The chiefs and their wives began to gather in to the number of about thirty. At this time there was no sign of supper and the guests exchanged inquiring glances of concern lest some mistake had been made. Soon Zebaddle entered announcing supper in readiness and led the way out and into the other lodge. Imagine my surprise at finding myself in a Dining Lodge furnished with a rude table in the center about sixteen inches high, formed by driving short forked stakes into the ground and laying in these straight cedar poles and upon these boards were laid across, the whole covered with a new red blanket in imitation of the red cloth at the Agent's house. In the center of the table was a new Dish Pan containing the meat and soup. Nice warm biscuits were upon a large platter and a pile of real ironstone plates and teacups and saucers &c while knives and forks were arranged where it was expected for the guests to sit. We were seated at the table on the ground, the host at the pile of plates, the hostess by the biscuits and coffee cups. A pause of silence (as was observed at the Agent's table) followed, after which the man helped the guests to the meat and soup and the woman served the biscuits and coffee. The whole was conducted with order and propriety - a civilized meal in a wild Indian camp.

Before I left this little boy Kow-cho-ly by name presented me with a nicely tanned beaver skin, which I acknowledged by buying a nice vest for him, thus the pledge of perpetual and constant friendship was passed between us by the interchange of presents.