

AMOS JUDD

throbs the blood beat through her head and eyes, and she would have sunk to the floor but for the hands that held her with an iron force.

In this torture of suffocation came a blur, but through it she saw Amos spring into the room, then stop for a second as if to find his bearings.

"Moll," he said, in a half-whisper.

There was no answer. Fainting, powerless even to make an effort, she saw the man before her raise a revolver with his other hand, and take deliberate aim at the broad, white shirt-front, an easy target in the surrounding gloom. In an agony of despair she made a frenzied effort, struck up the weapon as the shot was fired, and sent the bullet high above its mark, through the waistcoat of a colonial governor.

The next instant the fingers were torn from her throat, and as she sank half-fainting to her knees, the two men in a savage tussle