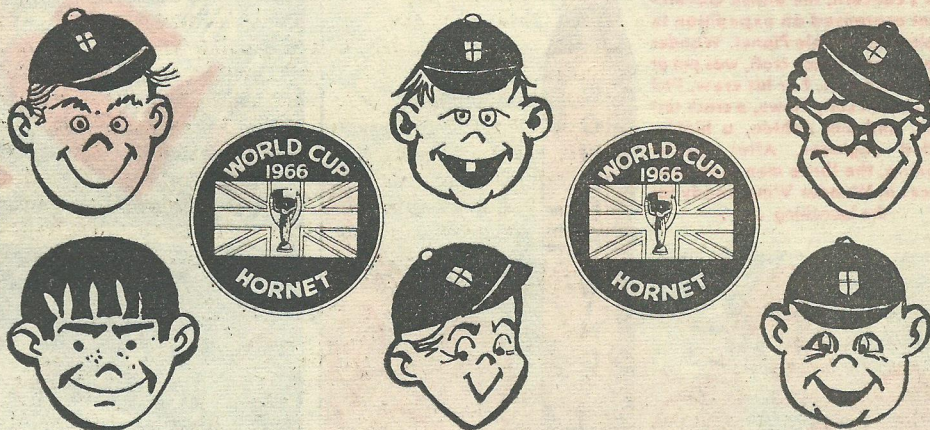


# FREE NEXT WEEK

## THIS SUPER WORLD CUP BADGE IN BRILLIANT COLOURED PLASTIC!



Everyone who wears the badge will wear a smile! Make sure YOU have a badge and something to smile about by ordering your "HORNET" NOW!

go along. Uttley is in this. He's been hiding the brute all the time."

So a few minutes later police sirens shrieked in the streets of Harrisburg as the police rushed towards the railway cutting on the edge of the town.

While some raced over a bridge to be on the other side, others closed in from the south. They wanted to close their net before the gorilla could bolt.

But when they reached the spot they found no gorilla. The police closed round and stood watchfully at attention, Staunton having told them to shoot if they were in danger.

"There's just a possibility Uttley and the gorilla jumped a freight train that passed along here," suggested Terhune after an interval.

"There's also another possibility that he's had the nerve to take it back to the circus. We ought to go and look there now. He didn't have a chance to glimpse me, so he doesn't know the fugitive was me."

With one car and four men they drove back to the circus, notified the proprietor of their attention, and proceeded with

him as far as the quarters of the menagerie men.

Cards were being played and deep laughter was booming out. As the newcomers lifted the flap and peered inside they saw Uttley midst the players, enjoying himself as much as anyone there.

Staunton looked at Terhune in puzzled fashion, wondering if the Briton could have been mistaken. Terhune, who had shed his disguise and was now himself, came up behind Uttley and tapped him on the shoulder.

"What have you done with that gorilla, Uttley? Found another hiding place instead of the signal box?"

A bomb could not have had greater effect. The cards fell and scattered, the man leapt to his feet, and seemed about to rush the detective. His yellow teeth showed viciously.

"What are you gettin' at?" he demanded. "I've a good mind to—"

"I wouldn't, Uttley!" snapped Terhune, revealing the revolver he had been holding under the edge of his jacket. "The game's up. You're under arrest for conspiring against the law."

The man stiffened. His deep lungs sucked in air until it seemed he must burst, then he roared.

"Conspiring against what law? What have I done?"

"That ape was wanted as a suspect in the recent murder cases, and you've been harbouring and hiding it. That's a crime."

Two burly police stepped in from either side, and there was a click of handcuffs. Uttley seemed doubtful whether he would submit or fight for it, then seemed to decide to go quietly.

"Someone's goin' to pay for this!" he growled. "If you hurt a hair of that gorilla's head—"

"We haven't even found it yet," said Terhune, "and when we do we shan't hurt it unless it forces us to do so. There are too many peculiar points about that gorilla for it to be shot at once."

The rest of the police, aided by the proprietor's men, proceeded with a search of the entire circus. They left no corner untouched, but they did not find Chako. Uttley had not hidden his strange pet there.

### The Name On The List

AT the police depot Uttley refused to speak. They asked him about his past association with the gorilla, and whether he had known anything about its past history.

They even told him outright that it had been discovered the brute had a human brain. Even this did not "draw" the burly Uttley.

He would admit nothing. He would answer no questions. He remained stubbornly silent, and, as by then it was nearly midnight, they returned him to his cell, leaving an armed man on guard outside.

Staunton and Terhune were too weary to go into the matter more fully that night, and went to their quarters for some much needed sleep.

And the man about whom all this fuss was being made lay flat on his back upon his bunk and smiled at the ceiling above him. He appeared to be waiting for something.

Every time the sentry put his face to the wicket in the

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