

Bypaths of Kansas History

PEP TALK AT COUNCIL GROVE

From the Council Grove *Press*, June 1, 1861.

The Santa Fe road, where it ascends the West bank of the Neosho, is a "hard road to travel," at this time. It is slippery as the tongue of a politician. It is amusing to watch the Mexican trains climb this little hill in a wet time. The tongues of the greasers wag in double quick time, as they vociferate to their cattle. All kinds of noises from the squeak of a rat to the roar of a buffalo bull, are employed to urge the teams up the ascent. We never before appreciated the amount of momentum embodied in the tongue of a Mexican ox driver.

SAILING UP THE SMOKY HILL

From the Junction City *Union*, October 7, 1865.

NAVIGABLE.—On Tuesday two men passed up the Smoky Hill in a sail boat. Their starting point was Lawrence, and their destination is the forks of the Solomon. The object of their mission is furs. They made the trip from Lawrence to this place in ten days. When the wind was favorable they hoisted a wagon cover, and when not they plied the oar. It requires an extraordinary amount of pluck to travel up that stream in a skiff.

INDIAN MEDICINE

From the White Cloud *Kansas Chief*, May 7, 1868.

The Indians have rather an original system of administering medicine, which we would recommend to the attention of medical societies. When one of them is taken ill, and there is any medicine in the tribe, it is procured and administered, before any other is sent for—no matter what the disease, or what the medicine. One red cuss was relating an exploit of his own the other day. He said his mother-in-law was seized with severe fits, and he started around to hunt up some medicine for her; but the only thing in the shape of medicine that could be raked up in the whole tribe, was half a bottle of some sort of horse liniment. He took that to his wigwam, and poured the whole of it down his venerable relative's throat; and, as he related it, "It gave the old woman h—ll, but it brought her out all right at last!"

It seems, also, that the Indians do not spend much time in "wakes," or in efforts to revive their dead. Some time since, a person having a keg of whisky on his wagon, passing through their lands, met with a break-down, and the keg was damaged. Being compelled to abandon his cargo temporarily, a squad of Indians came along and helped themselves to the liquor, and one of them became so dead drunk that he could neither move nor grunt. The balance, not seeing any further use that could be made of him, dug a hole and buried him on the spot. Probably he became sober in due time, but he has not yet sprouted out of the ground!