

thing big. He used to shoot real jaguars, and put them in the trees around the workshop. You saw one. It made Krieg reckless. He would sometimes spend hours in the woods, hoping to catch him at it. That was what Weisner wanted. But somehow they never met."

The girl fell silent. The funnel had fallen silent, too. A low whine, the breath of their descent, gradually growing to a hurricane, came in through the *Scorpion's* armour.

"Good-bye, you two," said Tommy in a cheerful voice, and turned his face to the wall.

"Good-bye!"

There seemed nothing left to say. Marie kissed Purdy once upon the lips, and closed her eyes. There is something lonely, after all, in death.

Purdy stared off into space with level, unseeing eyes.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet. A scene of unutterable beauty lay beneath—some-