

Bypaths of Kansas History

IT'S NOT ALWAYS THE POLITICIANS WHO CREATE EXCITEMENT
IN TOPEKA

From *The Kansas Daily Commonwealth*, Topeka, December 14,
1872.

A Monroe street man whose horse was laid up with the epizootic, and who had an old cow which was loafing around doing nothing, thought he would hitch her up yesterday morning, and do a little hacking about town.

He tacked her to his spring wagon, and turned out into the street.

It wasn't a minute before every dog in the neighborhood was after that cow, ready for their accustomed chase. With the dogs in close pursuit, the cow at once made for the hay wagons on the corner of Kansas and Sixth avenues where she usually sponged her feed.

With some persuasion, in which assisted the dogs, the hay owners and a man with a shot gun, she left the hay wagons and then started for a favorite salt barrel in an alley back of the avenue.

The salt barrel was gone, and the patient animal proceeded to the Shawnee Mills to lick around there for awhile.

Our friend in the wagon got some boys to head her off, and she then went to see if there was any grass in the capitol grounds.

Here the janitor shot at her twice, when remembering that she had the evening before noticed a pair of old pants hanging on a fence at the female seminary, she thought she would take a trip up there and interview them.

As luck would have it, another cow had been there before, and so our cow didn't know what better to do than to go around to Jake Smith's and see if his cabbage cave had been unearthed lately.

They didn't happen to have cabbage for dinner that day, and nothing more feasible presented itself to the cow than to go across the river and see what the prospect was in the first ward.

About this juncture our friend in the wagon became discouraged. So he deserted the vehicle, and as he walked home concluded to give up the idea of bovine power and calmly await the disappearance of the dreadful malady.

WHAT CALVES CAN DO

From *The Nationalist*, Manhattan, May 16, 1873.

In 1859 some emigrants going west camped at Mr. Henry Edelblute's, on the Wild Cat. That night two of their cows dropped calves, which they sold to Mr. E. at seventy-five cents each. From those two calves he has sold upwards of \$1,600 worth of stock, and still has fifty head on hand.

IT WAS EVER THUS, EVEN IN THE HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS

From the *Girard Press*, July 16, 1874.

When a young man who is out riding with his girl desires to indulge in osculatory amusement, especially if he intends to vary the proceedings by that exercise of the flexor muscles of the arms which Webster defines as hugging, he should see that his vehicle has a top to it, and that it is properly raised, or he should defer his pleasure until after dark. We knew a youth who neglected these precautions, while traveling from Thunderbolt to Girard, on Sunday last, and the consequence was that a lady and gentleman who traveled behind them saw very little of the surrounding landscape for the distance of two or three miles, as they found sufficient amusement in watching the occupants of the foremost vehicle to vary the monotony of the ride. The witnesses to the amatory exercises have no fault to find with the manner of execution. They say that the young man understood his business and did full justice to the subject, and they ought to know, for they are married.

FRONTIER HUMOR

From the *Ellis County Star*, Hays City, July 6, 1876.

Billy King, rushing down the street the other day, asked Billy Patterson if he had seen his black-faced antelope. "No," said Patterson, "who did your blackfaced aunt elope with?" King made no reply, but went on in pursuit of his pet.

A BULL IN THE HOUSE

From the *Lane County Gazette*, California, November 25, 1880.

For several days past the cattle men have been gathering up their cattle which were widely scattered during the storm. Saturday a cow boy came into town with a large bull which he had found some place and after stopping at the store a while he got on his pony and tried to start the bull off towards home, but the bull didn't seem inclined to go. He ran around the buildings several times and finally took a turn around Pelham's building. The cellar under the last named building is four or five feet longer than the upper part and the west end is covered with light boards and dirt thrown over. The bull turned the corner of the house and right on to this light covering and it not being strong enough to hold him up his bullship went down into the cellar with a crash. Mrs. Nixon and family are occupying the cellar and our readers will probably imagine their surprise and fright at seeing such an unhandsome caller come in in such an unceremonious style. Mrs. N. and children got into the upper part of the building through a scuttle hole in short order, and the bull was roped and pulled out. Not much damage was done except to the roof. The young man who had charge of the animal was cheeky enough to mount his horse and ride off without paying for the damage done or even so much as saying he was sorry for the mishap.