

find out how many of these are alive, and warn them they are in danger," he muttered.

He sent for a Pennsylvania telephone directory, and looked up the names on the list. It was not long before he found one of them, Cyril Falkirk, who lived at a small township called Herndon, not thirty miles distant.

"He's as good as any to start with," thought the detective, and reached for the telephone.

Before long he got connected with the post office at Herndon, and asked for Mr Cyril Falkirk. A rasping voice answered that he was already speaking.

"Could you tell me if six years ago you served on a Grand Jury at Pittsburgh when a man named Carr was tried for a triple murder?"

He heard a sharp intake of breath, then an even angrier growl.

"That's the second time in five days I've been asked that on the phone, an' the last time the guy rang off the moment I said 'yes'."

Terhune's dark face flamed with excitement.

"They don't want me on the Grand Jury again, do they?" asked Falkirk.

"Not that I know of. It's more important than that, and I'm warning you your life may be in danger. Mr Falkirk, my name's Terhune, and I will be with you as fast as a car can bring me, in less than an hour."

He heard spluttering at the other end as he rang off, and hurriedly scribbled a note for Staunton, who was not yet back from the District Attorney's.

Herndon was not on a main road, and seemed a poverty-

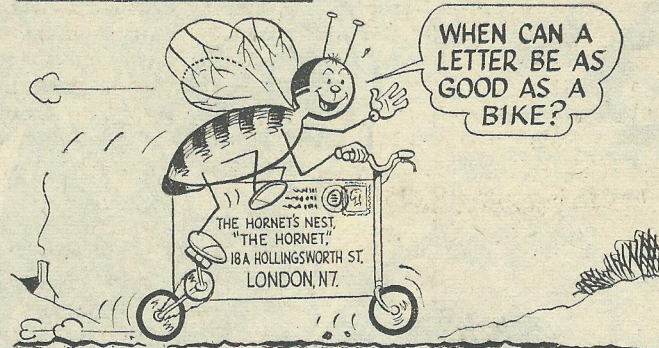
stricken place, surrounded by small farms.

Terhune's car caused a stir in the main street when it pulled up outside the general shop and post office.

The man behind the counter was about forty years of age, sandy-haired, draggled, shabby, obviously one who had made no great effort to get on in life. He blinked at Terhune with watery eyes.

"You the guy who phoned

HARRY THE HORNET SAYS:-



me from Spring City a while ago?" he asked.

"Yes, I am. Paul Terhune's my name. Where can we talk?"

"Right here. These folk are my friends," was the rather surly reply.

Terhune looked round at the group of inquisitive, hairy faces, and decided against it.

"Sorry, but this is an official matter, and confidential," he said. "Let's go into your office."

They went into the tiny office where a telephone switchboard reminded Terhune this was a post depot.

Falkirk gave him an inky stool on which to sit.

"Waal, what's the mystery?" he demanded.

"Have you read the Spring City papers the past few days?

Have you read about the three twisted-neck murders?"

"Sure! There's talk o' nothin' else down here."

"You didn't recognise the names?" queried the detective. "Didn't you remember having heard of them before?"

Falkirk puckered up his forehead.

"Only the one. Judge Hahn was the judge the time they impressed me for the Grand Jury six years back. They paid

my expenses, and—"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure they did. Judge Hahn was the judge in that case, but John Wood-

ward was the District Attorney, and Osbert Layton was the foreman of the jury."

Falkirk slapped his own knee.

"Durn it, I'd forgotten that! So Layton was."

Terhune went on:

"All those three men were connected with the trial and sentence of Brogan Carr. Someone has killed them because of that, and I've a feeling the rest of the jury are in danger."

There was a buzzing noise from the switchboard, and Falkirk snatched the receiver of the phone.

"Hello! Hello! Yes, speaking —I—yes, this is Cyril Falkirk.

What's that you say? Where?"

He turned his head and made wild motions with his hand towards Paul Terhune, but Terhune did not know what to do in reply. There was no other receiver that he could see, if he was being asked to listen in.

"Sure, I see—yeah, but—right! About three o'clock. Sure!"

He hung up, and mopped his face, his eyes more watery than ever.

"I wish you could have heard that talk," he gasped. "It—it was the same voice that asked me the other night if I served on that Grand Jury. I can swear to it. It was the same one."

"What?" Even Terhune was startled. "What did he want this time? What did he say?"

Falkirk sat down on the vacated stool, and shivered.

"Waal, that man, whoever he is, pretended to be Larry Minch's foreman over at Hazel Farm, that's three miles from here.

"He said the railway company has delivered a big crate for me at their south gateway, an' would I come over and fetch it with my car.

"They've left it on the way-side near the gate, an' he'll have someone there to help me lift it aboard at three o'clock."

"You say the voice wasn't that of Minch's foreman?" asked Terhune.

"Sure it wasn't. It's a trick to get me to a lonely spot, that's what it is. That south gate o' theirs is surrounded by trees. It's one o' the loneliest spots around here."

The man was trembling violently. The shop bell was

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