

them that repining was useless. So they worked, and fiddled, and danced, and sung, and soon a new town began to appear, in its present extended form; and with the regret of the moment, passed away all sorrow for the losses endured.

XII.—An Indian Duel

Long ere the ceaseless, ever-rolling tide of the pale-faced Che-mo-ke-mun had swept away from their homes and their hunting grounds, the war-like tribe of the Miamis, while their numerous camp-fires illumined the hills and valleys of the West, when the braves of their tribe passed to battle along the war-path, Min-ge-ne-ke-aw, or *The Big Man*, one of the gallant chiefs of the nation, felt his ire excited at the reputation which a member of his tribe, a half-breed, called Francois Godfroy, had obtained for courage and personal strength.

Min-ge-ne-ke-aw claimed to be the *bravest*, as well as the *strongest*, man of his people, and would endure no rival. He chafed like a wild bear, when he heard the braves and red beauties extol the manly bearing of his competitor; and he resolved to test the courage and physical power of Frank, in single combat. He gave no challenge to mortal strife, with "your humble servant" at the bottom, but meeting Frank one day, he accosted him with "Are you a brave man?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then meet me here to-morrow morning, at sunrise, with your scalping-knife in your right hand; we will join our left hands, and he who kills the other is the best and the bravest warrior of the Miamis."

Frank, though a man of dauntless courage and herculean strength, saw no good reason to test either in that way, but nothing but blood would satisfy the chief, and Frank replied, "I'll meet you."