

The repeat killing in the city of fear.

point it slowly turned its head, and for the first time he looked into its face fairly and squarely.

The gorilla winked at him with one eye! He nearly gasped in astonishment. Never had he seen such intelligence in the eyes of any animal. They were like human eyes.

"It'll have to be shot!" called someone in commanding tones, and Terhune saw a short, plump man with diamond rings on his fingers and a greasy, smooth-shaven face.

He was obviously the showman, the owner of the circus, and he was in a great state of nervousness.

Just then there was a commotion at the back of the crowd. There were angry mutterings and protests as someone came shouldering his way through.

Although not over tall, the newcomer was immensely broad and deep of chest, dressed in shabby tweed jacket and an old pair of riding-breeches.

"Don't play the fool, Chako," he said sternly. "Come on down from there! Come on—quickly!"

His voice had a steely edge to it. The gorilla cocked its head on one side, looked at him as though to discover if he were serious, then slowly climbed down from the roof.

Meantime the man had tried to open the door. It was locked. Again he looked at the gorilla angrily.

"Enough of this fooling! Where's the key, Chako?"

The gorilla reached into its mouth and brought out the key of the cage. Uttley made no attempt to take it.

"Then get back inside—an' quick about it!" he commanded.

Paul Terhune leaned forward and watched with great interest as the gorilla unhesitatingly fitted the key to the lock, turned it, opened the door, and climbed inside.

A Visit To The Circus

THERE had been a constant coming and going at the Spring City police depot for several hours, and Paul Terhune was only one of many when he appeared in the waiting-room and asked to see Lieutenant Staunton.

"We thought you were lost," he exclaimed.

"No. I just took a stroll. Any

new developments?"

"None whatever. The experts verify there are no other fingerprints than those of Judge Hahn and the servant maid in the apartment."

He rattled off the findings on the typewritten sheet almost without change of tone. He was surprised when Terhune leaned forward and grabbed the paper.

"What did those hairs prove to be?"

"Um-mmh? The tuft of hair clinging to the balcony rail was from an animal of the

not Dick Staunton. He knew Paul Terhune had something up his sleeve.

"Sure! We'll go to the first performance," he drawled. "Meantime have a look at this dossier about the judge's friends."

They sat over that lot for a couple of hours, had a light meal about 6.30, and by seven o'clock were joining the queue which was going into the circus ground.

Paul Terhune took the American's arm and led him towards a smaller tent.

ACTION! THRILLS! ADVENTURE!

When a museum answered Greg Stewart's advertisement for a job with thrills, Greg's first reaction was to laugh. The tough ex-captain of the Special Air Service wanted an exciting and adventurous job—and a museum did not sound like the place to provide it!

But when Greg learned of the mission in store for him, he knew he would get all the adventure he could ever wish for!

Look out for the first instalment of this thrilling new picture-story with a difference **NEXT WEEK!**

GREG STEWART—SPECIAL AGENT

ape species. Why?"

Terhune did not reply immediately. He was visualising an immense, squat figure perched on top of a travelling cage, an enormous gorilla, greyish-red in colour, dark in patches, with the most human eyes he had ever seen in any beast.

"What's wrong?" Lieutenant Staunton looked up sharply. "Got an idea?"

"What do you know about the Red Star Circus?" Terhune suddenly asked.

His sudden change of subject made the others look up in surprise.

"Why—it—the circus comes here once a year on circuit. Why?"

"Well if you've nothing better to do, Staunton, I think I'd like to go along and see the show tonight."

Someone snorted, but it was

It was to the tall cage at the end that Paul Terhune led his companion. On a shelf covered with straw sat Chako, the gorilla.

"Well?" demanded the police lieutenant.

"At the time that murder was committed at Albany Court this gorilla was free. It is greyish-red in colour, except for its head. It can climb anywhere," said the British detective simply.

Staunton stared.

"But the idea is fantastic! It— Wait a minute! That piece of greyish-red hair which was found on the balcony, and which they said might have belonged to an ape! An ape!"

He drew in a deep breath. "Gosh! Where's the attendant?"

They looked around, and Ellis Uttley, the man in the

tweed jacket, shambled forward.

"Want me to stir up the gorilla?" he asked.

Paul Terhune saved the American the trouble of speaking.

"Never mind. We saw it this afternoon when it escaped. How far did it get? Some folk say they saw it in the town."

"Then they're lying!" snorted the attendant, his greenish eyes flashing. "I wasn't here, but they tell me all it did was to climb on to the top of its cage."

He put his hand through the bars, and an enormously-long arm reached out, a pink hand grasped his and shook.

"Known the brute long?" asked Terhune.

"Ever since it was two years old—that's four years ago. I've always been its keeper."

Before they could object he had whipped out a key and unfastened the door. The ape sat up and looked at him.

"Come on out and meet the gentlemen, Chako!" ordered Uttley.

Taller than a man, walking with a sideways roll like a sailor, the creature made for the attendant's side.

"We're great pals," declared Ellis Uttley. "He's almost like a brother to me. If they didn't make me shut him up in a cage I could get him to work around the circus. Chako, show the gentlemen how you can sweep the floor!"

The gorilla slowly turned, spied a broom in the corner, and shambled towards it. A few moments later he was sweeping carefully and scientifically from the centre of the tent towards his own cage.

When finished, the gorilla handed over the broom to the keeper.

Just then a uniformed figure burst in at the front of the tent. It was a motor patrolman.

"Lieutenant Staunton—sir! You're wanted out at West 19th Street.

"A man named Osbert Layton has been found sitting in his car in his garage with his head twisted round the wrong way.

"The doors of the car have been wrenched right off. It looks as though a maniac is at large, sir."

What is the connection between the death of the judge and the latest victim? **NEXT WEEK**, Paul Terhune delves deeper into the mystery.