

AMOS JUDD

across the room, in the shadow of a pedestal, were glistening two other things that moved like a pair of human eyes. With an involuntary cry she wheeled about, and before she could turn again at a sudden movement behind her, an arm was thrown about her waist, strong fingers clutched her throat and in her ear came a muttered warning: "Be quiet, lady, or it's up with yer!"

But the cry had reached Amos in the distant dining-room, and she heard his footsteps hurrying across the hall. The fingers tightened at her throat; she was pushed with violence into the shadow of the nearest column, and held there. Gasping, strangling, she seized instinctively with both hands the wrist that was squeezing the life from her body, but her feeble fingers against such a strength were as nothing. Pressing close upon her she saw the dim outline of a cap upon the back of a head, a big neck, and a heavy chin. With bursting