

**SHOP
EARLY
IN THE
Morning
Each Day**



The Dream Detective

By SAX ROHMER

He led the way through that neat and business-like office which opened out of the cluttered shop and untidy shop. Although within the shop and in front of it only gaslight was used, in the office he switched on an electric lamp. But we did not delay long in

Moris Klaw's sanctum, lined with its hundreds of books, its obscure works of criminology, its records of strange things: we proceeded through another door and up a thickly carpeted stair. I had never before penetrated thus far into the habitable portion of Moris Klaw's establishment; the book-lined of

there was in it a French stove; and five hitherto had marked the limit of my explorations. But now, as more electric lights were switched on, I saw that we stood upon a wide landing paneled in massive black oak. Armored figures stood sentinel-like against the walls, and several magnificent specimens of Chinese porcelain met my gaze. I might have thought myself in some old English baronial hall. Next we entered a big, rectangular room, which I wholly despair of describing. Apparently it was used as a study, a library, a laboratory, and a warehouse for all sorts of things, from marble Buddhas to innumerable pairs of boots. Also, there was in it a French stove; and upon a Persian coffee table stood a tray containing a cooked sausage solidified in its own fat. There was clear evidence, moreover, in the form of a rolled-up hammock, that the place served as a bedroom.

Altogether there were four mummies in the apartment. One of these, partly unwrapped, lay amongst the litter on the floor—headless!

"Mon Dieu!" cried Isis, clasping her hands; "it is uncanny, this!" She was evidently excited for her French accent suddenly asserted itself to a marked degree. Moris Klaw from somewhere amongst the rubbish at his feet, picked up the severed head of the mummy and stared at it intently.

In the stillness I could hear the river noises very distinctly, and a sort of subterranean lapping and creaking which suggested that at high tide the cellars of the establishment became flooded. Moris Klaw dropped the head from his hands. It fell with a dull thud to the floor.

From the lining of his hat he took out the inevitable scent spray and noisily sniffed it. "I need the cool brain, Mr. Searles," he said. "I, the old cunning, the fox, the wily, am threatened with defeat. This slaughter of mummies it surpasses my experience. I am nonplussed; I am a stupid old fool. Let me think!"

Isis was looking about her in a startled way. "It is horribly uncanny, Miss Klaw," I said. "But the drugging of the man downstairs points to very human agency. Perhaps if we could revive him—"

"He will not revive," interrupted Moris Klaw, "for twelve hours at least. In his hour was enough opium to render unconscious the rhinoceros!"

"Is there anything missing?" I asked. "Nothing," rumbled Klaw. "He came for the mummy. Isis will you prepare for us those cooling drinks that help the fevered mind, and from downstairs bring me the seventh volume of the 'Books of the Lamps.'"

Isis Klaw immediately walked forward to the door.

"And Isis, my child," added her father, "remove the tail case to the top end of the shop. Presently that William's snore will awake the Borneo squirrel!"

As the girl departed, Klaw opened an inner door and ushered me into a dainty white room, an amazing apartment indeed, a true Parisian boudoir. The air was heavy with the scent of roses, for boxes of white and pink roses were everywhere. Klaw lighted a silver table lamp with a unique silver gauze shade apparently lined with pale rose-colored silk. Evidently this apartment belonged to Isis, and was as appropriate for her, exquisite Parisian that she seemed to be, as the weird, dark, through which we had come was an appropriate abode for her father.

When presently Isis returned I saw her for the first time in her proper setting, a dainty green figure in a white frame. Moris Klaw opened the bulky leather-bound volume, which she had handed to him, and sat sipping my wine and watching him, he busily turned over the pages (apparently French MSS.) in quest of the reference he sought.

"Ah!" he cried in sudden triumph; "vaguely I had it in my memory, but here it is, the clue. I will translate for you, Mr. Searles, what is written here: 'The Books of the Lamps,' which was revealed to the priest, Pankhaure, and by him revealed only to the queen—"

He was the ancient Egyptian queen, Hatshepsut, Mr. Searles—was kept locked in the secret place beneath the altar, and each high priest of their private collections?"

temple—all of whom were of the family of Pankhaure—held the key and alone might consult the magic writing. In the 14th dynasty, Seteb was high priest, and was the last of the family of Pankhaure. At his death the newly appointed priest, receiving the key of the secret place, complained to Pharaoh that the 'Book of the Lamps' was missing."

He closed the volume and placed it on a little table beside him.

"Isis," he rumbled, looking across at his daughter, "does the mystery become clear to you? Am I not an old fool?"

Mr. Searles, there is only one other copy of this work—known to European collectors. Do I know where that copy is? Yes? No? I think so. There was a mummy in his hoarse voice. Personally I was quite unable to see in what way the history of the 'Book of the Lamps' bore upon the case of the headless mummies; but Moris Klaw evidently considered that it afforded a clue. He stood up.

"Isis," he said, "bring me my catalogue of the mummies of the Bubastite Priests."

That imperious beauty departed in meek obedience.

"Mr. Searles," said Moris Klaw, "this will be for Inspector Grimsby another triumph; but without these records of a poor old fool, who shall say if the one that beholds mummies had ever been detected? I neglected to secure the odic negative because I thought I had to deal with a madman; but I was more stupid than an owl. This decapitating of mummies is no madman's work, but is done with a purpose, my friend—with a wonderful purpose."

CHAPTER IV.

The Menzies Museum (scene of my first meeting with the public when not yet opened to the public when Coram (the curator), Moris Klaw, Grimsby, and I stood in the Egyptian room before a case containing mummies. The room adjoining—the Greek room—had been the scene of the dreadful tragedies which first had acquainted me with the wonderful methods of the eccentric investigator.

"Whoever broke into Sotheby's last night, Mr. Klaw," said Grimsby, "knew the ins and outs of the place, knew it was known to the people there. After having cut off the head of the mummy he probably walked out openly. Then, again, it must have been somebody who knew the habits of Mr. Pettigrew's household that got at his mummy. Of course, his eyes twinkled with a satisfaction which he could not conceal."

"I'm very sorry to hear that our man has proved too clever for you! Think Klaw's house!"

"Think of it, my friend," rumbled the other; "if it makes you laugh go on to the end of it, and you will grow fat!"

Grimsby openly winked at me. He was out of his depth himself, and was not displeased to find the omniscient Moris Klaw apparently in a similar position.

"I am not resentful," continued Klaw, "and I will capture for you the mummy man."

"What?" cried Grimsby. "Are you on the track?"

"I will tell you something, my laughing friend. You will secretly watch this Egyptian room like the cat at the mouse-hole, and presently—I expect it will be at night—he will come here, this hour of mummies!"

Grimsby stared incredulously.

"I don't doubt your word, Mr. Klaw," he said; "but I don't see how you can possibly know that. Why should he go for the mummies here rather than for those in one of the other museums or at home, and each high priest of their private collections?"

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ST. JOSEPH'S NURSES' HOME TO COST \$150,000

Construction On Building of 140 Rooms To Start Shortly.

Wait & Blackwell, local architectural firm, have been this week instructed by the officials of St. Joseph's Hospital to prepare plans for a new nurses' home, which, when completed, will cost in the neighborhood of \$150,000. The final decision of the sisters to have the new home constructed was reached a few days ago. Actual work on the building will be commenced within three months' time.

With the increasingly large number of student nurses entering the institution each year, it was felt that more spacious quarters were imperative. To conform with the remainder of the hospital, the new home will be of white brick, and will consist of 140 rooms for the nurses who are in training. It will also consist of an auditorium, reception room, with every possible convenience for the practising nurses. The floors will be of terrazzo type, and the whole interior will conform with the latest architectural designs.

FLOODING OF RINKS STARTS IN EAST LONDON

East London youngsters will not be without suitable ice accommodation this winter. The public utilities commission is building two open air rinks in Queen's park this year. The rinks are of a suitable size for hockey and the school children will be afforded the opportunity to use the rinks for both skating and shingles. One of the rinks, which measures 160x80 feet, is boarded in while the other is open and is 160x80 feet.

Flooding of the rinks started yesterday and already a nice coat of ice covers the surface. It is thought that the rinks will be ready for use by the end of next week.

BELMONT MAN FINED.
Dugald Connell of Belmont was fined \$10 and costs in county police court this morning, after being found guilty of indecent exposure, the whole amount charged against him being \$27.80.

Crown Attorney Judd prosecuted, and J. M. Donahue acted for the defence. Connell was arrested by High Constable Wharton following information laid against him by a Belmont girl.

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