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through four moons, until I did not care if I fought a mere hundred men or a tribe, or the whole world?

"What if I killed a chief? Should I kill mere followers? I killed a chief in face of all his men, and let the rest get off. Why did I not kill more, when I had scores at my mercy in that long hunting?"

He lay back wearily, sighing.

"It is done. I am finished. War is a fire burning a man's blood, a great blazing of life—but I am burned out, to ashes.

"My horses were taken from me, my poor servants. There was no food. There was no sleep. There was no hope except of a death fit for the son of warriors. I had earned the fighter's death. Surely I deserved the death of a chief. But I have been betrayed.

"I have no pride left except that I am guilty of this charge. Not innocent, not a coward, but one who has earned a great death. If I were innocent, I should deserve hanging, or slavery in a prison. I do not plead to women or children but surely to men, brave with the natural valor which comes to us from Heaven, careful of honor. So I pray you take me out into the sunshine, and pay me the death I earned, the death you owe me, with rifles.