

15
in the death of the mule. The owner of the mule, an old woman, came to the scene. After learning her loss, set up a mournful cry which more than ever alarmed the Camp. After a while the cause of the alarm was known to all, when they indulged in a good laugh and sang and enjoyed themselves till morning.

Sunday 21st

At 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M. everything was ready for our homeward journey. On informing our entertainer that we were ready to start, he sent an escort as far as Powder River and accompanied them to that point, where we halted. After making a short speech he reminded his people what he had said he would do the day previous. Then left us after shaking hands. Travelled until two o'clock, returning by same road we came. Weather very warm.

Truly yours....Galpin.