

"Release me," she cried, "or I will not be responsible for what I may do!"

He laughed insanely, and in his frenzy drew near to again strike her.

"Back," she screamed, "or your blood will be upon your own head."

"You can't scare me," the infuriated fool said. He still crushed the left hand and made an effort to seize the right.

"Release me!" the woman cried.

"Not till I've broken every bone in your body!" he shouted.

"Then may God have mercy on your soul!" she shrieked.

There was a loud report. Royce lifted his hands above his head, and fell heavily to the floor. He uttered no word, nor did he move. A few heavy sighs, and the turbulent, wicked spirit had passed away, all unprepared, to its Maker.

The report attracted the attention of the passers on the street and of the other inmates of the house. They rushed into the room. The woman stood with the smoking pistol in her hand, her eyes dry, and, save for the crimson mark of that wicked hand, her face pale as death. She pointed calmly towards the body on the floor, and said, "I shot him! He struck me and I killed him. Take me to prison!" She was arrested and confined in a cell awaiting trial. Her spiritual adviser was Rev. Mr. Barnes, whose street-preaching had awakened her slumbering conscience. He stirred up the Christian sentiment of the town in her behalf. Able counsel were