

### Local Briefs.

Fresh eggs all the time at Webster's.  
Room to rent. Apply at this office.  
Some of the sidewalks are badly in need of repair.  
Freighter Polly arrived from the front this week.  
New goods and new prices next week at the Red Front.  
Wicked Judge Gray gave his preacher liberally.—Junction City Union.  
Mak. Rogers is preparing to sell quite a number of fat cattle.  
Checkers, catchings and everything at Webster's, all the time.  
Good hay for sale. Price, delivered, \$5 per ton. Inquire at this office.  
Go to Haddam & Draper's next week and see the rare bargains that will be offered to dry goods.  
Don't fail to call early and get a large chicken for your Sunday dinner from Webster.  
Mr. R. W. Evans made a purchase this week of seventy yearlings at \$10 per head. He purchased them from Mr. Polfer.  
Sheriff Bassett went down to Emporia last Monday in search of the man who carried off Ed. Colborn's cow, but could find no trace of the fellow.  
Robert Dillworth returned from the southern country this week, whether he had been for about a month helping collect cattle.  
Red Clarke was in the city this week again. He says the probabilities are that the county seat of Clarke county will be removed to Red Hole.  
Mr. E. P. Case and another tonsorial gentleman familiarly known as "Fritzie," have opened a new barber shop in the little room east of Haddam & Draper's.  
Cal. Colley, who has been confined at home with a lame leg for a week or ten days, is now much better, and able to get around with the aid of a cane.  
A valuable young Colorado cow, belonging to Mr. R. G. Cook, died this week of Spanish fever. No other cases reported this week.  
Mr. Geo. W. Voyle, Probate Judge and a member of the Rice county bar, arrived in the city to-day on his way to the hunting grounds. He is rusticated for his health.  
A picnic and fishing party was indulged in by the Fort Dodge party last Sunday. They went to Mulberry, had a good time, and caught about a hundred pounds of fish with a seine.  
Mr. M. R. Draper and wife left for St. Louis last week, and will not return until some time next week. During his stay in St. Louis, Mr. Draper purchased a large stock of fall and winter goods. They will also be here next week.  
These are the nice potatoes at Webster's we have seen this season.  
Dodge City was well represented at the St. Louis Fair this week. The delegation from here consisted of Messrs. A. H. and Ike Johnson, Shedy, Hardisty, George Amoson, Crawford, J. Collier, Ben. Thomas, E. P. Case and several others.  
A rumor was current upon the street one day last week to the effect that Sallie Duke had been acting badly. A second party was implicated, but we don't believe a word of it, partly because we know Sallie to be a good girl, and partly because Dick Evans was the author of the scandal.  
Mrs. Ed. Hockett arrived last week with her family, and they are now comfortably fixed in the new dwelling on Military Avenue, lately erected by Mr. H. We hope the Master Mechanic will now enjoy all the blessings of his home and family, which he has been separated from so long.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Cook were called to the death-bed side of Mr. Cook's father, of Newton, Monday of last week. The old gentleman was in his sixty-third year, and had been suffering with poor health for some time. His youngest son was living with him on his farm in Harvey county. The father and mother of the deceased are still living in Canada. Mr. Cook's mother has been dead for some years.

Immense piles of new goods arrive every day for J. Collier.  
Haddam & Draper's stock of fall dry goods will arrive during the coming week. Do not purchase until you see them.  
Police Judge Frost tried six cases last Monday morning. Since that day not a single case has graced the docket.  
During his recent visit east, Mr. J. Collier purchased an immense quantity of new goods, such as groceries and provisions.  
We understand from what we consider a reliable source, that Judge Green is to marry a blonde some time in November. This is the third contemplated wedding among the legal lights.  
John L. Ripple, of Company "C," 19th Infantry, now stationed at Camp Supply, has been recently made First Sergeant of his company. Ripple is an old soldier, and we understand that during the late war he was a First Lieutenant. Those who know him say he is one of the most straightforward, reliable men in the ranks.  
Webster is the proudest man in town. He recently purchased an elegant gun and an imported dog, and ever since has been endeavoring to kill something. Up to last Thursday he had poor success. On that eventful morning he started out alone at 5 a. m. with his dogs and gun. He drove down to Mulberry and found ducks innumerable. He killed sixty-three and returned home rejoicing over his success and declaring himself the champion hunter.  
Mr. R. Harris, whose display of fine jewelry has for the last two months been one of the attractions of our city, started back to his headquarters in Washington, D. C., yesterday morning. During his stay here Mr. H. sold a large quantity of jewelry, and his goods all seemed to give entire satisfaction. Had not business compelled him to return home, he would have remained all winter. As it is, he will probably be back in the spring with another large stock of goods, and will then permanently locate among us. He is an energetic and active business man, a thorough gentleman, and we shall be glad when he returns.  
**Wanted.**  
A man to cook for small family and do chores. Apply at Chas. Rath & Co's.  
**For rent.**  
The hall known as the Lady Gay Saloon. Apply at Chas. Rath & Co's.  
**The Boss Stock Train.**  
The most successful shipment of cattle made this season was made this week. A train of thirty cars loaded with cattle left here at 1 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and arrived in Kansas City Wednesday morning at 3:30. The cattle belonged to Messrs. Fraser and Shedy.  
**Prairie Fire.**  
For the last three or four days extensive prairie fires have been raging in this vicinity. Whether they were lighted accidentally or on purpose no one knows. It is hinted that the fires have been set out by parties who wished to drive Texas cattle out of the country, but we hardly believe the enemies of the long-horns would resort to such means. Texas cattle are only feared on account of fever which they bring to domestic stock, and now that the heat of the summer is over and the weather is getting cool, there will be but little danger from that source. We hope every effort will be made to prevent and keep out the prairie fires.  
**The Snuff Mines.**  
We understand the matter of utilizing the Clarke county Snuff Mines is being agitated, and a project is now on foot to dig the snuff and place it on the market. It is a superior quality of snuff, as the specimens now on exhibition at Rath & Co's will prove. Although we have frequently spoken of these mines through the columns of the TIMES, and have received many letters of inquiry from eastern capitalists, yet so far no active preparations have been made to work them, except a faint attempt some time ago by Red Clarke, who was greatly taken with the project, but for reasons best known to ourselves, he made a sad failure. The undertaking will require but little capital, and offers a rare chance for speculation.

### A STRANGE STORY.

#### A Company Being Organized to Search for Buried Treasure Near Dodge.

Nearly ever since we located in this city we have heard, from time to time, disconnected portions of a story in regard to the murder of a number of wealthy Mexicans near where this city now stands, and the destruction of a freight train belonging to them; but as the parties who possessed knowledge of the affair were very reticent, and had selfish motives for keeping the secret to themselves, we have until now been unable to get any of the particulars whatever. But last Thursday we overheard a conversation giving new light upon the subject, thus giving a clue by which we have been able to learn the following particulars:

About four miles west of this city perhaps many of our readers have noticed a place where the earth seems to have been a long time ago thrown up into piles, holes dug, etc., indicating that some body of soldiers, hunters or freighters had made breastworks to defend themselves against an enemy. We have often noticed this place and wondered if a tale of carnage could not be told if these mounds only had mouths and voices to speak. But we leave this to be explained, as it will be in the latter part of this article, and will proceed to tell all we have learned of the story.

In the year 1858, when this country was as wild as the plains of Africa, only traversed at intervals by tribes of Indians and bands of Mexicans, there were no railroads running west of St. Louis, and all the freight transmitted by government was carried over this country by large freighting trains—such as now run between here and Camp Supply. In the summer of that year, a freighting train consisting of 82 men with 120 wagons started from Mexico across these plains for Independence, Missouri, to purchase goods. The whole outfit was in charge of an old Mexican freighter named Jesus M. Martinez, whom many of the old plainmen of thirty years ago will remember. They traveled along what is now known as the old Santa Fe trail, and every night corralled their wagons and kept guards posted to give the alarm if danger should approach in the way of Indians, bandits or prairie fires. One evening they halted about sundown, formed the usual corral and prepared to rest for the night. Little did they think what that night had in store for them. They had observed Indians during the day, but the sight of these children of the plains was no source of annoyance to them, as they had never been troubled and had saw no hostile manifestations. Sometime during the night the men who were on watch observed objects not far from camp, the dogs commenced making a fuss, and presently the watchmen became suspicious and aroused old man Martinez. Martinez being an old plainsman and understanding the tactics of the Indians, after closely observing through the darkness, came to the opinion that Indians were lurking around, and that their intentions were not good. He awoke some of his men and they held a kind of consultation as to the best course to pursue, and finally decided to prepare for the worst. They immediately commenced digging trenches and preparing for defense. The objects around them during all this time seemed to grow more numerous every moment, and finally could be seen on all sides. The Mexicans waited in suspense, having entrenched themselves as well as possible in ditches and behind piles of dirt. Finally, with yells and shouts, as is always their custom, the Indians made a dash upon the camp from all sides. The Mexicans received them like true martyrs, and being well fortified had every advantage. Their eighty-two guns poured fatal balls into the yelling enemy at every report. The Indians finally fell back and the Mexicans then hoped for deliverance, but it was like hoping against fate. The next day the attack was renewed at intervals, and at each attack the Mexicans fought like demons. For five days the siege continued, a few of the Mexicans being killed in the meantime and many Indians. During this time the Mexicans had scarcely slept, but what struck terror to their hearts was the consciousness that their

ammunition was nearly gone. On the sixth night the Indians made a more desperate attack than before. They seemed crazed for blood and vengeance for the chiefs they had already lost. As long as their ammunition lasted the Mexicans continued their stern resistance, but powder and lead was not like the widow's maven. It steadily decreased until none was left. Then their guns were still, and they were swallowed up like Pharaoh's hosts in the Red Sea, by wild Chélenes, Arapahoes and Kiowas, who made deathly havoc with the Indian handful of brave Mexicans. We need not dwell upon this scene of butchery, and it is only necessary to relate that but one man is known to have escaped to the darkness, and that man, somewhat strange to note, was old Jesus M. Martinez. How he managed to secrete himself we can hardly divine, others which have been carried away and held captive until death, but he alone ever told the story to the pale-face. The Indians pillaged the train of all the flour, bacon, etc., took the stock, set fire to some of the wagons, and then, Indian-like, immediately left the field of carnage. Old Martinez remained in his hiding place until morning and until the Indians were miles away, then creeping out he surveyed the remains of what a few days ago was his jolly, jovial companion. He was alone with the dead!

As is nearly always the case with persons when no eye is near, he thought of the valuables, and knowing that quite an amount of silver was stored in one of the wagons, he searched and found a portion of it. As near as he remembered, when he related this occurrence to his son, he found twenty-one small bags, each containing one thousand silver Mexican dollars. These bags he carried some distance from the camp, we cannot learn exactly how far, or which way, and buried them. He then started out and made his way on foot back to his home in Mexico, where, it seems, he died soon afterwards. But before he died he told his son what he have related above, and advised him to hunt this treasure. What goes to corroborate this story was the evidence of Dr. Wilbur, of Kansas City, who sold goods to these Mexicans and knew of them having a considerable quantity of silver in their possession.

Pursuant to his father's advice young Martinez came up to this country some years after the death of his father for the purpose of following his instructions. There are two men now living in this city to whom he revealed the secret, one of whom assisted him in searching for the buried treasure. From the directions marked out by old Martinez they found the spot where the massacre took place, about four miles west of Dodge City—the spot described above, where the pits and dirt piles are still plainly visible. For days, and even weeks, young Martinez searched the ground in that vicinity, using a sharpened wire, which he drove into the ground wherever he supposed the treasure might lay concealed. But he was not successful, and not being of a persevering nature abandoned the search and remained around Fort Dodge for some time, when he fell into the habit and became a hard drinker. He finally returned to Mexico and has not been back here since, that we are aware of. After he left, one of the men to whom he had revealed the secret (and this man now lives in this city) made a partial search for the treasure. He hired men and after swearing them to secrecy as to what they were searching for, set them to digging ditches. They found nothing and abandoned the work.

This story, as told above, is an historical fact, and portions of it have been heretofore published. We can give names of men who know more about it than we do, but by request we do not publish them.

This treasure will probably be found some day, and probably it will be buried forever, and never see the light. No eye but the Omnipotent can tell the exact spot where it lies. As we said above, it is rumored that parties are preparing to institute search. They may find it, and they may not. We hope they will, as it is of no benefit to mankind where it is. It certainly exists.

#### Notice.

All parties are hereby warned not to trespass upon, by plowing, digging or in any manner disturbing the soil of the farm known as the Morris Collier farm, near point of rocks. All such trespassers will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.  
D. M. Frost,  
Atty for M. Collier.

Mr. W. B. Masterson, was appointed special policeman last Monday.