

# THE YELLOW JACKET.

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R. DON LAWS, - - EDITOR.

## SALUTATORY.

With this issue we begin the publication of The Yellow Jacket. We lay no claim to journalistic genius or literary culture. Probably the vulgarisms of our language will detract much from what we write with the cultured, refined, thoughtful readers, but let it detract. We will write to the laboring classes and they are not shocked at such expressions. We are one of them and proud of that. We would not give much for the culture, refinement, and thoughtfulness of those who fail to understand our meaning.

We shall endeavor to make The Yellow Jacket a regular, jam-up, Jim-Dandy hustler from Bitter Creek.

It will fight for the cause of humanity with indignation enough to stampede the devil.

R Don Laws.

This is The Yellow Jacket.

If you don't like it, why don't read it.

We will tell you about the Fusionists in next issue.

Be sure to read that prayer on the 4th page.

The Yellow Jacket is the only political paper published in the State for 15 cents per year.

If you are on the side of right and truth it will never sting you.

The Summer of 1894 exceeded any previous year in the history of our country for the number of idle men and strikes. We fear the record shall be broken in '95. Without a radical change, it is only a question of time when every small enterprise shall have to crawl into a hole.

Cheap job printing at The Yellow Jacket Office.

We believe that all the more important measures of legislation before becoming law should be referred to the popular vote for approval or rejection. This would take the veto power out of the hands of a president or governor and put it directly in the hands of the people.

The sale of land for taxes at Wilkesboro the first of May was a fair illustration of the effects of the "sound money" doctrine. Many a poor man who has worked hard to secure a home for himself and family had to see that home pass beyond his reach just because we have a financial system that strikes down one half of the money of our people. Men of Wilkes, why will you vote away your homes and be slaves yourselves just to gratify a money oligarchy and make your dollars good in "Yourop?"

## DON'T TAX A MILLIONAIRE.

Tax the land and tax the water,  
Tax the sunbeams and the air;  
Tax creation, tax perdition, but—  
Don't tax the Millionaire!

Tax the crops and tax the forests,  
Tax the people everywhere;  
Tax the schoolhouse & the church,  
But don't tax the Millionaire!

Tax the moonlight & the starbeam  
And the planets where they are;  
Tax the widow and the orphan,  
But don't tax the Millionaire!

Tax the living, tax the dying,  
Tax their clothing bones and hair;  
Tax the coffin, tax the gravestone,  
But don't tax the Millionaire!

Tax the preacher, tax the teachers,  
Tax the saints tho' few and rare;  
Tax their faith and hope of heaven  
But don't tax the Millionaire!  
—Farm Fun.

Many people, who are whiling away their long June evenings in idle slumber will be dancing to the music of the auctioneer's fiddle before the frosts of next Nov.

Goshen township was discontinued by the legislature.

Benedict Arnold was a patriot and a gentleman compared to the man who will fool away his home from his wife and little ones.

Instead of Wilkes being the "land of Dr. York, corn licker and freedom," it is the land of mortgages, moonshine licker, agents and peddlers.

## TARIFF REFORM.

What a sweet morsel! Gentlemen, the question is up; what are we going to do about it? If you want to earn the gratitude of all your fellow citizens, make speeches. Swear by all the big gods and the little gods that you believe it is; and if it is as it was, it ought to be just as it has been, and you think it will be as it ought to be, and would have been if it had not been that it was not as it ought to have been at the very time that it should have been as it was to have been at the time it was not. Now, I would suggest that it be fixed as it was to have been fixed at the time we promised to change it the way it was before it was changed to the way it ought not to have been and therefore worked irreparable injury to persons who were either directly or indirectly citizens of the United States or of some other country. If it could be made to work like it did before it was changed to what it was at the time it was not what it ought to have been, I think it would settle the whole matter. It is plain to see that we've got to do something that never has been done heretofore nor ever will be done again hereafter, in a way that will command the admiration of the one-gallus, copperas-breeches, plowholder, or our name is Dennis.

—Section of Cleveland's message translated by W. S. M.