

# The Wand of Sleep

OR

## The Devil-Stick

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

### CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

As dirty and disreputable as ever. Battersea, rolling his hat in his dirty hands, made his appearance on the threshold of the library, conducted by the disgusted footman. When the door was closed behind him, and he stood alone before those who were about to examine him, he shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, blinked his bleared eyes and blushed, as with the shame of guilt, through the sallow darkness of his skin. Jen, with the military instinct of command, fully awakened within him, looked sternly at the feeble old creature, and questioned him sharply, as though he were talking to a soldier who had done wrong. On her part, Meg left the most part of the examination to the Major; but she listened with anxious looks and parted lips to every word which fell from the tramp's lips. The death of the man whom she had loved so deeply had inflicted terrible anguish upon her loving heart, and as a tribute to his memory, she was anxious to punish his assassin. But at present, influenced by the views of the Major, she began to waver in her opinion regarding the guilt of the weak-brained creature, who stood trembling nervously at the doorway.

"What is your name, man?" demanded Jen, commencing in the orthodox manner.

"Battersea, sir. My father was black, an' my mother she was white; an' they weren't married. I was brought up in Battersea, so I took that name. I did, not avin' any right to another name."

"How do you get your living?"

"I begs!" said Battersea, candidly. "And when I can't get nuffin, I steal." "I am sure of that," remarked Jen, taking the devil-stick out of the table. "And you stole this, I'll be bound."

"I didn't. I found it."

"Where?"

"At Missus Dallas' place."

Jen started, and looked sharply at the old man, who, to all appearances, was answering his questions with all possible candor.

"Be more explicit, man," he said, sternly. "What do you mean by Mrs. Dallas' place? The house or the grounds?"

"The groun's, near the gate. The day after th' young gen'man was killed."

"And why didn't you give it up to the police?"

"I wanted money for it, I did, an' they wouldn't give no tin to me fur findin' it. She," pointing to Meg, "is fond of pretty things, so I sold it her; but she didn't pay me for it."

"No," said Meg, speaking for the first time, "because I did not know if you had come by it honestly."

"I tell 'ee I found it, I did," growled Battersea, becoming restive under the constant questioning. "Found it near the gate of Missus Dallas' place."

"Inside the gate," asked Jen, "or outside, on the road?"

"Inside; jus' among the grass. I was coming up to git some food from missy, an' I sower that 'andle shinin' in the sun. I goes, and I looks, an' I fin's it. I knowed as the police wanted it, 'cause I 'ard talk of it doin' murder; but as perlice wouldn't give me no tin, I wouldn't giv' it to they," added Battersea, cunningly, "so I keeps it for 'er, but she ain't paid me yet," he concluded, with the whine of a mendicant.

For the moment, Major Jen did not ask any more questions, for the very simple reason that he did not exactly know what course to take. Undoubtedly the tramp was telling the truth. But here the question of the dried-up poison occurred to Jen. If the poison had evaporated by the lapse of time, the devil-stick must have been innocuous and incapable of inflicting death. Therefore—upon the evidence of the saturated handkerchief, the bag concealed in the turquois-studded handie must have been refilled by Dido! Dido, for the significant reason that she, inheriting the traditions of her Ashantee grandmother, alone must have been capable of manufacturing the deadly drug. To prove this assumption—a feasible one—the devil-stick was close at hand.

Jen picked it up, and slightly pressed the handle. At once the turquois gems indented the concealed bag; at once the iron flask protruded from the end of the stick, and on looking closely the Major at the end of the spike observed an oblong drop of greenish hue. The evidence of his own eyes was enough, and Jen replaced the devil-stick upon the table, with the full conviction that the bag had been filled with a fresh preparation of its original venom. This discovery—to the Major's mind—confirmed the guilt of the negroess.

ply that it was dropped there by that black field, after she had killed Maurice." Then, turning to Battersea, he resumed his examination.

"You know the negroess, Dido, who is in the employment of Mrs. Dallas?" he asked, mildly.

"Yes, sir, an' a h'awful female she is! She knows things as ain't good for 'em. Bout that devil-stick es you talks of."

"Oh," cried Jen, recalling Dido's denial. "She knows of that, does she?"

"Yes, sir, she do. Asked me 'bout it, but I know'd nuffin, I didn't."

"What did she say concerning it?"

"Well, sir, when I brought a message from Dr. Etwald 'bout that devil-stick—"

"What?" cried Jen, interrupting sharply. "Did Dr. Etwald know about it also?"

"He did, sir. Leastways he asked me to ask Dido 'bout it."

"I thought as much," said Jen, in an excited tone. Then, after a pause, he added: "Battersea, would you like free quarters and plenty of food and drink for a week?"

"I ain't a fool, sir," said the tramp, with a sheepish grin, "I should, you bet."

"In that case, go down to the kitchen, and tell my servants from me that you are to stay there. Later on I'll see you."

"Thankee, sir. I'll get free quarters and grub for a week?" cried Battersea, rubbing his grimy hands. "My eye, 'ere's oppulance. Can I go now, sir?"

"At once," replied Jen, and pointed to the door.

Battersea bowed awkwardly to Meg and his benefactor; then he went out of the room and left the Major alone with his visitor.

"What does all this mean?" asked Meg, quite surprised at Jen's excitement.

"Mean!" cried Jen, in a tone of conviction. "Why! that Etwald is mixed up in this business also!"

### CHAPTER XVI.

"Etwald!" repeated Meg, thoughtfully. "Is he not the doctor of whom you have made so great a friend?"

"Yes. I took a viper to my bosom, and it stung me," replied Jen, who, in his excitement, was pacing backward and forward with hasty steps. "But I shall be even with him. In some way or another I believe that it is possible to bring home to him this triple crime. Etwald prophesied to my poor lad, in his charlatan way, that if he wedded Miss Dallas, or even announced his engagement with her, his fate would be one of life in death."

"What did that mean?"

"Mean? Death without the addition of life. That word was brought in solely to render the prophecy—if it may be called so—confusing. Etwald was in love with Miss Dallas. He found in Maurice a formidable rival. He warned him by his pretended prophecy that he should slay him if he persisted in standing in his path. Maurice announced his engagement upon the very day when Etwald went to pay his addresses to the girl. From that moment he was doomed Maurice to death. Yes, I truly believe that such was his design, and that he offered to buy the devil-stick in order to carry out his criminal intention."

"Did he ask to buy the devil-stick?" demanded Meg, in surprise.

"Twice; and both times I refused to part with it. Falling to get it honestly, he stole it! You heard what Battersea confessed, that he had taken a message from Etwald to Dido about the devil-stick. Well, this doctor has some mysterious influence over this negroess. I believe he incited her to steal the devil-stick, and that by his directions she filled it with a fresh poison."

"But could she prepare the special kind of poison required?"

"Assuredly. She confessed as much. Her grandmother came from Ashantee, where this devil-stick is used for the purpose of destroying people. Dido inherits a knowledge of the family secrets, and knows how to make this poison. It cures nervous headaches—that is, the perfume of it does—and Dido made some with which she saturated a handkerchief to bind round the head of her young mistress."

"How do you know that the poisons are the same?"

"From the peculiar, sickly, heavy odor," explained Jen, promptly; and continued: "Well, you can see the rest for yourself. Dido filled that devil-stick with the poison," he pointed to the article on the table, "some of it remains in the wand yet. Etwald used the devil-stick to kill Maurice, and on going back to tell Dido of his success I have no doubt he dropped it inside the gates of Mrs. Dallas' ground, where, as you have heard, it was found by Battersea. Oh, it is as plain as day to me!" cried Jen, vehemently. "Etwald killed Maurice, and stole the devil-stick to accomplish the murder."

"You have certainly made out a strong case against this man," said Meg, after a pause, "but it is all theory. Your proofs?"

"I shall find them. David will help me."

Meg sighed, and, rising to her feet, she drew her cloak round her tall form.

"I shall help you also," she said, sadly. "That is, if you will accept of my help."

"Assuredly. You loved Maurice—"

"To my cost, Major; but he did not love me. This girl—this Miss Dallas," she added, in a faltering voice, "she

must be very lovely, for Mr. Marry loves her also. A woman who has three men at her feet must be wonderful."

"She is certainly beautiful, but she is not clever, and her weak nature is enslaved by the gross superstitions of Dido."

"I should not think from your description that she was likely to attract Maurice," said Meg, in a low voice; "but undoubtedly he loved her dearly; and I—"

She made a gesture of despair and moved towards the door. On the threshold she paused and held out her hand. "Good-by, Major; should I hear anything further I shall let you know. But the tramp?"

"I shall keep him here. If he were guilty of the crime he would not stay, but as it is he will remain under my eye. I intend to question him further about the connection between Dido and Etwald; I wonder what power this doctor holds over the negroess?"

"You can learn that only from the woman herself."

"Or from Etwald," rejoined Jen. "If I can only succeed in having him arrested, he may confess all."

"Let us hope he will," replied Meg, and after shaking hands again with Jen, she took her departure.

While the Major was considering what step he should take, David, returning from a long and solitary walk, entered the room. Of late the young man had indulged in these lonely excursions, whence he always returned more melancholy than ever. His fine face was lean and worn, there were dark circles under his eyes, and his manner, formerly noted for its composure, was now nervous and hesitating. On approaching his guardian, he saw the devil-stick on the table, and at once his pale face grew yet paler.

"Where did you find it?" he asked, pointing a trembling finger at the terrible piece of evidence.

"I did not find it at all," rejoined the Major, gloomily; "Meg brought it to me. It was Battersea who found it. He offered it for sale to Meg, and she brought it and the tramp to me."

"Battersea!" said David, repeating the name in a puzzled tone. "How did he become possessed of it? Has he anything to do with the crime?"

"No. He found the devil-stick within the grounds of Mrs. Dallas, near the gate."

"Who lost it there?" said Sarby, abruptly.

"Ah!" replied Jen, in a meaning tone. "Tell me that and I'll have the assassin of our dear Maurice within the walls of Deamminster jail before the year is twenty-four hours older. It is my belief, David, that Dr. Etwald killed Maurice!"

"Impossible! For what reason?"

"Because he wants to marry Isabella Dallas."

"In that case he should rather have killed me than poor Maurice, for, as my suit to Isabella was supported by Mrs. Dallas, I was the more formidable rival of the two!"

"I don't think so, my boy; Isabella loved Maurice, and to marry him she would have rebelled against her mother. But I daresay if you become engaged to her, Etwald will remove you also from his path."

"There will be no need for him to do that," replied David, coldly. "I shall never marry Isabella."

"What do you say? I thought you loved the girl."

"I do love her!" cried David, vehemently. "I have always loved her, and shall continue to do so until the day of my death. At the same time I shall never become her husband."

"Why?"

"Don't ask me, Major. I would tell you if I could, but it is impossible."

"Of course, my boy, if you choose to withhold your confidence from me, I have no right to force you to speak. All the same, as I have been a second father to you, I think you should be more open with me."

"I would tell you if I could," said David again, but in rather a sulky manner; "but I have reasons—strong reasons—for not doing so. Later on I may tell you all I know."

"All you know!" repeated Jen, in a startled tone. "About this crime?"

"Yes. I know something, but what it is I dare not tell you now. Uncle Jen," he added, gravely looking at the elder. "If you are wise, you will not pursue your inquiry."

(To be continued.)

### Good Work.

"You have had that cook a long time, haven't you?"

"Quite a while, and she's the goods, too."

"I wish you'd tell my wife how you manage to keep her."

"I got the mayor of the city to appoint her to the office after giving her a sort of a civil service examination, and now she thinks she is holding a political office and, you know, office-holders never let go."—Houston Post.

### The Point of View.

"Civilization," remarked the cannibal king, "promotes some strange ideas."

"To whom do you especially refer?" inquired the missionary.

"Among you the ultimate consumer is regarded with sympathy. Here he is considered very lucky."—Washington Star.

### That Air of Verisimilitude.

John—One of your creditors wishes to speak to you, sir.

Master—Well, say I'm away from home.

John—All right, sir, and I'll just light one of your best cigars; he'll be more likely to believe me than—Flegende Blaetter.

### After the Honeymoon.

"Pa, what's the difference between idealism and realism?"

"Idealism, my son, is the contemplation of marriage; realism is being married."—Boston Transcript.

### Not a Bit.

Knicker—Several thousand shirt-waist makers are on strike.

Henpeck—Do you suppose it would do any good for the shirtwaist buttoners to strike?—New York Sun

### NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

Many "Inventions" Improvements on Things Existing Long Ago.

There is no new thing under the sun. Many of our boasted new "inventions" are simply second editions of things which were invented a thousand years ago, Pearson's Weekly says.

The taxicab is by no means a new idea. A German professor has written a letter to the Frankfort Gazette, in which he says he has discovered that Vitruvius, the Roman historian, describes a taximeter cab in use in Rome the year 79 A. D.

The mechanism of the taximeter caused a stone to drop into a box under the carriage every thousand paces. At the end of the journey the driver counted the stones which had fallen into the box, and in this way was able to calculate the fare.

Within the last fifty years an Englishman produced a particular kind of pin, which he called a "safety" pin. For this admirable service to mankind he was highly honored and fetes and favors was showered upon him.

However, when some one was poking about among the ruins of Pompeii they came upon a large number of bronze safety pins. They were quite up-to-date pins, too. There was a coiled spring at one end and a catch at the other—just like those in constant use at the present day.

Thimbles have been found in prehistoric mounds and combs and hairpins were in existence before the Christian era. It is guessed with some certainty that the first needle must have been threaded by a thrifty housewife about 5,000 years ago.

The combination locks we use today, which can only be opened by a combination of certain numbers and letters, were well known and used extensively by the Chinese many centuries ago.

In China, too, they illuminated their houses a couple of thousand years ago with natural gas, which was conveyed to the consumer's house by means of bamboo tubes.

It is calculated that some short-hand systems go back to somewhere about 500 B. C. At any rate, there seems no doubt that the orations of Cicero were written with as much skill and rapidity as the modern stenographer could boast.

The ancients knew about electricity and, though we usually credit Watts with the discovery of steam as a motive power, Nero of Alexandria described machines driven by steam 2,000 years before Watts was born.

This same gentleman invented a double-force pump, such as is used nowadays as a fire engine, and he anticipated the modern turbine wheel.

### FACE THAT WAS FAMILIAR.

Quite Sure She Had Met the Man and So She Really Had.

Two richly dressed young girls whose breeding and beauty would pass unquestioned anywhere were among the crowd at an exhibition of paintings last week. Suddenly the taller of them lifted her eyes and exclaimed to her companion, as she caught sight of a man entering the room: "Why, there's some one I ought to know real well."

She was looking directly at a man who had not yet seen her, says the New York Press. He was well worth looking at—strong, broad of shoulder, fair as a Norseman, with an air far more material than artistic. The girl's steady eyes compelled the man's gaze. As their glances met she bowed. He looked surprised, but made no response. She bowed again with gentle insistence, smiling the while. He was almost up within touch of her as he returned her greeting with seeming protest at doing so. A sudden pressing together of the crowd brought them close to each other, and she purred up to him.

"Don't you think that on the average this year's exhibition is an improvement on the last?" she asked.

"I don't know, Miss Kirkie," he returned, simply, with a shyness of manner that seemed strangely enough unsuited to so superb a physical specimen. "I'm no judge. I just came in just because I was given a ticket."

"Yes?" she drawled out. Then hurriedly, as she put out her hand, which he failed to see: "You really will pardon me, won't you? But I can't recall where I met you or anything—even your name has slipped my memory. And yet I ought to know it, since you haven't forgotten mine, I see. And your face is so familiar!"

She broke off and looked up at him with eager expectation, as though she were questioning him. Finally he broke what promised to be an icy silence.

"Yes, miss, you used to see me very often when you lived in the apartment on 72d street. I was—I still am—the janitor there."

No Place for Celestials.

George Richmond Hayes, the noted San Francisco ethnologist, said at a recent dinner:

"The yellow races are held in better esteem than used to be the case in the West. I once visited a very rough boom town in Oregon near Cottage Grove. In the leading saloon a man in a red shirt said to me:

"Ye wanter carry yerself almighty straight in these parts, stranger. Go wrong the least mite and, by crinuss, we'll lynch ye as quick as look at ye."

"I smiled.

"'Would you lynch me,' I asked, 'if I killed a dog?'"

"'Would we?' he snorted. 'Why, stranger, we've lynched fellers here for killin' Chinamen!'"

Probably for the Trust.

"Hello, old chap! I haven't seen you for a year. Where have you been?"

### THE COUNTRY'S GROWTH.

Down in the Increase of Mail Matter Handled Annually.

The growth of our country and the increase in the volume of business can be realized no better than by a comparison of the number of pieces of mail matter handled annually. The total for 1889 was 3,860,200,000 pieces, including letters, postal cards, newspapers, printed matter and packages of every sort. Twenty years later the total was four times as great, and reached 13,173,340,329.

The advance has been remarkably regular year after year and at the rate of about 100 per cent every five years. In 1847, the year when postage stamps were first issued, the total number of pieces that passed through the mails was 114,175,480.

A considerable part of the increase during the last ten years has been due to rural delivery. Farmers are now able to receive newspapers, letters and other mail matter at their doorsteps without leaving their plows or their harvest fields and driving into town.

There are now nearly 40,000 rural delivery carriers who are paid \$35,000,000 a year for carrying the letters and newspapers to the country homes in the United States, and together they traveled last year more than 1,000,000 miles a day. The rural delivery service is now thirteen years old, and it has been the greatest success of any new idea that has been introduced into the administration of our government.

The Postoffice Department will renew its efforts to secure a law authorizing a parcels post service so that farmers' wives can do their shopping by mail, but the opposition from the country merchants, who fear their trade will be diverted to the cities, is so determined that it is doubtful whether Congress will act.

### FASHION HINTS

Our sketch shows one of the lovely chiffon robes veiled in gauze. The robe is creamy white with a shaded pink border, while the overdress is a deep pink. A black satin hem makes an effective and practical finish to the skirt.

Too Much for Him.

They numbered four. They absolutely exuded prosperity. The things which they ordered were such as to fill with envy the breast of the man at the next table, engaged in consuming the most modest dish disclosed by the bill of fare.

The four were conversing—languid, plutocratic conversation. After a while it turned to the question of money. Evidently they wanted to do something. How much money had they? One of the four took out his pocketbook and counted up a roll of bills.

"Oh, I have a hundred and forty," he said, carelessly.

The second and third members of the party went through their pockets. "I have two hundred and fifteen," remarked one.

"And I have three hundred," said the other.

The fourth waved his hand—grandly.

"Nevad mind, you fellows," he said. "I'll lynch you all you want."

Tenderly, walters bore the man at the next table out into the cold air. He will recover.

No Place for Celestials.

George Richmond Hayes, the noted San Francisco ethnologist, said at a recent dinner:

"The yellow races are held in better esteem than used to be the case in the West. I once visited a very rough boom town in Oregon near Cottage Grove. In the leading saloon a man in a red shirt said to me:

"Ye wanter carry yerself almighty straight in these parts, stranger. Go wrong the least mite and, by crinuss, we'll lynch ye as quick as look at ye."

"I smiled.

"'Would you lynch me,' I asked, 'if I killed a dog?'"

"'Would we?' he snorted. 'Why, stranger, we've lynched fellers here for killin' Chinamen!'"

Probably for the Trust.

"Hello, old chap! I haven't seen you for a year. Where have you been?"

"Down in South America."

"South America? What have you been doing there?"

"O—er—just rubbering around."

Uncle Allen.

"An optimist," said Uncle Allen Sparks, is (slap) a man who believes the mosquito (slap) was created for some lofty and (slap) beneficent purpose."

Genus Strandiacae.

Mrs. Wheelie—John, dear, you are going to get me a lovely pearl necklace for my birthday; a bird whispered it to me.

Mr. Wheelie—Don't you believe it. It must have been a lyre bird that escaped out of some menagerie.—Boston Transcript.

Good for Sore Eyes.

For over 100 years POTT'S EYE SALVE has positively cured eye diseases everywhere. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

With Apologies.

O, woman! In our hours of ease Gentle, tender, and glad to please, And grateful as the cooling shade, By softly sighing maples made— When bargain counters tempt thee now, An uncontrolled tornado thou!

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen B. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Excellent Connection.

"Is his family well connected?"

"Extremely so. They have an exclusive private 'phone.'—Cleveland Leader.

PIPE REPAIRING

Of every description by mail. AMBER BROTHER and MESSIAH. Animal Clothing. SIG SICHEL & CO. 92 Third Street Portland

THE HATTERY