

Our host of the Ranch also informed us, that he had no sleeping accommodations for us, and that we had better look around for lodgings.

In view of such an emergency, Mr. Williams and myself had fortunately provided ourselves with plenty of buffalo skins, blankets and ponchos. We therefore intimated to the landlord, that one of us would occupy the lounge in the corner of the dining-room, and the other would sleep on the floor by the stove. Upon this the cook, a buxom middle-aged woman, with a sucking child, called out from the kitchen, in not very gentle tones, that that lounge was her bed. Mr. Chamberlain, an enterprising merchant in the vicinity, here came to our relief, and kindly offered us the use of the floor in the back room of his log-store, which we were very glad to accept.

The following day was spent in making preparations for our intended reconnoissance on horseback, of the Black Hills and Laramie Plains. An easy-going black saddle-horse was procured of Mr. Chamberlain, for the use of Mr. Williams. A chestnut cavalry horse, procured by General Dodge from Fort Collins, was allotted to me. He had previously selected a fine roan from the same place for himself. And Mr. Evans adhered to a large black mule which he had been riding for some days previously. He very kindly offered this mule to Mr. Williams, with the quiet remark, however, that he was apt to *buck* once in a while, which meant, as he afterward explained, that he would occasionally stick his head down between his fore legs, kick up behind, and throw his rider over his head. Mr. Williams having had some experience with mules, on our trip to Berthoud Pass, very promptly declined the offer.

Hon. Green Clay Smith, Governor of Montana, breakfasted with us as he was passing through with his suite, by stage, on his way to the scene of his future labors.