

INTRODUCES A FAIR DUELLIST 27

motion which brought it up with a jerk, the lash was at its limit, and again a sharp report rang out right over the head of the enemy. She had missed his neck by a bare inch.

He took the insult fairly well, though his eyes absolutely scintillated with fury. If he could only throw himself more than half his own length—which is a snake's limit—he would have this slip of a girl in a trice !

No one dared speak. The girl and the snake were watching each other like two gladiators. It was Round No. 3, and a fight to a finish. Which of them would make the first move ?

A dog precipitated matters. It rushed in upon the serpent, the latter made a lunge at him, and the dog only escaped by the merest fluke. A cut from the whip sent him yelping away to safety.

The Diana-like maid of the bush had hardly drawn back the lash before the snake recovered himself, and struck at her again. Too much to the right this time, but he coiled back like lightning and prepared for another spring. Obviously he was getting aggressive now and wanted stopping. With a firm upstroke of the hand over the right shoulder, the green-hide flew out to its full length. Then, with a forward and downward swing, out went the thong of the whip. This time the end of the lash caught the snake full on the throat, and it fell back with a broken neck—a bullet from the General's revolver putting an end to its contortions.

It had been a plucky tussle, and this time the woman had prevailed over her traditional enemy.

"Bravo !" cried Sir Donald, lapsing from his