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precepts calculated to make men better. No orthodox mysteries, no unnatural or miraculous plan of salvation, nothing that they could not understand. "Now," says ~~Bridger~~, "I don't know nothing about religion as I used to hear it in the States; but me and the Snakes don't have no trouble in believing what he says, and I tell you he just leads the Snakes about right." * Low.

Bridger pointed out to me one day a quiet listener, a man thirty-five years old, six feet, about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, gentle face and manner, and told me that this was the most modest and unassuming man he had ever met. A few years before, some Sioux had run off a lot of Snake horses and taken one scalp. This man with others started on the trail. In about a week they all returned except he, they having separated. Another week and he was given up for dead, and there was loud lamentation amongst his friends, lasting for days. One night in the midst of the weeping and wailing this man rode into camp driving all the lost Snake horses and six more and with six Sioux scalps dangling from his bridle and belt. The story was quickly told. Having struck a "hot trail," he followed it down into the foot hills on the east side of the mountains, until one evening he saw a band of horses and one lodge. He watched; he knew the Snake horses, and found that there were six Sioux. Evidently these six had left the lodge standing while they made the raid 200 miles into the Snake country. Here they thought themselves safe. They feasted around a fire in front of the lodge, and howled and danced around the Snake scalp until midnight, when all went into the lodge and slept. Towards morning the Snake crept to the lodge, ripped it open with his scalping knife and in the darkness killed all, scalped them, and alone managed the herd of horses, averaging seventy-five miles a day until he reached home.

"Now," say Bridger, "how many fellows can you pick out of your troops that could do what that Indian did and make no fuss about it?" I did not know, had not seen them tried, and gave it up. I thought it an inspiration to meet one who possessed such reckless nerve. I parted with Bridger with regret, and