

he did it. Paul Terhune hoped this was the case.

The taxicab driver took them as far as the Green Dragon, and declared he could go no farther, as the road was too narrow.

The alleyway was very narrow and the going rough. Mamoud, who was slightly behind the detective, grasping his ugly knife under his coat, suddenly gave a cry and sprang at a high fence which they were passing.

Paul Terhune turned in amazement, in time to see Mamoud hauling himself over the top of the fence.

"What's the matter? Have you gone crazy?" he demanded.

"No, effendi!" gasped the Egyptian over his shoulder. "A man pointed a revolver at you from behind here. I saw him in time. There he goes!"

He disappeared on the other side of the fence, and Paul Terhune heard him scrambling over some litter in the yard beyond. He was evidently in pursuit of someone.

The detective, after making sure his revolver was in working order, took a running jump, and just managed to grasp the top of the fence. There was no one else in the alley at the time, and nobody saw his leap.

He was able to get one leg over the top and drop on the inside without much trouble, but Mamoud had by then disappeared. The yard, apparently out of use at the moment, contained a number of sheds and piles of boarding.

Mamoud and the man he was chasing might have dodged round the far side of some of the sheds. Terhune hurried forward, calling to the Egyptian as he went.

He got no reply. Was it possible the man had knocked the Egyptian out and left him inside one of these disused huts? Paul Terhune made a swift but systematic search.

It was fruitless! Nowhere did he find any trace of the missing Egyptian. He was about to give up the hunt when he heard his name called from the other side of the fence on the left.

A few moments later Mamoud's swarthy face appeared over the top. The Egyptian was breathless and hot. He had been running.

"Effendi, are you all right? Effendi!" he gasped.

"Of course I'm all right. But where have you been?" demanded the detective.

Mamoud dropped beside

him, mopped his face, and panted—

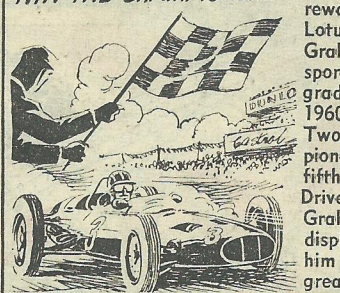
"I chased him over that fence, down two passages, towards the waterfront. Amongst the sheds he gave me the slip. Then I became afraid he had led me away while others attacked you. I did not dare wait longer, but ran all the way back."

"But what was the man like? Who was he? How did you first see him?" demanded Terhune.



Graham had four laps and, from that time, his only ambition was to become a racing driver. He gave up his career in engineering to hang round the racing circuits, working as a part-time mechanic and scrounging races when he could.

**FOUR OUT FIVE TO WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP**



The Egyptian explained that he had been a few steps behind Paul Terhune, waiting to protect his back in case of a sudden attack from the rear, when he had seen a movement out of the corner of his eye.

Glancing up, he had seen the head and shoulders of a man above the high fence.

The fellow had been about to aim a revolver at the detective, but Mamoud's shout, and the sight of the knife which he had snatched out, caused the would-be killer to drop hastily out of sight.

"What was he like?" repeated Paul Terhune.

"Effendi, he was dark, as dark as I am. He may have

been Egyptian, but he wore European clothing and glasses.

"He had a small, black moustache. He ran with a slight limp in one leg. His clothes were good, not shabby. That is all I know, Effendi."

The detective was worried. Why had an attempt been made on his life? Did someone think that he knew too much, or he was going to learn too much?

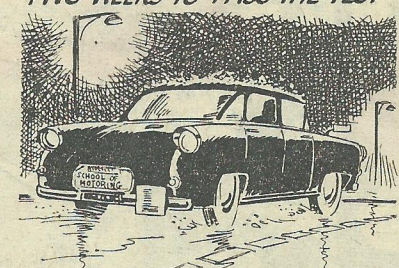
Possibly the clue to the mystery would come from

**SPORTING STARS OF TODAY**

**GRAHAM HILL**

Graham Hill, leading driver in the powerful BRM motor-racing stable, was twenty-three before he even thought about learning to drive a motor car. But, after only two weeks' instruction, he passed his test. Graham's first excursion into motor racing came when he saw an advertisement offering laps of Brands Hatch at five shillings a time.

**TWO WEEKS TO PASS THE TEST**



Graham's determination had its reward in 1955 when he joined the Lotus team as works mechanic. Soon Graham was driving for Lotus in sports car races, and, in 1958, he graduated to Formula 1 racing. In 1960 Graham was asked to join BRM. Two years later he won four championship races, and was second in a fifth, to become World Champion Driver, and Driver of the Year. Graham is still with BRM, and his displays of skill and courage keep him in the top flight of the world's greatest racing drivers!

Woods in a few minutes. It was wiser to waste no more time. Already they had been delayed more than a quarter of an hour.

"Let us go to the warehouse," growled Terhune, and climbed back over the fence.

The yard of the warehouse was a derelict, grim place, and Terhune did not hesitate to draw his revolver before he entered. It was just the sort of place for an ambush. Mamoud muttered under his breath, and drew out his knife.

The door at the side of the building was open. The place was in semi-darkness. Terhune shouted for Woods, but there was no reply.

"Woods! Are you there? Woods!"

His voice rang hollowly through the empty building. There was a scampering sound on the right, but it was only rats.

Going inside, Terhune's eyes became accustomed to the gloom.

At the entrance, on a desk, stood two torches, which they took and switched on.

"Woods! Hello, Woods!"

He raised his voice, but with the same result. Only echoes came back to him. Then he noticed a pile of packing cases.

As he glanced towards them, he was horrified to see a pair of boots sticking out beyond the end.

Three quick strides carried him to the end, and one glance was enough to draw a gasp of astonishment from him. There, lying on his back, was Detective-Sergeant Woods!

His face was almost black and badly swollen. There was no need to look farther to know what had happened to him. He had been strangled like all the other victims of the invisible killer.

"Effendi, there is evil here!" whispered Mamoud at the detective's side.

Poor Woods had been treated in exactly the same way as the others. His neck had been almost crushed by the terrific strangling force applied to it, and faintly, in the bruised flesh, could be seen a diamond-shaped pattern which was already disappearing.

"The fiends!" grunted Terhune, and he knelt down beside his dead friend. "Watch that door, Mamoud. Tell me if anything moves out there."

"Y-yes, Effendi!" gasped the Egyptian. His teeth were chattering.

Terhune examined the floor, but there was nothing of interest to be found there, except plenty of dust. If footprints had been left by the killer, they had been trampled by Woods in his death struggle.

Terhune went through the Yard man's pockets, hoping to come upon something which would give him some clue to what Woods had been going to show him.

To his astonishment, every scrap of paper had been taken from the pockets. Even Woods' notebook had gone. There was not a particle of written matter

(Continued on Page 28.)