

296 THE DEATH SONG OF CHILIQUI

he knew had been set by none other than D'Zintoo. At this Chiliqui laughed, but Mee-nin looked grave and stayed the closer to Cha-koos.

Springtime sat gently on the hills, when there moved in the breast of Chiliqui that which told him that his day was near at hand. He was old and worn with many labours and much sorrow. Also he was getting blind. So, taking his drum and climbing painfully to that same ledge from which he had descended twenty years before, he sat in the sunshine, singing weakly to himself. And as he sat, D'Zintoo stalked out of the woods and lifted the door of the teepee of Cha-koos.

His brother glanced up from the shadow, and met the murderous eye. There was no need for words. So he kissed Mee-nin and his son very tenderly. "I go to speak to D'Zintoo. Wait till I come."

At the foot of the ledge where Chiliqui sat, was a smooth spot of velvet turf, and there the brothers met, stripped to the waist, their brown skins oiled and glistening, their moccasined feet resting lightly on the green sward. There