Bypasses of Kansas History

AN INDIAN BURIAL CUSTOM

From the Council Grove Press, May 18, 1861.

A strange custom prevails amongst the uncivilized Indians of the West. When a chief, brave, or notable squaw dies or is killed, besides the usual funeral ceremonies of burial, a horse belonging to the deceased or his friends is led to the grave and shot. This is done so that the disembodied spirit may ride away into the happy hunting ground. While on a visit to the Kaw villages below town, a few days ago, we saw no less than four dead horses lying near as many fresh made graves.

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT AT IOLA

From the Neosho Valley Register, Iola, March 17, 1869.

The citizens of Iola who deal in swine will, undoubtedly, be interested in the fact that the Board of Trustees of the incorporation have passed an ordinance which prohibits the running at large upon our streets of the porkino fraternity. And in order that any of these troublesome quadrupeds, that may unfortunately set the law at defiance, a “calaboose” or pound is in process of erection wherein they may be taken and properly cared for by the Marshal. This we conceive to be a move in the right direction. It is a notorious fact that, of all the animal creation, the swine is the biggest hog, and that they take as little thought of the inconvenience to which they put men and women when they deliberately root the gate off the hinges, and destroy the “garden sass,” as if we were all delighted to see their cunning pranks, and had no angry passions that occasionally take a rise. But there is hope now that they may see the error of their way, and, in fear of the wanderings up and down through the town of our Marshal who will prove to them to be an evil one, they may be induced to go and root no more.

WHEN BUFFALO WERE A HAZARD OF RAILROADING

From the Newton Kansan, November 28, 1872.

Engine No. 37—“Buffalo”—was drawn in Monday night from the front, it having been ditched the other day beyond Larned by its namesakes.

THE LAW IN DODGE CITY

From the Dodge City Times, October 6, 1877.

Frank Edwards spent a short respite in the lime kiln this week, until some of his “friends” obtained a key from the marshal and let him out. This

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surprised our hero, and struck him as not being good law. When his trial came up he appeared before the terrible Judge, and brushing the lime from his afterdeck as he spoke, said: “There’s something wrong, Judge, if I was legally drunk, what was I unlegally let out for?” With this the case went to the court who said no complaint had been made and it was therefore not a legal drunk.

From the Times, October 13, 1877.

He and She.—She is of the “speckled and sorrel persuasion,” and he is the man who bends pleasantly over the aggravated violin at the Saratoga. She arrayed herself in a costume “too sweet” and met him on the boulevards. He, overcome at the sight, fell to emulating the dreamy notes of the distant fog-horn. She gathered the back of a chair and made a loving and affectionate endeavor to caress him. The attempt was abortive, and he put out the fire in one of her eyes. The eye went into the sables of grief and she appealed to the majesty of the law. The counsel for defendant said she was one who flaunted her frailties to the world and could not recover. But the City attorney said it was a Magdalene that waited at the tomb to waken the crucified savior, and that the city had been insulted and must be pacified.

—Why lengthen the story? He paid one dollar and so did she. Selah.

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A Squaw on the Warpath

From the Caldwell Commercial, October 19, 1882.

Even Lo [the common name for an Indian in the frontier days] is not free from domestic difficulties. However much he may love it over his poor squaw, it often happens that she refuses to submit to abuse or even neglect. Our hired man had the satisfaction of witnessing an instance of that kind on Tuesday afternoon, while coming up from Fall creek. Half way up the hill he met a buck on horseback who hailed him with “How John! Swap?” “Swap what?” the h. m. asked. “Moccasin,” Lo replied. Our hired man shook his head and passed on. He had gone but a few steps when Lo turned his horse and came after. A short distance on, where the road bends down from Main street, a squaw was seen stooping over as if in the act of tying up something. Lo reached her first and addressed her with a few guttural grunts, to which she apparently paid no attention. As our h. m. neared the party, he discovered that Mrs. Lo was in tears, and appeared otherwise greatly distressed. Suddenly she started up and grabbed hold of the saddle upon which her lord and master was seated, and attempted to pull him off. Failing in this she seized the lariat rope and began thrashing her hubby and his horse with an energy betokening deep and dire passion. Mr. Lo chuckled a little and endeavored to get away, but his faithful spouse hung to him.

The reporter watched the scene for ten or fifteen minutes, and when he left the squaw was tugging at the rope and occasionally giving her Indian lord and his horse a lick with it. How the auction ended, he could not say, but is satisfied that Mr. Lo had to come to terms with his incensed spouse. The h. m. gave it as his opinion that the buck had rode off and
left the squaw to get to camp the best way she could, but finally concluded to return and let her ride behind him. When he reached her she was too mad to get on the horse or to do anything else, except to give him a lesson in conjugal duty, and she did it in the best way possible.

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**THE FORERUNNER OF THE “SINGING” COMMERCIAL?**

From the *Thomas County Cat*, Colby, August 19, 1886.

Buckeye barber shop, W. M. Northrup, proprietor.

If you want as good a shave
As any barber ever gave,
Call on me at my shaving saloon,
At morn or eve, or sunny noon.
I'll cut your hair or shave your face,
Or dye your hair with equal grace.
Rooms, chairs, and towels clean,
Scissors sharp and razors keen,
And as light a hand
As any barber in the land.
Next!

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**PLAIN TALK FROM BAXTER SPRINGS**

From the Baxter Springs *News*, May 26, 1894.

**Take a Bath.**—Some arrangements should be made whereby the bath house could be used once a week at least. There are people in this town who need a bath. If a sufficient amount of patronage was assured the house would be opened. Make a resolution to bathe occasionally and we will have a chance to use the bath house.

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**AN UNWELCOME BEDFELLOW**

From the Minneapolis *Messenger*, October 3, 1895.

A. R. Goodwyn tells of rather an amusing incident but what might have proven a serious accident which occurred near the Lincoln county line. Aaron Woody with his family lives in a small dug-out near Barnard and one night last week Sam White’s cattle broke out and one of the steers weighing about sixteen hundred pounds wandered onto the roof of the dug-out and when directly over the bed occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Woody he went like McGinty to the bottom, striking the bed but fortunately he fell across the head board and not directly on the sleeping occupants. Mr. Woody finally got the steer off and looked after the injuries of his wife and child. The latter he at first thought had been killed and a doctor was sent for and it speedily recovered and no serious injury except a terrific scare resulted from the accident. This is a great country where cattle wander on top of the houses and fall in on people while they are asleep.