

THE GOLDEN ERA.

VOL. 5.

LINCOLN, LINCOLN COUNTY, N. M., AUGUST 6, 1885.

NO. 35.

MISCELLANEOUS ADS.

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Blacksmith and
Repair Shop.
(DIRECTLY EAST OF DOLAN'S STORE.)

Now Ready to do Horseshoeing and all kinds of Repair Work.

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ROCCO E. MILLIO,
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Fine Liquors, Wines, Tobaccos Etc.
Also keeps a Full Line of
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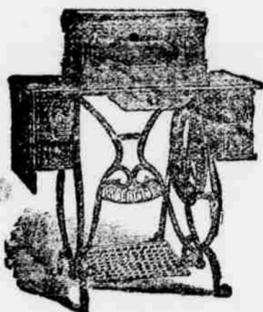
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each year. 25¢ 216 pages,
5 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches, with over
2,500 illustrations—a
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MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

327 & 329 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

BUCK-BOARD LINE,

—(RUNNING BETWEEN)—

Ft. Stanton, Lincoln and Roswell.

—TIME TABLE—

FT. STANTON.

Arrive, 11:30 a. m.

Depart, 3 p. m.

LINCOLN.

Arrive, 5:30 p. m.

Depart, 9 a. m.

ROSWELL.

Arrive, 6:30 p. m.

Depart, 7 a. m.

NOTE.—Buck-boards run daily between Ft. Stanton and Lincoln, and tri-weekly between Lincoln and Roswell, leaving Lincoln Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays mornings, and Roswell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays mornings. Fare from Ft. Stanton to Lincoln, 31¢; Lincoln to Roswell, 25¢.

MISCELLANEOUS ADS.

—VISIT—
George Huber's Store
BONITO CITY, N. M.
—A Full Line—

Of General Merchandise,

DRY GOODS, LIQUORS,

CIGARS, TOBACCO,

MINKERS' SUPPLIES,

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Groceries And Family Supplies.

SI QUIENES COMPRAN

ABARROTES BARATOS,

Vengan a la Tienda de

Johnny Whelan y Cia.,

(Cerca de la Casa de Cortes.)

Tambien tenemos los mejores

Licores y Puros

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BLACKSMITHING AND REPAIRING.

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WHITE OAKS, - - - NEW MEXICO.

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U. S. MIN'AL DEPT'Y SURVEYOR,

—AND—

NOTARY PUBLIC

SEVEN RIVERS, - - - NEW MEXICO.

COUNTY NEWS.

Charley Dean was in town Monday.

They are needing rain badly around Roswell.

M. A. Upson, of Seven Rivers, is a very sick man.

Maj. Llewellyn was over from South Fork Saturday.

Jose Montana and son returned from Santa Fe Sunday.

It is rumored that Mrs. Ellen E. Casey has sold her ranch.

Ex-Surveyor General Atkinson is spending a few days at Poe's ranch.

From present prospects, corn will average about fifty bushels to the acre.

Bona Baca has been appointed Deputy U. S. Marshal. Hurrah for Bona.

A. H. Whetstone was in the county seat long enough last week to say "howdy."

W. L. Rynerson and N. Raymond, made the county seat a visit the last of the week.

Frank Lesnet, of Ruidoso, was shaking hands with friends in Lincoln last Friday.

John Meadows called on us Monday and planked down dos pesos for the Golden Era.

Mrs. M. S. Taliaferro, baby and mother, are visiting friends and relatives in White Oaks.

L. Hale, of Ruidoso, has started out with his threshing machine, and has three months work ahead of him.

An \$800-ton hay contract was let last Saturday at Ft. Stanton, Melvin Richardson securing the same at 328 per ton.

Bona Baca has sold his ranch and cattle in the Capitan mountains, for something over \$18,000, the exact figures we could not learn.

A new and pleasant receipt for making lemonade: Ask your girl to cut the lemon and then squeeze the girl. The effects are wonderful.

Mr. Henry Milne and wife, from their ranch near Roswell, were in Lincoln the last of the week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dolan.

Mr. J. C. Root and T. C. Jacobs, the former of Carrizozo ranch, and the latter from the west side of the White mountains, had business with the probate clerk Monday.

W. F. Daugehrity, mail contractor, on the new line from Lower Penasco to Seven Rivers, runs a back twice a week between those points, and will carry passengers or express.

MARRIAGE.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Nogal precinct, Mr. Thomas W. Hill, to Miss Millie M. Sutherland, by Justice of the Peace D. C. Taylor, on August 2nd, 1885.

Our young sports have a ground down on the banks of the Rio Bonito where they practice with boxing gloves, hitting sand bags, etc. They also have a swing, trapeze and dumb-bells. Manuel and Leslie knock the stuffin' out of all them.

We forgot to make mention last week of Geo. T. Perkins' departure for his home at Greenville, Texas, where he was suddenly called, on account of sickness in his family. Mr. Perkins made many and lasting friends during his short stay in Lincoln and they all hope that when he reaches home he will find the sick recovered.

G. M. Danner has been prospecting in the Capitan mountains and has struck a large body of silver ore, close to good timber and plenty of water. If it pans out up to his expectations, in another year Concord coaches will be running on his line from Stanton to Roswell, and he will be wearing a white vest and a shiny plug hat.

SAD ACCIDENT.

Thursday, Just after dinner, a fatal accident happened to Thos. Mooney at Fritz's ranch. Mr. Mooney had left Lincoln that forenoon, intending to go to the Felix ranch. When the Fritz ranch was reached, some nine miles below town, Mooney dismounted and enters the house. Mr. Fritz was at home, and Mr. Bolton and August Cline were also there, enjoying themselves in social con-

verse. When Mooney entered, the three in the room shook hands with him and he was invited to take a chair, and join them in their story telling, etc. In the room where the accident happened, Mr. Chas. Fritz has a great many fire arms hung on racks along the walls—pistols, muskets, shot-guns and rifles—most all of them being relics. Tom Mooney and Mr. Cline were joking each other, having been acquainted for the last eight or ten years, when the former told the latter to kill him. Cline laughed and said he didn't have anything to kill him with. Mooney handed him one of the old guns and said: "Now, bang away." Mr. Cline, enjoying a joke, and as he pulled up the gun to his shoulder, Mooney braced himself and Cline pulled the trigger. There was a loud report and when the smoke cleared away, poor Tom Mooney lay on the floor with a hole in his head—the gun had done its fatal work. The bullet entered his forehead and came out at the top of his head, causing death in about an hour afterwards.

Mr. Cline, when he saw what he had done, was nearly crazy with grief and begged the others to kill him. He had no idea that the sport just entered would end in his killing an old friend. Mr. Cline came to town and gave himself up. Justice Lujan and a few others went down to the ranch from this place where the inquest was held the same evening. The jury brought in a verdict of accidental killing.

Mr. Cline is one of the most law-abiding, peaceable citizens in the county, and he regrets the killing of an old friend as much as any man could under such circumstances, and we heard him say that he wished he were in Mooney's place and Mooney in his (Cline's) place. This is another story with a moral: Never point a gun, whether loaded or empty, at anybody, for it is always there didn't know it was loaded. Guns that cause so many like accidents.

WHITE OAKS—August 3rd.

Jas. Bruce is in Santa Rosa, Cal., so he writes a friend here.

Joe. A. Brothers has put up a new kitchen at his restaurant. It is quite an addition as well as convenience.

Geo. Sligh had the misfortune to fall off his horse last week and is now somewhat disabled, though not seriously.

On Sunday the 9th inst, the Congregational Church pulpit here will be occupied by a gentleman from Albuquerque.

Mrs. Melindy and children have gone to Las Vegas to attend the trial there of the man who shot her husband some months ago.

Wm. Robson is still dangerously ill at Carrizozo ranch. Drs. Paden and Lane are doing all in their power to help the sufferer. On Monday he seemed to be better.

Bond & Stewart will commence the erection of a new store on the lot next to Whiteman's in the course of a month or six weeks. The building will be 50x50 and built of adobe.

A gentleman named Thurman, from Texas a relative of Mrs. Garvey, of this place, is contemplating opening the White Oaks House to the traveling public and permanent boarders.

FORT STANTON—August 3.

We are all here and here we expect to stay for a while. Excuse me, some of the boys are just at present not only counting the days, but are making a minute calculation between now and the time they will get their "buzzard." Boys, the 30 days after you are discharged will pass much quicker than the 30 days just previous. Writing of the way to make time pass quick, reminds me of a story I once heard of a young man in Jefferson county, Indiana. He was to be married in three months and he was complaining to his father how time dragged, and asked for advice, "So you want the time to pass quickly?" "I do sir." "Well, just go to the bank and give your acceptance for 90 days and it will pass most too quick."

Our post school teacher is a walking card for eastern houses in the Shirt, Collar & Co. line.

The work on the water works has

about commenced. The shiners east could yell: "Soldiers will you work?" Echo answers: "You bet, we have got to."

Fife shirts and side board collars are all the rage with our would be "dudes."

Lieut. Cruse and a detail of men are at the railroad after more cavalry horses.

John Rulley, says besides furnishing helios, he will soon supply a fine article of beer for everybody for cash.

Mike Kavanaugh is flying around in his gig. Mike got a burro and have a tandem. Put the burro on the lead.

Sergeant Gray and Corporal Cowman, of E Troop, visited Lincoln last week. They report a good time.

D Troop, 6th cavalry, has the original "Micky Free," as given us by Charles Laver in his great book, "Charles O'Malley, or the Irish Dragoon."

Clarence says he disremembers whether it was the boxes that he fell over, or the boxes fell over him that caused the late black eye. "Further, he saeyeth not."

Andy Richardson was at the Fort a few days last week. The children are all glad to see him. They think Christmas ain't far off. He reminds them of Santa Claus.

Mitchell, of H Troop, says he is the boss coal wheeler that ever run on the Ohio river. He was then known as "Heavy." Old rheumatics has brought him down to a lightweight.

The Post Trader has a new book keeper, Mr. McDonald, of New York. He reports seeing on his trip from the railroad a live oxen, and he tried to lay out Mr. Deer with a vest pocket pistol, calibre 22. The recoil from his pistol was too great, consequently he did not get his deer, I guess, if he stays out here long, that 22-calibre will have to grow into a 45-calibre if he expects to get a deer.

First Sergeant Mawhl, Hospital Steward Platt and four others, got very charitable last week. Seeing in what a worn out condition "Lightning" had gotten into, there and then took up a ten cent subscription to buy and present him with a new one. The necessary amount was soon procured and the hat purchased. It was hung on a lamp in the billiard room at the Post Trader's store and the following notice attached:

"This hat to be presented to Lance Sergeant, Daniel N. Farnell, otherwise "Lightning," immediately after retreat this evening. Friends and enemies are invited to be present."

A good crowd was present, when in walked "Lightning." Steward Platt in a short speech presented the hat to poor "Lightning;" he was taken by surprise, nevertheless he took the hat, with thanks. He wanted to retain the old one but the boys would not stand that. It now hangs on the billiard cue rack at the Post Trader's store, as a relic of by gone days. The hat presented, "Lightning" was a 65-cent government issue, No. 9.

DEEPS.

TULAROSA CANON—August 1st.

The past week has been superlatively dull. Information seems not to have reached the weather clerk of Judge Vincent's order in the water case, and he continues to send copious showers daily. Nevertheless, we complain not, believing that he'll "stake a tumble to himself" in due season.

The admission of New Mexico into the Union of states is being discussed in the various papers of the territory. For God sake, no! In the first place, considering the amount of illiteracy among us, it is questionable if we are capable of self-government. Secondly, a territorial government is much cheaper, and our admission as a state would only render taxation the more burdensome to our sparse population, without any corresponding benefit.

The splendid record that Capt. Wilkerson is making as deputy sheriff is no surprise to his old Texas friends. I knew the Captain in the happy long ago in the old Uvalde county, where as captain of the Montell Guards in Nueces Canon he rendered himself a bully terror to evil doers far and near. A man who could hold that position in Nueces Canon, would make a credit-

able sheriff anywhere. Captain, if you have not forgotten a Frio scribbler of the Hooperians, give him a call if you ever come this way.

Howe set out for El Paso yesterday, to be gone about a week. Taking into consideration his avoirdupois, Dave Easton was dubious in regard to loaning him a buggy, but he promised to sit square in the middle, and drive slow going down hill, so Dave gave in.

Rumor has it that Uncle Pete Kinsay has become enamored of an ancient maiden, whose latitude and longitude are about equal. Something in truth, is the matter with the old patriarch. He sits contemplative for hours, has lost his wonted vivacity and ever and anon laments the fate of "Rock me Julie" with the mournful evidence of a troubadour. The boys give him a game nearly all the time but it meets with my utmost disapprobation. Courage, Uncle Pete. Nothing is impossible to the brave.

"Stick to your aim—
The magnets hold will dip,
But only grow here loose
The ball doct'ins."

Uncle Wesley Fields promised me a live item for this letter, but as Caesar said of Labienus, "Ad tempus non venit." The way of it was this: Brown and Charlie Smith have been telling some whoopers in regard to a piece of corn grown on their Nogal ranch. That it was twelve feet high, that ladders were necessary to reach the top, and so forth. Uncle Wesley said he would go up and investigate; if it was a sell, he would whip Brown, I could write up the fracas for the Golden Era and we would be even all around. But, "The best laid schemes of mice and men oft gang a-gley." Brown bulldozed Uncle Wesley, and I failed to get the expected item. I'll send Andy Wilson over to-morrow, and they'll both suffer for imposing such a yarn on a long-suffering people. You bet the Golden Era is not to be defrauded of an item, while I am its representative in this part of the moral vineyard.

When ever a party is responsible to the people for the administration of government, all positions of responsibility should be filled by members thereof. Any misfeasance or malfeasance in office can then be charged directly where it belongs, should such occur. A street Arab once asked a comrade for the loan of twenty-five cents.

"What do you want with it?" queried the comrade.

"I want to buy a pipe and tobacco to smoke."

"But how am I benefited by that?"

"Oh, you can be stockholder, and spit."

Republicans should not ask Democrats to furnish their political capital, and take as a quid pro quo the barren privilege of spitting, when star-roule frauds, Mulligan letters, land steals, and other cussedness sour on their stomachs. A first class official heaving out is what Uncle Sam has long needed, and the sooner he runs his finger down his throat and begins, the better for his general health. If we may tell coming events by the shadow cast before, a large body of South New Mexican Republicans are preparing to "Put away the strange gods that are among them, and change their raiment." Let us insist that they shall abide on the mourner's bench for a season, before attempting to exhort the Democratic hosts.

GRANIZO

ESTRAY NOTICE.

To whom it may concern:

By order of the Probate Court the following described property will be sold in front of the court house, in the town of Lincoln, on Saturday, August 8th, at ten o'clock a. m.: One sorrell mare mule, about fifteen hands high, and ten years old.

JONES TALIAPERRO,

32-35 Probate Clerk.

WOOD CONTRACT.

Office of the County Commissioners, Lincoln, New Mexico:

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Probate Clerk of Lincoln county, at Lincoln, N. M., till October 5th, 1885, for furnishing 40 cords of dry pinon and juniper wood. Said wood to be delivered at the Court House in Lincoln, N. M. Bids will be opened and contract awarded on the 5th day of October, 1885. The Board of Commissioners reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Attest: E. T. STONE, Chairman.

JONES TALIAPERRO, Clerk.