

# THE BLACK RANGE.

DEVOTED TO THE MINING INTERESTS OF THE BLACK RANGE COUNTRY.

VOL. II.

CHLORIDE, SOGORRO COUNTY, N. M., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1883.

NO. 22.

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1883.  
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Keep constantly on hand all kinds of  
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Which will be sold at lowest prices.  
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Sarsaparilla,  
Ginger Ale  
and Plain Pop.  
Uses new patent stopper bottles and pure syrups.  
ROBINSON, N. M.

**NEWS AND COMMENTS.**  
While one man travels for health ten hundred travel for safety.  
A German professor has discovered that in order to sleep well on a train the feet should be toward the engine.  
A man who took simple interest in a mule brushed a fly from the animal's hind leg. The interest was compounded when the animal kicked.  
W. M. Allison a well-known newspaper man, of southwestern Kansas, will assume control of the Albuquerque Journal's telegraph columns, shortly.  
Queen Victoria's surname is Wettin. This is conclusive evidence that she is not of the same family as the ruler of this summer's weather in New Mexico.  
The Texas cattle fever has broken out in a dairy near Detroit, Michigan. Texas stockmen are taking care to guard against an invasion of Michigan cattle fever in the Lone Star state.  
Query: Mrs. B. M. Legg of a town in Ohio went to the train to kiss her husband good-bye. Returning home she called to her neighbor across the alley "Saw my Legg off!" Was that slang.  
A French explorer has discovered in the valley of the Ogoone, in Central Africa, a herd of sheep which have no wool and very little hair. They are probably a stray lot from some Mexican herd.  
There is a lady in Ohio who has four heads and six legs and she is not considered a great curiosity either. She had three children by her first husband, John Head, and four by her second, Frank Legg.  
The new postal note which is to serve in the place of currency under sums of five dollars, went into circulation this week and will reach all parts of the United States as quickly as the business can be accomplished.  
Orange peel is now said to be collected, dried in ovens, and sold for kindling fires. Fresh banana skins create as much warmth probably in the man who slips on one, but no way has yet been discovered of making practical use of this heat.  
A Massachusetts institute of Technology has established a course of study in electrical engineering. The managers of the late telegraphic strike should have taken a course of study in this branch before attempting to silence the business of the Western Union.  
The telegraph brings intelligence of the death of the Queen of Madagascar. Her untimely end is directly attributed to the use of brass buttons instead of gutta-percha on the trousers of christian missionaries. Enemies of foreign missions in civilized countries mourn her loss.  
An European lady in Hindoostan kicked a native, planting the stroke in the spot especially devoted to such purposes, but it killed him. No further argument is necessary to prove that this Hindoo citizen had served no apprenticeship in the lightning-rod or book agent business.  
Nan, the news boy who acquired fame by his life-saving service on the New York docks is now a drunken frequenter of the jail and police court of the metropolis. He got so used to keeping his mouth closed against water while swimming that he continues the practice on land.  
The Chicago Burlington and Quincy railroad company has just made a contract with the Colorado Coal and Iron company for 5,000 tons of heavy steel rails. Those who ought to know affirm that friends of the company are quietly buying up all Denver and Rio Grande stock that is offered at low figures.  
E. E. Edwards writes from Los Angeles for the present whereabouts of his brother Mark Edwards, who left Socorro for Chihuahua, some months ago. Can anyone supply this information? Optic. When heard from last his address was Parral, Mexico.—Socorro Sun. When last heard from he was at Zacatecas, Mexico.  
Newman of the El Paso Lone star has lost his old assistant editor and now advertises for a new one. Newman is fractious and opinionated, but a man who is inclined to earn his wages need have any trouble with him as an employer. The trouble is that few hired editors care to do any heavier labor than that of entertaining visitors.  
A little matter of five dollars which the Albuquerque fair association owes to the BLACK RANGE newspaper is sufficient cause for Secretary Emmert to ignore the Black Range country and the BLACK RANGE editor when sending out his advertisements and invitations to be present. There's no harm done however. The folks here will probably not have time to attend anyhow.  
The Santa Fe Review remarks that "there is mineral enough in Santa Fe county to supply a smelter that can run a hundred tons a day for the next hundred years and then take a new start." That kind of talk falls fruitless though without adding "to get." Santa Fe's largest mineral deposits like those of all other counties of undeveloped New Mexico, are in the faith of her prospectors and the truth may as well be admitted. It is of no use to throw bombastic talk into the face of statisticians.  
Will the friends of honest toilers and the foes of leeches consider it persecution for the RANGE to clip this item from the New York Financial and Mining News of the 27th ult.? If so, so be it: "Giles O. Pearce, the manipulator-in-chief of half a dozen mining and banking swindles in Indiana, Colorado and other western states, turns up as a correspondent of our esteemed contemporary the Southwest-Sentinel in New Mexico. Satan rebuking sin was not a patch on Pearce preaching honest business methods to New Mexican miners. Pearce is probably without exception the most impudent sharper in the business."  
Socorro Sun: The BLACK RANGE, speaking of the Billing smelter, seems to think that its section of the country will not furnish much ore until a copper furnace is added. Let the miners there prove to Mr. Billing that they are ready to furnish fifty tons of ore per day and he will supply their needs.  
If the erection of a copper smelter at Socorro depends upon this or any section of New Mexico, furnishing fifty tons per day of ore that will bear an expense for transportation of thirty-five or forty dollars per ton, it will not be put up soon. The Black range has eight prospects which have ore that has been shipped to Denver with profit, and there are others that can do as well, but this ore was carefully sorted and was not to be had in such quantities as fifty tons per day. It is nonsense to talk of such a thing.

**Mixed Theatricals.**  
"Oh, we have struck it now," said the bad boy. We are going to have amateur theatricals [to raise money to have the church carpeted, and I am going to boss the job.  
"Pa, and ma, and me, and the minister, and three choir singers, and my chum, and the minister's wife and two deacons, and an old man are rehearsing, but we have not decided what to play yet. They all want to play a different play, and I am fixing it so they can all be satisfied. The minister wants to play Hamlet, pa wants to play Hamlet, ma wants to play Mary Anderson, the old man wants to play a boarding-house play, and the choir singers want to play an opera, and the minister's wife wants to play Lady Macbeth, and my chum and I want to play a double song and dance, and I am going to give them all a show. We had a rehearsal last night, and I am the only one able to be around to-day. You see they have all been studying different plays, and they all wanted to talk at once. We let the minister sail in first. He had on a pair of his wife's black stockings and a mantle made of a linen buggy lap-blanket, and he wore a mason's cheese knife, such as these fellows with poke bonnets and white feathers wear when they get an invitation to a funeral or an excursion. Well, you never saw Hamlet murdered the way he did it. His interpretation of Hamlet was a dude that talked through his nose, and while he was repeating Hamlet's soliloquy pa, who had come in with an old hunting suit on, as Rip Van Winkle, went to sleep, and he didn't wake up till Lady Macbeth came in, in the sleeping walking scene. She couldn't find a knife, so I took a slice of watermelon and sharpened it for her, and she made a mistake in the one she was to stab, and she stabbed Hamlet in the neck with a slice of watermelon, and the melon fell on pa's face as he lay asleep as Rip, and when Lady Macbeth said, "Out damed spot," pa woke up and found the gob of watermelon on his face he thought he had been murdered, and ma came in on a hop, skip and jump as Parthena, and threw her arms around a deacon who was going to play the grave digger and began to call him pet names, and pa was mad, and the choir singers they began to sing, "In the North Sea there Lived a Whale," and then they quit acting. You'd died to see Hamlet. The piece of watermelon went down his neck, and Lady Macbeth went off and left it in the wound under his collar, and ma had to pull it out, and Hamlet said the seeds

and juice was running down inside his shirt, and he said he wouldn't play if he was going to be stabbed with a slice of melon, so while his wife was getting the melon seeds out of his neck and drying the juice on his shirt, I sharpened a cucumber for Lady Macbeth to use for a dagger, but Hamlet kicked on cucumbers, too, so I had more trouble than a stage manager ever had. Then pa wanted to rehearse the drunken scene in Rip Van Winkle, when her bugs Gretchen and drinks out of a flask behind her back, and he got one of the choir singers to act as Gretchen, and I guess he would have been hugging her till this time and have swallowed the flask if ma had not took him by the ear, and said a little of that would go a good ways in an entertainment for the church. Pa said he didn't know it was any worse than her prancing up to the grave digger and hugging him till the bling came out of his teeth, and then the minister decided that we couldn't have any hugging at all in the play, and the choir girls said they wouldn't play, and the old maids struck, and the play came to a stand still."

**The Snow of Age.**  
"No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts."  
The figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The scriptures represent age by the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The almond tree shall flourish"—the dead shall be hoary. Dickens says one of his characters whose hair was turning gray, that "it looked as if time had lightly splashed his snows upon its passage."  
"It never melts"—no, never! Age is inexorable. Its wheels must move onward—they know not retrograde movement. The old man may sit and sing, "I would I were a boy again"—but he grows older as he sings. He may read of the decks of a departing ship, which every moment carries him farther and farther away. Poor old man! He has little to do than die.  
The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blessing upon the valley and the mountains, but soon the sweet spring comes and smiles it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran. There is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to stay. Its single flakes fell unnoticed—and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase until we lay the old man in his grave. There it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness—for there is no age in heaven.  
Yet why speak of age in so mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old. If any must weep let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are before them. Welcome the snow, for it is an emblem of peace and rest. It is but a temporary crown which should fall at the gates of paradise to be replaced by a brighter and better one.

**How They are Spoiled.**  
"Ole man," said a negro woman to her husband, "Yer's a drinkin' yerself ter death. Yer's goin' down ebery day."  
"So is de ribber goin' down ebery day, but it ain't got dar yet. Go on 'n' chop some wood an' let de ole man study 'bout flosophy."  
"Dar's plenty of wood cut, sah."  
"Go an' tote some water, den."  
"Ise dun foteh plenty ob water."  
"Well go and foteh some moah. Dar's nuthin' like a 'owan keepin' her han' in. Let her slack up for a while an' she's spilled."

**Tree Planting in Mexico.**  
The Mexican government has contracted with Mr. Oscar A. Droege to plant 2,000,000 trees in the valley of Mexico within four years, commencing March 15th, 1884. Half a million trees a year are to be planted in such places as the government shall decide. The contractor pledges himself to establish a number of nurseries and to have in them each year at least 80,000 ash, 35,000 willows, 120,000 poplars, 60,000 eucalyptus trees, 60,000 tirones-japonas, 60,000 mountain cypress cedars, 80,000,000 acacias, and 120,000 of miscellaneous varieties. The trees must be

plantations of from 50,000 to 100,000 each, and Mr. Droege has to maintain them for two years after planting. He is not compelled to plant trees along the highways, however. Three graduates of the school of agriculture are to be received into the nurseries each year, there to study the science of forestry. He is also to raise fruit and other useful plants for free distribution. There is to be translated from the German every year a work on arboriculture of recognized merit. An inspector is to superintend, and Mr. Droege is to receive annually till the sum reaches a total of \$200,000.

**Home.**  
I talk about home because I am rarely there—and men like to talk most about what they know least about. "There is no place like home." Even those who live in boarding houses touchingly warble that song. Home is more to a woman than to a man. A man who has no home is a social tramp. With a woman it is different; she wants a home, but does not always have a chance to get it. Woman feeds upon affection. She is never happy until she gets her ideal man, and then she is cast down to find another woman's photograph and love letter in his overcoat pocket.  
But a man gets his home, lot, house, mortgage, mechanics' lien and all. He has all but the mortgage, and the mortgage has him. All of man's life except what he spends at the store, club, caucus, lodge or prayer meeting, is spent in his home. Man is great in his own house; if he is not a king, he is at least a prince consort. Many are like the man who, on being nominated for lieutenant-governor said: "You have nominated the right man for the right place. I have been a lieutenant-governor ever since I was married."

**Frality, Thy Name is Ma**  
A middle aged couple from the country drove up in front of one of our places of business on Main street today, and before alighting the head of the family, with an emphatic shake of the head, exclaimed vehemently: "By gum, old woman, I ain't half as drunk as you think I am." Without any more words he descended from the wagon, entered the store, made his purchases and returned, and after depositing them safely in the rear end of the wagon was in the act of again remounting to his seat when his feet slipped from under him and his head came in sharp contact with the wheel. Gathering himself up from his predicament, with the aid of his better half he managed to become safely seated, and when about to start off he heard to ejaculate, "B-b-by g-g-gum, old woman, I'm drunker than I thought I was."

**The Boy.**  
BY H. C. DODGE.  
A's the green apple with bites all round  
B is the ball that is lost on the ground  
C is O the O cigar.  
ette mak O ing him pale. D is the dog with a can on its tail. E is the errand that makes him look wry. F is the fishing and fourth of July. G is the games that make happy his days. H is the hooky from school that he goes to play. I is the Indian he's going to slay. J is the jack knife he's trawled away. K is the kite in the sky scarce discern ed. L is the licks for lessons unlearn ed. M is for marbles and melons sublime. N is the novel that cost him a dime. O 's his 'old man' with a strap by the gate. P's his toy pistol which settles his fate. Q is the quarrel which bloodies his nose. R is the ruin he makes to his clothes. S is the swimming skates, snowballs and sled. T is his tops and his toys painted red. U is the uproar he makes when b'estanned. V's his vim when he's leavin' the band. W's his wile so happ y and shrill. X is X penses who never he's ill. Y is the yells he emits all day. Z is his zeal that he shows at his play.

Artemus Ward once indignantly remarked to a president who refused him a favor: "You won't pass me, because your road is no darned slow it won't pass anybody."  
An eastern scientist has discovered that intoxicating liquor can be made out of saw dust. After awhile science will have this thing down so fine that a man can get his regular cocktail by simply turning over in bed and chewing the leg of a chair.



# THE BLACK RANGE.

Friday, September 7th, 1883.

SUBSCRIPTION:  
One year.....\$3.00  
Six months.....1.75  
Three months.....1.00  
Single copies.....10 cents

## GENERAL LOCALS

John A. Anderson is paying Socorro a visit.

Mountain lions are plentiful on the Palomas.

Grafton is organizing a base ball club with which to down Fairview, and have sent for balls, bats and masks. It is a very laudable endeavor and Chloride will be glad to witness the trial.

Don't quarrel; but, if you do quarrel break your opponent's leg as quickly as possible. That's the fashion in the range. Alex von Wendt's is the second leg broken in a fight here this year, Ike Hunnicutt's being the first.

The north Palomas runs a goodly stream of sparkling water and the ranchers on its banks have good crops. A. S. Lanstrum has three or four thousand pounds of potatoes and a fine lot of cabbage growing.

The Occidental mine closed down the week before last, and Superintendent St. Charles having communicated the result of the work done to his company has since been awaiting their action upon this information. With great difficulty owing to the heavy flow of water the shaft was sunk to a depth of 240 feet and the ledge cut with a cross cut eighteen feet long. The vein where tapped proved to be seven feet wide. All of the ledge matter was well mineralized but a crevice about eighteen inches wide was nice and solid showing free gold in fair abundance. A sack of this ore was sent to the company at St. Joseph, Missouri, with the report. The showing is certainly good enough to warrant the property being developed and proved.

Alex Rogers visited the range last Sunday and took in some stamps and the hilarity of that day at Fairview. Mr. Rogers informs the RANGE that his insurance on the building and goods burned last week, amounted in all to \$11,500. One insurance man only had adjusted the loss up to this time and he was satisfied to pay. The others will probably follow his example. The amount stated by the Las Vegas Gazette of \$14,500 as being the insurance carried was news of a month or so old and several small policies had expired in the meantime. Alex is not at all disheartened by his loss however. He will immediately rebuild in a more solid if not in as an extensive a manner and will bring in a new stock of goods. His new stock will be purchased upon the basis of experience gained by his service in business at Engle and will include more staple and less fancy goods. This will be pleasant news to Alex's old patrons.

## FAIRVIEW.

Henry Blun has gone to Las Cruces and Major Day to Socorro.

Taylor Bros. and Armstrong left Wednesday to make further improvements on their ranches.

Mrs. Reber's sister who has been visiting her for several weeks left on yesterday morning's stage for home.

Harry Chandler is taking a tick at running the Grafton stage, vice Tip Piper resigned.

John Sullivan lost a mule this week which made its misfortune known in the usual manner. Sullivan made a poor job in having it removed as it still lies near enough to our burgh to be a nuisance.

Judge Moore accompanied by his sister Miss Moore, paid Fairview a visit arriving late last week and returning Monday taking Miss Fannie Mayer back with them.

Fairview last Sunday presented a gala appearance that puts to blush any previous attempt under any mystic name of sport.

A little reckless shooting has occurred in the streets by drunks during the past week which will be apt to cost a little more on repetition—take warning.

The foul air in the Black Knife has delayed the work considerable. Forty of the fifty foot contract has been done with an average of twenty inches of mineral throughout.

The stage company propose to run the Grafton stage through to Chloride for the convenience of Grafton people who want to visit this portion of the range and return the same day. Two horse jerks will be substituted for the cumbersome four horse stage on all the branches of the line.

Taylor and Brockway are digging a well hoping to get water in the gulch traversed by the Fairview and Edward's camp trail in the Cuchillo Negro mountains. If they are successful they will move the Fairview blacksmith shop, house and all which they have purchased, up to their claims and take up their permanent abode there.

Smokey Jones went out to Socorro this week to sign necessary papers before the clerk of the court to complete the business of getting a soldier's pension from the government under the newest law regarding this matter. Smokey has something like two thousand dollars due him and this sum will come quite handy to the old man just

at the present dull stage of this magnificent land.

The Tip Top has struck another character of mineral in the shaft this week. The work being done is vertical while the vein dips at an angle of sixty-five or seventy degrees. Commencing on the hanging wall the shaft is down about thirty feet has left the upper wall and has cut through a number of different peculiarities in the shape of mineralized quartz, spars, etc., and has now encountered a dense, stained rock, which from appearance ought to run well in copper. The width of the vein at the present development is nearly twenty feet with no foot wall in view.

Smithie came over on yesterday morning's stage and upset the general peacefulness of the town with the report that the Fairview base ball team were afraid to meet Chloride for big money. We would like to remind Mr. Smith that the Fairview boys have had the best of the last five games and had publicly stated before the last match came off that they were tired of the business and wanted to rest till their crippled hands had got well. Nevertheless, Monday brought a challenge to play for not less than fifty or more than one hundred dollars. This challenge was quite unexpected and soon got the boys together in serious conclave. The result of this meeting was to return the challenge and make another to play for \$250 or \$300 and take a week for practice, the game to be played in Chloride next Sunday week instead of Sunday with a fifty dollar forfeit. Sharp on the heels of this Chloride returns with a challenge for \$200 to be played next Sunday or never. Several of the boys being at work in Grafton, time was asked that they might be communicated with and see what could be done in shape of practicing for the contest. Charley Cady, boss of the Alaska, refused to let Jim Lackie off on the ground that Judge Adams might object to a miner taking more interest in base ball than his work. It was ascertained further that several of the men had work to attend to which would result in loss of practice and necessarily the game, Fairview has only seven fair ball players and several of them unable to practice, therefore considered it best to let go, but still willing to stand by their proposition. A remark on the points involved in playing a money game may not be out of place. Fairview is limited to a short nine, and some of them foolishly offer to throw up employment worth seventy-five dollars a month for the empty honor of winning a scrub game and a small prize. While Chloride with her possible two or three nines and every opportunity for practice seeks to draw her short handed but plucky rival in the meshes, a net from which there would be no escape.

Shortly after one o'clock the Chloride base ball team attended by the usual lookers on arrived, while Grafton, the Gila and surrounding country was creditably represented. A little time was lost in making the necessary arrangements, betting, etc., then Fairview went to the bat. The was closely contested, Fairview doing the strongest batting and Chloride the best fielding. Harve Winger acted as umpire and though making several bad decisions his honesty of purpose is above question as they were divided fairly between the contending nines. The following is the score by innings:

Fairview	123456789	12-25
Chloride	123456789	30-22

Chloride sustained four whitewashings in the second, fourth, fifth and seventh innings; Fairview one, in the fifth innings. The absence of good balls caused some delay and the wind and sun were to blame for the number of muffs made. Taken altogether the game was very creditable and there seems little doubt that the united range can put a nine into the field that will plague New Mexico to beat. As soon as the game was closed, the bets paid over, and considerable refreshments consumed, the horse race took the crowd to the upper end of the town where a very poor track had been chosen. The horses entered were I. Gray's bay horse, Henry Blun's bay pony, Hugh Lackie's dun pony and George Webber's gray. The Chloride horse was backed by that town, Fairview and Grafton taking the field. After several attempts they got away, Lackie's horse taking the jump and holding the advantage thus gained coming out two or three lengths ahead. Ike Gray's horse second Blun's pony third and Webber's gray a bad fourth. Rejoicing and refreshments over, Kean St. Char. and Greg Maloney run a foot race 300 yards for an impromptu purse of about ten dollars. Kean won the race easily Maloney when only about half the distance was taken with a pain in the side and dropped off speed so visibly that his backers lost all hope. Not satisfied with the result of the former race Ike Gray and Henry Blun got up another for twenty-five dollars a side, Harve Moreland riding Gray's horse and a Mexican riding Blun's. Blun's pony got the start by seven feet, Gray's horse closing the distance in about 100 yards, but on striking the gravel his feet being tender and having had his shoes taken off lost ground when the pony forged ahead and kept the lead coming in four feet ahead. The boy riding Gray's horse mistaking the outcome pulled his horse in after passing

the corner of the avenue crossing, causing considerable comment that might have been avoided by a little better attention to business. The money was given to Gray on the ground that his horse made the distance in the least time by counting off the arrears in starting from the outcome. The general good behavior of the crowd was remarkable, plenty got full but seemed more desirous for fun than quarreling.

## CHLORIDE.

George B. McAuley is in Socorro.

Lewis Peters is in Tip Top, Arizona.

J. M. Smith has gone to the county seat on business.

J. C. Shaw departs for his home in New York in the morning.

Joe Bushby has purchased Alex von Wendt's horse and gig and he now rides be chaizes.

□E. J. Fields has been employed by the Billing smelter of Socorro, as purchasing agent.

Charlie Canfield's family has moved over to the Colossal mine to keep him company.

The new contract on the Colossal employs two shifts. There is very bad air in the end of the tunnel.

The bond which the RANGE mentioned as having been given on the Silver Monument to H. W. Moore, expired on the fifth without action.

Robt McBride and Oscar Pfotenbauer began assessment work on the Black Bear and another of Kingsbury Bros. claims on Chloride creek this week.

Rod Cassil departed yesterday morning for his old home, Carthage, Missouri. Rod has been absent in the wilds for three years and he thinks himself entitled to a back trip.

Mrs. Jas. Dalglish went to Hermosa to keep her horse half company this week, and H. E. Rickert and wife accompanied her for a season of recreation.

A grape wagon from Canada de Alamosa visited Chloride last Sunday and brought out the citizens like buzzards to a carcass. The first taste of anything like fruit in this town this season was appreciated. The grapes went off at fifteen cents per pound, weight estimated.

The Chloride base ballists are as full of spunk and loose change as the Fairview boys are full of prudence. But the latter having inaugurated the noble game in the range and held the winning hand in the play would be using their opponents fairest by giving them all they wanted of it. The wise man, however quits the game while he is ahead.

A. J. Maxfield added to the RANGE cabinet this week the finest piece of ore which ever came from Silver Hill in the Cuchillos. It was taken from the joint shaft of the Tip Top and Johnnie claims which he is sinking in conjunction with Taylor and Brockway. It is heavily impregnated with copper and is very handsome to look at. A straight shaft thirty-five feet deep on the ledge which has quite a dip has already determined the ore crevice to be fifteen feet wide. The owners are all much pleased with the prospect.

H. S. Sherrard wishes the RANGE to correct the item which occurred in the Fairview news last week to the effect that his contract on the Humboldt tunnel in the Cuchillos, called simply for eight dollars a foot. That is the sum named in the bond, but several side agreements such as being furnished tools, powder, etc., make the job much better paying than the eight dollar figure would indicate. Of course it is no body's business but his own and Col. Branson's if Mr. S. took the contract for a dollar per foot but the RANGE makes this statement to please him and to have the truth. The RANGE editor would rather be given five dollars than a lie to publish. Mr. Sherrard and one hand last week completed eighteen and a half feet of his contract which does not make the job so had a one even at the figure stated first.

The same yellow dog which last spring saved the life of D. C. Cantwell when a bear was about to embrace him, did equal service for his master Benny Williams, last week on the Palomas, when a mountain lion calculated to wreak vengeance upon him. He approached within about fifty feet of the lion and had put a bullet through him when the animal came for him. The dog seeing the movement tackled the vramit and kept his attention until his master had put enough lead into the beast to command silence. It took two bullets through the body behind the shoulder and one through another vital part to accomplish this and Benny thinks that he would have been bleaching bones now but for his four footed comrade. This is one dog that pays his keeping.

Eugene Knapp has made a new discovery about a quarter of a mile south of the Silver Monument mine. It carries much the same character of ore as its illustrious neighbor but the size of the ore crevice has not yet been determined. Eugene has made two locations on the lead discovered and named them the Columbus and Humboldt. On the former he shows ore in five places, and on the latter in three places and he has not prospected them at all carefully either. The chief recommendation of these claims is the value of the ore. From rock taken from the Columbus three assays have been made, one from the surface going twenty-one ounces

and the two others take from four or five feet depth giving 290 and 580 ounces of silver respectively. The owner is at present doing some work on his new properties, and if they hold out they will be exceedingly valuable. The discoveries that are being made up at the head of Chloride creek, prove that to be an exceedingly rich district.

J. H. Mooney, a ranchman of the north Palomas, has left at this office for identification a two foot rule bearing the letters B. L. rudely carved upon it, that he recently found on the stream where he is located at a point about a mile below where the Hermosa and Chloride road leaves the valley going south. In proximity to the rule Mr. Mooney discovered the bones of a man and the clothing supposed to have been worn by the person in life. The bones would indicate that the man was of medium size, and the suspenders show that he was no Mexican. The pantaloons were brown duck overalls, riveted, and specimens of ore lying beside the remains suggest that the unknown was a prospector. The skull was missing as were also many other bones, but these may have been carried away by the current since the ones which remained lay close to the stream. It is impossible to tell how long the skeleton has lain there, but the bones are bleached and dry as if they had been there long. The spot where they were found was but a short distance below the place where the pioneer, Harry Pie, met his death at the hands of the Indians, and from the fact that no gun or any other articles of value have been discovered in the vicinity of these remains it is quite probable that the red devils made a victim of the unknown. The skeleton which Mr. Mooney mentions has been seen by most of the old timers here but they paid little or no attention to it. The rule found may not have been the property of the deceased but as there is a chance that it did it is just to give the matter a publicity that somebody may be found to clear up the mystery. The letters carved upon it may furnish a clue for some body to work up.

More trouble over the Silver Monument mine has resulted in a broken leg for Alex von Wendt the lessee, and a shutting down of the work. This time the difficulty was not between von Wendt and the owners of the property, but the workmen are kicking for their pay. The dissatisfaction on this account among the miners culminated on Wednesday when a portion of them quit work and came down to Chloride. Alex von Wendt had promised that he would be down and would so arrange as to secure payment of debts, but he failed to appear and on Thursday Peter Messier, one of the creditors, went up the gulch with the intention of bringing his employer down whether he would or no. When Messier broke the news to von Wendt that he must go to town, of course an argument ensued wherein von Wendt intimated that he was opposed to coercion and should use his own pleasure in the matter and the opposition agreed that von should have his own way provided it was the homeward way. Von Wendt claims that Messier drew his revolver to command obedience to his wish to go hence, but be that as it may the weapon was laid aside when Messier's attention was directed to the advantage the pistol gave him over his opponent. The plot continued to thicken as the row progressed. No blows were struck on either side, but the first round closed when Von rolled over the dump with Messier astride of him. Von Wendt agreed to go to town then just as Messier agreed that he should and the two went up to level ground to argue the matter, while Joe Bushby was awakened from the sleep which working on the night shift required to be done in the day time, to get Von's horse. The combatants sat on their haunches joking in an emphatic way when Messier got off a witticism a little more binding than the "count" enjoyed, when the latter retorted with a rock. The missile brought the blood from a few scratches as it caromed from Messier's skull and made a count on the cheek bone of Joe Bushby who appeared upon the scene just in to "go to grass." Again the battle raged and as Messier took von Wendt's head lovingly under his arm and began to tie his hands with a bit of rope so that further trouble could be avoided the discovery was made that von Wendt's leg was broken. This ended active hostilities. The wounded man was picked up and made comfortable on the blacksmith forge while Bushby and Messier came for doctors to set the bones and conveyance to bring him to town. Drs. Blinn and Haskell fixed the limb. They found a compound fracture two inches above the ankle joint. The bones are badly splintered and the wound is a bad one. Mr. von Wendt was brought to Chloride last night and has telegraphed his condition to friends in Denver. Joe Bushby's will be all right in a few days. No arrest has been made yet but von Wendt wants Messier arrested on the charge of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to commit murder. This would hardly stick however. The workmen still clamor for their pay or some security therefor and von Wendt will have no peace until he complies with their demands. The sympathies of the town are with the men and the unanimous opinion is that von Wendt should either play or pass the buck.

LIVE BUSINESS MEN.

# 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

## 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.

FOOLISHNESS.

Woman is naturally a timid, shrinking creature, but it is the bathing suit that reveals her shrinkage the most.

The man who drinks can not conceal it from the world. His habit is red on his nose.

The pig finds a living in his pen and so does the editor. The similarity, however, ceases at this point.

An old song revised:  
What is a ship without a sail?  
Adieu, my lover, adieu!  
What is a monkey without a tail?  
A dude, my lover, a dude.

Twenty-two years ago a young Scotch boy grived at Castle Garden with only twelve cents in his pocket. Now he is \$1,000,000 in debt.

If a two-wheeled vehicle is a bicycle, and a three-wheeled is a tricycle, it does not follow that a one-wheeled is an icicle. It is a wheel-barrow.

There was once a wild-eyed editor,  
With a washwoman bold for a creditor;  
When she dunned him out loud,  
Right before a big crowd,  
My! didn't he shake his bald head at her.

A man never prides himself on the smallness of his wife's feet when she has got them planted in his spine and is prying him out of bed to build the fire.

"Please to give me something, sir?" says an old woman. "I had a blind child; he was my only means of subsistence, and the poor boy has recovered his sight!"

Young lady (to fellow passenger)—"Can you tell me what station that is, please?" Foreigner (looking out of the window at advertisement)—"I think it is Coleman's mustard."

A knowing heathen: A Portland (Oregon) Chinese peddler refused an English shilling offered as a two-bit piece, saying: "No good. Me heap sabe. No chicken on him.

Elderly philanthropist, to small boy vainly trying to pull a door-bell above his reach: "Let me help you my little man." (Pulls the bell.) Small boy—"Now you had better run or we'll both get a licking.

Now at earliest crack of dawn  
Neighbor Smith will mow his lawn,  
And across the tender grass he will  
tear, tear, tear;  
While the man who wants to sleep—  
Well, no, he will not weep,  
But he'll turn upon his pillow and he'll  
swear, swear, swear.

A Parisian author has translated Shakespeare's line "Out, brief candle!" into French, thus: "Get out short candle!" That isn't as bad as the translation of an examination of Milton's by a Frenchman, who rendered "Hail horrors hail!" thus: "How d'ye do, horrors, how d'ye do?"

I married my wife for her beauty:  
She married me for my wit,  
That I got the best of the bargain  
I'm candid enough to admit.  
Wit often subsides into drivel,  
That "beauty soon fades" is all boah;  
My wife is to-day at the wash-tub,  
So I am certain that beauty will wash.

Plantation Philosophy: Honesty is gettin' scarcer ebry year 'case dare is more people ter pervide. Pleasures decrease as da come near us. De fish is a heap bigger 'fore year gets it outen de water. De injurious is in dis worl' is allers de fanciest. De brandy-bottle is fixed up finer den de bread-tray. A well-fed nigger is de happiest man in worl'. It doan make no diffence 'bout clothes, but gin him some hog an' den take care.

A friend of mine, who dabbles considerably in stocks, walked into a well-known banking-house the other day, and created considerable excitement by remarking: "I got a pretty good thing when I bought that, last winter. It was at thirty-four then, and to-day it stands at ninety-five." "Well, I should say so," exclaimed the senior partner. "But what stock was it?" "It was a thermometer," coolly replied my friend. It didn't cost the boys anything for lemonade that day.

A self-acting sofa, just large enough for two, has been invented. If properly wound up it will begin to ring a warning bell just before 10 o'clock. At 10:10 it splits apart, and while one-half carries the daughter of the house up stairs the other half kicks her young man out of doors. They will come high but people must have them.

A child, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva. "Who is that?" said she. "My child, that is Minerva, the goddess of wisdom." "Why didn't they make her husband too?" "Because she had none, my child." "That was because she was wise, was it not, mamma?" was the artless reply.

A Cat Catcher.

A city sufferer has recently invented a cast-iron cat, a machine full of springs, claws, and a lot of buzz saws, the whole looking like an infuriated cat. This thing is wound up and set on the back roof at night, and it at once began a series of growling, which soon attracts the living Thomas cat, and after the proper amount of joint debating, the live cat bounds upon the iron one; and the jar sets off the springs which grasp the cat and holds him until the saw and grind-stone reduces him to sausages. The factory manufacturing them is running night and day to fill orders.

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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 fissures 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 typography 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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Merchants in the Black Range are offered  
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