

Bypaths of Kansas History

FIGHT WITH A BUFFALO

From the *Ellis County Star*, Hays City, June 15, 1876.

We learn from Mr. H. C. Allen of this city the following facts concerning a rough and tumble fight between W. N. Morphy, late of this city, and a nearly full grown buffalo calf, which for cool daring beats any thing we have as yet heard of. On Tuesday last, while Messrs. Allen and Morphy were driving along the prairie between Beckner and the Saw Log a herd of buffaloes were seen approaching. As soon as the animals came in sight a thirst for blood was aroused within the minds of the two travelers. The only weapons in the outfit were a thirty-two calibre revolver and a ripping knife. Morphy jumped on his pony with the revolver, and struck out for the game, Allen following with the ripping knife as soon as he could detach one of his horses from the wagon, and secure the other. Morphy soon had a victim singled out and fired at him five times; but the pony jumped up and down in such a manner that not one of the shots took effect. Soon getting tired of running, the animal turned and charged on the pony. He tried this several times, until the matter becoming somewhat monotonous to the recipient of its attentions, he charged on the buffalo. They collided, and pony, buffalo and Morphy were scattered all over the ground. All three regained their footing at the same time, and each commenced business: the buffalo to butting the pony, and Morphy to kicking the buffalo. While busily engaged in this pleasing entertainment the animal, turning quickly, made for Mr. M. The latter seized him around the neck in a loving embrace and they went to the earth together, the man uppermost. Just at this stage of affairs Mr. Allen arrived and while the bison was down thrust his knife into its vitals, thus ending one of the most novel struggles ever heard of outside of a ten cent novel.

THOSE DODGE CITIANS AT IT AGAIN

From the *Dodge City Times*, May 12, 1877.

Wm. Meyer, the boneologist, had a runaway last Wednesday. He had put his shoulder to the wheel, as it were, and was hauling bones himself with a hired team. The horses got frightened at some Russian remarks Mr. Meyer got off, and started to run. At every jump they made Meyer sent a volley of Hessian invectives after them, which only served to increase their speed. They stopped a mile up the Arkansas, after running into the water. The wagon was a total wreck, and Mr. Meyer says he is more than ever inclined to the opinion that cheese made of milk is superior to that which grows on trees, and has decided not to take stock in Dick Evans' bacon quarry. In fact, he has so far lost faith in our Western institutions as to almost doubt the existence of carpet tack trees and snuff mines.