

ELI'S LETTER.

The Huckleberry Knob Man Becomes an Interpreter of Dreams—Some Wholesome Hints to the Boys.

Huckleberry Knob, N. C.,
July 26, 1906.

Editor Yellow Jacket:

Dear Sir:—Since my letter to the Y.-J. last week I have been called to act in a capacity entirely new to me. But I have always made it a point to assist a man in need, whoever he is, or wherever I find him. And I always give the person as good as I have. If he has no coat I give him one of mine; if he is hungry I divide my lunch equally with him; and if he comes to me asking advice I simply put myself in his stead, as it were, and dish out such advice as will tend to work to the best advantage of both. But my latest experience is what I started out to tell you. I have been appealed to as an interpreter of dreams. Yes, sir, Pete Snipes, the strongest Democrat in Possum Briar township, came to me this week to have me interpret a dream he had a few nights ago. Pete says it was the most vivid dream he ever had, and he is very much wrought up over it. Usually when a fellow has a dream he soon forgets it, but Pete says he can't get the thought of his vision or dream off his mind to save him from the Dickens and the more he studies about it the worse he feels.

In order to have a chance to study the points in it, if there were any, I had Pete write down the dream as near as he could recollect, and here is the result:

"I, Pete Snipes, dreamt I had been sick for many years with inflammation of the gall and one night as I was lying on my bed, I died and went to hell. When I arrived at the gate, I was met by a party of my friends who expressed the greatest delight at seeing me. They told me that they had been looking for me a long time and that everything had been arranged to make me comfortable what time I stayed. Bands of music on every side were playing airs that I had often heard on earth. Scores of beautiful women added to the delight of the occasion. There were chariots and carriages in abundance and beautiful parks and fountains such as I had never seen before, and altogether it seemed that hell was a much better place than I had ever heard it represented. Refreshments could be had on every side, and so far as fire and brimstone was concerned there was none in sight. Such a contrast with the hell I'd read about made me feel uneasy and I seemed to realize that there was a mistake somewhere and that I had missed connection. This sort of a hell was too good to be true and I thought something was wrong. But all at once new sensations began to creep over me. A strange sound rent the air and partial darkness settled down over the entire place. The sun which had been shining, as if thru smoke, entirely disappeared and my friends scattered everywhere. As I stood trembling, behold there came from the west a great round beast with two heads and twelve horns. On one of these horns sat a rider who carried a mammoth base-ball bat in his hands and about his head there was wound great ribbons of court-plaster. On a silver shield at his side was written 'the Past.' I turned my eyes again to the west and lo another beast appeared. It looked more terrible than the first. There was no resemblance in it of anything I had ever seen during life. This beast had a multitude of heads, some resembling the heads of beasts and others like the heads of men and there was one horrible looking head that resembled that of a mighty serpent. Stiffing gases and vapors issued from its mouth and there was thunderings and mutterings all about it. On the back of the beast sat a man with a fearful countenance. He carried large bags swung under each arm which appeared to be full of grain of some sort and he sowed these seeds with each hand as he rode along. There was a large metallic bug at his side which appeared to be half gold and half silver and on its back with its rider passed into a strong enclosure and a great iron gate was closed against him.

"Again I turned my eyes and this time I beheld another beast coming forth. This beast was larger than both the others and on its back rode a multitude of men all yelling and hollering to the top of their voices. The head of this beast was like unto the head of a horse without ears and there were two great horns coming out of its head, one straight and hollow like unto a smoke stack and the other forked like unto the horn of an elk. Its body was in the form of a coffin or huge box and there appeared many doors and windows in its side. There were twelve legs supporting the body and on each leg was written in fire letters the name of a Southern State. This beast walked into the inner circle of the place and then I heard drums and bands and great noise

within. People began to run to and fro and the beasts and all their riders commenced to set up an awful commotion. "Again I looked and I saw coming up over the horizon a blazing star through a clear place in the sky, but the clouds looked angry and the wind began to blow a hurricane. Suddenly a peal of thunder broke loose over my head and it began to hail. I never saw such hailstones before. They were white as snow and so large and numerous that they seemed to beat me to the ground. But all of a sudden it appeared that the hail ceased to hit me and I arose to my feet; yet on all sides it poured and it poured. I saw the great beast with the head of a horse fall over and the hail beat in at the doors and windows of its sides until it was so full of hailstones that it set up an awful struggle as if in the agonies of death. And still the hail poured in and it stretched out its twelve legs and gave up the ghost. The hail also destroyed the two other beasts. About this time there was a flash of lightning and the clouds disappeared as if by magic. The blazing star which I had seen low down upon the horizon was now in the zenith and the noise and confusion had subsided. Great multitudes of people, male and female, came about and a new order of things seemed to come over everything. Two mighty bands of music struck up at once the familiar airs of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" and the applause was so great that I awoke, and behold it was a dream."

Mr. Editor, as soon as I had glanced over Pete's dream I saw the significance at once. You know Pete has been desirous of running for Congress for a long time, and this little vision he had is kind of an indefinite outline of what he and his party is to witness in the political world in the future. Pete your vision of "hell" was nothing more than a glimpse of Washington City. The commotion was a political campaign. That strange beast that first appeared was the Round Bale Cotton Trust and its rider was James Calamity Jones, who was one of the twelve directors. The two heads represented the two factions of the cotton trust emerging into one body. The base-ball bat represented the policy that Jones and Dick Croker advocated in the way of knocking the poll holders out into the streets in 1896. The shield told you that Jones is "Past" as national chairman. The plaster ribbons on his head was used to bind up his jaws when he finally learned that McKinley had beat Bryan off the face of the earth. The second beast can be seen to-day. The different heads constitute the different trusts that permit the Democratic party leaders to ride on them. The head that resembled the serpent's is the whiskey and bar-room element that the chairman of the Democratic party represents, and the rider of this beast is none other than Tom Taggart. The terrible vapors and gases that emanated from the head of the serpent is only such an odor as a party gives off that is lead by the whiskey element. And the thunderings and mutterings that accompanied this beast are only such sounds as emanate from any crowd that is owned and controlled by the whiskey trust. The two bags of seeds are the seeds that Tom Taggart has been sowing all along. The one contained Democratic literature and the other campaign boodle obtained from his gambling hells and from the whiskey trust. The bug you saw was a real straddle bug and represents the last financial plank of the Democratic party. The strong enclosure into which you saw this beast go represents the penitentiary where any man should go who defies law and decency by running a gambling hell as Taggart has done. The third beast in your vision was the ballot-box oligarchy of the Southern States. The head was really a donkey's head instead of that of a horse and the absence of ears means that the Democrats South won't hear anything pertaining to fair play or reason. The twelve legs represents the twelve Southern States which rely upon ballot gambling to hold their place in the Democratic column. The straight hollow horn on the head of the beast represents the shotgun so much relied upon by the Southern Democrats in an election contest. The forked horn is an emblem of Ben Tillman's pitchfork and represents another method of force and intimidation used in the South. The box-shaped body of the beast is the Southern ballot-box and the doors and windows therein represent the secret openings that the Democrats have constructed in their laws and ballot-boxes to permit fraud and ballot-box stuffing. The riders are the fellows who have been going to Congress from the South by means of the ballot-box machine. The storm that gathered was a Presidential campaign and the blazing star was Theodore Roosevelt rising from the Northeast. The hailstones were Republican ballots which covered up everything and pelted the life out of the three beasts and destroyed all their riders. The fact that you were not de-

stroyed is probably due to your having been reading the Yellow Jacket recently and have been getting your eyes open to the enormity of the crime of political plunder that your party is committing by being led by such a character as Tom Taggart and being a party to all the sins that have been committed in the South since the war.

Mr. Editor, Pete admits that there is something realistic in my interpretation of his vision and he says if he is bothered with any more similar dreams he'll be dadgummed if he don't leave the Democratic party before the storm hits it.

I have interpreted Pete's dream in great haste but I feel sure that I have stuck to the subject pretty closely and that the conclusions are fairly drawn. If the shoe pinches it is Pete's fault, not mine. He had no business to dream such a dream and furthermore he had less business to come to me with it for an interpretation.

But in conclusion, I would say that if any of the Democratic readers of the Yellow Jacket are troubled with unpleasant dreams, perhaps you had better look well into the kind of political diet you are feeding yourselves upon. You must keep straight to enjoy a clear conscience. You can't ride into office upon the beast of fraud without suffering sooner or later with the bellyache of conscience. And it may lead to worse dreams than Pete Snipes. It may wind up with the real thing. Be a Republican, or a Democrat, or a Socialist, or whatever you will, but whatever you are be decent.

ELI TUCKER.

The "Big Show."

When you read in the papers on the morning following the arrival of Col. William Jennings Bryan at New York you may expect to see something like the following, provided plans materialize as they have begun. This is about how the correspondent of the Banner of Liberty will describe it:

"August 29.—Nothing in the history of our fair city has equalled the grand street parade given by the United Democratic Shows along the main street to-day. Description is beggared by the glorious glittering gorgeous pageant wending its way from the steamboat landing to the show lot up on Madison square. Enormous tableau cars bearing burdens of stylishly attired lady and gentlemen performers, comical clowns, sun-bright chariots, miles of ferocious domestic animals hungrily surveying the surging crowds and rare freaks from every clime made up a spectacle the like of which never had been seen in this community within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant.

"When compared to this the displays offered by the Big Sell and Faux Pas circuses, which showed here in 1896, and again in 1900, fade into insignificance, while no one thinks of putting in the same category the feeble open-air exhibition made by the A. B. Parker dime museum, which, as may be recalled, went to pieces a little less than two years ago, and was attached by Sheriff T. Roosevelt to satisfy claims against it. We learn on good authority that the proprietor of that attraction, whose name is either Albert Parker or Alton Parker (but which your reporter could not learn) is attached to the magnificent enterprise now in our midst in the capacity of a canvasser.

"Your correspondent sends the following account of the order of the parade: "Solid gold band wagon containing the celebrated Eighteen Carat band, formerly the W. J. Bryan silver cornet band, playing popular airs. Your reporter noticed a tremendous rush of newly signed performers to get on the wagon. In the scramble several of the old wind instrumentalists, who formerly had prominent places, got shoved off. Senator Jones, the Arkansas bass drummer, was among those who suffered this sad fate. After he fell off the wagon ran over him. His place was prominently taken by G. Cleveland, bass tuba.

"A Belmont, piccolo, and Bourke Cockran, trombone soloist, were among the new players who attracted attention. There were also many encomiums for the bandmaster. Prof. Nathan Strauss, who succeeded Prof. George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, the latter having been deposed for leading non-union concerts.

"Large catafalque, bearing the embalmed remains of Jeffersonian Principles. Positively the most perfectly preserved mummy in existence, a connecting link between the antiquity of the dead past and the live issues for the day.

"Open tank, containing Joe Bailey, the blood-sweating behemoth of constitutional writ. The most ponderous zoological exhibit alive.

"Steel-barred den containing the famous Taggart tiger recently captured in the jungles of French Lick Springs, Ind., and now, for the first time, seen in a cage. Lives exclusively on poker chips and makes constant efforts to escape to its native fastnesses.

"The Mississippi trick mule, J. Sharp Williams, gayly caparisoned and cutting up didoes.

"Col. Henri Watterson, the veteran animal tamer, feeding raw chunks of gold doctrine to a group of subjugated fire eating southern panthers.

"Bosco Tillman. 'He eats 'em alive, especially the colored ones.'

"Empty cage which formerly contained the rare bill dodo and the anti-trust auk, two exceedingly rare birds, now missing. Believed to have been stolen by a rival organization."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

As we have often stated one of the beauties of being a Democrat is the privilege of voting for what you don't want.

Every fellow who wants to see a Democrat elected to Congress this year either wants an office or has a friend whom he wants to see get one.

"What is there against William Jennings for President?" inquires a Democratic "news breaker." Well, Katydid, one thing is that a majority of the voters have twice said they didn't want him.

According to high Democratic authority the issue of free silver is not dead. The noisy thing is simply standing on the side track, with the wheels dry and rusty, but ready, on short notice, to be hooked onto the Bryan Bullgine and carried shrieking off down the Presidential track to the utter disgust of the "traveling" public.

John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, used to occupy a room in the Metropolitan Hotel adjoining that of Judge Tate, of Georgia. One evening Williams was dressing himself to attend a fashionable dinner. He had a lively wrestle with his collar and another with his tie, but he finally got them adjusted, whereupon he went bolting into Judge Tate's room and said, "How do I look?" "Really, John," replied the Judge, "I think you would look much better if you would put your trousers on."

Say, Mr. Democratic candidate for Congress, if you want to set in motion a regular stampede among the boys to vote for somebody, why don't you remind your audiences of the blooming good times we had under the last Democratic administration? Why don't you remind the old forgetful farmers of what fabulous prices they received for their stuff along then? Why don't you refresh all our minds of the great demand for labor and how easy it was to pay debts and lay up money and wear good clothes in those good old Cleveland times? Hadn't you thought of it, had you?

We are sending out a few copies of this issue of the Yellow Jacket to the addresses of those who were on our list a few years ago, but for some cause or other have failed to renew. Boys, we invite you to join our crew of readers again. We are still firing it at 'em, and have been ever since you dropped out of our ranks. We are trying to make improvements on the Yellow Jacket from time to time, and it will inspire us to do more than ever to have you enlist again. Place three dimes in a letter and direct it to us and we'll put you something warm, and worth your you on our roll for another year, and give money many times over.

To Republicans.

We are anxious to have every Republican in close touch, and working in harmony with the Republican National Congressional Committee in favor of the election of a Republican Congress.

The Congressional campaign must be based on the administrative and legislative record of the party, and that being so, Theodore Roosevelt's personality must be a central figure and his achievements a central thought in the campaign.

We desire to maintain the work of this campaign with the popular subscriptions of One Dollar each from Republicans. To each subscriber we will send the Republican National Campaign Text Book and all documents issued by the Committee.

Help us to achieve a great victory.
JAMES S. SHERMAN, Chairman,
P. O. Box 2063, New York.

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