I. THE GRAVEL PIT.

In a gravel pit near the Sheboygan River, whose banks in those days were studded with dense virgin vegetation, some twelve or fourteen laborers were counseling together. Some of the men had their working jackets on and others were in their shirt sleeves, but all of them appeared to be greatly perplexed about something. They were employed in constructing a road from the city of Sheboygan on Lake Michigan through the good timber land lying between it and the eastern shore of Lake Winnebago. A number of smart and influential businessmen had used considerable diligence in securing a franchise for the projected road from the legislature of the State of Wisconsin.

At that time the city of Sheboygan contained about three thousand inhabitants. Between Sheboygan and Lake Winnebago there were but very few white people living. At long intervals a log cabin of the most modest kind appeared to view. Cultivated tracts of land were rarer still.

A boom was expected in this part of the country on account of the increasing current of immigration from all portions of Europe, especially Germany. In order to build a road and at the same time avoid the heavy expenses connected therewith, a cunning idea was realized in the legislature referred to. It consisted in first securing a franchise for a state road and having good surveyors immediately lay it out. As soon as this was accomplished, the same legislature was asked for permission to have the state road changed into a plank or toll road. Incredible as it may appear, such a permit was granted.

The advantages gained by this manoeuvre were considerable, for the officials of the state road had the right, by virtue of their charter, to run the road through any lands without paying a cent for the privilege or for the material used. Nobody, indeed, derived any direct gain from this ruse the object of which was twofold, firstly, to furnish the country about the eastern half of the road with a better connection with the Sheboygan market, and, secondly, to secure to that city the market for a longer period of time.

Land speculators and owners of mills and stores planned the platting of townsites, and expected that a good highway from Lake Winnebago to Sheboygan, the marketplace, would bring about a
more rapid settlement and enable them to sell at a greatly increased price the lands they had purchased very cheaply.

The government of the various states willingly lent their aid to such enterprises and frequently closed an eye in the granting of franchises in view of the fact that the state became more powerful and opulent by such undertakings. Wealth is power, and the possession of power is the aim not only of men, but also of corporations.

It was in the early part of May in the year 1859 that the laborers in the gravel pit found themselves seriously perplexed. The pit lay about twenty miles west of Sheboygan. It was there that the locating of a town bearing the proud name of Kiel, although at the time neither a house nor a path was to be seen, was planned.

Some of the laborers were besides themselves with rage, although in reality only mere trifles were at stake. The cause of the commotion was the theft of all their tools while they were eating their noonday lunch,—a deed which none were able to understand. The laborers were in the habit of spending the noon hour in a nearby shed. No one ever thought of taking his tools with him, as thefts among settlers were almost unknown. Most of the laborers were of the opinion that the whole affair was a practical joke and would be explained satisfactorily before one o'clock. Others attempted to cast suspicion on the enemies of the road and set about looking for tracks of the supposed thieves on the near river banks. They thought that persons inimical to the construction of the highway had undoubtedly cast the shovels, picks and spades etc. into the stream. One of the laborers took the matter very much to heart. His brand new shovel, the acquisition of which in Sheboygan a few days previously had almost completely exhausted his financial resources, was among the missing implements. Although it cost but a dollar, yet how could he, without great loss of time, procure another shovel, even if he should succeed in scraping together another dollar? He appeared to be very much affected and swore loudly, although the others, like all settlers at that time, were as poor as himself.

It soon became clear, however, that all the men were mistaken in their suppositions regarding the absence of their tools, for two Indians came upon the scene from the dense thickets and woods to the north. One of the Indians was carrying all the stolen implements which were tied together with wood fibre, while the other followed close upon his heels and belabored his back by means of a long, stout hickory stick. Arrived at the gravel pit, the whipped sinner threw down his heavy burden, whereupon in the presence of the amazed workingmen Solomon, the chief of the Chippewa Indians, administered another chastisement to the malefactor of his own tribe. He threshed him as inhumanely as a brutal man would a mischievous dog.
After finishing the cruel flogging, he turned to the toilers and yelled at the top of his voice: "Whisky gibben! whisky gibben! bad white men – Chippewa Indians neber steal!"

The Indians experience difficulty in pronouncing some of the consonants, especially B, F and V.

During the transaction Mr. Schlicht, the foreman, had joined the men, as the hour for resuming work had arrived, and attempted to secure an explanation from the infuriated Indian Chief.

Solomon was very well known and liked by the settlers, since despite his lack of civilization he was a very reasonable man and knew how to controll the members of his tribe. The chastised Indian was perspiring profusely and observed with his black, sparkling eyes every motion of his chief. He was by no means craving for a second edition of the punishment he had just undergone, although he had during the procedure neither uttered a sound nor contorted a muscle.

It was ascertained that the Indian had bought a bottle of the poorest quality of whisky for twenty five cents and in payment had given the rumseller a five dollar note. In this transaction the latter cheated the Indian to the extent of two dollars. As most Indians have no idea of numbers, it was no great trick to cheat them with the paper currency which in those days was almost the only legal tender circulating, not only in the Northwest but in the whole country. After the Indian had called at a store, also a miserable hut, to purchase some tobacco, the fraud was discovered. The Indian returned to the rumseller who denied having cheated him. The Indian became enraged and drank until he was intoxicated. True to his Indian nature, he then took vengeance on the deceitful white men by stealing the implements of the laboring men. In order to fix the fraud beyond any doubt, it was decided to hold court in the tavern that very evening. In order to do justice to the honest chief, the laborers hailed with delight the decision, for they could, without losing time, attend the session which promised to be very interesting. The chief dismissed the sinner who, merry as a king, disappeared in the thicket.

II. YELLOWBIRD.

The laborers had lustily resumed their task. The Indian chief was about to take his leave in order to visit a peddler or fur trader, when a pretty Indian girl approached on horseback. She was called Yellowbird, because she was fleet as a bird and her teint was yellow instead of red. Without paying the slightest attention to the laborers or their foreman, she galloped by them and halted her pony a short distance from them, whither the chief upon her wink had followed her. A moment later they were earnestly conversing together. After a few minutes Yellowbird rode away as hastily as she