

302 THE DEATH SONG OF CHILIQUI

The weak old voice dwindled as he chanted. Life was visibly departing from his weather beaten frame and valiant spirit. Then with one ultimate flash he smote the drum. Its echoes boomed out across the voiceless camp, lifting till they were lost in the austerity of the tilted peaks beyond. And when the echoes slept, Chiliqui slept with them.