

The Yellow-Jacket.

VOL. I

MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C., APRIL, 1896.

NO. 11.

THE YELLOW-JACKET.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

15 CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Entered at Moravian Falls, N. C. as 2nd class mail matter.

The Blue Cross opposite your name on your paper is to remind you that your subscription is out and that, unless you renew, you will receive no more papers.

Away with political bossism forever.

If you have any sand in your craw, now's the time to prove it.

A vote for the goldbugs is a vote against Betsy and the brats.

The original and legitimate purpose of money is to be the incident, not the object, of exchange.

We see it stated that Wilkes Co. is a "free silver hot bed." We hope it is true and that it will still keep a-heatin'.

England squeezes daily about one million dollars interest out of Uncle Sam. Let everybody yell for free America.

Bonds for the boodlers and bullets for the bummers. That's nineteenth century American civilization.

Let the people stand solidly together and they soon can have the goldbugs by the tail with a downhill pull on 'em.

In the whole history of the world every great and general fall in prices has been preceded by a decrease in the volume of money.

Tinkering with the tariff will no more settle the financial distress of our country than binding pancakes on a man's stomach will satisfy his hunger.

The only remedy for these hard times is for us to elect men to Congress and the State legislatures fully imbued with the sentiments and spirit of the people.

The worst outrage committed by the Roman Catholics since the days of the Inquisition was when they threw their votes with the Democrats and gave us Cleveland.

Goldbugs find it an up-hill business making "gold money" converts of the average working men, as nine tenths of them don't own a gold coin every five years.

Good Lord, deliver us from any more Democratic promises or pleas for a "chance." We know their ways. "The proof of the pudding is the chawin' of the bag."

Uncle Sam has given the R. R. companies of this country over two hundred and thirty-one million acres of the public lands,—an era nine times the size of the state of Ohio.

We will send ten Yellow-Jackets each month for a whole year to different addresses for one of Grover's little old "fifty cent silver dollars." Skirmish round, honest Injun, and get us up a club.

This year promises a departure from the usual order in politics. Formerly voters have been kicked around by the bosses, but it is the voters who will do the kicking this time.

Every man who holds to Republicanism as taught by Lincoln and the founders of the party should enter an emphatic protest against having the party's financial policy fashioned after the views of old Grover Sherman and John Cleveland.

Dr. York says that if Cleveland's policy is carried out, down to the gates of hell this country will go. Yet Cleveland Democrats are fairly itching for York to become a candidate for Congress from the 8th district. Arn't they a consistent set anyhow?

Was Judas a friend to Christ; was Brutus a friend to Cæsar; was Cromwell a friend of Charles I; was Booth a friend to

Lincoln; was Guiteau a friend to Garfield? If so, then is the Democratic party a friend to silver, and, like the Lord, whom it loveth it chasteneth.—Ex.

Every community has a liar or two. A smart Alack. More loafers than it needs. A woman or two that tattles. Several men with the caboose of their trousers worn as smooth as glass, who can tell you all about finance, the weather, and how to run other people's business, but have made a dismal failure of their own.

There is no more of the spirit of Abe Lincoln Republicanism in a gold standard than there is happiness in hades. By adopting this hydra-headed, British gold-money policy, the Democratic party, not only brought wreck and ruin upon the country, but split its own organization into unrecognizable fragments. A goldbug policy will as surely lead the Republican party to the same destination as night follows day.

There is a majority of voters in the Republican party who desire free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 independent of Europe, John Cleveland, Grover Sherman and the devil. But the fact is, the common voter is not "in it" in making platforms, and, of course, the "sound" men will make a "sound money" (gold standard) platform, and it naturally follows that only a gold bug or straddle bug will stand upon it, and this makes the thing clear to a blind man that the chances for getting a silver Republican for president are slimer than a blue racer in the dead of winter. So what are you going to do about it, boys? Quit advocating free coinage, and go to yelling for your party, eh? Yes, but didn't you know that the great gulf which now separates the money lords from the laboring class was brought about largely by neglecting to stick to the original principles of your party?