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Lincoln County Leader.

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Saturday, Nov. 30, 1889.

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A TESTIMONY IN A TESTIMONY

Sometime last week the inhabitants and property owners of Nogal were surprised to learn that James E. Sligh and others, close friends in his recent litigation with Parker, Wells & Co., or dummies in his interest, had plastered the town-site of Nogal, including the built up portion of the town, with plaster claims. Expletives were at once in order.

Our ancient comrade, Brown, of the Placer Hotel, felt an interest in the subject, which he expressed in a letter and emphatic manner. Capt. D. W. Roberts felt interested a few thousand dollars worth and as soon as good horse-flesh could bring him from Lincoln, Sheriff Nowlin appeared upon the scene. Roberts and Nowlin addressed the chief actor in the plaster location business in language reduced, as a mathematician would say, to the lowest terms. The exact meaning was conveyed to the party interviewed, unobscured by any of the conventional terms of courtesy by which some men are wont to veil their meaning. As to what actually occurred, both in and out of court, conflicts, but certain it is that Sligh was addressed by these gentlemen in that "set form of words" which the Statutes of New Mexico hold to be an "assault." For further particulars see Compiled Laws of N. M.

Sligh fled him forthwith to White Oaks and sought balm for his wounded dignity in Justice Collier's court, whereupon his honor convened, and, with the aid of a jury of solid citizens proceeded to investigate the "wrong and injury" done the learned Justice of the Nogal precinct. A vast quantity of evidence was heard, some relevant and some not, and out of the chaos put before said jury, it extracted nothing and said so—4 to 2.

Kindred charges were, as we are informed pending against Brown and Roberts, and one or two more against Sheriff Nowlin, but they were withdrawn.

A peaceful community, to-wit, Nogal, is all "broke up," over what all but three citizens regard as a wanton invasion of private rights, and another peaceful community, to-wit, White Oaks, has been annoyed and interrupted in its progress to wealth by the transfer of the noise and dust of the conflict to its confines. Meanwhile the "county firebrand" being in the middle of a row, is happy.

Seriously, we deplore the cause of all this turmoil. And we unhesitatingly condemn the acts which have led to it. If any mineral exists within the town site of Nogal its existence was known to these placer locators before the town site of Nogal was entered, and in that case that entry was in

a sense fraudulently made. If fraud was committed in that case it was committed by the prime mover in this placer location of the town.

The end is not yet. We counsel peaceful methods of redress. We implore our friends to leave their wrongs in the hands of the law of the land and to seek no redress but such as the law will give them. The law is abundantly able to redress every injury done them and if its processes are slow the relief which they will afford will leave upon the present sufferers neither sting nor stain.

Reminiscences

—OF—

Lincoln County,

—AND—

White Oaks.

By Old Sages and Stagers.

NO. VIII.

BY E. F. COMRY.

MY DEAR MAJOR:

I will endeavor to fulfill my promise. I see that all the old timers of White Oaks are giving their experience.

We arrived in White Oaks, May 21st, 1880—Lloyd Schell, Geo. Layman, A. K. Lee, Will. Stone, R. Richey, John A. Helphingstine and B. A. Buras. Schell and myself formed a partnership at Las Vegas. Also had a letter of introduction to Dr. A. G. Lane.

My first exploit was to examine the South Homestead Mine to see the character of rock it carried. It was gold, but hard to find. Dr. Lane said, "When you find rock standing on edge, go down." I think we worked in all the granite dikes in Lone Mountain, but hit no such rock as that of the South Homestead. Poor tenderfoot—fall came but no gold mine found. Got to stay longer—can't go back and get our goodie girl yet. Winter was coming on and camping wasn't to our taste. Lumber was \$50 per 1000—couldn't stand that. What could we do? I had read of Bob Ingersoll's dug-out places, so into the bank we went west of Jayne's. The old boys came around and enquired, "what are you doing?" "Building a dug-out." "Under a pinon tree is too good for us," said they. But when cold, bleak December winds commenced singing through the pinions gentle knocks came to the dug-out door. "Who's there?" "Let us in; we are frozen out." "All right; make your bed on the floor. We were located 2 feet up on a bench in the bank, taking solid comfort.

In a short time we had as neighbors, the Clarry Bros. The little city of White Oaks has changed since then. People are not living in dug-outs and picket-houses now. Brick and frame buildings have taken their place. In my judgement the Jicarillas will be its only competitor.

In the year '82, I took an active part in the election. John W. Poe and Jas. A. Tomlinson were candidates for sheriff. I challenged a gentleman's vote for do

the tender side of my head. Since then I haven't had much to say at the polls. I found that election etiquette here and in Pennsylvania widely differed.

In the same year a gentleman arrived in White Oaks from Wyandott, Kan. He was introduced as Maj. Caffrey, editor of the LEADER. One quiet evening, the Major, accompanied by Gov. C. Paul W. and Judge L. entered the Pioneer Saloon, where the new editor was introduced to our Hercules, J. P. E. On being introduced, John said to the Maj., "I take both of our local papers, the LEADER and Golden Era. I read the Era and feel the LEADER to my burro." "That's right," replied the Maj., "Just keep on and in three months the burro will have more brains than you." Thereupon the big 'un whipped out a \$1, and the Major had business outside poco pronto. But the LEADER and the Major survived, both are popular and the big 'un and editor have long been fast friends. John now reads the LEADER.

In the year 1883 or '84, I was drilling a well at the head of the Mal Pais. A whirlwind came along and carried with it my LEADER. Up, up into the heavens it went. I then made the remark—"that's where the editor will soon go." But you are yet with us, and the LEADER is as staunch as the Republican platform, and today "stranger within our gates" can see floating over the tower of the LEADER office the stars and stripes, at once emblematic of the aspirations of the editor and the political party of which he is so valiant a champion.

Truly Yours,

E. F. C.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The Western Union Telegraph Company expect to have two new cables completed within ten days which will connect New York City with Cape Nova Scotia from which place the cables are laid across the Atlantic. The old cable, "Faraday" which has been used in the work, laid the shore end of one cable last week and is at work on the other now. These cables will give the Western Union Company direct cable connection between New York City and Great Britain, and will make its service absolutely free from interruption incident to winter storms on land in this country. Heretofore outgoing cable dispatches have been sent by land to Nova Scotia, under the Atlantic. The new method to be inaugurated will be an improvement on this, though it seems strange that messages can be sent under the sea with more safety by land. Twenty-five or 30 years ago the man who would propose to lay a telegraph wire across the bottom of the sea in preference to stinging it on land would be considered crazy.

The question of running the Fifth Avenue stages on Sundays, or of not running them is creating a good deal of commotion on the part of the part of the owner. The stage company is controlled by Col. Shepard, editor of Mail and Express who has not permitted the stages to be run on Sundays for several months. The rest of the stockholders are opposed to this and are making vigorous objection. They say that the company has lost thousands of dollars in the past

year was inaugurated, and blame Col. Shepard for it. They also charge him with trying to "freeze them out," and decorate him with numerous titles besides that of Colonel, and much less complimentary. While all this is going on the people along the line of Fifth Avenue have to walk to church while their less favored brethren of the east and west sides may ride.

A few days ago the Board of Aldermen passed an ordinance prohibiting organ grinding, or the playing of any musical instruments in the streets of this city, excepting in parades, etc., under penalty of fine or imprisonment. The intention was to stop the alleged annoyance caused by the ever-living grinding of the hand-organ and the tooting of the "little German band" but events have proven that our plebeian populace do not consider it much of a nuisance after all. In fact they rather like the music, and are coming to the rescue of the musicians by demanding an amendment to the law, which will allow them to follow their old time occupation with some restrictions. For this purpose a mass meeting will be held to-night in Brook's Assembly Rooms, when, no doubt, there will be much music in the air. The number of people who gain a livelihood by this means must be very large, as they can be seen on almost every block with a crowd of children waltzing about them, which crowd varies in size according as the music is furnished by a regularly uniformed German "mud-gutter" band, or by an ordinary Italian hand-organ. In either case the children are vastly interested and whether the turn is "Where Did You Get that Hat?" or "Home Sweet Home," the performers are always sure of an audience of the little ones who appreciate their efforts.

Edwin Arlington.

The following correspondence is self-explanatory:

Levin W. Stewart, Esq.,
President White Oaks Dramatic Club.

Dear Sir—We would be greatly pleased if your Club would, at its own time and convenience, reproduce the comedy known as "Captured," or the Old Maid's Triumph for the benefit of the White Oaks Congregational Church. Any aid we can render to assure the success of the enterprise will be gladly placed at your disposal.

Yours, Sincerely,
Mrs. E. W. Parker,

President Cheerful Workers,
White Oaks, N. M.

Nov. 26, 1889.

Mrs. E. W. Parker,
President Cheerful Workers.

In answer to your request relative to reproducing the play—"Captured," etc., it gives me pleasure in behalf of the Club to assure you of our unanimous consent, and would name FRIDAY, DEC. 6th, 1889, 8 o'clock p. m., at the Town Hall.

Yours, Truly,

Levin W. Stewart,
Pres. W. O. D. C.

Nov. 27th, '89.

Senator Vest is suffering acutely from neuralgia. His friends fear it will pull him down.

On Friday of last week Sheriff Nowlin had an impassioned war of words at Nogal, in which the Sheriff denominated the ex-divine a "d—n lying s. of a b." Sligh straightway came to White Oaks and had Nowlin arrested. Monday the case came up for trial. A jury was called and much evidence relevant and irrelevant given, most directed to proving the bad flavor attaching to Sligh's general character. Much expert testimony was taken to establish what a man meant when he called his fellow a s. of a b. A majority of the experts held that men so stigmatizing, rarely, if ever, had or intended reference to the maternal source of his adversary's being, that the meaning intended to be conveyed by the inelegant and usually offensive remark, was "you're a mean cuss," and the 'Squire instructed the jury to so consider the words. Sligh kicked—he knew that this proposition could be established, while the other being literally absurd could not be substantiated. The case held through Monday, and it was not until Tuesday noon that the evidence was announced as all in. In the afternoon came a forensic fight to the finish between the ex-preacher and the gentleman-lawyer, Hewitt. And a sure enough fight it was. Sligh first got up on one end and made a noise with his other. Then Hewitt went to the bat. Again Sligh came up smiling but a little groggy. The jury then took the dirty case and after studying it several hours reported that they were unable to determine whether Nowlin or Sligh was guilty, so the jury was discharged and Sligh withdrew his case, or also two or three correlative ones, paid the costs and hid himself to the solitude of Nogal. Thus ended a case which set communities by the ears, took men from their families and business to serve as witnesses or jurors. Such cases and the parties who bring them should be kicked out of court. They are in every sense demoralizing, and in no sense subserve any meritorious cause or principle.

REV. N. W. LANE returned home on Tuesday morning. Wednesday evening a right royal reception was given him at Town Hall which was largely attended. A general good time had. (wing) the pressure upon his attention have been unable to satisfactorily interview him but next week hope to present a resume of his trip and its results.

It was said by ex-President R. B. Hayes the other day that the majority of a jury should rule. It was not so in his case when he ran against Tilden for the Presidency of the U. S.—Messiah Dem

Wrong, friend. That case was decided by a bare majority in its favor—6 to 7.

WHAT has become of the "concentrated wisdom of Lincoln Co.?" We are anxiously awaiting his reminiscence and want it before it's receipt will be debared by the State Constitution.

JAS. J. DOLAN has irrevocably determined to resign his position as Receiver of the Land Office at Las Cruces. We favor Charles Metcalf as his successor.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE LEADER.