

CHAS. A. JONES, Editor and Publisher. RICO, COLORADO.

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SOUTHERN AND EASTERN MAIL. Arrives... 6 p. m. | Departs... 7 a. m. COURAY MAIL. ARRIVES: DEPARTS: Tues., Thurs., Sat. | 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.

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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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PRICE ONLY \$5. They are priceless to ladies, gentlemen and children with weak lungs; no case of pneumonia or croup is ever known where these garments are worn. They also prevent and cure heart difficulties, colds, rheumatism, neuralgia, 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 disease that is sapping 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 drugging of the system, 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-twentieth 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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This Appliance. Go to your druggist and ask for the proprietors, enclosing the price, in letter at our risk, and they will be sent to you at once by mail, post paid. Send stamp for the "New Departure" in Medical Treatment without "Medicine," with thousands of testimonials. THE MAGNETON APPLIANCE CO., 23 State St., Chicago, Ill. NOTE.—Send one dollar in postage stamps or currency (in letter at our risk) with size of shoe usually worn, and try a pair of our Magnetic Insoles, and be convinced of the power residing in our Magnetic Appliances. Postpaid, no need of stamp when they are received.

DOLORES NEWS.

VOLUME 5.

RICO, COLORADO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

NUMBER 230.

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.

One-Armed Men.

New York Tribune. "A one-armed man for emergencies, every time," exclaimed an old railroad official in the heat of argument on the prevention of collisions and other accidents; "I never knew one to fail in time of danger. The loss of an arm seems to increase their wits, and I can name several instances of their display of nerve and invention, when other men were of no use. Do you remember Ross Marchman? No? Well, I'll tell you the kind of fellow he was, when he worked under me on Piedmont Air Line road.

There is, not far from the South Carolina line, a small town called Sewanee. It is several hours ride from Atlanta, Ga., and contains about five hundred people. The telegraph operator at the depot is station agent, express agent, ticket agent, truckman and porter. In fact, he runs the whole business, and his is a responsible position. He often works all day and all night, and it is a strain to keep up with the work in the busy season. Ross Marchman was telegraph operator at Sewanee. He was about 22 years old, and had lost his right arm. How in the world he managed to perform his multiplicity of duties is a mystery, but he was never found wanting in any of the qualifications necessary to the accomplishment of every task. We all had confidence in Marchman. One night in November, '82, he was sitting half asleep over his key, worn out with fatigue, when he was aroused by hearing himself called by the train dispatcher. He answered, and the following dispatch came over the wires: "Side-track No. 12, north bound, Sewanee, 1.30 a. m. Hold for extra, south bound, 1.04 a. m." There was nothing unusual in the order. Marchman 'O K'd it and made the necessary preparations for flagging down No. 12, which, being a through freight, did not stop at way stations unless signaled to do so. The night was dark and stormy and the wind blew in gusts, driving the rain into every crack and crevice. The track, from the north, past the station had a heavy down grade and it was the custom of engineers to blow a long blast on the whistle when their trains crossed the summit, some half a mile away. No. 12 was on time, and when Marchman heard the blast he took his lantern and went out on the track, but before the signal could be given a fitful gust of wind put out the light. The train was not 200 yards away and had not slackened its speed. There was no time to get another lamp. It was a moment of horror to the poor operator. No. 3, with its freight of passengers, was coming just beyond the town—the two trains would meet—collision—destruction—death—all passed before his mind like a flash of lightning. He felt the quivering of the ties beneath his feet as he stood in the full glare of the light now fearfully close. Suddenly his hand sought his pocket; there was a flash, a sharp report of a pistol, and a bullet went crashing through the headlight. The lamp was extinguished, and as the engine passed him, Marchman threw the pistol into the cab window.

A Good Story.

Exchange. Some forty years ago the managers of a race course near Brownville, on the Monongahela, in the old Keystone State, published the notice of a race, one mile heats, on a particular day, for a purse of \$100, free for anything with four legs and hair on. A man in the neighborhood named Hays, had a bull that he was in the habit of riding to the mill with his bag of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one; but he rode him around the track a number of times on several bright nights, and the bull had the hang of the ground pretty well, and would keep the right course. He rode him with spurs, which the bull considered particularly disagreeable; so much so that he always bellowed when they were applied to his sides. On the morning of the race, Hays came upon the ground "on horseback" on his bull. Instead of a saddle he had a dried ox-hide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he had placed on his rump. He carried a short tin horn in his hand. He rode up to the judges' stand and offered to enter his bull for the race, but the owners of the horses objected.

Hays appealed to the terms of the notice, insisted that his bull had "four legs, and hair on," and that, therefore, he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of "cussing" and discussion, the judges declared themselves compelled to decide that the bull had a right to run, and he was entered accordingly. When the time for starting arrived, the bull and the horses took their places; the horse racers were out of humor at being bothered with the bull, and at the burlesque which they supposed was intended, but thought that would be over as soon as the horses started. The signal was given, and they did start. Hays gave a blast with his horn, and sank his spurs into the bull's side, which bounded with a terrific bellow, at no trifling speed, the dried ox-hide flopping up and down, rattling at every jump, making a combination of noises that had never been heard on a race-course before.

The horses flew off the track, every one seemed to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut to get out of the Redstone country, and not one of them could be brought back in time to save their distance. The purse was given to Hays under a great deal of hard swearing on the part of the owners of the horses. A general row ensued, but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of the bull. The horse-men contended that they were swindled out of the purse, and that if it had not been for Hays' horn and ox-hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring upon the ground, the thing would not have turned out as it did.

Upon this Hays told them that his bull could beat any of their horses, and if they would put up \$100 against the purse he had won, he would take off his ox-hide and leave his horn and run a fair race with them. His offer was accepted and his money staked. They again took their places at the starting post, and the signal was given. Hays gave his bull an other touch with his spurs, and the bull gave another tremendous bellow. The horses remembered the horrible sound, and thought all the rest were coming as before. Away they went again in spite of the exertions of their riders, while Hays galloped his bull around the track again and won the money. From that time they nick named him Sham Hays. He afterward removed to Ohio, but his nick name stuck to him as long as he lived.

The Wily Wizard and the Mexicans.

El Paso Times. Taylor, the Wizard, gave a show in the theater at Paso del Norte the other night, in which he advertised to perform the most wonderful logerdemain tricks. The Mexicans turned out en masse to witness the performance. The receipts aggregated from \$80 to \$90, and then he walked upon the stage and addressed the audience in something like the following style: "Ladies and gentlemen, I appear before you this evening as one of the most wonderful men now living. I will show you a trick to-night that will make you open your eyes. It is called 'The Mystic Man; or The Disappearance.'" Here he brought out a large box and placed it on the stage and then proceeded: "I will now shut myself up in this box and the trick is to find me." At this point the wizard entered the box and closed the lid. After waiting some time, the audience became anxious to see the man, and as he did not appear they proceeded to examine box, and lo and behold! there was no man in it. The box was so constructed that the man could escape from the rear, and this he had done, taking with him, in addition to the funds he had collected at the door, a coat containing \$15, belonging to one of the men connected with the theater. That was the last seen of him.

Gould—I cannot understand how folks can be so grasping. Some people want the earth. Vanderbilt—Yes, there are plenty who are just that selfish. Now, I am entirely different. I don't want the earth. I would be satisfied with one half of it. Gould—And I—why I would be satisfied with the other half.

Partheny's Photograph.

San Francisco Examiner. A sallow complected old lady accompanied by a remarkably unprepossessing daughter, recently walked into a photograph gallery. "Be you the photograph man?" she inquired, wiping her spectacles and carefully adjusting them to the various spurs, dips, angles and sinuosities of her Corinthian nose. "Yes, ma'am," replied the artist in plate glass and chemicals; "can I do anything for you?" "No, I'm to far over the bay to waste any mechanical genius on me. It's my daughter, Partheny here, that I want tuk."

"All right madam, will you—" "Can't yer soften down her complexion a little, an' tone up her nose, what was broke falling out of a winder?" "I think so." "An' kin yer wipe off them freckles?" "Oh, yes." "Do you think you kin reduce those ears a trifle—just a leetle? I know Partheny has got big ears, but still she ain't no rabbit. Partheny is a generous girl, as yer kin see by the ears."

"I think there will be no difficulty about that." "How about that air squint in the left optic? Do yer think yer kin straighten that?" "I yes, I can touch it up with India ink." "What particular pose do you think Partheny would take best in, full face or side show?" "You mean quarter view or a profile, don't you?" "I guess I do. You see the photograph is goin' to a young feller what put a advertisement in a newspaper for correspondents, an' Partheny's writin' to him. Now you see how necessary it is for the picter to kind of favor her leetle blemishes. So just go ahead an' square them shoulders back a leetle, an' bring the nose down fine an' wipe off the freckles an' straighten the eye, an' reduce the ears, an' whiten the complexion—an' the hair. It won't be red in the pictur I guess, will it?" "O, no. There will be no color shown but black."

"That's a comfort. Gracious! Partheny, what would he think if yer sent him an oil-paintin' taken from life! Kin I stay in the room?" "Oh, yes." "All right, strike an attitude, Partheny, an' we'll rope in that young man as sure as yer a foot high."

The Year's Work.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company furnishes a statement of its operations for 1883 in advance of its annual report. It shows in brief a surplus, after 6 per cent. dividends, of \$1,708,487, and collections of \$1,364,810 in the land department. The land sales were 322,221 acres at \$1,155,633.25. During the year the following sums have been spent in improvement of the various roads and charged to construction: On the roads in Kansas, \$1,241,997.75; on the roads in New Mexico, \$330,296.49 and on the roads in Sonora \$216,064; total, \$1,688,258.24.

During the year new lines to form branch systems of the main line were determined upon and construction begun as follows: In the state of Kansas 140 miles, in New Mexico 45 miles, total 184 miles. At the close of the year two of these new systems had been completed, with a mileage of 95 miles. The remainder are under way and will be completed during the first half of 1884. The amount spent during 1883 for the construction of new roads was, approximately, \$1,350,000. A large portion of this amount was realized by the conversion of surplus material into money.

The operations of the Sonora system for the year have not been satisfactory, an epidemic or fever raging during six months of the year, seriously affecting all business interests. The expenses of the year were in excess of earnings in the sum of about \$180,000.

Knows How It Is Himself.

This morning a man was being tried in Justice Jeffrie's court for vagrancy. Col. Tom Ward, the prosecuting attorney, put a man on the witness stand to show that the prisoner was a beggar, and to his questions the witness replied: "Yes sir, he has begged from me." "What?" queried the lawyer. "Oh, he has begged tobacco, whisky and cigars from me lots of times." "Is that all?" interrupted the justice in disgustful tones. "Yes, sir." "Then the prisoner may be discharged. It is no crime, and is one of the time-honored customs of this free and glorious country to beg for tobacco, cigars and whisky. Prisoner, you may go."

A PARTY of American travelers were on the railroad platform at Heidelberg. One of the travelers happened to crowd a Heidelberg student, when he drew himself up, scowled pompously and said: "Sir, you are crowding; keep back sir." "Don't you like it, sonny?" asked the American. "Sir," scowled the student, "allow me to tell you, sir, that I am at your service at any time and place." "Oh, you are at my service, are you?" said the American. "Then just carry my satchel to the hotel for me." Exchange

Newton on Joseph.

Inter-Ocean. The following is the extract of Mr. Newton's Scripture criticism which has attracted so much attention and which caused a request from the Assistant Bishop that the lecture be discontinued: "Let us not blind our eyes to the fact that this policy of Joseph was a gigantic corner in grain, planned and carried out with pitiless severity, by which a whole people was entrapped into serfdom, their real estate and personal possessions were made the property of the king, and a crushing tax laid in perpetuity upon a nation. By making vast provisions for the prolonged famine which he anticipated he was enabled, when it set in upon the people to carry out measures of a sweeping character. His superior foresight placed in his possession the absolute necessities of life, which the starving people were compelled to purchase of him on his own terms. After their money was exhausted the poor people parted with their cattle, getting bread in exchange for their horses and flocks, cattle and lands. When the people realized, after the danger from starvation was over, that they were serfs, their discontent became intense. A gigantic system of eviction was carried out, doubtless under the forces of the army, and the population of the provinces were mutually exchanged, thus breaking up the old ties and the sense of freedom that roots in the paternal homestead. A tax of a fifth of the produce was fixed upon the land in perpetuity. I have no doubt that this is a record of a real historical revolution, and in fact just such social changes have been made in many countries under similar pressure. Land seldom has generally arisen in this way. The poor have in time of distress sold themselves for bread to the rich and the great. Let us face the ugly fact that slavery, serfdom, villainage—the various forms of human bondage—have usually arisen from such statesmanship and financiering as Josephs. Let us face the ugly fact the social system of Europe (soon to become ours also) rests upon the monopoly of land, which as a matter of history has been largely built up after the methods of Joseph."

At one of the hotels in San Francisco the other day, a drummer ordered a roast beef of the waiter. Pretty soon that functionary brought on a piece about the width of his finger. The drummer continued conversing with his friend, apparently unconscious that the order had been served. Soon he called the waiter again and asked him why his order had not been attended to. "Here's your roast beef," said the waiter. "I served it some time ago." "Oh, indeed? So you did. I thought all the time it was a crack in the plate."

FRIEND of author—"I have brought you the manuscript of a very interesting story by my friend Verance." Publisher—"Who is he? Does anybody know him?" Friend—"He is not very extensively known, but the story is a good one, and Verance is a deserving young man. His character is irreproachable." Publisher—"Then I don't think we can do anything with it." Friend—"Nothing with it? Why, you haven't looked at it yet. What do you mean?" Publisher—"If your friend had been mixed up in a scandal or two, had murdered his grandmother or robbed his sister's baby, his book might take. You see how it is. We should like to accommodate, but in the present state of the public mind, really don't see how we can." Boston Transcript.

A gentleman who yesterday appeared at the Eastern Haymarket in search of fodder for his horse was at once surrounded by a half a dozen owners anxious to sell. When they had exhausted their breath in shouting "timothy," he quietly replied: "All your loads look fine enough, but I'm a little particular." "Why—how—what?" they shouted. "I want a load of hay with about 150 pounds of stone in the center of it." All fell back with injured looks upon their faces, but presently one of the sellers gave the gentleman a wink to cross the street to a saloon. When both were out of sight of the crowd he whispered: "Say, I've got the load you want." "Are the rocks there?" "No, but my son William is lying along side the binder under the blanket. He won't quite pull down 150 pounds, but I'll steal you four or five sticks of good cordwood to make up the difference." Free Press.

Tax present year is making a beginning in the matter of accidents causing loss to life which seems to indicate that '84 means to make a record equal to that of its predecessor. So far during the present month there has been four disasters which have caused an appalling loss of human life. The first of these was the railroad wreck in Canada, which was speedily followed by the convent burning in Illinois. Next came the stranding of the steamship City of Columbus, and tracking closely upon the heels of that, the explosion in the Crested Butte mine. Strangely, these happenings are all confined to or closely connected with our own continent.—Times

HARRY CAHN,

Successor to CAHN BROTHERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN General Merchandise, Groceries, Dry Goods and Hardware. Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, etc. AGENTS FOR Celebrated Glukodine Powder Miners' Supplies a Specialty.

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The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R'y. The Popular Southern Line. FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN, THE GREAT EST AND MOST LIBERAL CORPORATION ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT, AND THE BEST MANAGED AND QUIPPED ROAD ON EARTH. THE MAIN LINE. From Denver, Leadville, and all points in Southern Colorado, to Atchison, Kansas City, and all Eastern cities. All passenger trains equipped with Air Brakes, Miller Platforms, and all the modern improvements. Pullman cars on all trains between Pueblo and the Missouri River. The Only Line via Colorado Springs and Manitou. Through tickets on sale at all Principal Stations. Rates always as low as by other Lines. Baggage checked to destination. W. F. WHITE, General Passenger Agent, Topeka, Kansas.

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G. W. KEPHART & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in GENERAL MERCHANDISE. Special Offers FOR CASH in the following goods: JEANS, FLANNELS, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, GLOVES, SHIRTS, SHAWLS, CLOTHING, APRONS, DICK COATS, UNDERWEAR, WOOL SHIRTS, ETC., ETC., ETC. AGENTS FOR HEARD AND JUPITER POWDER. PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN MINING OUTPUTS.

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The Coal is from the Grand View Bank, a sufficient Guarantee of its Quality STANBAUGH & QUINN.

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Fine Candies, CIGARS And Tobacco.

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Who's reputation as a Restauranter is such that he CANNOT AFFORD! To slight his business, and RATES ARE SO LOW THAT CHEAPER THAN BATHING!

\$7 Per Week; Meals, 50c. The usual excellence of the table will be maintained.

In rear of O. K. Sample Room. The fare will always be as varied and complete as the markets will admit.

J. W. DYSON.

HERMOSA HOUSE. TRIMBLE HOT SPRINGS, COLO.

This popular house has been re-opened under the management of A. LARKIN, Prop.

THE FAVORITE PLEASURE AND HEALTH RESORT!

Of the San Juan. THE HOUSE IS FIRST-CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

FINE BAR AND BILLIARD ROOMS. FINE BAR AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Curative Qualities of the Spring UNSURPASSED!

Nine miles north of Durango. Thirty-five miles south of Silverton and 88 miles from RICO!

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The Boy's Guide is issued March and Sept, each year: 216 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 inches, with over 8,000 illustrations—a whole picture gallery.

STATEMENT OF THE Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York. F. S. WINSTON, President. For the Year Ending December 31st, 1883.

Table with columns: ASSETS, ANNUITY ACCOUNT, INSURANCE ACCOUNT, REVENUE ACCOUNT, BALANCE SHEET. Includes financial data for 1883.

NOTE.—It is the New York Standard of four and one half per cent. interest on assets, the surplus is over \$12,000,000.

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

BOARD OF DIRECTORS. Fred'k S. Winston, Richard A. McCurdy, Oliver Harriman, Dudley O'cott, James C. Holden, Thomas Dickson, Anson Stager, Lucius Robinson, H. C. von Post, Henry W. Smith, Frederic Cromwell, Saml. D. Babcock, Geo. C. Richardson, John H. Sherwood, Julien T. Davies, Henry A. Smythe, Alexander H. Rice, George H. Andrews, Robert Sewell, George S. Coe, Wm. F. Babcock, Robert Olyphant, Wm. Bayard Cutting, John E. Develin, F. Ratchford Starr, George F. Baker, S. V. R. Cruzer, Seymour L. Husted, Frederick H. Cossitt, Benj. Sherman, Chas. R. Henderson, Oliver H. Palmer, Lewis May, Jos. Thompson, George Bliss.

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Special Attention to the Transportation of Bulion, Ore and Merchandise. LOW RATES AND QUICK TIME.

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—AND— GROCERIES, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Complete Tin-Shop in Connection.

Everything Manufactured from Best Material. GLASGOW AVENUE, RICO, COLORADO.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Get the snow off your roof. EVERYBODY shoveled snow Friday.

News?—why, the DOLORES NEWS, of course. GUARD against snow slides in your travels.

Men have been sent out to assist in opening the road. NEARLY all of the two story buildings in town are all in sight.

BILLY THE KID has been killed again. This time at Fort Worth, Texas.

The only colored member of Congress this year is O'Hara, of North Carolina.

Save the blast of the Skeptical whistle there is nothing to mar the quietness of Rico.

A number of small snow slide took a run on Nigger Baby mountain during the week.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS received a salary from the United States Government for 69 years.

THE sad news comes from Trinidad that the wife of Jack Littleton, formerly of Rico, died on the 25th of January.

JOE EMMET, the comedian, has paid \$4,000 for a St. Bernard dog to act as star in the play Bohemian. A kind of a "dog-star" you know.

MOST of our citizens now wear a long handled shovel to breakfast. At one time this week this new fashion promised to be all the rage for some time to come.

DR. LANDON and Hank Scott had a hard pull through the snow coming up from the Big Bend early this week. They abandoned their sleigh at William's ranch.

THE Bachelors had concluded to wear gum boots and snow shoes to the leap year ball, but as the ladies have dosed the dance, we presume they will abandon that costume.

It is stated that the men employed on the Grand View mine, on Thursday last, left the mine at six o'clock in the evening for the boarding house, but did not reach their destination until two o'clock the following morning.

CONGRESSMEN want private secretaries at government expense, but are afraid of their constituents. There are usually about 50 per cent. of "no nothings" in the House. Why can't they act as clerks for the active members?

You will save money by going to Kep harts—they have made their prices to suit the dull times—be sure to bring your pocket books along if you want to enter the great bargain list.

THE snow "flake" which fell during the past week can be blamed to the Record and the ladies of Rico. Last week that paper bragged on the beautiful weather while the ladies have attempted to give a dance. Who can wonder at the severance of the storm, knowing the facts in the case.

We are now putting our stock in shape preparatory to taking invoice the 1st of January. We now take this method of informing the public that we will sell Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Boots, Shoes etc, regardless of cost from now until that date. G. W. KEPHART & Co.

This storm has been a severe blow to the "seventy miners" who have been wont to tell of the winter of '79-'80 and its deep snows. They will have to raise on their old figures or keep still. The News wagers that Al Rogers will choose the former course and will prove everything by Ed Robinson. Want to bet?

There was considerable anxiety concerning the safety of Robt' Darling this week. Mr. Darling started for Mt. Wilson last week and the storm coming up shortly after caused fears that he might have been caught by it. But a letter was received from him yesterday written from Ames which assures us of his safety.

The force of men at the Gross mine who came down the first of the week returned yesterday with extra snow shoes for the men who were still at the mine. They all came down last evening except Mrs. Reed and children, the snow being too deep for them to get down. They will probably be brought to town to-day.

Ed Wood who left Rico some time ago for Butte City, Montana, writes to Worden Grigsby from that place saying that a great many are going to the Cour de Alene country, but that the reports are so uncertain concerning that wild cat excitement that he will stay where he is. He says wages are good in Butte City and a number of mines are being worked.

MR. MUNCASTER the toll gate keeper on the Rockwood road left Rico on Monday morning last with the stage intending to go out on the road a short distance and return the same day. The storm grew worse that day and nothing was heard from him. His friends grew some what anxious and went out in search of him, but found him safe and well in Hermosa Park waiting for the road to be opened to get back.

REMORSEFUL ROGERS.

Solemn Stuedeman and Ticked Towne.

Many of the great mineral discoveries in Colorado have been made by accident. Rico furnishes the latest example. On his way over from West Dolores last Sunday, Al Rogers struck out on a new route coming by Elliott mountain.

When he reached town he did not say a word concerning his new find, but quietly walked into Stuedeman's assay office taking the crystals from his pocket.

They had decreased in size and seemed to have occasioned a dampness in his pantaloons—a fact which did not occur to him until afterwards.

Mr. Stuedeman made a complete analysis of the contents of the ore, and on Al Rogers' request made a report upon it. We have been permitted to copy the report, it is as follows:

RICO, COLO. Feb. 5th 1884. MEMORANDUM. Ore left with me by A. M. Rogers Esq., Feb. 3d '84. In appearance and texture a nearly solid, transparent, brittle substance, of a crystalline structure. Specific gravity 0.9184. Crystallized in hexagonal prisms.

When placed under chemical heat it assumed a liquid form at 32 deg. Fahrenheit.

ANALYSIS. The proportion of the ingredients found to be: 1st. In volume—Two parts of hydrogen gas and one of oxygen gas.

2nd. In weight—88.9 parts oxygen and 11.1 hydrogen. Changed to steam at 212 deg. Fahrenheit.

While I am not informed of the formation surrounding the discovery, my general impression is that a full investigation would demonstrate that the ore is not the result of volcanic action.

I think that volcanic fires and force would not have left the ore in the form as submitted to me, but would probably have driven it off in steam and gas. T. STUEDEMAN.

P. S. Due \$5.00. Mr. Rogers received the report on Wednesday the 5th. He gave it his undivided thought and consideration for 48 hours. It seemed to be worth \$5.00 but at the same time it did not give him that feeling of entire satisfaction which he had anticipated.

He didn't quite understand the thing and at the same time he felt a hesitancy about confessing his obtuseness to Mr. Stuedeman and asking for an explanation. A bright thought struck him like an inspiration.

When laboring under inspiration Rogers acts instanter. He sauntered into the drug store of L. O. Towne, assayer at the Grand View Smelter. The conversation which ensued can be briefly epitomized as follows:

"Hello, Towne?" "Hello, Rogers? When did you come over from West Dolores?"

Rogers answered and warming up to his subject finally made known his late discovery (giving however no hint of its locality) and casually drew the report of Mr. Stuedeman from his pocket and handed it to Towne, carelessly asking, "what do you think of that for surface 'croppings'?"

The effect upon Towne was instantaneous. His lips quivered, the tears sprang to his eyes, he was evidently suppressing some great emotion. These symptoms were keenly observed by Rogers and an ill suppressed excitement was betrayed by his own features.

"Have you any specimens from the 'croppings' saved?" asked Towne. Rogers said he had saved a chunk or two. "Go bring them here" said Towne. Rogers sauntered out of the door; when in the street he ran to his cabin for the samples.

As soon as he left the store the emotions of Mr. Towne had full vent. He laughed until his sister became frightened and threw water upon him thinking it an attack of hysteria. Still he laughed, remarking "There it is again!" "What?" asked Miss Towne. "Water," said Linwood. Rogers searched in vain for the samples. Some one had stolen them to salt a prospect with, so he thought. He reported to Towne that the samples were not to be found, saying he had carelessly left them on the table in his cabin and they had disappeared.

"Was there a fire in the room?" asked Towne. "Yes" was the answer. "I thought so," was the reply, and he reached for a Webster's dictionary, handed it to Rogers and suggested to him to read the titles "Ice" and "Water." Rogers did so. Gradually it dawned upon him that the croppings were a frozen snow drift. "He is not mad" but has determined to go to South America and live on the equator where there is no ice without an I before it.

The assayers certificate is an Ice-ore to him, while Stuedeman solemnly explains that he meant the samples would if properly treated "run well" down hill.

THERE was a report circulated this week that one of our prominent citizens had his herd stolen. But it seems there was no brand on this herd, and under the laws of this State such stock when running at large, may be claimed by any citizen.

On Thursday night some person or persons broke into Winkfield's saloon and carried away four or five dollars in money and several bottles of liquor. There is no clue to who the thief was, though it is hoped he will be found out and dealt the punishment he deserves.

The following resolution has been proposed in the United States Senate by Mr. Voochess:

Resolved, That the committee on post-offices and post roads be instructed to inquire into the propriety and expediency of admitting all newspapers, periodicals and other printed matter, to the mails free of postage.

Twice this winter have the people of Rico been the sufferers by snow blockade. Each time they were entirely destitute of mail facilities for a week.

Rockwood and Conejos is an 'unnatural' one. The blockade has neither time been confined to the wagon road between here and the railroad.

We have been a week without mail from the outside world, or communications from anywhere, and cannot give the weeks record of murders in Arapahoe county or bank failures in Leadville.

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A Fascinating Report. The vastness of some of the business institutions of New York makes their annual reports an interesting study to the general public.

The assets of the mutual, at the New York standard of interest at 4 1/2 per cent., now exceeds \$100,000,000, and exact amount being \$101,148,248.25, and during the year it paid \$18,959,880.51 to policy holders, equal to over \$46,000 every business day in the year, and its surplus is over \$12,000,000.

Advertised Letters. Advertiser list of letters remaining un-called for in the Post Office at Rico, Colo., Feb. 9, 1884.

Black C-4 Love N S Bank of Rico-2 Love W E Davis F B Love John W Davis J J Newton William Dible Mrs M A Primer J A Ehrman D Porter E A-2 Gaffner Lillie Remsen Hamilton Hyland T B-2 Rice L P Heaton Ed Rodenhous Paul Lane Amos-2 Sellers Dora

When calling for the above, please say advertised. D. A. McGRAW, P. M.

Buffet Sleeping Cars. The Denver & Rio Grande Railway has added another element of comfort to its already elegant service on the through trains of its trans-continental line.

This enterprising company is the first west of the Missouri river to introduce this great luxury for travelers. The coaches are a combination of dining and sleeping cars, and at the buffet the hungry passenger can always secure an appetizing lunch, a fragrant cigar and a cup of coffee, tea, chocolate, or a glass of Apollinaris, Hathorn or lemonade.

Comfort, convenience and artistic beauty characterize the internal arrangements and finish of these coaches. An electric bell connects each section in the car with the buffet.

The rates for refreshments are nominal, and the price for accommodations is no more than in other Pullmans. No one need hereafter encumber himself with a lunch basket or suffer the pangs of hunger on the Denver & Rio Grande, for should the train be delayed in reaching the eating stations, the buffet is prepared to furnish wholesome, fresh and tooth some lunches, served in elegant style.

Silver table-ware, snowy linen and polite service add to the pleasure of the traveler who journeys in a buffet car over the popular Denver & Rio Grande railway.

A Close Call. On Thursday morning the force of men at the Cross mine quit work and started for Rico. Messrs. Barlow and Doyle having snow shoes came down all right reaching Rico in less than an hour.

But Messrs. Pierce and Clegg started down the trail. They all started at 7 A. M., and at noon Pierce and Clegg failing to put in an appearance in town, Mr. Barlow became anxious concerning their safety, started out with a relief party in search of these two men.

After hunting for some time, calling at intervals, they finally heard a faint answer down the hill. Going in the direction of the call they found Clegg and Pierce some distance below the trail.

They had followed the trail down from the mine to the long slide from the old Grand View dump, and here fearing they might start a snow slide in crossing the heavy drift lying in this gulch, they left the trail and started for the river. After going a short distance they got into snow so deep that no roadway could be made, and after floundering about for a time they finally gave up, being overcome by the cold and snow.

They were about to build a fire and camp all night when the rescuing party arrived, and with the aid of snow shoes succeeded in getting the unfortunate men into town. Although less than a mile from town these men would probably have frozen to death had not the party gone in search of them.

The Dance. The party last evening, at Bachelor Hall, for an informal affair, was the greatest success of the season.

The ladies' party having been postponed till the 23rd on account of the severity of the weather of the past few days, and yesterday proving such a fine day, the Bachelors improved the opportunity by getting up this short-noticed dance.

It was understood in their invitations that it was to be an "old-clothes" party, and in this respect it was a success without a doubt, as some of the costumes would indicate.

Hill Floershi was ornamented with a large buffskin patch, which, with his benign smile, set off his costume in "great shape."

Andy Brydon loomed up in his duds coat, which bears such a remarkable war history, having been worn in the conquest of Troy. This, with his diamond pin, made him the bell of the ball.

Chas. F. Laue also won the admiration of all present, by the beautiful tie of his red bandanna.

N. J. Bradley was mistaken for a member of some other order by the curiously devised badge he wore, some thinking him rather premature in such decorations.

Sherman Culver was arrayed in the latest style of full evening dress, notwithstanding which he waltzed with apparent ease.

Why Women Look Under the Bed.

Washington Capital. Men have the habit of ridiculing women because they look under the bed before retiring, for the undesirable burglar. It is wrong. This simple act on the part of our sisters, wives and mothers in looking for that which they do not want to find is, in most cases, a harmless one, and is not deserving of censure. Sometimes they find between the slats and the floor something bigger than a bed-bug, and more dangerous than a cobweb. This was the experience of a woman in Georgia, who, while taking her accustomed peep, discovered two colored men stowed away in that neighborhood. Of course she was not frightened, but she was so mad that she stirred up the whole village with her screams, and the burglars, becoming alarmed, jumped out of a third story window, and falling on a policeman who was sleeping in a doorway below, broke his neck, thereby causing a vacancy in the corps. If this lady had not kept up the time honored custom of looking under the bed there is no tell what crimes might have been committed in that house by the two men who were on duty while the policeman slept. By all means let the women look under the bed, and those who are near-sighted should be furnished with a pair of opera-glasses by the municipal government, and thus be able to detect crime lurking in low places.

Hamlet Outdone.

This parody was scissored from the Silver World. It was penned by Captain Jack Crawford, one of Colorado's pioneer prospectors, and the average prospector will appreciate it as he sits with his pipe in his mountain cabin these long winter evenings. To sink or not to sink, that is the question; Whether it is better in the prospector to sell The highly milliferous cropings for a song, Or, using muscle, dig her down, And thus by perseverance strike it—to sink, to work No more—and by that sinking strike a lead Of gold or silver, or the finest copper glance That luck is heir to. 'Tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To sink to blast— The blast, perchance to bust, aye, there's the rub; For at a depth of ten feet base may come When we have shoveled off the uncertain top Must give us pause. There's the respect Which makes calamity of a prospect hole; For who can tell what pinch may come below The argenteriferous stuff? Component parts of lead The metaliferous, decomposed, conglomerate Corruption of nature all broken up perchance The insolence of luckier blokes; and then the risk. That the miner takes by shafting When he himself might be much better off By simply waiting. What would we not do But that the dread of something yet unseen The undiscovered pay streak, [perhaps not there]. The argenteriferous conundrum puzzles the will And makes us rather keep the gold we have Than open up the ground we know not of. Thus prospecting doth make cowards of us all And thus the prospects of a big bonanza Are sickled or'e with some dark and cussed doubt, And speculation in a surface prize; With this regard their interest turn aside And lose perchance—a million.

The other morning some visitors to Lone Mountain Cemetery were struck by the peculiar pathetic manner in which an elderly man leaned upon the railing of a modest lot, and gazed at an humble grave it contained. Bending over he adjusted a wreath of flowers on the simple mound, then heaved a sigh so full of heartbreaking sorrow that spectators instinctively stopped to offer a few words of sympathy. "Our dear little child I suppose?" said a widow lady, soothingly. "Worse than that," sighed the mourner, wiping his eyes. "Brother?" inquired another. "Worse than that." "Ah! your wife?" murmured still another sympathizer. "Worse than that! Worse than that!" moaned the sorrower, choking back his sobs. "I understand now," whispered a kindly-faced old lady, as she patted the weeping man's shoulder; "it's your mother." Unable to speak, the weeper still shook his head. "Why, who on earth could it have been?" said everybody, much affected. The sufferer pulled up his pants and exhibited a cork leg. "It's my leg, kind friends," he explained; it was cut off in a railroad accident six years ago to-day. "And are you making all that fuss over a leg, eh?" cried the party indignantly. "You ought to be thankful you weren't killed." "You don't seem to grapple with the idea exactly," said the man, taking out a fresh handkerchief. "I ain't kicking about the leg—it ain't that; but what breaks me all up is to think that I didn't

get a d—d cent out of the company." And they left him alone in his great sorrow.—Derrick Dadd. When Miss S. B. Anthony was asked what ticket she would vote if the sixteenth amendment passes, she giggled and said: "I'll have to wait till I'm mold enough." Strawberries are only nine dollars a quart in New York, cheerfully announces an exchange. Let us see. At that rate, if the regulation quart box is used, the berries are worth just \$1.65 each.

Notwithstanding it is widely alleged that the corn crop was a failure this year, the agricultural bureau reports the aggregate product at 1,551,066,835 bushels. An aggregate corn crop of thirty bushels for every man, woman and child in America cannot be considered a failure.

THE CHEAPEST YET!

A RARE CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY!

No live man, who desires to be well informed as to what is occurring in the live-stock, agricultural and commercial circles of the great New West, can afford to do without the old reliable Live Stock Indicator, of Kansas City. No other stock or farm paper begins to equal it for Western men, and its market reports are absolutely the best made—not quotations, but actual transactions, and copied as authority everywhere. The regular price is \$1.50 per year, but we have a special arrangement by which we can furnish The Indicator one year (and balance of 1893 free) with the News at only \$4.00 for both. Hand in your subscription at once and take advantage of this extraordinary offer. Address The Indicator, at Kansas City, Mo., for free sample copies.

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A valuable discovery for supplying Magnetism to the human system. Electricity and Magnetism utilized as never before for healing the sick.

THE MAGNETON APPLIANCE CO. 218

Magnetic Kidney Belt!

FOR MEN IS—

WARRANTED TO CURE

Or Money Refunded!

The following diseases without medicine— Pain in the back, head, hips or limbs, nervous debility, lumbago, general debility, rheumatism, neuritis, 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. When any debility of the generative organs occurs, lost vitality, lack of nerve force and vigor, wastiness, weakness, and all those diseases of a personal nature, from whatever cause, the continuous stream of magnetism permeating through the parts must restore them to a healthy action. There is no mistake about this appliance.

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. Price of either belt with magnetic insoles, \$10, sent by express C. O. D., and examination allowed; or by mail on receipt of price. In ordering send measure of waist and size of shoe. Remittance can be made in currency, sent in letter at our risk. The Magneton garments are adapted to all ages, are worn over the underclothing, (not next to the body like the many galvanic and electric humbugs advertised so extensively) and should be taken off at night. They hold their power forever, and are worn at all seasons of the year. Send stamp for the "New Departure in Medical Treatment without Medicine," with thousands of testimonials. THE MAGNETON APPLIANCE CO., 218 State St., Chicago, Ill. Note.—Send one dollar in postage stamps or currency (in letter at our risk) with size of shoe usually worn, and try a pair of our Magnetic insoles, and be convinced of the power residing in our Magnetic Appliances. Positively no cold feet when they are worn, or money refunded.

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Study Table,

Ladies' Table or Lap Board.

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Will Have Them.

Stands firm when in use, and can be

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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.

Our 10 Horse We Guarantee to furnish power

to saw 8,000 feet of Hemlock boards in 10 hours.

Our 15 Horses will cut 10,000 feet in same time.

Our Engines are GUARANTEED

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any other Engine not fitted

with an Automatic Cut-Off.

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mental music, and German, drawing,

plain sewing, and every variety of fancy

work are taught without extra charge.

There is a separate building on the

grounds for boys, who receive all the

care and attention from the sisters to

which they are accustomed in their own

homes, and during the night are in charge

of a trustworthy secular. The charges of

this very worthy institution are very

moderate. For further particulars ad-

dress "Mother Superior, Sisters of Mer-

cy, Durango, Colo."

E. A. Robinson,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

NOTARY PUBLIC

AND

PRACTICAL ACCOUNTANT.

GLASGOW AVENUE. . . . RICO

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CHAS. H. SMITH, Proprietor.

RATES REDUCED TO \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50

per day for all rooms at the "L. O. Annex" and

excepting parlor floor and front rooms at the

"American," which are \$3.00 per day.

First class in every particular. Ladies' and

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steam. All modern improvements.

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BANANA LINE.

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ATCHISON,

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SANTA FE.

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To The

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—The—

Greatest and Most Liberal

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Road on Earth.

This road is the popular and only

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Denver, Leadville, Gunnison,

And all Points in the

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The Southern Line from La Junta

is the only all-rail route that pene-

trates the mineral fields of

Arizona,

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Mexico,

Making it the only route to Trinidad,

Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Albuquerque,

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silla, Prescott, Uecson, Tombstone,

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bara and San Francisco.

The Shortest, Quickest, Cheapest,

Safest and only all-the-year-around

route to points in California, Nevada,

Oregon, Idaho and Washington Ter-

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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 in-

dustry go hand in hand with peace

and prosperity.

Kansas,

Colorado,

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and Arizona

Offer inducements to the capitalist,

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It Sells Itself!

It is used every day in every family. You

do not need to explain its merits. There

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Buy a postal card and write to us and we

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And we know you will derive more good

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