

This he shook gently from time to time. Finally, after some minutes, he drained off the liquid and took out the part of the eye. It was as hard as crystal. Then, on through a series of baths he transferred the half-eye. Finally, after what seemed an interminable period of washing and drying, he placed the hemisphere under a microscope. With trembling hand he set the mirrors. At first there was only an indistinct blur. But as he adjusted the lens a picture suddenly grew and stood out in bold relief. The old man gave a great cry. For on the retina of the parrot's eye, fixed as by a photographic process, was the scene of the murder in Captain Bascom's cottage. The face of Dave, the sailor, was plain in the light of the fire in the open grate, and those sinister features, once seen, could not be forgotten. The long nervous strain ended, the old man sank into a chair with a great sigh of relief.

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The following day was set for the funeral of the dead captain, and long before the hour set groups of twos and threes gathered in the quiet little churchyard. Then came the long funeral cortege, the largest ever seen in Parletville, for Captain Bascom was the friend of all. Even The Sphinx was there, moving in and out among the onlookers, carefully scrutinizing the face of each newcomer.

As they were gathered about the open grave, while the minister pronounced the last words of the ritual, there was a sudden commotion on the outer edge of the crowd. All turned upon the instant toward the authors of this untimely and unseemly interruption. Imagine their surprise to see The Sphinx struggling with a thin, dark-haired man who had just come up.

"Hold him! hold him!" he shrieked, wildly. "He is guilty, I swear it!"

Then, as no one made a move to aid him, he began again:

"What, fools, will you let the murderer escape before your very eyes?"

It took some few moments for them to comprehend, but when they did so it was but a matter of time until the newcomer lay bound hand and foot. He was, indeed, Dave, the sailor. Impelled by a resistless desire to look once more at his victim he had betrayed himself. But, in the excitement of it all, everyone forgot the part which The Sphinx had played in the discovery. Yet, after all, such is fame.