

it was speech or grunting, Terhune could not tell.

That was one of the things that had plagued him. If a gorilla was given a human brain, could the gorilla talk, or would the speech centre of the brain be useless without the correct vocal chords?

Paul Terhune decided to make certain on this point and to get a better view of the strange pair.

Behind the cabin was a high cutting. If he could get to the top of that and crawl to the edge, he might be able to see right through the shattered windows.

Away he went to explore a possible route up the limestone cliff which formed the chief barrier. He got up at last and saw the flicker of a match within the signal box. Someone was going to smoke.

Cautiously he wriggled forward. He knew gorillas had abnormally sensitive hearing. If he made a stone roll, the brute would be able to place him.

Furthermore, a gorilla would be able to leap straight from the window-sill to the top of the cutting.

Inch by inch he approached his view-point. He had a clear view of the interior of the empty cabin. He could not see details, only outlines.

Two stools or chairs had been pulled up facing each other, and on these sat an assorted pair, Ellis Uttley and the huge, greyish-brown gorilla.

Both had their legs crossed, both were drawing at pipes which sometimes cast a glow over their faces. Both appeared to be content to relax.

The only difference between them was that every now and then Chako would reach to the floor and break off a banana.

Lifting the fruit, he would give a dexterous squeeze whereupon the fruit of the banana would shoot into the gorilla's mouth. The skin would be tossed to the other end of the room.

"That's almost sixty bananas you've had, Chako!" remonstrated Uttley. "Don't you think that's enough for to-night? There'll be none left for tomorrow."

Terhune could hear his heart thumping. Was one mystery going to be solved? Was he about to hear the gorilla make verbal reply?

"Huh!" snorted Chako, and

threw the skin straight into Uttley's face, shaking itself with huge mirth.

One thing was obvious, the gorilla with the human brain could not speak!

The Arrest Of Uttley

UTTLEY took no offence, but it was noticeable that Chako took no more bananas, leaving fully half the stock intact, a feat of self-denial amazing in a wild beast.

To see it smoking was astonishing, but not unduly so. In its earlier days at the circus Terhune had noticed the strangely human glint of mischief in its eyes. He was

in one hand and fairly gibbering.

"What is it?" demanded Uttley, arriving swiftly at its side. "Smell someone? The wind's sure comin' that way. Have you scented someone out there, Chako?"

To Terhune's horror, the gorilla nodded its head up and down vigorously, again pointing towards the spot where the detective was hidden from sight

Paul Terhune chilled. He was keeping so flat they could not possibly see him, but his scent had drifted to the delicate nostrils of the giant gorilla. The brute knew someone was there.

"Who's there?" called Uttley in commanding tones. "Stand up and show yourself—

On the level they could not stop a charging gorilla; they would not even pierce that tough hide. But in mid-air they might spoil or shorten a leap.

Crack-crack! He had time to get off two shots as Chako was in mid-air, and the effect was as he had expected. The gorilla fell short, landing on all-fours amidst the bushes twenty feet below, roaring, snarling, and chattering with rage.

Terhune waited for no more. Luck had been with him so far. It was time to make himself scarce. He turned towards the town and ran as hard as he could.

He heard the angry voice of Uttley calling something to the great ape, then all was drowned by the thunder of a passing train.

Paul Terhune zig-zagged and turned towards a jutting arm of the town which seemed to offer the shelter of houses and built-up areas.

He had little time for thinking as he ran. He fled along, leaping ditches and building trenches, then coming to a partially finished highway where rows of new villas were not yet occupied.

At the corner of the street he saw a bus pulling up, and put on a desperate spurt, shouting as he came.

Someone heard him and the driver held on for a moment or two. He was slowly moving off as Terhune took a flying leap on to the step.

"Thanks!" he gasped. "Are you going anywhere near the Central Police Station?"

"Yes," said the driver. "I'll let you off twenty yards from the station."

Ten minutes later they drew up in the Municipal Square, not far from the police headquarters.

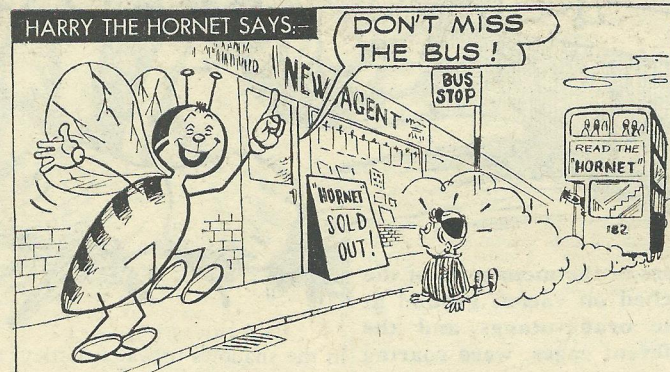
Terhune was lucky enough to find Lieutenant Staunton at the police depot. Although his appearance in his disguise was desperate enough, he was admitted to Staunton at once.

Staunton could tell at a glance that something exciting had happened.

"I've found where Chako has been hiding!" burst out the British detective.

"What?" The American nearly bounded into the air. "You mean it? Shall we find him there now?"

"I can't say. Get some cars loaded with men, guns, ropes, and chains. I'll tell you as we



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not surprised at anything it did.

The gorilla would take some capturing alive. It might be necessary to shoot it, which Terhune for one knew he would consider a pity. Scientists would give much to be able to observe a fully-grown gorilla with a human brain.

Every effort ought to be made to take it alive, but it was not going to be a simple matter. Terhune pondered on this.

Suddenly there was a screech from the gorilla, and without warning it rushed to the glassless windows nearest him and pointed in his direction.

Thud-thud-thud went its feet on the floor beneath it. The animal was dancing with rage. It was waving its lighted pipe

or it will be the worse for you!"

Terhune remained still, but his hand slithered back to his revolver, which he drew. Unless he was very much mistaken he would need it in a moment.

Uttley repeated the challenge once again, then suddenly growled—"Go after him, Chako! Bring him back alive!"

Like something released from a trap, the gorilla scrambled on to the ledge and took one tremendous leap for the edge of the cutting, fully thirty feet distant.

Paul Terhune had waited for that very moment. He knew this was the one moment when the comparatively small bullets from his revolver might be useful.