

Its mate was coming to life! She struggled against the drug, she was bound, and gagged, and choked, and again convulsions seized her.

Louis's knocking, Louis's soft knocking, penetrated. But it was the knocking on her coffin that she thought she heard. They were the nails in her coffin being driven in. They were fastening her down, suffocating her; she fought for breath, for strength to shriek, fought in her dying, with gasping breath, to still her lover's gentle tapping—drifting through agony into deep unconsciousness, and thence to cold death, her last pang coming from his hand, as her first had come.

THE END