

consisted of about 3,400 Indians, and about 1,500 to 2,000 of them used to come to Wausau twice a year to receive their tithes from the 'Great White Father', and it was quite interesting to see them down here, sometimes numbering 1,900 in a bunch. Each family had its own bark canoe, and they were dressed and dressed like they were going to a circus—the squaws and pappooses with ribbons and beaded leggings. They were always in a hurry to get down here, but never in a hurry to go back.

"The regular payment consisted of \$4.00 in cash to each member of the family, and one first-class mackinaw blanket, weighing eight pounds each, and a small portion of 'wampum,' completed their donation; their appearance changed on their return trip, as Jenny was the first at which they could get any 'fire-water'.

"The Chippewas were very peaceful Indians generally, and got along with the white people fine. There was never but one Indian scare, which was in 1862—the time of the Minnesota massacre, by the Sioux.

"The Sioux wanted the Chippewas joined together, and about 2,500 of them held a council of war, at Gilbert, on the Wisconsin river, south of Tomahawk. All fur traders, and others having influence with the Indians, went up there and put in weeks with them, arguing for continued peace. Finally, after about six weeks or council, they rebelled against the Sioux.

"At the beginning of the threatened outbreak, father hitched his horses to the old lumber wagon, took mother and us four kids, and drove to Berlin, where we took the train back to Illinois, to mother's folks, where we remained until the next summer.

#### A Ten-Dollar Incident

"About 1866, father had just gone over the rapids with a fleet of lumber, when he wrote mother a letter, in which he placed a \$10 bill—mail came up from Wausau twice a week, in those days. In opening the letter, the bill dropped out unnoticed by mother, but not by me. I picked it up, and started down town waving it like a flag. Down by the Strowbridge tavern, located about where the Fsterman Brothers' department store now stands, which had become a great 'hangout' for the Indians, a couple of the redskins saw me flash the bill, and two of them took the bill away from me.

"Alvina Zahn, afterwards Mrs. Gottlieb Schroeder, mother of George and Gottlieb Schroeder, Jr.—at that

time employed at the tavern—saw the performance through the window, grabbed a stick of wood from the box, and demanded that the Indians give back the bill, which had by this time become a matter of interest to them. The redskin who held the bill, refused to give it up, and Miss Zahn hit him over the head with the club, and knocked him down, rescuing the bill, she took it back and gave it to whom it belonged.

"Then the powwow commenced, when I ran around in front of the building and into the barroom, and told what was up. It took quite some time to get the Indians pacified. When Alvina came back to the tavern, Strowbridge told her to go in the back way and stay there. Finally Cy, Strowbridge and Old Joe Beaseau, Indian trader, persuaded them to go back to their camp, located at the mouth of Prairie river.

#### 1868 Indian Scare

"In 1868-9," said Mr. Smith, "when all this territory up through here was Marathon county, there were three Indians who were bad actors, especially when under the influence of liquor. One was known as 'Big John,' another as 'Metogomish,' and a third, as 'Nekomish'.

"It was about the last payment that the government made the Indians at Wausau. They got on a big jamboree one afternoon, on what was known as the 'Jack Clark Island,' where the Northwestern depot at Wausau now stands. That section was noted for rough and tumble asloons, the whole length of the island, up to McEachron's grist mill, on the north end of the island, it having become an habitual camping place not only for Indians, but lumbermen and log drivers.

"At this time, the Indians had got to raising quite a disturbance on the island. Bill Homerich was sheriff of Marathon county at that time, and he went over to the island to quiet them down, and arrest them if they did not behave themselves. In attempting to arrest 'Big John,' the Indian shot the sheriff through the left shoulder with a .32 calibre revolver, which happened about 4 p.m. one afternoon.

"Wausau being a small burg at the time, the news spread fast that the Indians had 'shot the sheriff,' and they began to make preparations to go after them. The Indians, realizing what they had done, returned to the camp, got into their canoes, crossed the river to the east side, and took the old road leading to Jenny.

"At that time there was a company of what they called the 'Ger-

WE ARE

54 Years Old



WHEN WE OPENED OUR STORE

In 1893 things were a lot different . . . a store was also a spot for social gatherings . . . the pot bellied stove and the cracker barrel were in vogue. That was when we opened our business, but today we have a modern grocery—we have progressed thru the years. We have grown with Merrill and hope that we may continue to serve the people of Merrill in the years to come.

**STECKLING'S**  
FOOD STORE

808 E. First St.

Phone 109

Congratulations  
On Your  
Centennial  
Merrill!!

WE ARE STILL  
YOUNG  
BUT WE ARE  
GROWING  
WITH MERRILL



"BOWL FOR FUN"

**GOLD ARROW  
LANES**

MR. AND MRS. RAY GALIPEAU