

Urias parted from his friend and his ring reluctantly. He gloomed down the street to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlour and was soon immersed in a free-for-all game of Kelly Pool at two bits per player. He won two of the first three games and temporarily forgot to worry about the diamond.

But at the very instant that Urias pocketed — with much gusto — his own eight ball, collecting therefor a net profit of one dollar and forty cents, things were happening at his home.

Elzevir had finished her washing. She entered the house, changed her waist and applied a guaranteed-to-make-kinky-hair-straight tonic to her raven tresses. Then she opened her bureau drawer and reverently picked up the ring which glittered adorably in its nest. Idly she slipped it on her finger.

It got as far as the bony knuckle!

And there it balked!

A slight frown corrugated her chocolate forehead. She pushed the ring. It cut into the flesh but obstinately refused to proceed beyond the knuckle. A tremor of apprehension shook her shapely form.

Urias Nesbit and Cass Driggers had slipped. They had expended a vast amount of mental effort in selecting a ring which was the apparent duplicate of the one which they borrowed. But to them a ring was a ring. They had totally forgotten that rings have sizes and that the one they had substituted was about three sizes too small for Elzevir's finger!

The knuckle refused passage to the ring. Tiny