

# The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

By the Author of  
"The Mystery of a Hanam Cah," Etc.

## CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

On the day after the Major's dinner party, Isabella was sitting in the veranda with a book open on her lap and Dido standing gravely near her. Mrs. Dallas in the cool depths of the drawing-room, was indulging in an afternoon siesta. The sunlight poured itself over the velvet lawns, drew forth the perfumes from the flower beds, and made the earth languorous with heat.

In the veranda all was cool and restful and pleasingly silent. Isabella, in her white dress, looked beautiful and pensive; while Dido, in reddish-hued robes, with a crimson kerchief twisted round her stately head, gazed in the semi-gloom like some gorgeous tropical bird astray in our northern climes. Both mistress and maid were silent.

It was Dido who spoke first. She noticed that the eyes of her mistress constantly strayed in the direction of "Ashantee," and with the jealousy begotten of deep affection, she guessed that the girl's thoughts were fixed upon Maurice. At once she spoke reproachfully, and in the grotesque negro dialect, which, however, coming from Dido's mouth, inspired no one with merriment.

"Aha, missy," said she, in deep guttural tones, "you tink ob dat yaller-hair man!"

"Maurice! Yes, I'm thinking about him; and you know why?"

Dido's fierce black eyes flashed out a gleam of rage, and she cursed Maurice audibly in some barbaric tongue which Isabella seemed to understand. At all events she interrupted the woman's speech with an imperious gesture.

"No more of that, Dido. You know that I love Maurice; I wish to marry him. Why are you so bitter against him?"

"He take you from me."

"Well, if I marry anyone the same thing will happen," responded Isabella, lightly; "and surely, Dido, you do not want me to remain a spinster all my life."

"No, missy, no! You marry, an' ole Dido am berry pleased. But dat 'yaller-hair' man, I no like him."

"We are engaged."

"Your mudder, she say no!"

"Nonsense! She likes Maurice herself," replied Isabella, uneasily. "Maurice wants our engagement kept quiet for the present, but when I do tell Major Jen and my mother, I am sure neither of them will object."

"H'm, we see, missy, we see," said Dido, darkly. "But why you marry dis man I no like."

"Because I marry to please myself, not you," said Isabella, sharply. "Oh, I know your thoughts, Dido; you would like me to marry David Sarby. The idea, as if he can compare with Maurice!"

"Wrong, missy. I no wish dat man."

"Then Dr. Etwald—that horrid, gloomy creature!"

"Him great man!" said Dido, solemnly. "Him berry—berry great!"

"I don't think so," retorted Isabella, rising. "Of course, I know that he is clever, but as to being great, he isn't known beyond this place." She walked to the end of the veranda, and stood for a moment in the glare of the sunshine. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike her, and she turned towards the negro.

"Dido, you wouldn't like to see me the wife of Dr. Etwald?"

"Yes, missy. Him berry big great man! He lub you. He told ole Dido so."

"He seems to have been very confidential," said Isabella, scornfully, "and from what I have seen, Dido, he has some influence over you."

"No," said the negro. "But while her tongue uttered the denial, her eyes rolled uneasily round the lawn, as though dreading some invisible presence. "No, missy. Dido a great one, you know. She no 'fraid ob dat doctor; but him big man, missy; you marry him!"

"I love Maurice!"

"You nebbur marry him, missy. Nebbur, nebbur! I make de spell. I know. De spell say dat doctor he marry you!"

"Well, Dido, we will see. And now—"

She never finished what she was about to say, for at that moment Dido stretched out one arm. Across the lawn there crept a wizen, grey-haired little man, with a cringing manner. He was white, but darkish in the skin, and there was something negroish about his face. This dwarfish little creature was a tramp, who had become a pensioner of Isabella's. He had attached himself to her like some faithful dog, and rarely failed to present himself at least once a day.

What his real name was nobody knew, but he said that he was called Battersea. He was cringing, dirty, and altogether an unpleasant object to look upon; but Isabella was sorry for the creature, and aided him with food and a trifle of money. It may be here mentioned that Battersea, although he knew nothing of Ohl, was terribly afraid of Dido. Perhaps some instinct in the negro blood—for he undoubtedly had something African in his veins—made him fear this unknown priestess of fetish-worship.

"Well, Battersea," said Isabella, kindly, "how are you to-day?"

"Very well, lady, very well, indeed. I met Mr. Aymer, and he gave me a dollar."

"That was generous of him! But, why?"

"Because I said that a certain lady was—"

"Now, now," laughed Isabella, "no more of that nonsense, Battersea." She

turned and ran along the veranda into the house. The tramp and the negro were alone.

"What de doctor say?" said Dido, in a low-voiced whisper.

"Two words. The devil-stick."

The negro started, and threw up her hands in surprise.

## CHAPTER IV.

Evidently there was an understanding between these two strange creatures, and thereby an occult connection with the ideas and doings of Dr. Etwald. What the trio were plotting against Isabella and her lover remains to be seen; but it can be guessed easily that the message of the devil-stick carried by Battersea to Dido was of some significance.

Battersea himself knew nothing of its esoteric meaning, but to the negro the mention of the emblem conveyed a distinct understanding. She let her arms fall listlessly by her side, and, with an unseeing gaze she stared at the green trees bathed in hot sunshine. After a moment or so, she muttered to herself in negro jargon, and clenched her hands.

"Baal! the wand of sleep! the bringer of death!"

"What are you saying, Dido?" asked Battersea, his feeble intellect scared by the fierce gestures and the unknown tongue.

"I say deep things which you no understand! Look at ole Dido, you white man."

Battersea whimpered, and, rubbing one dirty hand over the other, did as he was requested with manifest unwillingness. With an intensity of gaze, Dido glared at him steadily, and swept her hands twice or thrice across his face. In a moment or so the tramp was in a state of catalepsy, and she made use of his spellbound intelligence to gain knowledge. There was something terrible in her powers being thus exercised in the full sunlight.

"De debble-stick. What is it?"

"In the house of Major Jen. In a little room, on the wall, with swords and axes."

As he said this in a monotonous tone, Dido looked across the trees tops to where the red roofs of "Ashantee" showed themselves against a blue July sky. She shook her fist at the distant house, and again addressed herself imperiously to Battersea, commanding:

"Tell ole Dido ob de debble-stick."

"It is green, with a handle of gold, and blue stones set into the gold."

Dido bent forward, and touched the tramp on his temples.

"See widin dat stick," she muttered, eagerly. "I wish to see."

"There is a bag in the handle," repeated Battersea, with an effort. "Under the bag a long needle," then, after a pause, "the needle is hollow."

"Is der poison in de bag, in de hollow ob de needle?"

"No!" said Battersea, again. "The poison is dried up!"

At this moment a noise in the house disturbed Dido, and with a pass or two she released Battersea from the hypnotic spell. He started, rubbed his eyes, and looked drowsily at the tall negro, who had resumed her impassive attitude.

"What have you been doing, Dido?" he asked, stupidly.

"Obit?" was the brief reply. "You hab told ole Dido what she wish about de debble-stick."

"The devil-stick," repeated the tramp, in wide-eyed surprise. "I don't know anything of it. Dr. Etwald met me, and ses he, 'You go to Miss Dallas, and I ses, 'I does; and he ses, 'You'll see Dido, and I ses, 'I will; and he ses, 'Say to her 'Devil-stick,' an' I ses, 'Right 'yars, sir.' But es to knowin'—"

"Dat nuffin!" said Dido, with a lordly wave of her hand. "I black; you hab de black blood in youse also. I mek you do Obl. Um!"

"What's Obl? What's you torkin' off?" asked Battersea, rather nervously. "An' 'ow does you know I hev black blood?"

"Obl say dat to me. Your mudder black?"

"Yah!" cried Battersea, derisively. "You're out of it. My mother white; but my father, here he hesitated, and then resumed—"Yes, you're right, Dido; my father was a negor. A Seedee boy who was freeman on a liner."

"I hab seen dat," replied Dido, nodding her head. "Black blood in youse, an' I can do Obl on you. I send your spirit to de house of Massa Jen! You tell me ob de debble-stick. But I take care ob you. Now git to de kitchen; dere am food for you."

The old man's eyes brightened in anticipation of a feast, and he shuffled off round the corner as quickly as his age would allow him. Dido looked after him for a moment, considering the message he had brought from Dr. Etwald, and then began to think of the devil-stick.

She knew very well what it was, for her grandmother had been carried off as a slave from the west coast of Africa, and knew all about Ashantee sorcery and fetish rites. These she had repeated to her granddaughter, Dido, with the result that Dido, cherishing these recollections, knew exactly how to use the wand of sleep. She had spoken about it to Dr. Etwald, quite ignorant that Jen kept one as a curiosity, and now Etwald had intimated through Battersea that he wished her to do something in connection with the stick. What that something might be, Dido, at the present moment, could not guess.

She had exerted her magnetic and

to get a minute's peace from mites and other pests is not the right kind of exercise." The truth is obvious.

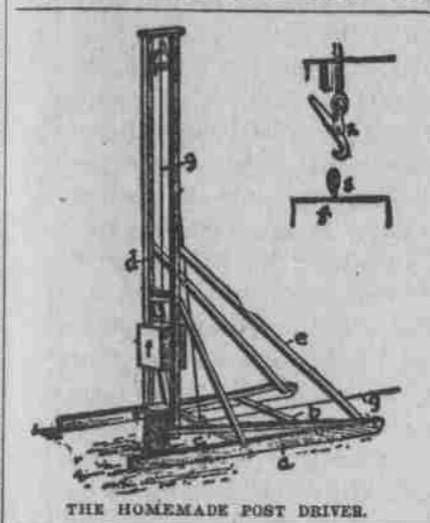
Give the fowls plenty of encouragement to scratch for their grain feed by keeping a portion of each pen deeply bedded with leaves or straw. There is nothing like it for promoting thrift and contentment among a flock of fowls in the winter, and it is also a great aid toward getting fertile, hatchable eggs.



### A Post Driver.

A homemade arrangement for driving piles or posts is shown in the sketch. I consider a post driver one of the most useful implements that I have on the farm, writes J. L. Macomber in Farm and Home. This device is of very simple construction, and aside from the few pieces of iron, pulleys and the rope, any farmer can make it at home.

The runners, a, are 9 ft. long, made of good solid oak 6x4 in. thick. The



THE HOMEMADE POST DRIVER.

crosspieces, b, are of 4x4 oak, placed about 3 ft. apart. Firm braces, c, of 2x6 scantling, will strengthen the frame. The uprights, d, are 14 or 16 ft. long, as desired, of 4x4 oak. The braces, e, may be 2x4. For the weight, f, a wooden block may be used, which is either square or round. It should be about 18 inches in diameter and 2 1/2 ft. long, of solid oak or hickory. Some wood that will not split readily is best. Grooves should be made in the side of the weight to take in the full width of the uprights. It is a good plan to bore an inch hole through the rear end of each runner, through which a peg may be driven to hold the device in position while the post is being driven.

The working of this device is simple. The weight is drawn up by horses hitched to the end of a rope, and when it arrives at the top of the uprights it is released by the hook, 2, striking the block, 1, unhooking it from the ring, 3, which is attached to the driver block. Four or five blows will usually drive a pointed post to the required depth. Two men and a team will drive one-half to three-quarters of a mile of posts in a day. The cost of such an implement is about \$5, and will pay for itself in a short time.

### Swing for Loading Fodder.

There are a large number of contrivances made for loading shock fodder onto a wagon, some better than others. The illustration herewith shown is one that is in use in some localities where a good deal of fodder is cut up. The rear ladder is substituted with a stout post, well anchored to the rack, on top of which is a pole so adjusted as to be able to reach out to one side for the fodder and the other with proper

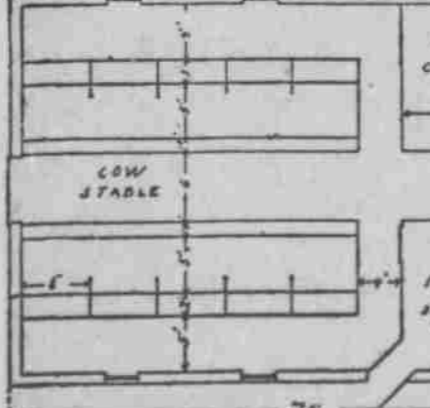


FOR LOADING FODDER.

leverage. A rope or a chain attached to the short end of pole is thrown around the shock about half way up, and a fork handle thrust through above it so it will stay there and the whole shock is lifted on the rack.—Farm and Home.

### Let Her Scratch.

The importance of exercise for poultry might well be placed subordinate only to good housing and feeding. But a writer in an agricultural monthly pertinently remarks that "scratching



PLAN OF STABLE.

The accompanying plan is a very convenient stable arrangement and economical of room. Rolling doors are shown on almost all the openings, but swing doors can be substituted if desired. Corrugated iron is recommended for the roof, as the wood covering to which roofing is attached may be only 1 1/2 x 3 inch strips spaced 20 to 24 inches on centers. About forty-one squares will cover roof and to give nicely proportioned building the rafters exclusive of projections should be the same length on both roofs and the slope of the lower should be 56 degrees from the horizontal, while that of the upper will be 34 degrees. To frame and inclose barn alone would cost about \$200.

### Small Farms.

The farm unit is gradually becoming smaller with the advance in the price of land. A well known real estate agent in a certain locality told us recently that he had ten times as many calls for 40 acres as for 160 acre farms. The small farm is the best farm, all things considered, and people are gradually coming to realize it and to look for small farms when purchasing. The farmer of to-day is beginning to learn that it is better to tramp over less ground and grow more to the acre. The taxes and fences on a large farm sometimes amount to more than the crops. There is great economy in all lines in the cultivation and management of a small farm. When the farmer knows that he has but a few acres to plant to corn, or any other crop he will use better seed, fertilize more heavily and cultivate better. If he grows seventy to eighty bushels to the acre, say on ten acres, he is much better off than the larger farmer who cultivates twice as much and gets only thirty to forty bushels of corn to the acre.—Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

### Killing Weeds.

A great deal is heard about chemical weed destroyers and improved methods for eradicating weeds. Some of the improved methods are worthy to be the means of destroying many of the weeds. Many of them, however, are not practical and should never be considered by the farmer.

Professor Deal of the Michigan station comes forward with an entirely new means of destroying weeds which, if followed, is certainly the most practical of all other methods, except the hoe. The professor says that where soils are reasonably rich as a result of the growth of legume, there are few weeds. Lands which have been in alfalfa or clover for a number of years have few weeds. For all weedy lands the professor suggests that the farmers seed the land down for either alfalfa or clover and to make sure that the seeding is sufficient to cover the ground. Keep the ground in legume for a number of years and the weeds will nearly all be destroyed. This sounds much more sensible than chemical destroyers.

### Labor-Saving Log-Roller.

On every farm where there is timber of large size there ought to be a canthook, an implement shown in the picture from Farm and Home. It is used for the purpose of moving heavy logs. It will save a tremendous amount of heavy lifting and one man with a canthook can do as much or even more than two without it. The handle should be about 12 feet long and the iron hook about 15 inches. Or if very large logs are to be used, 15 inches. The hook should work loosely on a bolt through the handle and the "business end" be slightly curved inward and always kept sharp.

### Selecting Laying Hens.

Not enough importance is usually attached to the selection of laying hens. They must be properly cared for, if they are to lay well during both winter and summer. Houses must be kept sanitary and the fowls free from vermin. Care must be exercised to avoid their being chased by dogs or other animals, or unnecessarily frightened. Poultry houses must be well ventilated, and one or more windows should be opened every bright day, so that the house will not become warm during the day and grow cold again at night.

### Dairying and Price of Land.

Dairying in Holland is the principal occupation. The land is worth from \$500 to \$1,000 an acre, yet the people pay their rents or interest on the investment by producing butter and cheese, which they place on the European market in successful competition with that produced in America on land of less than one-fifth the value. The secret is—efficient cows, excellent care, co-operation and superiority of butter and cheese.

## FASHION HINTS



Russian influence is strongly felt in some of the newest fashions, both for street and evening wear. The accompanying sketch shows a walking costume of cream serge, with trimmings of lavender and cream braid. It is very dainty and attractive, and is one of the many pretty things now made for southern wear.

### TELLS OF HIS FAMOUS HYMN.

Faces of Street Audience Gave Minister Inspiration for "Life Line."

Surrounded by a model of a Lyle gun, a piece of cable, life buoys, megaphone, wig-wag flags, tailboards containing instructions to sailors and two life ropes, the Rev. E. S. Ufford, of Rockland, Me., evangelist and author of the famous revival hymn, "Throw Out the Life Line," sat placidly among these mementoes of fearful storms which have raged along the New England coast, in the Union station waiting for his train to Minneapolis, the Des Moines Register and Leader says.

The Rev. Mr. Ufford is an evangelist and this paraphernalia, which has been actually used in the rescue of sailors from wrecked vessels and was presented to him by captains of life saving stations at Cape Cod and Nantucket, is used by him in his evangelistic services to illustrate his sermons.

"I was aiding a pastor in East Boston one Sunday night in 1884, and when we were returning home after the service the subject of conversation turned on evangelists and hymns. I began thinking about a hymn that would reach the people. My father and grandfather had been choir leaders before me and I had been praying that I should write a song that would live long after I had passed away. On the afternoon of that Sunday I went to the village square and spoke to non-church goers. As I looked upon the faces of those about me—faces upon which were written the story of sin—they seemed to be like perishing men in the billows of death. This must have suggested to me the inspiration for my version of the hymn. I returned to the parsonage, sat down and wrote the hymn at once.

"It has been often thought that I at one time must have been associated with seafaring men to give so vivid a picture as the lyric depicts, or that I had dashed off the stanzas after witnessing a wreck of some vessel. Neither surmise is correct. It is simply a mental picture which came to me a quarter of a century ago, vivid to be sure, but to which I added the color."

The Rev. Mr. Ufford is building a unique church by popular subscription and from the royalties received from his hymn. A large anchor is supported over the tower. The building is divided into two parts, an auditorium and a parlor. Over the rostrum is a painting by the noted artist, Charles C. Murdock, and represents Christ in the act of saving Peter from the waves. The frieze around the auditorium represents Columbus' caravels coming to America. The church is appropriately located at the corner of Water and Ocean streets in Rockland. His study is in the church tower overlooking the bay.

"My church will be known as the Temple of Galilee, or the People's church, and will always be open to people of all creeds."

In Extenuation.

A little girl between 4 and 5 years of age came running in from sliding one day and exclaimed to her mother: "Oh, mamma, did you see me go down? I went like thunder!"

To her mother's astonished question as to whom she had heard say that the little one replied, "Well, mamma, you know you said one day 'as quick as lightning,' and it always thunders after it lightens, doesn't it?"

A widow's plea of popularity is to have the men call her "irresistible."

Coal is obtained in many parts of New Zealand, but the chief mines are in the Westport district, in South Nelson; the Grey district, in Westland; in Otago and Auckland. The best coals occur in the two former, the Westport mines producing a quality scarcely equaled throughout the world.

The River Jordan.

The historic river Jordan has its origin in one of the largest springs in the world.