

THE IVORY QUEEN.

By NORMAN HURST. Copyright, 1916, by American Press Association.

Continued from First Page

out getting into some discomfiture," he murmured to himself as he mounted the stairs and opened the door of his room.

"Well, well, well," he said, "I wonder what has happened to the girl. I'll go and see."

Chief Dobson, a very plain and washed-out specimen compared with the highly polished Darrent encountered on his first visit to Norcombe, was sitting in a dejected attitude, with his elbows on his knees and his chin resting on his hands, and slowly raised his head as Darrent entered.

"Good evening," he said in a subdued voice, as he looked at Darrent almost pityingly.

"Good evening," he said, "I'm glad to see you. How are you getting on?"

"I'm not doing so well," Darrent replied. "I've been thinking a good deal about the case of the girl."

"I think it is for you, sir," Dobson exclaimed, handing Darrent a note he had picked up from the table, and Darrent looked at it.

Together they started off and, after looking in at the police station for a chisel, made straight for the abode of Silas Gosnell. There was no answer to their repeated knockings.

"Gone, curse him!" Darrent muttered. "Now, then, Dobson, put your shoulder to it. Go on. Now, together—"

With a splintering, splintering crash the frail door gave way beneath their united efforts, and they stumbled into the cottage.

Darrent, much to the amazement of Dobson, turned on electric lamp and made for an old writing desk in the corner. There was no need for force. Every drawer had been left open, and a pile of burned paper in the grate showed that Mr. Silas Gosnell had had a good deal of writing and had destroyed everything he did not require before he shook the dust of Norcombe from his feet.

A sheet or two of plain note paper lay in one of the drawers, a sheet or two with the watermark of a five star diamond, and Darrent placed them carefully in his pocketbook.

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A charming little story is told of an encounter between the Emperor Alexander of Russia and a gifted young girl.

During the occupation of Paris the Emperor Alexander was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates for contributions were passed by the patronesses of the day, and a particularly pretty girl presented her plate for royalty's attention.

The emperor dropped a handful of gold on the plate, saying to the young girl as he did so, "This is for beautiful bright eyes."

The pretty maid courted low and bowed, and then she presented the emperor with a smile.

"Yes, sire," was the reply, given with eyes cast down and mouth well under control, "but I would like something for the poor."

The second handful was even more liberal than the first, and the emperor evidently felt that the girl presented her plate for royalty's attention.

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