

WAS IT THE GORILLA?

(Continued from Page 15.)

Staunton groaned.

"When this gets around, and the rumour that the gorilla is here, there'll be something like panic. By the way, the Red Star Circus has moved."

"Where did it go?" asked Terhune.

"Harrisburg, more than a hundred miles from here. They had a long-standing contract there, and as there was no reason for holding all of them, we let them go. We've got a dozen picked men with them."

"Then ring up one of them and ask if that gorilla has turned up," suggested Terhune surprisingly. "Tell them to get in touch with Uttley and ask him."

Paul Terhune had the feeling that Uttley treated the great ape more as a human being than as an animal. There was some extraordinary understanding between them.

Lieutenant Staunton looked surprised, then nodded.

"Right! I'll do that. Harrisburg is more than a hundred miles from here. The gorilla can scarcely have got back there already."

A Terrible Secret

FIFTEEN minutes later he came back with the news that he had contacted his men at Harrisburg, and they had reported that to the best of their knowledge the gorilla had not returned.

They had gone to ask Ellis Uttley if he had any later news of it, but had not been able to find him in his quarters. He was supposed to be spending the night somewhere in the town.

By morning the swelling in Terhune's throat had gone down, and he set to work on a new line, questioning all the old employees of the hospital.

Not many of them had been there as long as Professor Reinland. Not many of them remembered his earlier experiments. It was an old night porter who finally gave Terhune hope.

"—a gorilla, did you say, sir? I remember three gorillas being used by the professor for his experiments."

Paul Terhune looked at the man closely, then slipped him a ten-dollar note.

"You had to do the cleaning up, and to help with the shifting of the cages. Do you remember all the experiments he did to gorillas?" he asked. "What was the one he called the Great Experiment?"

The man jerked round his head and licked his lips.

"Well—er—the professor had funny ideas, so I did hear. He thought human beings weren't dead so long as their brains were alive."

"But what's this to do with our gorilla? What did he do with Chako?"

The man rolled his eyes and looked as though he wanted to bolt, then he said hoarsely—"He told me never to tell. Only

years afterwards. It seemed dull and listless. The professor was mighty disappointed. He said something about the reflexes not matching and that he would never try it again.

"In the end he grew to hate the sight of Chako. He let them sell it to a circus cheaply. He never expected it to live. You say it's livin' even now?"

"Yes." Terhune was thinking of those strangely human eyes which he had seen peering out from that hideous hairy face.

He thought of the human way Chako had unlocked and locked the door of its cage. "I suppose the brain came from someone who had just died?"

The man licked his lips.

"Yes, that's about right. Someone who died suddenly."

Paul Terhune sensed there

was something behind those reluctant admissions.

"Another casualty from the ward?" he asked. "Did he get permission to take out the brain of someone who died over there, some poor pauper without relatives to claim his body?"

"N-no, it wasn't exactly that. As a matter of fact, he didn't get it from here. They wouldn't let the professor do that. He had to go all the way to Pittsburg."

"To Pittsburg!" Paul Terhune turned abruptly. "Why on earth go all that distance?"

Potts looked at the door, then fingered the note in his pocket. He seemed to decide he must give value for his money.

"Well, there was a convict there — a murderer — condemned to die. The professor got in touch with him and made a deal.

"The murderer had someone he was very fond of, and asked that a thousand dollars be given to them on his death. In exchange he allowed his brain to be taken out the moment he was certified dead. The pro-

essor went over there to the execution, and came back by plane immediately afterwards.

"He had it—the brain—in some kind of sealed container. I shall always remember him arriving. He was as white as snow. He said to me—"

"Yes, yes, and that was the brain he transplanted into Chako?" gasped Terhune, more startled than he had ever been by a discovery.

"That was it. He set to work at once and did the job before nightfall. The ape was unconscious all the following day and he thought it would die, but towards evening—"

"Do you remember the name of the man who sold his brain?" was the detective's next question. "I suppose I could get it by raking through the files over there. It couldn't have been done unknown to the officials."

"No, but I think I remember myself, sir," said the porter. "It was a short name. He was a strangler. He killed three women, and his name was—was—ah, yes, his name was Carr!"

"Not Brogan Carr!" almost shouted the detective.

"Yes, that was it — Brogan Carr. I believe he was a nasty piece of work. The professor said that if the experiment had been a success he would have had a first-class murderer on his hands."

He rattled on, but Paul Terhune was not listening. He was thinking of this amazing discovery.

The ape which had the brain of Brogan Carr, the murderer, was the creature which seemed most likely to have committed all the recent murders.

Furthermore, all those who had been slain at Spring City had been connected with the trial and execution of that same Brogan Carr!

A fantastic, hideous possibility was presenting itself to him. Had the professor been wrong in believing his experiment had been a failure?

Had the murderer's brain taken root in the gorilla's head after all these years, and had it set to work to urge the great beast to slay all those who were in any way connected with the death of Brogan Carr?

It looked very much like it!

Harry the Hornet says:—



three people were in the secret, an' I was one of 'em. He was disappointed with the result. He said it made no difference, and proved a man's brain is not superior to that of an ape."

"What do you mean?" demanded Terhune, his dark face flushing with excitement. "What have brains got to do with it?"

"Well, sir, seein' as how the professor is dead, I reckon he can't get into any trouble, so there's no harm in me tellin'."

"He took out its brain an' transplanted a human brain into its place. He hoped it might make the brute more human. He even thought it might cause its body to gradually change.

"That was his Great Experiment. He lived an' dreamed of that for years, an' was never the same again after it failed."

Terhune felt a tingle through his veins.

"He exchanged brains with a human being! Phew! That was certainly some experiment. And the brute lived?"

"Yes, it lived here for some

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NEXT WEEK—Terhune is face to face with an angry lion—and he's locked in the lion's cage!