# THE IVORY QUEEN

**A Detective Story Of a Chicago Suburb. The Murder at The Grange and How Its Mystery Was Solved by Darrent, the American Lecoq.**

BY NORMAN HURST.

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"Now," said Darrent to himself as alone he entered the library at The Grange, "I'm not going to wait for any hocus pocus 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 behind, in which lay a small leather covered volume. Darrent took the book out and pushed back the panel; then, seating himself in one of the corners by the fireplace, proceeded to read:

*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 shaky 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 pig 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 89 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 too my way back across the Seine and to my [illegible]. I cannot believe the events of the night. I am too ill to realize them.

It cannot be true! It is too horrible!

Oct. 10.—It is true! Pinned on the coverlet of my bed this morning was a piece of paper on which was scrawled, "If you go to inform the police, you will be assassinated as you leave the office." I can write no more. It is true!

Oct. 15.—I have seen her, seen the woman whom I have been bidden to kill—to kill because her father has offended a bloodthirsty clique. It was at the opera. I was sent so that I might know her and remember her. Can I ever forget her? My stall was close to her box. I have seen the loveliest woman in this world, watched her for an hour only and become her slave. She noticed it. She blushed, and yet looked kindly upon me. She did not, could not, realize that she had been marked for slaughter for her father's sins.

Oct. 18.—I have met her, clasped her hand, gazed into her eyes and told her with mine that I adore her. I could almost bless the evil minded gang who made all things so smooth for me, who gave me the entree to her. Fools! They do not know that I will give my life willingly for her. But of what avail will that be? They will kill me first and then choose another to murder her.

Astrea de Lanez! The sound itself is music! I must warn her. I must save her. But how?

Oct. 30.—It is all over. She is mine!

A month ago I knew her not, and today she has owned—owned with the blushes of innocence—that she loves me, loves me, Josiah Marsden, one not worthy of her lightest thought. The world is a dream.

Oct. 31.—I have received another note from the assassins, pinned on my coverlet, as before. They call me "comrade" now, but show impatience and say I must earn admittance within the next 14 days—kill her and earn admittance.

Nov. 2.—It has been a terrible day. I have told her everything, told her my history, and we have considered what to do. She trusts me. She will quit Paris suddenly, leaving it to me to follow when I can without drawing those fiends upon her, and we shall be married. I have seen her father. He consents.

Nov. 4.—I have fooled them. A half written note urging her to meet me in an unfrequented part of Paris, which I intentionally left in my room, drew attention from her for one night, and she has left Paris to wait for me in London. While a man was dogging me as I walked she was far away. Perhaps they will revenge themselves upon me, but I care not. She is safe and well provided for.

Nov 10.—I have heard from her. She has passed through London and is staying in Scotland, where I know she will be safe.

Nov. 25.—Her father was discovered shot dead in Paris this morning. I dare not tell her. Who will be the next? What is this nameless gang? What is their purpose? I dare not say here. I am overcome with dread at every hour of the day. Every shadow is a lurking assassin.

ROME, May 3, 1872.—Six months since I have written in my diary, six months of misery. Touring through southern Europe, always followed, always watched, my heart aches to see her again, but I dare not, for with me I should carry death.

MARSEILLES, May 20.—Free! I can scarcely realize it. There has been a terrible railway accident, and the one who has tracked me through Europe is dead. I could almost pity the poor wretch as I saw him lying torn and mangled in the fearful chaos. Only a dozen unharmed out of that trainload and I one of them. Goodby to horror, misery and concealment. Tomorrow morning I leave for London by sea, and let them find me if they can.

THE GRANGE, Norcombe, Ills., U. S. A., June 30.—We have fled to this quiet spot in the United States, and here we shall be safe—safe from the fiends who have pursued us. What a gloomy diary! I ought to recommence today and write in one all gold and silver, with a white silk cover, embossed with orange blossoms. But why should I write at all? Let me close the book and, forgetting all the past, live only in the happiness of the present. It is an ugly dream. Let me forget it and close the book forever.

[Here there was a blank page in the diary, and then in darker ink it went on.]

THE GRANGE, Norcombe, May, 1884.—I have come home broken, despairing, ready for death, anxious to die. All I had is gone, all that I valued lost. Let death come—a happy release, be it by the assassin's knife or otherwise, but let it come. Speedily, now as I sit and write, come death and bring me peace!

*Only a lying telegram of yesterday upon the table.*

Death only comes to those who fear him. Death shuns those who would welcome him with open arms, grins his ghastly grin and cries: "Live on! You'd be too happy if I took you. Live on till you fear me more. Then I'll strike!" But I cannot seek death. Life is nothing to me, and yet there's my son Astray. I feel I am mad. I almost hate him because he reminds me so much of her.

Twelve years since I last opened my diary. Twelve years ago my hand touched these pages, and I bade goodby to gloom—bade goodby to gloom when it was yet to become blacker than ever.

I remember it as though it were but yesterday—remember that she was looking over me as I wrote, her arm upon my shoulder. I had nothing more to write then. Every day would have been the same, all happiness, and that reads so feeble when set down in black and white. Misery becomes intensified. The writing makes it colder and harder.

Then Astray was born. I loved him then, perhaps because she did. Now I have no love for any one, only for the past. My heart is filled with hatred—a hatred deep and bitter, that will keep me alive until it is satisfied. Here at The Grange we were happy and wanted nothing more.

Business called me again to Paris. If I did not go, I would lose a fortune. I remember now how she clung to me and begged me to let it pass, but man is human, after all, and human nature says, "Get money," and I went—went and was discovered. I knew it. I saw the man start. He spoke to me. I recognized his voice and he mine. I was back in the past, and the past was alive again.

I dared not go back to America, but went to London, shadowed every step of the way. The past ever with me, alive again. Then I wrote to her. Her first thoughts were for her boy, not for herself, not for me. I write it because I know it. Perhaps I am jealous of my own son. Well, I'm getting hard and cold now. What if I am? She sent him to a place of safety, parted with him, a little mite who could scarcely speak, in case the evil minded gang should do him injury. She staid at The Grange—staid there because I commanded it, because I said that no one knew we were married and the time would come when the gang would tire of watching me, and finally I very stealthily prepared to join her in Norcombe.

No stranger she wrote me had appeared in Norcombe. I grew confident again. What I had thought was shadowing I told myself was imagination. I grew careless, and then—I write it firmly—then I murdered her, I murdered her!

Throwing aside all thought, I paid a flying visit to America and saw her in Norcombe—saw her for the last time.

I went again, arrived to find the house deserted, only a lying telegram of yesterday upon the table:

Come to Chicago by the 10 o'clock train.
JOSIAH.

She had gone, and that is ten years ago. Ten years I have spent in searching—searching in vain—and I have come home now to await the end.

The boy, my boy, I have brought to The Grange—brought him here five years ago—and now I live for him only.

[Again there was a blank page in the diary.]

THE GRANGE, June, 1894.—I am calmer than I have been for years. I am revenged—a life for a life. I set out for Paris, not this time to hunt for her, but to demand the Scriptural forfeit, a life for a life. I gloat over it, only I'm mad now. They call me Mad Marsden in the village and shrink as I pass. How they'd shrink if they knew all! I have killed him, murdered him, stabbed him! It wasn't wrong. "A life for a life"—there's my excuse, the excuse I'll shriek to my judges; a command—a command from the Scriptures. "A life for a life." He and his gang killed her, and I am revenged. He was getting old, and so am I. We were both young when we first met, and now he is dead—dead by my own hand. He shrank back when first we met. He saw his doom in my eye. He could use the knife, and so could I. I think I laughed as I felt that blade go straight to its mark. I suppose I am mad, but I'm revenged.

To Paris and back in a month. What luck to have met him as I did! More than a year ago since Astray left—left because I would tell him nothing of the past. He was always asking what mystery there was about his life, always flying into a passion because I would not tell him all. I was a fool to let him know there even was a mystery, and he's a fool not to see in my every action I try to guard his life. I should like to see him once more—see him and tell him he can marry the girl he wants to. I've been hard and cold ever since the day my wife was lured away. I've oppressed every one till I'm hated by all. They don't think old Marsden was ever young.

Jan. 11, 1896.—Astray has been and gone. He came back after two years to be good friends, and we have quarreled again.

He has gone—gone for good, I suppose, this time. He did not plead as he used, but stood above me and demanded to know who he was and who his parents were. He little knew he spoke to his own father, and I would not tell him—why I know not, but after my death he will know all. The ivory queen, as I have told him all his life, will reveal the secret. The ivory queen he has sworn he will not touch until I am in my grave. Why don't I tell him all? Because I'm mad perhaps—perhaps because I cannot bear another, even my own son, to share my misery. If he knew, his soul would go out in pity to his mother. I am mad, for I should be jealous even of that. But, no; I feel softer. A better light breaks in upon me after these years of misery. I understand now why I have kept this secret, why I will keep it to my grave and past the grave to eternity. I might have found sympathy in my son years ago if I had obeyed the promptings of my heart, but for his sake I have kept it to myself. He shall never know. Let him live his life happily with the girl he has chosen. Tonight I bury the past; tomorrow I will begin afresh. I have yearned to recognize him as my son all these years. Tomorrow the parchment in the ivory queen shall be destroyed, and I will tell him his mother died, invent some story why I could not recognize him before, and all will be well.

Tonight I bid my book goodby forever. I dare not read its pages. Let them die. Tonight I place it where it has been hidden for years—place it there and forget it.

Tomorrow I shall awaken in a new life. Astray, my son, and his wife that is to be shall brighten the last years of my life. I feel happier and brighter in the thought of what will be. Goodby to the past, to my diary and its horrors, goodby to thoughts of hatred and death. Let me think of her with softer memories of how she lived. For Astray's sake I want to live now—I want to live!

J. M.

And there the diary ended.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HERBERT DARRENT VISITS PARIS.

Three days had passed since Darrent had pored over the secret pages of Josiah Marsden's diary. He had spent the time in working back upon his clews, trying to find a different set of circumstances to fit into the story of the diary, and so bring about Astray Marsden's release.

That he was innocent now he felt assured. And yet would the law accept the diary as a complete refutation on Astray's behalf of the crime for which he was now condemned to death? It seemed to Darrent so wild, so out of place in this nineteenth century, that a man should be dogged all over Europe, followed to America and practically hunted to death by a secret society of which he knew nothing, so out of place in life, only suited for the pages of a sensational novel.

He had had a lengthy interview with the authorities, but they had not been overcome with the idea of any miscarriage of justice having taken place and had asked if every morsel of evidence had not pointed to the guilt of Astray Marsden. The case had been so evident, so obvious, and yet improbable as it read there might perhaps be some truth in the diary. Justice did not seek a victim, but wanted the guilty man. If he were not Astray Marsden, then Darrent had permission to use the short time at his disposal to find the man, and justice would be satisfied. To Darrent, who now earnestly believed in the innocence of Astray Marsden, it was a fight between himself and the law. He had obtained the necessary permission to see Astray whenever he chose to do so and now sat watching him as he read the pages of Marsden's diary. Astray finished his reading and laid the diary down with a sigh.

[CONTINUED.]


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to the coffee drinker. Coffee drinking is a habit that is universally indulged in and almost as universally injurious. Have you tried Grain-O? It is almost like coffee but the effects are just the opposite. Coffee upsets the stomach, ruins the digestion, effects the heart and disturbs the whole nervous system. Grain-O tones up the stomach, aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. There is nothing but nourishment in Grain-O. It can't be otherwise. 15 and 25c per package

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Dr. W. Wixson, Italy Hill, N. Y., says, "I heartily recommend One Minute Cough Cure. It gave my wife immediate relief in suffocating asthma." Pleasant to take. Never fails to quickly cure all coughs and colds, throat and lung troubles.—H. C. Smith.

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I am prepared to furnish estimates and guarantee satisfaction on all kinds of Mason work.
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A farm of 200 acres, known as the D N. Cooley farm, with a 7 room house, 2 large barns, hog house, ice house, milk house and crib, good well and running water two miles south of Manchester, Iowa, for sale on easy terms. Inquire of G. G. Pierce, or F. E. Richardson, at office of R. W. TIRRILL,
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The Railway Co has about 100 other town sites in various states traversed by this great line and will gladly furnish you information concerning same if you will write to H. G. Haugan, Land Commissioner, or C. A. Padley, General Land Agent, C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 34a4

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12 yards Printed Organdie, 29 inches wide, 5 colors to select from, Pink, Blue, Black, Pearl and Nile Green. **Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 100 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering, be sure to state the color desired. No samples will be given out.

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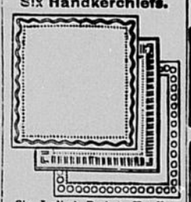

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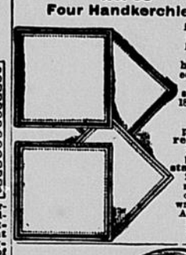

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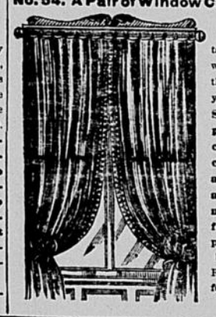

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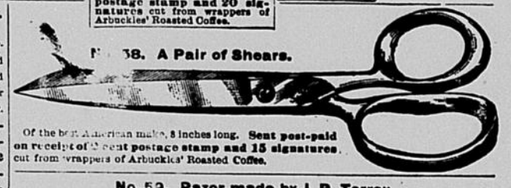

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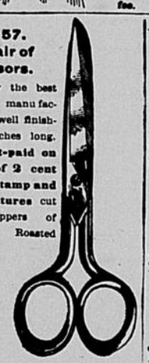

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Will cut bread, slice ham and saw the bone. Serviceable, and should be in every kitchen. **Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 14 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

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Arbuckle Bros

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This represents one page of a List which is found in each pound package of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee, and with each package in which the List is found the purchaser has bought a definite part of some article to be selected by him or her from the List, subject only to the condition that the signature on the package is to be cut out and returned to Arbuckle Bros. as a voucher, in accordance with the directions printed in connection with each item illustrated and described in the List. This List will be kept good only till May 31, 1900. Another page of this List will appear in this paper shortly.

**Address all communications to ARBUCKLE BROS., NOTION DEPT., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.**

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