

prominent part in the—er—last moments of Brogan Carr. Someone has wiped out the judge, the district attorney, the foreman of the jury, and several others. They seem to have a definite plan. You might be on their list."

Harcourt shrugged his shoulders.

"The cops are looking after me, and I always carry a gun. No, I ain't scared—even if that twin brother of Carr's is still living——"

"Twin brother!" It was the first time Terhune had heard of such a person. "You say he had a twin brother? You're sure of that?"

"Sure, I'm sure. It was the only visitor Carr had at the jail before his execution, and an ugly piece of work he was, as like Brogan Carr as two peas.

"They were so much alike that the warders feared they might make a switch, and never left them alone for one moment."

"Then you're certain no exchange was made, and that the real Brogan Carr was executed?" demanded the British tec.

"Dead sure! There wasn't a chance. There was always bars between 'em. This other Carr—I forget his name—asked to see me.

"It was most unusual, but they sent for me, an' I thought he was goin' to utter some threats, or ask me to make it a quick job. But he didn't say a word.

"He just looked at me hard for two minutes, then turned on his heel. He looked to me just the kind of guy who would train a gorilla to commit murder."

Terhune was astounded with this piece of news, and wondered if the police knew about it. He thanked Harcourt and was turning away when the telephone rang.

Thinking it might be a call for him, he waited a moment, but it proved to be for Harcourt.

Someone named Fetteridge, at the Lakeside Sports Club, wanted him to come over and give him a shave and facial massage. Harcourt said he would be over in ten minutes, and reached for a neat attache-case as he shrugged himself out of his white jacket.

Paul Terhune frowned.

"with you on these outside jobs?" he asked.

"Sure, they do! Anyone'd think I was under suspicion, judgin' by the way they follow me about," was the disgusted reply.

"I go over to Mr Fetteridge nearly every morning. It's not ten minutes from here on the bus, but they have to tail me all the time. They're nuts, that's what they are—nuts!"

He went off crossly, and Paul Terhune returned to his car in thoughtful mood. He slowly started up and pulled away from the kerb. He did not know the city very well, but decided to make a detour along the edge of the park before returning to the police headquarters.

Before long he was in a very pleasant part of the residential neighbourhood.



There were trees in abundance, a small lake, and a white building which had a flag flying that bore the name of the Lakeside Sports Club.

"Hm, that's the place Harcourt was going!" thought Terhune, slowing down. "I suppose he's giving our Mr Fetteridge a facial massage now. Looks like two of the 'tecs standing over there, and—what are they pointing at?"

One of them was pointing excitedly at one of the corner towers of the rather ornate building. Acting on impulse, Terhune drove over and pulled up, just as they began to run across the grounds.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "I recognised you two. I'm from headquarters, too."

One turned a very red face. "Harcourt's gone in there. He goes in every mornin' nearly, an' that corner room top of the tower is the one where he does his job.

"Sometimes we see his white jacket at the open window. My partner reckons he's just seen something else—a furry back like that of a gorilla!"

"What!" gasped Terhune, and sprinted ahead of the two men, as they made for the end door.

"Which is the way to Mr Fetteridge's apartment?" snapped Paul Terhune, and someone pointed to a glass door.

They passed through this, and found themselves on winding stairs.

Terhune held the pace until he was panting, and eventually they came to an elaborate door which had a card on it with Philip Fetteridge's name.

It was a small apartment he rented at the Lakeside Club during the hot weather.

Paul Terhune pressed the bell as the others arrived at his side. They heard it ring, but there was no reply. There was no sound of movement inside

One of the Americans pointed to the bathroom door. A pair of feet protruded round the edge of this. Quietly they all advanced. There lay the executioner from Pittsburgh Jail, wearing his immaculate white jacket. His feet were turned upwards, but his face was round the other way. His neck had been twisted completely round. There was no question about him being dead.

The bath stool lay on its side, the towel rail had been dragged from the wall and twisted in a knot, the washbowl had been ripped away from the wall.

"It can't have gone far!" roared Terhune. "There was only one way out—by the roof. You say you saw a shaggy shape at that other window? Maybe it afterwards got out there. Is there a fire-escape?"

They rushed around seeking possible avenues of escape. In their eagerness the two detectives collided in the doorway of the bathroom, and Paul Terhune suddenly whipped out a tape measure and measured the width of that doorway. It was only twenty-six inches.

"Yet the gorilla is at least sixty round the chest. How did it get through there to strangle Harcourt?" he asked himself.

It seemed certain that Harcourt had fled to the bathroom when he had been aware of the danger threatening him, and had been attacked there.

One of the detectives came back with the news that there was a hatch leading from a box-room to the roof.

They went to look at this, and found it had been burst apart and shattered at the edges as though by the passage of some large form which had forced its way through by brute strength. Pieces of greyish-brown hair clung to the broken woodwork.

"That's what I should have expected in the doorway of the bathroom if the gorilla had gone through there," murmured Terhune. "Let's get out on to the roof."

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**The Greenhouse**  
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**THEY** clambered through, and soon discovered the roof of the tower was connected by an iron ladder with the roof that extended over the remainder of the building.

(Continued on Page 20.)