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Leading Circulation of South Colorado.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

United States Officials.

Senators: T. M. Bowen, N. P. Hill. Member of Congress: J. B. Elford, J. C. Hill. District Judge: Walter Smith. Marshal: Walter Smith. Clerk of Court: Edward F. Bishop. Attorney: E. L. Johnston.

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Governor: J. B. Grant. Lieutenant Governor: W. H. Myer. Secretary of State: Melvin Edwards. Auditor: J. C. Abbott. Treasurer: Fred. Walsen. Supt. Public Instruction: J. C. Shattuck. Attorney General: D. F. Urmy. Adjutant General: S. A. Shepard. Private Secy. to Gov.: N. P. Babcock.

Supreme Court.

Chief Justice: J. C. Helm. Associate Justices: Wilbur F. Stone, Wm. E. Beck, J. A. Miller.

County Officials.

Sheriff: David Swickhimer. Clerk and Recorder: W. L. Hull. Treasurer: A. H. Munde. Judge: E. A. Robinson. School Superintendent: O. H. Taylor. Assessor: H. Dunton. Surveyor: J. F. Wannemaker. Coroner: A. A. Shell. Justices of the Peace: R. C. Darling, J. P. Norton, J. J. Heffernan. Constables: John Garland, N. J. Bradley, H. Cahn, W. G. Barnett.

Town Officials.

Mayor: J. P. Landon. Trustees: F. Wakeman, John Eder, W. B. Whiteside, J. W. Westcott. Clerk: George O. Gilbert. Treasurer: George Nolte. Night Watchman: J. J. Heffernan.

Postoffice Directory.

Southern and Eastern Mail. Arrives 6 p. m. | Departs 7 a. m. OURAY MAIL. ARRIVES: Tues., Thurs., Sat. | DEPARTS: Mon., Wed., Friday. OFFICE HOURS. Postoffice open from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays from 11 to 12 a. m. REGISTRY AND MONEY ORDERS. Registry and money order windows open from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mail going south and east closes at 6.45 a. m. D. A. McGraw, P. M.

Lodge Directory.

I. O. O. F. SILVER CRESCENT LODGE NO. 40. Holds its regular meetings at the hall on Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend. JOHN GARLAND, N. G., HENRY HENSEL, R. S.

O. B. B. The Order Benevolent Bachelors hold regular meetings at their hall every Sunday evening. TOM WAGENSLE, Sec'y.

Organizations.

JOCHMUS GUARDS.

RICO FIRE COMPANY.

Court Sessions.

U. S. Circuit Court.—District of Colorado, Western Division at Del Norte, first Tuesday in September. U. S. District Court.—District of Colorado, Western Division at Del Norte first Tuesday in September. District Court, Seventh Judicial District.—Sessions second Monday in May and October. County Court.—First Monday in January, March, June and December. County Court for Probate business, last Monday in each month.

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USE THE—

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Magnetic Protector!

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They are priceless to ladies, gentlemen and children with weak lungs; no case of pneumonia or croup is ever known where the magnets are worn. They also prevent and cure heart difficulties, colds, rheumatism, neuritis, throat troubles, diphtheria, catarrh, and all kindred diseases. Will wear any service for three years. Are worn over the underclothing.

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It is needless to describe the symptoms of this nuisance, as everyone who is afflicted with it knows the life and strength of only too many of the fairest and best of both sexes. Labor, study and research in America, Europe and Eastern lands have resulted in the Magneton Lung Protector, affording cure for catarrh, a remedy which contains no irritating or toxic elements, and with the continuous stream of Magnetism permeating through the afflicted organs, must restore them to a healthy action. We place our price for this Appliance at less than one-tenth of the price asked by others for remedies upon which you take all the chances, and we especially invite the patronage of the many persons who have tried drugging their stomachs without effect.

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THE MAGNETON APPLIANCE CO., 238 State St., Chicago, Ill.

DOLORES NEWS.

VOLUME 5.

RICO, COLORADO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

NUMBER 231.

Commercial AND ALL OTHER KINDS OF Job Printing AT THE Dolores News Office. The Finest Stock and Most Experienced Workmen Employed. Orders at home or from abroad, attended with promptness.

Hotel Chambermaids.

Do these girls ever marry rich? "Sometimes they do, but not often. Men are not given to making these kind of matches, except in novels. I do know of two cases, however, and both have resulted happily. A lady moving in the best circles here, who gives fine entertainments and fine dinners, and who is considered one of the leaders of fashion, was only an hotel chambermaid fifteen years ago. Of course, it's not to her credit, but I doubt if she would not consider it an insult to mention it to her. I know very well her children would. Most of the girls marry in their own class, and the discipline and good society they mingle with, even as servants, make better wives of them."

The Pleasure Of Sleigh Riding.

"I've got some good news," said a handsome Philadelphia girl to her companion, who was visiting her from out of town.

"What is it?" she asked, breathlessly. "Why, George and his friend, Mr. Smith, from New York—that delightful gentleman we met last evening, you know—have invited us to take a sleigh ride to-night."

"Am I to ride with Mr. Smith?"

"But he has only one arm."

"That doesn't make any difference. George says he's accustomed to horses, and can drive with one arm just as well as he can with two."

"It makes a great deal of difference," said the young lady from out of town.

"One cannot find any pleasure sleigh riding with a one-armed gentleman, unless—and here her face lighted up hopefully—"she drives herself."

The Volume Had Come.

A New Yorker who was up in the hill country a week or so ago shooting rabbits had occasion to call at a country store for some powder.

"Yes I've got powder," replied the little old man behind the counter. "How much did you want?"

"I'll take a pound."

"What a hull pound?"

"Yes, sir."

The merchant came from behind his counter, slowly adjusting his steel bowed spectacles, and for a long minute looked the New Yorker over as one might read a circus bill. Finally he said:

"A hull pound, and you are going to pay cash down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—um—well! Mister, for the last fifteen years I've been contending that the volume of floating currency was not large enough to do the business of the country, and I never expected to live to see this day. Cash down for a hull pound of powder! Wait a minute till I go to the back door and whoop.—Wall Street News.

The Red Sunsets Explained.

Though a little different, she is quite a philosopher, and as they sat together discussing the recent phenomenal sunsets, she suddenly declared:

"I think I know the cause of them."

"You do?"

"Yes."

"Then you know more than the professors do."

"Well I have my idea of it, right or wrong."

"What is it?"

"I hate to say it before you."

"Oh come! out with it; don't be afraid of me."

"Well—"

"Well—"

"Well, the sky blushes when she sees the sun going to bed!"

And exclaiming: "There, now; I've told you!" she hid behind a screen while he recovered.

A Give Away.

An unbleached Austin domestic in the employment of the Pettigrew family was caught very neatly in a lie not long since. Mrs. Pettigrew sent her with a note to Mrs. Col. Percy Yergler. After having been gone an unreasonably long time, Matilda returned.

"Did you take that note to Mrs. Yergler?"

"Yes, mum, but she was done gone down town to make some calls."

"Then you left the note with the servant?"

"Leff de note wid de sarvant?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"No, mum; de sarvant was done gone out, too."

"If the servant wasn't there, how did you find out that Mrs. Yergler had gone out calling?"

"How did I—yes, mum—I jess spioned she had gone out callin', because thar war nobody at home? De house was done locked up, an' de shutters was turned down, so I bring de note home."

"Well, go right back, now; and see if Mrs. Yergler has not returned."

"Yes, mum, but—"

"But what?"

"I don't know whar she lib."

Professor in Chemistry: "The substance you see in this vial is the most deadly of all poisons. A single drop placed on the tongue of a cat is enough to kill the strongest man."

THE HAUNTED CABIN.

A Ghostly Tragedy Witnessed by Miners.

The Strange Discovery of a Terrible Murder.

The Wounded Assassin Confesses the Crime.

Rocky Mountain News.

In former years, before the days of railroads, numerous trails diverged from Santa Fe, some of them becoming so much traveled as to claim the dignity of roads. Later on stages were put on this road and were largely patronized by travelers through this wild frontier section. Several years ago, before the completion of the Denver & Rio Grande southern branch, one of these roads was used as the highway to Southwestern Colorado. This passed through Chama, N. M., thence north into Colorado and to Pagosa Springs and other points west. About two hour's ride, or some eighteen miles from Chama, the road crossed the Rio Blanco at a romantic and wildly beautiful spot known as the Point of Rocks. On the south side of the river, just where the ford crosses, stood a cabin of logs, which, being the only human habitation within a radius of thirty miles, was used as a sort of wayside inn.

The proprietor was a morose man, living alone and having but little to say to his few visitors beyond extending the rude hospitality of his command. No one ever knew exactly who he was or where he came from, save that his name was Charles Herndon. But there was a general belief that he was possessed of considerable means and that his treasure was secreted in some portion of the cabin. One day the mail carrier in that section, who always stopped at Herndon's to give his horse a breathing spell on the road to Pagosa Springs, where the government still maintained a military reservation, drove up to the cabin as usual and seeing the door open hailed the inmate, but without receiving any reply. He dismounted and entered the one room of the habitation, but it was empty. Thinking the proprietor was probably absent for a short time, he sat down on the rude bench in front and lighting his pipe, gave himself up to the beauties of nature spread before him. Not a sound was heard save the gurgling and splashing of the river at his feet. The great pines of the grand old park, which properly began on the northern side of the river, stood like silent monitors with not a wave of air moving their tall tops. Even to this man, accustomed to the solitude of this wild country, there seemed something uncanny and weird in the loneliness by which he was surrounded. This uneasy feeling at last became so great that, emptying the embers from his pipe, he arose and again made an inspection of the interior of Herndon's cabin, where he noticed for the first time that his bed or bunk had not been occupied apparently the previous night. Still more puzzled he began a closer investigation, and discovered a dark substance or stain on the rough board floor which he very soon concluded was blood. But whose? Was it Herndon's, had he been murdered and if so, where was the body? A hurried search failed to answer these queries, and the afternoon having worn pretty well along, it became necessary for him to abandon for the present a solution of the mystery, as he still had fifteen miles to ride before dark in order to reach the Springs. Upon reaching his destination he gave the alarm and a large party were soon in the saddle and rode quickly to the scene of what had evidently been a tragedy.

Upon arriving a thorough search was made of the cabin and its surroundings, but nothing was found that would give any clue to the proprietor or his fate save the tell-tale blood stains. Soon the affair ceased to be talked about and was almost forgotten except by those compelled to pass the cabin, and these always took good care to do this by daylight. About a month after the disappearance of Herndon a stranger rode into the Springs at midnight and told a wonderful story of having passed the cabin at about nine o'clock in the evening, and seeing lights, was about to enter, when a cry, the most blood curdling he had ever heard issued from the interior, accompanied by a blow and a fall when the light was extinguished the noises ceased and all was still. The stranger, frightened beyond measure, rode as fast as his horse could carry him and never drew rein until he had reached the Springs. The next day some sheep herders, who had business in New Mexico, looked in the cabin, but everything was found just as it had been left on the night of the disappearance of Herndon. This episode was the subject of talk for a few days and was then dropped, the only result was that the cabin had earned the reputation of being actually haunted, and was carefully avoided afterward, especially at night.

One beautiful evening, late in the following spring, a party of five miners, attracted by the marvelous mineral discoveries which had been made in the hitherto

almost unknown country of the San Juan, rode to the banks of the river shortly after dark, but owing to the melting snow the Rio Blanco was too much swollen to attempt its fording except by daylight. Seeing the vacant cabin, of whose history they knew nothing, it was determined to pass the night there, especially as a stove and two rude bunks still remained upon which to make themselves comfortable. So, building a fire, they quickly prepared their supper, and as it was still early they lit their pipes and indulged in a few stories such as are usual around a camp fire. On this occasion, the 'Major,' who was the leader of the party, had just arrived at the climax of a wonderful story, when suddenly the candles were extinguished by invisible means, an unearthly sickly glare taking the place of their light, but making all the objects in the cabin plainly visible and a horrible sight greeted the astonished men. Sitting in the center of the room they saw a middle aged man with a general air of dejection and loneliness on his rather handsome face. In stantly, but noiselessly, the cabin door opened and the figure of a powerful man advanced stealthily behind the sitting figure and dealt him a powerful blow on the head with a billet of wood. With a shriek so loud and piercing that its sound seemed to penetrate the farthest confines of the night, the victim fell to the floor. His assailant removed something from the pocket of the prostrate man, after which he pulled up several boards from the floor of the cabin, and dragging the body to the opening, forced it beneath and then replaced the flooring, instantly the unearthly light vanished and all was utter darkness. As soon as they had sufficiently recovered from their fright a light was procured and the cabin presented the same appearance as before the horrible apparition they had just witnessed. After what they had seen they resolved to spend the night in such a horrible place was simply impossible, and they quickly established themselves near the bank of the river, first building another fire in the open air, as the nights were yet quite cool. Sleep was out of the question, and the long hours until morning were spent in speculation as to the strange supernatural phenomena they had just witnessed. The long night finally came to an end, and after breakfast, emboldened by the light of day, they retraced their steps to the cabin resolved upon making an investigation. Upon examining the floor at the place where the body appeared to have been hidden it appeared that the boards had been removed since they had been first placed there, and it required but little effort to raise them, when an investigation of the space beneath revealed the presence of a skeleton of a man covered by the identical clothing worn by the victim in the ghostly tragedy of the evening before. Some papers in the pockets proved beyond a doubt that the remains were those of Herndon. A decent burial was had at the foot of an immense pine, and it is presumed that the restless spirit of the murdered man was soothed for all time as nothing unusual ever afterwards occurred in the cabin, which was subsequently occupied and became a regular stage station on the road.

Antelope Stop a Train.

Everybody has read the nice animal stories that are floating around the country, but the Laramie Boomerang removes the drapery from the shrubbery long enough to tell the following incident: "The west bound train between Green River and Granger, on the Union Pacific, recently encountered a band of 1,200 or 1,500 antelope. The snow was quite deep and drifted in places, and the antelope were running on the road bed, finding that the easiest road to travel on. When they were first encountered many of them were killed, and the engineer, seeing that the train might be derailed unless it was slowed up, decreased the speed. The antelope kept a short distance ahead of the engine, and then they would stop turn around and watch the headlight until the engine was fairly upon them. They delayed the train half or three-quarters of an hour.

Bishop Wurtzburg was walking in a meadow, when he met a little shepherd lad. "What are you doing, my son?" said the bishop. "Tending swine, your reverence." "How much pay do you get?" "One florin a week." "I am also a shepherd," continued the bishop, "but I have a much better salary." "That may be, your reverence, but, then, I suppose you have more pigs under your care, replied the boy.—Exchange.

Rocky Mountain Snow Shoes. The snow shoe editor of the Crested Butte Gazette, gives the following facts about the new walking machines for getting over the mountains in cold weather: "Mr. A. Smith, who has displayed considerable inventive ingenuity, has gotten up an improvement on the snow shoes now in use. It is simple, yet renders travel much easier, and consists of an elastic attachment, fastened on the rear of the shoe, to be buckled at the knee, saving much of the inconvenience felt by pulling the shoes along. Another attachment, in the shape of a clog, three feet long, is fastened to the bottom of the shoe when climbing up a steep hill or the sides of a mountain, preventing the shoe from slipping. Mr. Smith claims that steep hills can be readily ascended, which with the old shoes would be impossible.

A Lick-Skillet Doctor.

Calvert Central.

Well, what about him? Yes, we gave him a drink, but let me go back and tell how it came about. About twenty years ago, John Weatherly, John Baily, John Power and I, all went to Shreveport, Louisiana, to sell our cotton. It was about 100 miles and we had to take camp kettles, tents and whisky along to keep from being subservient to the inclemency of the weather. We four used six gallons on that trip.

We moved along for two days very well, but found the draft on our leg was heavy by reason of friends who passed, or met us, all of whom tested the quality of our whisky. John Weatherly poured out three pints of whisky into a very heavy, black bottle. Into this he put about one-fourth plug of mean tobacco. He then got about two ounces of bark from a "tooth-ache" tree the bark of which will burn at least 100 times harder than cayenne pepper. Why, sir Indian turnip is not a circumstance to the bark of a tooth ache. He fixed this medicine expressly for our friends who might not be considered of the first families—dead beats and the like. The old bottle rolled about in the feed box, lashed to the end of the cotton frame, until it was as thoroughly mixed as a bottle of Simmon's Liver Regulator.

We found no one whom we thought to be complimented with its contents, till we got to Lick-Skillet, on the Texas and Louisiana line.

We there saw a doctor playing poker, or euchre, just at dusk. We drove our tired oxen through and camped beyond the village half a mile, near where Boggy Church stands.

A roaring log heap and a good supper of boiled ham, strong coffee and cold biscuits, soon made all hands jovious. About nine o'clock that night, our Lick-Skillet doctor came along on his way home from town. Our rousing fire and a prospect of a dram were more than he could stand; so he came by, and asked the privilege of warming, which was readily granted. He was not drunk nor was he sober, but about "half-seas-over." After some preliminary remarks, he sketched around to the subject of whisky. Old Uncle John Weatherly, the doctor who had put up the four-horse-power prescription, gave me the wink and asked me why I had not offered the stranger a drink. I got the bottle out and hesitated a moment, lest he might, when he had tasted its contents, knock some one down with it. In order to make appearances regular, took a horn of it—so called—first. I closed my mouth as tight as a constrictor of an actress, and turned it up, and my God! that fluid burned the out side of my lips, it was so strong. I handed it to the doctor, who deliberately raised it to arms length, and said: "Gen'lmen, ere's to the man that owned th' hand th' rais'd th' corn th' fed th' goose th' bro't fo'th th' quill th' made th' pen th' wrot th' declation or 'Mmer'can 'Dependence.'" With the close of this very patriotic "health" he brought that ponderous bottle in contact with his hash-trap, and took two or three swallows before his blunted taste detected the strength of the "red-eye." He instantly began to expectorate worse than a Thomas cat with a feather in his mouth. In fact, he became as energetic as a sewing machine agent. Said he: Gentlemen, (spits) have you a pipe (spits)? My God (spits)! where did (spits) you get that (spits) whisky (spits)? The saliva thrown from his mouth, by spasmodic efforts, was as tough and white as the lint from a Pratt cotton gin. No pipe was used by any of us. As soon as that fact was made known, he mounted his horse, and as he did so, said, "My God! Indian turnip, (spit) I'm ruined at last" (spit).

We heard his horse's hoofs clattering over the frozen ground, and the further he went the faster he traveled, until the sound died away in the distance. We presumed that he would never pay a nocturnal visit to a crew of Texas wagoners any more.

"What are you so distant?" said a tramp to the beefsteak in the restaurant window.

A MAGAZINE writer asks: "How shall we utilize the Indians?" This is a difficult question to answer, but perhaps the best plan would be to petrify them, and sell them for cigar-storesigns. This idea is worthy of consideration, anyhow.—Exchange.

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HARRY CAHN, Successor to CAHN BROTHERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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DEALER IN

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Fine Candies, CIGARS And Tobacco.

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The fare will always be as varied and complete as the markets will admit.

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THE HOUSE IS FIRST-CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

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MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

222 & 224 Wash. Avenue, CHICAGO, Ill.

STATEMENT OF

The Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1883.

ASSETS \$101,148,248.25

ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

Table with columns: No. ANN. PAY, AMOUNT, Policies in force Jan 1 '81, Risks Assumed, etc.

INSURANCE ACCOUNT.

Table with columns: No. AMOUNT, Policies in force Jan 1, '81, Risks Terminated, etc.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Table with columns: To Balance from last account, To premiums received, To interest, etc.

BALANCE SHEET.

Table with columns: To reserve at four per cent, To claims by death not yet due, To agents' balances, etc.

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and one half per cent. interest be used, the surplus is now \$2,000,000.

From the surplus, as appears in the balance sheet, a dividend will be apportioned to each participating policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1884.

THE PREMIUM RATES CHARGED FOR INSURANCE IN THIS COMPANY WERE REDUCED IN 1879 ABOUT 15 PER CENT. ON ORDINARY LIFE POLICIES.

ASSETS \$101,148,248.25

LIABILITIES \$101,148,248.25

NEW YORK, January 18, 1884.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Table listing names of directors: Fred'k S. Winston, Richard A. McCurdy, Oliver Harriman, Dudley Olcott, etc.

Louis Schloss, Agent.

W. F. ALLEN, GENERAL AGENT, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

STANBAUGH AND QUINN,

The Old Reliable

Forwarders of Freight,

Will Continue Making Their Regular Trips From Rico

To Rockwood and Return, All Winter, Making

The Round Trip Every Five Days.

Especial Attention to the Transportation of Bullion, Ore and Merchandise.

LOW RATES AND QUICK TIME.

Leave your orders at the stable of STANBAUGH & QUINN, next St. James Hotel.

CAHN & BISHOP,

The large black dog, Carlo, who formerly belonged to Mr. Konekman but which of late has been in the employ of Harry Cahn, has "gone over the range."

It is supposed he ate some kind of poison.

Work on the Grand View company's mines will be commenced in a few days.

The storm has delayed the work for several days, but the weather having threatened to settle work will be renewed with usual vigor.

One thing Rico has been particularly fortunate in, and that has been fire, a great many fires have been reported in other towns of the State while we have escaped. Have we been cautious or have we been lucky?

In another column may be found a statement of the financial condition of Dolores county, the same being given by County Clerk, W. L. Hull. It will be found of interest to those interested in our county affairs.

The O. B. B's will give a social dance on the 22nd at their hall. The price of tickets will be one dollar. Dancing will commence at eight o'clock sharp and the music will stop at one. A series of dances of this kind is what Rico people desire.

MONTROSE is endeavoring to hold the trade of Paradox valley. A bridge will be built crossing the Dolores river at or near Jim Galloway's ranch. The western end of Dolores county seems to be nearer the railroad than the eastern end.

The class in ancient history has been entertained by the description of an urn found in the ruins of Pompeii. The inscription on it was in Latin, and we can not remember it, but Senator Rogers will explain it to all who are interested in ancient affairs.

Among the interesting features of last Saturday night was the fight of John Grant and Mike Lehey. We did not learn what rules were enforced, but understand it was a "go as you please." One of the parties was so overcome with shame and mortification, together with hard fists, that the warm blood rushed to his face and thence to his clothes. No one was seriously injured however.

RICO COLO.

LOUIS HABERMANN,

DEALER IN

HARDWARE

—AND—

GROCERIES,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Complete Tin-Shop in Connection.

Everything Manufactured from Best Material.

GLASGOW AVENUE,

RICO, COLORADO.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Have you heard the "Sassage" story?

Can you answer the Sullivan conundrum?

FRANK BISHOP is expected in by the first stage.

"Oh where is my hat?" and "Didn't I fool the ladies?"

A cool proceeding—An ice wagon making its rounds.

D. A. HOLMES is on his way to Rico and will arrive by the first stage.

The snow at the Johnny Bull mine is so deep that the cabin is covered over completely.

JIM RAYNOR is still on the sick list, being prostrated by a very severe attack of the rheumatism.

The Cross mine, which has been shut down for several days, will be worked again the coming week.

The old dance hall at the mouth of Horse Gulch was caved in several days since by the heavy snow.

PROSPECTING in Cottonwood gulch seems to continue with usual vigor notwithstanding the heavy snow.

SPEAKING of conundrums, the latest solution of "N. M." might be deemed appropriate, to judge from appearances.

JIM MOFFAT is waiting for the first stage to take his departure for California. Los Angeles will be his future home—if he can leave Rico.

The ladies wish to extend thanks to the Bachelors and to Messrs. Bennett, Brydon and Ladd for favors conferred at the party of Tuesday last.

It is reported that another mail carrier is lost between Ophir and Silverton. It might be a good idea to abandon this route till 800 feet of snow melts off.

It is reported that Major Klee is forming a colony at Pittsburg which will emigrate to our neighboring camp of Bowen on the West Dolores early in the Spring.

Six men went out on Wednesday to open the road to Hermosa Park. The snow is drifted up very deep, and the wind and storm make it rather difficult work.

The following was handed to our religious editor the other day: "Don't swear when you step on the icy sidewalk, think of a little prayer instead. 'Now I lame me,' for instance.

The latest slide in Horse Gulch is that which struck the Puzzle shaft house and carried it down to the boarding house making a fine conglomerate of buildings. No one was injured.

MANY of our people were acquainted with young Jackson Orr, mail agent on the D. & R. G., and will be pained to learn that he was killed in a railroad accident near Ogden, Utah, last week.

Snow shoeing is becoming as popular with the ladies as with the men. A number were out last Monday, and their graceful stagers and gentle screams were the chief attraction of Glasgow Ave.

W. H. BEAN has lost his step ladder. He says he does not care for the ladder, but wishes the borrower would let him see it long enough to get a pattern of it, as he wishes to make another like it.

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THE EXAMINATION!

20,000 Persons Visit the Remains of Rose Matthews.

Scenes and Incidents at the Undertakers.

Liberal Expression of the People's Views.

Denver Tribune.

A scene more impressive, we inspiring and pitiful has seldom, if ever, been witnessed in the country than that of the multitudes who flocked to the undertaking rooms of E. P. McGovern on Arapahoe street, yesterday. It was not idle curiosity alone that attracted the vast throng, or a display of that morbidness that usually collects a class of a community to similar scenes. This was clearly demonstrated by the fact that among the multitude who visited the premises there were many of the representatives of the most refined and cultured citizens. Professional men, representatives of the most refined and eminent physicians, could be seen in the long line of spectators. Mothers, who would have sacrificed the greatest suffering and torture rather than thought of their darling enduring a tithe of the cruelties to which poor little Rose Matthews had been subjected, formed a large part of the assemblage, and the silent tears and the expressions of pity witnessed and heard on every hand were the most substantial endorsements the Tribune could have desired.

At seven o'clock the rooms of the establishment were thrown open, and even at that early hour nearly 100 persons had assembled in waiting to witness for themselves the fearful bruises and traces of atrocious neglect that had been indulged in by the rapist and murderer—the Cuddigan family. Messrs. McGovern and McHatten had placed the emaciated remains on a cooling board in the large middle room of the establishment, and so arranged a mantle as to leave exposed only those portions of the poor dead girl as had been subjected to the cruel blows of the murderer. It was indeed a ghastly sight, and the impressions made upon the minds of all who viewed the remains will be indelible for all time. The poor little frozen feet and burned and frozen hands attracted much attention, while the scars of the lash and poker, yet inflamed, brought forth the bitterest denunciations from the most conservative. Men used to death in every shape shuddered while they gazed earnestly on the life form, and between their teeth they gave utterance to the fiercest imprecations on those who had been guilty of the unheard of atrocities. Indeed, it would have been a soulless brute who could have looked on that inanimate child, victim as she was of scourge, rape and murder, without thinking harshly of her maltreatment, dead although they be. A bright light shone upon the scene, and it had begun to burn; young in years but true as steel concerning her outrageous guardians, Rose Matthews yesterday received a tribute seldom accorded to the most heroic and noble. Mothers accompanied by their little ones passed around the corpse, giving vent to their feelings as best suited them, while the children by their sides expressed in childlike simplicity their pity for the little girl.

Between the hours of 7 in the morning and 10 o'clock at night a careful estimation of the number of spectators show that between twelve and fifteen thousand persons viewed the remains, while some said there was not less than twenty thousand. All had a word of pity for the dead girl, while a very large majority denounced the criminals and sustained the action of the vigilance committee of Ouray in their application of summary justice. Many were opposed to lynch law on general principles, but thought the silent witness on whom they gazed guaranteed the stern measures resorted to.

During the day many of the ladies residing on Capitol Hill visited Mr. Goven's, and their pity for poor Rose Matthews alone was equalled by their indignation at the inhuman treatment meted out to her by a member of their own sex. One lady remarked that "if the men of Ouray had not hung the murderers the women of the place should have turned out and taken the matter in hand." Most of the ladies had nerved themselves for the horrible spectacle, but four of them had over estimated their ability, and so hard a strain was it upon their systems that before they were able to regain the street they fell into a dead faint. One of the ladies was attacked with hysteria, and some time elapsed before she could regain control of her nerves.

An elderly lady with a little girl was present about noon, and in the disfigured features of Rose Matthews she recognized an acquaintance, the younger remembering a former school mate. Their grief knew no bounds and after giving expression to it for a few minutes both fell on their knees and implored in earnest supplication perfect rest and peace on the soul of the murdered child. This scene brought tears to the eyes of many of the stalwart men, who with uncovered heads, reverently paid respect to the dead. The white haired woman kneeling by the side of the corpse was indeed most affecting and tended to imbue all with a still greater appreciation of the devilish outrage.

Every effort was set forth to accommodate the public, and the line was constantly kept in motion. In the corners of the room and on the pavement there assembled little groups of men, not idle, worthless fellows, but business men, who had taken the time to investigate and judge

PORT TOWNSEND!

A Description of its Location and Surroundings.

Coal, Iron and the Ironclad Iron Works.

Fruit, Vegetables, Clams and Fish Plentiful.

A Word Concerning the Climate, Etc.

J. F. Wannemaker has received (just how we can't say) a letter from our old townsman, Judge Rosser. The card enclosed—"Levin V. Rosser, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Port Townsend, W. T." indicates that he is finally lost to Rico as a citizen. Now that we know where he is to live, we send him greeting and well wishes, and to the people of Port Townsend we extend the assurance that in Mr. Rosser, they have gained a number one citizen. By permission we give our readers part of the letter mentioned above.

This is a fine climate, no snow, thermometer never lower than 30 degrees above zero, the Dolores News man to the contrary notwithstanding, who quotes me as saying from 30 to 40 degrees below zero. It rarely freezes here, but there is a great deal of cloudy, foggy weather, nor does it rain a great deal. During about one half this month it has been clear and as pleasant as May, fire is needed only when it is cloudy and foggy, to drive away the moisture rather than the cold. I am now sitting in a room without fire, my coat off, with the window up and the sunshine and soft balmy air streaming in upon me, looking out upon a beautiful bay with its placid salt water, blue as the sky and smooth as glass. How is that for high? And that too on January 25, in 48 degrees north latitude. But it is not always thus. This is a pretty day, they come only some times, may be a whole week of them together, but they are only kind of semi occasional. Generally at this season it is cloudy, dark, dismal, foggy and rainy weather, very disagreeable. But people here don't stop for it. Bedecked in rubber shoes, rubber pants, rubber coats, rubber hats and rubber gloves, they splash along regardless of the weather. It never rains a flood, no thunder nor lightning, no tornados or blizzards, and no storms during the summer. I am told that the weather is generally like the pretty day above mentioned. On days like this I am hailed with, "How do you like this, sir?" "This is a specimen of what we have here all the time in summer, sir." "None of your hot, sultry days and nights here, sir. This climate beats the world, sir." The old residents are enthusiasts on the subject of this country. Hear one talk thus: "This fine body of inland salt water affords enough harbor and anchorage for the shipping of the world, sir. And the scenery, sir, just look at it, away to the south there, lies the sound. Now look here to the west, sir, those ragged, white peaks you see is the Olympic range from 6,000 to 7,000 feet high. To the right of you a snowy range, to the left of you a snowy range, to the right and left the blue foothills, in front of you and all around you a magnificent body of salt water. Did you ever see anything as good as that in Colorado, sir? Come here to go into business, or just looking around? Have you a family, sir? Don't you want to buy some lots, sir? I have some of the best lots going just over there in Pettygrove's addition, my name is Pettygrove. I am one of the pioneers, been here for thirty years. Do you ever—"

What's in those mountains? That I can't tell you, never was up there. There comes along occasionally a fellow from California or Nevada who takes it into his head to go prospecting, but he never gets there, generally gives it up as a bad job. Those blue hills this side, sir, just as I tell you, a snake can't crawl through them. All the streams coming down to the sound have gold, you can get colors anywhere, but not enough to pay. But those blue hills are full of coal and iron too, coal and iron mines on both sides. See that little town there, just across the bay, that's Ironclad. See the smoke and the big smokestack, that's the Iron works. They have been running out pigs there all summer. They employ, directly and indirectly, charcoal burners and all, some three hundred men.

Then this is the healthiest country in the world. Nobody ever gets sick here. You see these breezes keeps the air pure, and the tide takes off all the fith. Had you noticed how healthy and rosy all the women and children and girls look? The girls, you've noticed them, I'll bet, you sly dog. That's all well enough, but a man can't live on scenery, I've tried that.

My stars alive! I have you seen the vegetables and fruits, all can be had to the planting. Right across there on Whidby island, a man raised 800 bushels of potatoes to the acre, this year, think of that.

All along the beach are thousands of clams, which can be had for the digging. And you see those boys on the wharf fishing. Look at them pull them out. All the fish you want there for the mere taking. Those Indians in the skills are making a haul for salmon.

What's that coming on the water? Ah! I see an ocean steamer, Queen of the Pacific. She carries three hundred passengers and makes the trip in fifty-two hours from Frisco, little less than 900 miles. Pretty good time, you see, propeller and ship rigged—a fine boat."

The above is an actual conversation between the party above named and myself, when on the hill just back of this town, which is situated at the mouth of Puget Sound, on a peninsula, the straight of Fucus being on the north, Puget Sound and the bay on the south, the peninsula running well out into the water and thereby giving a fine view of the country.

Advertised Letters.

Advertised list of letters remaining un-called for in the Post Office at Rico, Colo., Feb. 16, 1884.

Hall Joseph Orton Wm

Hylland T B—4 Russell J

Hullurt Michael Thompson Sam

McKay Alexander—2 Voegelty Frank

When calling for the above please say advertised.

D. A. MCGRAW, P. M.

Death's Doings.

Horse Gulch was the scene of a sad accident on Saturday last, which resulted in the death of one of the honored inhabitants of that district. The snow having drifted up some three hundred feet deep in one of the gulches, became tired of its exalted position and started for the valley below. John Schnelle's cabin seeing the snow coming started out to stop it but was overcome in the conflict and accompanied the slide in its downward course. Fortunately the owner, Mr. Schnelle was absent at the time, but his faithful friend and companion, a valuable cat—pedigree unknown—was present to a dangerous degree, and was "lost in the shuffle." The sad work of sinking shafts and running tunnels in search of the body will not be commenced for some time.

A Grand Affair.

The Leary Year party of last Tuesday evening was the grandest success of the season, or that ever occurred in Rico.

Though hindered by the severest weather of the winter, the ladies displayed unrivaled energy and made the most elaborate preparations which could but result in the success it was. It was a strictly "Leap Year" party, the ladies inviting their company, and most of the dances being ladies' choice. Dancing began at 8:30 and continued till 3 A. M.

Between 11 and 12 refreshments were served which did much credit to the ladies. The bill of fare was as follows: Boiled ham, beef and tongue, five kinds of cake, all excellent, the star cake of the evening which won the admiration of all present; was made by Mr. Wakeman; tarts, candies, raisins, coffee tea and—Lemonade.

There was a larger number present than at any previous dance, there being nine sets on the floor at once. There were in all sixty couples in attendance. The music was first class, and so arranged that no stop was caused by refreshments being served. Every one present seemed to enjoy the affair, and the Bachelors, in whose honor the dance was given, have done little since but praise the ladies for their noble efforts and brilliant success.

The last heard from Mr and Mrs. C. Adam Jones (that's Charley and Jennie) they were mowing a wide swath of fun in Kansas City. That, however, was a long, long while ago, during the honeymoon, you know, and when Rico had mail facilities. Just where they are now, this organ of public intelligence can't say. It is supposed that they, D. A. McGraw and Frank Bishop are in winter quarters somewhere between here and Alamosa. When Louie Haberman strikes them, en route for "She cago," it will be a glad reunion.

For two weeks the reporter of the News has had on tap a beautiful obituary of Bob Darling. He had him perish in storms, snows and by starvation and exposure. He had enough remains out of him to seed a full grown graveyard. The account of Bob's gentle, christian childhood and the tale of his constant devotion to the church in Rico of which he was the founder and principal supporter would have brought tears to the eyes of our hardest hearted readers; and now the ungrateful wretch comes sneaking back home hale and hearty as ever, with an appetite like an old fashioned corn sheller, and the whole effusion goes to the waste basket.

This thing is growing monotonous. The last daily paper seen in Rico was of date January 31st. We have had no Eastern mail since Feb. 2nd. The grief is augmented by our being unable to exactly locate the blame. We don't want to cuss the wrong fellow. So far as we know the trains may or may not be running from Durango east. If not, then it is a matter of comparative indifference to the Rico public whether the Stage Co. runs its line from Rico to Rockwood or not. That is to say, if the railroad is not operating our sense of loss and deprivation is more easily borne. At the same time it is certainly possible for the Durango, Silverton and Rockwood mail to be brought in on snow shoes. We know that there is at least one days mail for Rico somewhere between here and Rockwood, if not at the latter place. The road has since the 2nd been traversed by several persons on snow shoes. The mail contractors should have seen to it that the mails, whether extensive or limited, should come through regularly and on time. There can be no excuse for their leaving Rico for two weeks without mail from Rockwood.

It Had Changed.

Chicago News. A day or two ago W. W. O'Brien, the criminal lawyer, had a talk with State Attorney Mills, during which O'Brien misquoted scripture to the effect that "Thou shalt have no other God but me."

Out West.

Detroit Free Press. I had supposed that the far West was a new Garden of Eden, and that one had but to venture there to gain the wealth of a Monte Cristo. I met at the Union station yesterday a man whom I imagined was by this time a bonanza king, as he went westward years ago.

What a Woman Can Do.

Philadelphia Call. She can say "No" and stick to it for a while. She can also say "No" in such a sweet voice that it means "Yes."

DISEASE CURED

WITHOUT MEDICINE. A valuable discovery for supplying Magnetism to the human system. Electricity and Magnetism utilized as never before for healing the sick.

Magnetic Kidney Belt!

WARRANTED TO CURE Or Money Refunded! The following diseases without medicine: Pain in the back, head, hips or limbs, nervous debility, lumbar, general debility, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica, diseases of the kidneys, spinal diseases, torpid liver, gout, seminal emissions, impotency, asthma, heart disease, dyspepsia, constipation, erysipelas, indigestion, hernia or rupture, catarrh, piles, epilepsy, dumb ague, etc.

Not Up in Science.

Detroit Free Press. He sat by the stove in a Michigan avenue grocery store for full twenty minutes before speaking. He spread out his legs to encircle as much of the fire as possible, drew his sleeve across his nose at regular intervals, and there was a regular smell of burning sole leather as he finally looked at the grocer and asked: "Can you tell my why combustion causes draft?"

To the Ladies:

If you are afflicted with lame back, weakness of the spine, falling of the womb, incidental hemorrhage or flooding, painful, suppressed and irregular menstruation, leucorrhoea, chronic inflammation and ulceration of the womb, barrenness and change of life, this is the best appliance and curative agent known. For all forms of female difficulties it is unsurpassed by anything before invented, both as a curative agent and as a source of power and vitalization.

UNIVERSITY

OF COLORADO. Sixth Year.

COLLEGE.

Three full courses, four years each. Scientific, Latin, Scientific and Classical.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Pupils fitted for any one of the College courses.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

Three years' course, with thorough training for the teaching business.

SPECIAL COURSES.

Excellent facilities for giving instruction in chemistry, assaying, etc. The laboratory is as complete as any in the country.

Tuition Free.

For full particulars send for catalogue and circular. J. A. SEWALL, President, Boulder, Colorado.

J. F. Wannemaker, THE SCENIC LINE

CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER OF AMERICA. U.S. Dep. Min. Surveyor.

UNDERGROUND SURVEYS MADE AND PLANS FURNISHED.

MINING PROPERTIES

Reported Upon.

Frank C. Loring, U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor.

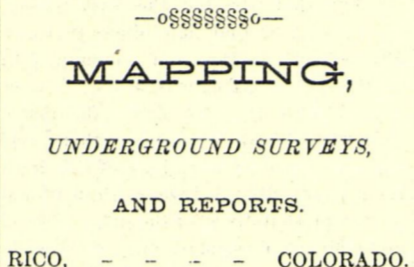
MAPPING,

UNDERGROUND SURVEYS, AND REPORTS.

RICO, COLORADO.

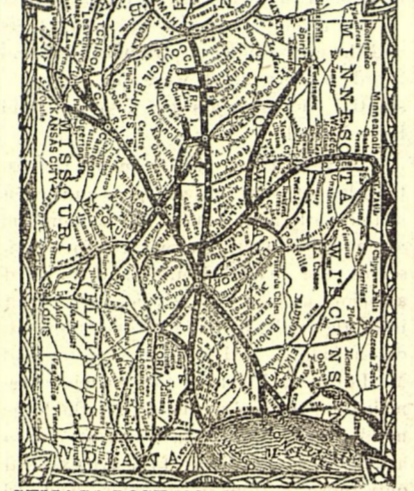
A MAN

WHO IS UNDISCOVERED BY THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL BE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY

Calls the attention of travelers to the central position of this line, connecting the East and the West by the shortest route, and carrying passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depot with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unsurpassed and magnificent, being composed of most comfortable and beautiful Day Coaches, Pullman's Highest Quality Sleeping Cars, and the Best of Dining Cars in the world. It also carries express, freight, and mail between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous



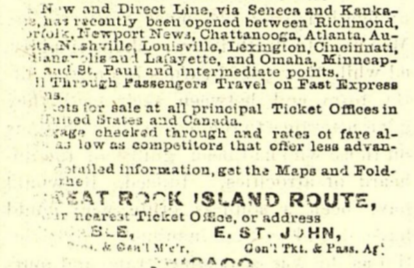
"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

The New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Eschscholtz, recently been opened between Richmond, Mo., Emporia, Mo., Chattanooga, Ala., Augusta, Ga., Nashville, Tenn., Lexington, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, St. Louis, Mo., and Omaha, Neb., Minneapolis, and St. Paul, and intermediate points.

THE BEST ROUTE, BECAUSE

The Most Convenient, The Most Picturesque, The Most Direct.

Improved Novelty FOLDING TABLE.



Ladies' Table or Lap Board.

PIC-NIC AND GARDEN PARTIES Will Have Them.

S. B. VAN DUZEE MFG CO.,

GOVERNMENT, N. Y. SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

PAYNE'S 10 Horse Spark-Arresting

Portable Engine has cut 10,000 ft. of Michigan Pine Board in 10 hours, burning slabs from the saw in eight foot lengths.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

St. Mary School, under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, was established in North Durango in September, 1882, and accepts either boarding or day pupils.

E. A. Robinson,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, NOTARY PUBLIC AND PRACTICAL ACCOUNTANT.

GLASGOW AVENUE. RICO

TO A TRAVELING PUBLIC.

AMERICAN HOUSE,

DENVER, Colorado.

CHAS. H. SMITH, Proprietor.

RATES REDUCED to \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50 per day for all rooms at the "A. O. Annex" and excepting parlor floor and front rooms at the "American," which are \$3.00 per day.

BANANA LINE.

The ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE.

FROM THE Missouri River To The PACIFIC OCEAN.

The Greatest and Most Liberal Corporation upon the AMERICAN CONTINENT.

And The Best Managed and Equipped Road on Earth.

This road is the popular and only direct route to Denver, Leadville, Gunnison, San Juan Country.

The Southern Line from La Junta is the only all-rail route that penetrates the mineral fields of Arizona, New & Old Mexico.

Making it the only route to Trinidad, Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Socorro, White Oaks, San Marcial, Ft. Thorn, El Paso Del Norte, Mesilla, Prescott, Uconso, Tombstone, San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco.

The Shortest, Quickest, Cheapest, Safest and only all-year-around route to points in California, Nevada, Oregon, Idaho and Washington Territory. No heartless Sioux, Modocs, land or snow-slides, but smooth and picturesque sailing.

AT SAN FRANCISCO Connections are made with ocean steamers for Chili, Peru, Honduras, Buenos Ayres, China, Japan, Alaska and the Sandwich Islands.

Go West, Young Man.

There is the promised land; there is the purple of the ripening grape and the cluster of the apricot's bloom; doubt not, as Moses did, but go out into the land where honesty and industry go hand in hand with peace and prosperity.

Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona

Offer inducements to the capitalist, merchant, farmer, miner, mechanic, stock-grower and the laborer; inducements that are never encountered in the older and more densely populated states. They invite you to bring your wives, sweethearts, politics and religion—all will be protected.

For information regarding cheap homes, land, etc., address A. S. JOHNSON, Lead Commissioner, Topeka, Kansas.

For passenger, emigrant, or colony rates, address W. F. WHITE, General Passenger Agent, Topeka, Kansas.

—OR— S. A. SHEPPARD, Union Ticket Agent, Denver, Colo.

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. Manager. F. C. NIMS, Gen. P. & T. Agt. DENVER COLORADO.

\$100.00 A WEEK!

We can guarantee the above amount to good, active, energetic AGENTS!

Ladies as well as gentlemen make a success in the business. Very little capital required. We have a household article as salable as flour.

It Sells Itself!

It is used every day in every family. You do not need to explain its merits. There is a rich harvest for all who embrace this golden opportunity. It costs you only one cent to learn what our business is. Buy a postal card and write to us and we will send you our prospectus and full particulars FREE!

And we know you will derive more good than you have any idea of. Our reputation as a manufacturing company is such that we cannot afford to deceive. Write to us on a postal and give your address plainly and receive full particulars.

BUCKEYE M'F'G CO., Marion, Ohio.

The Weekly DOLORES NEWS

Is Published every Saturday at Rico, Dolores County, Colorado.

If you will take this copy of that great and growing paper which you hold in your hands, and turn it upside down and wrongside out, and look at it carefully, you will see, if not quite blind, that it is a

28-COLUMN

MINING PAPER,

ESPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE MINES AND MILLS

PIONEER MINING DISTRICT,

DOLORES COUNTY, COLO.

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