her go to her former people at Pembina and tell them that, in a week or more, he would come to them with a large delegation of Sioux and smoke with them the pipe of profound peace and good will. At the appointed time the Sioux chief, with a large number of his people, arrived at Pembina, and the Red River Chipewas heartily accepted his offers of peace and friendship.

At the same time the Sisseton, Wahpeton, some Yanktons, and a large number of Medawakanton Sioux, met the Mississippi, the Sandy Lake, and the Mille Lacs Chipewas in a treaty on the Platte River, near its junction with the Mississippi, and ten miles south of the present town of Little Falls. The peace pipe was smoked by these former foes, and games of various kinds were played by the young men of the two tribes. For some time all went merrily, friendly, and well.

But a certain Medawakanton Sioux was one of the seven survivors that fought off the Chipewas in the Long Prairie battle. He had not forgotten nor forgiven. He picked a quarrel with a Chipewa warrior and struck him with a ball stick. The blow was returned and a general fight would have resulted had not young Wah-nah-tah (the Charger), a son of Chief Chah-pah, rushed in, forcibly separated the combatants, and chastised the offending Sioux. He feared that the Chipewas would become suspicious that the apparent friendly intentions of the Sioux were not real, and they certainly were not. The intent was to cause the Chipewas to be off their guard, and then the Sioux would fall upon them and either exterminate them or drive them from the country. The end would justify the means.

FLAT MOUTH THwarts THE BEAVER'S TREACHERY AND HAS HIM KILLED.

But while the peace councils were being held above and below him, Flat Mouth, chief of the Pillager band of Chipewas, about Leech Lake, did not attend them. He quietly but industriously hunted beaver on the Long Prairie River. The peace pipe had been sent him, but he refused it. He said the Sioux were not in earnest in their professions of peace so soon after their bloody battle on the Long Prairie. He said he knew the Sioux character, and felt sure that they were insincere in their protestations of desire for a future permanent peace between the two tribes.

Heading twenty or more of his band, Flat Mouth, in the fall (of 1819?), went to Otter Tail Lake with his beaver traps and canoes. But he and his men took their guns with them and kept their powder dry. At the outlet of Otter Tail Creek, one evening, the chief became impressed with a sense of danger. He had his bark canoe (which he had brought up the Crow Wing to the Otter Tail portage and then across to the lake) and, fearing to go to sleep on the shore, he embarked himself and family in the boat and passed the night on the lake. The next morning he discovered the trail of a war party of apparently 400 Sioux. They had been at the site of his camp of the previous evening and had gone in the direction of Battle Lake. From a rude drawing on a blazed tree, Flat Mouth determined that one of the Sioux leaders was Chahpah, the chief of the Yanktons.

There were no Chipewas at Battle Lake, south of Otter Tail, but at the Leaf Lakes, to the eastward, there were quite a number. Working his canoe through the chain of lakes with their links of streams, like a great rosary of water, Flat Mouth reached Leaf Lakes and sounded the alarm. That morning two of his cousins were killed and their bodies mutilated by the Sioux, but in the fight they killed three of their enemies and wounded many others. The Sioux soon learned that their plan had failed, because the Chipewas had discovered it and were fully aroused. At once they hurried southward, back and away from the Chipewa country, and soon were in their villages, near the sources of the Minnesota and Red Rivers.

Flat Mouth repaired to his village and sent his warpipe and war club by fleet messengers from band to band, informing his people that he was going on the war path against the Sioux and wanted their help. It