

They never saw her again, but they forgot neither her nor her wishes. The children she left were adopted by the nation, and became in time so many of them fathers and mothers, that, at this day, half the tribe are descended from them.

My brother asks, if the good Spirit-wife kept her promise to the Tetons. She did, as he will see, if he will but look at the northern skies in the time of summer and autumn. He will then see flashing over the face of the broad heavens the flames which the good people kindle to thaw the frosty air, and thus remove the impediments which exist to the merry dance of the souls of those Tetons, who have repaired to the Happy Abode. He will hear very plain the laugh\* of the sprightly dancers; and frequently, when the air is very clear, he will see their nimble forms dancing up and down the moonbeams. Who would not wish that his spirit might be permitted to go to  
**THE TETON'S PARADISE?**

Brother, this is no lie.

\* The *aurora borealis*, or "northern light," as my readers know, is usually attended by a whizzing sound, somewhat resembling laughter.

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