

outlined his intention to shoot now held his throat in a vice-like grip that shut from his lungs the living air and sapped his great strength. With a desperate effort he swung the automatic up and pulled the trigger but Roy's steel wrist twitched and the bullet struck the green bomb in the girl's hand, passed through it and pierced her breast.

A blinding flash of light struck Roy's unprotected eyes, ex-erulating pain shot through them as all turned black and sick-ening fumes filled the room. The automatic fell to the floor, as the free hand of the signaller clutched and pulled at the throttling hold on his throat. The hand that left the signaller's wrist be-came a clinching fist that swung with sledgehammer force to the nape of his neck, and the throttling hand shoving back to meet the impact, the cord of life snapped with the spinal column, and Roy threw the limp form from him.

Freed of his opponent Roy dropped on his hands and knees, ex-erulating pain knifing his eyes, nauseating fumes filling his lungs. He realized that he must get out of the room quickly but his mind flooded with thoughts of the girl and his groping hands came in contact with a warm streamlet on the floor that guided him to its source, the wound in her breast.

In a semi-delirious state he took the dead girl in his arms and swayed back and forth, crooning a lullaby. Semi-delirium gave way to madness as he heard footsteps hastening up the stairs. The sound was lost in the tangle of his senses and he became a maddened tiger standing in the tall jungle grasses with his slain mate at his feet. Blinded and furious he leapt at the Secret Ser-vice man who rushed into the room and tried to stay his life-form as he dashed about it.

The men who entered the room had been led to the signalling station by the woman who had met Vivette and then followed her, and Roy who had not been notified of their plan of action. His plunge through the window occurred at the moment they were to raid the station. They had seen the tragic end of the struggle in the upstairs room and as the occupants of the basement came out by the front door they were made prisoners by two of the Secret Service men, the remainder running upstairs to the bomb room.

Realizing that Roy's mind was unbalanced, one of the men sprang to a clinch with him, narrowly escaping the teeth that snapped at his throat, assailed and assailant falling down an open stairway and becoming separated by the fall.

Roy sprang to his feet and blindly rushed along a corridor at the foot of the stairs, staggering from side to side as he swerved against the side walls. A door at the end of the corridor was opening and Roy collided with the one who to him was responsible for the death of his mate. He sprang forward to where he sensed