

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY THE LINCOLN DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING CO.

CHAS. C. COON, Editor.

HENRY J. GASQUE, Local Editor.

Subscription, in Advance.

One Year, \$1.00

Six Months, .50

Three Months, .25

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Printing in nice style. Send us

your work. Satisfaction guaran-

teed.

LINCOLN, N. C., NOV. 8, 1895.

The Time of the Golden-

Rod.

Whispering winds kissed the hills of

September,

Thistledown phantoms drift over the

lawn;

Red glows the ivy, like a ghost-lighted

ember,

Shrouded in mist breaks the slow-

coming dawn;

Sunlighted vistas the woodland dis-

close,

Sleeping in shadow the still lake re-

sponses,

Gone is the Summer, its sweets and its

roses—

Harvest is past and Summer is gone.

Plaintively sighing, the brown leaves

are falling,

Sadly the wood dove mourns all the

day long.

In the dim starlight the katydids, call-

ing,

Rush into slumber the brook and its

song,

Gone are the sowers and ended their

weeping,

Gone are the gleaners and finished

their reaping,

Blossoms and bees with the song bird

are sleeping—

Harvest is past and Summer is gone.

—ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Indianapolis, 4,000 Democrats

Reed—Say, Ben, how's this? By

Gum, if you

Have things in such a fix

In your own town, what pull

have you

To show in '96?

Great Caesar, Ben, if my home

town

Should do as yours has done,

I'd go and saw my legs off

short

Before I'd try to run.

Morton—Dear Benjamin I'm pained to

see

Your town in such a plight.

If this is all that you can do,

I'll beat you out of sight.

I played the second fiddle

once,

Don't you remember, Ben?

Well, once was quite enough

dear boy,

I'll not do so again.

McKinley—4,000 Democratic! Gosh,

What strange things hap-

pen when

We have no guns! Say, do

you think

There's any chance for Ben?

Take my advice and stay at

home;

And Benjie, buckle down

To a politics until

You've straightened out

your town.

Allison—Dear me! Dear me! Dear

Benjamin,

What news is this, I hear?

Have you permitted Democ-

rats

To catch you in the rear?

And right at home! Well, I

declare!

But since the job is done,

When will you write a let-

ter to

Announce that you won't

run?

NOT FOR PUBLICATION.

Harrison—!!!!!! clam!

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