

# The Ivory Queen.

By **NORMAN HURST.**

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Finding it useless to linger, Darrent left the jail and returned to his own room at the Palace hotel and, having locked the door, took out the two ivory chessmen and carefully examined them. The pawn was cut out of one solid piece of ivory, with the exception of the flat base, which, with a dexterous twist of his strong fingers, Darrent unscrewed. There was no mystery about that, and he laid it on one side and picked up the ivory queen. The little statue, stood about three and a half inches high, and the base had a diameter of about an inch and a half and formed a small circular platform upon which the figure stood, the flowing robe reaching to the edge all round.

Gripping the base, Darrent twisted it to the right, and the figure unscrewed, revealing a long, narrow cavity, running the whole length of the body, into which, tightly rolled up, a scrap of parchment had been pushed. With the blade of his penknife he carefully withdrew the little scroll, which was about an inch long by two inches wide, and spread it out before him. It was covered with very small writing, and, although the ink was somewhat faded, he made out without much difficulty the following inscription:

When the full moon shines through the center pane of red glass in the top of the library window, its track along the floor will reach at midnight a knot in the wood. Measure from that knot three feet to the west and eight feet to the north, which will reach to the wainscot; then measure six feet up the wall to the carved scroll, and pull forward.

Three times Darrent read the paper through. What could it mean? What mystery was there hidden behind those dark oak paneled walls in the dreary library at The Grange? Was there some guilty secret stowed away that old Marsden had hidden all through his life, but had wished when he was dead that Astray should know? Was there possibly some clew to the real murderer, something that should tell an avenger where to search for old Marsden's enemy, the deadly enemy that had struck the murderous blow, or was there some concealed wealth lying behind that panel for which Josiah Marsden had been murdered? If he had been murdered for that wealth, those who had killed him knew where the treasure was hidden and no doubt had stolen it already. It was useless to speculate. He must go to The Grange at once, follow out the instructions of the parchment and see what was the result.

"Now," said Darrent to himself as alone he entered the library at The Grange. "I'm not going to wait for any hocus focus of moonlight and midnight. I'm just going for this ornamental scroll work, and if there's a bit of it loose I'll find it and what's behind it too." In the gathering dusk he took a rule from his pocket and measured six feet from the ground on the portion of the wall not covered by the bookcases and found that that was exactly the height of the ornamental scroll work on the paneling. Then, with a portable electric lamp and a large magnifying glass, he carefully examined the carving. Presently he came to a piece where a join in the wood could be discerned, and, pulling it forward, a panel some eight inches or ten inches long came with it, disclosing a narrow space be-



With the blade of his penknife he carefully withdrew the little scroll.

JOSIAH MARSDEN'S DIARY.  
PARIS, Oct. 8, 1871.—Back in my

hotel at last, and now I can pause and think of what I have gone through in this accursed city. Paris, the city of light! Bah! Paris, the city of death! Was it fancy or did each passerby shun me as I walked through the deserted streets this morning? Did they see murder in my eye, the coming brand of Cain upon my forehead? Let me write clearly what has befallen me, so that if it should ever chance that this is read it may speak in my defense. It may show at least that I am not an assassin by choice, but by circumstance.

Who can say what guides us to our fate? If there had been a seat at the opera tonight, I should not be what I am now. But the opera is a great success, there was not a seat to be had, and so I strolled about until I lost myself in the labyrinth of squalid streets and alleys on the south side of the river. Suddenly a scream broke out upon the night, the cry of a woman, proceeding from a house in darkness, save for an upper story, where a beam of light cut a pathway through the blackness. It would have been well if I had passed on unheeding, but without thinking I rushed to the entrance. It was open, and I sped up the shaly staircase and pushed open a door upon the third floor. Not a light, not a sound. I paused, irresolute, and then felt the cold barrel of a pistol against my temple. A dozen hands held me powerless while my arms were tied to my sides.

"Who is it?" I gasped.

"Shoot, you fool, shoot!" a man replied, and I gave myself up for lost.

"It is a bit of an Englishman," one growled, and then there arose a subdued mutter of voices in German which I could not follow.

"Why did you come here?" some one asked in French.

"I thought I heard a scream."

"You're a spy!"

"Why don't you shoot instead of talking?"

"What's the good of that? What are we to do with the body?"

Once more the consultation was held. Now and again I caught a word in French, but most of the language was in German, with occasionally a sentence in an unknown tongue. Perhaps it was Russian.

And all this time I was securely bound, with not a glimmer of light to show me who my assailants were. The consultation became more excited, and then at last it subsided into grunts, and some one addressed me again.

"You have put yourself in this position," he said, speaking in French, with a foreign twang, "by interfering in other people's business. You will be allowed to depart"—my heart beat wildly—"when you have become one of us."

"Who are you?"

"That will not concern you if you were born under a lucky star. If not, you will have cause to know. We are about to draw lots with an object."

The pistol barrel touched my temple again.

"Will you share in the drawing or say goodby to life?"

"What do we draw for?" I gasped in terror.

"To decide who shall kill the daughter of a traitor. We never kill the culprit himself. Our revenge is more ingenious. We leave him to the last. Do you consent to become one of us in this lottery?"

"No," I faltered, and then ere the word had left my lips, so strong is the love of life, I relented and gasped, "Yes."

"Then draw!"

A box was placed underneath my hand, and again a voice cried, "Draw!" I thrust in my hand and drew out a small marble.

"You have had a fair chance," the same voice said. "You are the first. There are 39 white balls and 1 red."

And still we were in darkness as the box went round.

A lamp was lighted, a lamp only throwing a small circle of light upon a black table, and each man approached, held his hand in that circle and opened it.

White, white, white, white! I knew mine was the red. I felt it burning my flesh as I gripped it within my hand, and as I opened it beneath the light it rolled forth—red!

"When you have earned your admittance, you will be one of us," the spokesman said, and then I was conducted down the pitch dark stairs and thrust out into the street.

I gazed around to locate myself and at last found my way back across the Seine and to my hotel. I cannot believe the events of the night. I am too ill to realize them.

It cannot be true! It is too horrible!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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**THOS. H. GREEN** The Barber.  
Shop on Gordon St., just back of Temple-Marston's Drug Store.

Knowing as we do of the long felt.....want of a.....

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We have opened in conjunction with our Merchant Tailoring a place that the ladies of Kinston and surrounding country can be fitted up-to-date, as we have employed Mr. Graham, of New York, who will take charge of that department. He is well known to Sir Pardenes as a first-class gentleman and a Ladies' Tailor.

**PHYSIOC & PARKER,**  
MERCHANT TAILORS, KINSTON, N. C.

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Greensboro, N. C.

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PEARL FLAKE,  
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PARROT AND MONKEY,  
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PHONE NO. 32.

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We have a good line of Shoes and they are held to old prices.

Our Millinery is the very best.

We have the prettiest Dressed Dolls we have ever had, also various good things for the little fellows and Christmas.

Come to see us.

**A. R. MILLER,**  
KINSTON, N. C.

Dec. 12th, 1899.

**DR. H. D. HARPER,**  
DENTAL SURGEON,  
KINSTON, N. C.

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**JOHN F. STRATTON CO.**  
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### You Will Find

IN OUR STORE a full line of Staple Dry Goods and Groceries. We pay cash for our goods and get them at bottom prices, and will sell as close as any merchant doing a square and honest business.

### We Solicit Both Town and Country Trade.

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PHONE 67.



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Bananas, Malaga Grapes, Coconuts, Etc.

**L. B. COX & SON.**

See our Fruit before buying.

### Atlantic & N. C. Railroad

TIME TABLE No. 9.

Eastbound.	STATIONS.				Westbound.			
	Passenger.	Mixed P. & P.	Passenger.	Passenger.	Passenger.	Mixed P. & P.	Passenger.	Mixed P. & P.
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
7:10	7:10	3:40	3:40	11:05	8:13	8:33	8:33	8:33
7:43	7:43	4:00	4:00	10:45	7:39	7:39	7:39	7:39
8:16	8:16	4:09	4:09	10:25	7:08	7:08	7:08	7:08
8:50	8:50	4:20	4:20	10:05	6:38	6:38	6:38	6:38
9:14	9:14	4:32	4:32	9:45	6:08	6:08	6:08	6:08
9:48	9:48	4:43	4:43	9:25	5:38	5:38	5:38	5:38
10:15	10:15	4:55	4:55	9:05	5:08	5:08	5:08	5:08
10:44	10:44	5:07	5:07	8:45	4:38	4:38	4:38	4:38
11:15	11:15	5:19	5:19	8:25	4:08	4:08	4:08	4:08
11:51	11:51	5:32	5:32	8:05	3:38	3:38	3:38	3:38
12:05	12:05	5:50	5:50	7:45	3:08	3:08	3:08	3:08
.....	.....	6:15	6:15	7:25	2:38	2:38	2:38	2:38
.....	.....	6:30	6:30	7:05	2:08	2:08	2:08	2:08
.....	.....	6:45	6:45	6:45	1:38	1:38	1:38	1:38
.....	.....	7:00	7:00	6:25	1:08	1:08	1:08	1:08
.....	.....	7:15	7:15	6:05	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	7:30	7:30	5:45	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	7:45	7:45	5:25	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	8:00	8:00	5:05	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	8:15	8:15	4:45	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	8:30	8:30	4:25	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	8:45	8:45	4:05	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	9:00	9:00	3:45	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	9:15	9:15	3:25	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	9:30	9:30	3:05	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	9:45	9:45	2:45	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	10:00	10:00	2:25	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	10:15	10:15	2:05	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	10:30	10:30	1:45	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	10:45	10:45	1:25	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	11:00	11:00	1:05	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
.....	.....	11:15	11:15	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00

\*Monday, Wednesday and Friday.  
†Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.  
S. L. DILL Superintendent.

### WILMINGTON AND WELDON RAILROAD

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED	No. 28, Daily.		No. 29, Daily.		No. 30, Daily.		No. 31, Daily.		No. 32, Daily.	
Nov. 19th, 1899.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Weldon	11:50	8:55	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ar. Rocky Mt.	12:55	9:55	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Leave Tarboro	12:21	.....	6:00	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lv. Rocky Mt.	1:00	7:55	6:37	5:40	12:25	12:25	.....	.....	.....	.....
Leave Selma	2:55	11:10	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lv. Fayetteville	4:20	12:25	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ar. Florence	7:25	2:25	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	P. M.	A. M.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ar. Goldsboro	.....	.....	7:55	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lv. Goldsboro	.....	.....	.....	7:01	8:21	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lv. Magnolia	.....	.....	.....	8:09	4:50	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ar. Wilmington	.....	.....	.....	9:40	6:50	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 28, Daily.		No. 29, Daily.		No. 30, Daily.		No. 31, Daily.		No. 32, Daily.	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Lv. Florence	9:40	.....	7:45	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lv. Fayetteville	12:30	.....	9:45	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Leave Selma	1:50	.....	10:55	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Arrive Wilsor	2:35	.....	11:35	.....					