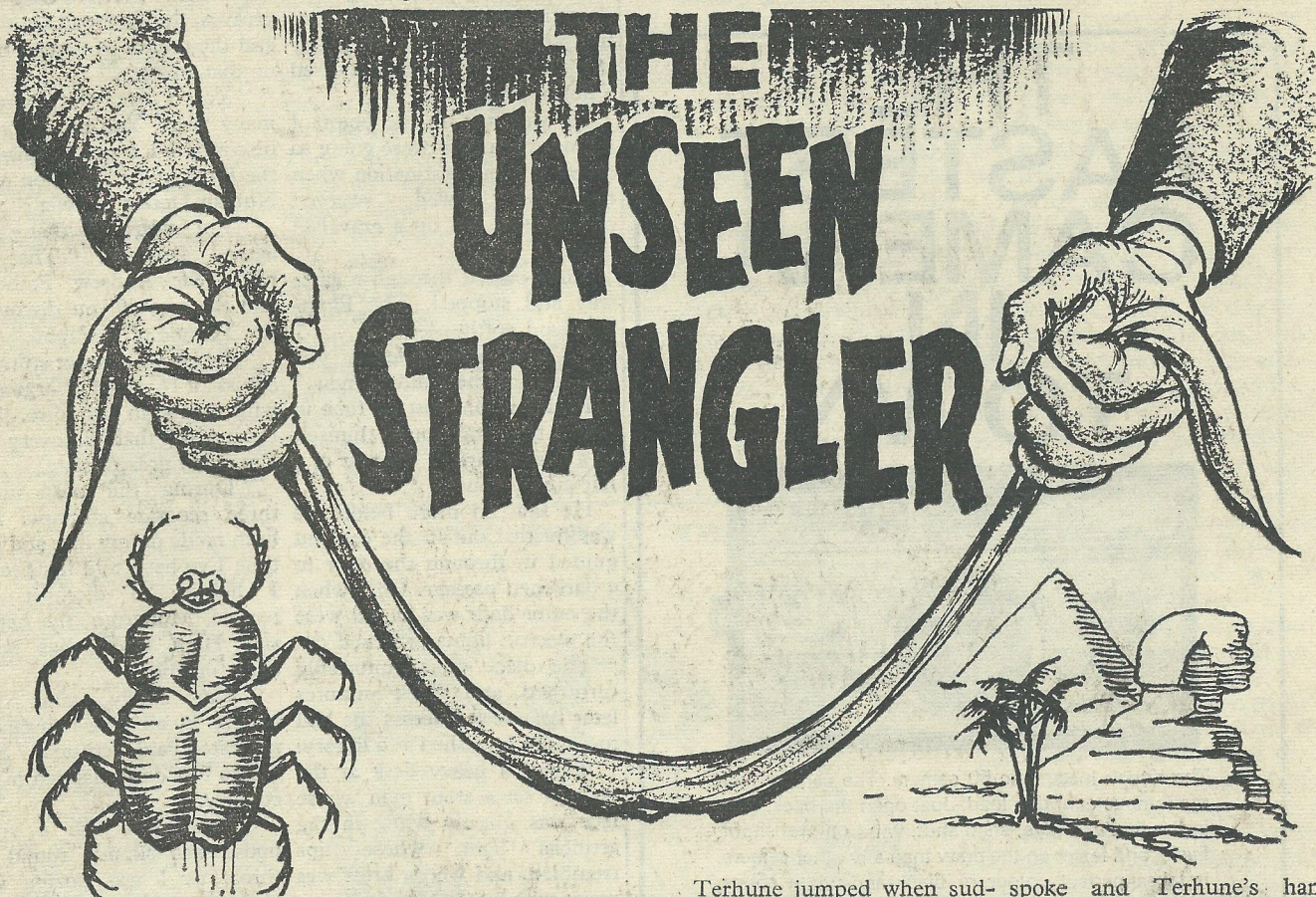


Thrills! Mystery! Suspense! Paul Terhune, the ace detective, begins the search for a murderer who can pass locked doors and windows and kill without trace!



IT was three o'clock on a cold November morning, and for the fiftieth time Paul Terhune called himself a fool for being out of bed at such an hour.

He was sitting in his car, with all its lights extinguished, under some trees in a lonely glade out amongst the Surrey hills. There was a road about fifty yards away, and he had driven over the grass to reach the spot where he was now.

The well-known private detective was keeping an appointment and he was wondering if he had made a fool of himself by driving down from London at such an hour in answer to a letter he had received.

"Dear Mr Terhune," it had to another one crossing it at right angles. Back your car on to the grass and wait under a clump of trees which you will see there.

"I wish you to drive down to the village of Shere, outside Guildford. On the south side of the main road through the village there is a narrow track running in the direction of Peaslake.

"Follow this until you come

"My servant will come and show you the rest of the way. I dare not be more explicit, or my enemies may find me. Please don't fail me. My man will look for you at three a.m. tomorrow morning — Yours, Max Hargreaves."

Terhune jumped when suddenly a face appeared in the window at his side, and a soft foreign voice purred—

"If the Effendi is ready, I am Mamoud, the servant of Hargreaves Effendi."

Though Terhune had been on the look-out all the time, he had not seen the man arrive.

Tall, thin, muffled in a flowing cloak, the fellow was undoubtedly an Egyptian.

"Huh, how do you know I'm the man you have to take to your master?" demanded the detective.

"Hargreaves described you to me, and in any case no one but you would be waiting here at such an hour, Effendi. My master wishes me to blindfold your eyes and drive you to him. It is not many miles from here."

He had opened the door as he

dropped to the pocket where he had a small automatic.

"Blindfolded! You drive me! That's nonsense!" snapped the detective.

"Effendi, I can say no more, but if you will slide to one side and let me slip this bandage over your eyes, I will take the wheel and settle your doubts in ten minutes. You have no need to be afraid of anything."

Terhune's curious nature got the better of him, and he moved over to the other seat. After all, his gun was loaded. Nothing could happen quickly enough to prevent him shooting.

Mamoud took out a broad silken scarf, and tied it so tightly that it was absolutely impossible for Terhune to see, before they drove off.

Three times they turned in

