

I shook hands with both men saying, "My friends, you have come at a bad time. I'll have to talk with my wife before I can promise to go with you."

Discussing the matter of the arrival of these men, my wife's answer was typical of the way she faced all our problems.

"You have given your word to their fathers, Peter. There is nothing for you to do but go with them at once. I will be all right with Mrs. Hunter to look after me. Peter Shirt and Red Head can look after the carts and we will return with the others. Thanks to our friends, our carts are loaded and the others are almost ready."

I went back to the men and told them that I would be ready as soon as they wanted to go. "We are ready now," said one man as he rose to his feet from where he was resting. "My father has already started for Carlton and we may be late if we delay."

Packing a few things in a bag for extras, I went with the clothes I was dressed in, hurriedly packed food and cooking utensils on a pack horse and riding Whitey, my buffalo runner, I was ready to start. Peter had fetched the horses while I was packing my duffle for the trip. I bid the family goodbye and gave some last minute instructions to Peter in regard to the care of the family and equipment. These latter orders were hardly necessary as I had long since been dependent on the young man for the care of everything while I was away. Of course a man likes to assert his authority, especially with strangers present.

Hunter decided to come along with us as he wanted to listen to the treaty negotiations. I was just a bit worried that the fast trip would be too much for him but he was well mounted as we all were and if he grew too tired I could leave the pack outfit and he could follow up at an easier gait. I need not have given the matter any thought for he stood up to the trip as well as any of us and his saddler turned out to be the best riding horse of the lot.

We arrived at Carlton the evening of the fifth day of hard riding and long hours, but our horses were all in excellent condition to start with and stood up well to the trip. A large encampment appeared, and separated by a lane were the various tents and canvas shelters that housed the traders. Apparently they had anticipated an agreement on treaty terms and had come prepared to do business with the Indians.³ Later I learned that my youngest sister was there also. She had married a trader, a big strapping Swede by the name of Pederson. Though I was kept pretty busy, we managed to get together for a visit.

A comfortable teepee had been set up for our use with buffalo robes, new blankets, cooking utensils, and even prepared food. Mr. Hunter was particularly impressed with the