

of American comparative anatomy, Judge Carter was waiting our arrival, and soon carried us off, bag and baggage, to his hospitable home at Fort Bridger. In former days, before railway communication was opened across the continent, Fort Bridger was an important station on the emigrant road to Salt Lake and the Pacific Coast. It is now no longer a military post, and being at a distance from the present highway of traffic, some of its disused buildings are falling into disrepair. But Judge Carter, who used to be the patriarch of the district, still lives at his post, combining in his own worthy person the offices of postmaster, merchant, farmer, cattle-owner, judge, and general benefactor of all who claim his hospitality. His well-known probity has gained him the respect and goodwill of white man and red man alike, and we found his name a kind of household word all through the West. So rapidly and completely have things been changed on this route by the formation of the railway, that in listening to Judge Carter's stories of the olden time one could hardly realise that some of the most startling of them did not go further back than fifteen or twenty years. Horse-stealing would appear to have been the one unpardonable sin in these quarters. You might kill a man outright, and it might be nobody's affair either to avenge him or to see you brought to justice for the murder. But to steal his horse was to leave him to perish on the plains; and if you stole his horse this week you might return and steal mine next. So the best method of preventing that mishap was to put it out of your power ever to steal again. Killing you was consequently not murder; it was merely punishing effectually an offence that could not be reached by any ordinary legal means, in a region where criminals were many and police were none. Judge Carter had had many