

## THE UNSEEN STRANGLER

(Continued from Page 15.)

left. The killer had taken no chances.

"That decides one thing," muttered Terhune to himself. "In this case the killer was human, or there was a human being here with the killer. No beast could have gone through Woods' pockets and collected all the written matter."

**At The Green Dragon**  
WOODS must have stumbled on something which had given him the clue to the whole affair. He had phoned Terhune telling him so. But perhaps he had been overheard. The killer had struck directly the Yard man had returned to the warehouse.

The first thing to do was to try to back-track Woods' movements. That would not be impossible, but he would have to notify the police of the murder.

Terhune did not want to leave the body there. He sent Mamoud to the nearest telephone box to summon a policeman.

Ten minutes later two panting policemen arrived, and turned pale when they saw the body on the floor.

They had seen Terhune in Woods' company the day before so there was no need to explain who he was. He left them in charge, and hurried away to find someone who might have seen Detective-Sergeant Woods during the past few hours.

Mamoud had said the nearest telephone was at the Green Dragon, and it was there the detective hastened, after telling the Egyptian to get back to Hargreaves and watch over him carefully.

It was only by frightening the Egyptian with the idea that

the killer might be seeking Hargreaves that Paul Terhune succeeded in persuading the man to return to the hotel.

At the Green Dragon the detective learned that Woods had been there several times that morning. He had certainly sent that last telephone call from there.

"Did he speak to anyone while he was here during the morning?" Terhune asked the stout landlord.

The man lowered his voice and led him aside.

"Only to me, sir. He wanted to know about a man who has slept here the last two nights.

satisfaction. Maybe he could carry on where Woods had left off. When Bailey came in, Terhune would know how to handle him.

He asked the landlord to let him sit in the corner room with the door partially open.

Through that gap, he could see anyone who entered. There were many customers going in and out.

Time passed. The clock struck half-past one, and the landlord came in a rear door, with a worried expression.

"He's never been as late as this the two days he's been here. Almost looks as though he's not coming home to lunch!" he said.

Paul Terhune was beginning to think the same thing. He

Bailey. There was little point in following them up.

Then, from a shabby-looking lounge who was leaning against a lamp-post, Terhune learned that Woods had actually stopped and spoken to someone resembling Bailey at the entrance to a nearby alley.

The lounge had particularly noticed the meeting because the thin man had tried to bolt, and Woods had gripped him by the arm and had held him for five minutes while they talked.

"Then what happened?" demanded Terhune eagerly. "Did they go off together?"

"No. The thickset bloke let go the other one, and they went different ways. Just as they parted the thickset bloke called out somethin' about not forgetting to meet him at seven tonight."

Paul Terhune gaped in astonishment. If the Yard man had met Larry Bailey, had talked with him, and then had let him go, it indicated Bailey had convinced Woods he had nothing whatever to do with the mysterious stranglings!

The fact that a meeting had been arranged for seven that evening also indicated Woods was not yet finished with Bailey, but he would never have let him go if he had had any suspicions about the man.

Terhune's head was in a whirl as he walked along the waterfront. This latest development upset many of his ideas.

Had Bailey been able to give Woods some hint which had caused the Yard man to sound so elated over the telephone? It certainly seemed like it.

Where had they arranged to meet? That was an important question. Was Bailey going to keep the meeting? Why had he not returned to the Green Dragon for his lunch?

The meeting might have been arranged anywhere. It might be set for the local police station, or even for Bailey's room at the Green Dragon.

By this time poor Woods would have been carried to the mortuary, and the police of Bristol would know they had another murder on their hands!

NEXT WEEK — Terhune receives fresh information from Larry Bailey!

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I believe he thought that he recognised him."

"What was he like—I mean the man you put up for two nights?" questioned Terhune.

"Tall, thin, and pale, with deep-set, watery eyes," was the prompt reply. "A respectable chap he was, though his clothes were a bit shabby. He said he was waiting for a brother who was due in on a boat in a day or two."

Terhune knew the description fitted Larry Bailey exactly. The Yard man had undoubtedly trailed him there.

"Did Woods speak to this man?" asked the detective.

"No—he kept out of his way. He watched the man from behind the partition, and said I wasn't to mention to him that anyone had been asking for him."

"H'm! And where is your lodger now?"

"He's out at the moment. He's been out since about eleven-thirty. He usually takes a walk about then. He'll be in to lunch any time now. He knows we have lunch about one."

Paul Terhune tingled with

did not like it at all. Was he wasting his time? Perhaps Bailey did not intend to return.

By two o'clock he knew this was the case, and asked the landlord's permission to inspect the room where Bailey had slept the past two nights.

The only baggage the man had brought with him was a cheap attache-case, but as he had paid in advance, the landlord had not worried about that.

The bag proved to contain a change of linen, and nothing else. Larry Bailey had shed all his belongings during his frequent moves.

The cafe was empty when he went downstairs again, and by discreet questioning of the dockside loungers, managed to discover that Woods had been visiting all the cargo boats along the east quay.

Terhune did the same, explained his purpose, and learned from various skippers that the Yard man had wanted to know if anyone answering Bailey's description had joined their crew recently.

Evidently the Yard man had made these inquiries before he had actually located

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