

"Tha's nachel," cooed Vistar. "My fiansay is got mo' money than what yo' husband is got. He c'n fo'd ril fine stones."

"Tain't no larger — lemme see," and Elzevir, a-tremble with inspiration, slipped the imitation diamond from her finger. She compared the rings carefully. She shuffled them deliberately. And finally she slipped a ring back on her finger.

But the ring which she returned to Vistar Goins was a gold-plated affair set with a piece of glass! The Nesbit crown jewel had been restored.

Vistar was pitifully unsuspicious of the substitution. She slipped the imitation on her finger and sighed with satisfaction. "I espec' I'll have sev'al more di'min's pretty soon," she commented idly. "Semore is so foolish in how he spen's money whar I is consarned at."

Elzevir knew that she was now safe from detection. Should trouble arise she realized that she could easily prove ownership to the ring she wore. And Vistar had rubbed it in just a little bit too strong.

"Semore Mashby ain't got no reppitation for bein' zac'ly what yo'd call a spen'thrif'," she remarked acidly.

"Whar I is consarned at — 'tis diffe'ent," came the bland answer.

Elzevir's eyes narrowed. "You ain't happen' to show that to no fooler yet, is you?"

"What for?"

"Nothin'. Nothin' tall. On'y some immytation di'min's, Miss Goins, looks pow'ful like the ril thing."