

evil spirit of Alceste!—a cave littered with dead men's bones! Damn Caron and his mummies!"

"Careful, Dick! We don't want to run into an accident before we get home!" warned Kent cheerfully. "Personally, I enjoyed it. The Professor interests me. Strikes me you are on the trail of a devilishly good story for your paper when you get back into harness."

"Your choice of adjectives is admirable."

"Devilish?"

"Hellish, perhaps, when we get to the facts. You don't suppose he was just frightened by that *bug*, do you? It's what lies beneath. That thing carried some warning to him by suggestion. The man was in positive terror. I tell you, Kent, I don't like it!"

"This 'Order of the Golden Scarab'—is that what you are thinking of?"

"Yes—and thinking hard! The East is the home of the secret society and the birthplace of more intrigue, more devilment——! It would be meat and drink to Alceste! 'His evil lives after him,' " quoted Malabar.

He gave Addison Kent a strange look, as if his mind were busy with half-forgotten horrors, and as they passed a street light the novelist noted how pale he was.

"Pshaw! Dick, you take it too seriously. Funny, though, that Alceste's trail should cross in such an unexpected quarter. I wonder how Caron—that ruby—it's the most beautiful stone I ever looked at, I think."

"Deadliest poison plants often bear the most vivid flowers," remarked the journalist sententiously. "Entrancingly beautiful women sometimes prove most dangerous."