

# LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

Devoted to the Best Interests of Lincoln County and the Development of Its Resources.

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## Lincoln County Leader.

Entered at the Post Office at White Oaks, N. M., as second class matter.

Saturday, Nov. 10, 1883.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

Published by the Lincoln County Publishing Company

**WM. CAFFREY, Editor**

President's Proclamation.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 27.—The President issued the following proclamation in reference to Thanksgiving. By the President of the United States of America a proclamation in furtherance of the custom of this people at the closing of each year, to engage, upon a day set apart for that purpose, in special festival of thanksgiving of the year which is drawing to an end. It has been replete with evidence of divine goodness, a prevalence of health, fullness of harvests, stability of peace, order, growth of fraternal feeling, spread of intelligence and learning, continued enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. All these and countless other blessings are cause for rejoicing. I do therefore recommend that on the appointed day the people rest from their accustomed labors, and, meeting in their several places of worship, express their devout gratitude to God, that He has been so bountiful with this nation, and pray that His grace and favor abide with it forever.

**CHESTER A. ARTHUR,**  
President.

By **F. T. FREELINGHUYSEN,**  
Secretary of State.

Governor Butler has referred the question to the Attorney-General of Massachusetts whether or not a woman is a "person," and the Attorney-General decides that she is not. In consequence the Governor has sent in the name of a man to take the place of a woman on a board which the law says "shall consist of nine persons." The Council to which the nomination is referred refuse to act upon it on the ground that the woman who holds it is a "person," and that there is no vacancy. This settles the bold Ben's case with female suffragists. It cooks his political goose, with them at least. But we would like to see the explanation of his position upon this matter. What is it that makes a person a "person?" what is there about a man that makes him a person the lack of which in woman prevents her from being a person? Is it the legitimate adornment of his face, his big feet, or what? Webster defines a person as a "living soul; a self-conscious being; a moral agent; especially a living, human being; a man, woman or child; an individual of the human race;" and we defy Ben Butler to prove to the contrary.

The world moves—George Washington never saw a steamboat—John Adams never saw a railroad—Andrew Jackson never saw a telegraph—Abraham Lincoln never heard of a telephone. The electric light has been in use less than five years—What will the next one hundred years produce? That is a conundrum that will be left for our children to answer, but the world still continues to move, the same as though we were to be here to regulate it.

Just one hundred years ago the first stage and mail coach in this country between Hartford, Conn., and Boston, Mass. It then took four days to make the through trip and the fare was \$10. Every passenger was at liberty to carry fourteen pounds of baggage.

New York was evacuated by the British at the close of the revolutionary war, Nov., 25, 1783. Large preparations are being made in that city to celebrate the centennial of that evacuation Nov. 25th, 1883, in an imposing manner.

## ELECTION NEWS.

The agony in the several states is over. On Tuesday elections were held in many states, but the center of attraction from the outside was Massachusetts, where Ben Butler, whom the Democrats for years amused themselves by calling "Beast Butler," "Spoon Butler," was running for reelection on the Democratic ticket, as Governor of the Bay state. Well the result was that Ben is snowed under by majorities variously estimated, from ten to thirty thousand. We are sorry to record this defeat. Had B. B. been successful in his candidacy he would have fixed his cock-eye upon the Presidential chair and the Republican nominee would in March, 1885 set down on it. Now Benny must go. What shape he will turn up in next we know not. The Dem's will probably wrap him up in blankets and keep him warm for some service in "the sweet bye and bye." Good bye, Benny, good bye.

Connecticut has gone whooping for the Republicans.

Pennsylvania disappointed the most sanguine Republicans by the sizes of her majorities.

To make a long, and to many of our readers, a mournful story short, Kansas, New York, Nebraska, Colorado, and Minnesota, the following states, will elect a Republican President and Vice President.

New Jersey, the New York Governor of the Democracy, is so close that it will require the official vote to decide.

Carry the news to Ewing.

As Artemus Ward wept at the grave of Adam, and Mark Twain over that of Shakespeare, so do we shed tears at the "tomb of the Capulets," in which the Democracy was interred on Tuesday. The corpse is putrid, but the day was when it was sweet smelling as a sunflower. Its heirs have it to boast that the old party never was whipped or killed—its death was that of a suicide. Putrid reminiscence, we will bottle up our tears for another year, and next November will again perform memorial services in your resting place.

Perhaps, after all, it would be an humanitarian act for the Mormon missionaries to evangelize Connecticut, and marry off a portion of the young and pretty women before they are all ravished and brutally murdered. It is just possible there may be evils more deplorable than plural marriages.

"I tell you, pard" said old Jimmy Cannon, a guide, "the West has lost its romance. Only a little while ago, it seems to me, where once there was nothing but the whoop of the Indian and the song of the six-shooter, now there are railroads and churches and commercial men and lectures and three-cent newspapers and every little while a natural death. We with in two months, if the blessed papers tell the truth, several more have died in Wyoming of disease. I tell you, it looks up there as though the West were being carried away. When we pass the lingering disease look at it."

Somebody has been trying to break the glass of the Lincoln County Leader with a big hat and a pair of iron shoes and feathers seems an odd till you talk to her.

## GLASS.

There seems to be an impression of late that glass must soon come into much more general use than it now obtains.

The composition of glass as in general use is silica, soda and lime. The beautiful Bohemian glass is made by uniting silica with lime and potash; and green bottle glass is a silicate of lime and alumina combined with oxides of iron manganese, sodium and potassium, its green color being produced by the oxides of iron. Glass is in reality a very complex mixture of true salts, the slag, which is always produced upon the reduction of metallic ores is composed of silicates and is a kind of glass. Soluble glass is made by using a very large proportion of alkali; a solution of it has long been known as the liquor of flints. Such a solution is often employed as a fire proof varnish for wood, canvass, etc.

Glass can be made that is much stronger than cast iron. It will not corrode and is therefore imperishable. It will, beyond doubt, in the near future take the place of cast iron water mains and many other forms for which cast iron is now used. The cost per pound will allow more profit to the maker than can be obtained from iron of the same weight. It is so much less expensive that the consumer will be able to buy glass articles, about 33 per cent cheaper than similar goods in cast iron. Perhaps not one builder in ten, if told that the common grades of glass have a crushing strength nearly four times as great as that credited by the most experienced engineers, to the very strongest quality of granite, would accept the statement as true. Yet it is a fact, and being so, the query as to why glass has not received more attention from architects as a structural material naturally suggests itself. A structure might be composed of blocks of glass in prismatic colors that would be unique, beautiful, and lasting. One objection which would be raised to the durability of a glass building might be that the blocks would not adhere together with mortar. This objection can readily be set aside, by the use of a good cement. Scarcely a day passes that the sphere of glass as an article of use does not become widened, glass ties are being used on railroads, and so far have given entire satisfaction. Combining all the requisites of the wooden tie with the virtues of being susceptible to usage at least 75 per cent longer than wood. Progress is also being made toward rendering glass ductile, and to-day threads of glass can be made that can be tied in knots and woven into cloth. Were one disposed to give play to fancy and fuse it into fact, houses entirely composed of glass could be built with walls, roof, and floor fashioned from melted sand. Carpets of glass could cover the floors, the wall decorations embodying the forms and colors of the most ultra-aesthetic; sitting on glass chairs reclining on glass couches, and arrayed in glass garments, eating and drinking from glass dishes, one could easily believe that the glass era had already begun. Yet the glass era is only a few years ago, and the glass era is still in its infancy. The glass era is still in its infancy. The glass era is still in its infancy.

## "Sherry Your Nibs"

Kansas City, Oct. 31, '83

DEAR MAJOR:—Having just received and read your paper of the 27th, I hasten to congratulate you upon your new departure. Your paper now has the true ring, and you certainly must feel like a new man, while I think you are a little premature in proclaiming to the world your choice for President and vice President. I don't know as I would seriously object to your candidates, but at the same time I would suggest that you leave the making of the ticket to the convention. I am satisfied however, that no true Democrat will object to Cox.

I admire your enthusiasm but as, in the case of all new converts, there is danger of your zeal getting the better of your judgement, and in my opinion, for one who has trained with and advocated the Republican cause so long, that you are a little too rash to start with. By being careful and discreet I have no doubt but that in a short time you will become one of the shining lights of our time honored and glorious old party.

Again, I congratulate you. Respectfully yours,  
**BYRON SHERRY.**

[Our old friend Gen. Sherry, seems to think we have fallen from grace and gloats over the fall—but he is mistaken. We are still rock-rooted in the faith of the Saviors of the Republic; and again, we think the Democracy will have to nominate some one other than Sunset for the Presidency, as not one out of a dozen of them would be able to spell his name aright. We even had to correct the spelling of the name as rendered by our correspondent. Spelled correctly it has but three letters in it.]

## OUR CEMETERY.

ED. LEADER—We learn that there is a movement on foot looking to the erection of a public building, the lower story of which will be used as a meeting house, and for all public gatherings, and the upper part is to be occupied by the Masonic and Odd Fellows' societies.

We think that this is a good movement, one called for, and will be appreciated by every citizen of White Oaks. Now there is another matter which deserves the attention, and really demands the notice of every citizen of White Oaks—that is our burying ground.

We understand, from very reliable sources, that it is in a very bad condition, with no fence or other protection to keep off stock, especially hogs from running over the grounds and destroying the graves and last tributes of respect which have been placed there to mark the last resting places of those whom we held in life with respect and reverence.

We are all mortal here below, and we do not know when our time on earth will cease, and our bodies be laid away in the cold and silent tomb. Will we want our bodies subjected to such treatment as this? Methinks we can hear the reverberating echo of every citizen of White Oaks—"No!"

In justice to the dead, and in the interests of the living, we think that this matter should be taken in hand, and it seen to that there is a good fence put around the cemetery, and proper attention paid to the dead.

**CITIZEN.**

A new book is called "Sayings and Doings of Great Men." The most of the space is taken up with "Sayings."

## Such is Life.

Miss Louisa Doherty of New York killed her five year old child and suicided.

Rev. Mr. Rogers a Baptist clergyman of Louisiana tied himself on a freight car to steal a ride, fell off and was dragged to death.

In a circus in Nashville, Bob Brierly shot Bob Bates dead. Bates served six years for killing Brierly's brother.

Kate Douglas is to be hanged in St. Louis for killing Jas. Miller.

Albert Frazer, a German, aged 30, of Newcomerstown, O., massacred his wife and three children, and suicided, "for fear they'd come to want."

Bradford Ash of Frankfort, Ky., deserves to be lynched for brutal and unnatural treatment of his two daughters.

Mr. Kinney of Warrentown hanged a red hot stove till he was burned to a cinder. He deserves credit for pluck.

Four thousand persons flocked to a town in Georgia, to see Margaret Harrigan the great murderess hanged.

Mr. McCartney, a Kentucky editor was attacked on the street by Fenwell and Tompson who took exception to an item in the paper. He shot both of them as dead as salt mackerel.

Miss Mabel Stone, daughter of a retired banker in West Newton, Mass, aged 17, pupil at the high school, and a very promising young lady, romantically suicided, at the business end of a revolver.

The colored folks of Texas are arming in defence of civil rights, and threaten rebellion. The governor has called out the militia.

Among the reasons urged by La Peoria, Ill., woman for a divorce are drunkenness, swearing, obscenity, arson, filthy habits, incompatibility, infidelity, brutality, laziness, bigamy and non-support. She married him to spite her father for boxing her ears.

There is a white mule down at Mt. Vernon barracks, Alabama, that has been at his post for over fifty years, and that mule is about to be sold, and the officers ask permission to buy him in. Gen. Sherman has submitted the case to the Secretary of War, with the following report:

"I have seen that mule, and whether true or false, the soldiers believe that it was left at the Big Spring, where Mt. Vernon barracks now are, at the time Gen. Jackson's army camped there near 1819-20. Tradition says it was once a sorrel, but now is white from age. The quartermaster's department will be chargeable with ingratitude if that mule is sold, or the care and maintenance is not shown on the charitable officers of the post. I advise it to be kept in the department and fed and maintained until death. I think that the mule was at Ft. Morgan, Mobile Point, when I was there in 1842."

The secretary of war then made the following order:

"Let this mule be kept and well cared for as long as he lives."

A New Jersey woman lately wrote to the publisher to stop her paper as she noticed it was "entered at the Post Office as second class matter," wherea, she labored under the impression that she paid for a first class paper.

"Hello, boy! Has your paper anything more about the earthquake?" No sir; not in this I-chia."