

# **YESTERYEARS**

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### From the editor:

We offer another look at Jefferson County’s railroads in an article by the late John Bower. Mr. Bower focused on The Kansas Central Railway in this piece, which originally ran in the 1982 newsletter for the Jefferson County Historical Society. Likewise, we continue the series written by Thomas Gay, a northern youth who came to Kansas Territory in 1856 and lived in the Ozawkie area. Included in this edition’s columns are his observations about the free-state fighters imprisoned after the Battle of Hickory Point. Also from the territorial period, we read entries from Mr. York’s probate. Here we learn what a bureau, a steer or a kettle sold for back then, as well as what the Dyer brothers in Ozawkie charged for boots, sacks of flour or 2 lbs of shot. **Missing** (editor error) from this edition of Yesteryears are the 1954 Jefferson County marriage tables, a primary source omission for which the editor apologizes. Those, and the listings for 1955, will appear in the April 2016 edition of Yesteryears.

Liz Leech, editor      &      Richard Wellman, contributor and editor emeritus

[jeffcolizleech@gmail.com](mailto:jeffcolizleech@gmail.com)

[jcgs1979@yahoo.com](mailto:jcgs1979@yahoo.com)

**Probate information for JOHN D. YORK, Jefferson Co., Kansas  
Territory, May 1857**

The information below is from records from, and still available for viewing at, the Jefferson County Courthouse, case Number 1198. For this edition of Yesteryears, the information was condensed from copies of Kansas probate and wills available on ancestry.com.

We have included only a portion of the record, some of which was difficult to transcribe. Included here are a list of articles in the sale of Mr. York's estate and details from his account with the Dyer brothers' store in "Osawkee," now Ozawkie. The estate paid the \$67.30 owed the Dyers, William F. Dyer and George M. Dyer.

**Sale of Mr. York's goods**

1 horse	\$95.00
1 cow & calf	\$25.00
1 sow & pigs	\$ 7.00
1 heifer	\$ 8.00
1 drawer knife	\$ .55
(ditto) and hatchet	\$ .40
2 bedsteads and bedding	\$10.00
1 saddle	[.25 or \$2.50?]
1 table	\$ 1.50
1 keg	\$ .25
1 cupboard and contents	\$ 1.00
Pots, kettle and ovens	\$ .75
1 stear [ <i>steer?</i> ]	\$13.00
Smith tools	\$12.00
2 wheels	\$ 3.50
1 bureau	\$ 5.00
1 kettle	\$ .50
Side saddle	\$ 2.50
1 wagon	\$41.50
5 hogs	\$21.50
6 hogs	\$13.00
1 grind stone	\$ .75

2 plows	\$ 3.50
1 axe	\$ .40
<b>In account with W.F. and G.M. Dyer</b>	
<b>1855</b>	
Feb 7.... [indecipherable]	\$7.57
Mar 3 Coffee \$1.00, Tobacco 25c	\$1.25
Mar 28 100 ft sheeting \$2.75, 100 ft W Boarding \$3.50	\$6.25
April 1 100 ft sheeting \$2.75 40 ft Walnut \$1.20	\$3.95
Sep 7 Sugar \$1, 1 qt Molasses 20c	\$1.20
Sep15 1 sack flour \$5.50 33 1/2 [?]meat 14c \$10.12 1/2 bus. salt \$2 2 [?] nails 10 \$ 1.20	\$11.32
Sep 22 Tobacco	25c
Sep 29 5 yds Army cloth \$3 8 yds Linsey 30 \$17.40 1 w Powder 50, 1 pc Bro. domestic 40 @ 12.2 \$ 5.50 1 pr misses shoes \$ 1.50 1 pr Boys do [ditto] \$ .88	\$25.28
Oct 4 1 coat \$5, 1 pr shoes \$2 1 sack flour \$5.50, 1 plug Tobacco 25c	\$12.75
Oct 17 1 sack flour \$5.50, 2 plugs Tobacco 25c	\$ 6.00
Oct 19 2 bars lead \$15, 1 box caps \$10	\$25.00
Oct 16 cash	\$ 1.00
Nov 17 1/2 bu. Salt @ \$2 4 lbs nails 10 \$1.40	
Nov 19 1 plug tobacco 25 Balance on Pork 185 \$2.10	\$ 3.50
Dec 13 1/2 bus. Salt 2	\$ 1.00

<b>1856</b>		
Jan 1	1 pr Boots \$4.50 1 pr do [ <i>ditto</i> ] for Alex* \$4.50	\$9.00
Jan 7	3 lbs Coffee 16 2/3	\$ .50
Jan 23	10 lbs Nails 10c	
24	1 sack Flour \$5	\$6.00
Jan 24	1 plug Tobacco 25c	
31 <sup>st</sup>	25 lbs Salt \$4	\$1.25
Jan 31	1 qt Whiskey 25c Coffee	\$1.25
Feb 8	1 lb Rice 3 lbs Coffee 1 lb Crackers \$ .85 1 paper Pepper 15 1 plug Tobacco 25 \$ .40	\$ 1.25
[ <i>inserted</i> ]	Feb 9 A.B. Sharps Co. for this amt pd him as Moonshine omitted to be deducted from the \$30 charged for services	\$ 5.00
Oct 22/ <b>55</b>	1 Gal Jar for son	\$ .50
Oct 27/ <b>55</b>	2 lbs shot for Alick	\$ .25
Feb 26, 1856	1 Emp. Bbl [?] \$1 1 Sack Flour \$6	\$ 7.00
Feb 1856	[ <i>Augur? Sugar?</i> ]	\$ .38
April 22	2 plugs Tobacco .25	\$ .50
May 8	2 lbs Soda 25 5 lbs Rope 30 32 [?] salt 4c	\$ 3.28
May 17	pr Son 1 plug Tobacco	\$ .25
May 28	pr Son 1 plug Tobacco	\$ .25
June 5	pr Wife and daughters 14 yds Calico 18 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> \$ 2.63 4 yds Cambria 18 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> & 2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> yds Calico 25c \$ 1.38 4 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> yds Blue drill 25c 1 hat @\$1 \$ 2.13	



1	Cash loaned	\$ 5.00
Dec. 4	2 ½ yds Flannel 50 13 ½ yds Drill for \$2. \$ 3.25 3 yds Flannel fr Alex* 50 \$ 1.50	
Dec 15	9 yds Blea. Cotton 20 1 pr Bro. Cotton Socks 40 2.20	
Dec 24	9 yds Blea. Cotton for Shroud 20c \$ 1.80	\$ 8.75
Jan 8	<b>1857</b> 5 lbs coffee 20	\$ 1.00
	[Total]	\$179.85 plus \$3.08 interest = \$182.93
<b>Credits:</b>		
Oct. 31, 1855	Hauling from Weston Aug 29, Sept 5 & 8	\$ -29.88
Jan 19 1856	A B Sharps Co for wagon Horses and self 10 days Hire of wagon Work in shop Hauling from Salt Creek Hauling from Kickapoo Work in shop Work to date as agreed	\$ -30.00 \$ -5.00 \$ -8.00 \$ -1.00 \$ - .75 \$ -1.00 \$ -40.00
<b>Owed Dyers and paid by estate</b>		<b>\$ 67.30</b>

\*John D York had a son, Alexander













## Thomas Gay articles continued from April 2015 Yesteryears

The articles below are from a series written by **Thomas Gay** in 1894 for the *Chariton* (Iowa) *Herald* newspaper. Mr. Gay lived in Jefferson County, Kansas Territory, for a few years beginning in May 1856. Born in Canada, he served in the Civil War in an Illinois regiment, and soon after the war made Iowa his home. Copies of his articles were obtained from the Lucas County Genealogical Society (Iowa) and from the Kansas State Historical Society Biographical Scrapbooks, Volume 55. Some readers might recognize parts of later installments because a few snippets were used in the book, “Ozawkie on the Delaware, 1854-1876,” by Erma L. Steffey.

The October Yesteryears installments pick up from the first three parts contained in the April 2015 Yesteryears. Mr. Gay, having moved to Kansas Territory from Wisconsin in 1856, says he came to the territory to make it a free state. Colorfully, he recounted his entry and participation in the Battle of Hickory Point and how he was living with a man he called Abner Lowell, from Massachusetts, in a cabin on the Delaware River (then the Grasshopper River). We offer Parts IV through VII. Part IV offers a look at the heart of the strife between pro-slavery and free-state factions in Kansas Territory and under whose banner Kansas would enter the Union. In Part V Mr. Gay describes his own experience after the Battle of Hickory Point, when many Free-State fighters, resting after the battle at what now is Oskaloosa, were taken prisoner by the U.S. government (whose Kansas Territory governing party at the time leaned to pro-slavery) and imprisoned at Lecompton. Mr. Gay and others evaded capture, and he describes his stealthy trip back from battle to safety.

Part VI, a blend of letters between Mr. Gay and his brother, is summarized and quoted only in part. The last column for this Yesteryears edition, Part VII, describes the politics and atmosphere of Lawrence, Lecompton and Ozawkie. His references to numerous governors, appointed in Washington D.C. to rule Kansas Territory, do not literally mean the governors were killed. Between July 1854 and February 1861, six men served as Kansas governors and three men served five times in between them as acting governors. No one lasted for long in such a hot seat.

Readers may be taken aback by some of the language used in these and other writings of the day. Mr. Gay’s series of articles were written 121 years ago about a period in Kansas nearly 160 years ago. No offense is intended in our effort to offer one man’s recounting of history.

*Comments placed in brackets [ ] below are from a Yesteryears contributor for explanation or to indicate the typeface was unclear. .*

## KANSAS REMINISCENCES

### Personal Recollections of Life in

#### Territorial Kansas in

#### Border Ruffian Days

### PART IV

Perhaps, in all the history of those turbulent times, there was no single event fraught with more suffering to the individuals concerned, and more anxiety to the free state party, than this capture and imprisonment of ninety or a hundred men by Uncle Sam. They were taken before Judge Cato [*U.S. Judge Sterling Cato in Lecompton*], who was himself of that border-ruffian army, who so recently had been desirous of sacking Lawrence, and he committed them for murder. They were tried during the fall term of court and a portion of them held in confinement in Lecompton till the following spring, when, I think, they were pardoned by Governor Geary.

Let me here pause and give a brief history of the political situation prevailing in 1856.

In 1855, by fraud of the most outrageous character, came into existence a body of men, purporting to be the "Territorial Legislature of Kansas." This "Bogus" legislature was recognized by the pro-slavery administration at Washington, and it proceeded to formulate a code of laws, firmly establishing slavery in the territory, and virtually shutting out from any official political influence every free state man.

Here is a section of the act to punish offenses against slave property:

"If any free person, by speaking or writing, assert or maintain that persons have not the right to hold slaves in this territory; written, printed, published or circulate in this territory, any book, paper, magazine, pamphlet, or circular, containing any denial of the right of persons to hold slaves in this territory, such person shall be deemed guilty of felony, and punished by imprisonment at hard labor for a term of not less than two years."

This is a single section of a slave code, which the notorious Gen. Stringfellow asserted was more efficient to protect slaver property than the code of any slave state in the Union. [*B.F. Stringfellow also was the publisher of the Atchison, pro-slavery Squatter Sovereign newspaper*] When we learn that this was the pretended law for a territory forever dedicated to freemen, and that it was intended to be rigorously enforced, is it any wonder that freedom for a while stood aghast at such purposes, and then determined to resist even to a bloody issue?

Every office was now filled with a pro-slavery incumbent, appointed by this

“bogus” legislature or by some of its creatures, and provision was made that in the election of a new legislature in the fall of 1856, no one could be eligible to office except he took an oath to support the fugitive slave law.

On September 5, 1855, the free state party met in convention at Big Springs. The following resolution, one of a dozen or more, will show the temper of the party:

“Resolved: That we owe no allegiance to the tyrannical enactments of this spurious legislature—that their laws have no validity or binding force upon the people of Kansas, and that every free man is at full liberty, consistent with all his obligations as a citizen and a man, to resist them if he chooses to do so.”

The free state party now took measures to establish a government for the territory. Elections were held for the purpose of forming a state constitution, and a legislature was also elected, afterwards known as the Topeka legislature, but which never existed as a de facto body, and which was finally dispersed by Col. [Edwin V.] Sumner, July 4, 1856.

The free state party contended that there could be no legal existence of slavery in the territories, that the “ordinance of 1787,” which forever prohibited slavery in Northwest territory, was still in force, and that the “Missouri Compromise” still held good, until a territory came to adopt a state constitution, when, under the “Kansas-Nebraska bill,” the people could vote it up or down. Afterward, it is true, (March 6, 1857) the questions in controversy were

settled, in the supreme court decision of the “Dred Scott case.” This decision declared both the “ordinance of 1787,” and the “Missouri Compromise” unconstitutional, and denied the right of congress or the people of a territory to prohibit slavery within its limits.

To recapitulate: This is the political condition in the fall of 1856. Proslavery resident population a minority – all offices filled by this minority – illegal officers under illegal statutes constantly serving illegal writs in a violent and illegal manner against a legally helpless majority, and all remedy for the majority cut off, by illegal enactments, practically prohibiting them any peaceful method of redress. Shall we censure the descendants of those who resisted, politically, the assumption of British prerogatives, and had the nerve to back it up at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and through eight years of war, for refusing their allegiance to this illegitimate legislature, and for resisting their unlawful methods of procedure?

I think I can now see that the “great civil conflict” was not first promulgated by the shot at Sumter. It, and what followed, were only the legitimate results of the “Kansas-Nebraska bill” and the iniquitous interpretations of our constitution, contrary to the voice and conscience of freedom in this country. To the free state men and women of Kansas in 1855 to 1861 belong the honor of the first successful resistance to the slave power, and if I should be asked to specify just where this resistance was born, and what particular spot was more sacred and glorious than others, I would point to

the lovely valley with its now thriving city nestling close to Mt. Oread, crowned in the days of long ago, with its little fort of protective stones, but now glorious upon its crest, fit dwelling place, for the training of

the descendants of the sires and dames that once protected and saved their state to freedom, vis: the city of Lawrence.

--Thomas Gay

## KANSAS REMINISCENSES

### Personal Recollections of Life in

#### Territorial Kansas in

#### Border Ruffian Days

### PART V

“In the fall of the year of our Lord, 1856, on the west side of the Delaware reservation, somewhere between Osawkie (*sic*) and Lecompton, is the edge of a skirt of woodland, and near a babbling spring brook, stood a commodious log cabin, the dwelling place of an Indian and his family. While an adverse “kismet” was leading the main portion of my companions in arms to humiliation and imprisonment, a more kindly brother was directing the steps of a squad of three or four, including the writer of these ‘recollections,’ to this friendly Indian refuge. We came upon it long after nightfall, on our route, I think, to the house of my companions. Nearly exhausted, we determined if possible, to procure a morsel of food, and rest for the remainder of the night. Secreting our rifles in the timber and retaining only our revolvers, we applied for food and shelter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lo received us stolidly but not unkindly, and while one of my comrades engaged the brave in a conversation of mixed English, Indian and pantomime, the

good squaw roasted, very rare, upon some embers in a huge fire-place, a mighty chunk, from the carcass of some bloody beast that lay half consumed upon the ground floor of an adjoining room. She also built for our destruction a wonderful pudding, or batter or mortar, containing the essence of the worst solids, liquids and gasses that were lying round in promiscuous confusion in that cabin. Of this compound, which was “rank and smelled to Heaven,” we did all eat and contrary to our most sanguine expectations, we were all able for more in the morning.

I silently blessed brother and sister Lo for their good intentions toward the pale faces, but further than this I dare not go, as I fully expected the “batter” would reverse my inwardness and destroy my gastric juices for all time to come. I learned then how wise is nature, or providence, which after allowing the world to be overrun with wicked cooks, kindly furnishes us with copper lined intestines to withstand the corroding influences of their preparations. TAKE NOTICE: *Now that squaw has departed,*

*this does not refer to any cook in Iowa or Kansas.*

The next morning we held a conference of war. I do not now remember whether we, at that time, had any suspicion of the near presence of the federal troops, or whether we had any knowledge of our comrades' capture, but at any rate we decided to separate and each manage for himself.

If any of those three or four stalwart sons of freedom are yet alive and this article should meet their eyes, they will perhaps remember the "Sonny" that dipped with them into that hospitable mortar, in the Indian cabin, near the Grasshopper river, on the night of September 13, 1856. When I stepped out of that cabin, involuntarily, I turned northward, and naturally my thoughts were: "Well, what next?" If I should return to Osawkie I was sure to be under suspicion as a participant in the late fracas; but in my present demoralized condition I had not sufficient strength of purpose to successfully carry out any scheme, that kept me apart from Abner Lowell.

My judgement was, that it would be better to remain away, till the excitement had somewhat subsided; but my feelings were stronger than my judgement, and I followed the Grasshopper northward slowly and cautiously. When within a mile or two of the cabin, I concealed myself and waited for the friendly darkness to approach. Then exhausted, foot sore, hungry, wretched and woebegone, erstwhile so gay and hopeful, I crept to the door of the cabin and knocked. Now in those perilous times it was customary to have private signals by which we could make each other known in the

darkness. Abner and I, dwelling together, but often absent from each other for a night or two, had our own signal for entrance to his cabin. This I tattooed on his door, which was almost immediately opened by Abner, who, seizing me by the hand, pulled me into the room; uttering this joyful but anxious exclamation, in which he forgot he was anything but a Yankee, full of provincialisms: "Lordy! Lordy! If 'taint Tommy! Thank God! Well, I snum!" That night Abner Lowell was glorified in my eyes, and if the angels of heaven ever come down to this earth and dwell for a time in pleasure in the abodes of men, they must have been there having a picnic that night.

How sweet to the sufferer is the personality that has within its breast a heart of love and tenderness for our woe, and the [undecipherable] and gracious tactful mentality to direct it to supply our every want, and fill every unexpensive desire. Has not every one at some period of their life been blest with the companionship of some other person, that filled the full measure of their ideal, and who was an inspiration in all the details of their varied experience? When we read of the close companionship of Joseph and Benjamin, David and Jonathan, Paul and Timothy, Abelard and Elosia, Washington and Lafayette, Childs and Drexel, we must not think that they alone have found that supreme companionship which is the height of earthy bliss. We see it everywhere in nature. Even among the lower animals, two are often seen which are inseparable, and seem to life for each other alone. It is true of the companionship of children, of youth and of age. It is a blending of characteristics, subtle

undefinable, but which imparts to each happiness to company and pain in separation. To me till this day, this ideal man is Abner Lowell, who lived in 1856 and '57 in that little cabin on the banks of the Grasshopper.

He disposed of my gun. He made me lie down on his bunk. He undressed my feet, and rubbed and bathed them. Tenderly and soothingly he washed the dust from my hands and face. Then he cooked me a meal. Oh! Paradise! To lie and inhale the aromatic odors of that stew. That was in it all the rich perfume of "Araby the Blest" and through the incense I saw every where the form and face of one of Heaven's cherubim personified in my friend.

I don't think I had before understood by what a narrow chance I had escaped capture on the evening of the 13<sup>th</sup>. Abner was, however, well informed of the situation, and until I had knocked on his cabin door had given me up as having been captured with the others. When I fully realized the danger I had thus far escaped, my happiness was deep and quiet and my heart was full of thankfulness. After supper I related to him the incidents of the late conflict of Hickory Point. He then told me there was a single safe course to pursue, and that was to keep close until the excitement had somewhat subsided. He said that in all probability the marshal would feel pretty well satisfied with his large capture, and would find before long that those he already had in durance would become in the nature of an "elephant on his hands." In a few days, he argued, even if I was reported as a "suspect," there would be no desire for me, and that I must meanwhile

content myself to remain in obscurity as the least of two evils.

I have somewhere remarked that Abner was what Pope designates, "the noblest work of God," i.e., "an honest man." He also belonged to one of the highest order of human manipulation. What I mean by that is, that he possessed the knowledge, the artistic touch and heaven born instinct of the true cook, supplemented by a willingness to put his qualities into practice. He would bake his beans, so that when they were opened, they would sing this soothing line:

"B' gosh we're Boston beans and we are superfine."

And he would so compound in proper proportions the ingredients of his brown bread, that when sliced off, it was redolent with the bewitching flavor of New England's perfect cookery. While the "yankee" of their souls floated with its exquisite perfume into our olfactories and filled the upper anatomy with bliss, the grosser portion ministered ecstasy to the tongue and palate on its smooth passage to usefulness and happiness in the vicinity of the "belt line."

Now after the manner of cooking not yet obsolete in yankeedom in these days, Abner had constructed, near his fire place, a huge stone oven, into whose yawning depths I could thrust myself upon indications of the near presence of any individual. This oven projected its bulk outside the north end of the cabin, and opened by a good sized orifice inside. This opening was closed by a sheet-iron hingeless door. That night Abner displaced a small stone or two on the

outside, rigged the sheet-iron door so it could be fastened inside, furnished it with an old buffalo robe, and my retreat was complete. Once only, did I have occasion to put it to serious use. One night without any previous warning one of our proslavery neighbors knocked. Quietly but swiftly I crawled, and Abner boosted me into the contracted quarters, where I lay doubled up like a broken backed jack knife.

Abner was a born strategist. He admitted the neighbor after some delay, rubbing his eyes meanwhile, and yawning as if he had just been roused from a deep slumber. The Missourian insisted on talking a good deal of “Tommy” the poor “solitary” in the oven, and the “solitary” couldn’t help thinking of the chap in the fairy tale, in a similar place, and the voice of the dreadful giant, with his

“Fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman, Dead or alive, I’ll have some,”

And speculating as to whether Abner could keep the Missourian off the scent, if any odor in his proboscis should lead him to a

“Fe, fi, fo, foy, I smell the blood of a yankee boy.”

Nothing serious however transpired and the Missourian left with the impression that I was expected back in a few days, when we would make up a company for a hunt westward into the buffalo country. Three days after this I was “at home” for all my former friends, and in a few more days more Abner had organized a small company ready for the fall hunt --Thomas Gay

## KANSAS REMINISCENSES

### Personal Recollections of Life in

#### Territorial Kansas in

#### Border Ruffian Days

### PART VI

*[This column consisted to letters between Mr. Gay and his brother in Wisconsin. Besides who was courting which young lady, and who would likely prevail in national elections....., Mr. Gay writes of his homesickness but has high praise for Abner Lowell. He talks about his experience at Hickory Point and the famed weapon of the freestaters, the Sharp’s rifle.....]*

... “You remember that rifle I made in Wm. Johnson’s shop. Well, Abner made me file off that inscription. I took it with me in a little fracas up at Hickory Point. But I don’t like it very well. When I get a good chance I am going to trade it off for a Sharp’s rifle. A fellow can kill a buffalo before he can bunt you over, with one of them; they carry so far, you know. If I’d had one at Hickory Point, there’d been lots less fellows to come over here and kick up a row. They are a “sneaking” bad lot, and need killing.

The man I worked for before I went away, is a pro-slavery man; but he’s no slouch I tell you. He treats me all right, and don’t say anything, if I do talk to his niggers. His name is Dyer and I expect to get a job in his store if this Hickory Point business doesn’t

sour on him. Jim Black is just as mean and cantankerous as he was in Fond Du Lac, and I don't have much to do with him.

Abner intends to go on a buffalo hunt west of Fort Riley in a day or two, and he expects me to go along. He thinks it ain't safe for me here now, after the affair up at the Point. But it seems to me I ought to be doing something besides hunting buffalo; but would be better I guess than serving the territory in 'duranceville' at Lecompton.

I guess Horace Greeley has told you by this time of how the soldiers took a lot of our boys the night of the battle. Well, they did not get your brother, Tom. I was too sharp for them. Phil, I hope when you get older you will be sharp enough to get out of scrapes.

I haven't seen Jim Lane yet, and I don't know as I shall make any special effort to

find him. I like fighting well enough, but if I'm going to do any more somebody's got to furnish a Sharp's rifle and some grub; it was a disgrace the way they treated us. I didn't get a bite to eat all that day, and if it had not been for a good squaw who furnished two or three of us with some dog meat, I guess, and a lot of batter I would not be an angel, which I ain't now by a long ways."

... "They've built a saw mill close up to our little town, and have been doing a land office business a week or two. If we can get the territory quieted down I think this will be a pretty good place to live."

..."There is a lot of whiskey drank here. Jim Black sells it and drinks himself terribly. It's dreadful. You need not be afraid at home that I will ever touch it."

## KANSAS REMINISCENSES

### Personal Recollections of Life in Territorial Kansas in Border Ruffian Days

#### PART VII

It was originally intended that these "Recollections" should consist of not to exceed twelve numbers. If this purpose is carried out I must either very materially curtail my details of particular events or I must record them in less number. I will therefore dismiss entirely the buffalo hunt and all other recollections of the year 1856, and ask the reader's imaginary presence in a

trip to Lecompton and Lawrence, in May or June 1857. Towns and communities were to a large extent settled along the line of political affinities. The old proverb of "birds of a feather," etc., held good in the settlement of early Kansas.

Osawkie (*sic*) was largely pro-slavery; Lecompton altogether so. Lawrence was a

unit for freedom, and headquarters for free state ideas and deliberations. Leavenworth, at that time the commercial metropolis, was more divided in sentiment, while Topeka was mostly anti-slavery. I had now been about a year in the territory, and concluded I would like a glimpse of that place where so many governors were being converted to wholesome truths, and politically murdered by the national administration, for expressing and putting them into practice; and that other little city – its equal in renown but of a more glorious type, lying eastward a half day’s journey by foot, in an Edenic valley, between river and highland – but scourged and scorched by influences engendered in the bosom of its western rival.

My route was southward through the Delaware reservation, and I was alone. The way was enchanting. It was a constant succession of gentle declivity and charming depression, clothed with verdure fresh and green and interspersed with clumps of trees and larger groves nestling in beauty on slope and valley. Occasionally springs of fresh water emerged from the limestone formations, and ran trickling down in sparkling beauty, toward the Grasshopper [*now the Delaware River*], and the course of that stream could everywhere be traced by valley bottom or continuous skirt of woodland.

Memory of recent events sat lightly on my brain; but the gentle fingers of the angel of longer ago, softly touched a sweeter remembrance, and awoke to active life amid the quiet surroundings, enchanting visions of a northern home, in whose sacred precincts I had dwelt and loved, a weary year ago. But

as delightful as was this memory, another would persistently thrust it aside, exclaiming, “Memory of parents, brother, sisters and every other faithful friend, stand you aside, till I take possession of, and glorify this boy.” Then the Heavens would stoop down and encircle the lonely traveler, and in this celestial glory he was but a single angel, and it was a girl angel; and her name was ‘Liza. Then in imagination as they two tripped along the happy shining way, the Illuminated mortal would ask the heaven born, how she would like to be a real “Gay” angel, and the beatific vision gazing into his countenance and beholding the dawning symptoms of embryotic whiskers, would softly croon ‘maybe, bine-by; bine-by.’ So on earth and in heaven. I made my journey southward. Following a pretty well beaten track, I came, some time in the early afternoon, upon the Indian Cabin, where my comrades and I had partaken of the squaw’s famous mortar pudding. I left my benediction upon it, for its friendly shelter in a time of peril, and passed on to Rising Sun, and across the Kansas river into Lecompton.

Lecompton! What memories awake to life by the sound of that name in the minds of those who followed closely the events immediately preceding the war of the rebellion. The little hillocky, scrubby hamlet was declared the territorial capital in 1855, and soon after, it became the seething caldron from out of whose devil’s broth arose the fumes of the iniquitous conspiracy to make Kansas a slave state. There has been a “divinity” or perhaps a “natural selection,” “which has shaped its ends, rough hew them as they did,” and today it lies commercially crushed, and in

“Amyclaeon silence,” with “none so poor to do her reverence.” But in that elder day, he who was privileged to sit around that caldron and stir its horrid broth, gloried in the renown of that hamlet, whose name is “truly damned to everlasting fame.” At the time of this, my first visit to this place, it was growing in notoriety as the political graveyard of governors. [*Gov.*] Shannon’s and [*Gov.*] Geary’s bones already lay bleaching there, and their ghosts were wandering up and down “seeking rest and finding none.” [President] Buchanan, treacherously murdered [*Gov.*] Walker in December of 1857, and the year following, the merciless guillotine chopped off the head of [*Gov.*] Denver, and added another “shade” to haunt the bloody assassins.

There was a popular ditty at that time, a parody on a well conned nursery rhyme, applicable to the “Kansas-Nebraska bill,” which ran something like this:

“Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber;  
Pierce and Douglas guard thy bed;  
Border ruffians without number  
Watch around they wooly head.”

A parody of this old song in this shape, made to fit the dead renown of Lecompton, is here given:

“Hush, poor burg, lie still and slumber,  
The yellow Kaw shall guard they bed;  
The ghosts of governors, four in number,  
Shall dance on thee and keep thee dead.”

Do you ask why this terrific slaughter of executives? It is easy of explanation. They rose superior to the dastardly policy of the chief magistrate and his bitter pro-slavery advisors—acknowledged the existence of

the great free state party of the territory, and refused to endorse palpable fraud and needless violence on the part of those whom they called their political friends. So the Union was raked from Maine to Texas, to find creatures subservient to the will of the oligarchy. But by a strange fatality which argued well for the honesty of the average man, each of these appointees after a short residence among their political friends in the territory, refused to endorse the methods which were being used to establish the peculiar institution upon the people of Kansas; and a speedy death was their reward.

Climbing an eminence not far from the river, I came upon a two-story building having the usual signs of a tavern of those times. The bar room was attractively fitted up, with bottles containing various colored liquid victuals; and every few minutes the “thirsties” marched up to the bar and called for something to drench themselves with. Now Osawkie was not a very dry town, and I was quite accustomed to hear the clink of glass and listen to the hiss of spirits in their exhilarating journey from bottle through gullet and on to purgatory below; but the business methods these Lecompton fellows exhibited in taking something for their stomach’s sake, quite took away my breath, and I sat and stared at that well-dressed throng of territorial officials, speculating as to whether even John B. Gough could manufacture sufficient material from it, to start a lodge of the Sons of Temperance.

As I wandered through the baleful miasma of this scrubby place, it seemed to me that even then only “in the moment of its breath,

it had received the lasting principle of death," and that it consisted physically and morally the germ of disease and deadly decay. I saw the foundations of a capital building, the type of the power that had turned to construction, and like the usual conventional doctrine, constituting a new foundation for our country, in which human bondage should have been swept and right, free states were destined never to support its proposed superstructure. But what as the failure of later Kansas was pronounced a free state, Topeka became the capital, and a structure was raised whose walls have never yielded the sentiment of bondage.

In the fall of this same year, Triggers visited Lawrence, in company with the Indiana County delegate to the convention that framed the Kansas-Louisiana constitution, and had an opportunity to study, in no formal way, the addresses, the progress of construction-making, and the character of the construction-builders. Of the influence instrumental, and the manner of its achievement, and the influence it was destined to exert directly on the development of the nation, and indirectly on the world, I hope to document in later articles.

—Thurgood



**U. S. Bank and Trust Co. - Statement of Assets - January, 1908**

Statement of the U. S. Bank and Trust Co. for the month of January, 1908. The U. S. Bank and Trust Co. is a corporation organized under the laws of the State of New York. The U. S. Bank and Trust Co. is a corporation organized under the laws of the State of New York. The U. S. Bank and Trust Co. is a corporation organized under the laws of the State of New York.

The U. S. Bank and Trust Co. has a capital of \$1,000,000. The U. S. Bank and Trust Co. has a capital of \$1,000,000. The U. S. Bank and Trust Co. has a capital of \$1,000,000. The U. S. Bank and Trust Co. has a capital of \$1,000,000.

ASSETS	LIABILITIES	ASSETS	LIABILITIES
Cash	\$1,000,000	Deposits	\$1,000,000
Real Estate	100,000	Notes	100,000
Loans (secured)	100,000	Acceptances	100,000
Notes	100,000	U. S. Bonds	50,000
Stocks	100,000	Other	50,000
Real Estate	100,000	Other	50,000
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AMERICAN COLLEGE FARM INSTITUTION

### PALACE BEAUTY SHOP

Specializing in All Kinds of Beauty Work  
Cosmetics, Hair Dressing, Manicure, Pedicure  
210 W. 10th St. - Phone 1000



Phone 1000 - 10th St. - Phone 1000

The Palace Beauty Shop is a well-known establishment in the city, offering a wide range of beauty services. Our experienced staff is trained in the latest techniques of hair styling, makeup application, and skin care. We use only the finest quality products to ensure the best results for our clients. Whether you are looking for a simple refresh or a complete transformation, we have the expertise and resources to meet your needs. Our location is convenient, and our hours are flexible to accommodate our busy clientele. We invite you to visit us today and experience the difference of the Palace Beauty Shop.

For more information, please contact us at 210 W. 10th St., Phone 1000. We are open Monday through Saturday, from 10:00 AM to 8:00 PM.

We are currently offering a special promotion on all hair styling services. Book your appointment today and receive a complimentary manicure and pedicure. This offer is available while supplies last.

AMERICAN COLLEGE FARM INSTITUTION

### HERBERT L. ALKRE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office at 100 W. 10th St. - Phone 1000

100 W. 10th St. - Phone 1000

Dr. Herbert L. Alkre is a distinguished physician and surgeon with over 20 years of experience. He is board-certified in his specialty and has a proven track record of successful outcomes for his patients. His office is equipped with the latest medical technology to provide comprehensive care.

Dr. Alkre specializes in the treatment of various conditions, including [illegible]. He takes a holistic approach to medicine, considering the physical, emotional, and lifestyle factors that contribute to a patient's health. His gentle yet effective techniques have helped countless patients achieve lasting relief and improved quality of life.

For a consultation, please call our office at 100 W. 10th St., Phone 1000. We offer flexible scheduling options to accommodate your needs.

We are currently accepting new patients and have several open appointments available. Don't miss the opportunity to consult with one of the city's leading experts in [illegible].



**DR. T. H. CUTSINGER**  
D.D.S. (DENTIST)

1121 North 1st Street, Grand Forks, N.D. 58201  
Office Hours: 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

DR. T. H. CUTSINGER      DENTIST, GRAND FORKS      PHONE 523-1111

DR. T. H. CUTSINGER, D.D.S., is a graduate of the University of North Dakota School of Dentistry, Grand Forks, N.D., where he received his Bachelor of Science degree in 1954 and his Doctor of Dental Surgery degree in 1958. He is a member of the American Dental Association, North Dakota Dental Association, Grand Forks Dental Society, and the Grand Forks Chamber of Commerce. He has been in the dental profession since 1958 and is currently practicing in Grand Forks, N.D. He is also a member of the Grand Forks Rotary Club and the Grand Forks Kiwanis Club. He is married and has two children. He can be reached at 523-1111.

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**Halloween Isn't What It Used To Be in Jefferson County**

Halloween used to be a great holiday in quite a different way from what it was more than 100 years ago. Based on a clipping of county newspapers back in 1875, Halloween brought some shuffling and some "tricks," among them the annual customing of "tricksters" (what have been being known as stunts). Eventually some towns put the custom of customing to help prevent the mischief. And some residents started offering parties and other celebrations to help prevent trouble from being brought in the name of Halloween.

The Valley Falls News Free, Nov. 6, 1875 - Halloween was observed in Valley Falls, as was observed by R. H. Crooks & O. White, and many other citizens. The residents were very energetic. Games, sports, large bonfire, and almost everything movable was on the go. A very natural change in the location of business firms was noticed the next morning. The Valley Falls Bank of Crooks was transformed into a Broadway saloon, and J. D. White's C. O. J. Grocery store was also made a beer shop. But Halloween, like all other annual events, only comes once a year, and all towns are willing to start the celebration.

***The Valley Falls New Era, Nov. 13, 1880*** – “Last Tuesday morning some of the citizens were unpleasantly made aware that the night previous was Hallowe’en by the missing gates and upturned sidewalks.

***The Valley Falls New Era, Nov. 4, 1882*** – Last Tuesday night was “Hallowe’en” and the boys about town were up to their usual pranks. M. Weybright’s pump wagon was taken from his lot, drawn to the school house grounds and left on the northeast stile. They also took Mel Legler’s spring wagon and placed it on the stile in front of the school house. A fine \$4 whip was lost out of Mr. Legler’s buggy, and the boys ought to hunt it up or pay for it.

***The Oskaloosa Independent, Nov. 7, 1885*** – Four young ladies, bent on a Hallowe’en prank, perpetrated a sad joke on the editor of the S\_\_\_\_\_, but there! We shan’t tell you who was the victim, and you needn’t ask us. Two of the girls dressed up in the clothing of the father of one of them, and the four started out after ordinary bedtime as a wedding party intent upon finding the probate judge. Calling at the residence of the party above hinted at, the “boys” went in and rapped and the gentleman soon appeared, in the scant and ghostly attire which is quite proper as sleeping habiliments but not considered just the thing for public occasions. He began talking to the “young men” but, catching sight of the girls beyond, darted back behind the friendly shelter of a door while he hastily gave direction to the judge’s house. The gay deceivers were nearly choking with laughter, but managed to express their thanks as they departed, and the victim will blush as he reads this and learns how the girls fooled him.

***The Valley Falls New Era, Nov. 8, 1890*** – ***Boyle Boilings:*** Halloween was duly celebrated in west Boyle.

***The Oskaloosa Independent, Nov. 7, 1891*** – Young rascals did themselves proud last Saturday night in overturning sidewalks, changing signs, etc., etc. A large dry goods box was hauled up on the flag pole, and was dangling 50 or more feet from the ground on Sunday morning; Wm. Bell’s wagon load of fodder was brought down town and Green Carter’s cow led from home and tied at the public square to feed on the fodder; Court. Sinnard’s family carriage was brought into town where it was found next day; the road grader, a mowing machine, a farm wagon and other vehicles were piled up at the southeast corner of the square; Jefferson St. was blockaded with wagons; horses were unhitched from carts and the latter taken off, so that the owners had to go home horse back or walk; a large dry goods box as sandwiched between a horse and cart that the animal was hitched to. The above and many other pranks were played, such as turning saddles wrong end to, rolling salt barrels upstairs, etc.

***The Farmers’ Vindicator (Valley Falls), Nov. 19, 1892*** – The best Hallowe’en joke yet heard of was perpetrated by a Lawrence man, who piled a load of wood on the porch of a widow who makes her living by taking in washing.

***The Oskaloosa Independent, Oct. 28, 1893*** – All Hallowe’en next Tuesday night. And we would like to suggest right here that the city marshal see to it that no sidewalks be torn up or destroyed or other property, public or private, damaged by reckless youths, who have carried their fun too far in former years.

***The Valley Falls New Era, Nov. 4, 1893 –***

The boys Tuesday night, Hallow'een eve, did not commit as much devilment as they have heretofore. A few gates were removed and dry good boxes changed locations. Paxton's dry goods sign was placed over Gov. Young's grocery store, and several barrels of Gov's salt was rolled down the street.

***The Oskaloosa Independent, Nov. 4, 1893 –***

The special police force last Tuesday night seems to have over-awed the boys, so that they did not commit the usual depredations about town, and we did not see anyone looking for a lost business sign or trying to find where that two-horse wagon "was at," Wednesday. We notice that nearly all the cities in this region took similar action, at the request of the newspapers. A little harmless fun on hallow'een is all right, but the destruction of property, placing obstructions in the streets, &c., is carrying the joke too far, and it is well to put a stop to it.

***The Oskaloosa Independent, Nov. 3, 1894 –***

All Hallow'een has come and gone. The usual depredations by the small boy were not so extensive as usual here, but we hear of a good deal of fun being had by some of our young people, and old ones, too. Young men were around town blowing horns and trying to find the secret place of a party held by young ladies, and some of them finally stumbled on to it at the Jefferson House where the table was spread and the lights turned down, and one young man found, when the lights were turned up, that his partner at the festal board was a pillow dressed up to represent a damsel. The older ladies had a supper at Mrs. Brittie Huddleston's, and their better halves were out with a search warrant, or lantern, or something, trying to find their

wives. We hear that some of them went away off in the direction of the fair ground in the dark, stilly night!

***Perry, Kansas, Nov. 8, 1894 –*** No mischief of any kind was done in Perry hallow'een that is known of. The marshal was on the look-out that evening.

***Oskaloosa Independent Nov. 2, 1895 – Hallow'een Doings.*** A surprise party was gotten up on Miss Eva Davis last night and was very much enjoyed.

A taffy-pulling is reported as on the program at Misses Josie and Madge Patterson's home.

A party was given last night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Williamson in honor of Miss Josie Goodman. There was a large attendance and a general good time.

A lot of boys and girls had a "ghost" parade last night in honor of Hallow'een. They had long sheets of white wound about them, but made most too much racket for sure ghosts. A crowd of boys that was out laid a snare for them by stretching a rope across the street where they passed and then winding the rope around them. The girls were then made to tell their names or be identified anyway. Some things are "missing" this morning and we hear of wagons adorning some cornfields and signs woefully out of place, but believe there was no serious damage done. There was a *little* noise, yes – tootin' horns, &c.

***The Oskaloosa Independent, Oct. 9, 1896***

– . . .As to the Hallow'een order, the marshal says he is willing that the young people shall have their harmless fun, but undue disturbance and molestation of property, obstruction of streets, or misplacing of walks will not be tolerated.

**Denison News Nov. 5, 1897** – Hallow'een has come and gone and little damage to life or property was done.

**Ozawkie, Nov. 2, 1900**-- For once our sidewalks lay undisturbed over Hallowe'en night. No one had the heart to dive down into the mud and fish them out just for the fun of turning them over.

**The Farmers' Vindicator, Nov. 7, 1902** – Friday night was the last of October, it was also a muddy bad night, but notwithstanding this the boys who think it "fun" to perform mischievous tricks were out in force and had their tricks been of only this kind no one could have found much fault except to wonder how they could see any fun in rolling wagons away from their accustomed places, moving gates and out buildings, and otherwise laboring as they would not have done under ordinary circumstances for less than \$200 a day: but that was not all. All over the business part of town the door locks were filled with plaster, in many places necessitating the breaking of windows in order to get in next morning. Alex Kerr says it cost him \$15.00 to get his locks fixed and his salt back in place – and one barrel was broken open.

Eli Evans and E. Summerfelt were served almost as bad.

Lou Hauck hired John Chapman to guard his salt barrel pile, but the gang caught him and tied him up with rope, filled the locks with plaster and rolled away the salt.

Fun is all right, but when it comes to the destruction of property, the law should step in and put a stop to such vandalism. An

example or two would work no injustice and probably serve to make the following year's pranks more nearly conform to rules of decency.

**The Valley Falls New Era, Nov. 12, 1908**, carried a line item in the city's official bill payments: "O. Williams special police Hallowe'en ..\$2.00."

**The Valley Falls New Era, Nov. 4, 1915** – The Leaverton school gave a Hallowe'en party at their school house the evening of Oct. 29<sup>th</sup>. The teacher, Miss Perry, and her pupils, had prepared a good program for the evening and it was well rendered. Refreshments of lemonade and cookies were served and a pleasant social evening spent.

Miss Eda Stark and Miss Bessie Chacey and their schools also gave a Hallowe'en party for the patrons of the Mt. Pleasant and Pleasant Hill schools. We have no report from this entertainment yet.

**The Valley Falls New Era, Nov. 12, 1915** – The Hallowe'en pranks Saturday night were reduced to the minimum in the city. There were parties and harmless parades of children and grown ups with weird jack o'lanterns here and there, and that was all, except that some boys were caught throwing some wheel barrows in the sewer ditch on west Broadway and made to pull them out. No windows were smeared with insinuating dope nor things misplaced about town. It was well. Watchful guards were on the job throughout the city to see that nothing out of the way was pulled off. Good behavior ruled on the Delaware.

## Kansas Central Railway Just a Memory

By John Bower

*(From the Jefferson County Historical Society Newsletter, April 1982, Vol. 16 – Issue 1)*

Railroads played an important part in the history of Jefferson County. Many were projected, and some built. Only two have survived to the present. Others lived awhile and died. This is the story of one of them.

For most of the material in this article, I am indebted to “A History of the Kansas Central Railway, 1871-1935,” by Harold Crimmins, a Master’s Thesis published by Emporia State Teachers College in 1954, as Volume 2, Number 4 of “The Emporia State Research Studies.”

There was a flurry of railroad building in the 1870s and ‘80s. It was a day’s journey by horse and buggy from Valley Falls to Leavenworth; by train, it would be only two hours. Every town wanted to be on a railroad, just as 50 years later every town wanted a paved highway.

In 1870, Leavenworth was the most important city between St. Louis and San Francisco. But the tides were running against her. Already the Kansas Pacific and Central Branch Union Pacific had chosen other routes. Leavenworth was becoming desperate to become the terminus of a mainline railroad.

A group of wealthy and influential Leavenworth men decided to build their own. May 31, 1871, they secured a charter for the Kansas Central Railway Company. They proposed to build and operate a three-foot gauge railroad and a telegraph line from

Leavenworth to the western part of the state, with branches to Topeka and Manhattan, from Clay Center to the southern border of Kansas, and to connect with a line from Lincoln, Nebraska; total mileage about 560.

The narrow gauge was chosen because construction cost was estimated to be only about a third that of the broad gauge (four feet, eight and one half inches) which has since become standard. Shorter curves and steeper grades allowed following natural contours, reducing cuts and fills. Lighter rails and bridges would carry the smaller rolling stock. The saving in rails was estimated at a half million dollars per hundred miles.

The first problem was money. The days of state and federal grants were past. Directors planned to invest from \$50,000 to \$100,000 each, but additional funds would be needed from local areas through which the new road would pass. Leavenworth County promised to transfer \$250,000 of Kansas Pacific stock. Winchester offered \$25,000 if the line came through town. Jefferson Township approved \$25,000 and Grasshopper Township \$40,000. Jackson County voted \$160,000.

Not everybody agreed. *The Oskaloosa Independent* (June 16, 1871) urged people not to be fooled by this crazy trunk line scheme which asked for \$40,000 of Jefferson County bonds, calling it “only an attempt to enrich a few Leavenworth capitalists already bloated with wealth.”

Whether the fact the proposed line missed Oskaloosa influenced that sentiment is not known, but Jefferson County voted no bonds.

Bids for construction were being let in October 1871. Equipment began arriving in Leavenworth in January 1872. Baldwin locomotives weighed 12 ½ tons and were about 35 feet long with the tender. They were rated to pull 12 cars with 400 people at 40 miles per hour. Passenger cars would seat 34 persons, with two seats to the right and one to the left of the aisle in the front half of the car, and the reverse arrangement in back.

Construction was slow at first, through high hills west of Leavenworth. Much of the old grade still shows along Highway 73. It passed through a deep cut on Salt Creek Hill west of Ft. Leavenworth, wound down the hill above the Buffalo Bill Cody home, crossed Salt Creek, and climbed back up to cross Pleasant Ridge near the present rural water district standpipe.

Progress picked up as they followed Dawson Creek from Easton and emerged on the Jefferson County prairies, where 1,500 men laid about a mile of track a day. Winchester was reached early in June, and Grasshopper (now Valley) Falls on June 20, 1872.

Two trains carried 700 people from Leavenworth to Grasshopper Falls on a big Fourth of July excursion. The round trip cost a dollar for adults and 50 cents for children.

The first regular schedule was now put in operation. The train left Leavenworth at 9:13 in the morning and was back at 2:32 in the afternoon, laying over 30 minutes in

Grasshopper Falls. Intermediate stops were Junction, Hund, Easton and Winchester.

Construction must reach Holton by August 15, or \$60,000 in bond money would be forfeited. In spite of heavy rains, they made it with four days to spare. There was a big celebration in Holton August 20. Leavenworth and Holton were now only three hours apart.

Regular service between Leavenworth and Holton was begun, with two trains each way every day except Sunday. Fare was four cents a mile. Passenger business from Holton in 1873 was 1,188 adults, 38 children, and 312 excursion tickets. Two hundred thirty-one carloads of agricultural products were shipped from Holton in 1873, with another million pounds of freight in less car lots. Cost was eight cents a hundred pounds by the carload, 25 cents in smaller lots.

The narrow gauge had reached Holton, but it was to be five years before it advanced further.

Over-speculation in railroad stocks helped to bring on the panic of 1873. Credit dried up, business was dull, money scarce, taxes high. People were unwilling to vote more bonds. The Kansas Central reduced service to one train a day as an economy measure.

*The Leavenworth Times* (Feb. 10, 1876) carried a story by the editor describing the rich farmland through which the line passed, as well as the two main towns, Valley Falls and Holton. Valley Falls was presented as the commercial center of Jefferson County, with 1,000 people, two banks, 20 stores, one lumber yard, a three-story school house, one

grain house, wagon shops, blacksmith and harness shops, six churches, three hotels, one woolen and three flour mills, a local newspaper, six lawyers, six doctors, and “A very respectable cemetery.”

By 1877, enough funds were secured from eastern financiers and townships along the line to build on to Onaga. Halfway there, the men struck because their pay was two months late. In a skirmish between strikers and a posse hired by the railroad, William Hartman, strike leader, was shot and killed by Captain Tough, leader of the posse.

When “time checks” (certificates issued to workers in lieu of cash wages) worth \$1,200 were found on Hartman’s body, it was widely believed that he was in cahoots with the contractors in a scheme to buy up certificates at a discount, cheating workers out of part of their wages. Contractors blamed the trouble on Jackson County men opposed to the railroad bonds who hoped to delay construction enough to forfeit the company’s right to the rest of the bond money.

When the excitement was over, work resumed and the men were paid. Captain Tough was later tried for murder in Topeka and acquitted. Onaga was reached early in 1878. A roundhouse and shops were built, but further construction was again delayed.

In April 1879, The Kansas Central Railway was sold at sheriff’s sale to L.T. Smith, one of the original directors, and C.K. Garrison, president of the Missouri Pacific, for \$252,000. It was immediately reorganized as the Kansas Central Railroad, and grand new plans were laid for expansion. Existing

property was mortgaged, and construction begun.

Clay Center was reached on Christmas Day, 1881. Since Clay Center had no direct outlet to the Missouri River, a large increase in business was expected.

The narrow gauge had indeed entered one of its few periods of good business. Freight traffic more than doubled in the last half of 1881.

During this period, the Kansas Central Railroad became attached to the Union Pacific system, through the manipulations of Jay Gould. One of the leading promoters and railroad speculators of that great age of railroad expansion, Gould forced the Union Pacific to take over the Kansas Pacific from him at a nice profit by gaining control of enough potentially competing lines to threaten U.P.’s future.

The Kansas Central went along in the deal. The U.P. had little incentive to extend competing lines within its own organization. When Miltonvale was reached April 1, 1882, 165.39 miles from Leavenworth, it was the end of the line.

Around 1893 the Kansas Central was changed to standard gauge, after much prodding by the State Board of Railroad Commissioners, and after an engine went in a ditch, killing the engineer and fireman.

In 1897, the railroad was again sold at a foreclosure sale. Reorganized as the Leavenworth, Kansas and Western Railway, for the first time no Leavenworth resident was on board. There was talk of putting the

line in first class shape and building on to Colorado, but nothing happened.

With no large source of through traffic and no large industry along the line, the railroad continued to lose money. In 1906 it had one passenger and five freight engines, and five passenger, two baggage and express, 30 box, two stock, and 11 miscellaneous cars, and one caboose. Standard gauge made it possible to use cars from other lines, enabling the LK&W to cut its expense for rolling stock.

In 1908 the LK&W made \$1,177.13 profit. The same year it was reconsolidated with the Union Pacific, becoming the Leavenworth Western Branch. Despite some protest, main offices were removed from Leavenworth.

Because of competing lines, the road never made money, but the U.P. did not abandon the line until the Depression.

In 1934, service was reduced to three trains a week. Permission was granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission to abandon the line, with the last train to run Jan. 10, 1935. The right of way was

returned to the original owners and the telegraph line turned over to Western Union. It was the end of an era.

In retrospect, the narrow gauge rendered a vital service in opening up a rich agricultural area. It probably extended the period of Leavenworth's importance as a commercial center. But the rosy dream of rushing through a cheap, narrow gauge line to tap the wealth of faraway places and keep Leavenworth the Metropolis of the Missouri was not to be. The cost was too high, and competing lines too far ahead.

Then came the automobile and the motor truck.

Now there are only remnants of the old grade, still very plain, along Highway 16 between Winchester and Valley Falls, and memories.

Memories... the bark of hot exhaust... the plume of coal smoke... the mournful sound of the whistle.

Memories... going to meet the train... and waiting. "L.K. and W.," they said. "Look, Kuss, and Wait."



1906. Winchester Union Pacific depot. Picture from "Kansas Memory," Kansas State Historical Society.