

high. The creature was almost upon him when he leaped to one side, and brought his weapon around. The next instant he lay stunned and bleeding from the impact of the piston-rod wing.

The reptile swerved slightly. Shouting aloud, Professor Ravenden poured the six bullets from his revolver into the great body. From the other side Johnston was shooting. The monster was apparently unaffected, for it skimmed along toward the spot where the girls crouched, guarded by Everard Colton, who held ready a small boulder, his only weapon.

But between stood "The Wonderful Whalley" with knife poised. On came the reptile. Like a bow, the little juggler bent backward until his knife almost touched the ground behind him. Then it swung, flashed, and went home as the pteranodon, with a foot of steel driven into its hideous neck, pierced the man through and through, and rising, shook the limp body from its beak.

The air was poisoned with the reek of the great saurian. Sharp to the left it turned, made a half-circle and, beating the air with the thunderstrokes of sails flapping loose in a mighty wind, fell to the ground ten paces from Professor Ravenden.

Instantly that intrepid scientist was upon it,