

A raging cry for Blake's life ascended, almost deafening their ears.

"No, no — they must not do that!" exclaimed Katherine, and breathlessly she darted from the room.

Old Hosie looked grimly at Blake.

"You deserve it, Blake. But I'm against mob law. Quick, slip out the back way. You can just catch the eleven o'clock express and get out of the State."

Without waiting to see the effect of his advice Old Hosie hurried after Katherine. She had reached the bottom of the stairway just as co-operated shoulders crashed against the door and made it shiver on its hinges. Her intention was to go out and speak to the crowd, but to open the front door was to admit and be overwhelmed by the maddened mob. She knew the house almost as well as she knew her own, and she recalled that the dining-room had a French window which opened upon the piazza on the side away from the crowd. She ran back through the darkened rooms, swung open this window and ran about the piazza to the front door. As she reached it, the human battering-ram drew back for another infuriated lunge.

She sprang between the men and the door.

"Stop! Stop!" she cried.

"What the hell's this!" ejaculated the leader of the assault.