?"

Well, no; I never did. I have read about them, but I reckon it was a romance. BILL ARP.

TOLER IN HEAVEN.

THE MAJOR FOOLS ST. PETER AND GETS ON THE INSIDE.

Here is a Story That Shows How Far Some Men Can Go in Being Irreverent and Sacrilegious, and it is not a Bit Funny, Either.

Some months ago Maj. W. H. Toler, of Los Angeles, Cal., a gentleman well known in this city and section, where he was raised, was thrown from a buggy while he was out driving and so stunned that for a long while his life was despaired of. A Los Angeles Herald reporter, under the above heading gives the following humorous interview with the Major:

Since the publication of the incident about how Major Toler split a cannon ball two with his head during the war there has been a public demand for information about his experience when he was thrown out of his buggy and stunned against a granite curb. A reporter ran against the Major yesterday and tackled him. After the usual preliminaries, the reporter wanted to know if the owner of the curbstone came after him for damages?

Major Toler—Well, not exactly. There is a misapprehension about that curbstone. It had been made out of granite I would have shattered it. But it was made out of California cement, which so hardens in this climate that cannon balls are not a circumstance to it.

Reporter—You must have been badly hurt, then? Toler—No. I cannot say that I was, for I didn't feel it. When my friends gathered around me, they found me dead, to all intents and purposes.

Reporter—Will you tell me how one feels when dead, and what you were doing all those hours until life returned? Toler—Well, I took a little trip across the dead line. My spirit was caught by my guardian angel and borne across the river about which the Christians sing. I was borne upwards until I came to the golden gate. I felt a little shaky as to how matters would develop for me, but with a great amount of confidence I knocked boldly at the gate, and Uncle Peter wanted to know who was there, "Toler, from Los Angeles, was there, of the Angels, that is so like Park dise?" "Are you Democrat or Republican?" to which I with pride answered, "A twenty-four carat fine Democrat." "Come in, then, at the right-hand door. The left-hand leads to Republican headquarters."

Reporter—So you got in, did you? Well, what did you see? Toler—There at once gathered about me a great convoy of angels, discoursing the sweetest music and rejoicing, saying, "Enter into thy rest." Thus I was conveyed through the streets of the New Jerusalem and beheld its glories—the streets of gold and its river of the water of life such as no mortal tongue can ever tell. But I was borne on I was more interested in a great concourse of spirits who gathered near the great throne. To my guardian angel I asked, "What meant this mighty host of glorified spirits?" to which answer was made, "This is the great Democratic headquarters." Then as I came up to the scene I recognized many whom I had known in the flesh. There was the great Confederate general, and a multitude of soldiers who had laid down their lives on earth's great battlefields. What a great joy, as we clasped hands once more! After a time I beheld a spirit of wonderful beauty, and she wore (for it was a woman) a robe of surpassing loveliness and no face beamed with purer joy. I at once sought her acquaintance and found myself talking to Mrs. Surratt. After some time I remarked upon the absence of Republican friends, and Mrs. Surratt led me to a high turret upon the wall of the great city, and far across a great gulf she pointed to a region of the lost. There she showed me those who had sat in judgment on her and condemned her to death, and with them were gathered the multitude that hated righteousness and honest government. My heart was filled with great pity and I was anxious to come back to earth and warn my Republican friends that they go not to that place of torment where the Republicans, like the worm, dieh not. 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