

## THE DEATH SONG OF CHILIQUI 295

"Will my son eat?" said Chiliqui, looking at him hard.

D'Zintoo returned the stare, then his eyes wandered to Cha-koos sitting with his arm around his bride. Something rose in his throat, and, in a flash, a buffalo knife whipped out and he plunged across the teepee. Cha-koos sprang up, but D'Zintoo never reached him. Quicker than his fury were the hand and eye of Chiliqui. He felt himself hurled violently back, the knife ripped from his grip, and saw his father standing over him.

In the silence that followed Chiliqui spoke one word, but, as he spoke, held back the teepee door, pointing to the forest. "Go," he said, grimly; and D'Zintoo, the Rat, meeting the gaze that was bent on him, slunk like a rat into the woods.

Things went very well then. Mee-nin blossomed like a flower in the strong brown arms of her husband, and Chiliqui's cup was full when a man-child was born to them within the year. But there came a day when a hunter from Ponce-coupé told that he had seen a bear trap, that