

Bypaths of Kansas History

SOMETHING ELSE TO BLAME ON THE KANSAS BALKANS

From *The Kansas Weekly Herald*, Leavenworth, April 17, 1858.

A society of Free Lovers has been organized on the Neosho, in the Southern part of Kansas. It now comprises forty members, and active exertions are being made to extend the influence and numbers of the association. They all take the *New York Tribune*, and of course are in for *Freedom*.

BUFFALO WITHIN THIRTY MILES OF JUNCTION CITY

From the *Junction City Statesman*, October 13, 1860.

BUFFALO HUNTING.—This sport is becoming quite popular. Everybody and all their relations are indulging. Men and women, married and single, take to it like a duck to water, or a hog to a mud-hole. Junction is nearly depopulated and has been all the fall, caused by this unprecedented rush to see the "monarch of the prairies." There's no one seriously injured yet, but we have some hopes that the news of a fatal accident will reach us by the next express—we mean, of course, fatal to the buffalo. They are grazing now within thirty miles of Junction—just one-half day's ride. All who wish to get a glimpse had better go now. We shall start in the morning on bull back! Who wants to ride behind?

NO SUNDAY BUSINESS IN MARYSVILLE

From *The Big Blue Union*, Marysville, June 11, 1864.

We hear it whispered around that one of our merchants broke the solemn pledge, last Sabbath, entered into a few weeks ago, to do no business on Sunday. We hope it is a mistake, and that the rumor is unfounded. The day was quiet here in town, the stores were closed, business suspended, and it really seemed like Sabbath, and as though we were becoming civilized. Let it continue.

BEFORE THE ERA OF COFFEE BREAKS

From *The Kansas Daily Commonwealth*, Topeka, March 26, 1872.

Paola can boast of a man—a doctor,—strange to say, who does not swear, drink, smoke nor chew; and, better still, he hasn't drank a cup of coffee for thirty-five years!

A SHORT MARRIAGE

From the *Washington Republican*, August 2, 1872.

LIFE IN KANSAS! . . . CHAPTER IST.—SHORT COURTSHIP.

Last week, not a hundred miles from Washington, out on the broad prairie, and under the canopy of Heaven, two souls met and pledged heart and hand to love, cherish and obey each other through the remaining days of their lives. Heaven seemed to smile on the would-be happy couple, and they resolved to have their desires consummated. An ox team at their command, and the two, wishing to be one, vended their way to Washington. It was a happy journey. The trees even seem to bow their branches in congratulations as the oxen passed, and flowers by the roadside looked more beautiful than ever before. Washington loomed up in the distance, and after a due course of time, the oxen were stopped at the public square. After a new hat was purchased from our friend Williams for the intended husband, by the owner of the ox team, everything seemed then to be ready.

CHAPTER II^D.—THE MARRIAGE.

Hon. Judge Wilson was never more sought for than on this occasion. A happy group assembled at the Court House. The bride and groom entered—Judge Wilson officiating. The ceremony was said. The knot was tied.—Two souls were made one. Congratulations and kisses were given. The wedded pair seemed to have a bright future in store for them.

CHAPTER III^D.—WEDDED LIFE.

"The world is not what it seems."—The happy pair bent their way to the ox cart. A start homeward was made. The husband not being a good ox driver, received angry words from the wife. Storms began to cross their pathway. Oxen received some fearful blows, and all looked dark. Storms and darkness set in around them.

CHAPTER IVTH.—A SAD PARTING.

"Dark clouds sometimes have a silver lining." Not any of this in the case of our hero and heroine. Home was reached. Blows and angry words came in where connubial bliss should have ruled supreme. The wife declared her husband was one of the poorest ox drivers in Kansas, and threatened to dissolve her allegiance to him forthwith. The husband possessed other qualities quite essential, yet she heeded them not. The farewell was uttered. The golden link of wedlock snapped asunder. With tearful eyes the husband saw the new made wife of the hour depart. He cast a last glance on the oxen and his departed, as they receded toward the setting sun. The new-made wife now is open to another engagement, but the husband of the hour, has fairly resolved never, never to marry a woman with a pair of horn cattle.

HE SHOULD KNOW THE WHITE MEN TODAY

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

Running Antelope, a Sioux chief, says that when he learned that the white men had killed their Saviour, he was astonished, but he changed his mind when he got better acquainted with them.