

ing to that silent deadly pressure.

The word ran through the camp. The fighters were rimmed with a watchful ring of voiceless Beavers—a rim that broke and scattered, and closed and formed again with the quick panting leaps of the brothers. And into the ring ran Mee-nin with her son in her arms. “Cha-koos!” she wailed, “Cha-koos!”

Her husband heard it, and for a fraction of a second his eyes wavered. D’Zintoo heard it, and a flash of triumph lit his face, for in that fraction he reached the sinews in the elbow of his brother. The arm of Cha-koos dropped and straightened. His fingers loosened on the handle. But, as they loosened, he let slip the neck-cloth and with his left hand caught the great knife. Then, as his whole breast opened and spurted red beneath the slashing stroke of D’Zintoo, he thrust outward and upward, burying his own blade to the hilt. The last thing he heard on earth was the choking cough of his brother as they fell together.

High and shrill rose the cry of Mee-nin. Flinging herself beside Cha-koos, she took his head to