

The girl said nothing, but she loosed the soft neckerchief that she wore and covered the worn, fantastic and peaceful face. They stood with clasped hands looking at the body when a loud cry from Professor Ravenden brought them hurriedly to where he stood, frenziedly gesturing toward the sea.

About the spot where the pteranodon had fallen glittered little flashes of phosphorescence. Soon the sea was furiously alight. A school of dogfish had found the prey. One great black wing was thrust aloft for a brief moment. The water bubbled and darkened—and the sons of men had seen the last of the lone survival that had come out of the mysterious void, bearing on its wings across the uncounted eons, joy and sorrow, love and death.

THE END