

THE BLACK RANGE.

DEVOTED TO THE MINING INTERESTS OF THE BLACK RANGE COUNTRY.

VOL. II.

CHLORIDE, SOCORRO COUNTY, N. M., FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1883.

NO. 21.

MEN TO PATRONIZE.

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Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law,
NOTARIES PUBLIC,
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1883.
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Liquors and Tobaccos Constantly in Stock.
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Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale and Plain Pop.
Uses new patent stopper bottles and pure syrups.
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Keep constantly on hand all kinds of

MINERS' SUPPLIES,
Which will be sold at lowest prices.
Come and Convince Yourself.

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

Ten of the Kingstone mines are shipping ore.
The field officers of the first regiment of the New Mexico cavalry all reside at Mesilla and Las Cruces.
Two soap factories, both using the soap weed as the basis of their work, will be built at once at Las Cruces.
A large body of silver glance ore has been made in the Morning Sun mine on Socorro mountain. So says the Sun.
Mr. Endlick the new superintendent of the Sierra properties of Lake Valley, has discharged most of the old employes and put new men in their places.
The Columbia mine of Lake Valley, sold by the receiver to settle differences between adverse claimants, was purchased by the Sierra Bella company for \$30,500.25.
Frank James' trial at Gallatin, Missouri, for complicity in the Blue Cut train robbery is now progressing with the chances about ten to one in favor of acquittal.
Socorro is going to have a music pavilion on the plaza for the use of the band boys. That unsightly square ought to be fixed up, and this therefore is a move in the right direction.
The Santa Fe New Mexican Review brings information of a new find of copper ore in Santa Fe county, the ledge being forty-five feet wide. If you are telling a story tell a good one.
The extent to which the whisky prohibition movement is entering into politics in Iowa, being endorsed unqualifiedly by the republican party renders the result of this year's election more uncertain than usual.
A Salt Lake negro who killed an officer while resisting arrest, was pounded up by other officers taken from jail and hung by one mob of citizens and taken down and dragged about the streets by a second crowd of infuriated men.
Mr. McGee late superintendent of the San Pedro copper mine has leased of the Ohio company the Magdalena smelter and has put it in operation. Evidently he thinks he can run it more successfully than previous parties who have had charge of it.
There are four opium joints kept by Chinese in Albuquerque on which the Journal is now waging open war. There is no law in the city at present which governs such cases so some ordinances will have to be enacted on the subject ere they can be handled.
The most disastrous cyclone yet heard of this season as proved by returns being received was that of Rochester, Minnesota. 613 houses in the city were demolished, thirty-one persons were killed and a hundred wounded, a number of them fatally. 129 families are wholly destitute, besides a number in the country who lost their all.
The most industrious man yet found in New Mexico lives at Polydora. He claims pay from the Santa Fe railroad for 363 days work done by himself on the public acequia last year, and rendered necessary by the railroad grade. The title "indolent Mexican," surely will not apply to this claimant.
Fisherman Arthur if given another term of the presidency of the United States will not leave a fish in fresh water on this continent unless he reforms. Judging by the telegrams received from his party now out on the Northern Pacific road the chief executive must sit with rod and line hanging from car or stage window constantly to catch from passing streams the finny tribe.
Chas. Chavez, Abel Duran and Aurilio Lora were tried and convicted of murdering three Chinamen near Fort Bayard last February, and were sentenced to be hanged on the 14th of next month. A deaf and dumb boy nine years of age was the principal witness in the case and he gave his testimony by means of pictures of the horrors which he drew.
The Mexican authorities want to punish the depredate Chiracahuas for their misdeeds but general Crook says that when the savages surrendered to him promised them that they should not be punished for past acts so long as they behaved themselves and that to proceed against them now would be to act in bad faith. Will some friend of Crook tell the people why in the world the general made any such an agreement with whipped prisoners? This information strengthens the story that the Indians captured Crook.
The Golden Retort mentions: "A very ingenious device for the washing of placers, the invention of a French machinist, is now operating here with splendid results. It is no more nor less than the hand-panning motion worked

by machinery, and must be seen to be appreciated. The device feeds it own water by an endless chain and uses it over and over. The machine saves every particle of gold, and is capable of washing all the dirt one man can shovel into the hopper, though it can be constructed of any capacity. A boy can turn the crank that operates the ore here with ease. A patent has been applied for. The inventor is a resident of Golden."
It has got so that nobody of consequence can go into one of the United States' territories that some fame seeking liar does not send out the report that the cowboys are plotting to capture the visitor. The tale is telegraphed at length concerning the presidential party now at Yellowstone park. People who have any sense don't believe these stories and those who are acquainted with cowboys are aware that though they may be wild and woolly and when whisky crazed are often desperate, they are not thieves nor kidnapers as a rule any more than persons engaged in other business. The space filled by this trash in the telegraphic columns of the dailies could be filled with more readable matter with profit.

The Old Reading Class.
I can not tell you, Genevieve, how oft it comes to me—
That rather young old reading class in District Number Three,
The row of elocutionists who stood so straight in line,
And charged at standard literature with amiable design.
We did not spare the energy in which our words were clad;
We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we had;
But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free
Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three.
Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's thick laid dust;
The storm it made the windows squeak at every sudden gust;
Bright sleigh-bells threw us pretty words when travelers would pass;
The maple-trees along the road stood shivering their class;
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nesting cold and dumb,
And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come—
The wondrous world, of which we connot that had been and might be,
In the old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.
We took a hand at History—it alters, spires and flames—
And uniformly pronounced the most important names;
We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy play,
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one day";
In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,
And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint;
And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,
Were first time introduced in District Number Three.
You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,
Who stumbled at the easy words, and read the hard ones right?
And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack?
And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see?
Alas! we can not find them now in District Number Three.
And Jasper Jencks, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word
(He's in the prize-fight business now, and hits them hard, I've heard);
And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear
(His tongue's not so timid now; he is an auctioneer);
And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change,
And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill with most surprising range;
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee,
Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.
So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,
And sound uncommonly distinct through memory's telephone;
And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,
And some can smite the rock of time, and summon forth a tear;
But one sweet voice, comes back to me, whenever sad I grieve,
And sings a song, and that is yours, O peerless Genevieve!
It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me—
A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.
—Will Carleton in Harper for September.

Nearly Broke up a Festival.
One bold, bad man, around a church festival, can do more to injure the cause of religion, by souring the tempers of the ladies than a barrel of vinegar.
Not many years ago there was a church festival in Milwaukee, to raise funds for paying one of the many debts of nature that churches always owe. The festival had been extensively advertised via the pulpit and the press, two institutions that go hand in hand, especially the press. It was to be a grand aggregation, a combined oyster and ice-cream festival, two shows combined in one, with one price of admission, and six prices to get out. Everything had been arranged and the women of the church were in the basement, working like beavers,—that is, we do not know as beavers ever got up a church festival, or that women ever built a beaver dam, but any way the women were working awful, while the men stood around in their shirt sleeves, tasting of an oyster here and something else there, asking a sister if she thought there was going to be much of a crowd, etc., and all was business. The crowd began to arrive, and there was a bustle. We do not mean the kind of a bustle that you do, gentle reader. We mean business. There was business going on.
The deaconesses were flying around with their sleeves rolled up, showing dimples at the elbows, and vaccination marks upon the calf of the arm, and their cheeks were red and lips looked so good, and wholesome, and—O, you know how it is.
The ladies had aprons on, and their dresses were pinned up so the deacons could observe perhaps one stripe, as they looked on the floor for the nutmeg grater, or something that had dropped. A committee of ladies were engaged in splitting oysters, before cooking, so they would go further, and another committee was thinning the milk, so it wouldn't give anybody the dyspepsia. Another committee was freezing the ice cream, the women looking on, while the men turned the freezer. They had been freezing the cream since four o'clock in the afternoon, and here it was seven o'clock, and the cream was as thin as a linen duster, and as free from frigidty as when it came from the cow or the hen, as the case may be. The deacons put in salt, and ice, and the more they turned the concern the warmer the ice cream seemed to get.
The deacon perspired, and said words that wouldn't sound good in history. Time passed and the cream would not freeze. Girl waiters came down stairs with orders for ice cream, and the wild-eyed men would take off the cover and look into the churn and find it thinner than before. A council of war was held in the basement and the matter was discussed, but no one could give any information that would freeze the cream. Finally one old deacon, who had been working the freezer for three hours, until every bone in his body ached, and who sat on the bottom step of the stairs with a coffee sack thrown over his shoulders to keep from taking cold, and mopping the perspiration from his brow, arose and said, that desperate diseases required desperate remedies. He said if that cream couldn't be induced to freeze, the church was at least beat out of twenty dollars. He said there was only one way. "Send for my wife!" said he as he sank back, weeping. The man's wife was up stairs waiting on a table, and a sister rushed up stairs to her and told her at once, as her husband was in a terrible state. The good woman dropped a lot of soup plates, and rushed down stairs, and found her husband looking as though he had been playing a base ball match.
"For Heaven's sake, Henry, what is the matter?" said the darling wife, as she knelted at his feet, and took his blistered hand in her own soft palm.
"Harriet," said he, as he put his hand on her Auburn hair to get it warm, "haven't I always been a good husband to you?"
She admitted that he had as far as she knew, though he had a reprehensible habit of going down town nights.
"Then," said he, "I have only one favor to ask. We have been trying for three hours to freeze that cussed ice cream. If it wasn't for the church, I wouldn't ask it, but Harriet something must be done. Now if you will take off your shoes and stockings, and put your feet in that ice cream freezer, you can freeze that cream in two minutes, and we are saved."
There was a noise as of a ward caucus breaking up in a row, and a wild-eyed deacon might have been seen going around that room in the basement, trying to dodge chairs, and plates and cups, and sausers, and when he got to the door, a soap toureen took him on the head, he went out into the wide world and went home in his shirt sleeves, and the young man that sings in

the choir went home with the deacon's wife later, and the ice cream did not freeze.—Peck's Sun.

Bill Nye's Cabinet.
I have made a small collection of wild, western things during the past seven years and have put them together, hoping some day when I get feeble, to travel with the aggregation and erect a large monument of ko-peets for my executors, and administrators and assigns forever.
Beginning with the skull of old Hilo-Jack-and-the-Game, a Sioux brave, the collection takes in my wonderful bird, known as Walk-up-the-Creek, and another rara avis with canivorous bill and web feet which has astonished everyone except the taxidermist and myself. An old grizzly bear hunter—who has plowed corn all his life and don't know a coyote from a Maverick steer—looked at it last fall and pronounced it a "kingfisher," said he had killed one like it a year ago. I knew he was a pilgrim and a stranger and that he had bought his buckskin coat and bead trimmed moccasins at Niagara Falls, for the bird is constructed of an eagle's head, a canvas-back duck's bust and feet, with the balance sage hen and balled hay.
Last fall I desired to add to my rare collection a large hornet's nest. I had an embalmed tarantula and her procain-lined nest, and I desired to add to these the gray and airy home of the hornet. I procured one of the large size after cold weather and hung it up in my cabinet by a string. I forgot about it till this spring. When warm weather came, something reminded me of it. I think it was a hornet. He joggled my memory in some way and called my attention to it. It seemed as though whenever he touched me he awakened in my memory—a warm spot with a red place all around it.
Then some more hornets came and began to rake up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip. He thought it was a rose-bud. When he went away it looked like a gladiola bulb. I wrapped a wet sheet around it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling so that I could go through the folding doors, and tell my wife about it.
Hornets lit all over me and walked around on my person. I did not dare to scrape them off because they are so sensitive. You have to be very guarded in your conduct toward a hornet.
I remember once when I was watching the busy little hornet gathering honey and June bugs from the bosom of a rose, years ago, I stirred him up with a club, more as a practical joke than anything else, and he came and lit in my sunny hair—that was when I wore my own hair—and he walked around through my gleaming tresses quite a while, making tracks as large as a watermelon all over my head. If he hadn't run out of tracks my head would have looked like a load of summer squashes. I remember I had to thump my head against the smoke-house in order to smash him, and I had to comb him out with a fine comb and wear a waste paper basket for two weeks for a hat.
Much has been said of the hornet, but he has an odd, quaint way after all that is forever new.

A Chinese Oath.
"Call another witness and bring forth another chicken!" were the words which fell upon the ear of a reporter who walked into the state circuit court room in Portland, the other day, as usual. There was a bloody chopping-block before the jury-box, and a swarthy Chinaman stood over it with a butcher's cleaver swung over his shoulder. Fearing to interrupt some terrible incantation, the reporter flipped behind District Attorney Caple's broad expanse of back and waited. Another Chinaman waving aloft a piece of yellow paper seized a paint-brush and dipping it in a bottle, daubed a lot of cabalistic characters. At the same moment the hall was filled with the quacking of half a dozen chickens. Then the neck of an ill-fated rooster was stretched across the block and the cleaver descended. Blood spurted, feathers flew, jurymen jumped, and the rooster rolled about the floor in a thousand and one summersaults, much to the detriment of the pantaloons of those around. A match was applied to the yellow paper, there was a bright flame, a sickening stench, and all was over. "What does all it mean?" asked the horrified reporter. "Only a Chinaman taking the oath," was the reply.
The chap who shakes the door mat on the sidewalk is the man who "flips the public eye."

THE BLACK RANGE.

Friday, August 31st, 1888.

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Three months..... 50
Single copies..... 10 cents

GENERAL LOCALS

When a miner carves out a shaft he may not intend to have it erected as an enduring monument to his memory although frequently it is good for nothing else.

The filing of the survey plats of the land on the eastside of the Black Range will enable the settlers of these valleys to get title to their lands. Many of them were ready and waiting for it.

Frank Armstrong has located and moved out to the Cottonwood springs east of the Cuchillos. With the Willow and Cottonwood springs, Armstrong brothers have as fine a stock range as there is in this country.

A good many residents of the range lost heavily by Alex. Rogers' fire at Engle owing to his books not burning up. They realize that life is filled with uncertainties and that providence cannot be depended upon to assist the worthy.

Everybody who fails to get an expected letter this week says it was destroyed by the fire at Engle. Mr. Rowe says there was a good deal of registered matter which went up in smoke at that conflagration, most of which was intended for the range offices.

Socorro Sun: "The first furnace of the smelter blows in next Saturday night. Mr. Billing is satisfied with the way in which ore is now coming. About 3,000 tons of ore are on the ground. More than one hundred tons a day have been hauled during the past week. At this rate both furnaces can be kept running."

Sheriff Simpson returned to Socorro the first of the week leaving his uncollected tax warrants in the hands of his deputy J. M. Smith. Mr. Simpson is doing a better job of collecting than has been done heretofore. He has looked up all the property owners to be found and put their names on the books if they were not already there. The last year's assessor made a bad job of the business. At Grafton only two persons were assessed, and in other precincts the work was done but little better. The taxes collected will be four times as much as the assessment here in these districts and the sheriff says that the assessor did better here than in most places. The property is assessed at its full valuation and the levy is one and a quarter per cent, which is certainly very reasonable. Notwithstanding this low rate, however, there is no reason why county warrants may not be kept at par and money remain in the treasury. All that is required is a careful collection of the moneys due the public treasuries.

The store building of Alex Rogers at Engle was consumed by fire on last Monday morning, with its entire contents including some two hundred pounds of mail. The fire was discovered shortly after the morning train had passed and it is supposed that a spark from the engine was incendiary. When discovered the fire had made such headway that nobody could approach the fire and nothing was saved. The cracking of exploding cartridges and the proximity of the blaze to the powder made the blazing building a dangerous place for bystanders. The safe containing the books and papers pertaining to the business was opened by the blacksmith on Wednesday and its contents found to be intact. This will render the settlement of his business comparatively easy. The safe was protected by reason of having fallen upon its face and been buried in six inches of soil. The loss is estimated at fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars with the exact amount of insurance unknown to the writer, but the Las Vegas Gazette says that agents of Las Vegas have taken \$14,500 risk on the total valuation. If this is correct it will let Alex. out not much the loser, but the RANGE fears that it is not true. It is likely however that the insurance is sufficient to cover the indebtedness on the business so that Alex can go back to the road or to his ranch with no burden of debt upon him. The many friends of Mr. Rogers in the range will be glad to see him start up again for it is a pleasure to do business with him.

GRAFTON.

Billy Taylor has discontinued work on his Toledo claim on Wild Horse gulch and moved over to Dry Creek to work on the Buncombe, a southern extension of the Royal Arch.

A. Rush Bowe is waiting impatiently for his pump ordered from Denver which should be here ere this. When it gets here work on the Royal Arch will be pushed.

A gentleman is fitting up the McKay building for a store. As he is putting in quite extensive shelving it is probable that his stock will consist of more than drugs. Anybody would suppose that Grafton could support two general stores as well as the other towns of the range.

Twelve men on the Alaska are putting that shaft down as rapidly as possible.

sible. The water in the shaft averages about twelve buckets to the shift and is easily handled.

Last Sunday's Socorro Daily Sun notes that "the Gila cattle company, (Detwiler's) are driving an immense number of cattle to their range. Six thousand head with Mr. Slaughter, one of the company, are now stopping between Joe Fowler's ranch and Pueblo Springs."

FAIRVIEW.

James Lackie and Ed. Doolittle are at Grafton working on the Alaska.

Thos. H. Doods paid Fairview a visit this week and reports his herd of sheep improving greatly.

One hundred and thirty six head of cattle belonging to D. C. Cantwell are at Fairview on their way to the Gila.

Messrs. Stiver and Chandler Bros. are digging a company well in the rear of the building occupied by James Moreland.

Four bids on the German contract left here Monday and Tuesday mornings, the lucky party will be likely to know something next week.

H. O. Wells who left here over a year ago suffering from paralysis and supposed to be dead, has nearly recovered and is expected to visit the range in the near future.

Tom Butler, Joe Peers and Chris Olson left Monday for a trip to the Gila and Mogollon country. Speckled trout, deer, antelope and bears are the object of the journey, and may be sage hens, quail, etc.

The stable that has graced the south east corner lot of our principal square has been moved to the rear of Sanson's store and raised about two feet from the ground. Report has it that a good building will take its late stand in the questionable future.

The Humboldt contract was let this week to H. S. Sherrard and the work commenced. The price at which it was taken (eight dollars per foot for 200 feet) seems far inadequate to the demands of labor and the fulfillment of the present contract is a question.

Messrs. Davison, Hull, McGee and Moore passed through this week with six hundred head of cattle from Texas for their ranch on the Gila. Another one thousand head will be added shortly. The number of cattle passing through speaks well for the range across the divide and the stock industry will soon become no small factor in Socorro county's resources.

The Black Knife smelter is for rent. Why not form a company consisting of the principal mine owners of the range and test their minerals in the range instead of shipping to Colorado and elsewhere? There is no doubt that the smelter can be run if a practical man is at the helm, and the extra money paid for labor would do more good if kept at home in place of being given to railroads.

The base ball game of last Sunday left Fairview ahead five tallies on four innings. The batting was heavy on both sides. Fairview only played eight men the first innings and part of the second, but yet managed to hold their score having twenty-three to Chloride's eighteen. The score by innings was:

Fairview.....	1 2 3 4
Chloride.....	8 5 4 23
Chloride.....	1 2 3 4
Fairview.....	9 2 5 18

The game for next Sunday being for blood is likely to create some interest and some close playing is expected.

Geo. Yeaker and Ed. Starner have been putting some work on the Reward claim, one of the Humboldt Mining company's locations in the Limestone district. There is a sixty feet of shaft on this claim but the ledge was left at thirty feet depth with the desire of keeping the shaft straight. The present work consists of a drift which is being run on the ledge at the last point where it showed in the shaft: thirty feet, and the work has developed a fine vein containing a quantity of rich mineral.

The rumor that the Black Knife had played out is a dastardly invention of some of the enemies of the Cuchillos. While passing through some very hard matter the contact pinched to eighteen inches of mineral on one side and a seam on the other, as is often the case in contacts. At present the mineral will average two and a half feet in the face of the incline and still widening. The condition of the mineral in the pinch changed but nothing more, than conjecture has been ascertained in regard to its value. Since the widening commenced the mineral has assumed its old character and shows up as pretty as anything that can be found in the Black range. The pinching theory started by men who had not sand enough to work through a barren place may avail to intimidate tenderfeet, but men of sense and mining experience know that they may expect something of that kind in all contacts and are not going to leave a country that contains the veins and float that exist in the Cuchillos, on a mere supposition.

Last Saturday evening J. B. Taylor was returning to Robinson from this place, driving a burro loaded with provisions and had got opposite Reber's soda water factory when master burro was scared by Reber's dog and lit out at a 2:40 gait across the prairie, of course taking the provisions along. Being after

night and cloudy Jack got away and Judge Laidlaw who was one of the party and Mr. Taylor hunted for him till the inclemency of the weather made them hunt for shelter. Next morning Jack turned up a little beyond Robinson standing with a box of canned corn between his legs and the balance of the groceries on his side. The boys on the mine say that the canned corn was all right, but after tea and coffee has stood a night's soaking in close proximity to tobacco it don't taste like "Home Sweet Home," but when it comes to pea soup impregnated with tuse and tobacco they want cast iron linings and safety valves supplied for their gastronomical receptacles before taking it.

CHLORIDE.

The public well is getting short of water again.

The Exchange saloon sells schooners of lemonade for five and ten cents. Try them.

Westerman & Co. are digging themselves a well this week. They struck water at thirty-five feet.

A Mexican brought in a young fawn a few days ago and now Westerman & Co. have two of them.

If the concentrator scheme proves a success it will start work on many excellent properties now lying idle.

H. E. Patrick has improved the appearance of his houses by a front fence about them. It is a great beautifier.

Walter Wagner and E. E. Boatman departed the range on Tuesday's stage, the former enroute for Denver and the latter going to his former home in Paris, Illinois.

W. F. Caldwell is engaged in working the second assessment of his Mountain King lode up Chloride creek. He is doing the work in a new place this year and it is showing up finely.

Tom Yates and Chas. Cyer took their departure for Hillsboro this week, to do assessment work on the Stonewall Jackson and other gold claims which they have in that vicinity.

Richard Mansfield White finds in his shaft on the Embolite claim, on the Palomas, a clear white sand resembling the sand of the sea shore which assays forty-nine ounce of silver and no lead. This is something new.

Wednesday was the eight anniversary of the birth day of Miss Jessie Moore who entertained her little companions at the residence of Mrs. Chas. Myers. The occasion was made a happy one by the children who would like a birthday party every day in the year.

Doug Robertson this week received a very complete set of taxidermists instruments and he proposes to make a collection of the birds of the Black range. With Dr. Haskel's mineral collection, Dr. Blinn's insects and reptiles and Doug Robertson's birds and animals Chloride will be able to show visitors about all there is to be seen in this section of country.

The Chloride and Fairview base ball games were so elated over their score of last Sunday that they have agreed to play on next Sunday for a purse of twenty dollars. The game will be played at Fairview. The consecutive defeats of the Chloride boys have aroused their mettle and they are doing some practicing this week. The game is expected to be a good one.

Stanford White an eminent architect of New York city, and Augustus St. Gauden, a well-known sculptor of the same city, and the gentleman who has the contract to carve the Lincoln statue for Chicago, spent a few days of this week, with Richard Mansfield White the former's brother. The visitors are making a visit to Oregon and took in this country on the side. They resumed their journey yesterday morning.

Work was begun on the Humboldt Mining company's properties in the north end of the Cuchillos this week. A two hundred foot contract was given to H. S. Sherrard which consists of one hundred and fifty feet additional work in the main tunnel on the Little Luella with something like fifty feet more of the drift to the right. Aloys Preisser, the Humboldt's assayer and engineer has been surveying for the new work this week and it will be done with more exactness in the future than in the past.

The Silver Monument matters have been all settled up and are now in good shape. W. H. Moore has a short time bond on the property, and he expects a purchaser for it to arrive soon. The bond for sale is signed by both the lessee and the owners of the property, so that there will be no break in these quarters to Mr. Moore's programme. If the sale goes and this excellent propertus passes into the hands of men of capital as well as experience, a boom will be inaugurated at the top of the range.

Messrs. Paul and McMillen, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, visited the range this week and took a look at the Colorado mine in which they are interested. At their last visit the contract was let for the tunnel work, and they wished to see the result of the opening, which the RANGE is pleased to mention, was very satisfactory to them. They were so agreeably surprised at the width of the ore crevice displayed by the tunnel

that they want to see further, and they therefore contracted for one hundred and fifty feet additional work to be done at once. Fifty feet of this opening will go on the end of the tunnel, and the remainder will be put on two shafts to be sunk from the bottom of the tunnel. These depths will open to water level, and it is very likely that pumps will be necessary when the next work is done. The gentlemen were in excellent spirits when they started for home yesterday morning.

Many surmises have been made as to the use for which the poles that are scattered at regular intervals along the mesa south of town were intended. Nearly every body suggests that they look like telegraph poles, and the suggestion is good for that is what they are—telegraph poles. They will be put up as quickly as possible and the wires put upon them which will connect the residence of M. H. Chamberlain and John Andrews. The work is being done by Clifford Chamberlain and the Andrews boys who will own, control and operate the line. The Andrews' lads have the instrument for their end, and Master Chamberlain will have his as soon as the line is ready. The "company" estimate that they can earn enough money by this wire to soon pay for its extension to Engle and that it may grow in time to be a formidable rival of the huge Western Union. The "company" figures that the services of Andrews team is often required by Chloride citizens who will willingly pay a nickel to use the telegraph for communicating their desires to Mr. Andrews rather than to travel down there. The reasoning is logical. The line will furnish good discipline for the boys and give them profitable amusement.

Important Notice.

Persons who sent mail to the Black Range which would probably arrive at Engle on Saturday night, the 25th instant, will not be surprised if they get no returns therefrom as the said mail was burned at Engle.

Plats Filed.

The following is a list of the township plats filed in the Las Cruces Land Office the 27th day of August, 1888. The territory mentioned extends east as far as Fairview and north as far as the correction line north of Robinson. Therefore this and the country twenty-four miles west and eighteen miles south is now open for entry and sale.

T. 11 S. Ranges 8, 9 and 10 west.
T. 12 S. Ranges 8, 9 and 10 west.
T. 13 S. Ranges 8, 9 and 10 west.
T. 14 S. Ranges 8, 9 and 10 west.

GEO. D. BOWMAN, Registrar.

PLEASE REMEMBER.

Armstrong Bros.

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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.

H. WESTERMAN & CO.

CHLORIDE CITY.

Keep constantly on hand all kinds of

MINERS' SUPPLIES.

Which will be sold at lowest prices.

Come and Convince Yourself.

L. CORSON,

CHLORIDE, N. M.,

Dealer in

HARDWARE, STOVES,

Blacksmiths' and Miners' Supplies, Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet Iron Ware.

LIVE BUSINESS MEN.

Black Range Lumber Co.,

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Have in their Yards at Robinson, Grafton, Chloride and Fairview

LUMBER,

SHINGLES,

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We have our Mill, at the head of Poverty Creek, running constantly. We keep

A LARGE STOCK OF MATERIAL

on hand at all times, and will deliver it to any part of the Range, at reasonable figures.

JOHN McBRIDE, 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 likes, no takes."

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.

WITTICISMS.

Even the quietest woman can make a bustle when she takes a notion to.

The impecunious man who married an heiress always spoke of her as a capital wife.

He said her hair was dyed; and when she indignantly said: "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

Sullivan made more by "striking" in fifteen minutes than the brotherhood have in two weeks.

Somebody has been bright enough to say: "Langtry and Gebhart—the lily of the valley and the valet of the lily.

"Why would you dislike to be an auctioneer?" asked Ralph. "Because his profession is for-bidding," replied Will.

"What'er you doing with that cigar, you little rascal?" exclaimed a father, addressing his son. "Ma said that if I hit the cat again she'd make me smoke, and I hit her again an' am smokin'."

Mrs. Summerezee's new girl was told to watch the turnover a few minutes; when the lady returned the turnover was burned to a crisp, and the girl remarked, "Sure I've watched it, mum; but it hasn't turned over yet."

Oklahoma Payne is bound to go into the Indian territory. Why doesn't he go down into the Apache Indian territory? There is no law against it and everybody would be glad to see him go. Especially the Indians, and particularly the white men.

An ambitious Burlington woman ordered a new poke bonnet: "Make the bonnet as big as the price." In about a week a hay wagon, having scared all the street cars off the track on its way, drew up and halted in front of her house with a thing on it so much bigger than the block, that the woman couldn't keep it in town without paying storage to the city.

A Texas paper tells this cheerful tale of the experimental school of medicine. "A woman came to a prominent physician and asked for a remedy for her husband's rheumatism. The doctor gave her a prescription and said: 'Get that prepared at the drug store and rub it well over your husband's back. If it does any good, come back and let me know. I've got a touch of the rheumatism myself.'"

"Boss, will you tell me how to make root beer?" asked a colored man of a clerk in a Woodland avenue drug store, a day or two ago. "Why, yes, I can. Take a lucky stick, three gallons of water, an old hat, a quart of molasses, a paper of tacks, and a pound of cayenne pepper and boil, skin, and set in a cool place." "Say dat agin, boss, so I disremember." The clerk repeated his directions, and the customer brought his fist down on the counter with the exclamation: "I sees whar I spilled my hull batch! I left out de tacks!"

A man in Massachusetts was sent to reform school for breaking windows and stealing apples when he was nine years old; then he stole a dog and went to prison when he was eleven; he got out in time to set fire to a house and get a two year's sentence before he was sixteen, and picked a pocket and was run in on his nineteenth birthday. Before he was old enough to vote he received a year's sentence, and since then he has served three terms in as many prisons. It is time he quit this restless, wandering life, and found some good, quiet prison that suited him, where he could settle down and stay.

A Rich Man Starved.

"So Jones is dead?" said one Somervillean to another.

"Yes, poor fellow," was the reply, "he's gone."

"What did he die of?" asked the first speaker.

"Starvation," was the answer.

"Starvation! Good gracious, the man was worth \$50,000."

"I know that; nevertheless, he died of starvation. I'll tell you how it was: Jones was always fancying there was something the matter with him, so he went to the doctor one day and had himself examined, and the doctor informed him that he had the kidney disease, and that, besides taking medicine, he must diet himself. Said the doctor: 'You must avoid all kinds of salt meats, salt fish, potatoes, cabbage and vegetables of every kind.' Jones followed his advice, but found himself no better. He went to another doctor, and after being examined, was informed that he must avoid all fresh meats also. This did not do him any good, as he thought, and he went to another doctor, who highly approved of the advice which had previously been given, and further warned him against all kinds of pastry, likewise shell-fish including clams and oysters. The best thing for you is a milk diet," said the doctor; so Jones lived wholly upon milk. Not feeling himself any better, he went to another doctor, who cautioned him to avoid milk, above all things, if he wanted to get well. This reduced Jones to a diet of cold water and fresh air, and finding himself no better under this regime, he went to another doctor, who advised him to beware of drinking too much water and being too much in the air. This last advice cut of Jones' last article of diet, and he died of starvation, as I have told you."—Summer-ville Journal.

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Chloride, New Mexico.

BLACK RANGE NEWSPAPER.

THE

Black Range Newspaper

Is published in what is universally conceded by competent mining men to be one of the very richest mineral regions of the world, and likewise a country unsurpassed for stock raising. Consequently it is devoted exclusively to

MINING AND STOCK RAISING.

The Black Range is new. The hardy prospector who in the year 1880 ventured into the Black range paid for his rashness with his life, to the murderous Apache, but the misfortune of one did not deter another from entering this land of promise and soon the white had crowded the red man from the country, until now he holds undisputed possession with no fear of savage depredations. The 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. The ledges are true fissure, with a bold outcrop and a continuous length as great as fifteen miles. The mineral belt, which extends the entire length of the Range, is thirty miles wide in places and the territory thus embraced is a perfect network of well mineralized quartz veins some of fabulous richness and extent as shown upon the surface, while as far as work has opened the ledges the indications have been bettered. But mines are made, not found and capital must be expended liberally ere the magnificent returns which a good mine gives can be expected.

CATTLE, SHEEP AND HORSES

Graze throughout the year upon the luxuriant and nutritious wild grasses which sod the landscape of this entire region. None of the desert land for which New Mexico is famed exists in the Black range. Here the grama grass waves in the gentle breezes between the dashing streams of crystal waters. No rigorous winter weather necessitates the expense of shelter and no sultry summer days detract from the value of the meat marketed. The peculiar topography of the country permit of both sheep and cattle occupying this territory without the usual conflict bred by their contiguity. The range is fast being claimed and stocked but there are many good ranches still to had.

SEEKERS FOR HEALTH

Will find the Black range peculiarly adapted to their purpose. The Consumptives whom this magnificent climate will not heal are past all hope. The altitude ranges from 6,000 to 9,000 feet above the sea level and the air is uncorrupted by decayed vegetation or the foul breaths and worse graveyards of a dense population. The winters are mild, and the rainy season tempers the summer months to remarkable salubrity. The country abounds in hot springs whose medicinal qualities are in nowise inferior to the famous Eureka springs of Arkansas. Fish and wild game abound to amuse the sportsman.

THE BLACK RANGE

Is purely a local paper, making no pretensions to widespread influence nor the controlling of national affairs. It is sufficient for the BLACK RANGE if it so 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 in gold and grass which are awaiting the advent of the capitalist. To advertise the facts set forth above and at the same time earn something more than a livelihood for the proprietor 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.

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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, etc., will be cheerfully given by applying to

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