

The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

By the Author of
"The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," Etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

Great was the astonishment throughout the neighborhood when it became known that Dr. Etwald, the clever physician, of Deanminster, had been arrested on the double charge of murder and theft of a dead body. Major Jen worked hard to procure evidence against the prisoner, and David Sarby worked just as hard to obtain material for the defence. The attitude taken up by the young barrister astonished everyone, and was universally condemned.

After that memorable interview in the library, when Etwald was accused and arrested, Arkel took away his prisoner in custody by virtue of the warrant, and left Major Jen alone with the counsel for the defence. When the sound of Etwald's carriage had died away in the distance, Jen, who had hitherto kept silence, raised his head and looked at David.

"Well, sir!" he said, in an icy tone to his adopted son. "I am waiting for you to explain this very extraordinary conduct."

"Major Jen, I have no explanation to give you."

"What!" cried his guardian, rising. "Do you dare to sit there and tell me that you are a traitor, a coward, an ungrateful man? What will every one say, when they learn that you intend to defend Etwald?"

"They will say almost as cruel things as you have said," returned David, still composed. "But I do not care for the opinion of the public. I act according to the dictates of my own conscience. I have an excellent excuse."

"What is it, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"I refuse to tell you at present." "Indeed: and am I ever to learn the reason of your extraordinary behavior?"

"Yes, Major. You shall learn my reason at the trial. I shall explain it when I make my speech for the defence."

"David, there is something very extraordinary in your behavior, and you refuse to give me your reasons therefor. If I want such the trial, will you explain?"

"Yes. I have already told you so. In my speech for the defence you will be fully satisfied that I have good cause to act as I am doing."

"Very good," replied Jen, calmly. "Then I shall say nothing to anyone about your very curious behavior. I shall work hard to secure the condemnation of this scoundrel. You can do your best to save him. But against you, or for you, I shall not open my mouth. At the trial I shall expect an explanation."

"You shall have it."

"But," added Jen, "as until that explanation we are enemies—although not openly so—I shall require you to leave my house."

"I expected that you would do so," rejoined David, bowing his head. "Indeed, you can act in no other way. To-day I shall take lodgings in Deanminster and wait for the trial. I shall defend Etwald to the best of my ability; and then you can decide whether I am fit to re-enter this house."

Arkel had sought out as witnesses against Etwald seven persons. Firstly, Mrs. Dallas, who was to prove that she was hypnotized frequently by Dido. Secondly, Isabella, who was to depose that before the murder her mother had been sent by Dido to "Ashantee" to steal the devil-stick, which under the influence of hypnotism. Thirdly, Battersea, who was to give evidence that he had found the devil-stick within the grounds of Mrs. Dallas. Fourthly, Meg who was to prove the offer of Battersea to sell her the stick. Fifthly, Major Jen, who could explain the engagement of the dead man to Miss Dallas, and the rivalry of his assassin. Sixthly, Jaggard, whose evidence would tend to show that Dido had drugged him for the purpose of stealing the body. And seventhly, the most important witness of all, Dido, who was to depose to the manufacture of the poison, the re-filling of the devil-stick, and the giving of it to Dr. Etwald, so that he might perpetrate the crime. With these seven witnesses Jen did not see how Etwald could escape the gallows.

"Are you sure that all these people will speak out?" asked the Major of Arkel when the list was submitted to him.

"I am certain of all save one," replied Arkel, in a dissatisfied tone, "and the worst of it is that Dido is the one."

"Does she refuse to give evidence against Etwald?"

"I should think so. Simply because she is the holder of the Voodoo Stone. The only change of getting the negress to confess the whole truth is for either you or I to gain possession of that stone."

"Where is it?"

"Etwald carries it on his watch chain. I saw him the other day in prison, and he showed it to me. A common little black stone it is, but Dido would kill him with pleasure to get it."

"Kill Etwald!" ejaculated Jen. Then, after a pause, he added: "I believe you are right, Arkel, for it is not the man

himself she cares about, but the stone. However, I'll see Isabella and make her persuade Dido to speak against Etwald."

The Major went at once to "The Wigwam," but, notwithstanding all his eloquence, in spite of the tears and importunings of Isabella, the negress positively declined to say a word against the Great Master.

"While dat big man hab de Voodoo Stone, I do nothin'—nothin'," she said. And from this obstinate position they all failed to move her.

"Why don't you get the Voodoo Stone yourself, if you adore it so much?" cried Mrs. Dallas, exasperated by this obstinacy.

"Ah, if I hab dat Voodoo Stone, I be great; great—de queen ob de debbles. But he no let it go!"

"Go and see Dr. Etwald, and tell him you will give evidence against him unless he gives you the stone."

This suggestion came from Isabella, but of it Dido took no notice. Without a word to mother or daughter, who were both in tears, she left the room.

In the afternoon she was nowhere to be found, and both Mrs. Dallas and Isabella came to the conclusion that she had fled to avoid being forced into giving incriminating evidence. They fell into one another's arms, and were beside themselves with terror. All the evil done by Dido and Etwald seemed likely to fall upon their innocent heads.

"Still, there is hope," said Isabella. "We will speak to Major Jen, and ask him to send the police after this wretched woman."

This opinion was at once acted upon, and a messenger was sent to "Ashantee;" but Major Jen was from home, and it was not till 6 o'clock that he presented himself at "The Wigwam" and heard the story of Dido's flight.

"But she can't be very far away," said Jen, hopefully. "I saw her in Deanminster, and thought she had gone there with a message from you. But even if we had forced her into court, she would not have given evidence against the holder of the Voodoo Stone."

"Dat so!" said a hoarse voice at the door.

The three people turned, and saw Dido, with an expression of triumph on her dark face, enter the room.

"Dido!" cried Isabella. "You did not run away?"

"No, missy, I tell de truth against dat man."

"But the Voodoo Stone," said Jen, wondering what she meant.

Dido opened her clenched fist. The Voodoo Stone lay in the palm of her hand.

How she became possessed of the Voodoo Stone, Dido refused to say. Jen had learned from Inspector Arkel that Etwald wore the talisman on his watch-chain, and he wondered in what fashion Dido had contrived to penetrate into the prison and to obtain it from the doctor. The whole result of the trial depended upon the transfer of the stone. If Etwald kept it, Dido would not dare to give evidence against him, and so, in the absence of incriminating details, he would go free. As it was, the stone was now in the possession of Dido, and for some reason, which Jen was unable to fathom, she was quite content to betray her share in the plot. By changing hands the Voodoo Stone had transformed Dido into a traitress.

However, as the advantage derived from the transfer was all on the side of the prosecution, Jen did not think it wise to inquire too closely into the means which Dido had employed to regain the talisman. He saw nothing of David, who pointedly kept out of his way. He made no inquiries of Dido, and simply informed the Inspector that the negress was ready to explain Etwald's secrets, without telling him why she was willing to do so.

When the trial came on, and after the evidence had been given, everyone, without exception, looked upon the prisoner as guilty, and they considered it futile when David Sarby rose to deliver his speech for the defence. The young man was even paler than usual, and when he rose laid down the devil-stick, at which he had been looking. When on his feet he glanced round the court and caught the gaze of Isabella, who was staring eagerly at him. Then he turned to his client. Dr. Etwald smiled coldly on his counsel. David shuddered, and picking up the devil-stick, spoke sharply and to the point.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury—You have heard the evidence, which makes out that my client is guilty. That evidence is wrong, as can be proved by one witness. I am the witness. In my rooms there is lying a confession, signed and witnessed, which sets forth that I am the guilty person. It was I, not Etwald, who murdered Maurice Aymer. Yes, I was in love with Miss Dallas, and therefore was jealous of Maurice. I knew that Dido possessed the devil-stick—and I bribed her to give it to me. I pretended to go to the city on the night of the murder, but, instead of doing so, I remained in the grounds of Mrs. Dallas, where I obtained the devil-stick from Dido. I saw Maurice meet with Miss Dallas. I saw them

kiss and part. Inflamed by jealousy, I rushed after him and met him on the road. He turned in surprise, and flung out his arms to keep me off. The devil-stick, with its poison-fang protruding, was in my grasp, and in throwing out his arm I wounded him in the palm of the hand, thus—"

David took the devil-stick firmly in his grasp and compressed the handle. At once the iron tongue, with its drop of venom, appeared. With the sharp point he made an irregular wound on the palm of his hand, and cast the devil-stick on the table before him. A moment afterwards, amid the silent horror of the crowded court, he fell down—dead.

CHAPTER XXII.

Naturally, the tragic end of the counsel for the defence created a great sensation. The trial was brought to an abrupt conclusion, the court was cleared, and the body of the dead man taken to the residence of Major Jen. In his rooms at Deanminster was found the confession signed by him, and which was substantially the same as that which he had made in court. At once Dr. Etwald was set at liberty on the charge of murder.

Whereupon he returned to his house as though nothing had happened. Mrs. Dallas and Isabella came back to "The Wigwam," but without Dido. On the day when the trial terminated in so tragic a manner the negress disappeared, and with her the famous Voodoo Stone.

"I wish I could have caught her," said Arkel to Major Jen. "She committed perjury in order to get Dr. Etwald hanged, and she ought to have been punished for her wickedness. It has been a terrible affair, Major."

Jen, who was now looking old and broken down, agreed with a sad shake of his grey head.

"My poor lads," said he, in a voice full of pathos. "First one and then the other—to lose them both in this awful fashion."

"What!" cried Arkel, in surprise. "Do you pity Mr. Sarby?"

"Why not?" answered the Major, quietly. "To my mind he needs more pity than poor Maurice. The lad was driven mad by jealousy and he was worked on by Dido to commit the crime. The cause of all these troubles, Mr. Inspector, is not Dr. Etwald, but that black witch. I wish she could be caught."

Dido was never caught. She was too clever to give the police a chance of laying hands on her. Like a stone cast into a wide ocean she disappeared from Deanminster, and, possessed of the Voodoo Stone, possibly took her way to her native Ashantee, there to become the high priestess in the horrible fetish-worship of Africa.

For the next two days Major Jen stayed in the house and watched over the corpse of David. The whole scene was but a repetition of that which had taken place when Maurice had died. Both young men had perished from the effects of the infernal African poison. Both had perished in the bloom of youth; and on the right hand of each was the fatal wound which had corrupted the blood. But the corpse of David was here. The corpse of Maurice, where? Only Dr. Etwald could answer the question, and he, released on the charge of murder, was now out on bail for the theft of the corpse.

While the Major was wondering what would be the outcome of all the terrible events which had filled the last few weeks, Jaggard entered the library, and announced that Mrs. Dallas and her daughter wished to see him. Although he was unwilling to speak to those who had caused these troubles, Jen had no reasonable grounds for refusing an interview. Therefore he gave orders that the ladies should be shown into the drawing-room. When he repaired thither, however, he found to his surprise that Mrs. Dallas only was waiting for him.

"I could not get Isabella further than the door of your house?" exclaimed Mrs. Dallas, who was in deep mourning, whether for Maurice or David, or for the loss of Dido, it is impossible to say.

"Why did she not come in?" asked Jen, coldly, for he did not feel very amiably disposed towards the widow.

"I don't know. She is a strange girl, Major, and the events of the last few weeks have shaken her nerves."

"They have shaken mine," retorted Jen, grimly. "But we need not discuss these things, Mrs. Dallas. May I ask why you have paid me this visit?"

"To tell you that we are going away. Back to Barbadoes," replied Mrs. Dallas, with a sigh. "Yes, Major, after what has taken place here, I can stay no longer in America. I shall sell my house and leave for the West Indies with my daughter within the month."

"I think it is the best thing you can do," said Jen, brusquely.

(To be continued.)

New Use for Baked Beans.

A neatly dressed woman rushed into a Euclid avenue grocery yesterday and priced the different sizes of pots of baked beans that the grocery keeps put up hot ready to take home and serve.

"I guess the small size will do," she said, hesitating.

"How many do you desire to serve?" inquired the clerk, ready to advise.

"Oh, I'm not buying them to serve," the customer replied. "Of course I shall use them, but I'm getting them to keep my hands warm on the car. I came away from home without either muff or mittens."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sharp Dog.

Penley—I only want to live until I become famous.

Miss Keen—Ah, but we don't have Methuselahs nowadays, Mr. Penley.—Boston Transcript.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Every man thinks his brutality is "tact."

Flashing seems to be the favorite form of loafing.

Any woman closely associated with a man can make or break him.

None of us realize how much people talk about us behind our backs.

Every shiftless man is a liar; he acquired the habit in giving excuses.

We despise a man who doesn't appreciate a friend; friends are so rare.

Talk with any man five minutes, and he will say the trouble with him is, he is too meek.

Out of one hundred people who try to save money, ninety-five will make the attempt very feebly.

Even when times are very good, things will not come your way unless you carefully start them.

There are so many kinds of meanness that people now talk about the meanest kind of meanness.

People nearly always predict disaster for their own town, and tell how well other towns are doing.

It is easy to say to a man, "Be sensible." But half the time a man does not know what is sensible.

An Eastern man is teaching people how to kiss by means of a correspondence course. As though everyone does not know!

Much of the clamoring now going on has a tendency to make industry and honorable achievements almost disreputable.

Our experience is that an artist who is not appreciated is just about as disagreeable as it is possible for a human to be.

FASHION HINTS



The back view of this little dress is so attractive that it deserves a word all by itself.

The jackety tab at the waist, and the cute little knot of the girdle that crushes up to it, are very distinctive.

In front, the overskirt finishes in a deep point.

ELECTRICAL NOTES.

London has a trackless trolley. Monorail systems have proven successful in India.

The old horse car lines of St. Petersburg, Russia, are to be electrified.

Buenos Aires has authorized the construction of an electric subway under the city.

Wireless telegraph apparatus is prohibited in British India except upon government license.

Ozone generators are advocated for the subway cars in New York to increase the oxygen in the air.

A French syndicate has contracted to develop the water powers in Uruguay to furnish light and power to the inland towns.

The City Council of Cincinnati is planning a subway to connect the business section of the city with the outlying residential sections.

Lighting will strike more than once in the same place. A transmission line in Colorado was recently struck five times in the same place.

Cincinnati boasts the only church on wheels. It is a large electric bus which is loaded with singers and speakers and invades the slums every Sunday.

The development of the water powers in California has helped boom the state by bringing new industries and helping old industries with plenty of cheap electric power available.

Fine Care Fine Hair

It's fine care that makes fine hair! Use Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, systematically, conscientiously, and you will get results. We know it stops falling hair, cures dandruff, and is a most elegant dressing. Entirely new. New bottle. New contents.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, is the latest, most scientific, and in every way the very best hair preparation ever placed upon the market. For falling hair and dandruff it is the one great medicine.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

She Didn't Care.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, at a luncheon in New York, said with good-humored mockery of the suffragettes:

"If they keep on, their outlook, really, will become as naively selfish as Mrs. Dash's. Mr. Dash, as his young wife posed before the mirror in a décolleté gown from the dearest shop in the Rue de la Paix, regarded the pretty little lady indulgently, and said with a sigh:

"You do look nice in that frock, dear, but it cost me a heap of money."

"You dear old boy," she cried, "what do I care for money when it's a question of pleasing you?"

Preferred to Pay.

A little miss riding on a Brooklyn trolley car the other day tendered the conductor half fare.

"How old are you, little girl?" he queried, gingerly handling her fare.

She pursed her lips for a moment, then calmly opened her purse, dropped two more pennies into the conductor's extended palm, snapped her purse and demurely replied:

"You have your fare, sir; my statistics are my own."—Brooklyn Life.

Nature as a Healer.

A great, broad, consoling and fundamental fact remains that in a large majority of diseases which attack humanity under 90 per cent of the unfavorable influences which affect us nature will effect a cure if not too much interfered with. As the old proverb has it, "A man at 40 is either a fool or a physician," and Nature is a good deal over 40 and has never been accused of lacking intelligence.—Woods Hutchinson, M. D., in Delineator.

A Trustful Woman.

"A man walked out of his home in this town and was gone for two years."

"What excuse did he make when he got back?"

"Said he'd been sitting up with a sick friend."

"Haw! haw! That's rich."

"Yes; and what's more, he actually convinced his wife that his friend was a chronic invalid."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Somebody Sorry.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, children, the subject is the story of the Prodigal Son. Can any one tell me who was glad when the prodigal returned?"

"The father," was the unanimous response.

"And who was sorry?" asked the teacher.

"The fatted calf," promptly responded a little girl.—Pittston Gazette.

His Exhausting Mental Labor.

"If you have any trade or occupation," asked the woman of the house, "why don't you follow it?"

"Ma'am," said Tufford Knutt, with his mouth full, "I work fourteen hours every day."

"How? At what?"

"Wit' me mind, ma'am, same ez all de great inventors do. I'm tryin' to think up a sub'stoot for indy rubber."—Chicago Tribune.

Precocious Foresight.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "you have made some inexcusable mistakes in your geography lesson."

"Yes'm," said the precocious youth.

"When I'm a man I'm going to be an explorer. I want to avoid the minute accuracy which will lead people to discredit my observations."—Washington Star.

The Obliging Grandmother.

"You will have to let me off for a day or two in April, ma'am."

"Why, Nora, what for?"

"I must be sick a bit, ma'am."

"Eick, Nora?"

"Sure, ma'am. I'm th' grandmother of an office boy who wants to git off an' see th' openin' ball game, ma'am."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Misunderstood.

Mrs. Hoyle—One of my ancestors was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Doyle—Whose divorce decree did he sign?—New York Press.