

THE BLACK RANGE.

DEVOTED TO THE MINING INTERESTS OF THE BLACK RANGE COUNTRY.

VOL. II.

CHLORIDE, SOCORRO COUNTY, N. M., FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1883.

NO. 11.

MEN TO PATRONIZE.

G. W. FOX, Socorro. D. H. WENGER, Grafton.

Fox & Wenger,
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law,
NOTARIES PUBLIC,
General, Financial, Collecting, Mining and Real Estate Agents.

Principal Office, Branch Office,
SOCORRO, N. M. GRAFTON, N. M.

Careful attention given to Mining and all other cases in the Federal and Territorial Courts, and Abstracts furnished upon short notice.

BURT D. MASON, C. E.
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor,
Surveys for Patent and Ranch Work a specialty.
Office at Grafton, New Mexico.

CHAS. F. WINTERS,
Assayer and Chemist,
Chloride, N. M.

W. H. TRUMBOR, U. S. Mineral Dep't Sur. GEO. A. BEEBE, Notary Public.
TRUMBOR & BEEBE,
Surveyors & Real Estate Brokers
CHLORIDE, N. M.

L. M. BROWN,
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor,
SOCORRO, N. M.
Patent Surveys a Specialty.

ALFRED MOORE, J. M. SHAW, Notary Public.
MOORE & SHAW,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
SOCORRO, N. M.
Mining and Land Litigation a specialty. All business in our profession promptly attended to in the Federal and Territorial Courts.

J. W. SANSOM,
Dealer in
Groceries, Tobaccos, Liquors
Kills, Horse and Ox Shoes and Feed.
FULL LINE CANNED GOODS.
Southwest Cor. of Square, FAIRVIEW, N. M.

L. CORSON,
CHLORIDE, N. M.,
Dealer in
HARDWARE, STOVES,
Blacksmiths' and Miners' Supplies,
Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet Iron Ware.

J. OEHL & CO.
GRAFTON BUTCHERS,
Keep constantly on hand and deliver wholesale and sell at retail.
Fresh Beef, Pork and Mutton.
GRAFTON, N. M.

THE BANK
Billiard Parlor
and Club Rooms
CHLORIDE, N. M.
BEESON & BEEBE, Proprietors.
Carries as fine a stock of Domestic and Imported
Wines, Liquors and Cigars
As any house in the territory.
GOOD MUSIC EVERY NIGHT.
JOHN EGGER
Manufacturer of and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips,
And everything belonging to a
FIRST-CLASS HARNESS SHOP.
A large and well selected stock of
California and St. Louis Goods
Kept on hand. Orders by mail promptly filled.
SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO.

MEN TO PATRONIZE.

James Dalglish. J. C. Plemmons.

Dalglish & Plemmons,
Hermosa, N. M.
DEALERS IN
General Merchandise
Miners' Supplies a Specialty.
Liquors and Tobaccos Constantly in Stock.
Respectfully solicit a share of patronage from the miners of the Palomas.

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.

The EXCHANGE
SALOON,
Palomas Camp, New Mexico.
BERLEW & FERREE, Prop'rs.
Wines, Liquors and Cigars
CONSTANTLY IN STOCK.
Friends or strangers are invited to call and refresh themselves.

MONTE CHRISTO
Saloon and Billiard Room
BLAIN & CO., Proprietors.
Miners' and Sportsmen's Headquarters.
CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS.
Anheuser's Beer Constantly on Draught.
South Side Wall Street,
CHLORIDE N. M.
FITZPATRICK BROS.
Livery, Feed and Sale
STABLE,
Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers.
General Repairing done on short notice. Charges reasonable.
CHLORIDE, N. M.

Private Rankanfile.

"Don't tell me that republics are ungrateful," said the big-hearted private one day, his eyes swimming in grateful tears. "Look here, all this just for a little thump like that." He had just drawn his pension. "Eight dollars a month," he said proudly, "for a stiff knee."

His old commander, General De Resparad, gets a great deal more than that, and never got a scratch in his regiment. But he has something mysterious, with a long Latin name, that has affected some four-syllable portion of his anatomy. Every time Rankanfile hears of it—which is every time he meets the general—he shudders, and says "that thing will carry the general off one of these days."

I would not be surprised. It is big enough to carry off a rhinoceros.

Private Rankanfile seems lonely. He is thinking, perhaps, of his comrades, the other privates in his regiment. There were several soldiers in the army. Rankanfile, whom I knew, was one. The name of the other one has escaped me. Nor do I know where he is. He may be dead. Perhaps he is married. Something has happened him certainly. I looked for him in the legislature, but his captain tells me he is not there. I seek him in congress, but his colonel tells me he has not seen him nor heard of him since the last election. I miss him in the cabinet. He doesn't appear to be consul to any place.

And yet, if he would only come forward and show himself, a grateful country has remembered him. He can secure a farm of 100 acres in the far west, after the railroads have secured all the best sections, twenty miles from the nearest post-office, twice as far from water, and as far as a railway train can run in a day from a coal bank or forest, or precisely the same terms as are accorded a man who has been in this land fifteen minutes. It is a great boon and the private soldier should appreciate it. And undoubtedly he does—in a quiet way. He does not make much fuss about it. And really there isn't very much for him to grow enthusiastic about.

But the private soldier, though indeed he is exceedingly rare and marvelously scarce at intervals, is not entirely lost. It will rejoice the hearts of his anxious friends to learn that his absence has been noted. People are enquiring for him. Eminent statesmen are looking him up. Distinguished congressmen, who are not morally certain of "going back" are after him. Great men who are positively "gone out of politics" for good, unless the voice of the people should imperatively call them back to public life, are seeking the lost soldier in his retirement. The time of the quadrennial reunion draweth nigh. Also, the year of the national convention. In the days gone by, when the private soldier was more numerous than to-day, very nearly a thousand of him were required to make one colonel. More than many times so many are sometimes requisite to the election of a member of congress and to make a president.

Therefore he will be found. He will be dragged from his lurking place. If he has not been seen at the polls by four p. m., the general's own carriage will come for him. It will not come after him again for another four years. But it will come for him then.

The pages of history teach us, then, dearly beloved, that the private soldier is extremely necessary during the progress of war. His indispensable so long as actual hostilities continue; he is even useful at intervals in a time of peace, but between the intervals nobody appears to want any of him—during the spaces of period that elapses between the times when there is somebody to be elected to something.

And it is pleasant to see him dragged out into the light of day even once in two or four years. It is pleasant to be thus assured that he is not dead, but only speechless; to know that he is still good for something; that he counts one apiece at the polls; that he swells the line of the torch light procession; that, as the days of yore and gore, he is useful in digging trenches, as it were. It is a great joy to know that he is not all and altogether gone. There used to be so many of him that now we seem to miss him, even when we catch him out alone and count him.

And we rejoice, too, in the thought that his time has come. One day the private soldier will shine resplendent as a blazing planet against the nebulous background of half-forgotten field of line officers. It has ever been the fate of the private soldier. Napoleon is dead and his marshals are dead. But the private soldier who fought under the "Little Corporal" at Waterloo, is

he not found in every state? The "Iron Duke" is dead, but does not the last surviving soldier of the "guards" die some place nearly every month? Washington is dead, but his body-servant is not, his name Legion, of Legion county? And some day the last general who fought in the war of the rebellion will pass away, the final colonel, much against his will, must die. Majors and captains will join the innumerable caravan; but the last surviving private soldier of every regiment that fought anywhere will never leave us, but will live embalmed in the perennial paragraph: "Till sun shall rise and set no more.—R. J. Burdette in Philadelphia Times.

Something in Relation to Different Tints.

"Look here," said a gentleman who came into our office the other day; "I want to talk to you on a gravematter." He was a gentleman with a white slouch hat, a pair of bow legs, a red nose, and a suspicious eye.

"Go ahead," said the talking editor.

"There is a popular idea," said the gentleman, as he brushed some important jokes off the desk, and wiped his feet on them, "that a red nose indicates intemperance."

"I never said it," remarked the editor, in a manner that ought to sooth most any complainant.

"Now then," continued the visitor, "you observe my nose, what do you think of it?"

After a brief scrutiny, the editor said it was a brick-red.

"Right," said the visitor, "it is a brick red; now do you know what causes a brick red on a man's nose?"

"I can't tell," rejoined the editor, wearily, while he wiped his face with a blotter, "unless it is that somebody painted you in the nose with a brick."

"You are wrong," said the gentleman with the slouch hat, "it's liver complaint, for some d—d reason that I never could understand, when the liver gets out of order, the indications work out to the nose, and give it a brick red color," and the gentleman picked up an inkstand and threw it on the floor in considerable wrath.

"If you will kindly refrain from breaking the property," said the editor, "we will discuss this subject further."

"Well, it makes me mad," said the man, "to be blamed for drinking. Now, what do you think of the cardinal red tint on a man's nose, which is different from mine?"

"It looks nice," said the editor cheerfully.

"I know it looks nice; it gives a man a sort of picturesque appearance that he otherwise would not have, but at the same time there is a wrong impression in regard to it. That cardinal red doesn't denote whiskey."

Just then a spring fly bored its way into the editor's ear, and after it was pulled out with a shoe-buttoner, and killed with a tack-hammer, the editor said:

"Why?"

"Whenever you find a cardinal red on a man's nose," said the gentleman with a slouch hat, "you can gamble that it's erysipelas. I'll tell you what it is, continued he, as he hit the table a thump, "most of the people in this country are color-blind, and in addition to that they have an absurd idea of red noses. When you get a crimson red nose, however, you have it."

"Have what?" asked the editor.

"A case of whiskey coloring, a brick red or a cardinal red doesn't count; but a crimson red, especially where there's pimples in connection with it, is a sure indication. 'I would like you,' concluded the gentleman, "to set the people right on this thing, because I have an uncle who is worth \$100,000 and he's going to die pretty soon, and I can't catch on unless this red nose racket is explained, as he is a temperance man. If you explain it I'll send him a marked copy, and when he croaks I'll see that you ain't left."

"All right," said the editor, and while the gentleman rambled down stairs, the editor gathered up his kit of tools, consisting of a paste pot and a pair of scissors, and went to work.

An Important Errand.

A conductor on a Missouri, Kansas & Texas train approached a swell-looking colored woman, arrayed in all the glories that ribbons can lend, and asked for her ticket.

"Go way fum y'ah! Don't bodder me wid none yo' foolishness!" she exclaimed, bridling with indignation.

"Come, give up your ticket!" remonstrated the conductor.

"I tote yo' go away from y'ah! I done

got no ticket, an' I don' want no foolishness!"

"If you don't give me a ticket or pay your fare, I'll put you off the train!" growled the exasperated functionary.

"Yo' don' put me off no train, now, I tote yo' fer suah!" retorted the darkey. Ise got bizness down yer dat yo' can't postpone. Ef you put me off de train, yo' done got in a fuss, suah's yo' bon'!"

"Where are you going anyway? What's your business?" demanded the conductor, rather impressed by her manner.

"Ise gwine to de hangin' a piece down here, an' mor'n dot, Ise gwine, and yo' can't stop me!"

"Who're they going to hang?" asked a passenger, who had become interested in the discussion.

"Deys' gwine fer ter hang my husband. Ise to be the only lady present! Go away from y'ah! Don't fool wid me! Ef yo' think yo's gwine to get me off dis train an' beat me out de last chance o' layin' ober that nigga's mudder and sister, who can't git in and won't stay out, yo' don' know nothing about de strength of a wife's devotion! Go way from y'ah! Rudder dan Iose de chance of breakin' dem nigga's hearts, I done put dis heel under yo' rail road an' lift it over the state line! Go way fum y'ah!"

The conductor let her ride free, but whether to save the railroad or let her get square with her mother-in-law, was not apparent on his returns.—Drake's Magazine.

He Laughed Out.

He was from the east, and if he was not an ex-detective he had at least a right to be called a philosopher. He was buzzing around the Third street depot the other day with a suspicious looking young man, and making a great show of a fat wallet, and finally the special officer stepped up to him and said:

"My friend, who is that young man?"

"I think he's a pick-pocket," was the prompt reply.

"Where are you going?"

"To Chicago, and he has just purchased his ticket to the same point."

"If you think him a suspicious character why do you train in his company?"

"Simply to beat him."

"How?"

"He goes to Chicago because I am going. He means to pick my wallet between here and there. He had to scrape his pockets to buy the ticket. I have two wallets just alike. About half way to Chicago I shall let him get hold of the one stuffed with paper. He will leave the train at the first station after. He will have no money, no friends, and be mad enough to bust when he sees my trick. I'm just cracking my sides over the way his chin will drop when he opens the stolen wallet."

About an hour after, when the train had departed the officer was surprised to see the joker still hanging around, and this time alone.

"Then you didn't go to Chicago?"

"Say," answered the man as he came closer, "that chap wasn't after my money, after all. He simply wanted my watch, and I'll be hanged if he hasn't got it. Where's the chief of police?"

Setting Hens.

This is the season when hens run mad and will not be comforted unless they can hide away somewhere and sit day and night on a wooden nest egg or an old door-knob.

Several men were discussing this question in a grocery store one evening recently. A man who owns a large flock of Dorkins remarked, "not even an act of congress can break up a settin' hen."

"Ever tried jammin' 'em under a barrel an' pourin' water on 'em?" demanded the man on the sugar barrel.

"Yes," said the Dorking man, "I've poured wather on 'em till they grew web-footed, like a blamed duck, and afterwards found 'em in an old coal hod settin' away on lumps of coal."

"Tie a red rag on around one wing," said a man who was eating cheese and crackers. "That'll fix 'em."

"Might's well offer 'em a chromo," said the Dorking man. "I tied a whole red woolen shirt on one last spring, and dog my cats if she didn't make a nest of it and set three weeks on the but-tens!"

Then the grocer said it was time to close up, and each man girded off his loins and slowly filed out.—Detroit Free Press.

The latest agony is for a young lady to have a dog to match her dress. We'd like to see a crushed strawberry dog—in fact any kind of a crushed dog.

Bad Medicine.

A young physician who had long worshipped at a distance was one day suddenly called to attend her. He found her suffering from no particularly dangerous malady, but she wanted him to prescribe for her nevertheless; so he took her hand and said impressively:

"Well, I should—prescribe—I should prescribe that—you—get—married."

"Oh, goodness!" said the interesting invalid, "who would marry me, I wonder?"

"I would," snapped the doctor, with all the voracity of a six-foot pickerel.

"You," exclaimed the maiden.

"Yes."

"Well, doctor, if that is the fearful alternative, you can go away and let me die in peace."

The Colorado Journal publishes an extract from a Vienna paper, wherein the people are warned against emigrating to America. The article is funnier than the most "roaring" of farces, and is as follows: "If people try to become suddenly rich by traveling further inland, they are put to hard work on the plantations and railroads where they receive if possible, still smaller wages. Although they are promised the highest prices, in order to attract many victims, they are, when they arrive, left on the prairies, are paid nothing, and besides are swindled terribly. Most of these unfortunates fall a prey to suffering, or they are attacked by fever or some other American sickness and thus die. Many are sent into the mines, very far away, where they never have an opportunity to return, because they never earn the money for the journey back. If a man obtains work with a farmer, the latter keeps back the wages, and when twenty-dollars has fallen due, the farmer kills the poor man in order to keep the money. Travel in America is still very dangerous. The traveller is compelled to fight with wild animals, snakes, hunger, water, heat and cold. Many are nevertheless determined to ride, and jump on the trains in order to get to the prairies, and are afterwards found starved to death on freight trains. With the best of resolution a man cannot get work in this wilderness."

Finding that some kind of men laugh at locksmiths, a Burlington woman one night threw a handful of banana peels out of a back window upon the kitchen roof. That night, about 1:30 or a little later, the shock of an earthquake that had been in America long enough to swear, shook the house and startled the family awake and when they rushed out and picked up a man on the kitchen step, he looked at them with an expression of pained surprise, and appeared to be on the eve of offering anybody \$10,000 to tell him what to say. But he didn't.

There is a movement in foot in Montana to establish a town somewhere in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Judith, to be called Giantville. The programme is to secure 320 acres of land, to divide the same into town lots and streets, establish laws and regulations allowing only "six-footers" to obtain possession of any of the lots, and allowing no female thereon below the standard of five feet eight. By this means it is proposed to establish, in due course of time, a race of giants.

An amateur tells of an amateur snake charmer in the Yellowstone region, who has twenty-nine adders that think so much of him that they follow him around like dogs. On washing day each one takes the tip end of a companion's tail in his mouth and they allow themselves to be hung up on poles for clothes lines. In the summer time they braid themselves into a most ingenious hammock, in which the snake-charmer lies and reads novels on the front stoop.

A sure cure, as it is asserted, for cattle fever is a mixture of two quarts of milk to one of molasses. Give a sick calf a quart of the mixture and in two hours the animal's bowels will move and in two days it will be sound and healthy.

"I don't want to be a fool," exclaimed Brown, impatiently, when advised to join the dance. "Which goes to show," remarked Fogg, "that a man can't have everything just as he would like it in this world."

The settlers in the San Juan river country have sent a communication to Governor Sheldon complaining of the lawless acts committed by Navajos.

Twenty-eight new coke ovens, making forty in all, have been ordered for San Antonio.

WITTICISMS.

There is no music in a hat band.
 In one respect the bootblack resembles the sun. He can't shine when it rains.
 You may print a kiss, but there is no occasion to publish it.
 "Sons of Ireland!" shrieks O'Gunno-van Rossa, "are you men?" Just listen to that; as though he expected them to be women.
 "Never engage in anything you would not open with prayer," says an orthodox divine. We suppose especial reference is had to "jack pots."
 "Did you dust the furniture this morning, Mary?" asked the mistress. "No, ma'am," replied Mary; "it didn't need it; it had all the dust on it that it could hold."
 "Now then, witness," said the cross-examining counsel, sternly "does the preceding witness enjoy your entire confidence?" "Great Scott, no! Why, that's my wife."
 The purveyor of the Philadelphia Telegraph complains that the manna for adulteration is so great that you can't buy a quart of sand and be sure that it is not half sugar.
 When an elephant has a cold they give him five gallons of whiskey, and the Philadelphia News thinks this is the reason why some men who have been to see the elephant carry such a peculiar odor about them.
 Recent dispatches about the star route case say "Brady left the witness stand." A sigh of relief goes up all over the country. There was a general apprehension that he would steal it. It's a way he has.
 The happiest period of a woman's life is when she is making her wedding garments. The saddest is when her husband comes home late at night and yells to her from the front door to throw out a handful of key holes of different sizes.
 The new law in Kentucky fixing one mile as the legal distance between a church and a saloon was passed for the purpose of ascertaining how rapidly a Kentuckian can get over the ground. Some great bursts of speed are reported as having occurred.
 At a cross road on the Central Iowa railroad, there is a signboard with the warning: "No animals allowed to cross here unaccompanied." What an interesting matter it would be to see a cow walk up and read the sign and turn and obediently walk back.
 An elephant traveling with a great moral show at Barnesville, Ga., was so enraged because a man gave it a plug of tobacco, that it killed the donor with one blow of its trunk. If it was the kind of tobacco they usually chew in Georgia, the man deserved to be killed.
 The epitaph that went upon a tombstone of a man in Arizona who loved his neighbors' not wisely but too well, and who was vicious in a dozen other directions, it will be remembered, read as follows: "He was pretty mean in some respects—but then he was meaner in others."
 Capt. R. Y. King the cattle king of Texas, whose pastures comprise the county of Nueces and a portion of Duval being about 1,000,000 acres of well watered land, whose herds number 80,000 cattle, 20,000 horses and 80,000 sheep, is negotiating a sale of the entire property to Col. Hancock of Austin, and an English syndicate for \$4,000,000.
 At a recent Sunday school picnic a thunder storm came up, and the lightning struck very near. The good pastor called out assuringly: "Don't be frightened. God will be with us in the storm as well as the calm." "I know that," remarked a young, with chattering teeth and trembling voice; "but I don't like to have Him come so sudden."
 A physician says that a woman who has a great secret and dare not tell it, can be made really ill by keeping it. A few days ago a number of women organized a lodge of the Legion of Honor, said to be the first lodge composed of females. The order has its secrets, and we suppose that by this time nearly all the people in the district know the password and distress word, or else all the members of the lodge are sick.
 Gone where the woodbine twineth—This expression is said to owe its origin to the Col. Fisk. When he was before the committee on Banking and Currency, giving evidence as to the great gold conspiracy, he was asked where the money had gone. Thinking the expression "Up the spout" too slangy, and recollecting that during his country trips he had observed a woodbine twining round the spout of almost every house or cottage, he answered, "Gone where the woodbine twineth."
 "You musn't touch the top of baby's head," said a mother to her little four-year-old. "She has a soft spot there, and it is very tender." The youngster gazed at it curiously for a minute, and then asked: "Do all babies have soft spots on their heads?" "Yes," "Did papa have a soft spot on his head when he was a baby?" "Yes," replied the mother, with a sigh, "and he's got it yet." And the old man, who had overheard the conversation from an adjoining room, sang out: "Yes, indeed, he has, my dear boy, or he would be a single man to-day."

BUSINESS MEN.
ALEX. ROGERS
 Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Gen'l Merchandise,
 Liquors, Beer, Cigars and Mining Supplies.
 General Agent for
Hercules and Giant Powder
 Fuse and Caps.
 ENGLE, NEW MEXICO.

MONTE CRISTO RESTAURANT
 In the old Monte Cristo Building.
 Chloride, N. M.
 First-class meals at all hours, prepared to order.
 Board per week, \$5.00
 Single Meals, 50 cents
 WM. KELLEM, Proprietor.

Black Range Drug Store
 E. P. BLINN, M. D.
 (Successor to Wm. Driscoll.)
 CHLORIDE, N. MEX.
 Will continue business in the old stand and keep constantly on hand a full assortment of
 Pure Drugs, Liquors, Tobaccos, Imported Cigars.
 PATENT MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS, PERFUMERY, STATIONERY
 FRUITS, CANDIES, NUTS, Etc., Etc., Etc
 Also
GENERAL NEWS DEPOT.
 E. P. BLINN.

HERLOW'S HOTEL,
 Santa Fe, N. M.
 Headquarters for Mining Men.
 This well-known Hotel has recently been enlarged, refurbished and fitted up to meet the demands of the times, and is first-class in every particular.
 Mining men from every part of the country from the City of Mexico to Fort Benson, Montana, can be found at this house.
 P. F. HERLOW, Propr.

SIERRA HOTEL
 Lake Valley City, N. M.
GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS FOR TRAVELLERS.
 Table the Best that the Market Affords.
 Prices Reasonable.

REBER & CO., SODA WATER MANUFACTORY.
 MAKES
 Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale and Plain Pop.
 Uses new patent stopper bottles and pure syrups.
 ROBINSON, N. M.

BUSINESS MEN.
Chloride Hotel
 And Restaurant,
 CHLORIDE, NEW MEXICO.
 The pioneer hotel and headquarters of miners and mining men.
 First-Class Accommodations
 For travelers. Terms reasonable.
 HENRY E. RICKERT, Prop'r.
 ALEX. ROGERS,
 Livery, Feed and Sale STABLE,
 ENGLE, NEW MEXICO
SOUTHWESTERN STAGE COMPANY
 Have established the
 Engle and Black Range Stage Line
 Carrying Passengers and Express quickly and comfortably to
 FAIRVIEW, CHLORIDE ROBINSON AND GRAFTON.
 Visitors to the Black Range
 Will leave the railroad at Engle and take this line, for it is the only stage line running into this mining country.
 ALEX. ROGERS, General Agent.

GLORIETTA MILLS
 J. De BOURQUET, Prop'r.
 Keep constantly on hand the best brands of
Flour, Meal, Etc.
 CUSTOM WORK DONE.
 ALSO
U. S. Forage Agency,
 Grain, Hay and Wood,
 Camp House for Travelers.
CANADA ALAMOSA,
 Monticello P. O., Socorro Co., N. M.

LAKE VALLEY STABLES
 LAKE VALLEY CITY N. M.
 Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.
 Rigs and Saddle Horses
 Furnished to all parts of the Range. Accommodate ones furnished for Miners and Campers.
 Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers.
 HAY AND GRAIN FOR SALE.
 DOHNEY & Co., Proprs.

BLACK RANGE NEWSPAPER.
THE Black Range Newspaper
 Is published in what is conceded to be one of the very richest mining regions of the world, and likewise in a country unsurpassed for stock raising. Consequently it is devoted exclusively to
Mining and Stock Raising Interests.
 It is a local paper, making no pretensions to widespread influence nor the controlling of national affairs. It is sufficient for the BLACK RANGE if it 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 which have been discovered. The Black Range is new. Prospects for
Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead and Iron
 Such as no country has ever surpassed, abound upon the surface from one end of the range to the other, and as far as work has opened the ledges the indications have been bettered, but development capital comes forward slowly and little can be done without it. The range has abundant grass and water, and live stock to eat the one and drink the other are fast coming in. To advertise the above facts and at the same time earn something more than livelihood from this institution is the aim of the BLACK RANGE newspaper.
ADVERTISERS
 Who wish to reach a mining community will notice that the support of this paper is at present almost entirely of that class and that it has no competition nearer than fifty miles; that it intends to represent the four bright, lively towns of Chloride, Grafton, Fairview and Robinson, and has a fair circulation. Rates will be made known upon application. Subscription price printed at the head of the second page.
The Black Range Job Office
 IS NEW AND COMPLETE.
NEW TYPE, NEW PRESSES AND THE BEST OF WORKMEN
 Enable us to turn out as good work as can be done in the territory and at as small figures. All work is warranted to please. "No likee, no takee."
IF YOU WANT
 Note Heads, Letter Heads, Bill Heads,
 Envelopes, Programs, Labels, Posters,
 Dodgers, Circulars, Blanks, Tabs, Tags,
 Wedding, Mourning and Ball Invitations,
 Tickets, Business Cards, Address Cards, Etc.
LET US KNOW.
 For anything you want in the way of printing, call on us. We hope to do the entire job printing of the Range, at reasonable figures. Don't send away without giving us a trial.
 Chloride, New Mexico.

PLEASE REMEMBER.
THE GREAT Burlington
 Route Eastward
 Is the Old Favorite and Principal Line
 —FROM—
 OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, ATCHISON and ST. JOSEPH
 —FOR—
 CHICAGO, PEORIA, ST. LOUIS, MILWAUKEE, DETROIT, NIAGARA FALLS,
NEW YORK, BOSTON
 And all points East and Southeast.
THE LINE COMPRISES
 Nearly 4,000 miles Solid Smooth steel Track. All connections are made in UNION DEPOTS. It has a national reputation as being THE GREAT THROUGH CAR LINE, and is universally conceded to be the FINEST EQUIPPED railroad in the world for all classes of travel. Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort.
 Through tickets via this celebrated line for sale at all offices in the West.
 All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, &c., will be cheerfully given by applying to
 T. J. OTTEL, Gen'l Manager, Chicago, Ill. PERCY A. LOWELL, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago, Ill.
 E. J. SWORDS, Gen'l Western Ag't, DENVER, COLORADO.
The Scenic Line of America
THE Denver and Rio Grande RAILWAY,
 Colorado, New Mexico and Utah!
 The new scenic route to UTAH, MONTANA, and the PACIFIC COAST
 Will be opened by the completion of the Trunk Line early in the spring.
 The best route, because
 The Most Convenient, The Most Picturesque, The Most Direct.
 Opening to the ranchman over a million acres of fertile land, to the stock grower vast ranges yet unclaimed, and to the miner regions rich in the precious metals.
 —THE—
Denver and Rio Grande
 Is the Favorite Route for PASSENGERS AND FREIGHT
 Between all the most important cities and mining camps in Colorado. Over 1,500 miles of standard and narrow gauge, splendidly equipped and carefully managed.
The Denver & Rio Grande Express
 Is operated in connection with the railway and guarantees prompt and efficient service at reasonable rates.
 D. C. DODGE, Gen'l Manager. F. C. NIMS, Gen'l Pass. Agent
 DENVER, COLORADO.
Armstrong Bros.
 FORWARDING AND Commission Merchants
 At ENGLE, N. M.
 Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Flour, Grain and Hay.
 Will take charge of Freight at Engle for the Range and attend to its forwarding. Merchants in the Black Range are offered special inducements to deal with us. We will treat all fairly and sell cheap. Try us.