

THE BLACK RANGE.

DEVOTED TO THE MINING INTERESTS OF THE BLACK RANGE COUNTRY.

VOL. II.

CHLORIDE, SOCORRO COUNTY, N. M., FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1883.

NO. 19.

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CHLORIDE, N. M.

Young Mulkittle.

"Willie," said Mrs. Mulkittle to her son. "I am going down town to do some shopping, and want you to behave yourself while I'm gone. Don't bring any more of that old whoop iron into the house. I'm tired of picking up your trash; and say, if you put any more rusty nails in the bureau drawer I'll whip you. You ruined one of your father's shirts, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Let me go with you, please." "Will you be a good boy?" "Yes, I'll be so good you'll always want me to go with you."

"I'm almost afraid to take you," she said, lingering for a moment in that hesitation in which a woman so perfectly acts the character of the weaker sex. "Come on, then."

The boy lost no time in getting ready. Under severe restraint he walked along the street. Occasionally he would exhibit a disposition to loiter and investigate, but a word from his mother would bring him back to her side. Once he stopped where a man was sprinkling a flower bed, and had asked a question, when his mother plucked him by the sleeve and hurried him along. Mrs. Mulkittle reminded him of his promise as they entered a drygoods store, and declared in an undertone that if he opened his mouth she would take him home and lock him up and not give him anything to eat.

"I'd starve then, wouldn't I?" "Hush, now! Don't you open your mouth."

"Must I breathe through my nose?" "Hush," said Mrs. Mulkittle, as advancing she was met by a clerk, a smiling old bachelor, on whose head there was not enough hair to spoil a plate of soup. Just then a young widow, to whom report said, the old fellow was very devoted, and several young ladies came forward. The bachelor blushed and turned on a pivot of politeness from first one customer to another.

"Ma," said the boy, "every time I go with you we see a bald-headed man, don't we?"

"Hush! What did you promise me?" "But I didn't know we'd see a bald-headed man," and he looked at the annoyed man with an interest he always felt when confronted by such a curiosity—an interest inexplicable, and one which nothing could keep from cropping out. The girls giggled and "nudged" the widow.

"How long have you been bald, mister?" "This is worth twenty-five a yard," said the bachelor, pretending not to have heard the boy's question.

"I say, how long have—" "And this, which I think is a much better quality, is worth thirty."

"How long have you been bald—" "Ten years—I mean ten yards of this only is left."

"Wasn't you bald before that?" "No," he said, giving the boy a glance which plainly said, "how I'd like to box your ears." Mrs. Mulkittle had paid no attention to the boy's impertinent questions, for if there is anything in the world that can relieve a woman's mind of family affairs, it is dry goods. When she had so readily corrected the child when she met the first clerk, she was purchasing something for her husband. Now she was selecting drygoods for herself.

"Yes, you were bald before then," the boy persisted. "No, I wasn't. Yes, I think this will make up well."

"Yes, you was. You was bald when you was a baby, I bet you."

The girls giggled and "nudged" the widow again.

"I don't know." "Yes, you do know. Is your head soft on top like a baby's?"

"Hush!" screamed Mrs. Mulkittle, realizing the situation of affairs, and reaching around she pinched the youngster.

"Och! Quit that now." "What makes you talk that way, say?" and she shook him. After a few moments and when Mrs. Mulkittle had again become absorbed in the array of goods on the counter, the boy asked:

"If the boys was to laugh at you would you sick the bears on 'em?" "No."

"You haven't got any she bears, have you?" "No," and he lifted down another bolt of goods.

"If anybody was to slap you on the head it would go 'cospank! wouldn't it?"

"Madam," exclaimed the man, striking the counter with the yard-stick, "it's no trouble to show goods, and I would like very much to have your trade, but I'll have to request you to take that rascal out of here. Take

him out and nail him to a tree and then come back and do your trading. No, I won't sell you anything. Never mind which one you select; take him away. Go, now, before I lose all control of myself."

The poor woman seized the boy and hurried out. As she passed through the door, the boy asked:

"What's a rascalion?"—Arkansas Traveler.

Life in Arkansas.

A minister while riding along a lonely road in Arkansas, that glided under tall bushes and wound around rugged hills, approached a man who stood at the gate of a rude house. The minister addressed a question to the man, but, without replying, the latter turned toward the house, bowed to a woman who appeared in the doorway, and said:

"Good mornin' madam; how's your health and the health of your family?" The woman did not reply. "Fine day, madam," continued the man, "only the sun's striking down mighty peart."

Still the woman did not reply.

"My friend," said the minister, "I'm to preach at Harvey's Point and I would like to know how to get there."

"Don't you know?" asked the man. "No, sir; I do not."

"Then how do you expect me to know more about your business than you do?" "Say, there, madam," turning to the woman, "I'd like to come in and make myself at home. How's the prospects?"

"The woman made no reply, but kicking a cat out of the way and shooting a chicken that came up on the steps, she leaned against the door-facing and regarded the man with a lack of interest that characterizes the sweep of an eye over a barren waste.

"The church is situated near here, is it not?" asked the minister.

"Yes, but it is nearer to some places than it is to here."

"Say, madam, I am very glad to see you, and I hope your relations may be pleasant."

The woman made no reply.

"Which way must I go, as the roads have been changed?" "Go down the creek. Compliments of the day, madam."

"Will following the road down the creek take me there?"

"I've dun told you. If you know better, go up the creek," and he smiled and bowed to the woman.

"You seem to take great pleasure in being polite to the lady at the door. Who is she?"

"The boss."

"The boss of what?" "The situation. She's my wife."

"Why do you stand out here bowing to her?"

"Mister, whar was you raised, anyhow? You don't know this country like I do. This mornin' I went outen this gate with a skillet follerin' me, an' I've got to do my courtin' over again or it ain't safe to hang around the house. I've got to win that woman before the sun goes down or I'll sleep in the woods. I ain't got no time to talk about churches and things about the next world, for this world needs coolin' off at present. Arter I win the woman come aroun' an' I'll talk to you. How do you do, madam? Fine lot of chickens you've got. No, sir, my friend, I've got a big job before me, an' I ain't got through. She's got a flat-iron back thar, an' is apt to let drive at any minute. Go away now, and let me make the fight. I'm mighty persuadin' in my natur'. Fine day, madam."—Arkansas Traveler.

The Old Man's Idol.

"Isn't it pretty?" said a little old man as he wheeled a baby carriage to the place where a reporter of the World was sitting in the park yesterday.

"It must be pretty," said the reporter, looking into the carriage and seeing a tiny creature, snugly nestling in a nest with its face covered by a delicate lace veil.

The little old man was delighted, his little old chin went t-wit-a-twit-a-twee, and he chirped like a bird.

"They keep its face covered," he said, with a sigh, "since the little white hearse drove away from the house the other day. But—"

The little old man stopped and looked around with his little twinkling eyes.

"I will show its face to you, sir; it's so very, very pretty."

And the little old man's chin again went t-wit-a-twit-a-twee.

"They will be angry," he continued; "but I'm so proud of it's pretty face that I must show it."

Suddenly the little old man took the lace that covered the baby's face in his trembling fingers, and the reporter prepared to burst into exclamations of de-

light, even if the face should prove to be the homliest face in the world.

"Muss't," a little child said, coming from behind the bushes and seizing the coat-tails of the little old man. "Daupa muss't."

"The flies will annoy Rose," a gentle girl of twelve said, joining the group, and carefully replacing the lace.

Close observation showed a tear trembling in the girl's eye as the little old man wheeled away the carriage with the little child dancing by his side.

"Oh, it's such a deception!" she exclaimed, burying her face in her hands. "Baby Rose died last week," she continued, "and we are afraid to tell grandpa, as his mind is weak and she was his idol, so we put a doll in the carriage, closely veiled, so he cannot see its face, and let him wheel it around. But it's so deceptive."

Just then the little old man paused, left the little child with the carriage, and came back to where the little girl was seated.

He put his face close to hers and whispered.

"What was it," he asked, "that they carried away in the little white hearse?"

"Flowers," she said, "only flowers, grandpa."

"I wonder," the little old man mused, "why they turn their faces away when they tell me what they carried away in the little white hearse?"

Then he went to the carriage again and chirped like the merry little old man that he was.

"Flowers, only flowers," the reporter heard him murmur, as he wheeled the doll away.—N. Y. World.

A Mother's Love.

Some day,
When others braid your thick brown hair
And drape your form in silk and lace,
When others call you "dear" and "fair,"
And hold your hand and kiss your face,
You'll not forget that far above
All others is a mother's love.

Some day,
'Mong strangers in far distant lands,
In your new home beyond the sea,
When at your lips are baby hands
And children playing at your knee—
O then, as at your side they grow,
How I have loved you, you will know!

Some day,
When you must feel love's heavy loss,
You will remember other years
When I, too, bent beneath the cross,
And nix my memory with thy tears,
In such dark hours be not afraid;
Within their shadow I have prayed.

Some day,
Your daughter's voice, or smile, or eyes
My face will suddenly recall;
Then you will smile in sweet surprise
And your soul unto mine will recall
In that dear forgotten prayer
Which we at evening used to share.

Some day,
A flower, a song, a word may be
A link between us strong and sweet;
Ah, then, dear child, remember me!
And let your heart to "mother" beat.
My love is with you every where—
You cannot get beyond my prayer.

Some day,
At longest, it cannot be long,
I shall with glad impatience wait,
Amid the glory and the song,
For you before the Golden Gate.
After earth's parting and earth's pain,
Never to part! Never again!

First Woman in Camp.

The first woman in Carbonateville, Colorado, says the Denver Times was greeted by one hundred men in their rough habiliments with uncovered heads. Col. Ferguson was chosen to give the lady a welcoming speech. Uneasily pluming his mustache with carbonate-stained fingers, the colonel approached her and, followed by the uncovered heads, he inadvertently yanked a frog from his throat and then began:

"Respected madam," and a hundred heads nodded assent. Appealing again to his mustache for the needed inspiration, the colonel resumed again: "Respected madam—the illuminating spectre of this most fascinating occasion—"

And a hundred heads bobbed serenely again in assent. Pluming again the source of inspiration, the halting colonel staggered on: "Footprints of time, which have first fallen on our carboniferous soil, we welcome thee, Mercury in her aerial flight trails through the starry architecture of heaven, to trail over the silurian outcrops of Garfield county, which has become sacred soil to us from toil, vicissitudes, and privations. It is ours by right of discovery, you are welcome. We are conversant with your sex, and some of us have been victimized. We have learned to love and cherish in memory the tiny fingers which were rubbed over our biscuits in other days, and we languish for the same. The delicacy of sewing on buttons (chimbless) is ours, and our 1911-stained

robes bear the traces of the silurian outcrop. For months we have been here surrounded by the crystalline pearls of heaven, which have banked about and around us, and our only solace has been the chirp of the camp bird and the weird wailings of the metamorphic blasts. We have long anticipated the daisy, struggling through the snowy depths to comfort us, as the day drew near when we laid by our snowshoes on the limestone ledges, but this occasion is most sublime, undreamed of, and unprecedented in the history of our new country. Thou hast come upon us like a perfume-freighted breath of gentle spring-time, and thou art the shrine to which we bow and bring tribute, and, in behalf of these, my partners in the struggle, who stand before you with uncovered heads, some of them glistening like a burnished disc in the silurian sunlight, heads which have been robbed of capillary traces from inevitable contact, and I again say, you are welcome."

Baker's Interview with General Jackson.

Along about Christmas, it was the custom at West Point, some forty years or so ago, to indulge the cadets in some slight relaxation; not openly, but it was well understood that small sins would be winked at. On one Christmas eve a toothsome tippie was compounded, which was called "tiff." The body was of rum, and into it was put some appetizing spices, and was served smoking hot. It was a very seductive drink. There was one little chap named Baker, from Rhinebeck, not far from the Point. His mother was a widow, and she had secured him an appointment at the academy. He was a bright boy, rather under the usual size. When "tiff" time came Baker got too much, and was found in a state of gross intoxication. He was court-martialed and dismissed. He was almost frantic over it, and swore he could never go to his mother with the story of his disgrace. General Jackson was president at the time, and some one told Baker to go and see him about it, as he was the only one who could help him. In despair he went to Washington, and a long dreary ride it was by stage in winter. He went straight to the White House and told the attendant who he was and that he wanted to see the president. "Old Hickory" sent for him, and the little chap found the old man with his heels on the mantelpiece smoking a long clay pipe.

"Well, my boy, who are you and what do you want with me?" kindly asked the President.

Baker, with quivering lips, told his story in a straightforward manner.

"And," said Jackson, "a little fellow like you got drunk. Did you ever do such a thing before?"

"No, sir," replied Baker.

"Well, the boys ma'e some 'tiff' which is a big bowl of rum with spices and sugar, and it tased very good, and I not being used to liquor got too much and was beastly drunk."

The President sent to the war department for the papers in the case and found on examination that Baker had told the truth.

"You have told a straightforward story, my boy," said he. "You are sure you will never do this again?"

"Very sure, Mr. President," said Baker.

"Well, well," said "Old Hickory," "I think they have carried things too far. Go back, my boy; go back and tell them I sent you; and it will be all right." Baker went back, and about the same time an order arrived disapproving the findings of the court-martial and restoring him to duty. The superintendent was as angry as a hornet about it, but Baker kept his eyes open and graduated in due time and was killed or died during the Florida war.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How He Settled It.

Col. Gressom was a high-toned southerner, who held his "honor" at a premium, but he was a poor business manager and broke up. He had trouble with one of his creditors, and a fight was imminent. One day a gentleman met him and inquired:

"Colonel, did you settle with that mud-sill?"

"Yes, sah, I did sah. My honah was at stake, sah."

"Ah, I am exceedingly glad to hear you fixed him and came out in such good shape. How did you settle. According to the code?"

"Well, no," replied the colonel, dropping his pomposity on the ground as it were, and stepping on it, "not exactly."

"How then?"

"I settled with him at ten cents on the dollar, and he was d— glad to get it."

THE BLACK RANGE.

Friday, August 17th, 1883.

SUBSCRIPTION:
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Six months.....1 75
Three months.....1 00
Single copies.....10 cents

GENERAL LOCALS

A skunk is the strongest animal alive or dead.

Ed. Fest at Cuchillo Negro, is working away at his new house which will be when completed the best house in the town.

Mose Adams, the late driver of the big coach on the Engle line, has returned to pastoral life on the ranch of Thomas Dodds on Caliente creek.

Col. Branson is back at Engle and is making preparations to begin work upon the mining properties of which he is superintendent. Col. is a pusher and when he gets his orders to begin work he will shove it through.

There is a vast difference between the weather in the river valleys and in the mountains. Along the Rio Grande at this season the inhabitants are roasting, while out in the range here we are as cool and comfortable as anybody can wish. The mountain atmosphere is delightful.

A meeting of the stock owners of Socorro county was held last Tuesday and another on Wednesday at the county seat and a very complete organization of an association was effected. The association proposes to deal quickly and effectively with all thieves and rustlers who may be so unwise as to allow themselves to fall into its hands.

The Mexicans at Cuchillo Negro town have made entry for themselves of the land above their town from which they drove Hopewell & Brooks' men last week. The ground is located in the box canyon and is only valuable for its water which can be used for stock purposes. If either Hopewell or Brooks had been on the ground at the time of the intimidation the natives would not have scared the men off so easily.

Andrew Kelly of Ojo Caliente, states that in his opinion the Canada de Alamosa valley is the finest producing locality in this section. On the 3d instant, his family was increased by the arrival of a son of nine pounds and eleven ounces weight, and on the 9th Frank M. Dodds became the father of a healthy daughter, while another party is yet to be heard from. The proof given would seem to settle all dispute as to the fertility of Caliente creek as well as the ability of the settlers there to get the best results therefrom.

The Sierra mines of Lake Valley have a new superintendent, Mr. Bunsen having received the G. B. and his assistant appointed in his place. Also Mr. Cope has taken Mr. Wright's place as president of the company and the company has been remodeled generally. This change is not remarkable to one who has perused the report made by Superintendent Bunsen to his company. How any sane man could muster cheek to present to other sane men of common judgment such a report cannot be explained except by the supposition that the men reported to understand the situation. The report showed that the cost of the thirty ton smelter erected at the mine was \$50,000, while for its erection and for the necessary supplies to run it the few months it was in operation, something over \$100,000 was paid. The bill for labor would have paid two hundred dollars per day to each man employed about the mine or machinery. An assaying furnace was put in at \$15,000 and everything else was charged for on the same scale. Mr. Bunsen evidently expected but one haul at the treasury and he thought best to feather his nest while he was about it. No wonder that Lake Valley stock is a drag in the market.

Socorro has bright prospects for her immediate future and the outlook is having a very noticeable effect, in the way of an influx of gamblers and other strangers and the establishment of new business houses of all characters. The numbers of passengers who come in on each train are notably larger than of yore, and new saloons and stores are occupying the vacant rooms. Among this latter class is McGee the late superintendent of the San Pedro copper mine who has moved his conglomerate stock of goods down to the rising city. A distillery and a brewery each are going up and the new smelter will soon be ready for business. One hundred teams are at present engaged in hauling ore from the Kelley mine to the reduction works. The general business is just beginning to feel the effect of the new life in an increased trade, and the merchants are smiling. Yet they are not entirely happy. There is a proviso to the promised boom which may nip it in the bud and leave it withered and dead. The uncertainty rests with the expected line of railroad to be built from Socorro to Benson. There is no doubt whatever of the connection being built but there is a question about the junction being made at Socorro. There is a possibility of its being made at Alejo, fourteen miles or at La Joya twenty-two miles north of Socorro. Surveys have been made from each of the three points named and each place has its advantages and disadvantages, but the junction is not yet named. George B. Lake, consulting engineer of the road was looking the ground over this week and the question is expected to be settled before long. If Socorro is made the junction it will have like advantages with those given Albuquerque by the construction of the A. & P. road besides having the new smelter and other institutions to assist, and she will boom in a degree that no other place in New Mexico ever has. If the junction is made above her then there will be another San Marcial built on that side, and she will plod along in the same old groove that she has lately been following. Everyone at present is watching and waiting.

FAIRVIEW.

Tom Long is convalescing slowly.

Henry Blun is taking in the country east of here.

Mr. Geo. Nutbeen left on Monday's stage for his home at San Marcial.

Mrs. Geo. Richardson has been very sick, but is getting all right again.

Miss Alice Anderson and Miss Moore have been visiting friends in Robinson.

John A. Cloudman is gone to the Percha country to look after interests there.

Jim Mooreland has been buying more bull teams which indicates a profit in the freight business.

A typographical error in last week's issue left Mr. Reber in a doubtful position in regard to sex.

Mrs. Geo. Adams and daughter of Grafton, are visiting Mrs. Mayer and family at the hotel.

Grafton is merging into Fairview, or at least one would think so from the representation they make here sometimes.

The party of ladies that visited the Gila last week have returned and express themselves highly pleased with their trip and the country.

Thos. H. Dodds has returned bringing 1008 yearling Merino sheep from California to stock his ranch on the Caliente. They are by far the finest band in this part of the country.

Some of the gunning parties that started north early this week lost a cleaner from a Winchester rifle which they can get at C. H. Laidlaw's office by paying for this notice.

John Anderson and wife paid Fairview a short visit Wednesday. The saw mill having shut down they are likely to move down and make their residence on their ranch west of town.

Hunting parties pass almost every day for the country north and west of here. The amount of game captured does not always recompense the time and trouble of the hunters, but fun counts for something, you know.

A small consignment of ladies boots was shipped via the Gila river last week for the head squaw of the Indian reservation. The shipment was made promiscuously and the bill discounted so that Madame squaw will have a heap big bargain.

The base ball game of last Sunday was a buse arrangement, it was so one-sided that it lacked interest. Chloride must practice and put her best men forward if there is any desire to get even on the next Sunday's game. There is plenty of good timber in Chloride and if interest enough can be raised to get it together we look for a well contested game.

The Tip Top lode is likely to prove a bonanza. Eight foot of mineralized quartz at a depth of twenty-two feet is a good showing, and when the quartz can be burned in a forge till silver globules appear on the surface and bromide of copper stain appears taking the place of a grayish matter, the indications are that the rock contains something.

The Black Knife contract is now advanced twenty-six feet with a change that all miners will be glad to hear of. The contact is at last found and the mineral in place. At a depth of 116 from the mouth of the incline the hanging wall of lime and foot wall of porphyry are at last well defined and the mineral a little over two feet wide in place. The nature is gradually changing, more iron and more silver coming in, and the presence of copper apparently diminishing. No assays having been made the above is merely a supposition, but is based on the opinion of men who are well acquainted with the ore. The mineral is not a mixture of gangue, but the solid truck.

G. M. Purdy, president and manager of the Dempster mining company, of which Major Day is superintendent, visited the range last week and took a look at his possessions. He was well pleased, not only with the German, the chief of the group but with the Hancock and John Henry two others in the same neighborhood which though but slightly developed show rich ore in large quantities. Mr. Purdy will report to his company in Missouri, recommending that there be one hundred feet of additional shafting put upon each of the company's properties at once, and that a whim for hoisting be put upon the German which he wishes to get opened by shaft and drift as rapidly as possible that it may furnish business for a fifty or sixty ton smelter which he would like to erect at Fairview.

CHLORIDE.

D. C. Cantwell is out at San Marcial after another installment of Missouri cattle for his Gila ranch.

Messrs. McKinney, Lothian, Bishop and Layton have gone to the Gila on a pleasure excursion.

W. W. Jones has been out to San Marcial for some days surveying the ranch of G. H. Purmort's.

Geo. Beebe is prospecting some iron ledges which he holds on the Gila side of the south end of the range.

Mrs. George Davis departed on Tuesday's coach for Leadville, Colorado, to join her husband gone before. Many friends regret her departure.

Mr. Reber has gone to Hillsboro to see about his business at that place. He may go to Texas before he returns.

Sam Biggs has gone to Santa Fe to meet Mr. Lampton who is returning to the range to complete some unfinished business.

An officer searching for a band of half a dozen mules and some horses lately stolen from Lake Valley, took a look at the range this week.

Gus. Duvall came in from a three months steady residence at Willow Springs stage station Thursday to have a wild and weird growth of hair mowed down to civilized proportions.

H. E. Jones who has charge at present of the Gila Cattle company's ranch, better known as Detwiler's, represented his company at the stockman's meeting at Socorro this week.

Floyd Jarrett is on his way from Texas with five thousand head of cattle for the Detwiler ranch and is expected to arrive next week. Mr. Jarrett expects to remain and take charge of the ranch.

Cy. Hall of Denver, Colorado, owner of the Dollie Varden mine and a miner and capitalist of large experience came into the range with Alex von Wendt last Saturday. This is his second visit lately.

O. U. Wescott and wife the parents of Mrs. Chas. Canfield, who are here visiting will depart for their home at Grand Island, Nebraska, next week. They will visit Denver and other points of interest in Colorado on the way.

H. N. Castle departed the range Thursday for Black Hawk, Colorado, to attend the concentration test of the ores he has collected here. He expects to have his returns from the work in the course of a couple of weeks.

W. H. Moore of Nebraska City, came in on Sunday with his wife and daughter. Mr. Moore is well known in the range from the sale of the Colossal and other properties. He will return next week.

Dr. E. P. Blinn has purchased the residence building belonging to J. C. Shaw which stands next east of Dr. Haskell's and is now occupied by Della Bennett. The doctor will put a fence around it and fix it up otherwise for the occupancy of himself and wife in September.

Jim Blain got back from his jaunt about the territory last Monday and Don Cameron who had been down to Silver City came up with him. They are now busily engaged in trying to settle up the accounts generated through their late saloon business. See their notice of dissolution.

Harry Berlew opened up last night with a new saloon in Chloride, occupying the late quarters of the Bank in Westernman & Co's. room. He is fitted up with Monte Christo fixtures and keeps a neat and tidy place. He has named it the Exchange after his Hermosa house, now closed.

G. H. Purmort has purchased what he considers one of the very finest ranches in New Mexico and will proceed to stock it with cattle. It is located some twenty miles southwest of San Marcial and the range embraces fifteen or twenty miles square. J. J. Dalglish will have charge of the cattle when they are secured.

Alex. von Wendt mourns the disappearance of his fine ore specimens mention of which was made in the RANGE a few months since. An abortive attempt to steal them from his room having been made shortly after his arrival here with them he thought best to place them in the store of Westernman & Co's. for safe keeping and he did. The safe being too small to hold them they were put in the desk. There they remained safely for a long time but when he came to look for them upon his last return from Denver they had vanished and no trace of them yet has been found. Mr. Von Wendt valued his specimens at \$5,000 and to anybody who could afford to own them they were worth that much and he is consequently very much exercised over his loss.

An Advertisement.

THE RANGE is in receipt of the following lines which it supposes is a kind attempt of a friend to procure for a deserving young lady a guardian and protector such as all young ladies are expected to be watching and waiting for, and it publishes them hoping that the vaunted value of advertising may not belie itself in this particular instance. Read, reflect and investigate. It may do you good:



ALEX. ROGERS,

Livery, Feed and Sale STABLE,

ENGLE, NEW MEXICO

REBER & CO.,

SODA WATER

MANUFACTORY.

MAKES Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale and Plain Pop. Uses new patent stopper bottles para syrups.

ROBINSON, N. M.

Black Range Drug Store

E. P. BLINN, M. D.

(Successor to Wm. Driscoll.)

CHLORIDE, N. MEX.

Will continue business in the old stand and keep constantly on hand a full assortment of

Pure Drugs, Liquors, Tobaccos, Imported Cigars.

PATENT MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS, PERFUMERY, STATIONERY

FRUITS, CANDIES, NUTS, Etc., Etc., Etc

Also

GENERAL NEWS DEPOT.

E. P. BLINN.

Armstrong Bros.

FORWARDING AND

Commission Merchants

At ENGLE, N. M.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Flour, Grain and Hay.

Will take charge of Freight at Engle for the Range and attend to its forwarding. Merchants in the Black Range are offered special inducements to deal with us. We will treat all fairly and sell cheap. Try us.

JOHN EGGER

Manufacturer of and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, And everything belonging to a

FIRST-CLASS HARNESS SHOP

A large and well selected stock of

California and St. Louis Goods

Kept on hand. Orders by mail promptly filled.

SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO.

In Cuchillo Negro valley Near by unto a hill.
Lives the subject of this, The maid beside the mill.
A bonita senorita, Of Spanish birth is she, And a maid more fair and lovely In your life you ne'er see.
You may talk o' Yankee beauty, Or of any kind you will, But I'm sure there's none more pretty Than the maid beside the mill.
She's the daughter of the miller, Who grinds the yellow wheat; Her eyes are bright and sparkling, Her figure small and neat.
If any nice young fellow Wants a maid through life to dwell, He'll find her thus locate'd, In township 5, range 12.
Still closer information Of her I will relate, She's in the N. E. quarter Of section twenty-eight.
DIRTY BARON.

IN BUSINESS MEN.
BILLING WORKS,
d. Silver and Lead ore) by the first of 2d, 1883.
s Carefully Made. Cash Paid Assays are Made.
- New Mexico -

is House,
SOCORRO, N. M.
A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.
Headquarters for Mining Men. Recently Re-opened by R. C. Dougherty, Proprietor.

GEORGE TURNER,
Successor to J. J. Dalglish & Co.

PIONEER STORE,
CHLORIDE, N. M.

General Merchandise and Miners' Supplies

Of every character and description, suited to the demands of this section, kept in large and varied assortment.

California Canned Goods, Clothing and Blankets.

AT THE POSTOFFICE.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO.

The Only First-Class House and the Pioneer Hotel of the Gem City.

The rest of all Business Men.

Headquarters for Miners and Mining Men.

Table Unsurpassed by any in the Territory.

Free coach to and from all trains. Telephone free for the use of Guests. Fine sample rooms for commercial travelers. Most centrally located, being near all business houses. Fine large billiard and wine room. I call the attention of the public for a liberal share of their patronage.

R. M. TWEED, Manager

The Black Range Job Office

IS NEW AND COMPLETE.

NEW TYPE, NEW PRESSES

AND THE BEST OF WORKMEN

Enable us to turn out as good work as can be done in the territory and at as small figures. All work is warranted to please. "No likee, no takee."

Note Heads, Letter Heads, Bill Heads,

Envelopes, Programs, Labels, Posters,

Dodgers, Circulars, Blanks, Tabs, Tags,

Wedding, Mourning and Ball Invitations,

Tickets, Business Cards, Address Cards, Etc.

For anything you want in the way of printing, call on us. We hope to do the entire job printing of the Range, at reasonable figures. Don't send away without giving us a trial.

Chloride, New Mexico.

WITTICISMS.

It's a wise saw that sets its own teeth on edge. A man always looks black when he feels blue. Merely an outside matter—the handle of a jug. Admitted to bail—the sailor ordered into a leaky boat. A crane has been captured at Brunswick, Ga., with a bill fourteen inches long. He must keep a summer hotel. An Ohio man just dead has, according to the Detroit Free Press, made a cast-iron will. Will slighted heirs claim that the document was forged? She sang "I want to be angel" and he swore that she was one already. To this she blushing demurred. Then he married her. Demurrer sustained. A wife is called a better half because a man had better half her than not half her. P. S. If you don't get on to this at first you may do so halfterward. A whole family in Georgia were poisoned by eating freely of ice cream last week. Impetuous young gentlemen will do well to plate this where it will be seen. It is the same old story. Two Illinois farmers had a dispute about the boundary lines of their farms. Their dispute is settled, and so are the lawyers—on their farms. Charles Dudley Warner says that August is by time and duration time, two horrible afflictions. We reach the conclusion that Mr. Warner is both old and bald headed. "Pepi, how did you get along in school to day?" "Bady, papa; the teacher gave me a thrashing." "Why?" "Well, he asked me how many teeth a man had, and I told him a whole mouth full." "Can the Old Love?" is the title of a novel. That's generally the way of it. They can the old love as soon as it becomes the least bit old and put it away to keep, while something a trifle fresher is brought out for daily use. "Statira Jane," said a fond mother the other morning to her daughter, "Did Daniel Johnson kiss you on the steps last night?" "No, mamma, he did not." If the fond parent had said mouth instead of steps it would have troubled Jane to reply. Eight members of the Stone family, in Tennessee, on their way to church in an ox wagon, were run away with by a yoke of oxen, and tumbled into a creek without injury. This little spread gave a local paper a chance to say that was one of the occasions where no Stone was left unturned in the effort to hear the gospel. "Show me an actor and I'll show you a low-lived, godless whelp," said a member of the Salvation Army, preaching in the Grecian theatre, London. A pugilistic actor strode forward and announced himself, as he struck a boxing attitude. "Exactly so," said the revivalist; "I'll be as good as my word. Here is the actor shown to me. I am the low-lived godless whelp—that is in the sight of heaven." Old Col. Smoke, an Austin merchant, had instructed his colored cook that she must not have male company visiting her. On his return from his store he was told that she had disobeyed this order, whereupon he told her to quit at once. "Dar's no fear of me not leavin'." Dar's not money enuff in de state treasury to make me stay in a house whar de boss 'dresses his remarks to a cullud lady widout fust takin' off his hat." The Winterport correspondent of the Belfast (Ireland) Journal relates that little Josie was accused by her sister of telling a falsehood. She first denied it, but afterward said by way of extenuation: "Well, suppose I did lie; everybody lies but God and George Washington." This same little girl was asked if she said her prayers. She replied: "No; I have to take Kennedy's medicine, and that's enough without saying my prayers." American Journalism: The following is a sample of the headlines with which the Cincinnati Times and Star enlivened its telegraphic columns during the Egyptian campaign. Each capitalized word represents the beginning of a separate line: "Woeiful war. It lifts aloft its horrid front in Egypt's desert land. And Wolsley's soldiers groan and grunt across the scorching sand. The turbaned Turk and gory Greek in enmity lock horns, And all the Powers, so to speak, Tread on each other's corns."—St. James Gazette. Story of an umbrella.—During a tremendous shower a gentleman entered a fashionable club, bearing a splendid ivory-handled silk umbrella, which he placed in the stand. Instantly another gentleman, who was mourning the abstraction of just such an article jumped up. "Will you allow me to look at that?" he said sternly. "Certainly," remarked the umbrella-carrier. "I was just taking it to the police station. It was left at my house last night by a burglar whom we frightened off. I hope it will prove a first-rate clew." And, though the exasperated owner could plainly see where his name had been scratched off the handle, he sat down and changed the subject.

BUSINESS MEN.

Black Range Drug Store
E. P. BLINN, M. D.
(Successor to Wm. Driscoll.)
CHLORIDE, N. MEX.
Will continue business in the old stand at keep constantly on hand a full assortment
Pure Drugs, Liquors, Tobaccos, Imported Cigar
PATENT MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS, PERFUMERY, STATIONERY
FRUITS, CANDIES, NUTS, Etc., Etc., ETC
Also
GENERAL NEWS DEPOT.
E. P. BLINN.
HERLOW'S HOTEL,
Santa Fe, N. M.
Headquarters for Mining Men.
This well-known Hotel has recently been enlarged, refurbished and fitted up to meet the demands of the times, and is first-class in every particular.
Mining men from every part of the country from the City of Mexico to Fort Benson, Montana, can be found at this house.
P. F. HERLOW, Propr.
MONTE CRISTO RESTAURANT
In the old Monte Cristo Building,
Chloride, N. M.
First-class meals at all hours, prepared to order.
Board per week, \$8.00
Single Meals, 50 cents
WM. KELLEM, Proprietor.
REBER & CO.,
SODA WATER
MANUFACTORY.
MAKES
Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale and Plain Pop.
Uses new patent stopper bottles pure syrups.
ROBINSON, N. M.
The EXCHANGE SALOON,
Palomas Camp, New Mexico,
BERLEW & FERRIS, Prop'rs.
Wines, Liquors and Cigars
CONSTANTLY IN STOCK.
Friends or strangers are invited to call and refresh themselves.
ALEX. ROGERS,
Livery, Feed and Sale
STABLE,
ENGLE, NEW MEXICO

BUSINESS MEN.

Black Range Newspaper
THE
Is published in what is conceded to be one of the very richest mining regions of the world, and likewise in a country unsurpassed for stock raising. Consequently it is devoted exclusively to
Mining and Stock Raising Interests.
It is a local paper, making no pretensions to widespread influence nor the controlling of national affairs. It is sufficient for the BLACK RANGE if it succeeds in setting forth the advantages and wealth of western Socorro county, that capital may be induced to come hither and open up the rich prospects which have been discovered. The Black Range is new. Prospects for
Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead and Iron
Such as no country has ever surpassed, abound upon the surface from one end of the range to the other, and as far as work has opened the ledges the indications have been bettered, but development capital comes forward slowly and little can be done without it. The range has abundant grass and water, and live stock to eat the one and drink the other are fast coming in. To advertise the above facts and at the same time earn something more than livelihood from this institution is the aim of the BLACK RANGE newspaper.
ADVERTISERS
Who wish to reach a mining community will notice that the support of this paper is at present almost entirely of that class and that it has no competition nearer than fifty miles; that intends to represent the four bright, lively towns of Chloride, Grafton, Fairview and Robinson, and has a fair circulation. Rates will be made known upon application. Subscription price printed at the head of the second page.
The Black Range Job Office
IS NEW AND COMPLETE.
NEW TYPE, NEW PRESSES
AND THE BEST OF WORKMEN
Enable us to turn out as good work as can be done in the territory and at as small figures. All work is warranted to please. "No like, no takee."
IF YOU WANT
Note Heads, Letter Heads, Bill Heads,
Envelopes, Programs, Labels, Posters,
Dodgers, Circulars, Blanks, Tabs, Tags,
Wedding, Mourning and Ball Invitations,
Tickets, Business Cards, Address Cards, Etc.
LET US KNOW.
For anything you want in the way of printing, call on us. We hope to do the entire job printing of the Range, at reasonable figures. Don't send away without giving us a trial.
Chloride, New Mexico.
Carrying Passengers and Express quickly safely and comfortably to
FAIRVIEW, CHLORIDE
ROBINSON AND GRAFTON,
Visitors to the Black Range
Will leave the railroad at Engle and take this line, for it is the only stage line running into this mining country.
ALEX. ROGERS,
General Agent
GLORIETTA MILLS
J. De BOURQUET, Prop'r.
Keep constantly on hand the best brands of
Flour, Meal, Etc.
CUSTOM WORK DONE.
ALSO
U. S. Forage Agency,
Grain, Hay and Wood,
Camp House for Travelers,
CANADA ALAMOSA,
Monticello P. O., Socorro Co., N. M.
ALEX. ROGERS
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Gen'l Merchandise,
Liquors, Beer, Cigars and Mining Supplies.
General Agent for
Hercules and Giant Powder
Fuse and Caps.
ENGLE, NEW MEXICO.
Armstrong Bros.
FORWARDING AND
Commission Merchants
At ENGLE, N. M.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Flour, Grain and Hay.
Will take charge of Freight at Engle for the Range and attend to its forwarding. Merchants in the Black Range are offered special inducements to deal with us. We will treat all fairly and sell cheap. Try us.

BLACK RANGE NEWSPAPER.

THE GREAT Burlington
Route Eastward
Is the Old Favorite and Principal Line
—FROM—
OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, ATCHISON and ST. JOSEPH
—FOR—
CHICAGO, PEORIA, ST. LOUIS, MILWAUKEE, DETROIT, NIAGARA FALLS,
NEW YORK, BOSTON
And all points East and Southeast.
THE LINE COMPRISES
Nearly 4,000 miles Solid Smooth steel Track. All connections are made in UNION DEPOTS. It has a national reputation as being THE GREAT THROUGH CAR LINE, and is universally conceded to be the FINEST EQUIPPED railroad in the world for all classes of travel. Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort. Through tickets via this celebrated line for sale at all offices in the West. All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, Ac., will be cheerfully given by applying to
T. J. POTTER, Gen'l Manager, Chicago, Ill.
FRANCIS LOWELL, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago, Ill.
E. J. SWORDS, Gen'l Western Ag't, DENVER, COLORADO.
The Scenic Line of America
THE
Denver and Rio Grande
RAILWAY,
—IN—
Colorado, New Mexico and Utah
The new scenic route to
UTAH, MONTANA,
And the
PACIFIC COAST
Will be opened by the completion of the Trunk Line early in the spring.
The best route, because
The Most Convenient,
The Most Picturesque,
The Most Direct.
Opening to the ranchman over a million acres of fertile land, to the stock grower vast ranges yet unclaimed, and to the miner regions rich in the precious metals.
—THE—
Denver and Rio Grande
Is the Favorite Route for
PASSENGERS AND FREIGHT
Between all the most important cities and mining camps in Colorado. Over 1,500 miles of standard and narrow gauge, splendidly equipped and carefully managed.
The Denver & Rio Grande Express
Is operated in connection with the railway and guarantees prompt and efficient service at reduced rates.
D. C. DODGE, Gen'l Manager.
F. C. NIMS, Gen'l Pass. Agent
DENVER, COLORADO.
LAKE VALLEY STABLES
LAKE VALLEY CITY N. M.
Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.
Rigs and Saddle Horses
Furnished to all parts of the Range. Commodations furnished for Miners and Campers.
Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers
HAY AND GRAIN FOR SALE.
DOHNEY & Co., Prop'rs

PLEASE REMEMBER.

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