

## THE DEATH SONG OF CHILIQUI 291

him on, he slipped away from the Stonies, setting face to the distant and magnetic north, till, one day peering down into a soft bowl of the hills, he saw that which whispered that this was the appointed place.

A hundred feet beneath was a ring of teepees, and, clustered on the grass sward, a circle of fighting men, painted, feather-decked and brass ringed. In the midst of the warriors stood a medicine man—old, parched and wrinkled; and the drone of his words drifted up to Chiliqui as he stared through a screen of bush.

“The Manitou of the Beavers has answered, and I heard him. He is sad that our Chief is dead, but he had need of him in far hunting grounds. And since there is no man here who is wise enough and strong enough to lead us, the Manitou has said this:—‘You will prepare a teepee, new and very large. In it you will place skins and robes, also new and perfect, and put food there and all that a Chief should have. Then the tribe shall go away for one night only, leaving all in readiness. No man shall loiter to listen or spy out, for the Manitou will see him and he