

ment in the museum at Turin, and so on. When I tell you that they make mention of this very scribe of the temple, Horishere—do you not see, gentlemen, how important this document might be? Do you not see that with it I should be able to amaze not only America, but the whole world? Would you have investigated it further if you had been me?—at any cost?”

Professor Caron relaxed in his chair and eyed first Addison Kent, then Richard Malabar, as if for traces of scepticism.

“A fine story, my friends, eh?” he chortled. “A clever tale, is it not? You do not believe, perhaps? You do not——”

He sat up in his chair with a start, a finger upraised for silence. Into his eyes leapt a sudden look of fear.

“Hush! What was that sound! Did you hear nothing?”

Chapter IV

The Scarab

I

THEY shook their heads. Nevertheless, Professor Caron got up quickly and went to the library windows, examining them one by one, and carefully drawing still closer together the heavy window-drapes. He came back to them on tiptoe, leaning towards them eagerly.

“A fine story, gentlemen—if it were only true!” he whispered.