

Bypaths of Kansas History

SURELY, NOT OUR BUFFALO BILL!

From the *Marion County Record*, Marion, May 3, 1873.

A THRILLING EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF BUFFALO BILL.—Buffalo Bill was at Hartford, Connecticut, the other day, and while visiting Colt's armory, the large number of spectators who had assembled to see the famous scout, desired him to favor them with an exhibition of his skill as a marksman. Bill gave the chew of tobacco in his mouth to a small boy to keep warm, a small piece of white paper was put upon a barn door fifty rods distant. B. William seized a fine new rifle, spit on his hands, and in the manner so often described by Ned Buntline raised the rifle until his nose rested on the stock, fired, and a picket was knocked off from a fence ten feet to the left of the barn. "This rifle barrel is crooked," said Bill; so saying he hit it over a stone to straighten it, then shot again, this time barking a shin of an old pie woman on the right flank. A third trial and he hit the barn fair in the centre, and the shout that arose from the spectators attested their joy at his success. Bill is just as good an actor as he is a marksman, which is very remarkable in these days of corruption and bribery.—(*Danbury News*.)

1873 WAS AN INFLATION YEAR, TOO

From the *Newton Kansan*, May 22, 1873.

WHEAT NEXT.—For the benefit of our lady readers, and because we are pained to see that newspaper bustles are going out of date, we will state that inflated rubber bustles are gaining a high reputation and wide spread; also inflated bosoms of the same material we see advertised in our eastern exchanges, and highly recommended by the ladies. A contemporary, in recommending these articles, says that a young lady of that place arose in her sleep and partially dressed herself, raised the window sash and fastened it up, then rolled out and came down on her bustle, and bounded back through the window on her bed again. The bound however awoke her. She did not know that she had been out of bed. She was uninjured. Truly these are days of great inventions.

BUFFALO IN THE FLINT HILLS

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

The historian of Butler county says: During the big snow in January, 1861, the buffalo came into the settlements all over the county, and many were killed. Some were killed in Chase and Greenwood. The buffalo would come around the haystacks and feed with the stock. I know a lady in Butler county who killed one while thus feeding.

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION IN EARLY GREAT BEND

From the *Inland Tribune*, Great Bend, July 20, 1878.

Our quiet city was thrown into a fever of excitement last week by the arrival of a medical female professor in male habiliments. It was difficult to distinguish her sex from her dress, yet it was of that mongrel mixture of the male and female order of paraphernalia that would instantly attract attention.

She put up at the Occidental Hotel, and called on the proprietor for a room. The rooms being all occupied, the landlord told her—thinking of course she was a man—that he could only accommodate her with a bed in a room with two other gentlemen. The doctor modestly informed Mr. Birdsall that she was of the feminine order and detested men. The confused landlord made many apologies, and escorted her to the ladies' room.

The Doctor, it seems, was traveling over this country for her health, on horse-back. She was in Pratt County the day before reaching here, and it so happened that Mr. Pomeroy of Sterling and Mr. Bickerdyke of this city were visiting that county at the time. The Doctor, meeting Mr. Pomeroy, and supposing him to be alone, proposed to ride up with him in his buggy and lead her pony as it was foot-sore. On being informed that he had a gentleman with him, this arrangement was abandoned. But, Mr. Pomeroy, on meeting Mr. Bickerdyke told him that he had made arrangements with a lady who was coming to Great Bend, to ride with him, Bickerdyke, and he, Pomeroy, would ride the pony and take his time canvassing the county.

It is said that James will never look more like a corpse than he did at that moment. After recovering his speech he exclaimed "I won't! I will walk bare-footed three days over the sand hills before I will jeopardize my reputation in such a manner! Ride with a woman, in a buggy, by ourselves, all day! Why Mr. Pomeroy, I'm astonished at such a monstrous proposition!"

We have always had the utmost faith in James' integrity, and this only strengthens our good opinion. James ought to have been named Joseph, though.

A YOUNG MAN GOING PLACES

From *The Times*, Clay Center, August 9, 1883.

Last Saturday evening was pleasant, and Mrs. James Thompson had her horse harnessed for a buggy ride; sat down to tea, and after partaking of some came out to take a pleasant ride, but lo and behold the horse and buggy were no where to be seen. Little Jimmie, her son, about six years old, had his mind made up also for a ride—and while his mother was at tea jumped into the buggy, put whip to the horse and started in the direction of the fair ground. He drove to the race track—and went three times round the track—then drove over to the creamery, took a survey of the premises, and started home on a keen run. His father got word of his whereabouts, started for the fair ground, and met his sporting son on the return trip. He pulled on the lines and invited the old man to get in and he would take him home. This is young America with a vengeance.