

Three days went by, and the bicycle from India was still in the front hall beside the stairs, in the way. "The one in back is pretty t00," said Aunt Alex, bending low over the rear fender, where the red reflector shone in the light of the desk lamp, "It's like a ruby, a real ruby."15 "It reminds me of something," said Eleanor, narrowing her eyes, staring at it through her big glasses. Eddy knew what she was thinking of--the big jewel that had once been part of the stained-glass window I the attic, that huge chunk of glass that had turned out in the end to be a diamond, a real diamond, so valuabl that it was beyond price. She stood up and smiled at Eddy. Then she went into the kitchen with Eleanor, and Eddy went back to studying his new bicycle with more interest than before. He climbed on the seat to see what it felt like and dropped the curtain again. Now he was alone in the dark with the bike. Something white twirled in front of him--the tag on the handlebars. Pulling open the curtain he looked at the tag. There was a pause and then Aunt. "Oh, you know, Aunt Alex." "Why, Eddy," said Aunt Alex, suddenly appearing in the front hall with Eleanor, "what a lovely headlight.