

# SEXTON BLAKE

## IN THE CASE OF The HAUNTED HOUSE!

Exciting Complete Mystery Thriller!



Late on a cold winter's night, two men were saying goodbye at the door of a large old country house. They were cousins, and the one who owned the house seemed reluctant to let the other go. His trembling voice betrayed the fact that he was nervous about being left alone...

AS HE CLOSED THE DOOR ON HIS DEPARTING COUSIN, STANLEY MAXTON SHIVERED AS HE FELT THE EERIE EMPTINESS OF THE OLD HOUSE ALL ROUND HIM. BEADS OF PERSPIRATION GLISTENED ON HIS BROW WHEN HE FACED THE STAIRS...



THANKS FOR STAYING SO LONG WITH ME, GEORGE! IT WAS KIND OF YOU TO KEEP ME COMPANY!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, STANLEY. SORRY I'VE GOT TO GO NOW-- BUT DON'T WORRY! GO STRAIGHT TO BED AND STOP IMAGINING THAT THIS OLD HOUSE IS HAUNTED!



I WONDER? I WONDER IF IT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN?



SUDDENLY HE HEARD THE SOUND HE HAD COME TO FEAR MOST-- THE NOISE OF FOOTSTEPS COMING DOWN THE STAIRS. HE COULD HEAR THEM DISTINCTLY-- AND STARTED BACK IN HORROR, AS IN HIS IMAGINATION HE COULD SEE A TRANSPARENT GHOSTLY FIGURE...

NO, NO! GO AWAY!

CLUMP CLUMP

HIS KNEES FELT LIKE JELLY, BUT HE FORCED HIMSELF TO THE TELEPHONE.



SEXTON BLAKE? YOU MUST HELP ME! PLEASE COME QUICKLY...

SEXTON BLAKE AGREED AT ONCE. SWIFTLY, TINKER DROVE HIS FAMOUS DETECTIVE CHIEF OUT OF LONDON INTO THE COUNTRY...



GHOSTS ON THE STAIRS, EH, GUVNOR? DO YOU THINK THIS CHAP MAXTON WAS REALLY SCARED...?

SCARED? HE SOUNDED ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIED!



THEY PULLED UP IN THE DRIVE, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME TINKER NOTICED PLUMES OF STEAM HISSING FROM THE ENGINE-- THE RESULT OF HIS OWN CARELESSNESS...

SORRY, GUVNOR-- IN THE HURRY I FORGOT TO OPEN THE RADIATOR MUFF. SHE'S BEEN BOILING HARD FOR THE LAST TEN MILES OR SO!

IT'LL DO NO HARM, TINKER. LET THE ENGINE COOL OFF, THEN FILL THE RADIATOR UP WITH COLD WATER!



SEXTON BLAKE WENT INSIDE TO MEET STANLEY MAXTON AND HIS COUSIN GEORGE...

MY COUSIN LIVES A FEW MILES AWAY. I WAS SCARED TO BE ON MY OWN, SO I PHONED HIM, TOO!

GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR. BLAKE. I EXPECT YOU SAW MY LITTLE PLUMBER'S VAN IN THE DRIVE OUTSIDE!



STANLEY BEGAN TO TELL HIS STORY...

SIX MONTHS AGO, MY UNCLE DIED AND I INHERITED THIS OLD PROPERTY, BUT NOW I'M SCARED TO LIVE IN IT. I HEAR NOISES QUITE OFTEN-- THE SOUND OF GHOSTLY FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS! I'M SURE IT'S UNCLE, STILL HAUNTING THIS HOUSE!



WHAT ABOUT YOU, MR. KEELEY? HAVE YOU HEARD THESE GHOSTLY FOOTSTEPS, TOO?

NO, AS A MATTER OF FACT...

IT NEVER HAPPENS WHEN GEORGE IS HERE-- ONLY WHEN I'M ALONE. OFTEN IT HAPPENS SOON AFTER HE HAS LEFT...



STANLEY MAXTON BROKE OFF. HIS EYES WIDENED IN HORROR, AND HE SPOKE IN A CHOKING WHISPER...

THE GHOST-- IT'S WALKING AGAIN! LISTEN!

THEY DASHED INTO THE HALL, AND THIS TIME SEXTON BLAKE HEARD THE SOUNDS QUITE PLAINLY--THE CREEP-CREEP OF FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS, AS THOUGH A GHOSTLY FIGURE WAS WALKING DOWN!



THE SOUNDS SUDDENLY STOPPED, BUT BY THEN THE DAMAGE HAD BEEN DONE. GEORGE KEELEY WENT WHITE AND TOPPLED IN A FAINT, WHILE STANLEY MAXTON WENT WILDLY DASHING ALONG THE HALL...



MAXTON MEANT WHAT HE SAID-- BUT AS HE OPENED THE DOOR, TINKER CAME IN, BLOCKING HIS PATH...



TINKER'S REMARK MADE THE DETECTIVE LOOK UP KEENLY. HE SPOKE IN A VOICE CRISP WITH EXCITEMENT...



TINKER DID AS HE WAS TOLD, BUT WITH A PUZZLED AIR...



INSIDE THE HOUSE, FOR THE THIRD TIME THAT NIGHT, THE GHOSTLY FOOTSTEPS WALKED AGAIN-- BUT NOW SEXTON BLAKE WAS SMILING!



STANDING KEELEY ON HIS FEET, THE DETECTIVE FACED HIM STERNLY...



KEELEY COULD ONLY CONFESS HIS GUILT. BUT BEFORE HE SPOKE, HE REMOVED A SECTION OF BOARD FROM THE SIDE OF THE STAIRS TO REVEAL A WATER PIPE...



Accidents are accidents—but when more than the usual number happen at a new atomic station, an explanation is needed! And who do they ask to solve the problem? You've guessed it—Sexton Blake! He appears next week in the case of "THE MAN WHO CAME BACK!"