

my helpless children till their days of helplessness are past, ye shall continue to dance even after death—the spirit released from the flesh shall still caper as merrily as ever over the clear skies of the north. Those skies were once mine—to-morrow I shall resume dominion over them.”

“It is cold, very cold in those regions,” said the great chief. “The dance will not keep us warm, and our way will be impeded by the ice and snow.”

“Neither shall be an impediment,” answered the beautiful Spirit. “I will cause my little people to kindle huge fires, the flames of which, flashing over the northern skies, shall at once dissipate the flaky mists, and be a light to the steps of the dancers. And thus shall it be. When a Teton departs, his spirit shall go to the northern skies, which henceforth shall be the Teton’s Paradise. There shall he enjoy, uninterrupted, his beloved pastime; and, till time shall be no more, have full permission to foot it as joyfully as he did on earth.”

These were the concluding words of the Spirit-wife. When they looked up she was gone from their sight, no one knew whither. Presently there was a slight fall of snow, which soon, however, again gave place to the beams of the warm and refreshing sun. They never saw her again.