

## PICK-A-WA-KA AND EL-MO-NA.

MANY moons ago large tribes of Indians used to roam over the ground now known as Elmo Park. The tribes were hostile to each other, and never let an opportunity pass to visit vengeance upon their enemy. Both were wily and warlike, the Sioux noted for their cunning and bravery, the Chippewas for their superior manly qualities, but both were ever on the alert to visit death upon their deadly foe. Near where a hotel now stands, and amid a bower of trees and brush, was located a modest, silent tepee, and in it on a bright moonlight night, singing a low, plaintive love song, was a beautiful Sioux maiden. Her subdued, sweet, wild tones floated over the water, and ever and anon she peered out into space as though expecting some visitor, and yet, as she thought of his coming her frame quivered and she shrank back into her quiet home as though some dreadful danger was impending. Again she sang. Again her eye brightened. She placed her ear to the pebbly shore and listened, and then like a beautiful fawn she seemed transfixed to the spot. Hark! How still! Listen! She hears again! How her heart beats! Away off on the other side of the lake can be heard the light dipping of paddles! How faint and yet how clear to her, his signal!

A mile back of her tepee is her band. The warriors are dancing over the scalps of the Chippewas. They are drunk with excitement. They hear nothing, know

nothing, but blood; and so, seeking her opportunity she has gained her silent retreat; she has made her presence known to her lover, and he is coming—not one of her own band—not one of her own tribe, but a gallant hero of her deadly enemies—no less than a young warrior of the Chippewa nation; for love laughs at all restraints, even among the rude children of the forests. Nearer and nearer the light canoe glides silently to the shore. It stops, and with a bound a noble youth springs to the side of the maiden. He clasps her in his arms. Looking down into her dark eyes, he says:

“El-mo-na! we have met again, and ere another moon passes we shall be one. Oh! my necarnis—(best friend)—how beautiful to know that amid all the strife of our tribes, two hearts know naught but love!”

“Pick-a-wa-ka, be brave!” said El-mo-na. “He comes among danger! Hear my people? Pick-a-wa-ka’s heart, be big! See the moonlight kissing the ripples? El-mo-na’s heart kisses Pick-a-wa-ka!” And there, standing upon the shore of this lake, in a spot so quiet, so beautiful, so secluded, yet so dangerous, with the waves singing a gentle lullaby, the moonbeams playing with the foliage of the trees, the Indian lovers pledged their hearts, and calling upon the Great Spirit to witness their fidelity, clasped each other in an embrace of eternal love.

List! a sound is heard in the distance! El-mo-na trembles! She beseeches Pick-a-wa-ka to fly for his life! They are discovered! The young Chippewa brave draws his left arm about his love, shielding her with his person, and with his right hand grasps his knife. With a wild war-whoop the Sioux are upon

him! Their tomahawks gleam in the moonbeams! They draw nearer and nearer! The fatal stroke descends, when, with the agility of a tigress, El-mo-na glides in front of him and the knife enters her body, and she falls to the ground. Relieved of his burden, Pick-a-wa-ka is soon conscious of his power. Desperate with the belief that his love is mortally wounded, he dashes at his enemies, and almost instantly the two assailants lie dead upon the beach. But more of the band is coming! He has no time to lose. Picking up the lifeless body of El-mo-na, he placed it tenderly in the canoe, and in a moment more was paddling over the lake, and when his enemies had reached the shore, his boat was some distance from land. He rowed with superhuman power; reached the landing on the opposite side of the lake, near where a little stream ripples in laughter down the bank, bore his sacred trust to the camp of his tribe, and exhausted, fell senseless by its side. On recovering, a medicine man was bending over him, and near him sat El-mo-na, her dark, brilliant eyes fixed upon his face. Her wound did not prove fatal. With gentle nursing she fully recovered, married Pick-a-wa-ka, and years afterwards, when both her own tribe and the Chippewas were removed far away, and when eighty moons had silvered their hair with gray, they visited the haunts of their early love, secured permission to dwell in peace in a quiet, lovely spot not far from the present hotel, where they died, greatly esteemed by what few whites roamed through the country at that time in quest of game and fur.

It is said that on still moonlight nights a wild, sweet Indian song can be heard floating over the waters of the lake, supposed to be the spirit of El-mo-na, while a

light canoe can be seen gliding noiselessly upon the waves as they gently dash against the shore. In honor of this beautiful Indian legend, no wonder the place is called—ELMO LODGE!