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dance moves the dead." One of the Shoshoni delegates understood the Bannock and Paiute language and interpreted for the rest. The information was probably conveyed by the Shoshoni to the Arapaho through the medium of the sign language.

Fall '89
In accord with the report of the delegates, on their return home the Shoshoni and Arapaho at once began to dance. A year later, in the fall of 1890, a dense smoke from forest fires in the mountains drifted down and obscured the air in the lower country to such an extent that horses were lost in the haze. This was regarded by the Indians as an indication of the approach of the great change, and the dance was continued with increased fervor, but at last the atmosphere began to clear and the phenomenon ended as it had begun—in smoke. The dance was kept up, however, without abatement for another year, until the predicted time had come and gone, when the Shoshoni—who seem to share the skeptical nature of their southern kinsmen, the Comanche—concluded that they had been deceived, and abandoned the dance. The Arapaho, who have greater faith in the unseen things of the spirit world, kept it up, and were still dancing when I visited them in the summer of 1892. A part of the Arapaho, headed by their chief, Black Coal, and encouraged by the Catholic missionaries, had steadily opposed the dance from the first. After considerable discussion of the matter it was decided, on Black Coal's proposition, to send another delegation to the messiah, under the guidance of Yellow Eagle, a graduate of a government Indian school, to learn as to the truth or falsity of the new doctrine. They returned early in 1891 and reported against the movement. Their report confirmed the doubters in their skepticism, but produced little effect on the rest of the tribe.

When I visited Wind River reservation in Wyoming in June, 1892, the agent in charge informed me that there was no Ghost dancing on his reservation; that he had explained how foolish it was and had strictly forbidden it, and that in consequence the Indians had abandoned it. However, he expressed interest in my investigation, and as the Arapaho, with whom I had most to do, were then camped in a body a few miles up in the mountains cutting wood, he very kindly furnished a conveyance and camping outfit, with two of the agency employees—a clerk and an interpreter—to take me out. It appeared afterward that the escort had received instructions of their own before starting. Having reached the camp and set up our tent, the Arapaho soon came around to get acquainted, over a pipe and a cup of coffee; but, in answer to questions put by one of my companions, a white man, who assumed the burden of the conversation, it seemed that the Indians had lost all interest in the dance. In fact, some of them were so ignorant on the subject that they wanted to know what it meant.

After trying in vain to convince me that it was useless to waste time further with the Indians, the clerk started back again after supper, satisfied that that part of the country was safe so far as the Ghost