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THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

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Official City and County Paper.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

COUNTY.
Representative—Hon. E. M. Wright.
Commissioners—Geo. B. Cox, Chairman, A. J. Hancock, J. W. Sollow.
County Clerk—Jno. B. Means.
Treasurer—A. D. Webster.
Sheriff—W. B. Masterson.
Deputy—A. C. Hale.
Clerk District Court—Harry Boyer.
Probate Judge—Herman J. Fringer.
County Attorney—M. W. Sutton.
Surveyor—Charles Van Trump.
Supt. Pub. Inst.—Thomas L. McCarty.
Coroner—Geo. F. Jones.

CITY.
Mayor—James R. Kelley.
Councilmen—Hon. D. D. Colley, Geo. H. Cox, C. M. Bessan, John Newton, F. J. Leonard.
Police Judge—Hon. D. M. Frost.
Attorney and Clerk—E. F. Colborn.
Treasurer—Lloyd Shinn.
Marshal—Edward J. Masterson.
Asst. Marshal—Chas. E. Bassett.

TOWNSHIP.
Trustee—P. L. Reilly.
Clerk—John B. Means.
Treasurer—Henry Niess.
Justices—Lloyd Shinn & Cook and J. E. Vanvorhis.
Constables—P. Squires, Jack Callahan and David Morrow.
Officers of School District No. 1—F. C. Eimannan, President; M. Collier Secretary; A. J. Anthony Treasurer.
School District No. 2—Director—W. C. Seward; Clerk, O. O. Beardsley; Treasurer, V. Mellicker.

SUTTON & COLBORN.
M. W. SUTTON. E. F. COLBORN.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DODGE CITY, KAN.

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LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, in
City Hall Building. Notary public and
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RELIGIOUS.
P. O. O. F.
CROSONA LODGE No. 127, I. O. O. F. meet
at their hall, on Locust Street, every
Wednesday night. Visiting brothers are cordially
invited to attend. R. G. COOK, N. G.
GEO. F. JONES, Secretary.

NOTICE.
OF
DDOL
On left side of hip.
Any person disposing of my cattle in the above
brands without written authority from me will
be prosecuted to the extent of the law.
J. W. DRISKILL.

THE TIMES JOB OFFICE
IS NOW PREPARED TO PRINT ALL KINDS
of posters, cards, letter heads, bill heads
cutting tags, envelope cards, circulars and
blanks in the latest and most attractive style.

THE PROSPECTIVE.

There is no divining the probable future; but we may cast our prospectoscope and see what a decade will bring forth. Looking back ten years we are surprised at the progress of time, and the accomplishment of wonders. Time changes all things. It is not improbable to note the existence of things ten years hence. We shall see life in all its varied changes, and perhaps we shall be surprised at the wonders; perhaps marvelous indeed would be the landing of the steamboat at our doors, still greater would be the management of the telephone as a means of communicating all our desires, and through which all business was transacted.

The gentleman to-day who stands in wealth and influence, may in ten years be a pauper and vagabond. The bootblack of to-day may be the millionaire of the Arkansas Valley. Ten years from this time Dodge City may be a city of 20,000 inhabitants, it may have all the business, wealth and airs of a city. These vast prairies will be thickly settled with rich farmers. There will be thrift, enterprise and luxury. Judge Fringer, our genial and urbane postmaster, now a successful business man, may fill his coffers to full and overflowing; he may be the owner of a line of packets on the Arkansas river and a church deacon.

Hon. E. M. Wright no doubt will be a bank president and the owner of a railroad through the Indian Territory, over which impetuous printers may ride at free will. Judge Sutton may be the attorney for the aforesaid railroad, and having with brother Wright, obtained a sufficiency of this world's goods, display their charity at the altar of an aristocratic church, they being the pillars thereof.

Mayor Kelley will have grown grey, but the owner of a magnificent pack and still a lover of horse flesh and the grey hound. While he is chasing time's fleeting fayer he will ever be on the chase, but the antelope will be no more—gone where the buffalo roams. His magnificent villa though will supply him recreation.

Then there will be our friend James C. Connor, done with the display of hose and furbelows; a rich pork packer, and married and the father of five children.

Ed. F. Colborn will have gone with the varying of time's strange freaks, and turned his law books into palms and sermons, a quibus of theology, erudition, wise, and contemplating future punishments and rewards.

Harry Boyer will connubiate with life's fitful fever as he manages the "Prairie Belle" in the murky waters of the raging Arkansas.

Jim Anderson will have put "spurs" to the crack of time, and "rem" in on the "Mayflower," as she lands at our wharves laden with a cargo from Eastern ports.

Life will wear well with our friend Ed. Garland, as he raises tornados by the sweat of his brow, and through his piercing streaks of lightning we hear the distant claps of thunder as they reverberate down the lovely Arkansas. He will be the storm king of this beautiful valley, and by him will the powers be subdued.

We might go on in this category, but space will not permit. How is it with ourselves, ten years of time wore off? Will it be among the herds of fine short horns, listening to the gentle low of the kine, with the droves of fine fat porkers, grunting with one affluence; with the flocks of rich southdowns and cashmeres, nodding with the bleating of the docile lambs. (Mary had a little lamb,) or having been through from diversity to adversity—pude bien pus de sois—the successful manipulator of a strawberry patch, or a peanut merchant.

A CHALLENGE.

The manufacturers of the "Kansas Belle" plows out and visiting Kinsley shortly, and authorize us to announce that they challenge any dealer in or owner of any other plow, to meet and compete with them at that place.

THE WOLF AT THE GAMBLER'S DOOR.

The fastive sportsman is as keenly sensitive to astringency in the money market as the merchant and mechanic. Just at present his stock in trade is light. His bank roll, which last summer he flashed up on every available occasion, now scarce ever sees the light of day, and when it does its diminished proportions frightens his landlord, his washer-woman, and even himself, stern and bold as he is. In the place of twenties and fifties he has ones and twos, and only occasionally does a "five case" meet his piercing eye. He makes no reckless bets, nor does he indulge in games whereof he does not understand. It is absolutely necessary that when he bets he must bet on a surthing, and his hand trembles even then as he lays his dollar on the board, and risks its loss. Time is more plentiful with him than anything else. He sits around in the sun during the day, or near some friendly stove by night he relates to his comrades the thrilling scenes and incidents of his past chequered career—tells of the days when he won and lost by the thousand, and wore a diamond pin. At the recollection of those past flush times he sighs and says "d—m such a country as this, the Black Hills is the place for me." But after a second thought he takes it all back and concludes to wait for the cattle trade.

POST PENCILINGS.

FOUR DODGE, KAN., Feb 20th, '78
Weather salubrious.
"Hughy the butcher" has left us. It has caused general regret, as Hughy was considered a specimen brick.
The "dollars of our daddies" are becoming very scarce hereabouts.

The "Murphy movement" still embellishes "Chinese Row" with her fair presence. The "Backeye boy" with the an-burn curls says he is the "solid man," and he is, (in his mind.)

Lord Boland, from Fort Elliott, paid us a living visit last week, and after performing the necessary duties required of him as per order, he left for the South. Another soul made happy. Trai la la Paddy.

The "Baidy Sour Club" has collapsed, gone up in a balloon, or the Lord knows where. Some of the members are living in Dodge, and others have gone to hunt up Charley Ross.

Collins is slightly dilapidated, but still in the ring. He says "there is corn in Egypt yet," and if not there is surely some on the Eastern shore.

Scotty wears a red ribbon. He has sworn off for the 138th time in so many days. Ta ta Scotty.

GRAND ROUNDS.

"TIS I, BE NOT AFRAID."
Brother Stotler, of the Emporia News, and P. M., is worried and refuses to be comforted. He propounds a terrible conundrum at our expense. Hear him:

The Dodge City Times has nominated M. M. Lewis as a candidate for Congress from this district. Is the Times trifling on this matter? Will some one arise and tell us who the thunder M. M. Lewis is, anyhow.

O. Klaine, take it back. As you love us, come to the rescue. Alas.
I have shot mine arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

We would rather be editor of The VALLEY REPUBLICAN than Governor of the State.—[Republican, Kinsley.]

We fear it is too late to condone the offense. If the P. M., which is Postmaster, will allow us to present his name for the United States Senate, probably we can restore harmony in the troubled family. Anything to make peace.

J. W. Hill, known as the "Great Cattle King of the Western Plains," died at Denver, Col., on Sunday last. He was the most extensive cattle-breeder and cattle-raiser of the far West, his pasturage region embracing immense tracts in Wyoming and Colorado. He was a man of great wealth, energy and public spirit.

THE NEW POPE.

Dispatches from Rome, dated Feb. 20th, announce that Cardinal Graciano Pecci, the pontifical comeringo has been elected pope. He is an Italian. Cardinal Pecci takes the name of Leo XIII.

At 1:15 Cardinal Cateroni appeared in the grand gallery of the Vatican Basilica, and announced in the customary firm Cardinal Pecci as successor to the papacy. The bystanders cheered enthusiastically and a large crowd soon assembled, densely crowding the open space in front of the Vatican and the approaches thereto. At 4:30 the newly elected pope appeared on the gallery of the Basilica, surrounded by all the Cardinals. The crowd shouted—long live the pope! The holy father at length made a signal for silence, then intoned the benedicti and pronounced a benediction. After this cheering continued until the pope withdrew. The circumstances of the election were as follows: At this morning's ballot, Cardinal Pecci received 28 votes, which was five short of the requisite two-thirds majority. When the voting was finished and the papers burned, Cardinal Franchi and those holding the same views with him, advanced and knelt before Cardinal Pecci. This example being followed by others Cardinal Pecci's election was accomplished by the method known as by acclamation. Count Zegar immediately informed the pope that he proposed to present him with one million francs as the first donation of Peter's peace from the French episcopate. As soon as the result of the election became known the bells in all the churches of Rome rang and all the diplomats went to the Vatican to congratulate the new pope. The Cardinals will remain in the Vatican until to-morrow.

Pecci has a fine head, high forehead, narrowing at the temples, long face and straight features. He has a large mouth, large chin, cheerful open countenance, large eyes and well shaped ears. His face reminds one of Consalvo, the renowned minister of Pius VII. He has a fine sonorous voice, great dignity and even austerity of manner in public life, but privately is affectionate, unassuming, and as Comeringo he has been head of that party, which, without formally renouncing the right of the Holy See, acknowledges the wisdom of submitting to the decrees of providence and accepting what seem irrevocably accomplished facts. The general opinion is that for learning, tact, energy, dignity, amiability, real moral worth and sincere piety, the sacred college couldn't find a more deserving pope than Cardinal Pecci. His private life at all periods is above reproach. He has considerable literary talent and has written poetry. He has never had intercourse with the functions of the present Italian government, but is esteemed by all. Those with whom the necessities of his duty bring him into contact are perfectly charmed.

PERSONAL.

We had the pleasure this week of meeting Mr. A. Eisey, who came out on an exploring expedition from Winthrop, Iowa. Mr. Eisey is an extensive farmer and stock raiser in his native state, but since taking a look at this portion of Kansas has concluded to leave his 800 acre Iowa farm and ship his stock to Kansas. He is one of that class of men that we need more than any other, and will bring with him several others who will embark in stock raising and farming.

Mr. Nat. Williams, a cousin of Recorder Hale, and Mr. Dan. Bousley, both of Henry county, Ind., spent several days in Dodge City this week, looking at the country and visiting Mr. Hale.

Mr. H. V. Farria, Master Mechanic of the A. T. & S. F. Road, was in the city last Thursday, conferring with the Master Mechanic of this division, Ed. Hookett.

Mr. N. B. Klaine, of The TIMES, started for Missouri last Monday morning, to be absent a week or so.