
THE FLAW IN THE SAPPHIRE

treetops to some minor tragedy among the denizens of the underbrush.

Her elocution was exquisite and provided the bizarre narrative with a refinement which contrasted with its crudities, like Valenciennes lace on a background of calico.

"Well," she said smilingly, after she had subjected his ingenuous glance to the rapid analysis of her intuition, with a satisfaction which it startled her to recognize, "what do you think of it?"

"Is that the end?" asked Dennis.

"Yes, it is the end."

With a shade of emphasis, intended by Dennis to indicate that the words of the reply of the widow were suggestive of other finalities which he did not like to consider, he said:

"That is no end; it looks to me as though the author has struck his limits."

"No," objected the widow, "I fancy that he has left the subject open so that the reader can solve the riddle in his own way."

"There is no riddle!" exclaimed Dennis.

"No?" inquired the widow; "and that splen-