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## THE FLAW IN THE SAPPHIRE

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Sepoy, with an emphasis, however, which implied that he had not forgotten the experience to which he had been subjected.

"And *now* what have you to say?"

The Sepoy looked his questioner directly in the eyes, with a glance that was subtle in its insinuation and eloquent of collusive suggestion, and replied:

"The sapphire is still in my right waistcoat pocket, and the diamond in the left."

THE END

As the beautiful reader reached this singular conclusion, which came with an abruptness that indicated the decrepit imagination of the author and his overworked vocabulary, she looked up from the absurd vehicle of all this hectic style and incident and beheld in the eyes of her auditor a suggestion of the light that is indigenous to neither land nor sea.

To Dennis, who had in his composition the material of a poet, if not the finish, the melodious intonations of the widow had seemed like the incongruous orchestration of birds in the