Bypass of Kansas History

THE DOUBLE-BARRELED CANNON

From the *Freemen's Champion*, Prairie City, February 25, 1858.

The Border Ruffians, like the subjects of Great Britain who invaded our country in the days of the Revolution, have a peculiar aversion to Yankee tricks. They watch every movement of a Yankee as intently and suspiciously as a jealous lover does the operations of a rival. The following circumstance will exemplify this fact:

At Fort Scott the Ruffians have in their possession a large telescope which they use to scan the country about in that vicinity, to keep themselves apprised of the approach of “pesky Abolitionists.” During the excitement occasioned by the recent difficulties down there, one day one of the “chivalric sons of the Sunny South” was taking a survey through the above mentioned object, when his devout attention was arrested by the discovery of a suspicious-looking concern some four miles distant, in the direction of Fort Bayne. He discerned a long, black object, with two holes in the end fronting towards him, mounted on four wheels. Adjacent were two covered wagons, several horses and men. His curiosity was excited. He peered, studied and conjectured. What could it be? Something serious was in the wind. He racked his brain to its innermost depths in his efforts to elucidate the mystery. The brains of the “chivalric” subject were inadequate for the purpose. He summoned assistance. A crowd of kindred subjects soon assembled. Yes! that was it. It could be nothing else. It was a double-barreled cannon?—a new Yankee invention! It was Captain Bayne’s company, fully equipped for war, bent on the destruction of their headquarters. Sensations of terror and dismay pierced the hearts of the Fort Scott Ruffian subjects. A deputation was formed to wait on the besiegers to ascertain their motives. The new invention was approached—when, thank Heaven! it was nothing of a more serious nature than the boiler of a steam saw-mill, which it proved to be! which was being conveyed by a company of strangers to a point on the Osage river.

The “chivalry of the Sunny South” are vigilant, as well as sensitive! No new Yankee invention will get the better of their circumspection!

CATCHING WILD HORSES IN KANSAS TERRITORY


We notice in the Palermo Leader, an offer of a reward of $500 for the capture of a certain milk white wild mare, now running at large in Dickinson county. She is described as a “natural trotter, never breaks her gait; time supposed to be, 2, 19½.”

It is not generally known that wild horses are found in several localities in Kansas. At the time of the first settlement of the country they were quite numerous, but since then many have been captured, killed and run out until
they are now becoming quite scarce. Several herds still remain upon the western portions of the Delaware reserve, and some exist in other reserves and unsettled portions of the territory.

It is only the poorest and slowest of these horses which fall prisoners to the wiles of the hunter. Many of them defy alike the swiftest and longest pursuit; baffle the best skill and cunning of the hunter, and generally succeed in showing "clean heels" in every attempt to capture. With them "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"; and possessing sharp and acute senses of sight and hearing, and almost remarkable power of scent, they are ever on the alert in their use, to guard against surprise or trickery.

All of these horses have a "natural gait," either trotting, pacing or galloping, and from these gaits they never break; even in the swiftest pursuit. Many pacers have been found which could outrun the swiftest American horse brought against them.

These wild horses have sprung from Indian ponies, which, escaping into the wilderness and relapsing into a wild state, have produced the present stock.

In many instances American horses, escaping from their owners while crossing the plains, have joined these herds, and produced a cross between the two. This variety is a great improvement upon each of the originals, uniting the endurance of the Indian pony with swiftness and grace of the American breed.

The capture of the wild horse, besides being a dangerous undertaking, is one requiring great skill in the use of the lasso, as also a knowledge of the habits of the animals themselves. The mares will defend their colts with great ferocity, and the studs will often come to the rescue of a comrade in the toils of the hunter.

A common plan, and one that is oftentimes successful, is corralling. This is done by choosing a suitable place, generally in the timber, where the herd are in the habit of crossing a creek, by building a corral or pen some distance from the creek, with wings extending to the bank on each side of the trail used by the herd. This being done, a party of several men, mounted upon swift horses, will proceed to hunt the herd. Finding them, they give chase, and endeavor to turn them in the direction of the concealed corral. They are often successful. The herd will follow their customary trail, cross the creek, enter the wings, and being pursued closely by the horsemen, are forced into the corral, when a gate is closed on them by a man concealed for that purpose. After being securely entrapped they are starved for some time, in order to render them gentle, then lassoed and taken out, and easily broken to the saddle or harness, as their owners may desire.

Another method of capture is sometimes resorted to. In the summer and fall the horses are always in good condition, and to undertake to run them down is a fruitless task, but in the late winter, or early spring, they are generally in a poor condition. During the winter season they subsist upon the dry grass in the bottoms, and the bark and buds of the elm and other trees. This is but a scant subsistence, and a loss of flesh, speed and bottom must be the consequence. The hunters take advantage of this, and often succeed in running them down; but it is generally conceded that at least one good horse is ruined for every wild horse captured in this manner.

Another method is sometimes tried—the horse is shot with a rifle ball in the upper part of the neck, about a foot from the ears. The effect is an instant
paralysis of his strength, loss of the use of his limbs and an instantaneous tumbling to the ground. This effect only lasts a few minutes, and the hunter must instantly seize the opportunity to tie his feet and otherwise secure him before he recovers. The horse is uninjured, and if he recovers before the hunter secures him, he will escape, and perhaps show fight. This method, requiring great skill in approaching to the necessary distance, an unerring aim, and attended with considerable danger, is not often resorted to, and is seldom successful.

Continual efforts are being made to capture these wild horses, by organized parties. They succeed in one way or the other, and sometimes shoot them when they fail to take them alive. They have been thus thinned out; and are fast decreasing. The “flowers of the flock” only remain, and the one referred to above is one of this class. In a few years they will all be gone.

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**To Fort Riley by Steamboat**

The log of the Kansas river steamer *Gus Linn* as printed in the Lawrence *Republican*, May 26, 1859.

On Board *Col. Gus Linn*,

Fort Riley, K. T., May 19, 1859.

Friends Thachers:—As a matter of considerable interest to your home and river readers, I herewith enclose you the “log” of the New Kansas River Packet, *Col. Gus Linn*, from Kansas City to Fort Riley:

**OFFICIAL LOG**

*May 10th*—11 o’clock A. M.—Left Kansas City with a full complement of passengers and an assorted cargo, consisting principally of lumber, groceries, and hardware, of 140 tons, three-fourths of which is for Manhattan and the fort. Among the former are Col. R. H. Nelson, of Kansas City, and J. D. Chemnut, Esq., an influential and well known citizen of Wyandot [now Kansas City], both largely interested in their respective cities, and both bound on the same general prospecting tour to “ye Upper Country.” With this load on board, the *Linn* draws but 23 inches forward and 18 inches aft.

1 o’clock—After landing at Wyandot and discharging several packages of freight, we finally took our departure for Lawrence and the Upper Kaw.

2 p.m.—Entered the “draw” of the Wyandot bridge. The idea that this bridge is an obstruction to river navigation, which I find to be a very prevalent one, ought, as far as I can learn, to be abandoned at once. We found five feet of water in the “draw,” and Capt. Beasley anticipates little or no obstruction to navigation from the location of the bridge.

After a detention of several hours at De Soto, about 35 miles distant from Kansas City, occasioned by the breaking of the rock shaft, we arrived at Lawrence at 7 p.m., Wednesday 11th.

Here we discharged several tons of freight. (Principalely hardware for Messrs. Allen & Gilmore.)

*Thursday, 12th*—9 A. M.—Left the levee midst the plaudits of the assembled citizens. Weather beautiful and navigation all that could be desired.
1:30 P. M.—Passed the “Silver Lake” aground on a bar, bound down. The Captain looking very excited, not knowing where he was.

The river between Lawrence and Lecompton is exceedingly crooked, (this will very well apply to the whole river,) and owing to the scarcity of wood along the banks we met with troublesome delays.

3 P. M.—Lecompton. Here we were waited on by a delegation of citizens, among whom I recognized Col. Hemenway, mine host of the Rowena hotel; D. S. McIntosh, Esq., and others, and tendered all the hospitalities of the town. After spending a couple of hours with the Lecomptonites, our staunch little craft was once more headed up stream for Topeka.

The navigation of the river between these two points is easy and safe, the channel averaging from 2½ to 9 feet deep, with, but comparatively few shoal spots. The banks of the river are picturesque and the scenery generally beautiful.

Friday, 13th—10 o’clock A. M. Arrived at Tecumseh, the county seat of Shawnee county, pleasantly situated on the south bank of the river, about a hundred miles from its mouth.

1:30 P. M. Boat took a sudden shear into the bank and broke her rudder. Laid up 3 hours for repairs.

7 P. M. Topeka. Laid up for the night.

Saturday, 14th. 6 A. M. Aground half a mile west of Topeka.

Indulged in sparring and other gymnastic exercises for some time, when we fortunately got loose and proceeded on our way rejoicing.

12:15 A. M. Shot a large wolf along here.

6 P. M. Excellent stage of water all day—average progress four miles.

Sunday, 15th—4 P. M. St. Mary’s mission, Pottawatomie reserve. This mission was established some twelve years ago. The settlement round the mission consists of about 2,000 souls, Indians, half-breeds and whites, and is under the spiritual charge of Father Schultz.

Monday, 16th. 10 A. M. Wabonsa [Wabaunsee]. This place contains one store and about 15 or 20 small houses. It is a county seat, however, and the prospective terminus of an important railroad. It also claims the finest town site in the territory. But that of course!

Passed the embryonic city of St. George, about 10 miles from Wabonsa.

3:30 P. M. We reached the junction of the Kaw and Big Blue rivers, and moored right in full view of the flourishing young city of Manhattan. Here we found Hon. A. J. Mead, Col. W. M. Snow, Rev. Mr. Blood and other influential citizens, waiting to receive us. News of our arrival spread like wild fire through the town, and in less than fifteen minutes the boat was literally taken by storm. Though somewhat blue over the havoc caused by a furious tornado the day before, everybody expressed themselves delighted with the boat and everybody and everything on board. Supper over, the cabin was quickly cleared, and music and dancing filled the programme till long after midnight, when the company dispersed with three cheers for the “Gus Linn and all hands.”

Tuesday, 17th. A sudden rise in the Kaw, caused by the heavy rains of the past week, gave us an excellent stage of water to the Fort, where we are just arrived.
Throughout the whole trip, extending over five days, nothing occurred to impair the faith all on board feel in the successful navigation of the river. Certain it is that if the Col. Gus. Line, with Ben. Beasley as captain, Charley Budd as clerk, Uncle George Davis as pilot, "Bill" Morris as mate, Dan. Watkins as charge d' affaires of the bottle department, and a picked crew of as good hands as ever left St. Louis, cannot navigate the Kaw, no other boat or set of boatmen need try.

That they may have abundant success should be the wish and endeavor of every merchant of St. Louis.

Your

ED. H.

TOWNS AND LANDINGS ON THE KAW RIVER FROM KANSAS CITY OR WYANDOT

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ADVICE FROM MISSOURI

From the Daily Kansas City Western Journal of Commerce, Kansas City, August 18, 1860.

DISTILLERY FOR KANSAS.—Yesterday we noticed on our streets some half dozen wagons loaded with some suspicious looking machinery. Upon inquiring, we learned that it was quite an extensive distillery—its destination, Wilmington [Wabaunsee county], Kansas territory. "Nice times den," when they get that fire water manufactory in full blast out there. It is our own opinion that, with the present scarcity of corn in Kansas, our neighbors over the line would do better to make what they have into bread rather than "tangle foot."
BYPATHS OF KANSAS HISTORY

WHEN THE MAILS DIDN'T GO THROUGH

From The Independent, Oskaloosa, February 6, 1864.

Our mails may be returned in the language of the Kentucky constable "Non comatus, up a stumpbus."—Sometimes we get them and sometimes we don't; and this week, since Monday, we don't. It is said that all the coaches are detained above, but whether by mud or water, or something else, we are not advised. As "all that goes up must come down," we presume there will be a great downward movement some of these days.

From the Daily Kansas State Record, Topeka, June 25, 1870.

The mail troubles continue, and it does seem very strange that in the county seat of Wabaunsee, one of the most populous counties in the state, there is only a weekly mail, and that not regularly delivered. Would it not be a good idea for the government to give up the pretense of carrying the mail, and see if private enterprise would not devise some remedy for the abominable swindle now perpetrated in the mail carrying business. It may be a huge joke, but if it is somebody may laugh with the wrong side of their mouths at it before the fun is over. By the way, the Fort Scott papers want to know why it takes longer for mails to reach that point from Leavenworth than St. Louis.

From the Buckner Independent, Jetmore, December 3, 1880.

OUR MAILS.—On the 16th ult., we had no mail from Kinsley on account of the slight snow storm that came up on the night previous, and the delicacy of that kid glove mail carrier, Eastman—the man that never has put in an appearance on any day that the weather has been inclement. On this same day the Dodge and Hays mail came in on time, and after waiting about three-quarters of an hour on postmaster Frush, he departed without the mail being opened. On Wednesday the Kinsley man came, and as the postmaster was again absent, he (the Kinsley man), like the Dodge and Hays man, left without his mail being looked over. Since that time, the 17th ult., the Kinsley man has made about four trips, and the Dodge and Hays mail has come very regular, not missing a trip. Such is the manner in which our mail is handled. If it isn't the postmaster, it's the mail carrier—we don't mean the Dodge and Hays boys, by any means.

ON A HUNT FOR THE MAIL.—We started out on Monday night last to get our mail. We went to the geographical center, the supposed location of the office, but it warn't thar. We went to the house of the postmaster, a distance of about a mile from the supposed location of the office, but it warn't thar. We learned, however, that Mr. Fulton had the key and that he would open the mail. The question with us then was one which bothered us considerable, i. e., whether we would find Fulton at his old boarding house, or whether we would find him at the place where he and a friend of his commenced keeping bachelor's hall some time since. This was enough for us, and we came home. Our partner took a horse and started out to find the man that had the key to the mail bag, and he succeeded in finding him at Mr. Cain's, where the mail was opened. This is attending to the mail with a vengeance. Sometimes
it is opened one place, and sometimes another. We wouldn't be surprised to hear of it being opened in Frush's cow camp before long.

The mail which should have gone out on Monday night had to lay over a day on account of the mail being distributed away from the postoffice that evening.

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A Buffalo Hunt in Hays

From the Kansas Daily Tribune, Lawrence, February 9, 1868.

One of our citizens received a letter from Hays, last evening, that detailed an exciting buffalo hunt in the heart of the city, a few days before. A large herd came in sight, upon which citizens and soldiers turned out, pell-mell, for a chase. In charging upon the herd it divided, and a part headed directly for the town and dashed through the streets. Of course there was some little excitement, and all hands, men, women and children, joined in an indiscriminate war upon the invaders. Everything of the fire-arm kind was brought into requisition, and a general fusilade was bought to bear from doors and windows. Whether any were killed in the streets was not stated, but the writer remarked that fresh buffalo meat was very plentiful. Several parties had gone down the road to enjoy a game hunt, as game was very plentiful at a distance of twenty or thirty miles.

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An Affair of Honor in Ottawa

From the Ottawa Journal, June 9, 1870.

Early on Monday morning, a rumor prevailed that a duel had been fought between two young bloods, residents of Ottawa, the cause thereof being only surmised; but it was hinted that a fair lady, who could not reciprocate the flattering attentions of both, was the cause of meeting on the gory field, with intent to pour out each other's blood while innocent birds were pouring their matutinal songs of welcome to the god of day. But, to the facts, so far as they can be ascertained, for, as our reporter has said, they are all reticent. Ed. DeWolf, with W. S. Crosby as second, and John Dayfoot, with H. E. Brooks as squire, took horse at four o'clock and started southeast of the college, and selecting a suitable spot, measured off ten paces and took positions. At the word, both fired, but without effect. At the second fire, Dayfoot was struck near the knee and knocked down, when DeWolf jumped into his saddle and started off, supposing he had killed his man. His second called loudly for his return, when he looked back and saw the supposed corpse on his feet, he having received but a slight wound, and returned. The rivals then shook hands, wounded love and pride having been satisfied, and soon reached town. After the authorities began examining into the affair, and matters looked legally serious, an attempt was made to turn the matter off as a hoax, but the facts are about as we have given them. The report that DeWolf, having a "plaster" on his neck, was wounded, is incorrect. It is to be hoped this is the last "affair of honor" in our city; and the authorities are determined to enforce the penalties against all such highhanded breaches of the law in future.
FRONTIER JUSTICE

From the Wichita Vidette, October 13, 1870.

We take great pleasure in announcing the return of Captain Plyli, well known to our community. All know his mission: To hunt up and bring to punishment the cold blooded murderer of Uncle Jesse, his then partner. In all the months of his absence he has followed on his track with the unremitting vigilance of a Javert, never tiring, scarcely sleeping, from California to the Atlantic coast, through Texas and up to the Creek nation. It required a cool head and a steady hand to meet Murray, who was himself said to be one of the most reckless, cool blooded and relentless murderers ever known to frontier life. Captain Plyli has accomplished in thus taking his life in his own hands and going out to meet on the frontier, alone, such a man, what but few would dare to do. He has, in hunting him up without assistance or photograph, done more than ever was boasted by the most sagacious of New York or London detectives. Captain Plyli found Murray in the Creek nation. Murray fired three shots at the captain on sight, missing him each fire. The captain rode up on Murray—He was buried not far from where he camped, and the captain brought his pony and revolver in to help pay expenses of travel.

HAYS SHOWS BARNUM A THING OR TWO

From the Daily Kansas State Record, Topeka, October 26, 1870.

P. T. Barnum, wishing to gratify his taste for curiosities, stopped off at Hays City to see the “man-eaters” of that town “eat.” He fell in with several of the more carnal-minded youth of the place, who invited him to be sociable and take a hand at poker. The cards that were dealt to his companions literally “knocked the spots off” of anything Mr. Barnum had ever “held” in his life, and, when the exercises of the solemn occasion were ended, Phineas mourned the departure of $150 that he will never see, not any more. “Woolly horses” and “Pejjee mermaids” are nice things to have, but they don’t weigh out much playing poker at Hays City. Barnum will probably incorporate his Hays City experience into his famous lecture, “How to Make Money.”

QUIET, PLEASE!

Compositors employed on today’s newspapers will be interested in the “Office Rules and Regulations” in force in the composing room of the Leavenworth Times in the early days. The seventeen regulations, set 25 ems wide, were printed on a galley proofsheet. The Historical Society secured a photostat, through the courtesy of Elsie Evans, librarian of the Leavenworth Public Library, and it is reprinted here.
TIMES’ OFFICE RULES AND REGULATIONS.

No. 1.

It shall be the duty of the boy in charge immediately after opening up the office in the morning to pick up all type on the floor and under the stands, and put the same in each compositor’s stick who is required to distribute the same immediately on going to his case. He will then sweep the rooms neatly, clean the sinks, trim and fill the lamps. He will keep fresh water in the bucket, keep the fire and sink in good order, and at other leisure time distribute type and work under the direction of the Foreman.

No. 2.

Compositors will be prompt on time ready for work at one o’clock P. M. It is required that they walk quietly up stairs into the office, hang up hats and coats and proceed quietly to work distributing cases. Composition to commence at 3 o’clock and work until 5 o’clock P. M., and from 7 o’clock P. M., until the paper is up.

No. 3.

No conversation other than that pertaining to the work of the office will be allowed under any circumstances during working hours, and all discussions and controversies are strictly prohibited.

No. 4.

No visitors are permitted in the Composing Room. Parties having visitors will meet them in the office.

No. 5.

When a case is taken from the rack the compositors will return it to its proper place immediately after he is done with it.

No. 6.

Window frames, fat galleys and all other places to be kept free from pi or loose type.

No. 7.

Any one throwing type at another or throwing type or material around the room will be discharged at once.

No. 8.

All employees of THE TIMES are expected to give their undivided attention to the business of the office during business hours.

No. 9.

All loud talking is strictly prohibited; all playing, scuffling and noisy demonstrations are also expressly prohibited.

No. 10.

Employees in their necessary conversation with each other on business are requested to speak in a subdued tone and make as little noise as possible.

No. 11.

All type and material used to be distributed and cleared away as soon as dead.
No. 12.

In putting away material leave it better than you found it. Do not make the quad box a museum; always empty the water basin when done with it. Never throw water on the floor. Don't smoke or use profane language, or drink whisky.

No. 13.

All ads. when temporarily set aside must be carefully tied up to prevent same being pied.

No. 14.

The Foreman and compositors are prohibited from writing any article and publishing in the paper. Any news which they may have must in all cases be submitted to the City Editor. Should any legitimate news come to the office after the editor has left it should be published by the Foreman.

No. 15.

The Foreman will report in writing the time he or any of the employees are absent during working hours.

No. 16.

The Foreman is particularly instructed to enforce the foregoing rules and promptly report any violation of them.

No. 17.

The paper must go to press promptly at 3 o'clock a.m., unless important telegraph or local news compels delay. D. R. Anthony, Proprietor.

Playing the Horses

From the Netawaka Chief, October 9, 1873.

When will our Wetmore wiseacres get done fooling with greenies. The following is from the Holton News:

One day last week, a young man, apparently a boy, dressed rather roughly, and riding an old looking horse, stopped at Wetmore to rest and get dinner, and feed his horse. Upon inquiry, he said he was going to the Homestead region. Some of the “sports” in the town had been training their horses for racing. They more for amusement than anything else, bantered the “home-steader” for a race for a purse of $300. After considerable talk and bluster, the stranger concluded to run his horse. When the time came to run the old coat was pulled off, and lo! a scarlet jacket was there. No sooner did the horse see the red jacket, when he picked up his ears, and it required three men to hold him while the saddle was being adjusted and the rider mounted. It is only necessary to add, that the money was won by the “home-steader,” leaving the Wetmore chaps waiting for “the next!”

The same game was played by the same fellow at Seneac.
Agricultural Note

From the *Inland Tribune*, Great Bend, July 19, 1879.

James Rust and Mary Wheat, who were married the past year in this county, have just been blessed with twins. This is the first instance on record where wheat struck by rust has produced a double yield.

F. O. B. Union Pacific

From the *Wallace County Register*, Wallace, March 5, 1887.

We beg leave to suggest that immigrants be allowed to hitch their teams to the freight trains on the U. P. and bring them along. A car of lumber or a few boxes of goods might get here within a month or two after they are ordered. Our merchants are pestered with sight drafts for goods they have never seen nor heard of since they bought them. A few good engines ought to be provided, one would think.

Glory Enough!

From the Dighton *Republican*, July 13, 1887.

Some enthusiastic Kansas editor, whose name has been lost by the papers copying the item, says: "When the roll call is sounded on the judgment day and the heavens are rolling together as a scroll, and the reverberations of wrecked and ruined worlds peal forth the fiat of eternal rest, I want to hang my weary bones on the galley rack of immortality and register in four-line pica as a man from Kansas."

An Osage Wedding

From *The Sun*, Parsons, December 17, 1901.

A Cherryvale man, who was in the Osage nation, in the Indian territory, a short time ago, witnessed a peculiar marriage custom among the Indians of that nation. It was a swell wedding among the aristocracy of this tribe of Indians, and he tells of it in detail.

It was a marriage of Peter Red Eagle to Miss Celia Pawnee-no-Pashee and the ceremony in accordance with an ancient rite of the "blue blood" of the Osages. The bride was sold in marriage, the highest bidder being the successful contestant. The price paid for the bride this time is said to have been the highest ever known in the Osage nation. Twenty-four ponies, a set of harness and a buggy made up the purchase price.

That this custom of selling in marriage still exists among the Osages may be a surprise to the unsophisticated, but it is nevertheless true. The applicants for the young lady's heart are arranged in a semi-circle around a block. The prospective bride attired in silks of the gaudiest hues is then brought
forth. She is mounted on a pony and blindfolded. Her father mounts the block and acts as auctioneer. The bidding then begins.

According to the ironclad rule of the Osage aristocracy, only full bloods are allowed to bid. The bidding done, the successful bidder pursues his prize, but she, being mounted on a fleet steed, eludes her pursuer and escapes to the tent. There she is disrobéd of her wearing apparel and it is torn in two. Half of it is retained by her parents and half by the groom.

Payment for the bride is invariably made in ponies and buggies. For the first year after the marriage the wedded pair must dwell with the bride's parents. After that they are at liberty to seek their own lodge.

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**Early Day Union Pacific Firing**

From *The Republic, Junction City, May 11, 1939.*

Fred Taylor gives us this story, told him by his uncle, Wm. Asmussen, now a retired merchant of Wamego, who was a fireman on the Union Pacific in the very earliest days—when wood burning engines snorted across the prairies.

After leaving Junction City for the trip west they loaded the tender with wood at J. C., just south of the depot where the freight depot now stands. After pulling the long grade before reaching Goose creek they had to stop and load up again to make the run to Chapman. While the engineer held a buffalo gun in his arms the fireman would load tender. The reason for carrying guns was that the Indians would attack trains and, after running the trainmen away, would try with their lariats to lasso the smokestack and try and pull the engine off the track. Do the firemen of today realize what it meant to load 5 or 6 cords of wood on a tender and then fire that engine so the engineer could pull what cars he had in those days?