

# THE BLACK RANGE.

Devoted Exclusively to the Mining and Stock Interests of the Black Range Country.

VOL. II.

CHLORIDE, SOCORRO COUNTY, N. M., FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1884.

NO. 40.

**MEN TO PATRONIZE.**  
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**A Leadville Sermon.**  
At one of our evening entertainments Mr. J. L. Dow, M. (Victoria) a Scotchman of excellent humor, who is returning from a tour in America, read us a sermon which he had taken down as he heard it in Leadville. The service was held in a variety theater. Some whiskey barrels made the pulpit. After the singing of "A Day's March Nearer Home," a hard-featured miner rose to address the hard-featured congregation:  
Friends, the regular preacher has gone down to-day among the boys who are working the new carbonate mines at Gunnison, and I have been appointed to take his hand and leave it for all its worth. To many of you present it won't be necessary to tell you that I'm kinder new at this business, and I don't believe there's a rooster in the camp mean enough to take advantage of my ignorance and cold-deck me on the first deal. I have been reading in this year book that yarn about the prodigal son, and I will try and tell the story. They don't give no dates, but I guess it happened a considerable spell back in history. It seems the Prod's father was pretty flush with stamps, and a real good sort into the bargain, as he always shelled out freely when the kid struck him for a stake, and never bucked at the size of the pile, neither, so long as the boy behaved in hearty on the ranch and generally behaved hisself hand-some. But by and by the kid begun to get restless and wanted to rustle out and travel; so he got the old man to ante up in advance of the death racket and let him go. He no sooner got his divy in his pocket than he shook the ranch and spread himself out to take in some of the far off camps. Wal, according to the book, he had a way-up time at first, and slung his coin around as if he owned the best paying lead within a thousand miles of Denver. But, my friends, this game didn't last for ever. Hard luck strikes him at last, and the Prod is found in one of his sober intervals remarking in a confidential way to one of his chums: "I say old pard, I am busted clean down to bed-rock, and them's the cold-blooded facts." The book don't say what the Prod went broke on, but probably he steered against some brace game. Be that as it may, however, he was so beautifully cleaned out that he hadn't a two-bit piece left to go and eat on. In this condition he struck a ranch belonging to a granger, who, taking pity on the poor, busted Prod, gave him a job of herding hogs. The granger wasn't a bad old sample in a general way, but he was inclined to be kinder mean on the feed, and so it came that often the Prod got so frightfully sharpset for a meal he had to go wack in the hog trough. You bet the kid who in his flush times had been boozing around the best of everything like a silver king or a big railway monopolist, had now plenty of time on his hands for doing a tall lot of thinking, and one day he said to himself: "I'll just ding this business. Why, even the meanest whelp in my old governor's service are living on square grub, and plenty of it, while I am working along on stock lunch. I know what I'll do. I'll just skip back to the old man and ask for a new deal." So away he went, but he had a hard time reaching the old ranch, and don't you forget it. When you have plenty of coin, my friends, everybody's pleasant, but when you are on the borrow you don't find it so good. Finally he did strike the familiar trail leading down to the old home, and while crossing some open lots, the old man, as the book puts it, saw him a-coming afar off. Yes, the old man's eyes were dim, but he did not fail to spot his boy afar off. And what'd'y ve suppose that Prod's father did? Did he whistle the dogs up to chase him off the ranch? You bet he didn't. No, I'll tell you what he did. He just waltzed right out of the gate and met him, and froze right to that poor scarecrow right on the spot, and fell to kissing him and weeping over him, and calling him his poor, long lost boy, until Prod got all broke up, wept like a sluice dam, when the snow comes down off Pike's Peak, under a July sun. The old man then took him right away, to a clothing store, and rigged him out in the noblest suit to be had for coin and put an elegant ring on his finger, ordered the fattest steer on the ranch to be slaughtered, and invited all the neighbors in, and had the biggest blowout that camp had ever seen.  
Now it appears that the Prod's elder brother was out at work with the teams, and when he came in he asked some of the help what was the meaning of the picnic they were having inside, and when he was told the reason he just got real mad. The old man, hear-

ing of this, went out to him and said: "Come in lad, your brother's come back and we're having a regular old-fashioned jubilee, now you come right along like a good fellow and take a share in the break-down." But the brother wouldn't budge, and said: "Look here, dad, I have stuck to the ranch and have never transgressed your orders, but it never struck you to have a picnic of this kind until you give it in honor of a loafer who has disgraced you."  
But, my friends, you make your bets on it, that the old man had a level head and wasn't to be easily bluffed. He said: "My son, you say you never have transgressed my orders, but are you sure that's so? I tell you that you have grievously transgressed my commandments now by your unbrotherly and uncharitable behavior. Learn that I am not pleased by service of mere form, if the heart is not in accord. You may count that your service is according to the letter of the law, but I tell you it don't fill the bushes worth a cent so far as the spirit is concerned. The spirit you are showing, my lad, is the one that leads to narrow-mindedness, to bigotry, to intolerance and to fooling around and burning folks because they don't fix up their formal observances just exactly as you have arranged, and as you assert must be right."  
And now, my friends, it is to the credit of the brother that he took the old father's square talk in good part, and you bet that old man was a thoroughbred—and don't you forget it.—Moncure D. Conway, in Philadelphia Times.

**Eli Perkins' Book Agent.**  
A Philadelphia book agent imported James Watson, a rich and close New York man, living out at Elizabeth, until he bought a book—"Early Christian Martyrs." Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then taking it under his arm he started for the train which takes him to his New York office.  
Mr. Watson hadn't been gone long before Mrs. Watson came home from a neighbor's. The book agent saw her and, went in and persuaded the wife to buy another copy of the same book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning. When Mr. Watson came home from New York at night, Mrs. Watson showed him the book.  
"I don't want to see it," said Watson frowning terribly.  
"Why husband?" asked his wife.  
"Because that rascally agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we have two copies of the same book—two copies of the Early Christian Martyrs, and—"  
"But, husband, we can—"  
"No, we can't, either," interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I—"  
"Why, there he goes to the depot now," said Mrs. Watson pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book agent making for the train.  
"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots, and—"  
Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, drove by, when Watson pounded on the window pane in a frantic manner, almost frightening the horse.  
"Here, Stevens," he shouted, "you're hitched up; won't you run your horse down the train and hold that book agent till I come? Run! Catch him now!"  
"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping his horse and tearing down the road.  
Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted "all aboard."  
"Book agent!" he yelled, as the book agent stepped on the train. "Book agent hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."  
"Watson? Watson wants to see me?" repeated the seemingly puzzled book agent. "Oh, I know what he wants; he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."  
"If that is all he wants," I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"  
"Two dollars for the 'Early Christian Martyrs,'" said the book agent, as he reached for the money and passed the book out through the car window.  
Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing in his shirt sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.  
"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens; "jest got it and that's all."  
"Got what?" yelled Watson.  
"Why, I got the book—'Early Christian Martyrs,' and—"  
"By—the—great—gurs!" moaned

Watson, as he placed his hand to his brow and swooned right in the middle of the street.—Eli Perkins.

**Frozen Facts.**  
As a west-bound train passed Cape Horn, a large party of strangers crowded out on the platform and loudly expressed their dissatisfaction at the scenery.  
As they returned to their seats to enjoy a good jolly grumble, entirely oblivious to the indignant glances of the native passengers, a meek-looking, gentle-voiced-journalist from Frisco approached from the other end of the car and volunteered to give the tourists some valuable facts concerning the country.  
Next morning the journalist was informed by the porter that a committee of gentlemen wished to see him in the baggage car. As he entered the latter he found a dozen travelers, all natives, and to the manner born, waiting to receive him, hat in hand. The spokesman advanced and said:  
"You were the party who was giving those globe-trotters in the rear sleeper some pointers about the coast, I believe?"  
"I am sir," said the quill driver modestly.  
"You told them, I understand," continued the chairman, "that Mount Shasta was 77,000 feet high?"  
"The same."  
"You divulged the well-known fact that trains on this road were detained four days by herds of buffalo, and that they frequently have to use a Gatling gun on the cow-catcher to prevent the locomotive from being pushed off the track by grizzly bears?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"You further acquainted them with the circumstance that the Digger Indians live to the average age of 204, and that the rarification of the air on the plains is such that an ordinary pin looks like a telegraph pole at the distance of forty-two miles?"  
"I think I wedged that in," responded the newspaper man.  
"And we are informed that they all made a memorandum of your statement that at the Palace hotel an average of two waiters per day were shot by the guests for bringing cold soup—eh?"  
"They did."  
"And finally, we believe, that you are the originator of that beautiful—but awful fact—fact regarding that fallen redwood tree up at Mariposa—I mean the hollow one into which the six horse stage drives, and comes out of a knot-hole 100 feet further on!"  
"I told them all about it."  
"Just so! just so!" said the committeeman, grasping the patriot's hand and producing a well filled buck-skin bag, "and I am instructed by this committee of your fellow countrymen to present you with a slight token of our appreciation of the noble manner in which you vindicated the honor of our native land."  
And as he left the car they gave him a cheer that nearly shook the train off the rails.

**He Missed the Place.**  
A cow-boy from the plains struck a Texas city one Sunday, and after supper started out to take in a variety show he had been told of. In about an hour he came back to the hotel.  
"Hello, Jim!" said the clerk in surprise, "the show ain't out already, is it?"  
"No, but I am."  
"What's the matter?"  
"The duffers put me out, that's all; and, by gravy, before I had a chance to pull my gun they clamped me, and two big policemen had the bracelets on me."  
"What were you trying to do?"  
"Nuthin', only I went in fur my rights and got bounced. You see, clerk, I slid in without paying a dang cent, and I thought I was playing them sharp. I sot down just as a long-jawed man on the stage began to read out of a book, and I begun gittin' ready fur a chance to laugh. After the snoozer got done readin' I was going to encore him, but he stuck where he wuz, and just then the music box in the corner tooted away and everybody in front of me stood up. That riled me bad. I begun to yell, 'Down in front; down in front, d—you, set down in front,' and the next thing I knowed two fellers in store clothes collared me and shot me right into the claws of the policeman. I kicked in course, but what could I do in a one to four crowd, with the judge clear agin me?"  
"Why, Jim, you got into a church instead of a show!"  
"So they told me, and when I showed

up what a durned fool I was they let me go, and told me I'd oughter to git a sing and hang it on to myself so the cows wouldn't eat me for grass. Dang sich a town! What time's the next cars go out?"—Merchant Traveler.

**FOOLISHNESS.**  
"Aunt, vat makes the little baby cry so? Do it wants its mudder?" "Yea, dear, and its fodder, too!"  
When a man kicks a can of nitro glycerine he gets a large amount of information, but so suddenly that it does him no good.  
In passing sentence upon two rogues, Phillip of Macedon ordered one to leave Macedonia with all speed, and the other to try and catch him.  
"I say Jenkins, can you tell a young tender chicken from an old tough one?" "Of course, I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens have no teeth." "No, but I have."  
A young man says he is going to attempt the feat of going forty days without working. He says if his employers don't watch him he thinks he can accomplish the task.  
Somewhat to himself; "Can you tell me," asked a Cortland man of his tailor, how you came to get this coat so tight?" "Oh, yes, sir. The fact is you were tight when I measured you."  
"Dear Louise, don't let the men come too near to you when courting." "Oh, no, dear ma. When Charles is here we have a chair between us." Mother thinks the answer is rather ambiguous.  
Notwithstanding soda water frequently explodes a heavy copper generator and blow a drug store into splinters, the gentle girl calmly swallows goblet after goblet of it, while it is the young man along with her who gets "busted."  
"Johnnie, did anyone have the croup in your house last night?" Dunno! "What made you ax me?" "Well, I saw a light in your house long after midnight." "Oh! that's my sister! She has something down in the parlor awful late every night, but I don't know whether it is the croup or not."  
A stock-broker, returning to his office after a substantial luncheon with a client, said, complacently, to his head clerk, "Mr. Putkin, the world looks different to a man when he has a bottle of champagne in him." "Yes, sir," replied the clerk significantly, and he looks different to the world."  
A lady and gentleman were engaged to be married, and they one day beguiled the blissful tedium of courtship by talking over the names of their future children. They got along very well until they came to the name of their fourth child, and over that they quarreled so violently that the match was broken off.  
"Why, old boy, what's the matter with you? You look as though you had lost your best friend." "Do I?" was the reply. "Well, I haven't." On the contrary, I have just gained a friend." "You don't look it." "I know I don't. You see, last night I asked little Miss B. to marry me, and she said she would always be to me a 'very dear friend.'"  
A North Hill man tripped on a rug at the door of his bedroom, slid down a long flight of stairs, crashed through a glass door, down the stone door steps, rolled across the yard out through the open gate, crossed the sidewalk on the dead slide and brought up like an avalanche against a tree box. By heaven," he said as he limped back to the house, "that tree box might have been the death of me. If I can find the child who left that gate open I'll wear out a skate strap on him." And he did.  
"My poy," said a German sergeant to a squad of United States regulars, "I wish you to understands dot I am von of de pest hearted vellers in de world. Don't you peleeve dot?" "Oh, yes sir," answered the members of the squad. Dot's all right. I am de pest hearted veller in de world except ven I'm on duty, and ven I'm on duty, I'm a peast. Isn't dot so, poy?" "Yes," faintly replied the squad. "Dot's all right, too. Und, now, shust remember, poy, I'm always on duty."  
"Fourthly," said a hard-shelled Baptist preacher who was trying to destroy all the beauty in nature and art; fourthly, brethren, we come to beautiful women. They are a snare to our footsteps, a constant Eve in our garden of eden, an allurement to worldliness, a temptation to lead us into fashion and display. Yea, brethren, look for yourselves, and tell me what is the state today of beautiful women—"Kaintucky, be gawd, sah," snorted out a man over in the corner of the church, and the preacher had to go on to fifthly for a change.

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Friends, the regular preacher has gone down to-day among the boys who are working the new carbonate mines at Gunnison, and I have been appointed to take his hand and leave it for all its worth. To many of you present it won't be necessary to tell you that I'm kinder new at this business, and I don't believe there's a rooster in the camp mean enough to take advantage of my ignorance and cold-deck me on the first deal. I have been reading in this year book that yarn about the prodigal son, and I will try and tell the story. They don't give no dates, but I guess it happened a considerable spell back in history. It seems the Prod's father was pretty flush with stamps, and a real good sort into the bargain, as he always shelled out freely when the kid struck him for a stake, and never bucked at the size of the pile, neither, so long as the boy behaved in hearty on the ranch and generally behaved hisself hand-some. But by and by the kid begun to get restless and wanted to rustle out and travel; so he got the old man to ante up in advance of the death racket and let him go. He no sooner got his divy in his pocket than he shook the ranch and spread himself out to take in some of the far off camps. Wal, according to the book, he had a way-up time at first, and slung his coin around as if he owned the best paying lead within a thousand miles of Denver. But, my friends, this game didn't last for ever. Hard luck strikes him at last, and the Prod is found in one of his sober intervals remarking in a confidential way to one of his chums: "I say old pard, I am busted clean down to bed-rock, and them's the cold-blooded facts." The book don't say what the Prod went broke on, but probably he steered against some brace game. Be that as it may, however, he was so beautifully cleaned out that he hadn't a two-bit piece left to go and eat on. In this condition he struck a ranch belonging to a granger, who, taking pity on the poor, busted Prod, gave him a job of herding hogs. The granger wasn't a bad old sample in a general way, but he was inclined to be kinder mean on the feed, and so it came that often the Prod got so rightfully sharpset for a meal he had to go wack in the hog trough. You bet the kid who in his flush times had been boozing around the best of everything like a silver king or a big railway monopolist, had now plenty of time on his hands for doing a tall lot of thinking, and one day he said to himself: "I'll just ding this business. Why, even the meanest whelp in my old governor's service are living on square grub, and plenty of it, while I am working along on stock lunch. I know what I'll do. I'll just skip back to the old man and ask for a new deal." So away he went, but he had a hard time reaching the old ranch, and don't you forget it. When you have plenty of coin, my friends, everybody's pleasant, but when you are on the borrow you don't find it so good. Finally he did strike the familiar trail leading down to the old home, and while crossing some open lots, the old man, as the book puts it, saw him a-coming afar off. Yes, the old man's eyes were dim, but he did not fail to spot his boy afar off. And what'd'y ve suppose that Prod's father did? Did he whistle the dogs up to chase him off the ranch? You bet he didn't. No, I'll tell you what he did. He just waltzed right out of the gate and met him, and froze right to that poor scarecrow right on the spot, and fell to kissing him and weeping over him, and calling him his poor, long lost boy, until Prod got all broke up, wept like a sluice dam, when the snow comes down off Pike's Peak, under a July sun. The old man then took him right away, to a clothing store, and rigged him out in the noblest suit to be had for coin and put an elegant ring on his finger, ordered the fattest steer on the ranch to be slaughtered, and invited all the neighbors in, and had the biggest blowout that camp had ever seen.  
Now it appears that the Prod's elder brother was out at work with the teams, and when he came in he asked some of the help what was the meaning of the picnic they were having inside, and when he was told the reason he just got real mad. The old man, hear-

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and Club Rooms  
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J. M. BEESON, Proprietor  
Carries as fine a stock of Domestic and Imported  
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As they returned to their seats to enjoy a good jolly grumble, entirely oblivious to the indignant glances of the native passengers, a meek-looking, gentle-voiced-journalist from Frisco approached from the other end of the car and volunteered to give the tourists some valuable facts concerning the country.  
Next morning the journalist was informed by the porter that a committee of gentlemen wished to see him in the baggage car. As he entered the latter he found a dozen travelers, all natives, and to the manner born, waiting to receive him, hat in hand. The spokesman advanced and said:  
"You were the party who was giving those globe-trotters in the rear sleeper some pointers about the coast, I believe?"  
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"I say Jenkins, can you tell a young tender chicken from an old tough one?" "Of course, I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens have no teeth." "No, but I have."  
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ing of this, went out to him and said: "Come in lad, your brother's come back and we're having a regular old-fashioned jubilee, now you come right along like a good fellow and take a share in the break-down." But the brother wouldn't budge, and said: "Look here, dad, I have stuck to the ranch and have never transgressed your orders, but it never struck you to have a picnic of this kind until you give it in honor of a loafer who has disgraced you."  
But, my friends, you make your bets on it, that the old man had a level head and wasn't to be easily bluffed. He said: "My son, you say you never have transgressed my orders, but are you sure that's so? I tell you that you have grievously transgressed my commandments now by your unbrotherly and uncharitable behavior. Learn that I am not pleased by service of men, if the heart is not in accord. You may count that your service is according to the letter of the law, but I tell you it don't fill the bushes worth a cent so far as the spirit is concerned. The spirit you are showing, my lad, is the one that leads to narrow-mindedness, to bigotry, to intolerance and to fooling around and burning folks because they don't fix up their formal observances just exactly as you have arranged, and as you assert must be right."  
And now, my friends, it is to the credit of the brother that he took the old father's square talk in good part, and you bet that old man was a thoroughbred—and don't you forget it.—Moncure D. Conway, in Philadelphia Times.

**Eli Perkins' Book Agent.**  
A Philadelphia book agent imported James Watson, a rich and close New York man, living out at Elizabeth, until he bought a book—"Early Christian Martyrs." Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then taking it under his arm he started for the train which takes him to his New York office.  
Mr. Watson hadn't been gone long before Mrs. Watson came home from a neighbor's. The book agent saw her and, went in and persuaded the wife to buy another copy of the same book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning. When Mr. Watson came home from New York at night, Mrs. Watson showed him the book.  
"I don't want to see it," said Watson frowning terribly.  
"Why husband?" asked his wife.  
"Because that rascally agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we have two copies of the same book—two copies of the Early Christian Martyrs, and—"  
"But, husband, we can—"  
"No, we can't, either," interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I—"  
"Why, there he goes to the depot now," said Mrs. Watson pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book agent making for the train.  
"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots, and—"  
Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, drove by, when Watson pounded on the window pane in a frantic manner, almost frightening the horse.  
"Here, Stevens," he shouted, "you're hitched up; won't you run your horse down the train and hold that book agent till I come? Run! Catch him now!"  
"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping his horse and tearing down the road.  
Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted "all aboard."  
"Book agent!" he yelled, as the book agent stepped on the train. "Book agent hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."  
"Watson? Watson wants to see me?" repeated the seemingly puzzled book agent. "Oh, I know what he wants; he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."  
"If that is all he wants," I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"  
"Two dollars for the 'Early Christian Martyrs,'" said the book agent, as he reached for the money and passed the book out through the car window.  
Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing in his shirt sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.  
"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens; "jest got it and that's all."  
"Got what?" yelled Watson.  
"Why, I got the book—'Early Christian Martyrs,' and—"  
"By—the—great—gurs!" moaned

# THE BLACK RANGE.

Friday January 11th, 1884.

PUBLISHED BY THE  
Black Range Printing Company.

C. P. Crawford of Silver City, is paying his creditors twenty-five cents on the dollar.

J. H. Penrose, the discoverer of the Old Man mine at Silver City, died at that place recently of small-pox.

General McKenzie who went insane shortly after his removal from New Mexico to Texas, has been taken to the Bloomingdale asylum near New York, for treatment.

The postmaster-general is preparing a bill to be introduced in congress which shall exclude newspapers carrying lottery advertisements from the mails at pound rates of postage.

The Las Vegas Gazette has passed into the hands of a stock company. Walter Hadley remains the editor but if he is wise he will drop his man Wilcox as the Southwest Sentinel of Silver City advises. Wilcox's wind possesses too little vitality to be of use to any publication.

A cold wave swept over the region north of here last week and gave the folks there such a freeze as they have not experienced for years. At Kansas City the thermometer marked twenty-five degrees below zero on Friday, and further north it went proportionally lower. This Arctic air was doubtless the northern end of the southern wave which passed through New Mexico New Years day.

George Washington Cleveland, a negro has been arrested and persuaded to confess to being one of the robbers of the Southern Pacific train near Denning, and at the same time to divulge the names of his companions, Mitch Lee, Frank Faggart and Kid Joy being three of them, the former being the one who shot Engineer Webster. None of these have yet been captured although a thorough and active search is being made.

With the concentrator chewing up forty or fifty tons of ore a day and the mines working to their full capacity a good sized copper smelter will not be long in establishing itself here and the railroad will come booming in upon us. The concentrator and mines are upon the eye of doing their part and the other desirable adjuncts are promised within the year. The era of prosperity is opened and 1884 will be recollectied as a red letter annual for the Black Range country and Chloride in particular.

The finding of the jury in the Emma bond case just closed at Hillsboro, Illinois, was acquittal. An alibi was considered proven. The citizens of that portion of the state were greatly incensed at the verdict and threats of lynching the jury were indulged in. The accused men were warned by the people to vacate quickly, several of the towns of that section visited by them after their freedom was given, on pain of bodily injury. In the minds of the public generally who were familiar with the published testimony there was little doubt of the guilt of the accused parties.

## THE LATEST WONDER

\$15,000 Ore—The Equator Mine—The Iron Reef District.

Lake Valley, The Solitaire and the Old Man Bonanzas Duplicated with a Premium.

Scientific men, since the days of Baron von Humboldt, have been prophesying that the chief mineral wealth of the world was confined within the rocks of Arizona and New Mexico. These predictions have been somewhat slow of verification as regards New Mexico, owing to various hindrances, notably the red man, but they are rapidly being established now. Lake Valley whose mines are remarkable in their characteristics and richness which was the starter in this direction was followed by the Solitaire of the Pecos, and then came the Old Man mine of Silver City, and now there is brought to light the Equator mine of the Iron Reef district, near Cuchillo Negro, which promises to be the greatest of them all. All of these bonanzas are carbonate deposits almost identical in their situation and character, and while it is possible and not at all improbable that they may not eventually prove to be the greatest producers of the mines of the country, yet they are remarkable for the profit with which they can be worked owing to the fact that the ore lies compactly and close to the surface.

The Equator mine lies in a short ridge of small hills which rise from the plain between the Cuchillo Negro and the Palomas Creeks, some six miles equidistant from the Mexican towns of Cuchillo Negro and Palomas. The hills run parallel with the Black Range about fifteen miles east thereof with the Salado mountains lying between. The hills are comparatively barren of timber and the nearest water to the discovery is at Montoya's stock ranch, on the Cuchillo Negro and Palomas road a mile and a half west.

The attention of the itinerant prospector has frequently been called to these hills by an iron ridge which crops boldly on the west face of the hills running with the formation, and during the past three years this iron cap has

been frequently searched, though unsuccessfully, for hidden wealth. Two years ago the discoverer of the Equator, Samuel P. Foster, visited the hills and observed the iron and when at Lake Valley shortly afterwards, remarked the resemblance of the croppings of the two and resolved that at the first opportunity he would return and more thoroughly explore this spot. This opportunity did not occur until about the tenth of November last, when having occasion to pass along the road near, he drove over to the hills. At the base of the ridge he picked up some copper stained float and following this up the steepest incline past the prominent iron reef mentioned, he came upon some more iron apparently mixed in among the lime. This he broke and finding it to be stained with copper he secured such of it as he could conveniently and had assayed made in Chloride, receiving a return from one piece of sixty ounces of silver. With this encouragement Mr. Foster had his location surveyed, its boundaries well marked and about the middle of December he took five miners down there, erected a house and two tents and began prospecting the claim in earnest. At the point of the original discovery a perpendicular shaft 400 feet in dimensions has been sunk about fourteen feet deep on the foot-wall. From it has been taken five sacks of ore which will run \$16,000 per ton, one hundred and forty-five sacks of \$1,000 ore and some ten or twelve tons of \$100 ore which is dumped. Not a pound of waste is handled. About half of the body taken out is third-class and is piled up; a crevice averaging some five inches is first-class and the remainder is the second-class which is sacked. The first-class ore has the form of crystallized and horn silver and will melt down like wax when held in the flame of a candle. The second-class ore is red and yellow ochre and a substance blue, red and gray, resembling decomposed wood as much as anything, being easily whitened. The third-class is a heavily copper-stained iron rock. Not much attention was at first paid to what is now sacked as second grade ore, until Aloys Preisser of Engle, assayer for the Humboldt Mining company, visited the camp and remarked that this rock looked valuable to him and assayed some of it getting \$900 per ton from it. Then it was handled more carefully. From the discovery shaft last week two men in two days mined and sacked one hundred sacks of ore. A piece of float from the hill weighing two and a half ounces, assayed by Mr. Preisser for Mr. Foster, gave a button containing \$100 in silver. The deposit, or possibly vein, upon which this shaft is opened shows upon the surface over a space 25x100 feet with occasional small chimneys at spots considerable of a distance away. At a point some five hundred feet south and a little above the original discovery point on the same claim a second cropping of ore was found which assayed \$5,200 per ton although it was in small quantity. A shaft several feet deep has been opened here in expectation that the crevice will lead down to the main body of ore. On a location made by Richard Manfield White, called Jaqua, a southeast extension of the Equator, sixty-five dollar mineral has been found and on the Meridian a south extension of the Equator owned by J. M. Smith and V. B. Beckett, mineral running from three to sixty ounces is abundant. S. B. Perree, Oscar Pfotenhauer, W. H. Trumbor and Jack Farrell also have adjacent locations which show more or less mineral.

The formation of these hills consists of lime, iron and quartzite distinctly stratified resting upon a granite base. The hills appear to have been formed by a volcanic upheaval of the west side, the formation having a strong incline to the east, the granite base showing only on the west. The wall of the ore body of the Equator as shown by the shaft goes down perpendicularly and it is expected that the ore chute when followed will lead to the iron reef and possibly continue with it to the granite contact. The large amount of mineralized rock which is already known to exist throughout the extent of the ridge precludes the possibility of the Equator deposit being easily exhausted. However, if only the surface showing is there it will prove quite a bonanza for its owner.

Promptly upon the discovery of the Equator mine being of value a district was formed and the name of the Iron Reef given it. The law was also enacted that a ten foot discovery hole or its equivalent must be sunk within sixty days from date in order to hold a claim. This law is a good one and should and will be strictly enforced and the location of the whole country by one person will thereby be prevented.

As the news of this strike becomes noised abroad adventurers are flocking hither and considerable travel to and from the bonanza is already begun. The Black Range has known of this find since the discovery but was waiting for it to be thoroughly proved ere it gave it much advertising, this also was the desire of Mr. Foster. Considerable development of claims adjacent to the bonanza will soon be begun and all predictions are to effect that the Iron Reef district will soon rank with best mining camps in New Mexico or any other country.

LIVE BUSINESS MEN.  
Reopened, December 5th, 1883.  
**The Grafton House,**  
GRAFTON N. MEX.  
Board by the day or week. First class accommodations for travelers.  
**DYER & KELLEM, Proprietors.**

**GUSTAV BILLING**  
SMELTING WORKS,  
Will be ready to buy Smelting Ores (Gold, Silver and Lead ore) by the first of SEPTEMBER, 1883.  
Sampling Promptly Done. Assays Carefully Made. Cash Paid for Ores as Soon as Assays are Made.  
**Socorro, - - - New Mexico.**

**Saucier Brothers,**  
Do general  
**Freighting**  
Heavy work, and particularly the hauling of  
**Ore and Machinery**  
Made a specialty. We solicit your work. Address us at  
**Chloride, N. M.**

**LEGAL NOTICES.**  
Notices of Forfeiture.  
NOTICE is hereby given to M. G. Gillette that I have performed the annual assessment work amounting to \$100 upon the Overlook mining claim for the year 1883. Notice is also given to W. W. Strohn and M. G. Gillette that I have performed the annual assessment work amounting to \$100 for the year 1883 upon said Overlook mining claim situated in the Black Range mining district, county of Socorro, territory of New Mexico. You and each of you are hereby notified that unless you pay your proportion of the same within ninety days from the date of the publication of this notice your interest in the said mining claim will be forfeited to the undersigned according to law; and you will also pay the cost of this advertisement.  
W. H. BEERY.  
January 1st, 1884.

To John Steven, his heirs or assigns:  
YOU are hereby notified that the undersigned have expended \$100 on the Alta mining claim, assessment for the year 1883; also \$200 on the Highland Mary mining claim assessments for the years 1882 and 1883, both claims being situated in the Apache mining district, Socorro county, New Mexico, and if within the period of ninety days from the date of this publication you shall fail or refuse to pay your proportion of said amounting to the aggregate of \$300, being the cost of this advertisement, the said mining claims will become the exclusive property of the undersigned co-owners.  
JOHN FULTON.  
FRITZ TRUB.  
January 1st, 1884.

To James G. Singleton:  
YOU are hereby notified that the Southwestern Mining company has expended \$100 in labor and improvements upon the Excelsior lode or claim situated upon the Iron Reef, Apache mining district, Socorro Co., N. Mex., in order to hold possession of said claim under the provisions of section 2224 Revised Statutes of the United States, and if within ninety days from the date of this notice you fail or refuse to pay your proportion of such expenditure (\$33.33 as co-owner, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscribers under said section 2224.  
THE SOUTHWESTERN MINING CO.  
J. H. GARNICE, President.  
H. N. Castle, Secretary.  
January 4th, 1884.

NOTICE is hereby given to James G. Singleton that the undersigned have expended \$100 in labor and improvements upon the Iron Reef and the Copper Belt mining claims situated in the Apache mining district, Socorro county, New Mexico, and if within ninety days from the date of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of these sums (\$100 as co-owner, your interests will be forfeited to us according to law.  
THOMAS CYR.  
THOMAS YATES.  
January 1st, 1884.

To Mark L. Edwards:  
YOU are hereby notified that the undersigned have expended \$100 in labor and improvements upon the Iron Reef claim situated in the Cuchillo Negro district, Socorro county, New Mexico, being the same claim as the assessments due Dec. 31st 1883 in order to hold the said claim under the provisions of section 2224 of the revised statutes of the United States, and if within ninety days from the date of this notice you fail or refuse to pay your proportion of said expenditure as co-owner, and the cost of this advertisement, your interest will be forfeited to the undersigned.  
M. H. DAY.  
January 11th, 1884.

NOTICE is hereby given to A. J. Hughes that the undersigned have expended \$100 in labor and improvements upon the following claims, viz: The Buckeye, Ontario and Small Hopes, situated in the Apache mining district, all in Socorro county, New Mexico, for the year 1883, in order to hold possession of the same under section 2224 of the revised statutes of the United States, and if within ninety days from the date of this notice you fail or refuse to pay your proportion of such expenditure as co-owner, and the cost of this advertisement, your interest in said claims will become the property of the undersigned.  
D. M. LOTHIAN.  
J. C. WRIGHT.  
E. W. LEIGHTON.  
January, 11th, 1884.

**Notice of Contest.**  
U. S. LAND OFFICE,  
LAS CRUCES, N. M., Dec. 18th, 1883.  
Complaint having been entered at this office by William Troclee against Juan Jose Cuevas for abandoning his homestead entry No. 422, dated March 25th, 1883, upon the 1/4 sec. 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, and 41, sec. 34, T. 9 S., R. 10 E., S. 10 N., Socorro County, New Mexico, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at the office of D. H. Wenger, at Grafton, N. M., on the 29th day of January, 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.  
Geo. D. BOWMAN, Register.  
Dec 21

U. S. LAND OFFICE,  
LAS CRUCES, N. M., Jan 1st, 1884.  
Complaint having been entered at this office by James Perry Hutchcraft against Alma Kirby for abandoning his homestead entry No. 422, dated April 22nd, 1883 upon the 1/4 sec. 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, and 41, sec. 34, T. 9 S., R. 10 E., S. 10 N., Socorro county, New Mexico, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 25th day of February 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.  
Jan 1-40  
Geo. D. BOWMAN, Register.

**BUSINESS MEN.**  
This paper is kept on file at E. C. Duke's Advertising Agency, 65 Merchant's Exchange San Francisco Cal., where contracts for advertising can be made for it.  
1850. 1883.  
**PACIFIC COAST**  
SMELTING WORKS

**HANKIN, BRAYTON & CO.,**  
General Offices and Works, San Francisco California. Branch Works, Chicago. New York Office 36 Broadway.  
—Builders of—  
**Mining Machinery.**  
Plants for Gold and Silver mills, embracing the latest and most improved machinery and processes for base and free ores. Water Jacket Smelting Furnaces for silver, lead and copper ores, with new and important improvements superior to any other make. Hoisting works, pumping machinery, Chloride Furnaces, etc. We offer the best result of thirty years' experience in this special line of work, and are prepared to furnish from San Francisco or Chicago the most approved character of mining and reduction machinery, superior in design and construction to that of any other make, at the lowest possible prices. We also contract to deliver in complete running order, Mills Furnaces, Hoisting Works, etc., in any of the mining states or territories. Estimates given on application. Send for illustrated circular.  
S. M. DORMAN, Agent.  
Socorro.

**The Great English Remedy.**  
Is a never-failing cure for nervous debility, Exhaustion, vitality, seminal weakness, spermatorrhoea, lost manhood, impotency, paralysis, and all the terrible effects of self-abuse, youthful indiscretion, and excesses in mature years—such as loss of memory, insensibility, nocturnal emission, evasion to society, dizziness of vision, noises in the head, the vital fluid passing unobserved in the urine, and many other diseases that lead to insanity and death.  
Dr. Mintie, who is a regular graduated physician will agree to forfeit \$500 for a case of this sort the vital restorative (under his special advice and treatment) will not cure, or for anything injurious or impure in our medicine. Dr. Mintie treats all private diseases successfully without mercury. Consultation free. A thorough examination and advice, including analysis of urine, \$5. Price of Vital Restorative, five \$3 a bottle, or four times the quantity, \$10; sent to any address upon receipt of price, or C. O. D. secure from observation and in private name if desired, by A. E. MINTIE, M. D., No. 11 Kearny St. San Francisco, Cal.  
SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE will be sent to any address by letter, stating symptoms, age, and sex, strictly secrecy in regard to business transactions.  
Dr. Mintie's Kidney Remedy, Nephreticum cures all kinds of kidney and bladder complaints, gonorrhoea, gleet, leucorrhoea. For sale by all druggists; \$1 a bottle, 4 for \$5.  
Dr. Mintie's Remedies Pills are the best and cheapest dyspepsia and bilious cure in the market. For sale by all druggists. 36 1/2

**DR. ALLEN'S**  
PRIVATE DISPENSARY,  
25 1/2 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California.  
Established for the Scientific and Speedy Cure of Chronic, Nervous and Special Diseases.  
**THE EXPERT SPECIALIST.**  
DR. ALLEN IS WELL KNOWN AS A regularly graduated physician, educated at Bowdoin College and University of Michigan. He has devoted a lifetime to the study of the treatment and cure of diseases within his specialty.  
**YOUNG MEN.**  
And MIDDLE-AGED MEN, who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions and excesses in mature years, NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, Impotence, Lost Manhood, confusion of ideas, dull eyes, aversion to society, despondency, pimples on the face, loss of energy and memory, frequency of urinating, etc. Remember that by a combination of remedies of great curative power, the doctor has so arranged his treatment that it will not only afford immediate relief but permanent cure.  
**MY HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE**  
(Having been surgeon in charge of two leading hospitals) enables me to treat all private troubles with excellent results. I wish it distinctly understood that I do not claim to be able to perform impossibilities or to have supernatural or miraculous power. I claim only to be a skillful and successful physician and surgeon, THOROUGHLY informed in my specialty—  
**DISEASES OF MAN.**  
All applying to me will receive my honest opinion of their complaints, no experimenting. I will guarantee a positive cure in every case I undertake or forfeit \$1,000. Consultation in office or by letter FREE and strictly private. Charges reasonable. Thorough examination, including chemical and microscopical analysis of urine and advice, \$5. Call on or address,  
Dr. Allen,  
25 1/2 Kearny Street, San Francisco Cal. Office hours, 9 to 3 daily, 8 to 8 evening, Sunday 9 to 12 only.

The necessity for prompt and efficient household remedies is daily growing more imperative, and of these Hostetters' Stomach Bitters is the chief in merit and the most popular. Irregularity of the stomach and bowels, malarial fever, or constipation, biliousness, rheumatism and minor difficulties are cured throughly by this incomparable family restorative and medicinal safe guard, and it is justly regarded as the purest and most comprehensive remedy of its class. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

**HOSTETTER'S**  
STOMACH BITTERS  
The necessity for prompt and efficient household remedies is daily growing more imperative, and of these Hostetters' Stomach Bitters is the chief in merit and the most popular. Irregularity of the stomach and bowels, malarial fever, or constipation, biliousness, rheumatism and minor difficulties are cured throughly by this incomparable family restorative and medicinal safe guard, and it is justly regarded as the purest and most comprehensive remedy of its class. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

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LIVE BUSINESS MEN.  
**New Store in Chloride**  
**L. CORSON**  
Appreciating the needs of the people has added a full and  
**COMPLETE STOCK OF GROCERIES**  
To his Hardware Store,  
**FRESH GOODS OPENED TO-DAY, DEC. 7TH.**  
Which he proposes to sell at the lowest living prices  
**CALL AND SEE HIM.**

ANTONIO Y. A. ABEYTTIA, President. GEO. G. STILES, Cashier  
**Socorro County Bank.**  
SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO.  
**DIRECTORS, INDIVIDUALLY LIABLE:**  
P. DORSEY, LINDSEY HENSON, THOS. DORSEY, ANTONIO Y. A. ABEYTTIA  
Transacts a general banking business on terms as liberal as is consistent with safe banking. Banking hours from 9:00 a. m. to 3:00 p. m.

**Black Range Lumber Co.,**  
MCBRIDE & ANDERSON, Proprietors,  
Have in their Yards at Robinson, Grafton, Chloride and Fairview  
**LUMBER,**  
**SHINGLES,**  
**DOORS**  
**and SASH**  
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**

**BROWNE, MANZANARES & CO.**  
Socorro, N. M.  
**BOOTS, SHOES,**  
**CAPS, CLOTHING.**  
**GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, HATS,**  
Flows, Agricultural Implements, Etc.  
**MINERS' SUPPLIES AND OUTFITTING A SPECIALTY.**  
Browne & Manzanares, Las Vegas, N. M.

**CHAS. F. WINTERS & CO.,**  
Successors to Geo. Turner.

**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.**

