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had roved lightly over all the young hunters till they settled on Cha-koos with love in their glance. Chiliqui knew this, and his soul was glad in it, because Cha-koos was the pride of his age, and Mee-nin was worthy of his eldest son. But in this he reckoned without the younger, for D'Zintoo also worshipped her, and laid at her mother's door the best of his hunting, and coloured handkerchiefs and silver rings, and all that could charm the heart of a most marriageable girl.

To this she was very blind. So it fell on a day that Cha-koos took her to his teepee, and Chiliqui gave his last great feast, while D'Zintoo stalked up and down outside the merrymakers, with murder in his heart.

"Where is my son?" said Chiliqui, in the plenitude of his content.

"He walks outside like the bear at night," giggled the young girls. "Shall we bring him in?"

Chiliqui nodded; and presently D'Zintoo appeared, like a thunder cloud hurried along by a burst of sunny weather.