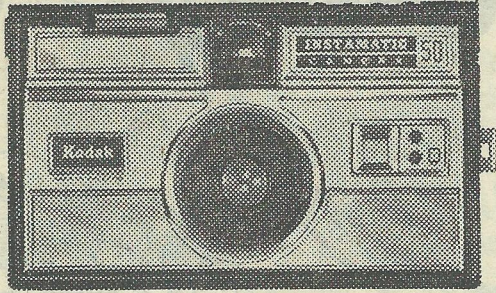
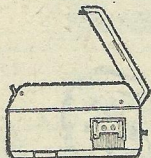


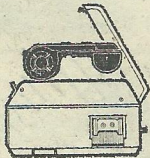
THE FASTEST CAMERA IN TOWN



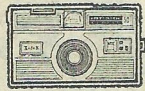
The Kodak Instamatic 50 camera. The camera with the famous cartridge load. Just open the back, drop in the film cartridge, snap shut, wind on and shoot. Easier and faster on the draw than any other camera, it takes perfect colour or black-and-white snaps. Also has flash contacts for indoor picture-taking. So round-up an Instamatic 50 camera. It's only £3.0.1.



To load:
open the back



Drop in the
cartridge



Snap shut.
Wind on. Shoot!

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various directions, until the detective wondered if they were not going round in a circle. By that time they must have covered a dozen miles.

He was just on the point of asking when they were going to arrive at their destination when the car slowed, swerved swiftly, and ran up a gravelled drive.

They passed through a gateway and stopped. The Egyptian said softly—

"Thank you, Effendi, you can remove the bandage now."

Paul Terhune lost no time in doing this and found himself in a closed yard at the rear of a fair-sized house.

He saw no more before he was hustled out of the car and guided in through the door to a darkened passage. Only when the outer door was closed were the electric lights switched on.

The place was comfortably furnished, and a few minutes later he was led across the hall to a room furnished as a library.

Behind a heavy desk at the far end sat a stout man whose face was ghastly white in the artificial light, whose lips trembled, and whose brow was moist with sweat.

As they entered he grabbed a heavy revolver that lay near his hand, but when he saw who the visitor was he dropped it and relaxed.

"Mr Terhune, thank goodness you've come!" he gasped. "I was afraid you would think better of it."

Max Hargreaves leaned back in his chair and pointed to a chair facing him. The detective sat down noticing that there were steel shutters over the window.

"When a man fears an ugly death, Mr Terhune, he gets rather fanciful about such things," said the other. "Certain men—ruthless, merciless men—are after me. They threatened me in London, and I fled here. So far they have, not yet tracked me here. But I dare not take the slightest risk.

"Have you been to the police about this matter?" asked Terhune.

"No. That would bring too much publicity, the very thing I do not want."

He leaned over the desk and fixed his frightened eyes on Paul Terhune.

"I've no doubt you checked up on me before you came here."

"I did!" confessed the

detective. "You are Max Hargreaves, the Egyptian authority, and the author of several books on that country."

"Yes, I lived out there for many years. You probably also discovered I was a member of the Fothergill Expedition to the Nubian Desert in 1962?"

"I'm aware of that, too," agreed Terhune. "That was when Sir Andrew Fothergill and the rest of you discovered the Temple of Mempho."

"I wish we'd never stumbled across it!" cried Hargreaves, with horror in his voice. "It's because of that discovery that I'm in my present state.

"During the past month three separate attempts have been made on my life, and each time I've been told it's because I helped to discover that temple. Muharraq, the hereditary High Priest, has put a curse on me."

"But surely you don't believe in all that nonsense?" protested Paul Terhune. "Such things just don't happen in this country."

"Four days ago a silken noose was slipped round my throat as I was dozing in a chair in my flat in London," said Hargreaves.

"Mamoud heard my shout and ran in. It was dusk at the time, the room was in darkness, but he was in time to see a man leap through the window into the garden and scramble over the wall into the road beyond.

"That afternoon, I received this by special delivery."

He pushed across a small beetle-shaped piece of china.

Death In The Drawer

PAUL TERHUNE turned it over and over. "It's a scarab of some kind, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, but with four extra legs, as you can see. That is the ancient sign of the priests of the Temple of Mempho. They sent that to me as a warning—to let me know they are after me."

Terhune frowned.

"Who was on the expedition?" he asked.

"There was Sir Andrew Fothergill, the famous archaeologist, Keith Burton, a young man who came along for the sport of it, and who was handy with a gun, Warren Demster, a wealthy broker who financed the whole thing, and his manservant, who I think was