

cigarettes and some matches lay on the folding table nearby.

Some papers had slipped to the floor, but this was the only sign of any struggle having taken place.

In a railway compartment there would naturally be thousands of fingerprints. It was impossible to identify any of them, except those of the attacked man. As far as could be seen, none of his personal belongings was missing.

Nobody remembered having seen anyone else enter Burton's compartment. The steward who was going round serving refreshments had not completed his tour of the train before Eastleigh had been reached.

It was just as baffling as the other two killings. What impressed Terhune was the fact that the unknown attacker had known the time Burton was arriving at Southampton after an absence of six months abroad.

Few people in England had known Burton was returning.

Detective-Sergeant Woods looked on with some amusement when his companion sniffed the seat all over, as though seeking some strange odour.

"You'll smell nothing but tobacco and railway smoke. You never do in railway carriages," he said.

He was about right, though Paul Terhune fancied he could detect a very faint trace of that ominous musty smell.

But it was not at all a satisfying clue, and, in any case, he was baffled by not being able to place the scent.

It had not been possible to hold all the travellers from that coach. Although many of them had been questioned, none was able to give any help.

Those who had been held back were very indignant about it, and one fiery old colonel promised trouble all round.

Paul Terhune tried to soothe him down.

"Be reasonable, sir. It might have been you who was attacked. It might be you next time. We've got to get to the bottom of this for the sake of all future travellers. Can't you remember anything at all strange about the trip from Southampton Docks to Eastleigh?"

"Strange? Strange? What can there be strange about a twenty minutes' railway journey?" growled the colonel. "The only strange thing is why

people use the toilet compartments to practise music in."

"What's that?" demanded the detective sharply. "What do you mean, sir?"

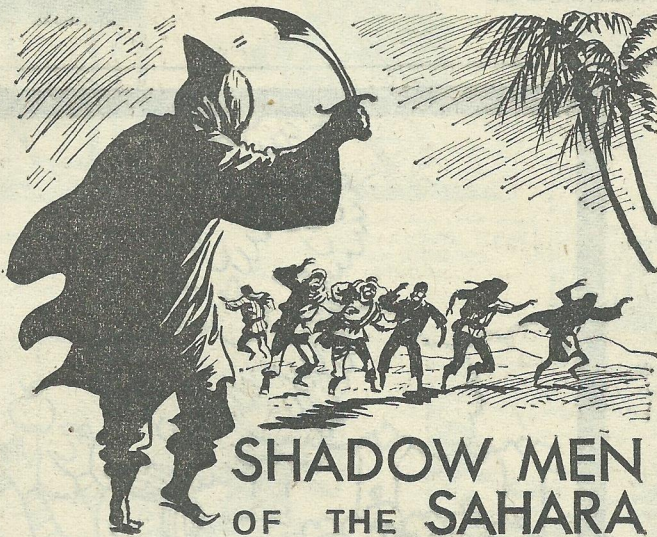
"Well, just after we left Southampton Central I went to the toilet compartment at the end of the coach to wash my hands. I'd got them dirty opening and closing bags for these Customs officers.

"I couldn't get in, and as I turned away to make for the one at the other end I heard someone inside practising on a tin whistle or a flute of some

Woods hurried away to make his report. He had arranged to meet Terhune later, and had promised to let him know the moment Burton showed signs of recovery.

Paul Terhune would have liked to visit the hospital again, but it was already past midday, and he saw the newspaper placards in the street announcing the mysterious attack on a passenger on the London train the previous evening.

He hoped Hargreaves would not hear the news and fly into a panic.



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kind. I thought it very stupid at the time, but didn't think any more about it."

Into Terhune's mind flashed the memory of the low, sweet music which he had heard before Warren Demster's murder.

Obviously now it was no coincidence that music had been heard in this railway carriage at the hour of the attempt on Burton's life!

The colonel had succeeded in washing his hands at the other end of the carriage and had then gone back to his compartment. He had seen nobody else in the corridor, and had noticed nothing else until they stopped at Eastleigh ten minutes later.

Further questioning failed to find anyone else who had heard the faint, eerie music. In the end the two detectives were obliged to let the passengers continue their journey.

The detective decided to hurry back to the cutter. Having left his own car down at the creek, he took a train to Beaulieu Road and stepped out briskly down the narrow lane which ran alongside the creek.

He had plenty to think about. Out of the five white men who had gone on the Fothergill expedition, there was now only one who had not received the attention of these mysterious stranglers. That was the man called Larry, who had been manservant to Warren Demster.

Larry had been away for a few days in Lancashire when the stockbroker had been killed.

Terhune had not had a chance to see him, though he had sent a message to the Lancashire police near the man's home to ask that he be guarded until his return. So far, Terhune had received no reply.

All at once Paul Terhune

developed a strong desire to see this Larry.

Hargreaves had narrowly escaped death three times at least, Sir Andrew Fothergill had been strangled, Warren Demster had been strangled, and Keith Burton had been almost strangled.

If the idea of the descendants of those Egyptian priests was to kill everyone who had violated the Temple of Mempho by setting foot in its holy precincts, Larry would have been about the easiest of them all to reach.

The slightest scuffle behind the detective caused him to turn his head. But before he could turn round something hard and heavy crashed down on his head and the world went black. He toppled forward on the ground, unconscious.

His assailant turned him over, lifted his eyelids, peered at him closely, then dragged him into a nearby ditch and covered him with overhanging branches from the hedge.

The Second Attempt Succeeds

RACKING pains shot through Paul Terhune's head when he recovered consciousness. Even the effort of opening his eyes increased the pain. He groaned and raised his hands to his head.

Tenderly he felt his injuries. He was lucky not to have a fractured skull.

"Always did have a thick head!" he grunted, and carefully parted the branches to crawl out.

The lane was empty. He felt sick and dizzy when he rose to his feet, and hurriedly gripped a nearby tree.

After a minute or so the feeling passed and he was able to take a few steps. He went to the edge of the creek, knelt, and threw water in his face. That helped to clear his head still further.

Drying himself as best he could with his handkerchief, he felt in his pockets. Nothing whatever had been removed. In fact, something had been added. In his waistcoat pocket he found a small scarab, made of china.

"So that's it!" he murmured. "That's why I wasn't robbed. Our Egyptian friends either wanted to kill me or keep me out of the way for a while.

(Continued on Page 28.)