

The Golden Era.

THURSDAY, August 23, 1884.

LINCOLN COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Probate Judge—S. S. Torrell. Probate Clerk—S. B. Corbick. Sheriff—J. W. Fox. County Commissioners—J. P. St. John, A. Wilson, J. L. Ulrich, Amos Roberts, E. Kooner. School Commissioners—J. P. St. John, A. Wilson, J. L. Ulrich, Amos Roberts, E. Kooner. PRECINCT NO. 1—DIRECTOR. Justice of the Peace—Joe M. de Azaveda.



THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE OF THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

Ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas.

We have heretofore presented our readers with portraits of the Presidential candidates of the Republican, Democratic and greenback parties, and to complete the list of candidates in the field for the great office of the Presidency we here publish an excellent likeness of ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, who with William Daniel of Maryland, will lead the Prohibitionists in the coming campaign.

John P. St. John, nominated by his party as its Presidential candidate, was born at Brookville, Indiana, Feb. 25, 1832, and is in his fifty-first year. His father was a farmer, somewhat addicted to intemperate habits; and young St. John after spending his early boyhood laboring upon his father's farm, engaged himself as a clerk in a grocery, in which capacity he served until nearly twenty years of age, employing all his leisure hours in hard study of the lower branches of education. California now attracted the young man to the Pacific Coast, where he spent several years in such occupations as a wood chopper and a steamboat hand. During this period St. John made voyages to Mexico, South America, and the Sandwich Islands and a tour through Central America. In 1852 and 1853 he enlisted in the war against the Indians and was very seriously wounded in two engagements.

In these years of hardship young St. John managed to gain a very respectable knowledge of the law, and in 1859 he engaged as a clerk with a law firm in Charleston, Ill. In a short time he became a partner in the concern, but at the outbreak of the war he patriotically enlisted as a private in the Sixty-eighth Volunteers. At the close of hostilities he had risen to the rank of a Lieut. Colonel. He now settled at Independence, Mo., and began the practice of his profession, but in 1869 he removed to Olathe, Kansas, and here began his active career in politics. In 1872 he was sent to the State Senate, and in 1878, and again in 1880, he was elected Governor of Kansas. He was in these years a recognized leader of the Republican party, but his extreme views on temperance legislation and prohibition have caused him to forsake the former party and become an ardent worker in the ranks of the Prohibitionists, whom he now leads as their National candidate.

Mr. St. John is a man of fine presence and unimpeachable character. His convictions are maintained with a vigor and ability that command admiration from all, if not a full endorsement of the opportuneness of their promulgation.

A Milwaukee Sonnet.

Man that is married to a woman is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draws his salary, and in the evening, behold, it is gone! It is a tale that is told; it is vanished, and no man knows whether it goeth. He riseth up clothed in the chilly garments of the night, and seeketh the somnolent paragon, wherewith to soothe his infant posterity. He cometh as a horse or ox, and draweth the chariot of his offspring. He spendeth the shekels in the purchased of fine linen to cover the bosom of his family; yet himself is seen at the gates of the city with one suspender. Yea, he is altogether wretched.

Baby is King.

It was just a young couple who were moving. They had been boarding with mother but were going to housekeeping for themselves now. In front of the house stood a great load of furniture red blue and other bright

colors. It consisted of a baby's rocking chair with the rockers on and a baby's rocking chair with the rockers off, a baby's crib and a perambulator, one small high chair and one large high chair, one hobby horse, one express wagon with the forward wheels gone, one doll's buggy. There might have been a cooking stove and a dining table there but if so, it was lost to sight to memory dear under the more numerous belongings of the baby housekeepers. And when the young father and mother came out they had the little emigrants with them and all the indescribable doll, humming tops and other paraphernalia that there wasn't room for on the load. Two happy babies going to house-keeping with their child parents! And it's love, love, love that makes the world go round.

A Democratic Whisp.

A three lined telegram printed in all of the papers last Saturday announced the death of Col. Isaac Hill, of Ohio. To most readers the name was familiar, and they probably wondered why the news was worth even three lines. Congressmen, Washington correspondents and lobbyists knew better. The Hill was a more potent factor in legislation than many of his betters. He was for years the Democratic whip of the House of Representatives. On the pay roll of the House, he was rated as an assistant sergeant-at-arms, but the duty appearing to that dignity was a small part of his business. Before the holiday recess of any session had passed he knew every Democrat member of the House, not only by name but by sight and by habits. When an important vote was approaching he was in his element. It was his part to bring in the absentees, vote them and see that no pair was violated. In person or through his deputies he entered the town and sometimes the country. He was everywhere at once and always at the right place. Dinner table, sick room, drawing room, bar or bagnio were alike accessible to him, and willing or unwilling the missing member was gathered in at his party's call. Naturally he was the possessor of everybody's secrets but he kept his mouth as close as an oyster, and there in lay his strength. It will not be easy to fill his place. Al Fletcher is fitted for it in some respects, but his personal devotion to Randall will render him unacceptable to the majority faction.—Philadelphia Press

The Telephone Girl.

When Pityboy called up the telephone girl the other evening to inform the undertaker, that the coffin furnished for his wife was too short, she was trying to flirt with a telegraph operator across the street, and did not like to be disturbed, so she answered shortly, and rang the bell in Pityboy's ear, but he was in no frame of mind for abusing her, as he had been at other times, so he meekly said, "Oh!" and then asked to be connected with No. 413, when the conversation ran as follows:

"Hello?" "Hello?" "Is this Birydeep, the undertaker?" "Yes." "I am Pityboy. The coffin you sent down this morning for my wife, is too short." "Is that so? How much too short is it?" "About an inch." "I can fix that all right." "How will you do it?" Here the girl switched on a cabinet-maker, who was directing a lawyer how to make a new office desk set level on an uneven floor, and the conversation was continued as follows: "That is the easiest thing to do in Bloomington."

"Yes, perhaps it is; but how are you going to do it?" "Saw about an inch off each of the two feet—" Pityboy hung up the receiver and sent the offending coffin back, and then went to another undertaker, and the telephone girl has the gall to look innocent and inoffensive when she meets that undertaker who lost a job through her mischief.—Detroit Free Press.

King Mtesa's Gift.

The unique present that Mtesa, the King of Uganda, offered to one of the missionaries at his capital, a while ago, has highly amused that good man's English friends. Mtesa is the powerful despot whose sway extends over the country north and west of Victoria Nyanza. The writings of Speake, Grant and Stanley have made him the most celebrated of African potentates. When Stanley saw him, eight years ago, he was at war, and his forces numbered over 100,000 men. In 1877, at Stanley's urgent request, missionaries were sent to Mtesa. For many months they lived on the fat of the land, but at length the novelty of having white men at Rubaga wore away, and Mtesa began to neglect the guests whom he had welcomed so royally. When they found they were in danger of starving, in the midst of plenty,

one of them took their protest to the King. He listened in apparent sorrow and then gave an order to one of his attendants, who at once withdrew. Presently in a hushed fourteen of the luxon belles of Uganda and made their obeisance to the King.

"Here," said Mtesa, "I give you these women for your wives. I cannot feed you any longer, but your wives will plant your garden and cook your food, and you will lack for nothing. Take them and go."

"But," protested the poor missionary, "we don't want wives. We want food. Besides, the white man's laws do not permit us to have more than one wife apiece, and we don't want wives any way."

"If you come to live in my country," replied the King angrily, "why don't you do as we do? If you don't wish to live as we live why don't you leave? Here are these women if you want them. If not, you may get your food the best way you can."

That ended the interview. The belles of Uganda did not become the wives of the missionaries of the Church of England. The poor men were admitted no more to the King's presence, and they would perhaps have died of their privations if the envoys whom Mtesa sent to England in 1879 had not opportunely returned. They had been received by the Queen, and feted by the government, and they took back wonderful stories of what they had seen that Mtesa thought it politic to take the missionaries into favor again, and he has since treated them well. He is still alive, though the reports of his death, a year ago, inspired a good many not very complimentary obituary notices in the newspapers.—Ivylogyn Eagle.

George Metz became suddenly insane Saturday at Pittsburgh, and, rushing into his sister's rooms, threw her 18-month-old infant out of a second-story window. The child was picked up uninjured, and Metz was conveyed to the asylum.

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NOGAL, N. M.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office, Las Cruces, N. M., July 24, 1884. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Probate Judge of Lincoln County, N. M., on September 12th, 1884, viz: Pablo Chavez on Homestead No. 75, for the east half northwest quarter, northwest quarter, southeast quarter, section 25, township 11 south, range 17 east. He names the following witnesses to prove his claim: Jose L. Trujillo, all of Lincoln County, N. M.; Jose R. McPike, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office, Las Cruces, N. M., July 25, 1884. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Probate Judge of Lincoln County, N. M., on September 12th, 1884, viz: John U. Stewart on Homestead No. 76, for the east half north-east quarter and north-east quarter south-east quarter, section 25, township 11 south, range 17 east. He names the following witnesses to prove his claim: William Shupe, James Conner, E. D. Torrell, Edward Bates, all of Lincoln County, N. M.; Jose R. McPike, Register.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration upon the estate of Sallie W. Lea, deceased, have been granted to me by the Probate Court of Lincoln County, N. M., bearing date the 7th day of July, 1884. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to me for allowance within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be provided from any benefit of such estate; and if said claim be not exhibited within two years from the date of said letters, they will be for ever barred. J. O. LEE, Admr. of Sallie W. Lea, Deceased, a3-4 July 7th, 1884.

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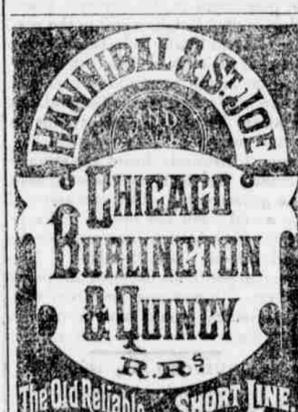
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