

café in that shabby little South American city which must still be nameless, sat a sun-browned Yankee. From the ceiling a number of creaking, rotary fans, patterned after Don Quixote's windmills, drove down the hot breath of the Tropic of Capricorn.

"Tommy," he said, "Krieg and Weisner are—where they belong. Their machines are destroyed. Their secret ought to be destroyed, too. We must go back to that machine-shop in the hills and blow it up with what is left of the novalite. There might be blueprints, plans of some sort. I don't want a scrap of paper to escape."

Marie, who made the third of the party, clapped her hands softly in applause of Purdy's speech.

"All right," said Tommy. "Only let me get a couple of guides and go alone. I—I need the trip."

This being agreed to, Tommy rose and left the café.

"Poor chap!" said Purdy, after a pause.