

# THE GOLDEN ERA.

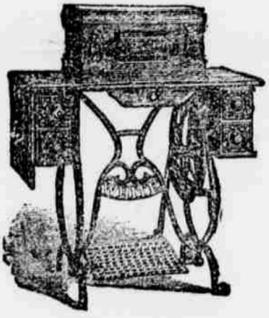
VOL. 5. LINCOLN, LINCOLN COUNTY, N. M., SEPTEMBER 10, 1885. NO. 40.

**MISCELLANEOUS ADS.**

YGNACIO SENNA,  
**Blacksmith and Repair Shop.**  
 (DIRECTLY EAST OF DOLAN'S STORE.)  
 Now Ready to do Horseshoeing and all kinds of Repair Work.  
 LINCOLN, N. M.  
 ROCCO E. MILLIO,  
 Dealer in—  
**Fine Liquors, Wines, Tobaccos Etc.**  
 Also Keeps a Full Line of Groceries and Confectioneries.  
 Give him a call: he will treat you the best he knows how.  
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IT IS THE BEST MADE.  
 LIGHTEST RUNNING,  
 QUIETEST and SIMPLEST  
 IN THE WORLD.  
 Self-Setting Needle,  
 Self-Threading Shuttle,  
 Automatic Bobbin Winder,  
 And Only Perfect Embroiderer

**NE PLUS ULTRA.**  
 Do Not Buy Any Other Before  
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 Needles, Oils and Parts for all  
 Machines.  
 For Catalogues, Prices and Terms  
 Address,  
**WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,**  
 11 N. Fourth Street, St. Louis, Mo.,  
 29-44

**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,	6:50 p. m.
Depart,	10 a. m.

Notes.—Buckboard runs daily between Ft. Stanton and Lincoln, and tri-weekly between Lincoln and Roswell, leaving Lincoln Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Roswell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, reaching Ft. Stanton on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Roswell on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

**MISCELLANEOUS ADS.**

—VISIT—  
**George Huber's Store**  
 BONITO CITY, N. M.  
 —A Full Line—  
**Of General Merchandise,**  
 DRY GOODS, LIQUORS,  
 CIGARS, TOBACCO,  
 MINERS' SUPPLIES,  
 BOOTS AND SHOES.  
**Groceries And Family Supplies.**

St. QUIRREN CONFRAN  
**ABARROTES BARATOS,**  
 Vengan a la Tienda de  
**Johnny Whelan y Cia.,**  
 (Cercueta de la Casa de Cortes.)  
 Tambien tenemos los mejores  
**Licores y Puros**  
 LINCOLN, N. M.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**D. C. NOWLIN,**  
 —SURVEYOR—  
 LINCOLN, N. M.

**CHILDERS & FERGUSON,**  
 ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
 ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.  
 Will Practice in Lincoln County.

**JOHN Y. HEWITT,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
 WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO.

**JOHN A. HELPHINGSTINE,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
 SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO.  
 Criminal Practice a Specialty.

**MOSES WILEY,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
 LINCOLN, NEW MEXICO.  
 Practice in all the Courts in the Territory

**A. C. ROGERS'**  
 LAW AND LAND OFFICE,  
 ROSWELL, LINCOLN CO., NEW MEXICO.  
 Practice in all Territorial Courts, Correspondence solicited

**W. C. McDONALD,**  
 U. S. MIN'AL DEPT'Y SURVYFOR,  
 —AND—  
 NOTARY PUBLIC,  
 WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO.

**D. J. M. A. JEWETT,**  
 U. S. MINERAL DEPUTY SURVEYOR,  
 New Mexico and Arizona,  
 United States Deputy Surveyor,  
 Louisiana,  
 MINING AND CIVIL ENGINEER.  
 Office.—WHITE OAKS AVENUE.

**A. H. WHETSTONE,**  
 SURVEYOR AND LAND AGENT  
 ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO.

**W. F. BLANCHARD,**  
 U. S. MIN'AL DEPT'Y SURVEYOR,  
 WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO.

**M. A. UPSON,**  
 LAND AND CLAIM AGENT,  
 CONVEYANCER AND  
 NOTARY PUBLIC  
 SEVEN RIVERS, NEW MEXICO

**COUNTY NEWS.**

Sheriff Poe will move his family in town shortly.  
 G. R. Young and wife were over from White Oaks the first of the week.  
 Clarence Warfield took out letters of administration in the Deall estate, Monday.  
 Dolan has about eight feet of water in his new well. Depth, about fifty feet.  
 W. H. Guise gave his order for a cow brand, Monday. Buck's a gentleman all over.  
 Mr. Joseph Biggs and family, of Eagle Creek, stopped over with us for dinner Monday.  
 John Y. Hewitt, a pleasant gentleman, and his cultured wife, were in Lincoln all of Monday.  
 Several very pretty floral tributes were placed upon the coffin of Geo. T. Beall, Jr., by ladies of Ft. Stanton, Friday.  
 Dick Young took out letters of administration on the Robson estate, Monday. It seems that Dick had the longest pole.  
 Chas. Brogton, Wm. Cox, R. P. Segrest and A. H. Bennett, of Seven Rivers, were in Lincoln Saturday on land business. Mr. Segrest is getting better slowly but surely, we hope.

Frank Stewart, the corral boss at Frank Lesnet's, on the Ruidoso, understands the business thoroughly. He is an old timer from way back and what he don't know about taking care of stock is not worth knowing.  
 Mr. Andrew Loomis, a dyed in the wool Democrat, stopped over in the county seat Monday night. He had not heard any Indian news until he left home. Another instance where you must go away from home to hear the news.  
 See card of Moses Wiley, attorney at law, in this issue. Mr. Wiley has his office opposite the court house, in the Lincoln Hotel, where he is always ready to attend to legal business of any kind. He is a reliable gentleman in every respect.

Reports are current that a band of fifty San Carlos Indians are on the war path and trying to "seek the seclusion" that the reservation grants by getting thereon. D. troop, 6th cavalry, with Lieut. Cruise in command, left Sunday for the Agency.  
 M. Viteman and family took a ride behind William Stone's high-steppers yesterday. Stone's rig is entirely too "tony" for "Miss Viteman."—Interpreter  
 This is the way the reverend gentleman slings dirty little squibs at men for the only reason that they do not advertise in his foul sheet.  
 D. C. Nowlin, the gentlemanly surveyor, who, by the way is getting about all he can do, is advertising with us, takes a copy of the paper and sends away another copy to his father in Texas. The beauty of it is, he pays for all of them in advance. A man that pays his newspaper bills in advance, need never have any fear of the hereafter.  
 Maj. Llewellyn and wife made our visit at South Fork, last week, very pleasant indeed. We were made to feel that we were at home and every attention as to our comfort was shown us. We are in hopes that the Major and his intelligent wife and well behaved children will make this place their home. They would be an addition much needed.

They intend to have two babies on exhibition at the Albuquerque Fair named after Grover Cleveland. Mrs. Ganz, the lady that teaches the Indian school at South Fork, introduced us to an Indian boy named Grover Cleveland, who, we think should be invited to take part with the other Grovers. He is one of the brightest scholars for his age and opportunities, we will wager, in the territory.  
 Last week a man living near this place went to one of our attorneys and asked for some advice. "Very well," the attorney remarked, "Well I want you to advise me how to beat my creditors." The lawyer informed him that he did not believe in that way of doing, but the best way for him (the client) to do would be to pay his honest debts. Just as the man was leaving he asked the attorney what his fee was and was informed that \$5.00 was about the proper thing. The man told him that he did not have any money, and the lawyer now thinks he is the man that was "beaten."

The bridge on this side of Chas. Fritz's ranch was washed away during a heavy rain recently. Parties coming up the river should leave the bridge to the left and going down, to the right.  
 The saw and grist mills at Ruidoso are running steadily. John Copeland runs the latter and Eddie Dowlin the former, and turn out as fine an article in both their departments as ever seen in these diggings.  
 In the settlement of the John Joy estate near Lake Valley, a dispute arose between Olive Joy, a brother of John's, Dick Duke and a man named Wright, who met in the road. Joy made a move as if to pull his gun, when he (Joy) was laid out on the ground with a bullet through both thighs; Duke was sweltering in his blood from a bullet that had entered his right breast and passed entirely through his body, while Wright was vainly trying to stanch the flow of blood from the wound he had received, he having been shot through the neck, the bullet narrowly missing his jugular vein. Who fired the first shot is not known, as there were no witnesses to the affair. John Joy was sent to the penitentiary for five years from this county last spring for cattle stealing.

**THE LAST SAD RITES.**  
 The remains of Geo. T. Beall, Jr., were laid at rest Friday forenoon, the 4th inst., in the graveyard at this place. Nearly all of Lincoln's people were present at the services held at the house, and several ladies and gentlemen, from Ft. Stanton, were also in attendance. Lieut. Davies pronounced the Episcopal service, which was very effecting, and at the grave a touching and solemn prayer was read by him. After which Corporal L. B. Speed who belongs to the order of Knights of Pythias, of which Mr. Beall was also a member, read the following very appropriate words:  
 It has been said "that it's glorious to stand over one's grave, pray and pay tribute to the departed." That may be so. We will not argue that point, because we have all to yet meet that terrible fate, death, and with this death a member of the Pythian order who has stood the ordeal of a Page, then a Squire, and now lies before us a departed Knight of the great order of Knights of Pythias. I, as a Knight, am truly sorry that we have no lodge or even ritual to give him the burial service so justly due one of our honored Knights. But the friendship that was shown by Damon and Pythias for each other, still clings to us as members of the order so justly named after Pythias, that we, as Brother Knights, will not let his soul and body pass from earth without saying something on his grave, even if we can only say, "Peace be to your ashes in F. C. and B."  
 The services ended, those that followed the remains to the grave, dispersed with sad hearts, and with only the kindest remembrances of one who was loved and respected by many friends.  
 Geo. T. Beall, Jr., came to Lincoln county in the spring of 1882, from Socorro. He lived in White Oaks a few months and then removed to Lincoln where he has since lived. He was by profession, a lawyer of rare legal attainments, and, by energy, pluck and an active brain, worked up an immense business. Last fall he was nominated and elected by the Democrats a Territorial Senator. A few weeks ago he was appointed Judge Advocate General with the rank of Colonel on the general staff. He was never known to refuse to take a poor man's case when asked, and would work with untiring energy for his client without asking a cent. Such traits of kindness made him many friends among the poorer people, who ever looked upon him as a friend in need. The great apostle has taught us that "since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead;" and that "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." And a great poet has said over the hier of the dead:  
 Come away for Life and Thought  
 Here no longer dwell—  
 But in a city glorious—  
 A great and distant city—have brought  
 A mansion incorruptible.

With these hopes for our friend, having placed his body in the embrace of mother earth and commended his soul to God, we pay this last tribute to his memory.

**WHITE OAKS—August 26th.**  
 Mr. Holt and friend, from the Pecos country are spending a day or two taking in the town.  
 W. H. Weed is suffering quite severely with acute rheumatism. He caught a heavy cold while going to and from the Agua Chiquita.  
 L. W. Stewart and J. B. Holton started for Las Vegas on Monday. They will be gone about ten days or two weeks.  
 Mrs. Melindy returned from Las Vegas the past week where she had been on business. While there she had the misfortune to lose one of her mules.  
 Another accident here last week happened to a son of Mrs. W. H. Hudgens. He fell and cut his head. Dr. Reid attended to the wound and the child is out and about.  
 Jno. Stranquist, with Jno. Woodland as assistant, will run a store on the Agua Chiquita for W. H. Weed. They went in company with teamsters who had a large load of goods on their wagons.  
 Jas. Reid met with an accident while working up at the Homestake. A part of the roof fell and cut his head quite severely. Mr. Wauchope has a large bandage in his hat to protect his head should the roof fall again.

Out on the Capitan divide, one of Pete Sepulver's wheels broke down with a load of Weed's goods to the Agua Chiquita. He and Josh Cummings came in on burros with the wheel running between them. It created quite a novel sight here.  
 Capt. Jack Crawford, of Fort Craig, the post scout, spent Sunday in our midst. He went on to Ft. Stanton to meet Mr. Thurber there who promised him, while in New York, that he would look at his mining property in the San Andres.  
 Quite a little excitement was created here last week when it was reported that T. W. Heman and F. Edder, the dry washer man had had a fight. Mr. Edder made a complaint against Mr. Heman and Judge Collier fined him \$50 and costs. The case was appealed.

In the Interpreter of August 26th, Professor High publishes an article entitled "Sheriff Poe's Asinine Kick" wherein he states what he knew to be a mean and malicious falsehood. Mr. Poe was not at home at the time the round-up commenced and gave me no orders whatsoever, therefore he is not to blame for anything which I should have done as captain of the round-up even if the statement made in the Interpreter were true. But that statement is false in every sense, and is either a falsehood on the part of the person furnishing the information or a wilful perversion of the truth by the editor of the Interpreter.  
 The facts of the case are as follows: Neither Capt. Brazel, S. S. Terrell, nor Mr. Healy, nor any one else owning cattle in the neighborhood were ever forbidden by me from participating in the round-up. What I did say was that they must furnish another wagon and mess and cooking outfit. Poe & Goodin had one wagon and cook for their own hands and those of Asa Powers, Bill Saunders, Pat Garrett the 2 Slaves' and this wagon and cook could not do the work for any more than the hands employed by them. I told the other citizens of the neighborhood that there were enough of them to provide a separate mess outfit, as there were too many of them to mess with the Poe & Goodin outfit, as one wagon could not haul the men's blankets and provisions nor could one cook do the work for any more men. I told them further that if they could not do this, they could sleep at home and come to the round up each day and get their cattle as we would bring in all the cattle each day to the place for bunching, but I did not refuse them the privilege of attending the round-up, nor did I refuse to gather their cattle so they could get them. Now these are the facts in the case and if there was anything wrong in the whole transaction I am to blame for it, not Mr. Poe who was in Santa Fe at the time.  
 And I have this much further to say to the editor of the Interpreter, that when he has occasion to use my name again in his paper, he had better confine himself to telling the truth in the case, and not draw on his imagination nor anonymous letters, for authority to promulgate falsehoods.  
 N. W. ELLIS.

**FORT STANTON—Sept 7th.**  
 Such a storm as we had here, on Saturday night is seldom seen in these parts. The pyrotechnical display made by the lightning was truly grand in all its point. The heavens were alive with the most gorgeous sights, seldom seen by the human eye. The lightning flashes were very vivid, quick and beautiful, while the peels of thunder were terrific, and the rain, old it came down in torrents, and as one lay here upon his sick bed in the Post Hospital, watching the storm as it passed over, in the language of Roddy Danlap, of H troop, who lies just opposite me; "it is real solid comfort to know one has a roof to cover his head." But with all this comfort, poor Roddy was somewhat worried. Said when we was at work on the telephone line, he was struck with lightning; went clean through him, and he was afraid the next dose would shut off his wind. Don't worry, Roddy. "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place."  
 Your correspondent being somewhat under the weather on Saturday morning attended sick call expecting to get some medicine. There he was mistaken. He was marked "Hospital," which means go to the ward, take a bath, give up your clothes, get in bed and take the treatment the Doctors prescribe for you, and in bed you stay until they say you are able to get up. I for one won't hesitate to say that the Post Hospital of Ft. Stanton, under the charge of Post Surgeon M. E. Taylor, assisted by Assistant Surgeon, W. U. Deiz, and Hospital Steward Platt, is so conducted that without a doubt is one of the best Post Hospitals in all its appointments in the U. S. Army. From the Post Surgeon to the attendants, all are polite and especially attentive to those whose misfortune throws them here as patients. And if any of your readers want to see the neatest and cleanest place in New Mexico, just let them pay a visit to our Post Hospital, and they can see for themselves that what I assert is correct.  
 Lieut. Col. Mizner and H. K. Thurber left here last Friday for the Ruidoso on a fishing trip.  
 Lieut. Davies and wife, Lieut. DeLany and wife and J. C. DeLany Esq., attended the funeral of Geo. T. Beall Jr., at Lincoln last Friday.  
 D troop 6th cavalry, with Lieut. Cruise in command, pulled out Sunday afternoon, going into the field. Gone towards the Agency. Something wrong, what it is? I know not.  
 It's rumored here that two companies of the 10th infantry, will take station here, instead of the 13th infantry now here. Rumors around a soldier's Post are as thick as fleas around a beer vat in a moonshine distillery.  
 The dudes gave another hop last Friday night, and the dance was kept up until 2 a. m. The old saying "These who dance must pay the fiddler," proved true this time, as three of the dudes are now in the hospital. Cause: Too much dancing.  
 Misery—A girl with a new dress, and no place to go—[Marthon Independent. More misery—A girl without a new dress and some place to go—[Merchant Traveler. Additional misery—A girl with a new dress, and some place to go, and no "feller" to go with her—[Courier Journal. More additional misery—A girl with a new dress and some place to go, and two "fellers" (and to decide which) to go with her.  
 Tommy Napkin did catch a bad cold on his great fishing trip. A special from Ruidoso, says, that Tommy failed to bring fishing tackle with him, and when asked how he expected to fish, said: "My yellow dog, Chick, is a terror for fish," and the way that dog fished astonished every body that witnessed this wonderful feat. Barnum has telegraphed Tommy to name his price, as he is bound to secure this wonderful dog for his world renown show. He answers thusly by telegraph:  
 P. T. Barnum, New York:—My price is a "bob" a day and found for dog and self. Tommy Napkin.  
 DEEPS.

**STRAYED OR STOLEN**  
 From Pedernal, one black horse, nine years old, branded A E on left shoulder and F K on left hip. Right hind foot white. Information in regard to same can be left at the ERA office or Jasper Coe on Ruidoso.