

The Yellow-Jacket.

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THE YELLOW-JACKET.

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B. DON LAWS, - - EDITOR.

ENTERED AT MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.
AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

When you see "stamped" on your paper the words, "Your subscription has expired," you will receive no more papers, unless you renew. We WILL NOT send the paper on time. Please renew and go with us through another year.

McKinley, he got the coon.

Didn't we "told you so."

The electoral vote for McKinley is 277; Bryan, 170.

The Democratic roosters arn't crowing so mighty much of late, it seems.

16 Democrats snowed under to one on top. Indeed it appears that the Demmies are a 16 to 1 party.

The more we ruminate on the size of the Republican victory, the "gooder it gits."

The history of the Democrats can be written with three words: "Fought, foamed, fizzled."

Yes, the Demmies and the Poppies flopped together and were going to literally "sweep the earth" for Bryan. Well haint they done it?

Less than two months ago Democrats told us that the tariff was settled. Now if these fellows will only wait a few months they will find that it is settled in about the same way that Bryan has swept the country.

To every person who will subscribe for the Yellow-Jacket for one year by sending us Fifteen Cents, we will mail free a copy of that great book, Uncle Tom's Cabin. Don't send the whole amount in stamps. Send 10 cents in silver, the balance can be in postage. Remember you get both the book and the paper 12 months for 15 cents.

When you ask a man to subscribe for your paper and he says, "Oh, I never read much, and besides, times are to plaged tight," immediately apologize to him for the mistake and leave him. Life is too short to waste time trying to teach a jackass how to sing soprano. All gentlemen nowadays read newspapers—and lots of them. Show us a man who lives for years in a town or country and never subscribes for the papers published there, and we will show you a man whose head is shaped like a piece of pie, with the point up, and whose ignorance is only exceeded by his gigantic gall. A country newspaper is an institution that works day and night for every decent man in the country, therefore every decent man is in honor bound to assist in its support. The great trouble is that some swellhead galoots fancy that they are making the editor a present when they take his paper. We have the profoundest sympathy for the man who lives in the country for years and never subscribes and pays for his county paper. If that poor fellow was to encounter an idea in a lane he would turn and fly the other way with the tail of his garment beating the atmosphere. Don't waste much on such cattle. One of them has not enough sense to keep warm in Hades.—Texas Harpoon.

The Small Boy's Pants.

G. S. GREENE.

I hate the pants that mother makes
And "leaves me room to grow";
That's why they drag around my
legs—

That's why they wobble so.

That's why the pockets at the side
Are right down at my feet:
And the way I know the front from
back

Is the patch that's on the seat.

That's why they look so very queer
I'm going to tell her so.

I hate those pants that mother
makes,

With "lots of room to grow."

Economist Notes.

Bryan could not carry his own ward and Sewall could not carry anything, not even his own family.

Washington has regained its right to bear the name of our great first President, who signed the first Protective Tariff act ever passed in this country.

Free-Trade rests on phrases, Protection rests on facts. Phrases won the elections of 1892 for Free-Trade, facts have won the election of 1896 for Protection.

"We have met the enemy and they are ours." At least, everything in sight is ours and if the enemy are not ours, it is because they are buried deep from sight beneath the debris of their shattered arguments.

It is some time since the American people "woke to penitential tears" for the blunder of 1892. But at last they have had a chance to retrieve that blunder and now they can say;

The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears.

We heard the first rumble of the storm in Maine and Vermont last September, but that which appeared to be a mighty rumble in September, now seems like the snap of a toy pistol to the thunders of November.

West Virginia does not think with Boy Orator Bryan that "the Tariff on coal is indefensible." In fact, West Virginia miners are quite convinced that the Tariff on coal is not only defensible, but absolutely necessary for their prosperity, and they have given very effective utterance to their belief. See election returns.

Now is your best chance to buy a first class, high grade sewing machine at the lowest figures ever known. See our offer in this paper. We have thoroughly tested the Arlington and will guarantee it to give satisfaction. Buy one and make your wife happy.

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