

Terhune gnawed his lip in anger.

"I nearly shot him!" he breathed, then raised his voice. "Hi, there, be off! Get out of these woods and don't come back. There's a gorilla loose. Run!"

He saw the head under the hat jerk, then the figure broke into a lumbering run and disappeared from view. It seemed the intruder was suitably scared. The two detectives kept on.

Not three minutes later Staunton tripped over something on the ground, and went down on his knees.

It was an elderly man of the hobo class, and he lay there unconscious, blood on his face and neck. His coat and hat were missing. His dirty shirt was torn as though big hands had clawed him.

"Gee, he's met the gorilla!" whispered the American, almost afraid to think his thoughts aloud. "It's lucky for him he wasn't killed. I wonder what happened to his jacket? These fellows usually wear one this time of the year and—"

"Anything wrong in there?" came a cautious voice from the other side of the bushes, and they saw one of the local farmers with an old-fashioned shot-gun in his grasp. He looked down at the still form as he spoke, and his eyebrows went up.

"Gosh, that's old Delaney! He's lived around here for years, an' comes here every day for wood. Is he dead?"

"No, only hurt," replied Paul Terhune. "Didn't he ever wear a coat?"

"Sure, a sort of faded brown coat, rather long in the tails, and a battered felt hat. I believe he got the stuff from some rag dump. They—"

"Did you say a faded brown coat and a battered felt hat?" roared Terhune.

"Then, by heck, we saw someone wearing that same outfit go out that way! We chased him out of the woods. I thought it was one of the cordon who had got too venture- some."

Terhune was more excited than they had seen him for a long time. "Hi there! Where's the cordon on this side? Hi!"

He ran to the edge of the woods, and two men popped up from a hollow where they had been hidden with their

rifles. They were local farmers, and were hoping for a shot at the gorilla.

"Has anyone passed you recently?" demanded Terhune.

"Naw, only old Delaney in his funny hat. I reckon you scared him out by shouting," said the elder of the pair. "He went away over there. He passed through the long grass almost at a run. I've never seen him in such a hurry."

what does that mean?" he demanded.

"It means our gorilla friend proved too clever for us. He not only felled Delaney and knocked him unconscious, but he put on his coat and hat to disguise himself. We chased him out of the woods, and those two over there let him pass!"

Staunton's eyes grew wider "But — but that's not possible! A gorilla couldn't

of the gorilla had firmly impressed the marks of his feet.

In other places the tracks were fainter, but Terhune pressed on until he picked up a torn brown coat and a battered felt hat.

The gorilla had shed them when they were no longer needed as a disguise. They were close beside a main road, where the tarmac surface showed no tracks of any kind.

It was getting dark, for day was coming to a close. They knew it was useless to try and follow the trail further.

Paul Terhune wiped his face. "The direction the brute is taking will bring it back to Spring City," he said. "I should send word there for a look-out to be kept. It would be best to shoot it on sight."

Paul Terhune gazed through the growing darkness. He did not seem at all certain about anything.

"I've got an advertisement in tomorrow morning's New York papers, and I'm expecting some answers to it," he said abruptly. "I think I'll go back to Spring City tonight."

Staunton looked surprised, but raised no objections. After all, Paul Terhune was not officially on the case. He had only offered to give his aid because of his interest and liking for the young police lieutenant.

The Mysterious Experiment

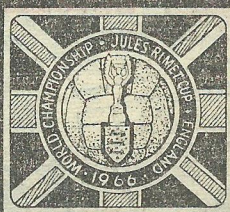
In bed the following morning, Paul Terhune glanced at the vivid headlines which announced the latest of the Twisted Neck Murders, but he did not trouble to read the accounts.

He knew more about the facts than any of the newspaper reporters did, and he was anxious to look for his own advertisement on the back.

There it was in bold type, within a plain frame.

"To Doctors, Medical Research Men, and Pathologists. Wanted: Particulars of a gorilla which was made the subject of experiments in a New York research depot about seven and a half years ago. It is believed that the gorilla was afterwards sold to a showman or circus. The information is needed by the Police Department. Please phone—"

The number of his hotel in (Continued on Page 27.)



THE HORNET GALLERY OF WORLD CUP STARS
EUSEBIO (PORTUGAL)

UNDOUBTEDLY the most feared attacker in Portugal's World Cup team will be Eusebio da Silva Ferreira, better known as just Eusebio. Born in the Portuguese colony of Mozambique, Eusebio played his first football as a barefooted boy before being spotted by Sporting Club, of Lourenco Marques his local team.

The BAREFOOT BOMBSHELL



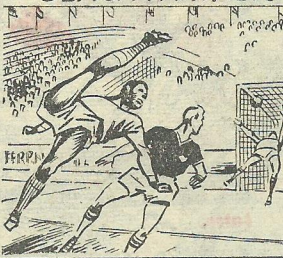
However, Benfica had no doubts and signed Eusebio at a fee of £5600. Last year they turned down an offer of £150,000 for his transfer!

Benfica had just won the European Cup when they signed their new inside-forward, yet Eusebio went straight into the first team and helped them win the Cup a second time. After only a handful of first team games, Eusebio gained his first international cap and has been a regular in Portugal's team ever since. With his lightning-fast acceleration and his deadly accurate shooting, Eusebio has more than earned his nickname—"The Black Panther!"



Eusebio quickly made Sporting Club's first team and soon he was a magnet for Portugal's top sides. Sporting Club, of Lisbon, tried to sign him, but were not prepared to pay the fee his club wanted.

The BLACK PANTHER



Without a word Paul Terhune ran over to the spot indicated. A track had been beaten through the long grass, flattening it to a width of fifteen inches or so.

Terhune got down on hands and knees and let out a gasp. Staunton came up as he pointed to the ground.

Deep in the soft earth showed the tracks of huge feet—the feet of a gorilla! There were no human footprints there at all.

The American looked up in amazement.

"For the love of wonder,

even think of such a thing."

"Chako did! Chako is no ordinary gorilla, as I've told you before. We both saw him unlock and relock a cage. He's got eyes which are almost human.

"Now, I'm certain Chako is no ordinary gorilla. Now we see he even knows how to disguise! By this time he'll be miles away, but we'll follow his tracks as far as we can."

Away they went, Staunton like a man in a dream. Where the ground was soft the weight