

THE IVORY QUEEN

A Detective Story
Of a Chicago Suburb. The
Murder at The Grange and How
Its Mystery Was Solved by
Darrent, the Amer-
ican Loco.

BY NORMAN HURST.

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[CONTINUED.]

THE GRANGE, Norcombe, May, 1884.
—I have come home broken, despairing,
ready for death, anxious to die. All I



Only a faint gleam of yesterday upon the table.

had in me, 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!

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.

But she 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 while who could scarcely speak, in case the evil minded gang should do him injury. She said at The Grange—said there because I commanded it, be-

cause 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 finally—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 pass 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 clues, 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.

"A fearful story," he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, as he finished the last page. "Then he was my father?"

Darrent nodded his head.

"Hounded through life, hounded to

Close of Contest.

All answers in the guessing contest must be sent in or mailed by next Tuesday night, Feb. 27th, 1900. The names of the winners will be given in our issue of March 9, 1900.

Who Killed Josiah Marsden?

The HERALD has begun the publication of a thrillingly interesting, yet clean, detective story. It involves a great mystery—the name of the real murderer of old Josiah Marsden. The problem is not solved until the last chapter is reached. To see how well HERALD readers can solve the problem, we offer the following prizes:

FIRST—Five dollars in cash or a scholarship in the Little Falls Business College (worth \$7.50).

SECOND—Three dollars in cash, or two-years subscription to the HERALD.

THIRD—One dollar and a half in cash, or one year's subscription to the HERALD.

CONDITIONS.

1. The guesser must be a subscriber to the HERALD, or a member of the family of a subscriber.

2. Guesses may be sent in at any time, and must be in a sealed envelope, addressed to "MYSTERY EDITOR," THE HERALD. The letters will be numbered in the order of their arrival and should more than one person guess the right name, the person whose letter was first received will get the first prize; the second, the second prize; the third, the third prize.

3. Guesses must be accompanied by a statement of the reasons for the guess, not to exceed 100 words in length. Only one guess allowed to each person.

death because he would not do the biddings of a gang of assassins! It's terrible, too terrible to believe—my mother lured away and murdered, my father, stabbed in his own house, a defenseless old man, for what? Bloodthirstiness alone. But I will be revenged. We know now where to seek for the assassins, where to look for the hand that struck that fatal blow. In the remnants of that gang we shall find my father's murderer. That diary must release me from the condemned cell, and my life shall be devoted to the search. I will never pause until I have brought the man who struck that blow to justice. I swear it. It is in Paris we shall have to look. In Paris we will seek until some chance clue helps us to attain our object. When shall I be set free? When can we start?"

"I shall start today."

"Good, and I will follow when they have released me. How is it possible that such a murderous society could exist? What are its objects? What are its secrets that, after years and years of waiting, it yet took its revenge?"

"My dear Marsden," Darrent replied calmly. "Paris is even now the hotbed of such societies and was more so when your father was there. It is full of secret associations, French, Russian, German and every other nationality. Your father unfortunately became suspected, and they never forget."

"Then go, Darrent. Lose no time, and I will follow when I am released."

Darrent rose to his feet and placed his hands on Astray's shoulders.

"You're so full of your father that you have forgotten your own peril," he remarked.

"My own peril!" Astray exclaimed.

"Yes; the authorities do not look on that diary as a complete establishment of your innocence. Mind you, I think you will be revenged, but unless I can discover more I'm afraid your actual release is a long way off."

"But it proves I am innocent."

"It does not go far enough. I leave for Paris to get more evidence, to test what is set down in this diary and then to bring the chosen member of this gang to justice, and so obtain your release. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand. The law does not want to lose its grip of its victim



"Back at last, Darrent!" he exclaimed, unless another is placed ready for its vengeance. I will not detain you. Go."

With a hearty handshake, a promise that "all would yet be right," Darrent left Astray Marsden and made his way to New York en route for Paris.

Over a month passed before Herbert Darrent was back in Norcombe. He asked at the police station for the address of the woman who figured in the case as the housekeeper of Josiah Marsden and, learning it, made his way to the cottage, which he left in about half an hour with a very satisfied look upon

his face.

Next morning Astray was aroused from his apathy by the entrance of the detective and in a moment was on his feet and gripping his hand.

"Back at last, Darrent!" he exclaimed excitedly. "I thought I should be done for before you returned. Tell me at once, have you found him?"

Darrent shook his head, and Astray sank back into his seat.

"Then you have been unsuccessful?"

"Not altogether," Darrent replied. "But things have turned out very differently from what I expected. I reached Norcombe yesterday afternoon and visited the woman, Margaret Gadsden, who acted as your father's housekeeper. You remember?"

Astray nodded his head.

"That visit was to settle the last point in connection with my journey to Paris. Look at the page of the diary headed June, 1894, and you'll see what it says: 'I set out for Paris, not this time to hunt for her, but to demand the Scriptural forfeit. I have killed him!'"

"Enough, enough!" Astray cried. "That is the part of the book that haunts me. He died a murderer, murdered."

"I have killed him," Darrent calmly continued, "murdered him!"

Herbert Darrent paused impressively and, leaning toward Astray, said "That is not true."

"What?"

"Your father had not been half a dozen miles away from Norcombe during the last ten years. His mind was unimpaired. He yearned for that man's life until, in his dreams, he killed him; that is all. I have told you this first, and now I will deal with my visit to Paris. This was the clue I started upon, this entry in the diary:

"Nov 25, 1871.—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 stop here."

"To me it was obvious that that was the first step in the solution of the mystery and an easy one. The records of the French police put me in possession of the whole of the facts connected with that murder, but they turned out to be very different from what I had anticipated. A man, Maurice de Lanez, was discovered shot dead, but"—Darrent again paused—"there was no mystery whatever."

"Maurice de Lanez caught his cashier red handed in theft and sent for the police, but before they had time to arrive the man turned on him, shot him dead and fled."

"He was captured next day on the outskirts of the city, tried, condemned and guillotined. He died confessing that his sentence was a just one, for Lanez had been the best of masters. There was no other record of a murder of a man named De Lanez in that year or any other year."

"But the mystery?"

"There is no mystery."

"The assassins?"

"There are no assassins and never were."

"The gang?"

"There is no gang."

"My brain reels. I cannot understand. What does it mean?"

[To be continued.]

"We find," said the foreman of the western jury, "that if, as the prisoner says, the shooting was accidental, then he ought to hang, for in these gun affairs a man oughter know his own mind. It oughter be shoot to kill or no shoot. A man who has accidents happen to him with a gun is dangerous to our society an oughter he put out of the way."

A Frightful Railroad Wreck

Many Miraculous Escapes, But No Lives Lost.

SCORES OF PEOPLE INJURED

A few years ago while in company with a noted physician from one of the Southern states we started from Indianapolis, Ind., to Florida. It was the first day of that terrible blizzard which cost Roscoe Conklyn and hundreds of other people their lives. Our course was by the way of Cincinnati, where we would have arrived in six hours had it not been for the severity of the storm which snowbound our train in Eastern Ohio for four days. Finally we made our way to Cincinnati and from there on to Pittsburg, Pa., where we were due to leave on a Thursday night train for Tampa, Fla. It was 10 o'clock before we reached Pittsburg and had the Florida train left on time, which was two hours earlier, we would have avoided what proved to be a most horrible accident. The travel at this season of the year was extremely heavy and as we were late and running quite rapidly in order to make connections with another train which left Washington City at 10 o'clock that evening and was to be in waiting for us in Savannah Ga., where both trains on the following morning were to be consolidated and go on southward as one train but composed of two sections. We arrived at Savannah just one hour and forty minutes late.

The train being behind time, we were trying to make it up and were running at a rapid speed. Just as the train rounded a short curve into the valley of the Blackshear river, which was spanned by a bridge, the engineer was signalled to stop by a man waving a handkerchief, but the speed of our train was so great; that before the brakes could be successfully applied we were plunged into the river through an open span and our eleven cars most of them had come down a precipice of over thirty feet. Hardly a single person on the train escaped without injury. Fortunately, which is one of the greatest miracles of modern time, not a single miracle was killed. There were people with broken arms, broken legs and bruised from head to foot, all more or less of great consequence. The doctor who had accompanied me, Dr. Rea from Louisville, Ky., in connection with Dr. Warren, of Fowler, Tex., and Dr. Lyod, of New Orleans, who were passengers on the train, completed a medical staff. Dr. Rea and Dr. Lyod, fortunately, were only slightly injured, and of course it fell to their lot to take care of the wounded and the sick which was done in short order. They erected a temporary hospital in one of the railroad coaches which was derailed, telegraphed for medical supplies and in the meantime kept up their work, which principally consisted of bandaging, sewing up wounds and controlling hemorrhages. Dr. Rea being the junior surgeon, performed some wonderful feats and had it not been for his real quickness of action and master of the art of medicine and surgery many of the injured would have proved fatal or crippled for life. Among the injured was a certain gentleman, Mr. R. W. Lockwood, whom I met some years ago, and in conversation with him learned that he was in this particular accident; that he was seriously injured; that he thought his case was hopeless, and that he was afflicted for some time after and says had it not been for Dr. Rea's wonderful knowledge of his condition and master of disease he is certain he would have been dead long ago. Dr. Rea often visits professionally cities throughout the United States. He has visited Mr. Lockwood both socially and professionally; Mr. Lockwood says: I have seen scores of his patients and they all tell me of his examinations and treatment of their cases in the same accurate and wondering way that he is able to perform almost supernatural wonders in his profession. He believes in whatever is best, and that he is in this world to do this work that he will stay here until he is done. He has great confidence in himself and has good reasons to have; I don't think he ever knew defeat, and if he did I don't think he would recognize it or would be long turning it into victory if he did. The most wonderful feature of this man's life is his ability to diagnose accurately any diseases in man, woman or child without asking a question. I don't care how subtle or how complicated their disease, but that if Dr. Rea could examine them he could tell them their exact condition, and when a man can tell his patient his disease this man does not mistake his patients and treat them for the wrong ailments. His firm of specialists and surgeons is the best in this country. He is president of the Association of Physicians and Surgeons of the Southern Medical and Surgical institute, which is represented in most every principal city of the Union.

I have particularly interested myself in the work of Dr. Rea. I know of thousands of cases he has cured. He has treated patients in most every state in the Union, and is acquainted with all kinds of climate and is particularly experienced with the different diseases that are liable to occur in the different sections of the country. From an authentic report of Dr. Rea, I choose to mention a few of his many cures.

Mrs. Margurite McKee, West Second street, Duluth, Minn., cured of a very aggravating form of cancer. Cured in one treatment.

Mrs. E. M. Aiken, Woodland, Minn., cured of chronic deafness. Mrs. Aiken was 68 years old and had doctored with a good many doctors.

C. H. Reed, Lakeside, Duluth, Minn., cured of chronic fungous growth of the lip. Cured in one treatment.

William Farrel's child, Hastings, Minn., cured of paralysis and wasting vitality. Child could not hold its head up and was limber as a rag. Cured in three months; had doctored far and near.

Mrs. Mewhorter, Zumbrota, Minn., cured of chronic catarrh of the stomach female diseases and general debility, and had taken all kinds of treatment. Cured by Dr. Rea in three months.

Knute Nelson, West Sixth Street Duluth, Minn., cured of nervous and general debility.

William Woolf, Red Wing, Minn., cured of chronic piles of long standing. Tumors as big as hens' egg, cured without loss of blood.

Tobias Grady, Lake avenue south, Duluth, Minn., cured of cancerous growth of the throat. Had tried many doctors, but no one had done him any good.

John Alderleicht, Columbia, South Dakota, cured of cancer of the stomach.

Alfred Burke, Virginia, Minn., cured of chronic blood trouble, and skin disease.

Mrs. Mary A. Farrell, Rosemount, Minn., cured of cancerous eczema in face, had doctored for fifteen years. Dr. Rea cured her in four months.

W. A. Thompson of the Northwestern Fuel company, Duluth, Minn., cured of bad cancer on the lip; had it cut out but always came back. Mr. Thompson is cured to stay cured in two treatments.

Mrs. G. C. Allen, Estherville, Iowa, cured of cancerous growth behind the ear after consulting many Eastern physicians, all of whom have given her up to die.

I. L. Waterman, Vermillion, S. D., cured of chronic eye and blood troubles after many other physicians had unsuccessfully treated him.

Ludwig Kladt, Watertown, S. D., ulcerous sore on the hand, had doctored for years, was cured by Dr. Rea in three months.

George Maxon, cured of kidney disease in three months, after other doctors had said it was diabetes and that no one could cure him.

Mr. Frizzell, Huron, cured of liver and stomach troubles.

Alvin Schields, Alexandria, S. D., cured of cancer on the lip in one treatment.

Mrs. Maud St. Charles, Alexander, Wis., cured of consumption of long standing.

P. B. Furgerson, of Golden, Ill., cured of nervous debility and lost vitality.

Mrs. Josie Peterson, Havana, Ill., cured of consumption in three months.

S. Stouton, Huron, S. D., cured of bad cancer on the lip at one treatment.

Mrs. Robert Twiss, Redfield, S. D., skin cancer on feet, cured in two treatments when other doctors said she could not be cured.

George C. Mohl, Elkhorn, Neb., cured of chronic kidney and blood trouble of long standing.

H. C. Hoy, of Aurora, S. D., cured of chronic stomach trouble of long standing, had treated with many other doctors, cured by Dr. Rea in three months.

Mrs. George Skenner, wife of prominent man of Brookings, S. D., cured of chronic stomach troubles of several years' standing.

Hon. J. H. Michaels of Watertown, S. D. cured of dry eczema, after years of treatment by other doctors without success, cured by Dr. Rea in four months.

George Bellaire, In Winona "Independent."

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 21st, (Special to the Democrat.)—Dr. Rea, the noted specialist, of the Southern Medical and Surgical Institute, has arranged to make his next professional visit to the northwest and will visit the following towns:

St. Cloud, Grand Central Hotel, Friday, March 2nd.

Little Falls, Buckman Hotel, Saturday, March 3rd.

East Grand Forks, Central Hotel, Monday, March 5th.

Moorhead, Columbia Hotel, Tuesday, March 6th.

Breckenridge, Hotel Hyser, Wednesday, March 7th.

Fergus Falls, Grand Hotel, Thursday, March 8th.

Alexandria, Minn., Letson Hotel Friday, March 9th.

Sauk Center, Sauk Center Hotel, Saturday, March 10th.

Minneapolis, 329 Boston Block, March 11th, and 12th.

Red Wing, St. James Hotel, Tuesday, March 13th.

Wabasha, Hurd House, Wednesday, March 14th.

Winona, Winona Hotel, Thursday, March 15th.

Minneapolis, 329 Boston Block, March 16th, 17th and 18th.

Northfield, Archer House, Monday, March 19th.

Owatonna, Arnold House, Tuesday, March 20th.

Austin, Fox Hotel, Wednesday, March 21st.

Fairbairn, Brunswick Hotel, Thursday, March 22nd.

Minneapolis, 329 Boston Block, Friday, March 23rd.

Duluth, Spalding Hotel, Saturday, March 24th.

Consultation and examination \$1.00.