

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

VOLUME 4.

WHITE OAKS, LINCOLN COUNTY, N. M., SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1886.

NUMBER 30.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THIS PAPER may be found on the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, and 31st of every month.

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THE WEEKLY ALTA,
San Francisco, Cal.

Lincoln County Leader.

Saturday, May 8, 1886.

Wm. Coffey, Editor & Proprietor

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

THE CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS, and LINCOLN CO. LEADER, 1 year \$2.75.

REMINISCENCES.

Our friend and correspondent, David Provost, in his letter from Gotham, which we publish to-day, makes a reference which arouses reminiscences at once pleasant and sad. Dave knows that when he was in swaddling clothes we were a denizen of New York City, and infers therefrom that in the days when we were young we looked upon lips when they were red, and carressed silken tresses, regardless of color or texture, and have not forgotten the fact.

Aye, Dave, we did so indulge in those halcyon days, and the remembrance thus brought home to us, moistens our lips with the old time taste. But many of the cherry lips we then tasted have long since paled, and the eyes which reflected love, confidence, and purity, years ago closed on earth, and opened in heaven, while we, for some inscrutable purpose, are permitted to remain behind and become a raveled thread in the woof of humanity.

Cheerless, indeed, must be the man who cannot derive pleasure and consolation from a contemplation of the past, in reflections on incidents connected with early life, on scenes which are as bright and indelible upon the memory as the inscribed thereon but yesterday.—The hallowed associations of youth memories of parents and other kindred, of going in swimming, playing hockey and marbles, riding down hill, and going home with our best girls. Yum, yum.

The aged man, with tottering steps, unk hair white with the frost of many winters, rejoices, aye, exults, as he calls to mind events of his boyhood, whereas those of but yesterday are lost.—He laughs, as he refers in conversation to the days of his youth, when he cut up franks of innocent devilry, and as each scene presents itself, familiar faces, kind and harsh words, the voice of loved and loving mother, the burning words of the true, the good, the earnest, and non-hypocritical minister, whose holy teachings were weekly heard and listened to, and mayhaps of graves in which were deposited objects of his young heart's affections, the two latter thoughts causing pleasure to be overtaken by sadness.

And then, in each case, the decision comes in favor of the home of his childhood. The old river may still flow in all its pristine grandeur, the old school house may still stand, but the great majority of familiar faces have gone. They have

"Passed from life's contracted bourne,
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river."

Ah, it is indeed true, that

"If we long for haunted memories,
Like angel troops they come.
If we but find our arms and gonder
On the old, old home."

We thank our good friend, Provost, for reviving old reminiscences and golden memories. May he enjoy plenty of red lips, and cheery hearts to feast on and revel in, and act as we did, upon the adage—
"Go it while you're young, for when you get old you can't."

NEW YORK.

A White Oaker in Gotham.

From our regular correspondent.
NEW YORK, April 27th, 1886.

MY DEAR MAJOR—
I have just learned, through the very pleasant medium of a personal visit from our friend, Eli H. Chandler, that my last letter to the LEADER, had, like some of the new born designs of men and women, miscarried. As the LEADER is a most pleasant guest to me, and I retain very happy recollections of our old time friendly intercourse, I am glad to be able to state that the misfortune, not the fault, was mine.

So good an Episcopalian as your self, my dear Major, would be immensely charmed with the gaiety of the last day or two since the close of the Penitential season.—I've an idea that an Episcopalian's only chance of getting to heaven is to die during lent, for certainly that gloomy season over, they turn themselves loose. Owing to the rather dismal weather, the display of flowers and feathers was hardly as great as in former years. Still, the pretty faces wore looks of contented relief. The pretty forms were tastefully adorned as the gay throngs of our metropolis moved from church to church, a gay kaleidoscope of many colors.

But shut your eyes, my dear Major. Let your memory revert back, and I know that even worn veteran, grizzled pioneer of the glorious corporation of the goose quill, as thou art, still thou hast a smile and a kindly remembrance in thy honest heart for the bright eyes, red lips, and silken tresses of the girls of long ago, and would not willingly see them forego a single feather, ribbon, or dainty frivolity.

The great question of the day here, eclipsing the daily murders, is the labor strikes. In fact, the idea seems to have made a decided "hit," as it were. At one time it was proposed to "tie up," that is, stop work on all the railroads, ferries, steamboats, &c., running into the city. Of course, this would be a great national calamity. On the heels of this resolution of the Knights of Labor came the incendiary threats of the Socialists.—Their organs declared that there existed an organization of riflemen in the city, each man owning his own rifle, and numbering 10,000 men, and which, in the event of an outbreak, would be used to lay waste the city. Well, the peril was averted, the general tid up did not take place, but two days ago the situation was very serious.

Pondering all this, the State R. R. Commissioners have met with Gov. N. Condit, and the Strikers' Committee, and the Union Committee, and all these have met and met, and met and parted, to meet again.

The discussions have been very funny. The rights of the strikers, individually, their rights collectively, the rights of R. R. Co's, the rights, in short, of everybody, and everything, except the rights of the patient, long suffering, much enduring American public, have been talked about, tal ed around, and talked over. There's a grain of truth in Bill Nye's argument, that the mule is the bird that should be the National emblem.

The chief weapon of the strikers, however, is the boycott. I appeal most powerfully to their fine sense of justice, and works in this way: All along the line of

travel of the Third Ave. R. R. Co., now under strike, pickets of the strikers are stationed, each man standing guard with military regularity, and each guard being relieved every five hours. Their business is to harass the Company's cars, hoot the drivers, keep passengers from getting on the cars, if possible, &c., &c. Suppose the Co. have a new man, not a Knight of Labor. He works for the Co., drives a car. 1,000 police guard the route that one travels. They can and do protect him. But he is harassed every opportunity; cannot get a meal, or a glass of beer, without the strikers spotting him, and then warning the saloon keeper not to sell, or they will boycott him. If his wife tries to buy bread or bacon, the store keeper is warned not to sell, or he will be boycotted. Her landlord is warned to compel her to vacate her little home, or he will be boycotted, which means denial of food and shelter, and reduction almost to the condition of a leper of old. And so it goes on in all its vast ramifications, all the power of the vast organization being concentrated on one particular idea. And then, trade is at a stand still, business paralyzed, while, vast as the country is, boundless as its resources seemingly are, each and all are in a measure, cribbed and confined. I don't doubt, my dear Major, that you have wondered at all this in your exchanges, and doubtless you have said—"where, now, is the fourth estate? where is the voice of the Press in this National calamity?" Ah! the fourth estate is dependent upon, and its ideas are centered upon the governing symbol—\$.

So much is dependent on the issue of the vexatious conflict, that until it can be on the winning side the Press very wisely says nothing, and uses the pencil of the reporter, instead of the pen of the editor.

In contrast to all this, there is the other side of the question. In Texas, freightmen and brakemen have been getting but 70 cts. per day, not enough to get a square meal in Texas, if I may trust my memory. On the Erie R. R. in this State, the same class of labor is paid \$1.10 per day. Of course, this means, where the men have to support families, insufficient food, the scantiest clothing, the meanest lodgings, with all the attendant evils, which increase as the burden grows heavier, and the years roll on. Then, recently, the several coal companies met together in a cosy parlor, and coolly raised the price of coal 25 cts. per ton. They will, it is understood, raise the price another 25 cts. in the course of a week or two, and it is rumored that the next fall will see coal advance still another 25 cts. and this last advance will take from the pockets of the people on the seaboard and Middle States, some 18 to 20 millions of money. And, they have the right to do this; no law will compel them to sell their coal at lower figures so long as they do not prevent another's selling.

Then the Union Ferry Co., whose boats ply between our twin cities, New York and Brooklyn, are another great monopoly, another example of the power of money, which has worked the pre-er fever of the workingmen. Starting from a small beginning, they rapidly waxed wealthy, declared great dividends, until a law was passed that only 8 per cent. dividends should be declared, and the fares cut down. Well, they did declare

only 8 per cent. dividends among the stockholders at large, but those inside the ring received the surplus in this way: A new pier had to be built, to cost \$3,000. Dick Brown, a good fellow, and friend of the president's, received the contract to build it for \$5,000.—Then some pavements would have to be laid, actual cost, \$2,800.—Jim Jones, a stockholder, good fellow, and friend of Director Robinson, on the inside would get the contract at \$6,572.45. At those figures he would take the contract, and take it very kindly.

I have just seen it cabled, that Greece has thrown up the sponge, withdrawn her fleet into neutral waters, and her army from the frontier. It seems to be a measure entirely of the government, without regard to the wishes of the populace, whose "voice was still for war." And at a moment when Greece was sure of the assistance of the powers, France and Russia, as against England and Turkey. I don't know, perhaps, but that little Greece is right, tho', in the language of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, "It's a pity to spoil so pretty a quarrel."

Last Saturday evening was the last appearance here of Barnum's circus and menagerie, now en route for the west. The cost, this season, is stated to be about \$12,000 to \$15,000 per day, for running expenses. Curiously enough, it is the first season here without a quality among the athletes or acrobats. Of course, Barnum is the greatest humbug, with a big H, living. But who has he not given a pleasant hour to?

DAVID PROVOST.

More of the Same Sort.

We add the following to the instalment published last week. Taken altogether, it ought to satisfy every reader that Mrs. Frain has been made the subject, if not the victim, of a foul conspiracy. Let any of her enemies secure letters written by reputable people from whence they came endorsing them in such unmeasured terms, and we will freely publish them. We know of a family deserter who would if he could, but he couldn't if he would, and we expect soon to publish such as have been and will be written touching his case, and under official seals. "But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Meantime, read Mrs. F's vindication.

Fiat Rock, Mich.,
Wayne County,
April 19, 1886.

MR. J. B. HOLTOS.

DEAR SIR:—A copy of the paper published in White Oaks, has been received by a certain resident in our town, containing a paragraph stating that Mrs. Frain, your school teacher, has been dismissed from her school; and the same person says he has received private information to the effect that the School Board annulled her contract on the grounds of gross immorality.

Mrs. Frain, as you doubtless know, taught in our school for five consecutive years, and resigned her position at the beginning of the sixth year, to go and take charge of your school at White Oaks.

What I wish to say to you or the School Board, or any one else concerned, is this. The first four of the five years Mrs. Frain was in Fiat Rock, she lived with me as one of the family, and I had ample opportunities of knowing all about her, and think I did know her thoroughly, and I say this, that in all that time I never saw anything in her, inconsistent with the purest character and principles, and I do not believe that in the five short months she has been absent, she has changed into so vile a woman, for, the person

alorsaid goes as far as to repeat some of the vilest charges against her, but I do believe she is the victim of the wicked machinations of some—I cannot call them men, but, fiends, who are plotting her ruin.

It is not for me to mention names, but I believe that one of them is at this end of the line, how many are at that end I know not.

Now, no one has asked me to write this, but as soon as I heard the dreadful scandal, all the woman in me rose up in indignant protest against such a cruel wrong being done against a sister woman, and I could not rest until I had given my evidence in her defence. I think it ought to have some weight, and hope it may be of some use in lifting the shadow that is resting over her.

I did not know to whom to address my letter with the certainty that it would not be suppressed, but Dr. Near told me he thought you would be a safe person to write to.

Very truly,
Mrs. Frain's friend,
MRS. T. D. COOKE.

Notes From a Rambler.

Leaving White Oaks, going south on the west side of the White Mts., the grazing is nearly uniform until you pass the Salado; from there, until you reach the San Andreas Canon, 3 miles north of Dog Canon, the grass is scattering, much of the ground being bare of all but bushes and mosquito grammar, but the stock all looks finely. Ascending the canon one finds the grammar gradually disappearing, first the dark and then the light, until gradually there is left nothing but the mountain grasses, and a sort of a grammar, the latter has apparently very few nutritious qualities, for no matter how plentiful the grass, stock are in poor condition, as evinced by the number of dead animals, whether on the high lands of the Sacramento, Agua Chiquita, Penasco, Ruidoso, Eagle or Bonito, but this mountain country is thickly settled by small farmers, who own a few head of cattle, horses, sheep, hogs, dogs, &c. The farming is principally for the potato, a little barley and oats, corn will not mature, it is too cold for onions, and alfalfa is not suitable; but here the poor man is coming, and has come to found a home, schools are scattering, stores are a long ways off, and a limited assortment, and they are necessarily dear; preachers of the Gospel are plentiful; we judge the Lord will only have to keep them humble, they will be poor from necessity. There are millions of feet of fine timber, and thousands of ties, which will ultimately bring large amounts of money into this country. We noted with sorrow the settlers were destroying much of this by deadening the trees, just the same as the settlers in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois have before them. We once knew a man whose fences if standing in the tree, would have been worth more than all his land, improvements and stock, he had used only the finest black walnut for fencing. Timber is capital that it will not pay to destroy. Nature recoups slowly here in New Mexico. Those potato farmers are poor, and will necessarily remain so; the market is limited, and transportation expensive, they have a "hard row to hoe." The small ranchmen with limited capital, can do well, new openings are constantly being discovered, wells gradually successful, and there is no doubt there is plenty of wind to pump the water, and if there should come a calm day, the ranchman has only to send for a few of our local politicians, and he can surely raise a breeze.

RAMBLER.