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WITH curiosity they leaned over the insect. Kent finally captured it and held it in the air with its legs clawing.

"I say, how do you suppose that thing got in here?—on that table?"

"Flew in through an open window, probably," smiled Kent, amused. He stepped across the room, opened one of the French doors and tossed the beetle outside. "Or, if you think it is getting rather late in the season for June bugs, Dick, and if you note further that not a single window in this room is open, let me suggest this explanation: It flew in through an open window during June or July when the decorators were at work and was a prisoner here ever since."

"And has been sitting up on yon curtain-pole till, becoming dizzy from the fumes of that pipe of yours, it fell from its perch and landed upon said table." Malabar chuckled. "How about it, Professor? Why all the excitement?"

But Professor Caron's chair was empty. He had slipped from the room, and even then was coming in from the hall, carrying their hats, coats, gloves and walking-sticks.

"You must go at once!" he decreed anxiously. "Please do not think me discourteous. I feel that it is best, gentlemen."