

# The Wand of Sleep

OR

## The Devil-Stick

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

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)  
"Perhaps I may settle affairs sooner than you think," said Aymer. "Uncle Jen, I won't be back to dinner to-night, as I have to go into Deanminster."  
"What about?"  
"Business connected with the devil-stick and Isabella."  
"H'm! You are pleased to be mysterious. Why not tell me your business?"  
"Because I may fall," said Maurice. "Here, Uncle Jen, don't be cross; I'll tell you about it to-morrow, and then you will see and approve of my silence to-night."  
"Well," said Jen, with a shrug, "you are old enough to guide your own actions. But I must say that I don't like to be shut out of the confidence of my two boys in this way."  
"You'll know everything to-morrow."  
"About David also?"  
"Perhaps I can even promise you that!" said Maurice, with a smile.  
"What!" cried Jen, "do you know why David has gone to town?"  
"Not for certain; but I can guess. Now, Uncle Jen, I shan't answer another question just now, as I must go into Deanminster."

It was useless to ask further questions, as Jen saw that the young man was getting irritated; so, in no very pleasant temper himself, the Major went up to his dressing-room. He was of a peace-loving and easygoing nature, fond of quietness, so it annoyed him not a little that all this disturbance should take place on account of a woman.

David and Maurice both being absent, Major Jen was compelled to dine alone. This he disliked doing, so hurrying over his dinner with all speed, he betook himself to the smoking room with a book. Here he chose a comfortable chair near the open window, and attempted to read; but the somnolent influence of the evening was upon him, and before long the good Major was sound asleep.

Outside a warm wind was blowing, and the air was filled with the perfume of flowers. In the darkly blue sky hardly a cloud could be seen, and the moon, just showing her orb above the tree tops, flooded the still loveliness of the night with wave after wave of cold light. All was full of charm, spellbound as it were by the magic of moonlight, when suddenly a long, wild cry struck shudderingly through the silence.

Accustomed as an old campaigner to sleep lightly, Major Jen was on his feet in an instant, and again heard that terrible shriek. It seemed to come from the direction of the high-road, and thinking that some evil was being done, Jen, without loss of time, raced across the lawn and into the avenue. In a few minutes he arrived at the gate, and stepped out into the white and dusty road; a black mass was lying some distance down, and towards this ran Jen with an undefinable sense of evil clutching at his heartstrings. The black mass proved to be the body of a man, cold and still. Jen turned the corpse over and recoiled. The dead man was Maurice Aymer.

### CHAPTER IX.

While the Major, hardly able to credit his own eyes, was staring at the dead body of his dear lad, Jaggard, attracted also by the strange cry, came running up.  
"What is it, sir?" he asked, saluting Jen even in that moment of anxiety.  
"I heard an awful cry, sir, and came after you."

Jen pointed to the corpse, but said nothing. Jaggard, ignorant of the truth, bent down to place a hand on the dead man's heart. Then he saw and recognized the face.  
"Mr. Maurice! What does it mean?" he cried, aghast with sudden horror.

"It means murder, Jaggard!" replied Jen, in a hollow voice which he hardly recognized as his own. "Mr. Maurice went to Deanminster before dinner, and now—" the Major pointed again to the remains.  
"Murder!" echoed Jaggard, his ruddy face going pale. "And who, sir—"

"I don't know—I can't say!" interrupted his master, impatiently. "Go and get the men to bring down a stretcher for the body, and send the groom for Dr. Etwald."

"Ain't it too late, sir?"  
"Do as I tell you," said Jen, so fiercely that Jaggard did not dare to disobey, but ran off, leaving the Major alone with his dead.

The road which ran past "Ashantee" towards The Wigwam was lonely even in the daytime, and at this hour of the night it was quite deserted. Not a person was in sight, although the Major could see up and down the road for a considerable distance, owing to the bright moonlight. He raised Maurice in his arms, and placed the body on the soft grass by the wayside.

In the bright moonlight he carefully examined the body, but could find no trace of any wound until he came to the right hand. Here, in the palm, he saw a ragged rent clothed with blood, but it was a mere scratch not likely to have caused death, unless poison were— Here Major Jen rose to his feet with a new and terrible idea in his brain.

"The devil-stick!" he said, aloud. Again he bent down and examined the face and hands. Both were swollen and discolored; he tore open the shirt at the neck, and saw that the young man's breast was all distended and bloated. Undoubtedly the cause of

death was blood-poisoning, and the devil-stick had been the instrument used to effect the deed. But here the problem proposed itself: Who had killed Maurice? The person who had stolen the devil-stick? Who had stolen the devil-stick? The person who—Major Jen came to an abrupt pause. He could think, for a moment, of no answer to that question; but it is only fair to say that, dazed by the terrible occurrence of his dear lad's death, Jen had not his wits about him.

While he was still considering the affair in a confused manner Jaggard reappeared with the men from "Ashantee" carrying a stretcher. While they placed the body of Maurice thereon, the groom bound for Deanminster passed them driving the dog-cart, and Major Jen stopped the man to tell him that at all risks he was to bring back Dr. Etwald with him. Jaggard wondered at this, for Maurice—poor lad—was beyond all earthly aid—but Jen was thinking of a certain person who might have committed the crime, and he wished for the aid of Dr. Etwald to capture that person. In the meantime the necessities of the case called for the immediate removal of the body to "Ashantee." It was a melancholy procession which bore the body up to the house, and behind came Major Jen bowed to the ground with sorrow.

In due time Etwald arrived, for the groom had been fortunate enough to find him at home. On hearing of the affair he expressed the deepest concern, and, putting all other business on one side, he came back to "Ashantee" in the dog-cart. Before seeing Jen, he went up to Aymer's room and examined the body of the unfortunate young man. Having satisfied himself so far as he was able he came down to the library, where Jen awaited him.

"Well, Etwald," cried the Major, when he saw the tall form of the doctor at the door, "have you seen him?"  
"I have seen it," corrected Etwald, with professional calmness, "the poor fellow is dead, Major—dead from blood-poisoning."

"I knew it; I guessed it—the devil-stick."  
"That may be," rejoined Etwald, taking a seat, "but I cannot be sure. You see neither you nor I know anything of the poison which was in the handle of that African instrument. It—"

"But what are you talking of?" broke in Jen impetuously. "You say that my poor boy died from blood-poisoning. How else could he have come by that, save through being touched or struck with the devil-stick? No one in the neighborhood was likely to possess any weapon likely to corrupt the blood. If Maurice had been stabbed, or shot, I could understand the crime; but as it is, the person who stole the devil-stick must have killed him."

"And who stole the devil-stick?" asked Etwald, coolly. "If I forget not, Major, you asked me the other day if I did. I was no friend of the dead man; I did not like him, nor he me. We both loved the same woman—we were rivals. What then so easy as for you to say—for a jury to believe—that I had stolen the devil-stick and killed Mr. Aymer, so as to get him out of the way?"

"I never thought of such a thing," protested Jen. "I do not suspect you." "Then whom do you suspect?" asked Etwald, fixing his dark eyes on the Major.  
"Dido—the negress of Mrs. Dallas!"

"That is ridiculous. The commission of a crime presupposes a motive. Now what motive had Dido to kill your friend?"  
"She hated Maurice, and she did not want him to marry Miss Dallas."

"Neither did I, if I remember rightly," said Etwald, dryly. "By the way, I suppose you will have a detective to sift the affair to the bottom? Mr. Sarby is in the city. Why not wire him?"  
"If I thought that— But," added Jen, breaking off, "how do you know where David is?"

"Oh!" rejoined Etwald, quietly, "Mr. Aymer told me so tonight."  
"No-night!" echoed Jen, starting up. "You saw Maurice to-night?"  
"Certainly. About at hour and a half before he was murdered. At my house," replied the doctor, with great deliberation.

"So it was you whom he went to see on business to-night?"  
"I don't know if you call it business. I asked Mr. Aymer to call and see me, and sent the message by that tramp named Battersea."

"I remember his coming. Go on, please."  
"Mr. Aymer called, as I said," continued Etwald. "And then I told him that Miss Dallas was ill from being prevented by her mother from seeing him. That I was sorry for the poor young lady, and that I gave up my position as a rival. In fact," added the doctor, "I advised Mr. Aymer to see Miss Dallas and marry her as soon as he could."

"But why did you wish to act in this generous manner?"  
"For the very simple reason that Miss Dallas is of a delicate and nervous constitution," said Etwald. "If she does not marry Mr. Aymer, with whom she is in love, she may die. I quite forget that I should speak in the past tense now, Major. Mr. Aymer is dead, and Miss Dallas may pine away of grief. It was to prevent such a catastrophe from occurring that I surrendered my claim to her hand."

"Very generous of you indeed," said Jen, ironically; "but I do not see why

you should behave in such a noble manner when you were so much in love with the girl."

"It is for that reason that I changed my mind. As you know, I have been attending upon Mrs. Dallas this week, and I saw plainly enough that my case was hopeless; that the girl was dying to marry Aymer. Besides," added Etwald, carelessly, "the mother was not on my side."

"She wants Isabella to marry David."  
"So I hear; and he is in town, as Mr. Aymer told me to-night. But what are you going to do about the matter, Major?"

"Give notice to the police."  
"There will be a post-mortem, of course," said Etwald, carelessly.  
"No, no! I hope not," cried Jen, horrified at the idea.

"But there must be," insisted Etwald, cruelly. "Aymer died of poison, and it must be proved that such was the case. Then we may learn if he perished from the poison of the devil-stick. Afterwards you must get a detective to search for the person who stole it from your smoking-room. Once he or she is found, and the assassin of your poor friend will be in custody."

"He or she," repeated Jen, slowly. "Dido I mentioned; but 'he' who is 'he'?"  
"Ah, that is what we wish to find out," said the doctor, gravely. "But how do I know? Battersea may be the thief."

"The thief and the murderer!"  
"Well, no, Major. On second thoughts I do not think it is wise to couple those two words as yet. The thief may not be the murderer—but what can I say?" broke off Etwald, suddenly. "As yet we know nothing. It is late now, Major, and I must get back. Shall I give information to the police?"  
"If you will be so kind," said the Major, listlessly, and he let the doctor go away without another word.

All through that long night he knelt beside the bed upon which lay the corpse of the man whom he had loved as a son. The Major was broken-hearted by the sorrow which had come upon him, and when he issued from the chamber of death he looked years older than when he entered it.

Fortunately he was not forced to sorrow alone; towards midday David arrived from town, filled with grief and surprise at the untimely end of Maurice. He found the Major in the library, and grasped him by the hand with genuine sorrow.

"My poor uncle," he said, in a low voice. "I cannot tell you what I feel. Etwald telegraphed to me the first thing in the morning, and I came down by the earliest train there was. Poor Maurice!—and we parted in anger."

"More's the pity," sighed Jen, leaning upon the shoulder of Sarby; "but you cherish no anger in your heart now?"  
"Heaven forbid, sir!"

David spoke so fervently that Jen saw plainly he meant what he said. The massive face of the young man looked worn and haggard in the searching light of the morning, and whatever enmity the love of the same woman had sown between him and the dead, it was not to be denied that he was suffering cruelly from remorse at their unhappy difference. Jen was sorry, but even in his own grief he could not forget a snail.

"You can marry Isabella now," he said, bitterly.  
"No!" said David, faintly, turning his face away. "At least, not yet."

The Major looked at him for a moment or two, then, with a new idea in his head, he took David by the hand and led him into the chamber of death.  
"Swear," said he, "that you will not marry Isabella Dallas until you have discovered and punished the murderer of Maurice."

(To be continued.)

### Love's Reasoning.

He—Well, lovey, we've been married just a year to-day, haven't we?  
She—Yes, dearie.  
He—And do you love me just as much as ever, my pet?  
She—More, you old precious.  
He—More? Are you awfully sure of that?  
She—Sure? How can you doubt it, darling, when you know you are earning twice as much as when we were married?—Puck.

### Natural Progression.

Mrs. McCall—How about your servant girl? The last time I saw you you complained about her being so very slow.  
Mrs. Hiram Offen—Oh, she's progressing.  
Mrs. McCall—Indeed?  
Mrs. Hiram Offen—Yes; she's getting slower and slower—Catholic Standard.

### A Man's Terror.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm going a-shopping, sir," she said.  
"Won't you come with me?" He shook his head.  
And then, base coward, he turned and fled!  
—Washington Star.

### 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.

### The Educated Eye.

Student (home at vacation)—Bridget, I've just found another fly in the milk.  
Bridget (appreciatively)—Begorra, it's wonderful what college trainin' will do for ye.—Yale Record.

### A Devoted Husband.

Wife—Dearest, if you and I were thrown on a desert island, what would you do?  
Husband—Thank heaven I can swim.

### THE FOOTBALL CRAZE.

Epidemic Hysteria to Which Women Are Especially Susceptible.

It is fast growing to be the opinion of thoughtful people outside of academic circles that the mania for sports and contests of physical prowess in our colleges and schools has gone so far that it constitutes an evil of great magnitude, writes Albert Shaw in the Review of Reviews. One of the reasons for the intensity of the devotion to football, for example, as a type of the intercollegiate competition, is to be found in the great size of the undergraduate body and the great prominence of the leading institutions in the social sense. College loyalty has to express itself in some form or other, and ardent devotion to the success of the college team in its contests with other colleges comes to be the easiest form of common expression among a great mass of students who can find no other rallying point.

A natural consequence of the intensity of this feeling is the undue responsibility placed upon the members of the representative teams. The football players are made to feel that upon them chiefly depends the glory or the disgrace of their college. So overwhelming is this feeling that it becomes a veritable obsession. Members of the faculty and of the Board of Trustees and all the old graduates become infected with the craze.

Women are especially susceptible to epidemic hysteria of this sort. Their influence is even worse than that of men in driving the players to that attitude of false heroism which would make any of them willing and glad, not merely to break his nose or his collar bone, but to lay down his life on the football field. They are doing it all for the glory of the college and the admiring applause of the score of thousands of well-dressed girls on the bleachers who, all unaware to themselves, have become tainted with that wretched passion for dangerous gladiatorial combat that takes the fair women of Spain to the bull-fight every Sunday afternoon.

### FASHION HINTS



A "smoke-blue" broadcloth suit, has a natty little coat that is a clever modification of the Russian tendency. The skirt and waist are in one piece. Soutache braid and self-covered buttons form the trimming, while the yoke is of "smoke-blue" dotted net.

### SPLINTERS.

All to the good—Sermons.  
Fortune hunters are always looking for a big game.

A man may be self-possessed and yet owned by his creditors.

It is better to give than to receive until the other party starts to grab.

Bowers—Jones seems to have a hard time making both ends meet. Powers—Yes, his financial end is short.

You have got to have the coin if you want to catch the crowd.

Boyce—You never see Smith cutting a very wide swath. Joyce—You can't do it very well when you are in the straight and narrow path.

Some people are like the parrot which can say only a few words and talks all the time.

First Diner—Are you looking for pearls in that oyster stew? Second Diner—No, I am hunting for oysters.

Victory Had Enough.

In a corridor of one of the University of Texas buildings there is a large replica of "The Winged Victory." A waggishly inclined student observed the headless, armless, footless statue, and wrote underneath: "God pity Defeat!" —Lippincott's Magazine.

The Commercial Spirit.

Gabriel—What is that spirit dickerin' about?  
St. Peter—He claims the book and magazine rights to his discovery of the place.—New York Sun.

At the Game.

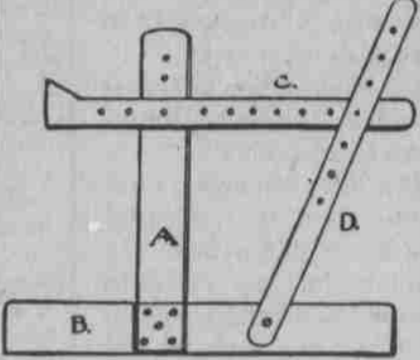
He—Hurrah! Another gain. I tell you our boys are pulling.

She—Aren't they. They'll have the leg off that little fellow in the red jersey in another minute.

# FRUIT AND GARDEN

### Farm Wagon Jack.

A simple and cheap form of wagon jack is illustrated. The material required is four pieces of wood and a few bolts. It will serve quite well if made of soft wood, but will not last so long or do so much heavy lifting as it would made out of hard wood. Hickory is the best, but white oak is almost as good. A is thirty-six inches long, six inches wide and one and one-half inches thick. B is thirty-six inches long, six inches wide, two inches thick. A is bolted to B at right angles with five



SIMPLE WAGON JACK.

three-eighths bolts. It also has a succession of half-inch holes bored two inches apart, towards the upper part. C is 2x3 inches, of hard wood and as long as may be desired. It has a succession of half-inch holes an inch and a half apart. D is three inches wide and one inch thick, and about forty-four inches long. It is bolted to B near one end, and has a number of half-inch iron holes through the upper part, and an iron pipe to run through. This simple and cheap device answers perfectly for all the usual purposes of a wagon jack.

### How to Plant a Tree.

In anticipation of the needs of Arbor Day the Oklahoma experiment station has in press a bulletin on "Tree Culture," by Professor Morris of the horticultural department. While the bulletin treats of many features, such as the best trees to plant for shade or post and pole production, perhaps the most timely and useful advice is that relating to planting which is as follows:

The trees should be set a little deeper in the soil than they stood in the nursery row, or where previously grown. The soil must be worked in underneath the large roots and tamped firm about them. The top of the tree should be leaned slightly to the southwest.

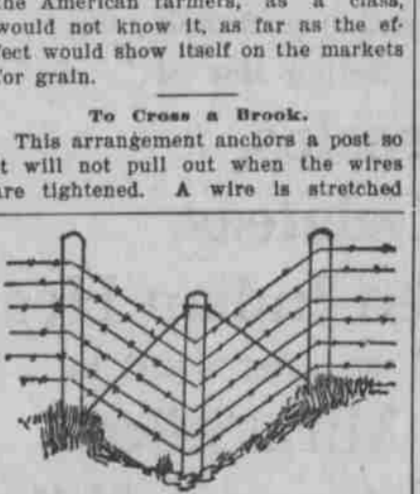
This enables the tree to resist the hard south winds and before the end of the first season the tree will be standing in an erect position. It is a good plan to shake the tree several times while tamping the dirt around the roots and to pour water about the tree in order to bring the soil in contact with every bit of root surface. After the water has been poured on, another inch or two of dry soil and good surface should be thrown about the tree to prevent baking.

### Liquor and Price of Grain.

The Secretary of Agriculture is authoritatively quoted as saying that if every distillery and brewery in the United States were to close and never use another bushel of grain in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, the American farmers, as a class, would not know it, as far as the effect would show itself on the markets for grain.

### To Cross a Brook.

This arrangement anchors a post so it will not pull out when the wires are tightened. A wire is stretched



from the bases of the two posts over the top of the lower post in a brook or ravine.

### Hard-Worked Horses.

Many hard-worked horses suffer with sore backs and the harness galls. One of the best remedies for cooling and healing those sores is two teaspoonfuls of ground white oak bark, two quarts of water. Pour this water (hot) over the bark and let it stand until cool. Then strain and bottle for use. Bathe sores in this solution.

### Bees and Fruit.

An insufficient supply of bees will hinder the setting of fruit. While other insects may take a part in the carrying of pollen, the fruit raiser must rely chiefly upon honey bees. Experience shows that, though bees may fly two or three miles, hives should be within half a mile of the orchard or small fruit patch.

### Logging by Electricity.

Logging by electricity, it is said, will soon become the common practice in British Columbia, where electricity can be readily obtained from water-power. With the disappearance of the steam engines in the woods will go 95 per cent of the annual forest fires.

### Fertiliser for Meadows.

Experiment station tests have shown that nitrate of soda is the one fertilizer most needed by meadows in the spring. As early in the spring, the second year after wheat, if clover has been grown, as new fresh growth shows, make a mixture of equal weight of nitrate of soda and fine dry earth, and apply broadcast at the rate of 300 pounds per acre. It would be quite useless to use any other form of fertilizer, for everything depends upon immediate availability of the plant food. By this treatment not only will wild grasses be kept back, but also sporadic patches of clover. The young timothy will develop very thick growth, due to very extensive stooling. The cost of fertilizer and its application will be about \$4 per acre if no fall application was made, and \$6.75 if it was necessary to fall fertilize.

### Benefits of the Silo.

It will keep your stock thrifty and growing all winter, produces fat beef more cheaply than dry feed, enables cows to produce milk and butter more economically, is more conveniently handled than dry fodder, prevents more of corn stalks in the manure, furnishes a feed that the stock will relish in the cold winter months, makes palatable food of stuff that would not otherwise be eaten, enables the farmer to preserve food which matures at a rainy time of the year, when drying would be next to impossible, and is easily constructed and the expense of building will be more than returned the first year, and because it is the most economical method of supplying food for the stock during the hot, dry periods in summer, when the pasture is short—Missouri Experiment Station.

### Ripening Apples on Trees.

The longer apples remain on the tree, unless the weather becomes too cold to permit their exposure, the better the flavor and the keeping qualities. The fruit that comes to perfection the farthest north, as that in the Hood river region of Oregon, appears to have the finest keeping qualities without deterioration in flavor.

Of the varieties raised in the East the winter russets kept longest without being put in cold storage and finally reach the full perfection of flavor only late in the winter or the early spring. It used to be considered a marvelous and almost an impossible thing to keep apples over from the fall till the first summer apples appeared, but with methods of cold storage so extensively used as they are now this is easily achieved and with far less deterioration in flavor than might reasonably be expected.

### Poor Shelter for Sheep.

Often we see sheep housed in places like that shown in the picture. One can imagine what the interior of this hole would be after the winter rains. It is dark and entirely without ventilation except for the front, and in a case of a driving storm sheep would be in a worse condition inside than



BAD SHEEP-SHELTER.

out. Sheep never thrive if confined in sheds that are draughty, too close, or badly ventilated, and it is surprising that men who have raised sheep for many years with poor results do not seem to appreciate this fact. A shed with an open side on the south and with an allowance of about twelve feet of floor space for each sheep, should be provided. Every sheep farm should have a dog-proof fence.

### Watch the Cat.

Keep your eye on the pet cat if you have one. If not, then your neighbor may have one which visits you occasionally. It may cause the disappearance of many a chick you can not account for. It takes a pretty sharp eye to catch them at it sometimes. The only remedy we ever found effective in such cases is to kill the cat. It is impossible to break them of the habit once they get it.—Agricultural Epitomist.

### Trapping Hawks.

We recently heard of a poultryman who fastened several traps on posts and stumps near his poultry yard for the purpose of catching hawks. The traps worked day and night, and it was not long until he had caught five hawks, an owl and a polecat. Hawks have a habit of lighting on a post or tree to survey the field before swooping down on their prey.—Farmers' Mail and Breeze.

### Land and Those Who Work It.

Ninety per cent of the land is owned by the men who work it, and about 70 per cent of it is farmed by the most intensive methods. The 30 per cent in grass is not pastured. A seven-year rotation generally practiced is: Clover and grass two years, rye, wheat, roots, barley, oats. The land is well manured and produces heavy crops of grass.

### Fine Country Butter.

A woman in Illinois who makes fine butter writes that she skims the cream of two or three days' milk together, letting it all sour at one time, and churns as soon as it is sour. She makes pound rolls, and her butter always commands the highest price, her customers preferring it to creamery butter.