

# The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

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

## CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

When riding home after this interesting conversation, the Major could not but admit to himself that Arkel had brightened up wonderfully in his intellect since first taking charge of the case. The man was not brilliant, not even clever; yet in the present instance he displayed more readiness of resource than Jen would have given him credit for. The theory of the drugging was worthy of investigation, and the Major determined to see if anything could be discovered likely to support this view of the matter. He still held to his belief in Jaggard's honesty, for it was incredible that an old servant of thirty years' standing should turn traitor all at once; but he thought it probable that some one might have taken him by surprise and drugged him. But as the window was closed, the person in question must have been concealed in the room. Here Jen's train of thought became confused.

Jaggard was far from the condition of connected thought, or coherent words. He turned and tossed upon his poor bed with bright eyes, burning skin, and babbling tongue. His head was swathed in bandages, and the housemaid who watched beside him had frequently to replace the clothes he tossed off in his violent movements. This nurse was a sickly, dark-eyed creature, who was silyonally attached to Jaggard; and it was her love for him that made her proffer her services to look after him, and that chained to his bedside. She reported to her master that Dr. Etwald had been there that morning and was coming again in the afternoon, but that there was nothing to be done until the delirium had expended itself.

"Ay," thought Jen, as he stood by the bed, "or until the man dies. If he dies without regaining his senses, we will never know the truth." He bent down to replace the bedclothes which the sick man had thrown off, and, as he did so, a faint perfume, sickly and rich, struck his nostrils. It seemed to come from the bandages at the back of the head, and on bending down for a closer inspection, Jen saw that one of these was of finer linen than the rest. The fabric was cambric, and with a start which made the blood turn to ice in his veins, Jen realized that it was a woman's handkerchief.

"How came this here?" he asked the housemaid, pointing to the scrap of linen.

"Oh, that was on the first night, sir," she hastened to explain. "It was put on his head when in the room where he fell, sir. The doctor, sir, says as it ain't safe to take it away yet."

A certain interposed between the head of the patient and the light of the window. This Jen drew aside, and lightly removed the outside wrappings of the wound. The housemaid looked on in horror, for she did not dare to prevent her master from meddling, yet she felt sure that he was doing wrong. But Jen was bent upon making a discovery as to whom the handkerchief belonged; and in a few minutes he had the outside bandages removed, and saw the handkerchief discolored with dry blood lying over the wound. With deft fingers he lightly touched the four corners. In one of them was the initials "M. D."

"M. D.," said the Major to himself. "Margaret Dallas, the mother of Isabella. How did her handkerchief come into the room on that night? And the perfume?"

It struck his sense of smell with a belief that he had smelt it before. Nothing is so strong to waken memory as odor, and in less than half a minute the mind of the Major leaped back to where he had smelt it before. It was the perfume of the dried poison of the devil-stick.

## CHAPTER XIII.

That the handkerchief of Mrs. Dallas should be found round the head of Jaggard was strange, but that it should be perfumed with the deadly scent which impregnated the devil-stick was stranger still. Had Mrs. Dallas found the wand of sleep? Had Mrs. Dallas perfumed the handkerchief with this cruel poison? Had Mrs. Dallas drugged or stupefied Jaggard on that fatal night by means of that saturated handkerchief? These were the vital questions which presented themselves to the puzzled Major.

And here the personality of Dr. Etwald intruded itself into the affair. It was Etwald who had bound up the wound with the handkerchief in question, and had forbidden its removal. The question was, had he received it from Mrs. Dallas, or had he found it on that night by the side of the insensible man? If the first, Mrs. Dallas must have perfumed it designedly with the poison, and Etwald, knowing that it was so impregnated, must have used it advisedly as a bandage. If the second, Mrs. Dallas must have been in the room on the night in question, and have used the handkerchief to render Jaggard insensible. And in either case, as the Major very sensibly concluded, Mrs. Dallas must be in possession of the devil-stick. Otherwise, how could she have obtained the deadly scent?

"And the plain conclusion of the whole affair," soliloquized Jen, "is that Mrs. Dallas must have stolen the devil-stick, must have murdered Maurice, and must have drugged Jaggard for the purpose of completing her work by stealing my poor boy's body. But her reason?"

That she did not desire Maurice for a son-in-law was an insufficient motive for the commission of a triple crime. She had declined to sanction the engagement; she had forbidden Maurice the house; she had ample power to prevent the match which was distasteful to her. Why, then, with this power, should she jeopardize liberty and life by thieving the devil-stick, and killing the man? In his perplexity, Jen sought out David, and asked his opinion. The young lawyer gave a very decided verdict in favor of Mrs. Dallas.

"I don't believe that Mrs. Dallas had anything to do with the matter," he said, in a decisive voice. "She had no motive to commit these three crimes, each one of which is more terrible than the other. Nor, Major, do I think that she has nerve or brain enough to design or accomplish assassination or theft."

"But I assure you, David, the handkerchief is hers."

"Granted; but you forget that Isabella was in the room on that night. She might have dropped the handkerchief."

"Well," said Jen, after a pause. "That is not improbable. But the perfume?"

"Oh," said David, with a shrug, "we know that the scent is an Ashantee preparation. Dido's grandmother came from Ashantee, so it is just probable that Dido herself, knowing the secret, might have prepared a dose of the poison."

"Even so. Why should she have perfumed the handkerchief?"

"I can't say, Major. You had better ask her."

"I shall," cried Jen, starting from his chair. "And also I'll find out why she needed to prepare the poison at all. In my opinion, David, that black Jezebel is at the bottom of the whole affair. She stole the devil-stick, she prepared the poison, murdered Maurice, and stole his body."

David retired to his room, and Jen went off to interview Isabella at "The Wigwam." He walked meditatively down to the gates, and here, on the high-road, his thoughts led him to a sudden conclusion respecting the coming conversation with Miss Dallas. Without much consideration he retraced his steps rapidly, and sought out David in his room. Then and there he asked him a question which was of vital importance.

"David," said he, abruptly, "owing to the coming of Etwald and Arkel on the night upon which the body was stolen, I forgot to ask you what reception Miss Dallas met with on her return home. Who received her?"

"Mrs. Dallas. She had missed her daughter and had been seeking for her in a state of terror—surely natural under the circumstances. I found her pacing the veranda, wondering what had become of Isabella."

"Pacing the veranda," echoed Jen, thoughtfully. "Was she fully dressed?"

"Well, yes, so far as my memory serves me I think she was."

"And Dido?"

"I saw nothing, or heard nothing, of Dido. When I found Mrs. Dallas, I simply performed my mission, and delivered Isabella into her hands. The poor girl was quite distraught with the horror of the night, and was led unresistingly to bed by her mother."

"Mrs. Dallas dressed! Dido missing!" said the Major. "Thank you, David, you have told me all I want to know," and, with a nod, Major Jen set off for the second time to "The Wigwam."

Fortune favored him, for on arriving within the grounds of Mrs. Dallas the Major met with Isabella herself, in a light-colored dress, with sunshade and straw hat; she was strolling down the walk which led to the gate. On coming up with Jen, he was surprised to see that her manner was calm and collected; in all respects different from that displayed during the frenzy of the midnight visit. He could hardly believe that she was the same girl.

"I am glad to see you, Major," said she, holding out her hand. "You have saved me the trouble of a journey, as I was on my way to your house."

"To see me, Miss Dallas?"

"It is my intention to aid you in your search for the assassin of Maurice. Oh, yes, you may look doubtful as to my ability to help you, but I can and will. I am not the mad woman who burst into your library at 3 in the morning. I am cool and calm, and bent upon revenge. Maurice is dead. I loved him. And I intend to devote myself to avenging his death. Come, Major, sit upon this seat beside me, and relate all you have heard, all you have discovered. With my woman's wit I may be able to help you in the way the mouse aided the lion. Begin!"

Jen was astonished, both at her peremptory tone and her quiet manner. Whatever influence had been at work, it was certainly wonderful how she had calmed down from the nervous, hysterical girl, into the reasonable and cool-headed woman. Isabella noted the amazement of the Major, and guessing its cause, she explained the reason of the change in her looks, manner, and nervous system.

"Dr. Etwald cured me, Major," she said, quietly. "He has preserved my sanity, and I owe him a debt of gratitude."

"You certainly do," said Jen, dryly. "Will you repay it by marrying him?"

"No. I shall marry no one; not even Mr. Sarby, much as my mother wishes me to do so. I live only to avenge the death of Maurice, to recov-

er his body from those who have stolen it. Come, Major, tell me what you know!"

Thus adjured, and feeling that he could not do without her assistance, Jen related all that he had heard from Arkel, and also his own personal experience with regard to the finding of the handkerchief. Isabella heard him to the end in silence, her large and shining eyes fixed upon his face. When he paused, she pondered, and finally spoke out.

"It would seem that you suspect Dido or my mother of having something to do with the matter?" she remarked, coldly.

"No. I don't say that exactly, but you must admit that the finding of the handkerchief bound round Jaggard's head is strange."

"Not at all. Dr. Etwald used it as a bandage. He picked it up in the bedroom."

"Precisely," assented Jen, eagerly. "Therefore, your mother—"

"Had nothing to do with it," interrupted Jen, "but the similarity of the kerchief in the room. Is there anything so very extraordinary in that?" she added, impatiently. "The matter is very simple. I brought with me one of my mother's handkerchiefs instead of my own. In the agitation of finding the body gone I dropped it, and Dr. Etwald found it, to use as a bandage. That is quite plain, I think."

"Quite plain," agreed the Major, "saving the presence of the perfume similar to that of the devil-stick."

"I don't know anything about the devil-stick. I never saw it; but with regard to the perfume I can explain. I was ill on that night, as you know, and Dido applied some of her negro remedies; among them the perfume with which that handkerchief of my mother's was saturated. It was bound across my forehead to soothe the nerves. During my journey to your house I snatched it off, and—"

"I can understand all that," interrupted Jen, "but the similarity of the perfumes? I must have that point cleared up."

"I dare say it can be," said Isabella, quietly. "Come up to the house, Major, and speak to Dido. I feel sure she can explain."

"Very good," said Jen. "If her explanation is only as clear as your own, I shall have nothing to say. By the way, Miss Dallas, how did you escape from your room on that night?"

"So far as I can remember, I left by my bedroom window. I had only to step out through it like a door, as it is a French window and opens on to the lawn."

"H'm," said Jen. "But, seeing that you were so ill, was no one watching beside you?"

"Yes, my mother was. So you see, Major, she could not have dropped the handkerchief in the bedroom of poor dear Maurice."

"No; I understand. You have explained clearly. All points have been elucidated save that dealing with the perfume."

"You will now be satisfied on that point," said Miss Dallas, rather dryly. "For here is Dido. She prepared the drug and perfumed the handkerchief, and for all I know," added the girl ironically, "she may have taken the hint from your wand of sleep."

(To be continued.)

## Make the Garden Rich.

If I had only \$5 to spend on my garden this year, I think I should put four of it into fertilizers and one into seeds and plants, says a writer in the Garden Magazine. The reason why the general run of gardens in this country have only ordinary success is that a person commonly thinks first of the plants that he wants to eat, while the needs of the soil come afterward.

Every single plant in a garden ought to be a success, and the only way to have a successful garden is to have the soil rich. There is a great deal more satisfaction in having a few sturdy plants that are simply bursting with health and vigor than half-starved specimens of rarities and novelties. No one ought to be satisfied with a garden that is simply "good enough." It ought to be a very good garden, and the only way to have a very good garden is to enrich the soil by fertilizers or manures.

## Joys of the Country.

"How pleasant it must be to sit before a blazing fire while the wind vainly rages outside."

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornatoss, "I s'pose it would be right pleasant." "Why, you ought to know. You live in the country."

"Yes, but I ain't the feller that sits by the fire. I'm the feller that fetches in the wood."—Washington Star.

## A Feminine Advantage.

Two mature young women were overheard the other day conversing in a Cedar car.

"Yes," said the one with the sugar scoop hat, "I'm almost determined to give up school teaching and become a trained nurse. They seem to get married quicker."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Nicaragua to Date.

"We have decided to shoot you," said the Nicaraguan official to an American. "But my nationality—"

"Oh, that's easily arranged. If we find we have made a mistake we will apologize to your government later, when your government makes us."

## Mistakes Will Happen.

Lady (to her sister, a doctor):—There; I cooked a meal for the first time to-day and I made a mess of it. Sister—Well, dear, never mind, it's nothing. I lost my first patient.—Pileggi's Blatter.

## A White House Call.

"I want to see the President." "Have you an appointment?" "Not yet, but I have my eye on something. That's what I want to see him about."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## FASHION HINTS



This amethyst linen suit was charming with its simply shirred waist, and the embroidery of amethyst and white. The shirred sleeves were of very sheer batiste. The jaunty black and white hat had an owl's head as the only trimming.

## SINGULAR JEWELRY.

The esthetic and decorative uses to which barbarians will turn objects which to civilized races are things of the humblest utility are amusingly illustrated by this "fashion note" from West Africa, taken from an Italian newspaper:

For some time the officials of the German colony in Southwest Africa noticed that the telegraph wires and other accessories of the electrical plant disappeared as by magic immediately after they had been put up. The most diligent inquiries remained fruitless.

From other parts of the German possessions came reports of strange predilections for articles of German commerce, as, for example, rubber heels, garters, buckles and so forth, things which the natives of those countries do not generally use.

The governor of the colony gave an entertainment one year in honor of the emperor's birthday, and invited the chiefs of the different tribes to it. What was his surprise when he saw these native gentlemen appear with his stolen telegraph wires twisted round their illustrious necks. The higher the dignity the more rings of the wire were round the neck.

Inquiries were soon started in the outlying villages, and it came to light that the white china insulators of the telegraph poles had become ear rings. A young lady of the highest distinction in native society wore a rubber heel hanging from her nose, and a young man who was a well known dandy wore dangling from his ears a pair of beautiful pink silk garters.

## A Substitute for Alcohol.

The tendency of people to contract some sort or another habit is shown by the common use in various countries of tobacco, tea, coffee, opium and the like. In Abyssinia and parts of Arabian Turkey the place of alcohol is taken by the kat plant, which the natives almost universally chew. In parts of Abyssinia certain tribes chew the leaves of the kat plant commonly when they are compelled to exert special or long-continued effort, the immediate effect of which is to produce an agreeable sleeplessness and stimulation. The freshly-cut leaves have a rather pleasant taste, and produce a kind of intoxication of long duration, with none of the disagreeable features of ordinary inebriety. Messengers and soldiers are enabled, by chewing the leaves, to go without food for a number of days.

In parts of Arabian Turkey there are cafes for the consumption of the kat plant which correspond to the cafes in Europe and America where coffee and alcohol are used.

## Curbing a Halter Breaker.

Whenever I have a horse that breaks his halter by pulling at the manger I take a small rope, pass it around his tail and through loops on a girth at either side, then on through the rings at either side of the halter and fasten the two ends to the manger ring. When the horse pulls on the

## Ready to Exchange.

"I was reading to-day about the cat exchange they have in Paris." "I wish we had one here. I've got a cat at home that I'd exchange for a bogus check on a busted bank and a throw in the car fare to boot."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In trying to gather the news, reporters are greatly annoyed by the jolly jokers; so many men want things printed as "jokes" on others.

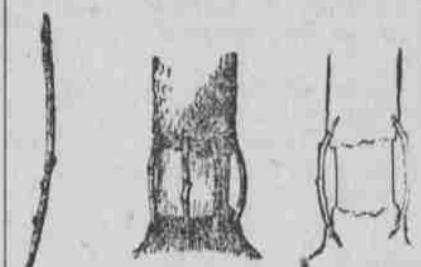
## FARM AND GARDEN

### Bridge Grafting.

Where trees are found girdled in the spring, the only method of saving them is by the practice of what is known as bridge-grafting.

If young trees be girdled in late spring just as growth is beginning, they may be successfully treated, by binding about the wounded parts a heavy covering of smooth, tenacious, soft clay. It is safer, however, to insert a few long scions, as shown in the accompanying picture. The sap circulation of the tree, cut off by the wound made by the rodents, is resumed through the scions, which become a part of the tree—enlarging and growing together until, in after years, only a slight enlargement or "bulge" on the trunk of the tree thus treated will be noticeable.

In bridge-grafting the wounds should be made clean and smooth with



a sharp knife and covered entirely with grafting wax. The scions should be cut a trifle longer than the span to be bridged, so that, when they are inserted, their curving form will tend to keep them firmly fixed in position. The two ends of the scions are cut to a thin wedge form. Incisions are made in the bark with a narrow chisel—those above the wound sloping upward and those below sloping downward. Insert the scions firmly and wax heavily and securely all wounds made in the operation, especial care being exercised to press the wax firmly and neatly about the points of union of scions with the body of the tree.

### The Useful Silo.

The silo is a text which is always inspiring to the man who knows its value and it cannot be preached from too often, writes S. C. Miller. Wherever it is seen it denotes farming. It solves the problem of turning into the highest efficiency that portion of the corn crop which fails to reach the desired maturity as feed. The silo can be filled at less expense than the same amount of dry feed can be cared for and it makes better feed. This is, after all, the main point to consider. Dairymen have learned that when cows are kept in the stable for five to seven months they cannot return as satisfactory profits if they are confined to a ration of dry feed alone. Ensilage gives succulence and is very much easier to masticate and digest than dry corn fodder. There is also a great saving of labor in feeding ensilage, over feeding dry corn fodder.

The initial expense keeps many a silo from decorating the landscape, but if it is good practice to economize in other directions to provide for it. Once built and rightly built it will not have to be renewed for many years, so the cost is spread out so thinly that it cuts no great figure in the business of feeding.

### Incubators and Brooders.

The only way to raise chickens in large numbers in a short space of time and have them at the right time to get the biggest prices for them is to use incubators and brooders. By the use of the hen for hatching and brooding, enough chickens can not be raised in a season to make it pay. Many of my customers tell me that they would rather take care of 100 chicks in a brooder than to care for one old hen and her brood. You can set as many eggs in a medium-sized incubator as you can put under ten sitting hens. With the machines you have absolute control at all times. No lice to fight. No danger of eggs being broken or chilled during incubation. Eggs and chicks perfectly safe at all times. No work at all compared with the work that ten fussy old hens would cause you.—Agricultural Epitomist.

### Curing a Halter Breaker.

Whenever I have a horse that breaks his halter by pulling at the manger I take a small rope, pass it around his tail and through loops on a girth at either side, then on through the rings at either side of the halter and fasten the two ends to the manger ring. When the horse pulls on the

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### Goats as Brush Destroyers.

The Forestry Department has turned 800 Angora goats out on the mountain slopes in the west, in the hope that they will keep the weeds from growing on the fire-breaks. This work has been a serious expense and the goats are an experiment.

### Renting a Farm.

The following is from the Almanac and Encyclopedia for 1910, published by the International Harvester Company:

"The greatest risk is always on the landlord's side in the rental of property. He is putting his property into the possession and care of another, who may be a person of doubtful utility. It is well to observe these rules and cautions: Do not trust to a verbal lease—let it be in writing, signed and sealed. Its stipulations then become commands and can be enforced. Let it be signed in duplicate, so that each party may have an original.

"Be careful in selecting your tenant. There is more in the man than there is in the bond. Insert such covenants as to repairs, manner of use, and in restraint of waste as the circumstances call for. As to particular stipulations examine leases drawn by those who have had long experience in renting farms, and adopt such as meet your case. There should be covenants against assigning and underletting.

"If the tenant is of doubtful responsibility, make the rent payable in installments. A covenant that the crops shall remain in the lessor's till the lessee's contracts with him have been fulfilled is valid against the lessee's creditors. In the ordinary case of renting farms on shares the courts will treat the crops as the joint property of lord and tenant, and thus protect the former's rights. Every lease should contain stipulations for forfeiture and re-entry in case of non-payment or breach of any covenants.

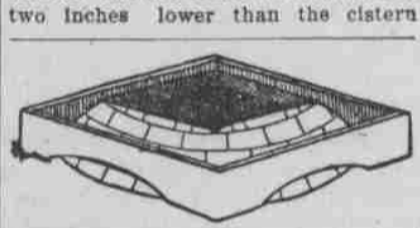
### Fresh Manure.

Authorities say that fresh manure loses in the process of decay from 20 to 70 per cent of its original weight. Some tests conducted by the Cornell Experiment Station showed that two tons of horse manure exposed in a pile for five months lost 57 per cent of its gross weight, 60 per cent of its nitrogen, 47 per cent of its potash. Five tons of cow manure exposed for the same length of time in a compact pile lost, through leaching and dissipation of gases, 49 per cent in gross weight, 41 per cent of its nitrogen, 19 per cent of its phosphoric acid and 8 per cent of its potash.

A ton of average fresh horse manure from animals fed on ordinary balanced ration, contains about 10 pounds potash.

### Concrete Platform for Cistern.

Make a square box of 2x10-inch stuff, any size you want the platform. Six feet square is a nice size. Cut out the pieces as shown in the cut so the frame will fit the crown of the cistern. Clean off all the earth and old matter. Set the frame level and about two inches lower than the cistern



curb. This will give fall sufficient to lead all water away from the pump. Make a mixture of cement and sand or gravel. Mix all together, dry, then add water to make a stiff mortar. Pack in the form and smooth off with a straight-edged board. Run a seam from each corner to the crown to prevent cracking.—Denver Post.

### Poultry Pickings.

Watch closely and mark the hen that is laying an egg each day. She is the kind you want to perpetuate in the flock.

Weed out the hens that lay the small-sized eggs. They are the unprofitable ones and never will improve the quality of the flock.

There are some poultrymen who advocate pullets for breeders instead of yearling hens. It is generally found that well-developed fowls make the most prolific breeders.

If you have both pullets and old hens in your flock keep close watch and see which one is laying the most eggs. A little knowledge along this line may assist next season in selecting a flock of winter layers.

### The Asparagus Beetle.

This is a troublesome pest and hard to fight. Clean cutting, especially in ridge culture, keeps them well under control in spring, but considerable harm is done later on by slugs or larvae. Poultry are very fond of these beetles, and a few fowls will soon capture the mature insects if allowed in a garden bed. An extensive grower of asparagus in Massachusetts finds that most of the beetle eggs have been sucked dry and destroyed by a species of small fly, which has made its appearance for the first time in large numbers this year.

### Cost of Feed.

During an experiment in Cornell University a few years ago the average feed cost for eggs throughout the year was about 9 cents per dozen. Other experimenters give the cost of eggs in winter at 15 cents per dozen and in summer 8½ cents. Under the present prices of feed eggs would cost about 12 cents per dozen, but it must be remembered that on the farm the hen picks up the most part of her living from the waste material that is scattered over the farm, so that the cost of a dozen eggs is a very small item of cash outlay.

### Hints About the Farm.

All cows that are weak, extremely thin and coughing must be removed from the herd.

With good grass land it is considered that the plan of moderate top dressing with chemicals brings a larger income for the labor employed than any other system of management.