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# Saline County Journal.

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## SALINA ADVERTISEMENTS.

**"Red Jacket" Lager Beer Saloon.**  
BARNECK & DAVIS, Proprietors.

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**Lager Beer and Ale 5c a Glass, The Best in the Market.**

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**SHOP: "THE SENATE," I have lately edited the Senate and provided it with...**

**BALK BILLIARD TABLES, and elegant furniture to match, and it may now be had on hand constantly, the best.**

**Wines, Liquors and Cigars.**

**CINCINNATI BEER, John Davis**

**SHIPS.**  
A child, I played beside the sea,  
Across the far horizon line,  
Ships came and went the while day long,  
And went and came-but none were mine.

A girl, I sat upon the shore,  
And dreamt sweet dreams of what might be,  
When, out of tropic attitudes,  
My linden ship should come to me.

A woman, still unattained,  
I clung to the side and gazed at her,  
My name I called every ship,  
That sailed across the waters here.

Nearer, yet, the rugged rocks,  
As they faced the waves and sang,  
And lo! she came, and I was glad,  
The ship that I had longed for.

I watched her as she passed,  
As slowly day by day he wrought  
The strong proportions of a ship,  
(Such as I had longed for).

At length I sought his side and asked,  
"Why do you dwell so far from shore?"  
Come, watch with me, my dear one,  
Your ship may never be the more.

The woman smiled, "My ship, you say,  
My ship is sailing south and north,  
My ship is here, I build and launch,  
Year after year, I build and launch.

"Laden with comfort and content,  
To wharf her bows 'neath the stars,  
I know not if across the brine,  
A ship sails now to golden shores."

"But this I know, that when my hands  
Are weary and my hair is gray,  
When I sit on the strand,  
The ship that I have sent away,  
"Shall come with sails the empty coast,  
When misty fogs have passed below,  
Shall bring me back from far away,  
More true to me than I have ever known."

**WHO ROBBED MADAME.**  
I had waited a few minutes when she entered.

The tassel cap surmounting the brown locks clustering in a pretty confusion of short curls about her forehead, proclaimed her no longer young, though the fair, blooming face and shapely form were far more suggestive of youth than of old age. Altogether, Madame Leroux was a lady of most attractive appearance.

She approached me with nervous haste, her eyes fixed on mine. "I sent you—your name?" she uttered most inaudibly, and then paused in a pitiable state of agitation, her slender fingers slowly intertwined themselves and her whole frame trembling.

"Detective Ashton," I responded, hastily drawing forward a chair.

She sank into it, and by a silent gesture invited me to be seated. Presently she murmured in a low, quivering voice, "Monsieur, I am in great distress."

"And she again paused, overcome by her emotions."

I waited a minute in expectant silence, and then said:

"A case of robbery, I understand, Madame. Permit me to ask whether your servants are entirely honest?"

"Entirely," she answered. "They have served me for twenty years."

"And your pupils?"

"Not a shadow of suspicion may touch them."

"And the residu teachers?"

She gasped once or twice, and then, controlling herself with a mighty effort, answered tremulously:

"Pardon my agitation; I am worn with trouble and anxiety," adding presently in a more even tone, "I will tell you about it, Monsieur. My school is as you doubtless know from report, the best, and consequently the most flourishing in the city. I take much money, and often keep large sums by me. This is my private business room, and in yonder cabinet I keep my surplus funds."

"A rather unsafe place," I commented.

"Not at all, Monsieur," she answered decidedly. "It is furnished with a secret receptacle. Discover it if you can."

And rising she led the way to the cabinet and threw open the desk.

But I exhausted my wits to no purpose. Madame looked on in silence till I drew back and folded my arms. She then quietly asked:

"You would not suspect the fact I stated?"

"If the secret compartment is here, most certainly not."

"It is here," she replied briefly and emphatically, as she closed the safe.

"How many times have you been robbed?"

"Nightly, for the past week," she answered excitedly. "A large amount was taken the first night, but since then only a few counterfeits which I deposited in the hope of detecting the thief without assistance."

"Has any one under your roof a knowledge of the secret of the cabinet?" I inquired after a little interval of silence.

"But one!" she cried, bursting into tears, and wringing her hands in an agony of distress.

I again deliberated a moment, and then said, firmly:

"Madame, I have no doubt that I can in time, clear up this matter without assistance. But it is no longer certain that perfect candor on your part will greatly aid me."

It was some minutes before she could compose herself sufficiently to answer; when she did it was in heart-broken tones: "You are right, Monsieur, I must tell you. My suspicious point to one who has for years been my only name—yonder, Madame Leroux De Antoinette De Gray. Madame Leroux De Gray has my property, she is the death of her parents, which occurred while she was yet an infant. In her I have hitherto reposed the most unlimited confidence; now I am distracted with doubts it is impossible to silence."

"But, Monsieur, I have not sent for you to unravel this web of mystery with any intention of giving publicity to her guilt. Heaven knows I only desire to learn the truth for her own dear sake. I would not wrong the innocent even in thought; the guilty I would unceasingly labor to restore."

Then with a sudden burst of grief she exclaimed:

"My poor Antoinette! She is so young! so winning and so beautiful!"

"Does Madame Leroux De Gray know of your suspicions?" I inquired as a deep sob choked her utterance.

"She does. A few hours before I sent for you I told her of my loss, and entreated her to confess and receive my forgiveness."

"With what result?"

"She gazed at me with startled eyes for a moment, and then in proud, almost scornful accents replied that I, above all others, should know whether she was capable of such a deed."

"And is she acquainted with the fact of your having secured my services?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, Monsieur. I hoped it would frighten her into full confession."

"Your servants?" I inquired.

"They know nothing whatever. For Madame Leroux De Gray's sake, I have kept these startling robberies a profound secret."

After a few minutes' serious consideration I said:

"Madame, I will watch here nightly until the mystery is solved."

Madame shook her head despondingly.

"It is quite useless, Monsieur. I am no coward, and have already tried that plan, and, strange to say, my cabinet remained intact both times."

"Perhaps Madame Leroux De Gray suspected your intentions," I replied.

"This time we must guard against the possibility. And now, if you please, I will trouble you for a few more details. About what time do these robberies take place?"

"Always between midnight and day-break. I seldom retire till 12 o'clock, and on the night of the first theft it was considerably later. I remember distinctly; for, by a singular coincidence, Madame Leroux De Gray and I sat here discussing the possibility of the very event which occurred. The recent Madam robbery had impressed us both deeply, and, as I left the room, I bade Madame Leroux lock the door."

"Did you lock the door?" I asked, indicating one I had noticed a while before.

"I might scarce a laugh, however. That is only a store closet."

"Yes, Monsieur; but it did not. I was in there a very few minutes before we retired."

"And the key of the door here—did Madame Leroux know where you put it?"

"Certainly, Monsieur."

"And since that night?"

"Alas! Monsieur, I have hidden my keys in vain."

After some further conversation I took my leave, promising to return about midnight. I did so, Madame Leroux and the servants had retired, and, as previously arranged, Madame answered my light tap herself. She ushered me into the private room, and soon bade me good-night.

After a short absence, she returned with a steaming cup of coffee and a plate of Dutch cake.

"I always take a cup before retiring," she explained, "and thought you might find one acceptable." And with a final good-night she left me. Feeling both chilled and thirsty, I emptied the cup almost at draught. Then wheeling a chair behind the curtains, I draped a bay window, I extinguished the light and sat down to await the appearance of the unknown thief.

But I saw nothing. Just at daybreak Madame Leroux entered the room and spoke to me. I rose unsteadily to my feet, and stepped from behind the curtains. She gazed at me in surprise for a moment, and then smiled a little ironically.

"Monsieur slept well I perceive."

"Yes, Madame, if well means soundly," I replied. "The coffee was drugged."

"Drugged!" she echoed, staggering back a pace or two.

"Yes, Madame. Permit me to ask you made it?"

She recovered her face and hands for an instant, and then dropping them receded over to the cabinet. In a minute she was beside me again.

"Who made it?" she repeated, in deep, hollow tones. "Madame Leroux De Gray; and—Madame, the money is gone."

"But, I answered, in some vexation, 'Madame Leroux De Gray, should not have known of my presence here.'"

"Alas, Monsieur, I was most careful," returned Madame, sorrowfully. "It is a mystery how she gained her knowledge."

"Well, Madame," I answered, after a few minutes' deliberation, "we will meet Madame Leroux on her own grounds. Permit her, if you please, to prepare another cup of coffee to-night. She will, no doubt, count upon its effects. And that night I received another steaming cup. But it was received only. Consequently I was not found napping. I had watched patiently for two hours or more, and when the door softly opened, and a pale, slender, little old woman, wrapped in a crimson dressing gown, and about whose locks had floated a few scanty gray locks, stole noiselessly into the room. She carried a bunch of keys and a lighted taper in a small bronze candelstick. Closing the door carefully behind her, she proceeded at once to the cabinet. 'Can this weird-looking woman be Madame Leroux De Gray?' I thought gazing at the singular apparition. No, it cannot be. Certainly Madame Leroux is young. This might be some old relative or friend of Madame.' Quickly and noiselessly she approached the cabinet, and in a moment it was unlocked and the secret compartment open."

After carefully withdrawing the notes deposited there by Madame a few hours previous, she snatched the spring and reclosed the desk. Then turning quickly away, she went over to the store closet.

I now left my hiding place and cautiously followed. When I reached the door she was in the act of removing the false bottom from a large japanned box in one corner. Dropping it on the floor beside her, she took from the box a roll of notes, and, after adding the one just stolen, returned the bundle to its place. Then, after hastily restoring the box

to its former order, she rose and turned away.

I stepped back a pace or two, with the design of seizing her outside the closet.

In a moment she appeared and confronted me, and for the first time I obtained a fair view of her features. But instead of the horror and dismay which I had been anticipating, I was the one to fall back aghast. My outstretched arms dropped powerless, as, with swift tread and strong gaze, she swept past me and out of the room.

"And this is the solution!" I muttered, drawing a deep breath of relief as the door closed upon her. "What will Madame say? Will she readily credit the reports I must give?"

Without deciding on the question I dropped on the sofa and made myself comfortable for the remainder of the night. As on the previous day, Madame sought me early. She looked at me scrutinizingly.

"Monsieur has had another good night without the aid of drugs," she remarked somewhat tartly.

"Yes, Madame, a very good one," I replied; "but I first earned the right."

"Ah! I congratulated Madame again; but this time very tremulously. Then you have—"

"Yes, Madame," I answered, finding she could not finish the sentence. "And now will you kindly allow me to see Madame Leroux De Gray?"

"No, Monsieur," she replied with hasty emphasis. "My poor Antoinette has shamed no doubt, but she shall be protected. You shall not see my poor child, Monsieur," she concluded passionately. "Heaven and I will make a good woman of her yet!"

"My dear Madame, you quite mistake me," I answered feelingly. "Madame Leroux is innocent."

I was hardly prepared for the little French woman's outburst of joy.

"My Antoinette! My pure darling! My white dove! My wretched angel! Sweet heaven, I thank thee," she cried tearfully.

And, before I could say more, she had darted from the room. In a few minutes she returned, leading a tall, elegant, golden-haired girl, whose proud eyes glittered with tears. This fair vision of youthful beauty left Madame's side and came to me.

"Thank you, Monsieur," she said, with simple earnest dignity. "I thank you most truly."

I have done little or nothing to entitle me to your thanks, Madame Leroux," I smiled in response. "But have you no desire to learn the name of the guilty party?"

"Ah, true!" exclaimed Madame. "I forgot all but my infinite joy. Tell us, Monsieur."

"First, Madame," I answered, permit me to restore your stolen money."

You have your keys, I see; will you be kind enough to open the treasure-box?"

And, hastening to the closet, I brought out the japanned box.

Madame knelt down and wonderingly turned the key. Then, after a moment's pause, she unlocked the door. An astonished exclamation parted Madame Leroux's lips, but Madame answered over the box like one in a dream, and could not be convinced until the notes were in her hand and counted, that there was no dream at all, but a most pleasant reality.

"Yes, Antoinette," she at last said, rising and casting the notes on the table, "every son of it is here. And to think of it being in the old box, Antoinette!"

"Yes," smiled Madame, with a puzzled expression, but—

"But," interrupted Madame, even more vivaciously, "but who put it into the box? And she fixed her eyes in eager expectancy on mine."

"The—the apparition," I faltered, "entered the room between 2 and 3 o'clock, and went straight to the cabinet. In a few moments the notes were purloined and deposited where you just now found them."

"But the secret compartment, Monsieur," interrupted Madame, excitedly, "was it opened without difficulty?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Strange!" most strange!" she ejaculated in perplexing tones, adding the next instant, "Oh, no, Monsieur."

"That is all, Madame."

"All! But what did you do, Monsieur?" she asked, sharply.

"Nothing, Madame, but stagger aside and gaze like an imbecile at the receding form I had extended my hand to seize."

"Oh!" exclaimed Madame, in a low, awed voice. "Was it—you called in an apparition. I recollect, Monsieur. What—what did it resemble?"

"It was a woman. A small, pallid woman clad in a trailing crimson robe."

"A crimson robe!" echoed Madame and Madame Leroux, both evidently aghast.

"Yes, and with silvery white hair—"

"White hair?" again echoed both, looking at each other with faces of consternation.

Madame Leroux De Gray recovered herself first. "What else, Monsieur?" she queried, impatiently.

"Nothing else, Madame Leroux, except that this singular apparition carried a bronze candelstick and yonder bunch of keys." Madame Leroux gazed at me a moment in silence, and then, turning suddenly, flung her arms about the Madame's neck, and, kissing her on both cheeks, exclaimed between tears and laughter:

"Oh! you naughty, naughty thief! Madame started from Madame Leroux's arms, and, dropping her eyes to the floor, she recovered, apparently, some perplexing question. Presently she looked up.

"Tell me, Antoinette," she muttered doubtfully, "why did you drag Monsieur's coffee?"

"I!" exclaimed Madame Leroux, flushing with astonishment. "I did it no more than I stole the money. I knew not he took coffee. But, much less," she roughly added the next moment, as she again showered kisses on Madame's rosy cheeks, "that perhaps you can plead guilty. Again bowed down, almost pleading Madame's eyes, and after a little, she faltered:

"Oh, Antoinette!—I—yes, I certainly did! Monsieur slept well and I slept poorly. Yes, Monsieur got my powder. I never thought of it till this morning."

"What powders?" laughed Madame Leroux De Gray. "The morphine," exclaimed Madame, more "imposedly," "I felt sleepless and excited, and put it into a cup, intending to pour my coffee over it, but I must have given Monsieur the wrong cup."

Then, suddenly, snatching the keys from the table, she thrust them into Madame Leroux De Gray's hand, exclaiming, tearfully:

"There! I keep them, my poor, wretched darling. I have played 'La Soubrette' long enough."

And I, looking at Madame's brown curls, rosy cheeks, and tearful eyes, thought amusedly: "What a miracle of French art!"—English Magazine.

**The Fate of a Switzer's Family Dog.**  
Switzer is a tender-hearted man, living on Croghan street. He had a dog. It was a monster canine, with cropped ears, stump-tail, and one eye missing, but the Switzer family loved that dog. They didn't call him "puppy," but they praised him for a dog that put away all high-sounding thoughts and did his best as a family pet. He knew his place and if he couldn't wag but six inches of stump when Switzer came home from his daily round, they knew that it was—circumstances alone which prevented. It was a beautiful sight to see the Switzer family seated on the front steps of an evening, surrounded by that dog, and they never dreamed until the other day that "Amsterdam"—so they called him—would pass away before whorlwhories had fallen to a shuffling quart. Such is life and perhaps it is just as well. Early last week this dog—this Amsterdam—put his teeth into a fat leg which passed the gate, the owner of the leg notified the police, and the police notified Switzer. Amsterdam must be shot, clubbed, poisoned, or drowned. Mr. Switzer's hair rose up, his wife wept, and the young Switzer hung on the gate and howling half a dollar to the officer, but he shook his head and wanted to know where that dog was. When Mr. Switzer found there was no escape he said he couldn't bear to have Amsterdam laid low by a stranger. He would do the cruel work himself, and he would be so gentle about it that it would not hurt the victim much. He sent the little Switzer to the grocer's, his wife went upstairs, and he tied a rope around Amsterdam's neck and secured him to a shade tree several blocks from the house. Then he got a club, took off his coat, and the hard-hearted policeman stood to see the dog's head. When Switzer got ready he shot his eyes and aimed a blow at the dog's head. Amsterdam leaped aside, and Switzer hit the tree and cried "by Jander!" He tried it again, and Amsterdam jumped the other way and swung their hats. Mr. Switzer got mad then, and dashed in and gave Amsterdam one on the back, but got his feet tangled in the rope, and dog and man rolled over and over together. When he got up he chased the dog around the street, striking at his hind legs, but in trying to get in a awful blow he rooted the dog up with his nose, and the playful dog sat down on his head. The policeman then offered his baton, and he led Amsterdam and told Mr. Switzer to put in a regular old sockdolager right between the two eyes. His intentions were followed, and Mr. Switzer hit himself on the knee and jumped around and shouted: "I have pretty near knocked my brains out!" The officer wanted to shoot the dog then, but Mr. Switzer preferred to do it himself, and he took the revolver. Standing within four feet of Amsterdam he shot into a barn, grazed a fence, nearly hit a street car, and was just about to kill a boy when the officer jumped in and with his baton knocked Amsterdam as cold as a bitting post. Mr. Switzer stood over the body for a moment heaved a sigh, and then turned away and said, "Dat's shut de way by dem policemen dat care how much dey hurt a dog when they kill him."—Detroit Free Press.

**Henry Clay as a Trader.**  
A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says of the mansion commonly known as the "Steward House": "The land on which the domestic now stands at one time belonged to Henry Clay, and he transferred the property to his friend Admiral—(the name has slipped my memory) by a commercial bargain, in which the statesman was certainly not made richer by the transaction. The Admiral had brought home with ages an ass of such wondrous whiteness and beauty of form that it was the envy and admiration of all beholders. Mr. Clay with the enthusiasm for rare or blooded animals common to Kentuckians, took a violent fancy to the exquisite creature and longed to transport it to his stock farm in Kentucky. The Admiral had cast furtive glances at Mr. Clay's pretty piece of property, and so upon comparing notes the real estate was exchanged for the live stock. The Admiral built the house now standing upon the lot, which is valued at the present time at some \$50,000.

**How a Woman was Received by Her Husband.**  
The Marysville (Cal.) Appeal is responsible for the following: "We hear of a case of cool-headed deception which is reported to have been perpetrated in his city a short time ago, and which is too good to be lost. A serving and prudent wife, after much urging, induced her husband to save part of his wages by depositing \$20 a month with her. The arrangement promised to become a grand financial success. Every month the faithful husband handed over \$20 to his wife, who carefully hid it away in a safe place. Month after month \$20, had accumulated, when the wife thought it would be well to deposit the same in the savings bank. Accordingly, one morning the lady proceeded for part of golden twenties and walked down to the Marysville savings bank. On entering the institution she laid them upon the counter with the interest on the deposit gratulating herself, no doubt upon a sum, and one hour having in case of misfortune not had luck in life. But then came the denouement. The cashier readily discovered the peculiarity of the coin. The \$20 pieces were worthless. The true facts of the case at once flashed across the mind of the good woman. Her husband had spent his wages, and had in order to fulfill his promise and keep up his monthly deposits had purchased a lot of imitation \$20 pieces known as 'spotted marks.' How the matter was settled in the family, being of a domestic and private nature, we have not been inquisitive enough to ascertain, and leave for all to imagine.

**Getting Clear of a Dun.**  
"I have a small bill against you," said a pugnacious looking collector, as he entered the store of a man who had acquired the character of a hard customer.

"Yes, sir, a very fine day indeed," was the reply.