

The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

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

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued.)
"And what did you do?" asked Jen, much interested in this strange history.

"I went in later on, and found that my mother had gone to bed. I said nothing at the time, as I was afraid of Dido. Afterwards, when Maurice was killed, and you said that the devil-stick had killed him, I went to Dido and accused her of the crime. She was fearfully angry, and warned me that if I said a word about the theft of the devil-stick, I would be in danger of hanging myself. I said nothing to her, or indeed to anyone. I told a lie to you to save my mother; what else could I do? But now I tell you the truth, and I wish you to protect us both against the evil of Dido and Dr. Etwald."

"You believe that Dr. Etwald killed Maurice?"
"I am sure of it. When I became ill through the terror of the secret which I possessed, Dido prepared that poison under the pretence of curing me, but I now know that she did so to re-fill the devil-stick. She then sent it to Etwald, and he killed Maurice. Also he stole the body with the assistance of Dido."

Major Jen moved a step towards the door of the summer-house. All at once he paused and looked back. "One moment, Miss Dallas!" he said, quickly. "Does David know about the theft of the devil-stick? That is, he added, more precisely, "does he know that your mother stole it?"
"I cannot be quite certain if he does," said Isabella, after a pause, "but I fancy he has some idea of it. When he has seen me of late he has always been so nervous and silent. At our last meeting, also, he told me that we were to fear nothing."

"Hm!" said Jen, reflectively. "Undoubtedly you are right, Miss Dallas. David must have learned the truth in some way; but I cannot imagine how. Well, good-by, good-by. I shall see you later on, when we have this scoundrel under lock and key."
On consideration, Jen thought it would be best to say nothing definite to David about his discovery. If the young man, from a feeling of honor towards an unhappy woman, kept silent, the Major was the last person in the world to tempt him to break it. Jen decided to merely hint to David that he knew the truth, and to let the arrest of Etwald tell its own tale, and unseal the lad's lips, by showing that Mrs. Dallas was innocent. As Jen came to this conclusion, he entered his own gates, and rather to his surprise he met David, considerably agitated, advancing to meet him.

"Inspector Arkel and Dr. Etwald are waiting for you in the library," said Sarby, rapidly.
"I know it. I sent for them. I wish the first to arrest the second."
"Arrest Dr. Etwald! On what grounds?"
"On the grounds of having murdered Maurice," said Jen, coldly. "Yes, you may look astonished, David, but it is the truth. Without your assistance I have discovered that Etwald is guilty. Also," added the Major, in a kindly tone, "I know the reason of your silence."

"Who—who told you?" stammered the young man, as pale as death.
"Miss Dallas."
"Isabella!" David looked terrified.

CHAPTER XX.

Before Jen had time to inquire the meaning of David's strange exclamation, the young man had turned on his heel, and was walking rapidly back to the house. Surprised by this behavior, and suspicious of its reason, the Major called out to him to stop; but, without taking any notice, the young man increased his pace, and was soon lost to sight. Jen went after him, and on entering the library found that only Arkel was present.

"Where is Dr. Etwald?" demanded the Major, anxiously.
"He went up stairs a few minutes ago to see your servant," replied the Inspector, rising. "Mr. Sarby was with him."

Jen started. Evidently David had returned before him in order to see Etwald, and to gain private speech with the doctor, had conducted him to Jagard's sick-room. For the moment Jen—still suspicious of Sarby's behavior—had it in his mind to follow; but a few minutes of reflection convinced him that this was unnecessary. David did not know all the conversation which had taken place between himself and Isabella, therefore he could inform Etwald of nothing new. But, indeed, the Major pondered why David wished to speak privately with the doctor. It looked to his mind, as though the two men were in league.

"Well, never mind Dr. Etwald just now," he said, aloud. "He had his duties to perform, and I have mine. Sit down, Mr. Arkel. I suppose you wonder why I have sent for you."
"Well, no, Major. I presume it is in connection with the case."
"You are right. I wish to know if you have discovered anything new."
"Yes, your messenger, Battersea, was wandering about your grounds on that night."

"Battersea?" cried Jen, thunder-struck. "Did he see the body carried off?"
"He did not see it taken out of the house," explained Arkel, referring to some notes which he held in his hand. "But he saw it put into the carriage, which was waiting in the winding lane at the foot of your grounds. Two people carried the body between them—

man and a woman—but Battersea cannot give me their names."
"I can, however," said Jen, grimly. "I'll give you the names later on, Mr. Inspector. In the meantime, be good enough to conclude your report of Battersea's confession. It interests me deeply."

"I thought it would," replied Arkel, with a look of satisfaction. "Well, the man and the woman put the body into the carriage—a doctor's brougham. When the body was placed in the carriage and the door closed, the woman went away. The man mounted the carriage-box and drove off. It appears that there was no coachman."
"I don't wonder at that," rejoined the Major. "This precious pair were afraid to trust their secret to a third party. No doubt, the horse, being quiet, was left to stand in the deep shadow of the lane while the robbers stole the corpse. However, I understand. The woman went away, the man mounted the box, and I suppose drove off with the corpse."

"Also with Battersea," added Arkel, with a significant smile. "It seems that the tramp wished to see the end of this singular adventure, or, no doubt, he wished to make money out of it. Well, he was driven with the carriage to Deanminster."

"Quite so, and into that gloomy courtyard which surrounds the house of Dr. Etwald," added Major Jen, with a satisfied smile. "Battersea saw the doctor take the body out of the carriage and carry it into the house. Then, on his return—Etwald's, I mean—he unharnessed the horse and put it into the stable; also the carriage into the coach-house. Is that not so, Mr. Arkel?"

"Battersea told you so," stammered Arkel, amazed at his insight.
"I assure you he told me nothing. But I am as clever as Battersea, and can put two and two together. Next day Battersea went to Etwald, did he not, and tried to blackmail him, but this clever doctor compelled him to keep silent? I know a great many things, Mr. Inspector. For instance, I know that the woman who assisted Dr. Etwald to steal the body is Dido; also that Dr. Etwald is a murderer as well as a thief."

"If I had only known that I would have had the warrant altered."
"What!" cried Jen, with an expression of ferocious joy lighting up his face, "you have a warrant for the arrest of Etwald?"
"Yes, but on the charge of stealing the body only. I took it out after hearing the evidence of the tramp Battersea."

"Very good. Then you can take out a warrant for his arrest as a murderer, after hearing my evidence. I swear on my sacred honor, that Maurice Aylmer was killed by Max Etwald!"

At this moment the door of the library opened slowly, and Dr. Etwald, calm and composed, appeared on the threshold. Behind him, over his shoulder, peered the pale countenance of David. From the ironical look on the doctor's face it would appear that he had overheard the accusation of the Major, and was prepared to treat it with contempt. That such was the case appeared by the first words which issued from his mouth as he faced his accuser.

"I hear the name of Max Etwald coupled with the crime of murder. Is this the way you treat your guests, Major?"

"You are not my guest," retorted Jen, furiously.

"No; rather your victim, seeing that you have lured me into a trap. It is not to see Jagard that you asked me here; but rather to force me—if you can into confessing that I am guilty of a triple crime."

"You make one mistake, sir," said Jen, coldly. "I accused you of two crimes, not of three."
"Ah, you are lenient," replied Etwald, a shade of surprise passing over his features, a surprise which was reflected in the agitated face of David Sarby. "Well, sir, let me hear of what I am accused."

With the utmost coolness, he entered the room and sat down in a chair near Arkel. The Inspector, with his hand in his breast-pocket, fingered the warrant, but did not deem it wise to execute it until he had heard what proof the Major possessed against Etwald for the murder of Maurice Aylmer. David sat down near the door, and followed every movement of the scene which ensued with keen eyes. Thus, three of the occupants of the apartment were seated—Sarby, Arkel, and Etwald. Only one man stood up—Major Jen—and he stood as the accuser.

"Dr. Etwald," said the Major, with great calmness and deliberation, "you are a clever and ambitious man, who wishes to make his way in the world, but has hitherto failed to do so for lack of money. To procure money for your experiments in chemistry, you would do anything—even marry a rich woman!"

"Or murder the man formerly engaged to her," retorted Etwald, with a pale smile. "Go on, Major Jen, I see the mark you are aiming at."
"You found this rich match here," resumed Jen, without noticing the interruption. "In the person of Miss Dallas, already engaged to the late Mr. Aylmer. You loved her, and wanted your rival out of the way. To do so you had the devil-stick stolen."

"Ho, ho! and by whom?"
"Mrs. Dallas stole the devil-stick, and gave it to Dido, who, by your directions, filled it with fresh poison. Dido helped you to do so, and drugged of death to you, and with it you killed

my poor boy at the very gates of the girl he loved. Afterwards you stole the body of the man you murdered. Dido helped you to do so, and drugged my servant, Jagard, with the perfume of the devil-stick poison, in order that the theft might be carried out with safety."

"It would seem that Dido has a great deal to do with these matters," said Etwald, looking up to the roof.
"She has everything to do with them. She will be brought against you as a witness."

"Indeed, then it appears that I am to be arrested."
"I can answer that," broke in Arkel, amazed at the self-possession of the man. "I have here a warrant to arrest you for stealing the body of Maurice Aylmer."

"How can you prove that I did so?" he demanded.
"By the evidence of the tramp Battersea."

"Battersea!" repeated the doctor, and for the first time he frowned.
"Yes. He saw you place the body in the brougham, with the assistance of Dido. He followed you to Deanminster, and saw you take the body into your house."

"Oh, then," said Etwald, turning towards Jen. "I am not to be accused of the murder."
"Later on, my friend Cain," said the Major, grimly. "You will have quite enough to do to save your neck from the halter."

"I am afraid so, indeed, Major; therefore, I must have assistance. There is nothing like being provided in time with counsel for the defence; therefore, I must ask Mr. David Sarby to defend me from these absurd charges."

"It" cried David, starting up with pale cheeks. "I defend you!"
"Assuredly," replied Etwald, fixing a piercing glance on the young man. "Do you refuse?"

"Of course he does," cried Jen, wrathfully.
David raised his head and looked at the Major, at the doctor, at the Inspector.

"No," said he, in a firm voice to all three, "I accept. I shall defend Max Etwald."
(To be continued.)

LUNCHES AT ONE CENT EACH.

They Are Fed to Half-Fed Children Who Would Resent Charity.

A heaping portion of Indian pudding with milk and two crackers was the menu for the lunch served at the Winthrop School yesterday, and as long as the service proves as successful as it has in the past the lunches will be continued at 10:30 each morning, so that none of the little children who come to school with appetites half-satisfied need go home famished.

The high cost of living which has shaved down the breakfasts at home almost to a minimum operates to send some children to school with insufficient nourishment to do justice to themselves in their work, the Boston Post says.

At the Winthrop School it was decided that any plan that seemed to include charity would prove a failure, as children are the quickest persons to form class barriers and look down on their playmates who may not be able to have food enough at home.

Miss Emmeline F. Torrey, teacher of domestic science, believes that she has solved the problem in the 1-cent lunches served each morning. If cost of preparation and service were added it would be impossible to make the meal otherwise than charitable, so Miss Torrey has a class of eighteen girls, ranging in age from 10 to 13, prepare the dishes and serve them. Thus the cent that the children pay covers the entire cost.

The cup of pudding and crackers, together with the milk, which was served yesterday to each hungry pupil had enough nutriment in it to equal nearly three large slices of bread, with butter. The quality, Miss Torrey said, was well suited for the needs of the children.

All the teachers in the school say that the tentative working of the plan thus far has been to provide much more wideawake children after the lunch hour and to do away with the eagerness to have school dismissed.

How Roberts Won the Victoria Cross.

Roberts noted that a sowar of the squadron with which he rode was in great danger from a sepoy with a fixed bayonet. The contest of sword against bayonet would have ended disastrously had not Roberts intervened and disposed of the bayonet. That was barely done when he noticed in the distance two sepoys fleeing with a standard. He galloped after the rebels and overtook them, and then he had a close fight for the possession of the standard. He cut down its chief bearer. While wrenching the staff from the man's grasp with both hands the other sepoys turned his musket on him and fired. The muzzle was within a few inches of Roberts' person, and there would certainly have been an end of him had not the musket refused to go off. As it was, he rode away unharmed with the standard, and for those two courageous and gallant acts in close succession Roberts got the Victoria cross—Cobban's "Life of Roberts."

Flexible Statistics.

"What do those statistics of yours tend to prove?"
"I don't know," answered the mathematical expert. "I'm just getting up the figures for this man. I don't know which side of the argument he intends to use them for."—Washington Star.

A Defeated General.

"What has become of your New Year's resolution?"
"Well, having held out long enough to satisfy all requirements of bravery and honor, it capitulated last night for humanity's sake."

He who wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

FASHION HINTS



There's lots of character to this suit of plain and striped pongee. The stripe is sort of an old blue, the same as the deep cuffs, and it tones so well with the natural color pongee. The knife pleated collar of net is a new feature.

ODD GEOGRAPHICAL FACTS.

Unique Points About the United States Worth Remembering.

Among the many geographical peculiarities in the United States there are some especially interesting.

The two largest counties in the United States are Custer County, Montana, and San Bernardino County, California. Each of these is a little more than 20,000 square miles in extent, and the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Delaware and New Jersey could be put inside the boundaries of either of them. The smallest county in the Union is Bristol County, Rhode Island, which has only 25 square miles.

The county in the United States having the largest population is New York, which has 2,000,000 people in it. At the time of the last census Bailey County, Texas, which is about the size of the State of Rhode Island, had only four inhabitants.

About 50 miles from Durango, Colorado, there is a point where four States meet. Here by stepping a few feet in either direction one can walk in four different commonwealths in as many seconds. These commonwealths are the States of Colorado, Utah and the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona. A nearly parallel case is at Harper's Ferry, where the train stops a few minutes to allow the passengers to alight and enjoy a view which permits them to look into three States—Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia.

The highest and lowest elevations in this country are in California, within 100 miles of each other. The loftiest is Mt. Whitney, 14,499 feet high, and the lowest is Death Valley, about 450 feet below the level of the sea. Two Oceans Pass, in Yellowstone Park, is so named because whenever there is a shower in the vicinity and a certain small creek overflows, its waters spread over the edge of the continental divide and pass into tributaries of rivers which flow to the Atlantic and to the Pacific.

The longest city street in the United States is Western avenue, Chicago, which is exactly 22 miles long. Its nearest rival is Halsted street, also in Chicago, which is two-thirds of a mile shorter. Halsted street is so much more closely built up that it is usually spoken of as the longest street in the world. Interspersed with the native Americans on this one street are Germans, Italians, Russians, Jews, Bohemians, Poles and Greeks. Halsted street is crossed over and under by 20 railroads.

A novel way to demonstrate the size of the State of Texas is to spread out a map of the Union and stretch a string across Texas the longest way. Then placing one end of the measure at Chicago, one will find that the other end will extend into either the Atlantic Ocean or the Gulf of Mexico.

The Hen's Kick.

Mrs. Hen, having performed her oviparous function, took a constitutional around the yard. Returning to her nest, she found it empty and clucked angrily.
"What's the trouble, ma'am?" asked the rooster.

"It's mighty funny," she grumbled, "that I can never find things where I lay them."—Boston Transcript.

Take warning from the peachbudd; that which grows venturesome and takes off its union suit too soon never lives to be a pea.

Near Enough.

Teacher (quoting)—"Man wants but little here below"—Tommy, can you finish the quotation?
Tommy Tucker—But he wants it, when he wants it, and he wants it mighty bad.

One Condition.
Mr. Wyzun—I want you to have everything that is good for you, my dear Mrs. Wyzun—O, thank you, John.
Mr. Wyzun—But remember that I am to be the judge of what is good for you.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



It would puzzle Solomon to make out why an extra bright woman so often marries a man as dull as a boy's hoe.

There are better places for a man to make a fool of himself than by pitching into a conductor for doing his duty on a street car.

Self-conceit is the twin sister of vanity.

The man who cannot laugh does not know what it means to live.

It doesn't make a lie look any whiter to put it on a tombstone.

It is the nails that hold up the meeting house—not the steeple.

The man who has no faith in himself will never bring anything to pass.

The sin that seems to pay the best is the one that gets to stay the longest.

Nothing in the world has done any more to help the fool-killer earn his salary than self-conceit.

When you are moved to do a good deed with no selfish motive, God is knocking at your door.

Our getting to heaven is going to depend a good deal on what we do to help somebody else get there.

Nothing can make a crooked man feel so much like a ramrod as marching behind a round-shouldered pilgrim in a procession.

A PLANT PIONEER.

The kinnikinnic is a plant pioneer. Often it is the first plant to make a settlement or establish a colony on a barren or burned-over area. It is hardy, and is able to make a start and thrive in places so inhospitable as to afford most plants not the slightest foothold.

Enos A. Mills, in "Wild Life on the Rockies," tells of the beneficial work which this plant does; it often opens the way for the growth of a flourishing forest.

The kinnikinnic, or Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi, as the botanists name it, may be called a ground-loving vine. Although always attractive, it is in winter that it is at its best. Then its bright green leaves and red berries shine among the snow-flowers in a quiet way that is strikingly beautiful.

Once kinnikinnic has made a start it is constantly assisted to succeed by its own growing success. Its arms catch and hold snow and this gives a supply of much needed water. This water is snugly stored beneath the plant, where but little can be reached or taken by the sun or the thirsty winds. The winds, too, bring something to it—dust, powdered earth, trash, the remains of dead insects; some of this material is carried, for miles. All goes to form new soil, or to fertilize or mulch the old. The soil bed grows deeper and richer, and is also constantly outbuilding and enlarging.

In a few years a small oasis is formed in, or rather on, the barren. This becomes a place of refuge for seed-wanderers, in fact, a nursery. There are millions of acres now almost desert that may some time be changed and beautified by this cheerful plant. Some time many bald and barren places in the Rockies will be placed with pines, banneted with flowers, have brooks, butterflies and singing birds, all of these because of the reclaiming work which will be done by charming kinnikinnic.

Filipino Justice.

Justice tempered by mercy is a praiseworthy thing. But this story, related by an ex-supervisor of education in the Philippines, goes to prove that common sense is quite as desirable an accompaniment of the justice dispensed by the local magistrate of our island possessions. This is the tale:

I came home one day just in time to see a thief climbing out the window with the better part of my wardrobe. I gave chase so earnestly that the thief finally dropped the clothes in the street and disappeared. As I gathered up my belongings a native policeman came along and insisted on arresting me. He took me before a Filipino judge, where I told my story very plainly and emphatically.

When I had finished, the judge said, "You are dismissed, but you may leave the clothes here."

"But why?" I insisted, angrily.
"Because," said he, with sage deliberation, "how can I tell that you speak the truth? When the thief comes back to identify these clothes as the ones he stole, you may have them."

An Eye to Business.

Mr. H. G. Wells, the novelist, tells a story of a gentleman next to whom he once sat at a public dinner. The conversation had turned upon one of his own books and Mr. Wells had said something to the effect that "were there no self-seekers the world would be a very Utopia." This neighbor promptly observed: "I maintain that all water used for drinking and culinary purposes should be boiled at least an hour." "You are a physician, I presume?" suggested the novelist. "No, sir," was the unexpected reply, "I am in the coal line."—The Standard.

When a man becomes unfortunate his fair-weather friends think they have done their duty when they say: "Ain't it a shame!"

TRIALS OF THE NEEDLEMS.

WHAT A LOT OF RUBBISH THESE COMIC SECTIONS OF THE NEWSPAPERS ARE! THERE IS NOT A WORD OF TRUTH IN THEM.

WHY EVERYBODY ELSE SEEMS TO ENJOY THEM, YOU ARE NOT! WELL, TAKE PAW-PAW PILL TO-NIGHT!

HA! HA! THESE CARTOONS ARE CERTAINLY FUNNY, BUT THE PEOPLE WHO ENJOY THEM MUST ALWAYS BE IN THE MINDS OF THE PAW-PAW PILL.

THERE IS NO HOPE FOR THE FUTURE OF THE PEOPLE WHO ENJOY THESE CARTOONS.

THE PILL THAT WILL CURE YOU OF ALL YOUR ILLS.

RESOLVED THAT WHEN A MAN'S STOMACH ON FIVE DAYS OF THE PAW-PAW PILL SHALL BE IN ANYTHING BUT A HEALTHY STATE, HE SHALL TAKE PAW-PAW PILL TO-NIGHT.

Manlyon's Paw Paw Pills cost the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no alcohol; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Manlyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. MANLYON'S, 243 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Send 10c for trial package.

Just a Chance.
"Yes, you offer the property low enough, Mr. Yipsley," said the real estate agent, "but it will be best for you to give some satisfactory reason for wanting to sell."

"The reason why I want to sell is that the property is all run down. It doesn't bring me 2 per cent on the money invested in it. I'm not offering it at a sacrifice. I don't need the money. I want to get rid of it, but I am asking all it's worth."

"Um—well, I'll list it for you, Mr. Yipsley," said the real estate agent. "It's barely possible that the novelty of the thing may attract some equally 'ranky purchaser.'"

Grandmotherly Pride.
Old Rooster (with some irritation)—What are you doing all that strutting and cackling about?

Old Hen—My eldest pullet has just hatched out her first brood of chicks, you mean old thing!

Bad BLOOD

"Before I began using Cascarets I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face, and my food was not digested as it should have been. Now I am entirely well, and the pimples have all disappeared from my face. I can truthfully say that Cascarets are just as advertised; I have taken only two boxes of them."

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Our method of treating diseases is not a new one, but an old and well tested one, worthy of a trial to any diseased and broken sufferer. Being graduates of Sweden and employing all the European methods the results in curing our patients, which include hundreds of patients in all stages of life will testify. Our methods are not merely theoretical, but are based on the use of physical methods, such as electricity, electrotherapy, hydrotherapy, massage, gymnastics, baths of all kinds, physical culture, also the famous Swedish treatment prescribed so much in Europe for rheumatism and other ailments.

Our Sanitarium is especially equipped with a modern surgery and a full department of physical culture. Diseases peculiar to Women, Chronic Constipation, Kidney, Bladder, Liver and Stomach Troubles, Blood and Skin Diseases, Paralysis, Habits of various sorts of both old and young, and all Nervous and Chronic Diseases. Testimonials on file from patients cured who can be referred to. Write or call for particulars. Consultation free. All questions confidential. Charges moderate. Address: Dr. Isak, Swedish Sanitarium, 55 Market St., Cor. 1st, Portland, Ore.

Elderly Depravity.

The professor regarded with an eye of suspicion the small yellow cube the waiter had brought him.
"I take thee," he murmured, "for butter—or worse."—Chicago Tribune.

New York is experimenting with street cars driven by electric motors which get their power from gas engines mounted below the floor of the cars.

A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food.

Does not change the color of the hair.

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