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Lincoln County Leader.

Saturday, November 12, 1887.

Wm. Caffrey, 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.

THERE—HERE.

We have traveled much in our time, but never did we pass over so interesting a highway as on the A. T. & S. F. R. R., from Kansas City to New Mexico. A mile or two from the city named, the road strikes into the State of Kansas, the rich prairies of which, captivate the eye, but finally wear it from sheer monotony. The following day, however, the scene shifts, Colorado is reached, and another planet seems to have been entered. Prairie gives way to mountains, and panoramic scenery. The emerald valleys, through which placid streams like silver veins course in beauty, may at times, through a golden alchemy, be changed to hues of autumnal splendor, but as a rule, it's scenes do not shift so as to materially relieve it of its uniformity of tone. Not so, the grand old cloud-capped mountains, which anon smile serene as dying age, or frown in awful grandeur on stream or foot hills. One day it looks like a giant basking in the sun light—the next, a mist-veil encircles it, seeming to render it a part of the very heavens. But at all times it is beautiful in outline, massive in repose, sublime in storm or sunshine, and a never ceasing source of admiration and wonder. Passing through and around Raton Pass cannot fail exciting the interest of the most stoic traveler. One seated in the center of the train, can, with one eye, behold the iron horses pulling, and with the other, see the engines pushing the human freight, while on either side look down rock-capped mountains, rendering a scene more captivating than pen can describe, and instilling the senses with feelings akin to veneration.

Then, New Mexico is reached, and picturesque scenes, changing as the mile posts are passed, challenge the fancy and impress the homage of all lovers of the majestic in Nature, raising involuntarily the heart up to its Author, and causing the eye to turn inward and contemplate association of the surroundings with the blessed truth of immortality.

Leaving Kansas City on Tuesday morning at 10:40, Wednesday evening at 7:40, found us at Las Vegas. Feeling somewhat fatigued by our long journey, and desiring to see our Vegas friends, we alighted from the train, and tarried over Thursday. There was a circus in town that day, and it is possible that our presence contributed to the size of the menagerie section thereof. What interested us more than anything else in the Meadow City, was Mills' display of grain stacks, vegetables, cereals and fruit of local production, eclipsing in size, weight, plumpness and flavor, any we ever saw on exhibition at an exposition in the States, demonstrating that New Mexico is susceptible of producing crops even superior to lower altitude sections—for surely neither Kansas City

nor St. Louis, at their great fairs, made such proud exhibits as does Mills in his store room at Las Vegas. Of course we called at the print shops of the Optic and News, where we were cordially received and entertained by editors Kistler and Blake. We hope some day to be able to return their courtesies "right here in White Oaks."

Thursday night we took the train for Santa Fe. Like unto all others on our trip, the train was behind time and it was 7 o'clock Friday morning before we struck the Ancient City. We are not vain enough to believe that it was on our account that business was suspended on the day of our arrival, but to us it seemed as though Sunday, and it was not until nearly noon that life seemed to usher into the streets, and what appeared looked very sleepy. But soon it became bristled about that we were in town, and "mine host" Herlow was led to remark that from the calls received, we had more friends than anybody.

As none go to Rome without seeing the pope, so none should go to Santa Fe without feasting their eyes upon the potentates of the capital. There are but two, and we saw them both—Ross and Julian. Personally we like Ross, but being a heretic politically—we draw the line there. Like a new convert, he is too zealous, and not only lords over his old tallow partisans, but insists on lording it over charter members of the party which he entered on probation. As a gentleman we regard him as a success—as Governor we deem him a failure. Pig-headedness is not necessarily a virtue, and that is the only attribute which he has made manifest during his incumbency of office.

Gen. Julian is another heretic. Originally a free-soiler, then a Republican, now a Democrat, he out Herods all the Herods of his new political love. We ventured to refer to answers made to his late onslaught on leading citizens of the Territory, and hurtful allusions to the status of land titles in New Mexico, when he said he had not been answered, that no one could answer him, what he said was official and could not be answered. We know not upon what meat his highness feeds, but he feels his fodder. The idea that an official or semi-official report, (that was the size of his Review article,) cannot be answerable, is absurd. All reports are held subject to criticism, and many have tended to the conviction of their authors. But with him he chooses to have everything he says impressed with "thus saith the Lord." "The King can do no wrong," and he is the King. Indiana was glad to get rid of him, and Cleveland made votes among the Hoosiers for his deliverance of them from his presence. He was always going about whining, showing his sore toe, a boil on the back of his long neck, and making himself generally disagreeable. By petition he was thrown out of the State and into this Territory, by his mightiness at Washington, which has set almost all of our people to praying, "good President, deliver us!" We left the fair of the senile autocrat with feelings of shame that such a man should succeed the true, intrepid, incorruptible Atkinson.

To slake the taste of this interview we accepted an invitation to visit the Penitentiary, where we were kindly received by the *ad-interim* Warden, H. C. Burnett, who received us courteously. We arrived too late to look through the institution, but that our trip might not be wholly useless to our readers, we secured the following roster of Lincoln County boarders:

13. Gregorio Jiron. Larceny. Sentenced for 3 years from May 1 '84. Good time discharge Oct. 20, 1886.
14. J. de la Tafoya. Same date of sentence and crime, with term of sentence 4 years. Pardoned by Gov. Ross, June 12, '86.
15. Pedro Padilla. Larceny of horses. Sentenced Oct. 28, 1884, for 2 years. Pardoned by Governor Sheldon, Jan. 12, 1885.
16. Jno. T. Edwards. Fraudulently selling cattle. Sentenced October 24, '84. Pardoned by Gov. Sheldon, Dec. 8, '84.
17. John C. Joy. Larceny of cattle. Sentenced May 22, '85, for 5 years.
18. Lyman S. Allen. Murder 5th degree. Sentenced May 22, 1885. Pardoned by Gov. Ross, Nov. 29, '86.
19. Daniel McCarthy. Murder Sentenced May 22, 1885, for 7 yrs. Escaped Aug. 11, '85.
20. John M. Helcomb. Burglary. Sentenced May 18, 1886, and escaped July 25, '86.
21. Chas. C. Towner. Murder 5th degree. Sentenced May 18, 1886, for 7 years.
22. Antonio Garza. Burglary. Sentenced May 20, '86, for 1 year.
23. Wm. Phillips. Larceny of a horse. Sentenced for 1 year from May 19, '86.
24. J. S. Benardes. Assault to kill. 2 years from May '86.
25. Thos. J. Bell. Larceny of cattle. 6 months.
26. Milton Lawrence. Larceny of a horse. Sentenced May 1, '86, for 1 year.
27. E. G. Creve. Murder 2nd degree. 10 years.
28. Barney Mason. Unlawful stealing and selling a calf. 1 year from May 13 last.
29. Manuel Teodoro. Burglary. 1 year from last May.
30. Charles Martin. Larceny. 1 year from Sept. 1st. last.
31. Pilar Lincoln. Forgery. 1 year from Sept. 6, '87.
32. Samuel Richard. Selling stolen property. 1 year from September last.

The latter case, at least in title, resembles another which will engage the attention of our next term of court unless a change of venue be taken.

Friday evening we took passage for Albuquerque, where we met many friends. Tom Hughes, editor of the Citizen, who many years ago, set type for us, and his sage assistant, Capt. A. M. Swan, whom we well knew as a journalist in Illinois before the war, paid us special attentions. J. G. Albright, of the Democrat, the only paper in the Territory which legitimately carries the dispatches, also ministered to our comfort. Charles O'Connor Roberts, who slung ink in our balliwick before either of us came to New Mexico, was a factor in making our stay agreeable. Pedro Simpson, late of Socorro, now publishes a paper in Albuquerque, called the Irrigator, from which he is bound to reap deinoer, for no one knows more about irrigation than Pete, was also very attentive to us. So with Doc. Strachan, and a host of others. The town seemed to be fairly active in a business way, and we regretted that our visit had to be brief.

Sunday morning found us in Socorro, where we know pretty much everybody, and those whom we are not acquainted with know us. Members of the press and society generally, contributed to our comfort here until our departure at noon on Monday.

An afternoon and night at San Antonio, under the fostering wing of Duffy, prepared us for the stage ride hither with Rolla Wells, Esq., of St. Louis, as fellow passenger. To make our trip as pleasant as possible we both contributed, we purchasing a box of matches and Wells a box of cigars, and at 6 o'clock, Wednesday morning, we uncoupled our elongated system at our office door, after an absence of seven weeks and one day, in the vicinity of which aperture we are liable to be found until the sound of a R. R. conductor is heard uttering "All aboard," at the White Oaks depot, which we fondly believe will be in the near future.

AFRAID OF INDIANS.

Under the above caption, we today publish upon our second page, a letter from a N. Y. gentleman, in which he voices an apprehension felt by many eastern people who would otherwise migrate hither.

To allay the fears of Mr. Sanford and others concerned, we would say in all candor that the incident alluded to in which Indians committed the atrocities indicated, got east before it struck upon the atmosphere of New Mexico. Indians are bad enough in all conscience when and where they let themselves loose, but this Territory is not considered by them as vantage ground. What Indians we have are either of the class which takes care of itself, as do honest white men, or the waros of the Government, which are kept under surveillance, and kill nothing not good to eat. There was a time when they constituted predatory bands, but they left with the buffalo, and scalps are as safe here as in any of the counties of the Empire State.

Yes, Mr. S. The old lady you speak of—the young man and his youthful bride, will be perfectly safe in New Mexico. Churches, school houses, and kindred institutions, have taken root here, and are flourishing luxuriantly under the auspices of those who came hither from "God's country." Lo has gone west to grow up with the country, and the utmost security to life and property is here assured.

Working men, in or out of mines, should not be too prejudiced against corporations, for were there no corporations, they would be like preachers if the devil were dead—out of a job. When there is a square fight between corporations and the boys, the LEADER will be found on the boys' side, but prejudice will never be our ally. "Right wrongs no man," was the motto of working men when we were young, and the aphorism is not worn out yet.

JEFF DAVIS, in his late melodramatic appearance at Macon, Ga., said he was like the Confederate flags passing in review before him, tattered and torn. Mayhaps. But he ought to have been otherwise like them. He ought to have been shot.

As the sheets of our edition go to press this week it is to be hoped that the Chicago anarchists are being unwrapped in their winding sheets.

The municipal elections in England indicate Liberal gains and foreshadow the advent of Mr. Gladstone to power again.

State Elections.

The elections on last Tuesday attracted general attention. The results were as follows:

New York went Democratic by about 15,000.
Ohio went Republican by upwards of 23,000.
Virginia democratic.
Pennsylvania republican by from 30 to 40,000.
Maryland democratic.
Nebraska, 20,000 republican majority.
Iowa republican by reduced majority.
Massachusetts republican by double it's last majority. So much for Ben Butler as a prophet. He said it was sure to go democratic.
The New Jersey Legislature will be republican.
Good enough for one day.

SINCE our returning from the East, we have been very much enquired of as to R. R. news, and regret that we could not convey much. While absent we interviewed several R. R. magnates, but they all had an eloquent and fascinating way of communicating nothing in heavy packages and bowing us out in a state of wonderment, wonder as to whether we were a durn fool or they were durned wise. Albeit we have not yet satisfactorily turned the enigma over in our mind, it has become fixed in the indefinite, untagible attribute suggested, that but little time will elapse ere a steam highway will be opened up to us. All whom we approached knew of White Oaks, it's resources and tributaries as well as we did, but it was cat and mouse, though which was cat and which mouse was what puzzled us. It was once said, "all roads lead to Rome," and we are satisfied that so soon as one R. R. that can touch White Oaks does kitten to it, one or more others will be found kittening, until a whole brood of R. R's will be keeping us awake o' nights, and disturbing our ears by day. In a word, a R. R. here in the near future, is a verity, but the day or month we would not hazard our judgment upon just now.

Here is the last original conundrum from Governor J. Proctor Knott: Why is a sheet of plain ruled letter paper like a lazy young dog? A sheet of ruled paper is an ink-lined plain; an inclined plane is a slope up; a slow pup is a lazy young dog.—Breckenridge News.

SENATOR HALE, of Maine, who recently returned from his trip to England and the Continent, says Europe is no place to live compared with the United States. As an illustration of the wages of workingmen, he says that a friend of his who has a handsome estate in Belgium employs eight men, whose combined wages amount to only \$10 a week.

M. De Leseeps has put off the opening of the Panama Canal another year. A man 80 years old is about as wise in putting off the completion of great material enterprises as he would be in putting off repentance.

POOR POPE LEO. His annual income has been reduced to a paltry £300,000.

JENNY LIND is dead. Her voice will add sweetness to the angelic choir.