

The Wand of Sleep

OR

The Devil-Stick

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

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"I shall explain, and it is lucky for you that Mrs. Dallas gave you permission to ask me for an explanation, otherwise I should have been forced, from a sense of honor, to hold my tongue. Mrs. Dallas fears that if Isabella marries anyone but David, her death will take place."

"Whose death? Isabella's or Mrs. Dallas?"

"The latter. You must know, Maurice," continued the Major, "that Mrs. Dallas, though well born and well married, is an extremely ignorant woman. She was brought up mostly by Dido's grandmother, who was the most accused old witch in Barbados. This old hag instilled into the mind of Mrs. Dallas all kinds of superstitions, in which she really believes. When the grandmother died Dido became nurse to Isabella, and private witch of the Dallas household. She is clever—wonderfully clever—and she has continued her grandmother's system of terrorizing both Mrs. Dallas and Isabella."

"Yes; I can see that, Uncle Jen, and it is for that reason I want to marry Isabella, and take her away before her mind is degraded further by that old fury."

"Well, the old fury sees what you want, my dear lad, and so she is determined that Isabella shall marry David and not you. To accomplish her aims she went through some hocuspocus and discovered that if Isabella marries you, Mrs. Dallas will die."

"And does Mrs. Dallas believe that rubbish?" asked Maurice, incredulously.

"Implicitly! I tell you she is ignorant and superstitious. Come what may, she is convinced that your marriage with Isabella means her own death; so you may rest assured, Maurice, that she will never accept you as her son-in-law."

"I understand," said Maurice, with a shrug. "It seems hopeless to contest this decision of a diseased and feeble mind. I can understand Dido stopping my marriage, as she wants to retain her sinful influence over Isabella; I can understand Mrs. Dallas, weak and silly, being dominated by this negro Jezebel; but I can't understand why David is chosen as the future son-in-law. If he marries Isabella, he will no more put up with Dido than I should have done."

"Of course not; I can't explain the reason," replied Jen, shaking his head. "But you know all that I know, Maurice; and you can see that it is hopeless for you to attempt to marry the girl."

"I'm not so sure of that," retorted Maurice; "I love Isabella, and come what may, I intend to make her my wife."

"But what about me?" said a voice outside the open window; "what about me?" And a moment later David, in dusty riding-dress, stepped into the room. He looked disturbed and angry, and his strongly marked face bore traces of agitation and haunting thoughts.

Disturbed by the unexpected appearance of David, and seeing from his expression that he was bent upon making himself disagreeable, Jen hastily interposed to prevent a quarrel between the two young men.

"What, David? back again!" he said, ignoring the question asked by Sarby. "So you did not stay to dinner?"

"No," replied David, shortly. "I didn't! He flung himself into a chair and resumed in a significant tone, "Mrs. Brazee didn't ask me, and if she had, I couldn't have accepted in this dress. Besides, I am not the man whom she delights to honor. Now, if Maurice had been there, Meg—"

"Don't couple my name with Meg's," interrupted Maurice, sharply. "You know quite well—"

"It's no use your assuming that innocent air, Maurice. You have not treated Meg well!"

"I have! How dare you say such a thing? Meg knew that I was in love with Isabella."

"Oh!" said David, with a sneer. "I overheard you arrange to marry her. But you'll never do that while I am alive, or Mrs. Dallas either. I told Mrs. Dallas that I loved Isabella, and she said that nothing would give her greater pleasure than to see us married."

"You shan't marry her!" cried Maurice, angrily rising.

"I shan't!" said David, and rose also. "Boys! Boys!" said Jen, annoyed at this quarrel, "do not be so positive. If you are both in love with the same woman, let the woman decide."

"She has decided!" said Aymer, sharply. "She loves me."

"I don't care two straws about that," said David, coldly. "I have not spoken to her yet; but all the same I intend her to become my wife. I give you fair warning, Maurice, that you are not to poach upon my preserves."

"Your preserves. Confound your insolence!"

"Upon my word, David," said Jen, seeing that Maurice could hardly speak for rage, "you go too far. The girl loves Maurice and not you; and it would be much more honorable for you not to press your suit."

"I don't care two pins for honor, Major! I love Isabella, and I intend to marry her. But become the wife of Maurice she never shall; I'd rather see her married to Etwald."

"The third Richmond who is in the field," scoffed Maurice. "Well, he has as good a chance as you. Dido supports his pretensions; Mrs. Dallas is

your champion. As for me, I have the love of Isabella, so I'm afraid of nothing."

"Are you not?" said Sarby, with a peculiar smile. "Remember what Etwald said about your life in death!"

"I don't believe in that rubbish, David, and I should be very sorry to think you did."

"As to that, I don't care about discussing the point," was the reply. "Our own beliefs are our own business. But I may say that Etwald is a dangerous man, both to you and to me."

"I dare say," said Maurice, coolly. "The more so, as I believe he has stolen the devil-stick."

"What?" David made a step forward and stared at the wall. His face was quite pale, and his hands trembled in spite of his efforts to control himself. "The devil-stick gone!" he said, turning on his heel. "Both you and I must be careful, Maurice."

CHAPTER VIII.

So far the reader may wonder at the constituent elements of this story. African witchcraft, mysterious strangers, and barbaric women seem to be out of place when set in the sober framework of a provincial town. But romance is not dependent upon landscape or its surroundings for its occurrence; it is to be found everywhere, and very often in the most unlikely places. Here, for instance, by some trick of fate, certain people had come together, certain passions had been aroused, and now that the drama had been set in motion, it seemed likely that it would play itself out to a tragical conclusion.

For a whole week after the events already related, nothing new took place likely to alter the situation. Maurice and David remained coldly polite, and very watchful of one another; neither mentioned the name of Isabella, nor did the one or the other see the girl. Mrs. Dallas took care of that. Acting, no doubt, under the advice of Dido, she kept Isabella within doors and refused to allow her to communicate with Maurice. But, on the other hand, she did not force her to see David; and Isabella was thankful for the consideration.

But there was one visitor to the Wigwam whom Isabella would gladly have avoided—no less an individual than Dr. Etwald. After the violent scene with Maurice, the widow so overtaxed her strength that she became ill, and the doctor was sent for. His mere presence appeared to soothe Mrs. Dallas, and he came frequently. When she could, Isabella absented herself; but this she was not able to do on all occasions, and so she had to endure his complimentary speeches and the mesmerizing quality of his gaze. This last, especially, was a trial to one of her sensitive organization, and one day she felt so uncomfortable that she remonstrated with Etwald.

"You make me afraid, doctor," she said, impudently. "Your gaze is disagreeable to me."

"My dear young lady," replied the man, blankly, "I must look at you when I address you."

"Then don't address me!"

"Isabella, do not be rude!" cried Mrs. Dallas, who had overheard this passage of arms; whereupon the girl, with a defiant glance at her tormentor, left the room.

"I'm sure I don't know what I'll do with Isabella," sighed Mrs. Dallas; "she is getting so disobedient."

"Perhaps I can assist you."

Mrs. Dallas looked uneasily at her medical attendant.

"No," she said, quietly. "I may persuade her into doing what I want."

"Which is to marry Mr. David Sarby," said Etwald, coolly. "In that case I can only hope that the young lady will continue obstinate, as I wish to marry her myself."

"I know—I know! But I don't want her to marry you, doctor. Mr. Sarby is the man for my daughter. He is good-looking and clever and—"

"And poor!" finished Etwald.

"Well, yes," assented Mrs. Dallas, "there is that objection. But it is not much of an obstacle, as Isabella has money. The young couple can live on three thousand a year."

Dr. Etwald went home with this sum running in his head, and more than ever he resolved to marry Isabella. He was in love with her, and would have taken her without a penny; all the same, if she was an heiress in a small way, it was all the better. The doctor was clever but poor, and with an income like that he could move to the metropolis and do great things. There were many schemes in Etwald's head, and certain of these he determined to put into execution at once, in order to secure Isabella for his wife.

Some time previously Major Jen had asked Etwald about the devil-stick, but only to be informed that the doctor knew nothing of the missing article.

"I have not set eyes on it since that night you showed it to me," declared Etwald, coolly. "You refused to sell it to me, so of course I gave up all idea of possessing it. All the same," finished he, politely, "I am sorry that it is lost."

"Lost! Stolen, you mean," growled Jen, angrily. "That negress—"

"Didn't! Well, I admit that such a barbaric treasure would tempt her, the more particularly as she knows about such wizard instruments. Ask her if she took it."

"I have done so, and I have asked Mrs. Dallas also," replied Jen; "but it seems that Dido wasn't out of the house that night. Mrs. Dallas is—"

andly enough, I hear, Etwald, that it was you who made her ill."

"Really!" said Etwald, quite self-possessed. "I suppose Mr. Aymer told you so. I thought as much," he continued, as Jen nodded. "He saw me calming Dido's agitation when I arrived to ask Mrs. Dallas for her daughter's hand. This negress is hysterical, and on that day she happened to be so. I quieted her, yet Mr. Aymer accuses me of having caused her illness."

"I don't know anything about it, Etwald; but truth to tell, Maurice does not like you!"

"Because I prophesied ill concerning him!"

"Oh, that was rubbish," said Jen, contemptuously. "You didn't mean it." "Didn't I wait and see?"

After which Etwald bowed his visitor politely to the door of the gloomy old house which he occupied in Dean-minster, and Jen returned home, quite baffled as to what could have become of the devil-stick. Maurice still held to his idea that Dido had taken the wand, but Jen's inquiries proved that the negress had not been out of the house on the night in question.

"Then it must have been Battered!" said Maurice, decidedly. "He is a friend of Dido's and a pensioner of Isabella's. I'll find out if he stole the stick for the negress or for Dr. Etwald."

This was easier said than done, as Mrs. Dallas would not allow Maurice to set foot in the house. Still Maurice hoped to learn the truth from the tramp himself, a hope that proved futile also. Battered had gone on one of his begging excursions, and for quite a week was not seen in the neighborhood of "Aahantee." Then he suddenly made his appearance at the house, and asked to see Maurice. On being led into the hall, Aymer came out to speak with him, and after a few words he took the old man into the library. Jen, who was rather curious to know what Maurice might learn from the disreputable old scamp, waited patiently for the termination of the interview. As Aymer did not reappear, he sought the library, and found the young man alone.

"Where is Battered?" asked Jen, glancing round. "What did he wish to see you about?"

"He heard that I accused him of taking the devil-stick," explained Maurice, "and came here to expiate himself. He is quite innocent. He didn't take the devil-stick."

"Then who did?"

"I'll tell you that to-morrow."

"Why not to-night?" asked Jen, sharply.

"Because I have a suspicion, which I cannot prove at present. Battered gave me a hint, upon which I am determined to work. To-night I may learn the truth!"

"From whom?"

"Don't ask me, Uncle Jen; I can't answer you yet."

"Well, just as you please, but you are as mysterious as David."

"Why, what about David?"

"Only this, that he has gone up to town without bidding me good-by, save in this short note. I can't understand such conduct."

"Nor I!" said Maurice, stretching out his hand. "Please let me read the note, Uncle Jen. I wish to see precisely how it is phrased."

The note which the Major handed over was curt to the verge of rudeness. It merely stated that the writer had gone away for a couple of days on business, and would be back as soon as possible. Maurice did not wonder that Jen was annoyed at receiving such a missive from one whom he regarded in the light of a son.

"The fact is David has not been quite himself since this trouble about Isabella," he said, gravely, "and he thinks it best to go away for a time. You know how he tortures himself over trifles."

"This love business of you two young men is getting to be anything but a trifle," said Jen, testily. "What between the lot of you and Etwald, there seems to be nothing but trouble. I wish you'd marry the girl, Maurice, and have done with it."

(To be continued.)

The Humor of Investment.
"How's that mine of yours coming along?"

"They've struck a new vein."

"That's funny."

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, the mine is such a good joke that I'm sure it must have a funny vein."—St. Louis Star.

Perfect Faith.
"Does your wife believe all you tell her?"

"Does she? Say—I stayed out all night recently, playing poker. And I told her we weren't playing for money, and she believed it!"—Cleveland Leader.

Rare Birds Indeed.
"Woman," observed the epigrammatic boarder, "is a puzzle without an answer."

"Huh!" snorted old Grumpley. "I never saw a woman without one yet."—Boston Transcript.

Not the Musical Kind.
"What does your brother do?"

"He's an organ master."

"Musician, eh?"

"No. Head of a paper that's the mouthpiece of a political clique."—St. Louis Star.

No Need to Worry.
"My dearest friend is just now in a critical condition."

"You don't seem worried about it."

"No need to be. It's his business. He's at a musical show."—Baltimore American.

No Longer in Doubt.
Muriel—How does she know she really loves him?

Millicent—Another girl took a fancy to him and tried to get him away from her.—Somerville Journal.

Best Seal for Envelopes.
When you seal an envelope with the white of an egg it is impossible to steam it open.

WHERE THEY WERE BORN.

Nat Goodwin is a Boston man.
Robert Edeson came to life in Baltimore.

Baron Max Hoffmann was born near Cracow, Poland.
Robert Mantell is a canny Scot, having been born in Ayrshire.
Far away Portland, Ore., was the birthplace of Blanche Bates.

Don't start, but the birthplace of John Mason was Orange, N. J.
Otis Harlan first saw the light of day in Muskingum County, Ohio.

Grace Hazard was born in St. Louis, but her parents are New England Yankees.
Elsie Janis was born in Columbus, Ohio, and still calls that place her home.

Clara Morris spent her childhood in Cleveland, but was born in Toronto, Canada.
Isabell D'Armond was born in St. Louis. Her father was a surgeon and practiced for years in the Mound City.

Miss Gertrude Hoffman is a San Francisco girl. Her father is one of the constructors in the Scott ship-building works.
Little Mlle. Dazie, the dancing star of vaudeville, came into the world in St. Louis in the Peterkin family. She was "raised" in Detroit.

Jefferson De Angelis and Edna Wallace Hopper and William A. Brady and James J. Corbett all were born and raised in San Francisco.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826.
Coal was first used as an illuminant in 1826.

The velocipede was invented by Drais in 1817.

The only self-supporting territory of the United States is Alaska.

The Chilean government has under contract 698 miles of railroads at an estimated cost of \$24,207,660.

A chimney of concrete block was recently built in Germany without the use of scaffolding, which represents a great economy in the cost.

Billiards and pool on shipboard are now possible through the recent invention of a self-leveling table which accommodates itself to every movement of the vessel.

Levantine newspapers report that Turkey has granted a conditional concession to an American syndicate for a 1,343-mile railroad through Asia Minor.

Our oil exports to China increased from 23,000,000 gallons in 1899 to 87,000,000 in 1909 and nearly 104,000,000 in 1908, having thus quadrupled in ten years.

Thirteen grams of radium chloride have been produced at the imperial Austrian radium factory, located at St. Joachimsthal. It is estimated that this mineral has a value of \$45,000 to \$50,000 a gram, or more than \$500,000 for the entire amount. Pure metallic radium is never seen.

FASHION HINTS

usual proceeding is to use any old bucket and some hot water. A handful of bran is stirred into a slop, and scalding hot, is put under the sick animal's nose, only to be rejected. It should be cool, or cold, and only moist enough to hold together when pressed in the hand. Then add a little salt, and it is relished by the sufferer.—California Cultivator.

How to Fasten Mallet Handles.
The old method of fastening mallets to handles by boring a hole through the head and inserting a wedge from the outside may be superseded by a new way that makes the tool much

seater and one that conceals the wedge and eliminates all possibility of the head flying off as the wedge cannot come out. This new way is to bore a hole the size of the handle and three-fourths the distance through the head, then cut a slot in the handle and insert a wedge as shown in figure 1. Put the wedge end into the hole bored in the head and drive it in. When the wedge touches the bottom of the hole (Fig. 2) it will be driven into the split of the handle, thus forcing the sides out and making a tight fit.—Popular Mechanics.

Farmers and Autos.
The number of automobiles owned by farmers is growing rapidly. Out of 10,000 autos in Iowa, 5,000 are owned by farmers. Kansas farmers spent \$2,200,000 for automobiles during 1908, and \$2,750,000 in 1909. In one Nebraska town of 800 population, forty autos were sold last year to farmers near the town. Careful estimate of the number of automobiles owned by farmers in the entire United States is 75,000.

Deep Plowing.
Results of experiments at the Kansas station show that deep plowing (8 to 10 inches) tends to increase the number of soil bacteria in both sandy and silt soils. Deep plowing tends to increase bacterial activity. More ammonia is produced. Deep plowing tends to decrease denitrification of the reduction of nitrate and the liberation of free nitrogen.

A Good Guess.
"Does your father know you smoke, little boy?" asked the inquisitive "I guess not," replied the bad boy. "He doesn't look up his cigars."—Detroit Free Press.

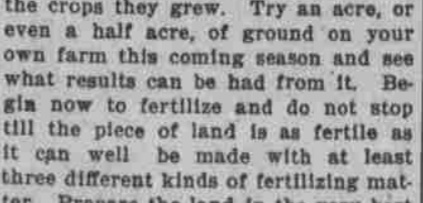
Jury Fury.
I hold it a fact That hell hath no fury That's like to a man Who's drawn on a jury.—Buffalo News.



The Experimental Plot.

Every farmer should have, and easily can have, a small experimental plot of ground for testing the soil and different crops. No farmer can ever know the highest capacity of his soil till he has fertilized a small portion of his land very heavily with a complete balanced mixture of fertilizers, planted the very best of seed, and given the crop, or crops, extra good cultivation. Many farmers hear or read of 100 bushels of corn to the acre, or several hundred dollars an acre made in growing special crops, and do not believe that it is possible. They do not believe it because they have never done half so well on their own land, but they never put half the amount of fertilizers, nor half as good seed, nor half as good cultivation, to the crops they grew. Try an acre, or even a half acre, of ground on your own farm this coming season and see what results can be had from it. Begin now to fertilize and do not stop till the piece of land is as fertile as it can well be made with at least three different kinds of fertilizing matter. Prepare the land in the very best manner, use the best seed, and give a dozen cultivations. You will surprise yourself with results.—Journal of Agriculture.

Bran Mash.
Can you make a bran mash? Like coffee, mashed potatoes and a few of the everyday things, the average furnished is not of good quality. To make a bran mash, take a clean bucket, well scalded out, and put in the measure of bran. Then pour into the center, stirring all the time, scalding water enough to make it moist. Cover it closely while hot with a blanket, and let it stand three or four hours, until cold. There are many times when a cow or horse is sick and weak, and needs a bran mash. The



Three-Horse Hitch.
This arrangement enables one horse to walk in the furrow when ploughing and two on the unploughed land. The length is marked on each of the parts. The draught chain must be set well toward the head of the plough.

Wheat Situation.
The high prices which our farmers have run up for wheat have stimulated the cultivation of the grain wherever it is possible to raise it. Last year Chile produced 19,000,000 bushels, and was encouraged by the results to sow many more acres this year. Experimental stations of the Chilean government are distributing the best varieties of seeds among the

To Prevent Feed Bolting.
So many horses, especially nervous drivers, get in the habit of gulping their feed down in great mouthfuls. Here is a device that I have found very convenient and effective in preventing feed bolting. The feed is put into a hopper (b) outside the manger, and is allowed to run

into the manger box (a) in a thin stream. The size of this stream is regulated by the slide (c), and it is impossible for the horse to get more feed in his mouth at one time than he can easily masticate.—Farm and Home.

Making Good Butter.
The best butter is made from cream collected about the same time. Mixing cream from three or four days' skimmings is what makes the texture of butter uneven and the flavor poor. Keep the different skimmings separate, and churn them separately, as far as possible. This requires some more work, but it makes better butter. If several skimmings are mixed, stir the mixture well when cream is added.

All cream should be frequently stirred when ripening in order to make the ripening progress evenly through the mass. Always skim milk before it becomes coagulated.

Straw in Manure.
Owing to its abundance, straw is added to barnyard manure, but it can be made more serviceable if made fine with the feed cutter before being used. While straw may soon rot after being mixed with manure, yet in a fine condition it is a much better absorbent and can be forked into the manure with advantage. When loading and spreading manure there is a saving of labor when handling that which is fine, and the manure will be more valuable because the loss of ammonia will be arrested by the use of suitable absorbent materials.

Timothy and Blue Grass.
While the meadow fescue or English blue grass is largely a Kansas product, where the seed often goes twenty bushels to the acre, a great deal of timothy is grown in Idaho and some of the middle western states, like Illinois, Missouri, Indiana and Iowa, the southeast corner of the latter state being especially productive. It is harvested about the middle of July and thrashed with a common separator.

Diversified Farming Spreading.
Diversified farming is fast redeeming agriculture. Even the Western people are finding out that crop rotation is more remunerative than the one-crop method of farming. Diversified farming and stock raising will redeem the West as it has the prosperous part of the East.

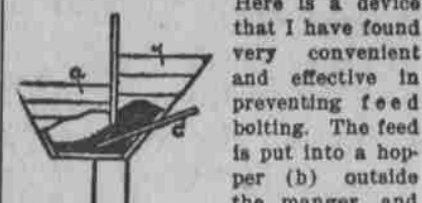
Object of Soil Culture.
Cultivation of the soil is not merely done to kill weeds, but it is a moisture conservator; makes the soil more porous, so that the plant roots more easily penetrate in search of plant food. In time of protracted drought the cultivator should be kept going whether there are weeds or not.

The Alaska Wheat Fake.

The "Alaska wheat" fake, which has been pretty thoroughly exposed in the west, is now attracting attention in the east. Commenting on the result of some experiments made by a New Jersey farmer with this cereal "gold brick," the Boston Transcript remarks: "If the wheat of Alaska can reclothe our old but still responsive acres with harvests of the golden grain, it will be an obligation of no mean magnitude to be added to what we already owe her for past and potential yields of gold and copper, lumber and coal." Unfortunately for the responsive acres which are awaiting the coming of Alaska wheat, that famous cereal has been repeatedly exposed as a fraud. Its latest previous appearance in the limelight was in Idaho, and the Saturday Evening Post, by giving it a page of praise, brought it to the attention of scientists and agricultural experts, with the result that the government issued a fraud order which prohibited the Idaho promoters circulating any literature regarding it.

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