

evil lives after him! Of that I can assure you. He has left a legacy of evil——” A shudder seized him, and he dropped his voice still lower. “Have you ever heard of a strange secret organization in the East, called the ‘Order of the Golden Scarab’?” he breathed anxiously.

Addison Kent doubtfully shook his head. Dick Malabar leaned closer, his keen, intelligent face full of eagerness.

“Go on, Professor. Tell us about it,” he urged.

“I will tell you. Yes. I—I——”

“Go on, then! Tell it! Tell it!” Malabar reached out and grabbed him by the shoulder. “In Heaven’s name, what’s the matter with you? TELL IT!”

But Professor Emil Caron’s tongue seemed to be sticking in his throat. His eyes opened wide in sudden fear. His face went as white as chalk.

“Mon Dieu!” he gasped. “Look! Look!” He pointed shakily. “Take it away! *Quick!*” He shrank, cowering, in his chair.

Both Addison Kent and Malabar sprang to their feet and turned in alarm.

Across the broad expanse of the huge round library table there crawled slowly, steadily, a great ugly black beetle!