

The Yellow-Jacket.

VOL. II

MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C., APRIL, 1897.

NO. 11

THE YELLOW-JACKET.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

15 CENTS PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

B. DON LAWS, - - - EDITOR.

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

When your paper is cross-marked it means your subscription is out, and, that you will receive no more papers, unless you renew.

And Wm. J. Bryan has writ a book.

Some of the Democrats are (dis) cussing the Dingly Tariff Bill.

Japan has adopted the gold standard at a ratio of 32½ to 1.

It is said that Cleveland carries his bait in a jug when he goes fishing.

To hades with the so-called Civil Service law. Them's our sentiments.

The fellow who wants a feast of dry thistles has only to "jine" the Democratic party.

It is now in order for the Democrats to tighten their belly-bands and go to making faces at the Republicans.

Yes, boys, the Dems failed, and judging by the course they took, they are thoroughly qualified to keep on doing so.

What the Democratic party needs most is fumigation and several million tracts containing the story of the prodigal son and the Lord's prayer.

It is claimed that President McKinley has an ambition to add the States of Hawaii and Cuba to the union jack before he gets through with the White House.

The funniest thing about the situation in North Carolina is that the Butler crowd have read the Pritchard crowd out of the party for doing the same thing the Butler crowd did two years ago.

Don't get scared about the Dingly Tariff bill. It's all right. Bill Wilson, the author of the "tariff for deficits" measure that sent this country almost to the devil, denounces the Dingly bill as a very bad law. No higher tribute than this could be paid the new tariff bill.

We want agents everywhere to take subscriptions to the YELLOW-JACKET. There's money in it for you, boys. We propose to make the YELLOW-JACKET cover the entire field and several acres of the ocean this summer. ~~Send 2ct stamp to-day for agents' outfit and go to work.~~

Poor old wind-broken Democratic party. It is sick nigh unto death. The places that know it now will soon know it no more forever. It has already puked itself into spasms over a dose of free silver, and only a little while and it will be denied free wool to pull over the peoples' eyes. Such is life. Selah.

Some job printers boast that they do job work at starvation prices—and they do. They starve the poor fellow who has the work done. But just send your job work to the YELLOW-JACKET job office and you'll soon save enough money to buy you a kicking machine to use on your-self for ever paying other printers such high prices for work.

The fact that Grover hired a substitute to do his fighting in the war isn't at variance with his course in employing a body-guard to watch him at the White House, lest some fool might blow His Fatness into smithereens. It is also very natural for Maj. McKinley to send these thugs and watchmen home, because, being a man in sympathy with the great mass of common people, he doesn't fear assassination.

The free silver Democrats and pewter Populists claim that times are growing harder and business duller every day. But the fact that there are more people working for wages in the U. S. to-day than at any time for three years past, rather knocks out this claim. In the state of Pennsylvania alone

there are one hundred thousand more people at work now than there were six months ago. But if you mention such as this to one of those limber-jack calamity howling fellows, he will at once rise up on his hind legs, point his finger at you and squall: Hanna; Hanna!

The Democratic editor down in Georgia who offers his paper for one year to the person who brings the first load of water melons to his office, has perhaps conceived the idea that he can run a wind-mill with water.

It begins to look now like Wm. McKinley will be one of the most popular public officials that ever dwelt within the District of Columbia. The doors of the White House have been swinging ten hours a day since he has occupied the mansion. The new president walks the streets, stops and talks with any friends he may chance to meet, and manifests every evidence that he is a man of the people and for them, too. But you needn't expect to see any reference to these "peculiarities" of the new president in the Democratic papers

As time rolls on the more glaring is the hypocrisy of the so-called free silver Democrats. With possibly two or three exceptions, every one of the 122 Democrats in the House of the present Congress were elected as free silver Democrats. But when these Democrats met in caucus last month to nominate a candidate for Speaker, did they nominate a veteran free silver man? Not much, they didn't. There was Bland, who had worn himself gray in the cause of silver, and who merited the honor, but got it where the chicken got the ax. You ask then, who was the choice of those "new and purified" Wm. J. Bryan-free-silver Democrats. Why, bless your life, it was a young man named Bailly from Texas, who is a GOLD STANDARD Democrat and who opposed the election of Bryan. Now you free silver Democrats, arn't you proud of this record of your party? Now arn't you? You are getting there at a lively rate. Jest keep on yelling for Bryan and 16 to 1 and the victory will soon be yours.