

far and wide over the desert, are continually augmented by fresh supplies of material from the same source. Every pebble that projects above the ground acquires, under the action of the ceaseless sand-drift, a curiously polished and channelled surface. And the same erosive action no doubt affects the mouldering precipices of the Bad Lands. The rocks are actually ground down by their own detritus, driven against them by the wind.

To the south of the Bad Lands lie the Uintah Mountains, one of the most interesting ranges in North America; for, instead of following the usual north and south direction, it runs nearly east and west, and, in place of a central crystalline wedge driven through the younger formations, it consists of a vast flat arch of nearly horizontal strata that plunge steeply down into the plains on either side. We made an excursion from Fort Bridger into these mountains. From the arid plains the change was pleasant to the densely forest-clad flanks of the chain. We had, as guide, from the Judge, an old trapper who had long hunted in the mountains, and who had a good wallet of stories for the camp-fire at night. We shall not soon forget our first day's experience of an American forest. Starting early with the view of getting above the timber-line, and having a general bird's-eye view of the interior of the mountains, we rode for several hours through the forest, making for a far peak that rose high above the dense forest of pine. Probably the first remark of a novice from the Old World, when he enters the forests of the New, is suggested by the slimness and height of the trees; they look like huge poles, feathered at top, and stuck irregularly into the ground—sometimes so near each other that one cannot force one's way between two trunks. Rarely, even in the opener glades, does one meet with a really handsome, well-grown stem, throwing its