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## *THE FLAW IN THE SAPPHIRE*

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"A moment, please!" exclaimed one of the men, as he snapped back the shield of a small lantern he carried and directed its searching light into the distorted countenance.

"Ah!" exclaimed his captor to the fellow on the other side of the prisoner, "this is the chap, Tom."

"Now, mister, you can walk back. Not a word; you may be all right and we may be all wrong; it can soon be settled in there."

"One question, please," begged the Sepoy. "Who are you? By what right do you detain me?"

"One at a time, mister," replied the man with the lantern. "There's a man inside who can answer these questions for you."

A sudden light penetrated the mind of the Sepoy. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I understand."

"That's good, mister; it will save a deal of explanation."

"These men, then," muttered the Sepoy to himself, "are the subordinates of the detective within."

At that moment the moon slipped out from