

Bypaths of Kansas History

STORY OF A BUFFALO STAMPEDE

From the *Washington Weekly Republican*, July 18, 1873.

A beautiful little story comes to us from down the Kansas Pacific. Out on the plains, about two hundred miles from Denver [near the Kansas-Colorado border], is a vertical bluff seventy-five feet high. A party of hunters recently stampeded a herd of buffaloes right to the brink of the precipice. The foremost brutes, appreciating their critical situation attempted to avert the calamity, but the frightened hundreds behind crowded forward with characteristic persistency. The front rank, with legs stretched toward each cardinal point of the compass, bellowed in concert and descended to their fate. Before the pressure from behind could be stopped, the next rank followed, imitating the gestures and the bellowing of the first. For thirty seconds it rained buffaloes and the white sand at the foot of that bluff was incarnadine with the life-blood of wild meat, and not until the tails of fifty or seventy-five of the herd had waved adieu to this wicked world did the movement cease.—*Denver News*.

ANOTHER "GOOD OLD DAYS" ITEM

From the *Holton Recorder & Express*, November 4, 1875.

BREAD AND MILK SOCIAL.—The ladies of the M. E. Church will hold their social Friday evening next, at Walker's Hall. Bread and milk and cake and coffee will be served for refreshments.

PRESUMABLY SHE GOT HER MAN

From *The Commonwealth*, Topeka, July 27, 1876.

The *Kirwin Chief* tells how a couple from Nebraska came to Kirwin to get married. The preacher told them he could not go ahead without a license from the Probate Judge who lives at Logan. The bride "lit out" for Logan Saturday evening and was back by Sunday morning having traveled sixty miles.

IT MAY NOT HAVE BEEN GOOD POOL—

From the *Greensburg Rustler*, April 15, 1886.

There was a little sensation at the billiard hall a few evenings ago. A husband, who had gone out to meet the boys at the club room, stayed too long; the wife went out in search of her truant, but could not get admission. Mild and persuasive language failed to get him out, so the wife had to resort to the same method the farmer did to get the boy out of the apple tree. A few stones found their way through the window, causing the "hubby" to come out and go where all good husbands go—to the bosom of his family.