

At the appointed hour, the great chief strode along to the battle ground. He relied not only on his personal strength, but also on his great dexterity in the use of the scalping-knife, which he had tried on the pale faces at Harmar's and St. Clair's defeats, and all along our frontier. His dark eye flashed, as, with the deep growl of a tiger, he advanced to anticipated victory. He brandished his knife, and called on his antagonist to sing the death song, ere his spirit was dismissed, by the great chief, to the distant hunting grounds of the dead warriors of their race, who had fallen in battle, and gone to the Far West, beyond the great rivers.

Frank saw that there was no avoiding the deadly strife. To refuse, was to be branded as a coward and a squaw. The only alternative was victory or sudden death; so he flourished his keen blade, gave a shrill whoop of defiance, and advanced. They joined their left hands, and there they stood, face to face, and, like Fitz James and Roderick Dhu of old,

"Each looked to sun, and sky, and plain,  
As what they ne'er might see again."

They mustered all their strength for the deadly thrust, raised their keen knives aloft, but ere they fell, Frank, the grip of whose hand was like an iron vice, wrung the left hand of Ming-ne-ke-aw with such tremendous force as nearly crushed the bones together. The chief, with a yell of anguish, dropped his knife, and cried out, "You are a braver and a stronger warrior than I am; let us shake hands, and be friends forever."

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### XIII.—Kish-kaw-ko and Big Beaver

Among the unpleasant incidents of early days of our city, were the numerous brawls and quarrels of the Indians.

Murders, not alone of whites, but of their own people, were