

greatcoat. These were a little too big for him, but they were better than nothing.

The Inspector had made a great play of using the phone, and it was as Paul Terhune came out from the room where he had changed that Sergeant Proctor came hurrying in at the front door.

Spot, the fox-terrier, took the opportunity to dart in at the same time, and raced along the passageway, whining as he went.

"Confound that dog! Stop it!" bellowed the Inspector, but the terrier went down some steep steps and could be seen scratching at a closed door at the bottom.

"It must be Usher's dog. Get it out of here, Proctor. We've got our hands full without fooling with dogs."

"Have you got the dog's master in the cells?" Paul Terhune asked.

"Yes, he's in for failure to pay his rates and breach of the peace."

Proctor came back with Spot, and was ordered to shut it up in the shed at the back, then to return and confer with the inspector about what could be done to track down Terhune's attacker.

Just as Paul Terhune had expected, very little was actually done. Search was made along the wall by Proctor and a constable, but by eight o'clock no clues had been discovered.

The Prisoner In The Cell

PLEADING a chill, Terhune retired to bed early, but not to sleep. When changing from the uniform into one of his own spare suits, he had come upon a key in the pocket of the greatcoat which he had borrowed from the police.

It was the sort of key which might suit the Yale lock on the door of the police headquarters.

After getting between the sheets, he pretended to sleep, but lay there holding a pistol and watching the cupboard which he knew led to the underground tunnel.

It must have been midnight when the door swung slowly open, and a figure glided into the room.

Terhune levelled the gun and waited, continuing to breathe regularly and deeply, as though asleep.

The intruder, who was all in black, came to the bedside, stood for a minute, then withdrew again.

Paul Terhune heaved a sigh. The man had evidently come to make sure Terhune was really there and genuinely asleep.

Having given him time to return whence he had come, Terhune slipped out of bed and put a dummy in his place.

In rubber-soled shoes, and carefully muffled against the cold, he let himself out of his room and padded along the corridor to the stairs.

"No, it's not morning yet. Are you Ted Usher, the wood-carver?"

"Yes, what about it?" came a rather peevish voice.

"I'm nothing to do with the police, so I don't want to make too much noise. I want you to answer a few questions. Why are you in there?"

"I was framed!" was the savage retort. "That Sergeant Proctor came to my little shop with a constable and said I had defaulted on my rates for the past year."

"I told him he was mistaken,

things happen in this town. The inspector's in whatever it is. I've got my suspicions."

So have I! thought Paul Terhune, but he said aloud—"You've got a cellar under your shop. What do you keep in it?"

"Nothing but some odd pieces of wood and some shavings. Why do you ask?"

Terhune ignored the question.

"I understand there is a tunnel that leads out of your cellar somewhere. Do you know where it goes?"

"No, nor do I want to. There are tunnels and passages all over the town.

"They're too dangerous for my liking, and I always keep the door locked. But what's this all about, and who are you?"

Paul Terhune was about to make some reply when he heard a movement above him at the top of the stairs.

A board had creaked slightly and when he glanced up there was a shadow as though someone had stepped back quickly from the door.

Feeling for his gun, he headed for the stairs. Behind him came the angry query of the prisoner in the cell.

"Who are you, coming here at dead of night? If you want to help me, get in touch with Nelson, a solicitor. The police won't let me communicate with him."

Terhune did not dare reply to this. Up the stairs he crept, and looked along the corridor towards the front door.

He half-expected to see someone lurking close by in readiness to spring, but the only shadow he saw was halfway down the passage, and about to turn in at one of the smaller rooms.

A moment later the person had gone in there and had vanished from sight. Still moving silently on his rubber soles, Paul Terhune headed in the same direction.

The door through which the man passed was open, but Terhune could hear no sound within.

He waited for a few moments, then suddenly shot his beam of his torch into the darkness beyond, sweeping it from side to side with a swift gesture.

The room was empty.

NEXT WEEK—Holdenwell becomes steeped even further in mystery when an innocent man dies!

SPORTING STARS OF TODAY

GORDON BANKS
LEICESTER CITY AND ENGLAND

GORDON BANKS, Leicester City's brilliant international goalkeeper, began his football career playing for Millspaw Steel Works in his home town of Sheffield.

His first senior club was Chesterfield, who signed him in 1955. On completion of his National Service, Gordon became the first team goalkeeper, and his many fine displays for the Third Division side soon had many of the big clubs watching him.

STAR OF THE STEEL WORKS



In the summer of 1959, Gordon was transferred to Leicester for £6000. His transfer value now is about ten times that much! In 1961 and 1963 the City reached the Cup Final, but both times Gordon had to settle for a runners-up medal.

TWO TIME LOSER



But soon Gordon was catching the eye of the England selectors and, after appearing in the Under-23 and Football League elevens, he gained his first full cap, against Scotland in 1963.

The highlight of Gordon's career came last summer when he starred for England's World Cup-winning side. In six matches he only lost three goals. Many experts acclaimed him as the top goalkeeper in the competition.



Down the stairs he went, using a pin-point of light from his torch, crossed the lounge, and gained the side door, which he opened to let himself out.

He encountered nobody by the time he reached the police station. The key fitted the lock.

He went along the corridor to the top of the steps down which Spot had dashed that early evening, and at the bottom he found one locked cell door.

Terhune tapped loudly. Someone stirred, then a voice said—

"Yes, who is it? It's not morning yet."

and when I was looking for the receipt the constable pushed me so that I fell.

"I'm a hot-tempered sort of chap, and got up and landed him one. Then they said I was obstructing them in the execution of their duty, and both grabbed me.

"They brought me here in handcuffs, and here I'll be till next Wednesday, when the magistrates sit. It's an outrage, a dirty outrage!"

"Why should anyone want to get you out of the way, Usher?" asked Terhune.

"I don't know, but funny