

THE NORMAL POINTER.

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L * I * T * E * R * A * R * Y

The Story of Osee.

FLORENCE WHITNEY.

In a small clearing on the bank of a broad river called by the Indians Wakarusha, and hedged in on the other three sides by a dense black forest, reposed a little Indian village.

For some months these Chippewa Indians had lived in deadly fear of a sudden raid by the Sioux, but at last word had been received that the enemy had gone on a hunting expedition away to the northward and the little village settled down to lazy contentment.

The young bucks whiled away the beautiful August days lounging about in the shade of some friendly tree, or bagging partridges in the vicinity of the camp; while the squaws and papooses spent the time gathering firewood or tanning skins. The only member of the tribe who did not enjoy this period of relaxation and peace was the old Chief and he lay in his tent stricken with a low fever.

The medicine men chanted weird incantations over him and administered herb teas all in vain. He grew no better. At last a decree was issued that nothing less than a tribal dance would relieve the Chief of the evil spirits that held him in their power.

Preparations were immediately begun for a big medicine dance which was to take place that night. As evening drew near, the young bucks grew more and more restless. Unearthly whoops and yells were sent out across the water, echoing and re-echoing from the opposite bank until the whole forest rang.

The dance was to be held in a long low wigwam, built of birch bark, which stood in the middle of the village. Here the squaws heaped up the dead branches which they had been days in gathering, and kindled a bonfire. In a few moments it was roaring and crackling and shooting sparks far aloft thru the smoke hole as if to meet and hasten the approach of darkness which was now rapidly closing in.

At one end of the wigwam the old Chief was placed; while near him were seated the medicine men, surrounded by their musical instruments. These consisted of a tomtom made by stretching a skin over the head of an empty cask, an old coffee pot half filled with peas, and several old tin pans. The squaws and young bucks soon appeared in war paint and feathers and quickly formed a circle around the fire. As the medicine men gave the signal by a pounding of the tomtom the circle began to move slowly around, keeping time to the movement with a monotonous guttural chant "who-ya he-ya who-ya." For hours this was continued without a minutes rest by the squaws. The bucks varied it by a wailing cry ending up with a wild whoop, at the same time leaping high in air, then continuing around the fire as before. Before midnight they had worked themselves up to a perfect frenzy.

No doubt this would have lasted until day-break, had there not suddenly leaped into their midst an Indian runner. He raised his arm for silence; but it was unnecessary. The moment the Indians caught sight of him they settled into a death-like stillness.

The old Chief aroused by the sudden cessation of the dance, sat up on his bed of hemlock boughs. Catching sight of the runner he beckoned to him to come nearer, and then demanded what news he

brought. The message was short, but terrifying to the Indians.

He said, "I come from the land of the Sioux. The Great Chief has spoken: 'Before the leaves wither and fall, and the birds fly to the southward, the river Wakarusha shall run red with blood.' They come even now."

This could have but one meaning to the Chippewas. The Sioux were back and planning a raid. No time was to be lost. They must move down the river at once where dwelt some friendly tribes.

Not even waiting for daylight, the young Indians set to work gathering their belongings together and loading them into canoes. Load after load was started down the river until at last only the old Chief and a few braves remained. They placed him carefully in the bottom of the canoe and followed the long line headed for a camping ground several hundred miles down the river.

Morning dawned bright and clear. The scene of the evening's festivities was now deserted. Only a few smoldering coals remained to show where the dance tent had stood. A red squirrel, a little more courageous than his fellows, scampered into the open, sat up and gazed about him. Suddenly spying a heap of peas, which were emptied from the coffee pot in the excitement of the evening, he seized one, rolled it into his cheek, and scampered back to the shelter of the trees.

Master Red Squirrel had no sooner disappeared into the woods when another visitor came into the opening. He also stood still and gazed about him, but not for possible good things to eat.

He was looking for the big dance tent, the papooses, the squaws, and the sick chief. Where were they? He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Surely it was only a little while ago that he crawled into those bushes for a nap, but now all he could see was fresh foot-prints on the bank of the river. It flashed upon him in a moment, the Indians had gone and he, Osee, was left behind.

True to his Indian nature and training he showed no sign of the fear and fright which this discovery must have caused him; but instead, set about looking for something to indicate in which direction the Indians had gone. All traces were lost when the canoes were launched, and there was nothing for Osee to do but follow blind instinct.

Without losing any time he set out for the southward hoping to overtake the Indians when they camped for the night.

For several miles along the river bank the trail was well trodden and he made rapid progress. Toward evening the woods seemed to grow more dense and the trail overgrown with underbrush, but still Osee pressed on heedless of scratches, bruises, and weariness. The one thot dominant in his mind was to overtake his tribesmen before it became too dark to travel.

As night drew on he eagerly scanned the horizon and the banks of the river for the smoke of a camp fire. There was no sign of life. The only sound that broke the stillness was the occasional call of a night bird. At last, unable to find the trail any longer and fearful of losing it entirely if he kept on, he crawled under the root of a large tree, which had blown over in a recent storm, and fell asleep.

The next day and the next passed; but still no sign of the Chippewas. Each day Osee covered less distance than the one preceding. The long walk and lack of nourishing food began to tell on him. The berries and roots upon which he had lived became nauseating to him. His limbs ached and his head whirled. At every bend of the river he firmly expected to see the camp, but each time was disappointed. The hope which had sustained him on his long weary walk was swiftly ebbing away. At last Nature had her way, and Osee hungry and heartsick sank to the ground unconscious. A little boy lost in the great forest!

II.

"Hi, there, Micky, me boy, keep close to your old pap, or it's meself will be after havin' to traipse way back to hunt yez up. And it's no pleasure I'll be takin' in the journey with a trail no bigger nor a bee line and a heap more zigzaggin."

Mr. Finnerty slowly made his way over the old trail, now chopping off a branch with his hatchet, now bending one aside for little Micky, and again standing still to reconnoitre. All the time he kept up a running conversation sometimes addressed to little Micky close at his heels and sometimes to himself.

"Say, pap, ain't we 'most there?"

It's meself that's a fool for bringin' yez. I might ha' known ye'd be askin' if we wasn't there 'fore we started."

Turning to administer this rebuke to little Micky, Mr. Finnerty stumbled on something in the middle of the trail and was sent sprawling into the brushes. Slowly picking himself up he remarked "It's a mighty soft log that— Be gorra, an Injan or me name ain't Moike Finnerty! Sure, and he's a sound one to sleep."

Osee (for it was he) did not move. Mr. Finnerty knelt by his side and felt of his heart to see if there were any signs of life. The body was warm and Mr. Finnerty could feel a faint throb now and then.

"Poor little wan! It's sore done up he is. I'm thinkin' we'll leave the bee tree 'till another time and get the little wan back to the mither."

So saying Mr. Finnerty raised Osee gently in his arms, Micky took the hatchet and they proceeded to retrace their steps to the farm a mile farther down the river.

Mrs. Finnerty received Osee as if he were her own child, alternately petting him or crying over him. For weeks he lay in a sort of stupor sometimes mumbling incoherently to himself. All this time he was carefully nursed by these kind hearted Irish people.

When Osee came to himself he showed no signs of astonishment at his surroundings. He asked no questions concerning the Chippewas. Memory had left him, and he appeared perfectly content to play all day long with Micky. He grew healthy and strong. He learned the manners and customs of the white people very quickly. Micky rejoiced in his new play fellow and spent some of the happiest days of his life in the company of little Osee.

Winter passed, and Spring came. Osee helped Mr. Finnerty in his farm work and proved himself very ready to learn. Sometimes in the midst of some task he would stop suddenly, gaze long and wistfully at the southern horizon and then proceed with his task all unconscious of his strange action.

III.

Again Mr. Finnerty, Micky, and Osee walked over the old trail, headed for the same bee tree that Mr. Finnerty had started for when he found Osee.

Coming suddenly into an opening which disclosed to view a long stretch of the river, Mr. Finnerty stopped short.

"Hist, childer! Away yonder on the river! 'Tis the Chippewas." Around the bend of the river there shot a canoe, then another, and another. They seemed to skim over the top of the water, so swiftly did they draw nearer. On, they came, canoe after canoe leaving scarcely a ripple in their wake. For several moments Osee stood motionless gazing at the oncoming boats. Suddenly with a wild cry of "My people! my people!" he rushed to the bank waving his arms frantically overhead to attract their attention.

Mr. Finnerty walked silently home; little Micky followed sobbing at the loss of his friend, but Osee happy once more, sat in the stern of the foremost canoe with face toward the old camping ground on the shore of the beautiful Wakarusha.

Notice!!

J. E. Sazama Esq. (white) on the night of the 21 of April fell violently in love with one Mrs. Adams (colored).* All loyal Stevens Point girls are requested to assist in retaining the gentleman from Kewaunee County.

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Address all literary material to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business communications to the Business Manager.

EDITORIAL

We apologize to our students and to our advertisers for this issue. It is tardy. We beg your indulgence knowing full well it will never occur again. A more capable and efficient management would doubtless have avoided this contingency, but we plead our solicitude for the welfare of our Annual as the cause. We flatter ourselves that previous editorials and other issues have contained sufficient matter of such a nature as will atone for this delinquency. This is our last issue. We have striven to make the Pointer at *least* interesting. We hope *you* will be interested in the "Iris." We can't think of anything else. Until June 15th, we bid you good by.

The Normal Basket Ball five went down in defeat before the Wausau Y. M. C. A. five on March 23, 1906. The boys played all around the Y. M. C. A. five in team work, and owe their defeat to a poor eye for baskets. At the end of the first half the score was 12---5 in favor of the visitors. In the second half the home team woke up, and when the whistle blew for time the score board told a most enthusiastic crowd of rooters that the score was 19---19. It was ten minutes before the necessary 2 points were made. A Y. M. C. A. man succeeded in batting ball in the basket. Never before had a crowd so thoroly enjoyed a game. The game closed the season for 1906.

The little fellows, Barkel, Prof. Hill, Beezie, and Dinkie Mortell, Check, and Wad the back stop, also Heine (the "best free thrower in school") will make one of the fastest teams in the state for the season of 1906-07. Brasure did his work well as usual.



CHESTNUTS AND ROASTS



Any boy who wishes to shake the Assembly Room with impunity, will do well to assure himself that Seat 14 Row 10, is vacant.

Judd (with tears in his voice) on seeing Geo. Everson in seat 4, row 7. "Just give me the lee-eevins."

Junior Physics class was studying Wheatstone's bridge and having difficulty, Mr. Culver—to straighten matters out—"Mr. Jones, you are very well acquainted with the bridge, you may try—Note"—Jones muttered something about never trying the bridge alone.

Gerhard Gessell—on hearing a junior relate something about two neighboring depressions in the sofa—"Ah that brings back many fond recollections."

John Moffitt, on being seen on the street Sunday afternoon "Any man who would lower himself to write a practice plan on the sabbath day should verily be excommunicated."—Wise John.

Scene I. (Since Debate)

2:30. Arthur sits quietly in house.

2:31. Hanna appears on the street alone.

2:33. Arthur and Hanna together "take the road."

"Who says Arthur ain't getting thar."

Mr. Spindler is dispensing receipts for the infallible removal of all freckles.

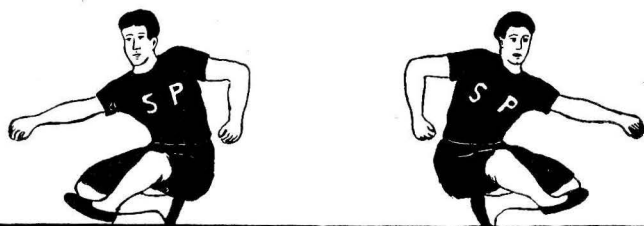
Note—Girls married or unmarried are prospective customers. Mr. Spindler admires beauty whether taken or otherwise.

Miss Wilson—"Oh Roy, I saw a picture, up in the Annex of a monkey drawing a cart."

Roy (proudly)—"Ah yes, I drew that."—What *could* he mean?

THE HARBINGERS OF SPRING.

1. Ten minutes late to History of Education.---MARTIN.
2. Home twice a week.---FERN LOVE.
3. One spray of arbutus and ? ---WILSON, JUDD & Co.
NOTE.---The Co. was dropped on petition of both Senior members of the firm.
4. 'I have become a great bore.'---RHETORICALS. NOTE.---Who'd a thunk it possible?"
5. An awful graft installed between Assembly Room doors on April 20.---OHIYESA.
6. A new pair of 'loud' shoes.---J. WY SOCKI.
7. Jaastad discovers how long he has lived.---GENERAL HISTORY CLASS.
8. A big, lusty, jovial, red-haired Scotchman.---J. BROWN.
9. "I saw a wood-pecker.---L. BENNETT.
10. "I give as my excuse, that I over-slept, and that I was out last night.---PRESIDENT PRAY.
NOTE.---We don't want this to occur again.
11. A very appreciable loss of sleep.---"STUDENTS ALL."



Some time ago the president of the Athletic Association called a meeting to consider spring athletic work. It was decided to organize a track team and begin operations at once. Mr Geo. B. Everson, of basket-ball fame, was elected Mgr. The choice was well made as Mr. Everson is a capable

man. Our new manager will undoubtedly do great things in his field of action. The member of the Association decided to let the members of the track team elect their captain and trainer. The question of having a base ball team was also taken up and it was decided that no team should be organized by the association but to leave that to individuals concerned.

The President was empowered to appoint a committee to have charge of the expenditure of the money of the Association as regards the contribution to the Normal Annual.

We are pleased, indeed, to see so many of the boys out for their practice work. This is a time of the year when exercise is needed and above all should be taken. Exercise is conducive to good health hence lightens study. Besides this there is the physical development and the enjoyment and pleasure of rivalry which attends all contests.

It is our turn this year to meet Oshkosh Normal at Oshkosh in a field contest. There should be no reason why we should not avail ourselves of this opportunity. Of course, to meet Oshkosh means faithful practice and a strong determination to do our best when we get there.

On April 14th, a picked team from the Normal and High School went to Waupaca to play a game of Basket Ball with the Y. M. C. A. team of that place. The game was a fast and clean one. Mortell, Hill, Boston, and Roberts were stars. Hill did some good basket throwing from the field, making three baskets. Boston and Mortell did some excellent team work passing the ball down to Hill and Roberts. Roberts distinguished himself at making free throws. Copps of the High School although suffering from a painful affliction did some remarkable work.

Line up:

STEVENS POINT.	Y. M. C. A.
CoppsForward.....	Larson.
Hill, Capt.....Forward.....	Murphy.
Roberts.....Center.....	Flogner.
Boston, Mgr.....Guard.....	Earl.
Mortell, W. BGuard.....	Jacobs.
Subs:—Young and Sellers.	

Score at end of the 1st half, 11—5 in favor of Y. M. C. A.; at the end of the 2nd half, 17—16 in favor of the Pointers.

Waupaca gave the boys a good time. A gentleman by the name of Pliffner kindly entertained the boys before the train pulled in.

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