

The Georgian Antique Shop, Ltd.

HALIFAX, N.S.

Specializes in:—

Packing and shipping of household effects, Furniture repairs and re-finishing (antique & modern), floor sanding, china and silver repairs, besides carrying a very fine line of antique and modern silver. For gifts and prizes, you must see our R.C.M.P. sterling coffee spoons. (Special prices on quantities)

nature caused by the numerous sand bars being kept in a constant state of action by the current which runs about four miles an hour. The water being muddy was very bad to drink, and most of our boys suffered a great deal from diarrhea.

May 25—Arrived at Fort Buford. This is a very large fort situated at the mouth of the Yellowstone River. Here are garrisoned about 150 cavalry and about 200 infantry. They were United States Troops, and a very smart body of men they appeared to be. We only stopped here about two hours and then left for (old) Fort Union. Arrived there in about an hour and a half.

There is a very large cattle ranch at Fort Union and a large body of Sioux Indians. These Indians are partly civilized and support themselves by hunting and fishing. They are a very dirty lot of people, being for the most part half clothed, the children are almost in a state of nudity.

About ten miles from Fort Union we made fast for the night, and it was here that a very sad accident occurred in which one of our party lost his life. A number of the men on the after part of the ship were fishing, when one of them suddenly lost his balance and fell headlong into the river. The cry of "man overboard" at once arose, and a boat was lowered quickly. By this time the current had carried him some distance down the river. The men in the boat could find no trace of him.

May 26—We arrived at Poplar Creek Agency. Here we saw a settlement of about 500 Sioux Indians, some of whom, as usual, came down to the beach. They were about the best looking lot we have yet seen. Some of them were clad in the usual colored

blankets, which we believe they wore even on the hottest days of the summer. They also had the usual amount of red paint, making them more hideous than they really were—and God knows they were ugly enough. We stopped here about an hour and a half.

May 27—We overtook the steamer *Butte*, also bound for Fort Benton, but detained on account of low water. We were hailed from the *Butte* and told there was not sufficient water for us to go on, but our captain, thinking he knew better, tried to proceed and got stuck in the mud, in consequence of which we remained there for 24 hours.

May 28—We reached the Wolf Point Agency about 11 a.m. Here we saw about 500 Assiniboiné Indians under the command of a chief called Red Stone. We stopped long enough to wood up and take on 1,000 pounds of ice, then proceeded on our journey.

The scenery now began to assume a more pleasant aspect. In some parts we saw ranges of mountains rising abruptly from the very river banks, and trees lining either side, most of them in full foliage. This gave the surrounding country such a pleasant appearance that some of our boys thought they might as well stop here, and accordingly deserted us.

We were now in the country of the buffalo, and scarcely a day passed that we did not see hundreds of buffalo skins packed up on the river banks ready for shipment to different parts of the United States and Canada. Here and there groups of cattle were seen grazing, and we also saw, dotting the river banks, the shanties and tents of hunters who make their living by hunting the buffalo and other animals that inhabit the prairies and mountains. These men are a wild, hardy lot, comprised of all nationalities.

June 3—Weather fine and warm. The scenery is grand—ranges of mountains rising on either side of us, the tops of which form the most fantastic shapes. In some places one would fancy he was gazing at the ruins of some ancient castles.

Here we met up with rapids and were obliged to stop the engines and haul the boat over the rough spots. We used a hawser 250 feet long.