

# THE BLACK RANGE.

DEVOTED TO THE MINING INTERESTS OF THE BLACK RANGE COUNTRY.

VOL. I.

CHLORIDE, SOCORRO COUNTY, N. M., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1893.

NO. 43.

## MEN TO PATRONIZE.

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

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The grand jury indicted Thomas R. Foote and Arthur Payne, colored, for attempting to corrupt William H. Brown, a member of the star route jury, by a promise of \$25,000. After the judge had ruled on some testimony for the defense, Chandler attacked the indictment. The star route trial is now in its sixth week, and much more progress has been made than in the corresponding period on the former trial, and the government feels encouraged.

Mrs. Sarah Ray, a washerwoman of Leadville, has had an eventful life. She was the first white woman who ever dared to set foot in Leadville, and as such helped to found the city. She dug in mines, scoured the plains as a scout, and last, but not least, took in washing from the Leadville miners, and to-day has a snug little fortune that pays her an income of \$30,000 a year. Young women of pluck and stamina should not stay on the order of their going, but go west at once.

El Paso Lone Star: Fort Bliss is one of the handsomest military posts in the southwest.... El Paso is free from bunko men. As soon as they strike the town our police force invite them to take a walk.... The street car line is doing a good business between the two towns. It has almost broken up the hack business.... The school question is now a settled thing in El Paso for all time, and as soon as it is possible the commissioners will proceed to the erection of a handsome school building.

Albuquerque Review: The Old or West Albuquerque postoffice will be re-established immediately. It will be named the "Armijo postoffice."... General Pope will soon visit New Mexico. He will make Santa Fe his headquarters, and will travel through the territory visiting each post.... Governor Sheldon and Governor Tritle have made arrangements with each other to co-operate in hunting down criminals who break the laws in one territory and flee to the other for refuge. The two governors have not stood up on their dignity or worried themselves much with technicalities in this matter, but have made simply a frank and earnest agreement to help each other to punish lawlessness. This action will contribute no little to the law's power in these territories.

## On Wimmin's Rights.

The following are the opening sentences of the address on this subject, by Miss Skinner:

Miss president, fellow wimmen, and male trash generally—I am here to-day for the purpose of discussing woman's rights, recussing her wrongs and cussing the men.

I believe the sexes were created perfectly equal, with the women a little more equal than the men.

I also believe that the world to-day would be happier if men never existed.

As a success man is a failure, and I thank my stars that my mother was a woman. [Applause]

I not only maintain these principles, but maintain a shiftless husband besides.

They say man was created first. Well, suppose he was. Ain't first experiments always failures?

If I was betting I would bet \$2.00 they are.

The only decent thing about him was a rib, and that went to make something better.

And they throw in our faces about taking an apple. I'll bet \$5 Adam boosted her up the tree, and then only gave her the core.

And what did he do when he was found out?

True to his masculine instinct, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend and said, "Twan't me, 'twas her," and woman has had to father everything and mother it too.

What we want is the ballot; we're bound to have it, if we have to let down our back hair and swim in a sea of gore. [Sensation.]—La Harp Leader.

## Milford and the Chipmunk.

When a five Lord Mayor or his son goes into the Rocky Mountains to hunt the fleet but furious sage hen, or chase the graceful buffalo over the plateau, there is usually a picnic for the rough, untutored cowboy and miner, who witness the performance.

The great man from England comes to the wild, wild west to hunt, bringing with him all the various trappings peculiar to cover shooting in a land where the hunting is full of excitement as a combat with a bloodthirsty setting hen of our own dear native land. He comes into the mountain fastnesses of Wyoming to kill the antelope, the bear and the buffalo, armed with everything in the gun family from the dueling pistol up to the elephant gun, and his clothes are enough to make the angels shudder. If he happens to have a pair of peculiarly shaky and dubious legs, he advertises the fact by wearing knickerbockers and a pair of shoes that loom up through the eternal silence like a boil on the brow of beauty.

The remarks he makes from time to time are so strange and so foreign to the home of Old-Meander-up-the-Gulch that no author has yet successfully imitated them.

Some time ago the son of a sure-enough lord mayor from over the sea came to the Powder River country, in northwestern Wyoming, for the purpose of bearding the jack-rabbit in his jungle and slaughtering the beautiful but treacherous sandhill crane. He wore his good clothes and filled a Union Pacific train with his baggage. Wherever he went the public schools along the route were dismissed and the children were given a holiday that they might go and see the illustrious scion of the lord mayor and his retinue.

Arrived at the scene of the great conflict all was excitement and bustle. His Nibs, the gory slayer of the grizzly (in his mind), unpacked his elephant guns and mountain howitzers, his blunderbusses and his court plaster. He then proceeded to skirmish through the tall timber for the game. Stevens, his valet, was sent ahead with instructions to keep his eye peeled and shout "Mark, bison," "Mark, jack-rabbit," "Mark, coyote," or whatever he struck, warning his Nibs in time so that should the animal turn out to be something belligerent he could skin out for camp with great enthusiasm; and on the other hand should the game turn out to be crippled or a confirmed invalid, he could kill it and have it stuffed to carry home and put up in his ancestral halls, to be exhibited to nations yet unborn.

Finally a big bull buffalo dashed down on them from an unexpected quarter and scattered the company right and left. It required an hour or two to get over the fright brought on by this little episode, and then his Nibs sailed into the unfortunate Stevens in good shape.

"Why did you not mark, you ass?"  
"I was so upset I forgot it, me lord."  
"See that you mark hereafter then,

or I will scatter your brains all over Wyoming with an elephant gun.

The party moved on with their guns cocked and pointed first to the right and then to the left till suddenly the valet yelled out:

"Mark, me lord!"

There was an exciting moment of expectation and then his lordship asked:

"Mark what, you ass?"

The man couldn't give the name of the animal, but on investigation showed it to be a chipmunk.

There are a good many peculiar features about English hunting in this country and they appear doubly funny to the untutored but observing mountaineer.—Bill Nye.

## A Husband and a Mule.

Not long since, Wakefield Starkey of Austin, while crossing the track of the International and Great Northern railroad, on a valuable mule, was struck by a locomotive and killed. The mule was also hurled into eternity. Wakefield Starkey, although a perfect gentleman on the street, was a perfect tyrant of the deepest dye. Without any provocation he used to beat his wife and lock her up in the wardrobe; hence, when she heard of his death, it was not so much a case of heavy bereavement as it was mitigated affection. As the engineer of the locomotive was clearly to blame for the accident, it was suggested to the widow that she bring suit for damages. She resolved to do so, and called at the office of the railway company. The widow had such a clear case against the company that it was deemed advisable to compromise the matter.

"Now, madam," said the official, after the widow had thrown back her veil and stated her business, "we are willing to do what is fair in the matter. There is really no occasion for going to law. It is a delicate subject to discuss, so I think without going into the merits of it, I will enter you a check for \$3,000, and you will sign a paper releasing the company from all further demands."

The widow started, and asked: "How much?"

"I am authorized to pay you \$3,000," "I accept it," she said, very much agitated.

The check was handed over, the papers signed, and the widow walked out into the street in a bewildered frame of mind. As she cashed the check, she said to herself, confidentially: "I didn't expect to get more than \$50. Reckon that railroad fellow didn't know how old that mule was."

It never occurred to her that she had sustained any loss in the death of her husband. On the other hand, the railroad official said to one of his clerks: "The railroad company is getting off dirt cheap. We usually have to pay \$5,000 for running over husbands."

It did not occur to him that the widow had sustained any loss whatever in the valuable mule.

What a striking illustration of the fact that different people look at the same thing in a different light.

## Cows Should be Provided With Tin Horns.

"Gentlemen of the jury!" exclaimed an Indianapolis lawyer, summing up a cow case, "you have heard the testimony of my client, and you have heard the evidence of this red-headed railroad. Now, gentlemen, which do you believe? Do you believe my client's cow walked on the defendant's track and allowed him to run over her, and with no other motive than to be run over? Do you believe that any cow is going to do such a thing while a humane government stands ready to protect us and our rights? Do you believe that a cow brought up in this country as this cow was, with every facility for knowing the character of this bloody-minded railroad, its locks dripping with the gore of your property and mine, gentlemen, will willfully go upon its reeking track and stand there while one of this defendant's carnage-stained engines rushes upon her with its mouth watering for warm blood? I tell you no, gentlemen, you will not! As well ask you to believe that a smiling Jehovah looks down approvingly and bids the work proceed while this gore-stained railroad rushes headlong upon the dearest rights of man and clatters up to the very gate of sweet heaven with the bones and pelts of the best cows that ever straddled a milk pail." The jury were unanimously for the plaintiff.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A young relative once went to Chief Justice Chase to ask him for a government place. "I'll give you half a dollar to buy an ax," answered the chief justice, "but I won't get you a government office. I've ruined two or three young men that way, and I don't expect to ruin any more."

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San Francisco has just had its first sleighing in thirty years, as the result of the only heavy snow storm in that period. Thousands of young folks saw snow for the first time in their lives. Sleighs were hurriedly constructed, both for coasting and driving. One of the city's millionaires was seen in a plain box, under which were runners made of planks with the ends rounded off.

Frank James was brought before the criminal court at Kansas City, on the 23rd inst. The first and second indictments for complicity in the murder of Witcher, the Pinkerton detective, in 1874, and the Independence bank robbery in 1875, were dismissed on motion of the prosecuting attorney for lack of evidence. The third indictment charging James with robbing H. A. Fox, express messenger, of \$500, was continued till next term, and he was remanded to jail.

The grand jury indicted Thomas R. Foote and Arthur Payne, colored, for attempting to corrupt William H. Brown, a member of the star route jury, by a promise of \$25,000. After the judge had ruled on some testimony for the defense, Chandler attacked the indictment. The star route trial is now in its sixth week, and much more progress has been made than in the corresponding period on the former trial, and the government feels encouraged.

Mrs. Sarah Ray, a washerwoman of Leadville, has had an eventful life. She was the first white woman who ever dared to set foot in Leadville, and as such helped to found the city. She dug in mines, scoured the plains as a scout, and last, but not least, took in washing from the Leadville miners, and to-day has a snug little fortune that pays her an income of \$30,000 a year. Young women of pluck and stamina should not stay on the order of their going, but go west at once.

El Paso Lone Star: Fort Bliss is one of the handsomest military posts in the southwest.... El Paso is free from bunko men. As soon as they strike the town our police force invite them to take a walk.... The street car line is doing a good business between the two towns. It has almost broken up the hack business.... The school question is now a settled thing in El Paso for all time, and as soon as it is possible the commissioners will proceed to the erection of a handsome school building.

Albuquerque Review: The Old or West Albuquerque postoffice will be re-established immediately. It will be named the "Armijo postoffice."... General Pope will soon visit New Mexico. He will make Santa Fe his headquarters, and will travel through the territory visiting each post.... Governor Sheldon and Governor Tritle have made arrangements with each other to co-operate in hunting down criminals who break the laws in one territory and flee to the other for refuge. The two governors have not stood up on their dignity or worried themselves much with technicalities in this matter, but have made simply a frank and earnest agreement to help each other to punish lawlessness. This action will contribute no little to the law's power in these territories.

## On Wimmen's Rights.

The following are the opening sentences of the address on this subject, by Miss Skinner:

Miss president, fellow wimmen, and male trash generally—I am here to-day for the purpose of discussing woman's rights, recussing her wrongs and cussing the men.

I believe the sexes were created perfectly equal, with the women a little more equal than the men.

I also believe that the world to-day would be happier if men never existed.

As a success man is a failure, and I thank my stars that my mother was a woman. [Applause]

I not only maintain these principles, but maintain a shiftless husband besides.

They say man was created first. Well, suppose he was. Ain't first experiments always failures?

If I was betting I would bet \$2.00 they are.

The only decent thing about him was a rib, and that went to make something better.

And they throw in our faces about taking an apple. I'll bet \$5 Adam boosted her up the tree, and then only gave her the core.

And what did he do when he was found out?

True to his masculine instinct, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend and said, "Twan't me, 'twas her," and woman has had to father everything and mother it too.

What we want is the ballot; we're bound to have it, if we have to let down our back hair and swim in a sea of gore. [Sensation.]—La Harp Leader.

## Milford and the Chipmunk.

When a five Lord Mayor or his son goes into the Rocky Mountains to hunt the fleet but furious sage hen, or chase the graceful buffalo over the plateau, there is usually a picnic for the rough, untutored cowboy and miner, who witness the performance.

The great man from England comes to the wild, wild west to hunt, bringing with him all the various trappings peculiar to cover shooting in a land where the hunting is full of excitement as a combat with a bloodthirsty setting hen of our own dear native land. He comes into the mountain fastnesses of Wyoming to kill the antelope, the bear and the buffalo, armed with everything in the gun family from the dueling pistol up to the elephant gun, and his clothes are enough to make the angels shudder. If he happens to have a pair of peculiarly shaky and dubious legs, he advertises the fact by wearing knickerbockers and a pair of shoes that loom up through the eternal silence like a boil on the brow of beauty.

The remarks he makes from time to time are so strange and so foreign to the home of Old-Meander-up-the-Gulch that no author has yet successfully imitated them.

Some time ago the son of a sure-enough lord mayor from over the sea came to the Powder River country, in northwestern Wyoming, for the purpose of bearding the jack-rabbit in his jungle and slaughtering the beautiful but treacherous sandhill crane. He wore his good clothes and filled a Union Pacific train with his baggage. Wherever he went the public schools along the route were dismissed and the children were given a holiday that they might go and see the illustrious scion of the lord mayor and his retinue.

Arrived at the scene of the great conflict all was excitement and bustle. His Nibs, the gory slayer of the grizzly (in his mind), unpacked his elephant guns and mountain howitzers, his blunderbusses and his court plaster. He then proceeded to skirmish through the tall timber for the game. Stevens, his valet, was sent ahead with instructions to keep his eye peeled and shout "Mark, bison," "Mark, jack-rabbit," "Mark, coyote," or whatever he struck, warning his Nibs in time so that should the animal turn out to be something belligerent he could skin out for camp with great enthusiasm; and on the other hand should the game turn out to be crippled or a confirmed invalid, he could kill it and have it stuffed to carry home and put up in his ancestral halls, to be exhibited to nations yet unborn.

Finally a big bull buffalo dashed down on them from an unexpected quarter and scattered the company right and left. It required an hour or two to get over the fright brought on by this little episode, and then his Nibs sailed into the unfortunate Stevens in good shape.

"Why did you not mark, you ass?" "I was so upset I forgot it, me lord." "See that you mark hereafter then,

or I will scatter your brains all over Wyoming with an elephant gun.

The party moved on with their guns cocked and pointed first to the right and then to the left till suddenly the valet yelled out:

"Mark, me lord!"

There was an exciting moment of expectation and then his lordship asked:

"Mark what, you ass?"

The man couldn't give the name of the animal, but on investigation showed it to be a chipmunk.

There are a good many peculiar features about English hunting in this country and they appear doubly funny to the untutored but observing mountaineer.—Bill Nye.

## A Husband and a Mule.

Not long since, Wakefield Starkey of Austin, while crossing the track of the International and Great Northern railroad, on a valuable mule, was struck by a locomotive and killed. The mule was also hurled into eternity. Wakefield Starkey, although a perfect gentleman on the street, was a perfect tyrant of the deepest dye. Without any provocation he used to beat his wife and lock her up in the wardrobe; hence, when she heard of his death, it was not so much a case of heavy bereavement as it was mitigated affection. As the engineer of the locomotive was clearly to blame for the accident, it was suggested to the widow that she bring suit for damages. She resolved to do so, and called at the office of the railway company. The widow had such a clear case against the company that it was deemed advisable to compromise the matter.

"Now, madam," said the official, after the widow had thrown back her veil and stated her business, "we are willing to do what is fair in the matter. There is really no occasion for going to law. It is a delicate subject to discuss, so I think without going into the merits of it, I will enter you a check for \$3,000, and you will sign a paper releasing the company from all further demands."

The widow started, and asked: "How much?"

"I am authorized to pay you \$3,000," "I accept it," she said, very much agitated.

The check was handed over, the papers signed, and the widow walked out into the street in a bewildered frame of mind. As she cashed the check, she said to herself, confidentially: "I didn't expect to get more than \$50. Reckon that railroad fellow didn't know how old that mule was."

It never occurred to her that she had sustained any loss in the death of her husband. On the other hand, the railroad official said to one of his clerks: "The railroad company is getting off dirt cheap. We usually have to pay \$5,000 for running over husbands."

It did not occur to him that the widow had sustained any loss whatever in the valuable mule.

What a striking illustration of the fact that different people look at the same thing in a different light.

## Cows Should be Provided With Tin Horns.

"Gentlemen of the jury!" exclaimed an Indianapolis lawyer, summing up a cow case, "you have heard the testimony of my client, and you have heard the evidence of this red-headed railroad. Now, gentlemen, which do you believe? Do you believe my client's cow walked on the defendant's track and allowed him to run over her, and with no other motive than to be run over? Do you believe that any cow is going to do such a thing while a humane government stands ready to protect us and our rights? Do you believe that a cow brought up in this country as this cow was, with every facility for knowing the character of this bloody-minded railroad, its locks dripping with the gore of your property and mine, gentlemen, will willfully go upon its reeking track and stand there while one of this defendant's carnage-stained engines rushes upon her with its mouth watering for warm blood? I tell you no, gentlemen, you will not! As well ask you to believe that a smiling Jehovah looks down approvingly and bids the work proceed while this gore-stained railroad rushes headlong upon the dearest rights of man and clatters up to the very gate of sweet heaven with the bones and pelts of the best cows that ever straddled a milk pail." The jury were unanimously for the plaintiff.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A young relative once went to Chief Justice Chase to ask him for a government place. "I'll give you half a dollar to buy an ax," answered the chief justice, "but I won't get you a government office. I've ruined two or three young men that way, and I don't expect to ruin any more."



# THE BLACK RANGE.

Friday, February 2, 1883.

Subscription: One year, \$2.00; Six months, \$1.25; Three months, \$0.75; Single copies, 25 cents.

## GENERAL LOCALS.

See the advertisement of G. D. Potter, agent at Socorro, regarding through tickets to all points in the east.

James Lockwood was killed at Canada Alamosa, Socorro county, by the accidental discharge of a pistol.—New Southwest.

The family of Col. Branson, superintendent of the Humboldt Mining Company, has joined him at Engle, and he has fitted up a house where he can live.

On Wednesday of last week the justice of the peace of Palomas town left Engle in a buggy state and on the way home lost his official seal, which was found by a friend and brought into Engle.

A break down occurred with one of the wagons hauling ore from the Black Knife mine to the smelter at Fairview one day this week, causing temporary delay, but hauling was again resumed to-day.

The annual feast held at Canada de Alamosa this week in honor of the patron saint of the town, was witnessed by a number of the citizens of Fairview, among whom was Major Day and wife and M. Levy.

The editor of the RANGE is visiting relatives in the east, and any information given to the tender-foot who has assumed the arduous duties of news-gathering during his absence will be gratefully received.

Alex. Rogers of Engle owns in the Racine Girl and Rambler claims north of Grafton. Charley Anderson and partner have a contract for sinking one hundred feet on the former and twenty-five feet on the latter. They have been working for some time on the Racine Girl contract and have it half completed. It shows pretty ore in considerable body from which assays return one hundred and fifteen ounces in silver, and one and one-tenth ounces in gold, or \$148.50 in both. The prospect is a remarkably promising one.

## ROBINSON.

Trade in Robinson has been more brisk this week than for some time past.

George Ysagel of Edwards' camp, purchased Joe Moorhead's assay outfit this week.

J. B. Alexander has got his frame house in place on his ranch, and is remodeling his cabins.

Joe Moorhead went out on Thursday's stage, bound for Philadelphia, where he will make an effort to form a company to take hold of some of the properties of the range.

John A. Anderson has taken up a quarter section at the mouth of Dry creek, and is sinking a well by the roadside in Cuchillo Negro valley. When the well is finished, Mr. Anderson will erect buildings.

F. L. Reber has located 100 acres adjoining the east side of town and has moved his smaller building there with the intention of making that his residence. He will soon put in his new soda machine here and the one he now has will be made to do duty at Hillsboro.

E. Payne has taken the place of Thos. Sturgis with Ben Cook on the Forsaken claim in the north Cuchillos, and work on that property is being steadily pursued. The shaft is now down about twenty-five feet and shows good mineral which assays well in silver and some gold.

## CHLORIDE.

Dave Blake went to Socorro on Tuesday's stage.

Chas. Canfield and family have moved from the Coalsalt to Chloride.

Jas. Dalglish has made some improvements around his residence.

George Beebe was looking after his interests on the Palomas this week.

J. T. Thorne started for the Gila Wednesday to put up buildings on his ranch.

Thos. Kittrell and James Moody went to the Palomas country last Saturday, to put in a month's work on two of their properties there.

FOR SALE.—Three pair of heavy freight mules, one pair of horses and three sets of wagon harness. Apply to J. T. Thorne, Chloride, N. M.

Work is being prosecuted on the Maud S. with a view to sinking a fifty foot shaft. It is now down about twenty feet, and makes a fair showing.

J. J. Dalglish has taken his stock on the ranch of J. M. Smith, on Dry creek, for the present. The water privileges there are good, and there is also a comfortable cabin to live in.

Geo. H. McCauley came to Chloride last Sunday and added to his interest in the Kings 1 and 2, by purchasing that held by Dave Blake. He returned to Engle by Tuesday's stage.

We note another change of firm name among our business men. L. Corson having purchased the interests of Musser & Maharba in the hardware store, it is now L. Corson & Co.

Mr. Newman, the rancher, was in town Saturday night after horses with which to hunt his flock of sheep, which had strayed from the fold. We understand that he succeeded in finding them.

Driscoll at the Drug Store has arranged for regular shipments of California fruits and nuts. Also has on the way a large assortment of Seattles, Books, &c. Cigars from 5 to 25 cents, and a full line of Tobaccos, Pipes and Confectionery.

Dr. Haskell is busily engaged in arranging his cabinet. The case is being nicely trimmed and will be furnished with large glass doors, and when finished it will present an elegant and attractive appearance—a fit receptacle for the rich and handsome ores contained in the Doctor's collection.

Henry Westerman was in Socorro on business this week. He reports solid work commencing around that place. Already the Torrence and Merritt mines are in operation, and Sam Vernon will commence work for his company about the first of March. Three companies have recently commenced work in the Magdalenas, and the representatives of another company bound for these mountains passed through Socorro while he was there.

Five hundred and eighty-two ounces of silver and five ounces of gold to the ton were the returns from an assay of surface rock from the Adirondack brought in by J. C. Shaw the first part of this week. The Adirondack is on the Monte Christo lode, about one and a half miles north of Chloride. It was first located in November 1880, and relocated on the first of January 1882, by Trumbor & Beebe and Mr. Shaw, but not considering it worthy of attention, they did not have it recorded. Mr. Shaw again re-located it, this time individually, and while on his way to work another claim, he made this discovery, "by bull-head luck," he says. The ledge shows twenty feet wide with a thirty inch mineral streak. Preparations are being made for immediate development, the results of which will be awaited with a good deal of interest.

## GRAFTON.

J. W. Nash left on Tuesday morning's stage for California.

O. C. Kinsley is working the Little Granite. It continues to show up finely.

Large numbers of deer, wild turkey, and occasionally a bear comes to market.

The next meeting of the Miners' Union will occur on Sunday, Feb. 11th at 2 p. m.

Notice the advertisement of "Charley's Place, under the juniper tree," in this week's issue.

Thos. Seales is supplying the range with wild clover which he cut on the Gila, he has delivered four tons to Fairview this week.

Burt D. Mason has just completed surveying ranches in the Cuchillo Valley for John Anderson, F. L. Reber and J. B. Alexander.

John James made a new discovery last week between the Hoosier and Little Granite mines. The ledge is small but very rich.

A. J. Knight and P. J. Moosaw have completed the assessment work on the Hiawatha mine, near Silver creek, for the year 1883.

The San Marcial Times of the 27th says: "The Hunnicutt brothers of Grafton, cattle dealers, are at the San Marcial House."

Burt D. Mason and D. H. Wenger are comfortably ensconced in their new building. The office has quite a business-like appearance.

Mr. Rowe who has been here for several days looking after the mining interests of Alex. Rogers, returned to Engle on Tuesday morning stage.

Brad Williams is collecting a cabinet, he has some fine specimens of ore, one of which weighs about fifty pounds taken from the bottom of the Ivanhoe shaft at a depth of three hundred and twenty feet, showing high grade mineral.

Grafton is very quiet just now. One reason for this state of affairs is because Burt Brumfield is no longer in our midst. He has joined the cow-boy brigade and is now after cattle with Ike Hunnicutt.

Robbins and Swift are sinking a shaft on their Mammoth Lode, on Wild Horse creek. The property is showing black sulphurets. They have a large body of mineral in sight which is increasing in richness with depth.

If you want a first-class cigar call on G. S. and A. R. B. to set them up, as they have a lease on Charley's Place for the next decade having won about three hundred tickets at horse poker while J. W. Nash was paying the fiddler.

A burglar broke into Winston & Co's. store Monday night by prying open a window in the rear of the building and escaping by the rear door, taking with him a little money from the money drawer and several articles from the show case.

Geo. Webber has manufactured for his own use and comfort what he calls a "Go-devil," made something on the style of an ancient chariot. If the Colonel had a calico pony he might start a circus with Johnny Carson, the cow-boy novelist of the frontier, the only descendant of the illustrious Kit Carson in the far west, as his clown.

It is expected that a new working shaft, at least two compartments and perhaps three, will be begun on the Alaska in the near future.

Captain Grosier, superintendent of the Sailor Boy, in company with others from Mineral creek, passed through town this week on an hunting expedition.

The officers elected at the Miners' Union on the 21st inst., are as follows: Financial secretary, Chas. Froehlich; Conductor, A. P. Cate; Warden, G. H. Smith. Executive Committee: A. H. Stator, Orren Roberts, Wm. McDaniels. Financial Committee: Thos. Malony, Chas. Ecelberger, Thos. Higgins.

## Palomas and Hillsboro Road.

There is a difference of opinion as to the route on which to build the road from here to the other side of the range. The opinion of the people of that side is that there can be a good road built and without much expense by the way of Palomas camp and directly across the country; but several of our old timers here say that the route advocated by the BLACK RANGE and the citizens there, is perfectly impracticable, and that the shortest route is by Cuchillo Negro, that is the shortest over which a good wagon way can be constructed at any reasonable cost. We, on our side see the benefit to us and are willing to do our share of the work, but we want a good road, and the best route settled on before we go to work. Would it not be best for each place interested to choose one or two men and let them meet and select a route to be agreed upon by a majority before any work is done.—Hillsboro Prospector.

The above article locates us on the west side of the Black Range. Where did the Prospector get that idea? Perhaps the difference in opinion might be considerably lessened by the information that the towns at this end of the range are on the east side, the same as those at the south end. The route proposed by the citizens here would not cross any part of either range, but would follow the base of the Black Range proper, as near as possible and would be at least twenty miles shorter than the route via Cuchillo Negro town. It is now completed as far as Hermosa, or Palomas camp, and the citizens there announce their willingness to extend it five miles further, should the people of Hillsboro decide to connect. This would leave but about twenty miles intervening, and we are assured that it is practicable to make a road across that country. The committee here are not only willing but anxious to meet a committee from the south and show them this route. While a road via Cuchillo Negro would render travel between the north and south ends easier than at present, it would not meet the demands of business as it would not bring us into communication with any intermediate point of business importance. On the other hand, a road following the foot of the range would pass through a section of country from which comes all the demand for supplies, and would render direct communication with all camps that are likely to be built. This would be greater inducement for the establishment of a stage line and mail service. Already there is quite a congregation of miners at Palomas Camp, and the indications are very strongly in favor of a lively camp there at no great distance in the future, and its accessibility is of as much importance to the south as to the north end of the range.

The scheme of connecting the north end of the range with the south by a direct route seems to meet with popular favor. Following are the remarks of the Kingston Tribune in regard to the matter:

"The people of that place (Chloride) have taken steps looking to the construction of a road to Kingston. They appreciate the importance of good roads and in doing so show good sense. Kingston should also look after this matter, and the people should not only help Chloride with its project but should do something towards securing better roads to other points. There should by all means be a shorter road from here to Lake Valley, by means of which the town would be much easier of access from the railroad and the merchants would be spared much of the expense of hauling now borne by them. It is said to be practicable to construct a road between Lake Valley and Kingston by which the distance would be lessened from thirty odd to fifteen or eighteen miles. The difference is great enough to warrant the expense, and it is very desirable to inaugurate a movement to secure a shorter road without further delay. With this road and the road to Chloride the town would be vastly benefitted, and it is to be hoped that the people will see the matter in the right light."

A man named Pearl shot and killed Downing, the baker for the soldiers at Ft. Stanton, Lincoln county, on the 20th inst., because the baker had worsted him in a wrestling bout. He was taken to the jail at Lincoln, and on the following Monday night thirteen of the soldiers broke the jail locks, took the prisoner out and hung him to a tree and filled the corpse full of bullets. Three other prisoners who were in the jail, two for murder, and the other for horse stealing, escaped through the unprotected doors.

## NEW MEXICO NEWS.

The profits of one saloon at Silver City, last month, footed up \$2,500.

Silver City is agitating the establishment of a board of trade.

It is said that a stock company composed of the principal merchants of Socorro will resurrect the Miner and run it as a daily.

The Rocky Mountain Mining Review says that New Mexico is retaining more of the old miners from Colorado and other states and territories than was thought possible a short time ago.

Socorro claims to be the oldest town in the territory and also in the United States. In case the tri-centennial proves a success, she will furnish proof to substantiate the same.—New Mexican.

The Lake Valley Herald says: "A bad man under arrest at Kingston is worse than a white elephant in the hands of the officers of the law, because there is no place to put him. Kingston needs a jail, and needs it badly."

J. M. Wood, night-watchman, shot and killed Wm. Lang, engineer at the hoisting works of the Nisaid Queen mine, Georgetown, recently. Lang was drunk and was trying to throw Wood into the balance wheel of the engine.

The Sierra Nevada mine at Lake Valley is now producing daily 6,000 to 10,000 ounces of silver. The total output up to January 5th, for six months, commencing July 21st, 1882, was \$869,138.88. It is a grand record for a twenty stamp mill.

We hear very flattering reports from the Bonanza King mine. Our correspondent estimates \$2,500,000 in sight in the mine. Mr. Waddingham has already invested \$800,000 in this property and it is likely to prove an excellent investment.—Financial and Mining News.

The New Mexican has this in its mining news: Any one who ever saw a piece of the ore which was taken from the Ivanhoe mine during its boom a year and a half ago, cannot be made to believe that the mine is played out. It will yet be proven to be one of the richest mines ever discovered in the Rocky mountain region. Mark the prediction!

Wells, Fargo & Co. in their circular recently issued, state that their various lines extend over 32,500 miles, including railroad, stage and steamboat routes throughout the states and territories west of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, and by steamships from San Francisco to all Pacific coast ports; and from New Orleans and New York to Liverpool, London, Harve, Paris and Hamburg. One would think to watch the amount of express matter transferred here for points on the A. & P., that this great corporation might get rich from Albuquerque alone.—Journal.

The finest place on the Mimbres is that of John Brockman. This gentleman has a fine orchard and vineyard, which now covers more than thirty acres of land. On this ground he has set out 2,000 apple, peach, pear and cherry trees, and over 5,000 grape vines. In his nursery he has 7,000 young trees. Last year, an experimental period, he made over 400 gallons of wine. In the next season he hopes to manufacture 2,000 gallons of fine native wines and to raise 2,000 bushels of fruit of all sorts. Such enterprises as these show the strides we are taking in the development of our agricultural resources in this country.—Silver City Southwest.

From every ranch in the county and along the Rio Grande, from just below Socorro to the county south of Mesilla, including Palomas, Colorado Lake Valley, Leasburg, Dona Ana, and many other towns, comes intelligence of cattle in large numbers having been run off by rustlers during past week. Great excitement prevails all along the line, and several armed bands of citizens are on the road after the villains. They have not yet returned. The whole town herd of Dona Ana city has been run off. Large shipments of fresh beef have recently been made from an obscure railroad station between here and Rincon to parties in El Paso. The hides, with the brands on, have been found at the depot and claimed by the rightful owners. Great indignation is felt against the station agents for their carelessness, and against the consignees at El Paso.—Rio Grande Republican.

Articles of incorporation for the Deming and Clifton railroad have been forwarded to the secretary of the territory for filing. This road is to be built from Silver City to Clifton—estimated distance 110 miles. Capital stock two and a half million dollars. The incorporators are: J. P. Whitney, Elijah Smith, R. M. Pulsifer and Wm. J. Rotch of Boston; C. P. Crawford, I. G. Cohen of Silver City. The company is incorporated under the laws of New Mexico, and Silver City is named as the principal place of business of the company. The names of the incorporators are a sufficient guarantee that the road will be speedily pushed forward to completion. Some of the most prominent railroad men in Boston are among the subscribers to the stock, and it is the design of the company to build the road by subscriptions to the stock and not by sale of bonds.—New Southwest.

## LIVE BUSINESS MEN.

BROWNE, MANZANARES & CO.  
Socorro, N. M.



Groceries, Dry Goods, Hats,

Flows, Agricultural Implements, Etc.

MINERS' SUPPLIES AND OUTFITTING A SPECIALTY.

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GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL

SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO.

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

The resort of all Business Men.

Headquarters for Miners and Mining Men.

Table Unsurpassed by any in the Territory.

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

C. H. SAUNDERS, Proprietor.

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UNION HOTEL

HILLSBORO, N. M.

First Class Accommodations for Travellers.

Good Rooms, and Table Furnished with Everything the Markets Afford.

OTTO F. GENTZ, Proprietor

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.