Lincoln County Leader.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1882.

BOLETO DEL PUEBLO REGULAR.

Para Delgado al Congreso,
TRANQUILINO LUNA,
Condado de Valencia.

Para el Consejos,
D. M. EASTON.
JOHN A. MILLER.

Para Representantes,
FLORENCIO GONZALES,
NICHOLAS GALLES.

Para Alguacil Mayor,
JAMES A. TOMLINSON.

Para Juez de Pruebas,
WILL. DOWLIN.

Para Escribano de la Corte Pruebas,
SAMUEL R. CORBET.

Para Tesorero del Candado,
ARCADIO SAIS.

Para Comisionados del Candado,
JOSE MONTAÑO,
E. T. STONE,
ANDREW WILSON.

Para Comisionados de Escuelas.
JABEZ HEDGES,
GEO. L. ULRICK.
FRANCISCO ROMERO Y LUERAS

Esta es la voleta regular del pueblo del candado de Lincoln, que por si sola, merece el sufragio y el suporte de toda buen cuidadans y residente del candado de Lincoln, esta es la voleta que el pueblo mismo ha nominado, de los mejores hombres y viegos residentes de dicho candado; hombres de capacidad confianza y energia, para desempeñar con honor, y fidelidad todas los dereches del pueblo, en general. Son hombres bien conocidos de nosotros mismo; hombres que tienen toda su interese en este candado, y territorio y consecientemente, ellos no pueden menos, que hacer, toda lo que sea en favor de nuestro candado y territorio, y de lo contrario, ellos irian entonces encontra, de si mismos, de sus propios intereses; y encontra de sus constituyantes y de los intereses de sus concuidadonas, lo cual nunca haran y viramos confiados en esta.

Votemos puez por D. M. Easton.
Votemos puez por John A. Miller
Votemos por Florencio Gonzales.
Votemos por Nicholas Galles.
Votemos por J. A. Tomlinson.
Votemos por S. R. Corbet.
Votemos por Will Dowlin.
Votemos por Jose Montaño.
Votemos por E. T. Stone.
Votemos por Andrew Wilson.
Votemos por Jabez Hedges.
Votemos por Geo. L. Ulrick,
Votemos por Francisco Romero y Lueros.

Si asi votamos veremos el progreso, adelanto y bienestar su nuestros propia candado y territorio y nosotros viviremos en pay y buen orden en lo futuro.

EL FIEL AMIGO DEL CANDADO.

LOCAL ROUNDUPS.

Our Job Office is open.

Frank Lesnet is the P. M. at Ruidoso.

The LEADER Job Office is prepared to print tickets. Candidates take notice.

We were yesterday informed that Messrs. Catron & Walz had disposed of their ranch and cattle.

Who will be our next Constable? Mr. Brent makes a good officer and we wait to hear his expression on a second term.

Mr. and Mrs. Collier have swept and garnished the White Oaks House anew, and are now prepared to entertain their guests after the old-time hospitality.

There is plenty of pork all over town except at the meat market, also several bonanza kings hunting for their kingdoms, with but indifferent success as yet.

Do not forget that the White Oaks Literary Society was adjourned until the 4th of November which is one week from to-night. Let every one turn out and give it a rousing start. All exercises for the evening will be voluntary, so come prepared to make it interesting.

Charley Herron goes to Las Tablos in a few days to teach school.

Mrs. Bolton has been quite sick for some time past but is now on the mend.

Geo. Cullen has returned from Lake Valley; he sports the mumps on the half shell.

Don Jose Montaña has moved his large stock of goods into his new store room.

Three cases of small pox are reported in Las Vegas. Let the people be baptized.

Ben Henry says, every time some one gets sick in town, his chicken's heads are bound to fall.

Tom C. Williams—Mining Contractor—slings out his card in this paper. Tom is too well known in White Oaks to need recommendation. The fact that he is ready to take contracts and do work, is all that is necessary to be known.

Some mischievous fellow steamboated a party of lawyers while indulging in an innocent game of draw, in one of the principal towns of the county this week; the effect was rather amusing to the audience, and came near proving serious to the mischievous fellow.

The White Oaks canine that for the last two months has been hiding around in the gulches or secretly slipping through the back alleys with his tail gathered up in his mouth, now ventures out on the main streets with assurance born of perfect security. Dick Young is out of tin cans.

Tom. Wallace and Dick Cochran who have been giving George Washington a terrible blast of late, have concluded to let up on him for a while and have brought their powder and things down town. They report G. Wash., looking up all right.

The common word now among the boys is, "Have you got a key? If so we'll go and have a little game of billiards." The explanation should be made that the hall has been closed for some time, but a few of the boys have keys that give them the open sesame. They thus have all the taws without the tariff. Drinks free.

Our man around town interviewed the latest arrivals on the situation and got: "So, so—heap much dull; makee no stampee little while purty soon. Heap talkee, much railroad for Chinaman. Melican tob much glo El Paso where be heap much plenty women. Chinoman he here stay White Oaksee."

A trio of Celestials of the pigtail order, have come to watch and wait with us until the day of better things, "heap like Melican man" They are about to start a laboratory for the analysis of the ordinary miner's wardrobe, and our young men who have been wearing high necked vests and wide neckties, can now have a chance to lay aside their habilaments of mourning and unbosom the long pent up troubles of their breasts, by a change of woolen once a month. "All hail, the Celestial day!" or words to that effect,

Boss Lea of Roswell has promised Juan Torres a deputyship under Poe—if elected—for and in consideration of his services behind the counter of the Poe Tendejon—opposite the court house. If John Walters, who has been chosen on behalf of the Leaticket to officiate and canvass among the Mexican people during the campaign, would confine his talks to truth and facts, instead of indulging in such outrageous tirades on Judge Tomlinson, as he is known to have done at the Patos and elsewhere, his associations, intercourse and connections with the native population would naturally carry some slight weight in the wanton way. In all probability the majority of the Mexican people and old settlers had formed the acquaintance of the Judge long before Mr. Walters' advent to Lincoln county.

Dose lufly eveninks.

Dr. Zimmerman of the Jicarillas, is very sick.

Prof. T. J. Stringham, of Topeka is in camp looking after the interest of his company.

C.S. Bush Esq., of Chicago, is in the city visiting his partner Mr. Milne.

The receipts of the placer washers of Baxter Gulch far exceed those of the city business.

H. J. Patterson is in from the San Andreas and reports good mining news from that section.

A first class barber would do a good business in White Oaks. One without gambling propensities preferred.

It is rumored that a band of horse thieves and rustlers are now ranging about the Camilleon springs near the Gallinas mountains, in this county.

Every one seems to notice the great contrast between the "twins"—the county court house on the one side and Jack Wilson's saloon on the other.

"Charley Ross" was up from Lincoln Wednesday with his pockets full of papers calling for the presence of a few more able bodied men down at Lincoln.

W. S. Lee, has struck an abundance of water at 31 feet. This well is near the divide on the other side of the Patos mountains, near Mr. Welding's ranch.

A squad of our country's brave defenders were valliantly charging on the fare at the Brothers House for about four days. It was a gallant fight, but they took the fort and captured the commissaries.

Mr. Monjeau Jr., is monarch of all he surveys. He occupies elegant and comfortable quarters at Manchester and is the only soul in the town. None but the cultured can convert solitude into pleasure and happiness.

We were surprised to learn that since last July a postoffice has been established at Dowlin's mills, known as Ruidoso. The LEADER has penetrated this remote part and receives 11 more subscribers to its fast swelling list.

The building owned by the estate of the late A. A. McSwain, now occupied by Mr. LaRue, is advertised for sale. Mr. LaRue expects to remove to Las Vegas soon, his reason for doing so is that he can there find better facilities for the education of his children.

The down town organ got its poetical machine in place this week and after lubricating it with the oil of divine afflatus, managed to grind out the following:

"The winds are sighing,
The year is dying,
The dust is flying,
The baby's crying,
The candidates are"—here Stan accidentally dropped a lump of Williams Bros, coal into the hopper and the sense became a little confused, but it continued to grind on "—lie!c ††@£ ity ¼¶ ¼–$¢|a ouch c$:¶|–¼a–N! ! †|§|☞ ¼£†*ing but finally stopped altogether.

C. T. Clark and Cy. Davidson. mining contractors, returned from near the Agency last Tuesday, having finished their contract on the Virginia mine. This mine is owned by Wilson, Easton, Blazer, Dowlin and Terrell, and is more familiarly known here as the Tularosa copper mine. The boys brought some extremely fine specimens along with them, one of which is now on exhibition at the *Leader* office. The former work on this mine comprised a 35 foot shaft and a drift at the bottom of 25 feet. The new work commenced at the end of the tunnel and went down 32 feet further, and drifted on the lead eight feet. The lead here shows a four foot vein of gray copper, between granite walls and assays 78 per cent. in copper and 30 ounces silver to the ton. The owners seem to have struck something worth staying by.

Mr. C. A. Davies is home from his prospecting tour to Lake Valley.

Another dance is in prospect for the near future. This was told the reporter as a secret.

The thanks of this office are due the *Golden Era* for favors received in getting our first number out.

Lincoln presents a busy appearance this week, and the White Oaks delegation diminisheth not.

Let the candidates for justice in the different precincts call at, or send to the LEADER office and get their tickets printed. We can do it cheaper than they can write them.

Ed Comery returned, Monday, from Las Vegas with chuck enough to last him until the railroad comes in, and a jovial Pennsylvania smile on his face about the size of a washboard.

Mrs. Hockradle has been visiting friends in town for the past week, while Jerry is assisting eleven other good citizens in weighing out justice to evil disposed persons down at Lincoln.

Frank Kaiser came into town this week having finished his contract out at Carizozo ranch, and is now employed in a pulse-warming establishment on White Oaks Ave. spinning and winding yarn.

The business end of the *Leader* started to Lincoln Sunday morning, to distribute tracts, when en route a wheel came of the wagon and he was thrown out, thereby meeting with an accident, only a sprain in left ankle and right his wrist, which will in some measure account for the left-handed locals, this week.

Quite a number of ladies have honored the *Leader* office with a call during the past week. We are always glad to have them call. They bring sunshine into the dark corner where the editor is caged—that is if they are not overburdened with "Lines to Autumn," or do not fire literary conundrums at us that we can not answer.

A gentleman from precinct No. 8 was out in the political field last week looking after the interests of his pet candidates. He got no supper, slept on the ground and covered himself with the light of the beautiful comet. The worst of all was, he found not one of his brotherhood and made not a single convert from the opposition ranks. Public suspicion points her finger at Uncle John Walters as the ill-fated Poe(r) man.

The Exclusively Exclusives held another seance Thursday night. As the *Leader's* pencil shover has never had either an invitation or a dead-head pass into the inner sanctuary of this high-jointed conclave, the mass of the great unwashed world must remain in total ignorance of its objects and work. This much, however leaked out through the keyhole before it got choked up. It will intelligently discuss the scintillations of the eleemosynary gyrasticulations of the aesthetically obtuse. How easy it is to be an Exclusive too too.

Wes Lewis and Tom Williams, who have taken a contract on the Belle Lamont, went out to the Coyotes the other day. Tom isn't very well versed in bird-ology, especially is he ignorant of the business habits of that peculiar American bird of beautiful plumage known as the skunk. On going down into the shaft he discovered something at the bottom that excited his curiosity. In the subdued light it looked like a gopher, and yet it didn't. Tom reached out his hand and caught it by the tail. Then he called to the fellow at the top to "Hist, quick!" When he came out there was a strange gurgling sound in his throat and a perfume not born of of meadows or mignonnette about him. His first words were: "It is a d—dandy of a blast that will stay in a hole for a year and then blow a fellow out." It is needless to add that the skunk stayed there in an atmosphere all its own.

Another Rich Find in the Nogals.

The conviction had pretty generally settled down into a belief that about all the free gold to be found in this great mineral belt was centred around Baxter and Lone mountains, at this place. Placer gold, it was true, had been found in some of the gulches of the Nogal and White mountains, but with only one or two exceptions had free gold ever been found in any of the leads in that locality, and then scarcely sufficient to cause a ripple of local excitement. Many had come, made a few locations, and gone seemingly to more inviting fields, but a few patient spirits stayed and toiled on with but indifferent success. Among these was M. M. Gaylord, one of the first prospectors who pitched their tents in Nogal cañon over two years ago. He has stuck to the camp through all its ups and downs, its enthusiasms and depressions. A few weeks, ago, running short of grub, he came to White Oaks and offerred an interest in his mines to any one who would supply him with his winter's grub. This proposition was accepted by one of our merchants, a wagon was loaded with the necessary supplies, and the two started for the mountains, Arriving there and looking over the ground the man of meat and molasses concluded he had struck a hard bargain and took up his merchandise and moved back to town, leaving the miner to forage off the country. Left to himself he went to work in earnest and soon shoved his shaft down from 22 to 27 feet at which point he pocketed a few specimens of the ore and again came to town laughing to himself all the way in. He at once found his way to the aforesaid merchant's store and exhibited the specimens from his mine literaly alive with the yellow, precious metal.

This is no fancy sketch written up to boom any body or any camp, but the plain, straight truth, as we speak from certain knowledge. We will in a short time have specimens of the ore on exhibition at the LEADER office that will convince the most incredulous. The ore is apparently as rich as any we have yet seen from the South Homestake mine, but the wires of gold are finer and of a reddish yellow which has no doubt been imparted by the oxide of iron with which it is associated.

The lode is called the Rockford, lies less than a half mile west from the town of Galena, in Nogal cañon. The vein is over four feet wide and showed but little mineral on top, but at the depth of twenty-two feet—before the free gold was found—it assayed nineteen ounces in gold. As yet the lead matter is very much decomposed and the particles of gold can be seen in the fine quartz as it is being taken out.

As developement progresses throughout this district just so surely is our camp coming to the front.

Jose Martinet, an employee of Mr. Walz on the Carizozo ranche, while lifting a plank from the ground last Monday, was bitten on snake one of his fingers by a rattlesnake which was concealed under it. The afflicted party sucked his finger, the blood came freely, he then applied a poultice of tobacco and soda. No swelling ensued and the party proceeded to his work not loosing any time or suffering any illness, when many, from the same cause, but different treatment might have lost time, finger, life and all.

There is a beaver dam in the Rio Bonito between Lincoln and Fort Stanton, which is known to have been built twelve years ago. The perfect piece of workmanship is as good as new and answers a better purpose than if built by human skill. A short distance below this dam, parties living in the vicinity constructed another to give headwater for an acequia while the beavers were not admitted to participate in the construction they have since the men completed it, worked a perfect water-proof border on top of the dam its entire width.

THE

Lincoln County Leader

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