

POLISHED EBONY

ALL THAT GLITTERS

URIAS NESBIT paused with his hand on the knob of the front door. From the rear of his cottage there was wafted to his ears the rhythmic swish-swash of soapsuddy lingerie caressing a rubbing board.

Urias nodded grimly and entered the three-room mansion. He proceeded to the bureau, opened the top drawer, *tehk'd* petulantly and strode through the kitchen into the yard.

Elzevir heard the slam of the door and straightened her shapely body. Her plump, rounded arms were soapy to the elbows. She sensed the captions antagonism of her husband and carried the war into his country. "Wha's troublin' yo' min' now, 'Rias?"

He frowned with dark disapproval. "Whar yo' di'min' ring is at?"

Elzevir mechanically raised her left hand and glanced at the ringless third finger. Then her teeth clicked together. "You is some naggin' man, 'Rias. You know puffedly well my ring is in the top bureau drawer."

"Yeh," he retorted with biting sarcasm. "Tha's jes' the trouble. I knows whar tis at. I is tol' you a thonsan' times a'ready, Elzevir, an' Ise tellin' you again — if'n you leave that ring in yo'