

WAS IT THE GORILLA?

(Continued from Page 15.)

A high, ornamental palisade ran around all sides of this, and anyone moving about on the roof would be invisible from the ground below.

Out on the lake one or two rowing-boats could be seen. There were several boat-houses under the trees. Looking down on that pleasant spot, it was hard to believe one was in the centre of a big city.

Terhune stood there scanning the landscape closely.

He tried to pick out possible hiding places. There were the boat-houses, the clumps of trees, one or two pavilions and sheds where equipment for sports were kept, and a greenhouse which supplied the cafe with fresh fruits and flowers.

"One of you go to the phone and ask for Lieutenant Staunton to bring out the Homicide Squad," he told the detectives.

"The other post himself in Fetteridge's room, and be ready to help him when he comes round. We mustn't forget him. Touch nothing, and let nobody else touch anything, until Staunton arrives!"

They hurried away, and he descended the fire-escape to the grounds. By this time the people in the club were aware that something tragic had occurred.

They would have flooded round Terhune and plied him with questions, but he soon found a way of shutting them up.

"Go inside and bar all the doors!" he ordered. "There is danger. The gorilla is at large."

There were shrieks from the women, and before long there

was not a person to be seen outside the building. Paul Terhune, with his revolver close to his hand, strolled towards the largest boathouse.

A motor cruiser or two had been anchored here.

A ten-metre yacht was there without a mast. Shavings showed that some construction work had been attempted.

Ploughing his way through these shavings, Paul Terhune suddenly stopped and picked up a handful. His eyes had not deceived him. Some of the shavings were wet and showed

a question. Where was the gorilla now? Was it in this next boathouse or in the greenhouse somewhat farther on?

In the greenhouse they grew fruit. It was not too much to expect the gorilla could smell this fact.

There were plenty of shrubs and trees he could use as cover, and as he passed through those he did not fail to observe several tufts of loose gorilla fur. His hunch was proving correct. Chako had passed this way.

At last he neared one end of the greenhouse. The glass had been painted green to keep out the worst glare of the summer sun. It was impossible to see inside, but there were several open ventilators and Terhune

house," he explained. "I don't know if Uttley is there or not. The brute has been gorging. You know Harcourt has been killed the same as the others?"

"I didn't know until the phone call came through," was the grim reply. "The whole city will be in a panic unless we do something about this. What do you suggest?"

"Surround the greenhouse and riddle it with bullets. We're not dealing with ordinary criminals. If they want to surrender after the first volley, they can come out."

At last everyone was ready with heavy-calibre rifles and tommy-guns. It was like preparations for a siege.

"Uttley, you've got one chance to come out if you're in there!" roared Staunton. "We're going to count five—then open fire!"

He counted slowly, and at the fifth second the guns thundered. Nearly every pane of glass in the building was shattered.

No sound followed.

"Again!" barked Staunton. "They must be lying flat on the ground. Try to fire lower."

Three times volleys poured from the ends and sides, without result, and then the two detectives led the men forward.

They went cautiously, for they knew they were dealing with crafty foes. A gorilla with the brain of a man and a man with the strength of a gorilla made a formidable pair.

But they kicked open one of the shattered doors and looked the length of the greenhouse without seeing any hulking form, either on the ground or upright.

Then Terhune pointed to the banks of steam pipes. They were not needed at this time of the year, but in the winter this greenhouse was well heated.

"Those are supplied from some other place. I didn't see a boiler outside. Where is it? Can it possibly be underground? Is there a cellar to this place?"

Dividing in the two aisles, they crept steadily the length of the shattered greenhouse scanning the glass-strewn floor. Terhune might have hit the explanation. There might be an interior entrance to a cellar where the boiler was kept!

Has Terhune discovered the solution to the killer pair's disappearance? Watch out for more big thrills

NEXT WEEK!

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SPOT THE TOWN!

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teeth marks!

In a flash he knew what had happened. The gorilla was hungry. There had been no bananas or other fruit for it for a long time.

When it had seen the fresh shavings it had decided to try if these were edible. It had taken one bite at them, discovered they were unpalatable, and spat them out.

It had passed that way within a matter of five minutes. Paul Terhune felt his pulses race. He pretended to stare across the lake, but he was asking himself

settled down near one of these to listen.

Strange sounds came to his ears—the crackling of branches, the ripping of leaves, and the sound of munching teeth, followed by grunts of approval.

Chako was having a feast. "Looks as though we'll have to shoot it!" he muttered. "I hope those police think to bring some heavy-calibre rifles."

He could hear cars speeding along the lakeside in the distance and guessed the police were on their way.

The cars swerved around the drive of the club and came to a halt. One of the detectives went to meet them, and some of the newcomers ran into the building probably to the scene of the latest murder.

The noise within the greenhouse had stopped, and as he crouched and stared, he saw a huge finger begin to pick and rub away a tiny circle of green paint in the centre of one pane. The gorilla wanted to look out!

Terhune quickly got to one side, ducked low, and ran behind the boathouse to meet Staunton.

"The gorilla is in the green-

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