

"Chagre!" The chief raised his hand to strike. "But thou knowest. Thou ——"

Sullen voices grumbled in the throng. "It was Chagre," they muttered, "Chagre, who held the machete! Chagre, who killed him!" They clamoured for Chagre's blood, all except the elder of San Marcial, who only stood and gazed, inscrutably, at the imperilled Chagre.

"You do not know that he is dead," Chagre repeated, his beads of eyes deep and evil in their sockets.

They would have struck him down had not the accents of murder beat upon the walls of the tomb. Krag's eyes opened. He awakened from that swoon-like death. "Chagre" had been the moan on his lips as he sank under the waters. "Chagre" was the questioning plaint when he rose again. Above him he saw Chagre's face, and a clenched fist raised over it for the first blow.

Krag's arm lifted waveringly from his side. Lines of pain between his eyes showed the force of will that was needed. This time no rough hand thrust him back, and his own hand fell on Chagre's left wrist and drew Chagre's left hand from his blouse. The chief looked. Those nearest looked. The eyes of all who might see were fixed on Chagre's left hand. The fingers of that hand were seared to the bone, where hot steel had lain across them.

A cold light grew in the black pupils of Coyote's eyes. It was jealousy, like that which had inspired his lie to Krag. This jealousy was murderous, because another than himself was given the chance to do for the Lone Oak what Chagre had done. He heard the murmuring