

# The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

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

## CHAPTER XXI.

Great was the astonishment throughout the neighborhood when it became known that Dr. Etwald, the clever physician, of Deanminster, had been arrested on the double charge of murder and theft of a dead body. Major Jen worked hard to procure evidence against the prisoner, and David Sarby worked just as hard to obtain material for the defence. The attitude taken up by the young barrister astonished everyone, and was universally condemned.

After that memorable interview in the library, when Etwald was accused and arrested, Arkel took away his prisoner in custody by virtue of the warrant, and left Major Jen alone with the counsel for the defence. When the sound of Etwald's carriage had died away in the distance, Jen, who had hitherto kept silence, raised his head and looked at David.

"Well, sir!" he said, in an icy tone to his adopted son, "I am waiting for you to explain this very extraordinary conduct."

"Major Jen, I have no explanation to give you."

"What!" cried his guardian, rising. "Do you dare to sit there and tell me that you are a traitor, a coward, an ungrateful man? What will every one say, when they learn that you intend to defend Etwald?"

"They will say almost as cruel things as you have said," returned David, still composed. "But I do not care for the opinion of the public. I act according to the dictates of my own conscience. I have an excellent excuse."

"What is it, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"I refuse to tell you at present."

"Indeed, and am I ever to learn the reason of your extraordinary behavior?"

"Yes, Major. You shall learn my reason at the trial. I shall explain it when I make my speech for the defence."

"David, there is something very extraordinary in your behavior, and you refuse to give me your reasons therefor. If I wait until the trial, will you explain?"

"Yes, I have already told you so. In my speech for the defence you will be fully satisfied that I have good cause to act as I am doing."

"Very good," replied Jen, calmly. "Then I shall say nothing to anyone about your very curious behavior. I shall work hard to secure the condemnation of this scoundrel. You can do your best to save him. But against you, or for you, I shall not open my mouth. At the trial I shall expect an explanation."

"You shall have it."

"But," added Jen, "as until that explanation we are enemies—although not openly so—I shall require you to leave my house."

"I expected that you would do so," rejoined David, bowing his head. "Indeed, you can act no other way. Today I shall take lodgings in Deanminster and wait for the trial. I shall defend Etwald to the best of my ability; and then you can decide whether I am fit to re-enter this house."

Arkel had sought out as witnesses against Etwald seven persons. Firstly, Mrs. Dallas, who was to prove that she was hypnotized frequently by Dido. Secondly, Isabella, who was to depose that before the murder her mother had been sent by Dido to "Ashantee" to steal the devil-stick, which under the influence of hypnotism. Thirdly, Batterssea, who was to give evidence that he had found the devil-stick within the grounds of Mrs. Dallas. Fourthly, Meg, who was to prove the offer of Batterssea to sell her the stick. Fifthly, Major Jen, who could explain the engagement of the dead man to Miss Dallas, and the rivalry of his assassin. Sixthly, Jaggard, whose evidence would tend to show that Dido had drugged him for the purpose of stealing the body. And seventhly, the most important witness of all, Dido, who was to depose to the manufacture of the poison, the re-filling of the devil-stick, and the giving of it to Dr. Etwald, so that he might perpetrate the crime. With these seven witnesses Jen did not see how Etwald could escape the gallows.

"Are you sure that all these people will speak out?" asked the Major of Arkel when the list was submitted to him.

"I am certain of all save one," replied Arkel, in a dissatisfied tone, "and the worst of it is that Dido is the one."

"Does she refuse to give evidence against Etwald?"

"I should think so. Simply because he is the holder of the Voodoo Stone. The only change of getting the negro to confess the whole truth is for either you or I to gain possession of that stone."

"Where is it?"

"Etwald carries it on his watch chain. I saw him the other day in prison, and he showed it to me. A common little black stone it is, but Dido would kill him with pleasure to get it."

"Kill Etwald!" ejaculated Jen. Then, after a pause, he added: "I believe you are right, Arkel, for it is not the man himself she cares about, but the stone. However, I'll see Isabella and make her persuade Dido to speak against Etwald."

The Major went at once to "The Wigwam," but, notwithstanding all his eloquence, in spite of the tears and importunings of Isabella, the negro positively declined to say a word against the Great Master.

"While dat big man hab de Voodoo Stone, I do nothin'—nothin'," she said. And from this obstinate position they all failed to move her.

"Why don't you wet the Voodoo

Stone yourself, if you adore it so much?" cried Mrs. Dallas, exasperated by this obstinacy.

"Ah, if I had dat Voodoo Stone, I be great; great—de queen ob de debbles. But he no let it go!"

"Go and see Dr. Etwald, and tell him you will give evidence against him unless he gives you the stone."

This suggestion came from Isabella, but it Dido took no notice. Without a word to mother or daughter, who were both in tears, she left the room. In the afternoon she was nowhere to be found, and both Mrs. Dallas and Isabella came to the conclusion that she had fled to avoid being forced into giving incriminating evidence. They fell into one another's arms, and were beside themselves with terror. All the evil done by Dido and Etwald seemed likely to fall upon their innocent heads.

"Still, there is hope," said Isabella. "We will speak to Major Jen, and ask him to send the police after this wretched woman."

This opinion was at once acted upon, and a messenger was sent to "Ashantee," but Major Jen was from home, and it was not till 6 o'clock that he presented himself at "The Wigwam" and heard the story of Dido's flight.

"But she can't be very far away," said Jen, hopefully. "I saw her in Deanminster, and thought she had gone there with a message from you. But even if we had forced her into court, she would not have given evidence against the holder of the Voodoo Stone."

"Dat so!" said a hoarse voice at the door.

The three people turned, and saw Dido, with an expression of triumph on her dark face, enter the room.

"Dido!" cried Isabella. "You did not run away?"

"No, missy, I tell de truth against dat man."

"But the Voodoo Stone," said Jen, wondering what she meant.

Dido opened her clenched fist. The Voodoo Stone lay in the palm of her hand.

How she became possessed of the Voodoo Stone, Dido refused to say. Jen had learned from Inspector Arkel that Etwald wore the talisman on his watch-chain, and he wondered in what fashion Dido had contrived to penetrate into the prison and to obtain it from the doctor. The whole result of the trial depended upon the transfer of the stone. If Etwald kept it, Dido would not dare to give evidence against him, and so, in the absence of incriminating details, he would go free. As it was, the stone was now in the possession of Dido, and for some reason, which Jen was unable to fathom, she was quite content to betray her share in the plot. By changing hands the Voodoo Stone had transformed Dido into a traitress.

However, as the advantage derived from the transfer was all on the side of the prosecution, Jen did not think it wise to inquire too closely into the means which Dido had employed to regain the talisman. He saw nothing of David, who pointedly kept out of his way. He made no inquiries of Dido, and simply informed the Inspector that the negro was ready to explain Etwald's secrets, without telling him why she was willing to do so.

When the trial came on, and after the evidence had been given, everyone, without exception, looked upon the prisoner as guilty, and they considered it futile when David Sarby rose to deliver his speech for the defence. The young man was even paler than usual, and when he rose laid down the devil-stick, at which he had been looking. When on his feet he glanced round the court and caught the gaze of Isabella, who was staring eagerly at him. Then he turned to his client. Dr. Etwald smiled coldly on his counsel. David shuddered, and picking up the devil-stick, spoke sharply to the point.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury—You have heard the evidence, which makes out that my client is guilty. That evidence is wrong, as can be proved by one witness. I am the witness. In my rooms there is lying a confession, signed and witnessed, which sets forth that I am the guilty person. It was I, not Etwald, who murdered Maurice Aylmer. Yes, I was in love with Miss Dallas, and therefore was jealous of Maurice. I knew that Dido possessed the devil-stick—and I bribed her to give it to me. I pretended to go to the city on the night of the murder, but, instead of doing so, I remained in the grounds of Mrs. Dallas, where I obtained the devil-stick from Dido. I saw Maurice meet with Miss Dallas. I saw them kiss and part. Inflamed by jealousy, I rushed after him and met him on the road. He turned in surprise, and flung out his arms to keep me off. The devil-stick, with its poison-fang protruding, was in my grasp, and in throwing out his arm I wounded him in the palm of the hand, thus—"

David took the devil-stick firmly in his grasp and compressed the handle. At once the iron tongue, with its drop of venom, appeared. With the sharp point he made an irregular wound in the palm of his hand, and cast the devil-stick on the table before him. A moment afterwards, amid the silent horror of the crowded court, he fell down—dead.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Naturally, the tragic end of the counsel for the defence created a great sensation. The trial was brought to an abrupt conclusion, the court was cleared, and the body of the dead man taken to the residence of Major Jen. In his rooms at Deanminster was found the confession signed by him, and which was substantially the same as that which he had made in court. At

once Dr. Etwald was set at liberty on the charge of murder.

Whereupon he returned to his house as though nothing had happened. Mrs. Dallas and Isabella came back to "The Wigwam," but without Dido. On the day when the trial terminated in so tragic a manner the negro disappeared, and with her the famous Voodoo Stone.

"I wish I could have caught her," said Arkel to Major Jen. "She committed perjury in order to get Dr. Etwald hanged, and she ought to have been punished for her wickedness. It has been a terrible affair, Major."

Jen, who was now looking old and broken down, agreed with a sad shake of his grey head.

"My poor lads," said he, in a voice full of pathos. "First one and then the other—to lose them both in this awful fashion."

"What!" cried Arkel, in surprise. "Do you pity Mr. Sarby?"

"Why not?" answered the Major, quietly. "To my mind he needs more pity than poor Maurice. The lad was driven mad by jealousy and he was worked on by Dido to commit the crime. The cause of all these troubles, Mr. Inspector, is not Dr. Etwald, but that black witch. I wish she could be caught."

Dido was never caught. She was too clever to give the police a chance of laying hands on her. Like a stone cast into a wide ocean she disappeared from Deanminster, and, possessed of the Voodoo Stone, possibly took her way to her native Ashantee, there to become the high priestess in the horrible fetish-worship of Africa.

For the next two days Major Jen stayed in the house and watched over the corpse of David. The whole scene was but a repetition of that which had taken place when Maurice had died. Both young men had perished from the effects of the infernal African poison. Both had perished in the bloom of youth; and on the right hand of each was the fatal wound which had corrupted the blood. But the corpse of David was here. The corpse of Maurice, where? Only Dr. Etwald could answer the question, and he, released on the charge of murder, was now out on bail for the theft of the corpse.

While the Major was wondering what would be the outcome of all the terrible events which had filled the last few weeks, Jaggard entered the library, and announced that Mrs. Dallas and her daughter wished to see him. Although he was unwilling to speak to those who had caused these troubles, Jen had no reasonable grounds for refusing an interview. Therefore he gave orders that the ladies should be shown into the drawing-room. When he repaired thither, however, he found to his surprise that Mrs. Dallas only was waiting for him.

"I could not get Isabella further than the door of your house?" exclaimed Mrs. Dallas, who was in deep mourning, whether for Maurice or David, or for the loss of Dido, it is impossible to say.

"Why did she not come in?" asked Jen, coldly, for he did not feel very amiably disposed towards the widow.

"I don't know. She is a strange girl, Major, and the events of the last few weeks have shaken her nerves."

"They have shaken mine," retorted Jen, grimly. "But we need not discuss these things, Mrs. Dallas. May I ask why you have paid me this visit?"

"To tell you that we are going away. Back to Barbadoes," replied Mrs. Dallas, with a sigh. "Yes, Major, after what has taken place here, I can stay no longer in America. I shall sell my house and leave for the West Indies with my daughter within the month."

"I think it is the best thing you can do," said Jen, brusquely.

(To be continued.)

**Her Hired Help.**

At Cumberland, Md., the colored servants, as a rule, go to their own homes at night. The cook in the family of the Episcopal clergyman not only does this, but of late has frequently arrived at the rectory too late to cook breakfast. Hence her mistress lately told her that for each breakfast missed there would be a reduction in her wages. Dinah passively assented to this, but next day the mistress heard the maid next door say to her: "Pears to me you get to work mighty late."

"I get to work when I gets ready," was the reply.

"How do you manage 'bout de breakfast?"

"Oh, I pays de missus to cook de breakfast,"—Harpers Magazine.

**New Use for Baked Beans.**

A neatly dressed woman rushed into a Euclid avenue grocery yesterday and priced the different sizes of pots of baked beans that the grocery keeps put up hot ready to take home and serve.

"I guess the small size will do," she said, hesitating.

"How many do you desire to serve?" inquired the clerk, ready to advise.

"Oh, I'm not buying them to serve," the customer replied. "Of course I shall use them, but I'm getting them to keep my hands warm on the car. I came away from home without either muff or mittens."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Proved His Innocence.**

"He proved his client's innocence of burglary by producing an alibi."

"Then the prisoner didn't commit the theft as charged?"

"No. His lawyer established the fact that the accused was in jail for highway robbery at the time the affair happened."—St. Louis Star.

**What We All Think.**

Prospective Patient—What are your charges, doctor?

Doctor—Half a crown a visit.

Prospective Patient—Ah, but we don't want you to come on a visit; we only want you to stay ten or fifteen minutes.—The Sketch.

**A Sharp Dog.**

Penley—I only want to live until I become famous.

Miss Keen—Ah, but we don't have Methuselahs nowadays, Mr. Penley.—Boston Transcript.

## ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Every man thinks his brutality is "tact."

Fishing seems to be the favorite form of loafing.

Any woman closely associated with a man can make or break him.

None of us realize how much people talk about us behind our backs.

Every shiftless man is a liar; he acquires the habit in giving excuses.

We despise a man who doesn't appreciate a friend; friends are so rare.

Talk with any man five minutes, and he will say the trouble with him is, he is too meek.

Out of one hundred people who try to save money, ninety-five will make the attempt very feebly.

Even when times are very good, things will not come your way unless you carefully start them.

There are so many kinds of meanness that people now talk about the meanest kind of meanness.

People nearly always predict disaster for their own town, and tell how well other towns are doing.

It is easy to say to a man, "Be sensible." But half the time a man does not know what is sensible.

An Eastern man is teaching people how to kiss by means of a correspondence course. As though everyone does not know!

Much of the clamoring now going on has a tendency to make industry and honorable achievements almost disreputable.

Our experience is that an artist who is not appreciated is just about as disagreeable as it is possible for a human to be.

## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY.

Carnegie says he has made forty-two millionaires.

Wood fibers are strongest near the center of the limb or tree trunk.

The salary of lieutenant general of the United States army is \$11,000.

Sleeping sickness has been known in West Africa for one hundred years.

In Norway the average length of life is greater than in any other country.

It is estimated that 80,000-horse power can be easily developed from the St. Lawrence river.

An Alabama man, ninety-seven years of age, says he has eaten hot biscuits regularly all his life.

The Yarmouth and Lowestoft herring season has yielded 800,000,000 herrings, which sold for \$5,000,000.

Formaldehyde is used in meat exported to England, and the government is making investigations as to its effect on the health of consumers.

Yale students are teaching more than one hundred New Haven boys in classes under the direction of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Rice stands first in the list of Siam's agricultural products. The average yearly export of rice for the last five years has amounted to 948,389 tons.

The Belgian minister of the colonies has decided to organize an expedition to go to the Congo to study sleeping sickness and to seek means to cure it.

Mrs. Cornelius Zabriske is chairman of the committee which proposes to build a woman's clubhouse in Brooklyn at a cost of \$100,000. At a mass meeting held the other day in the chapel of Packer institute stock subscriptions to the amount of \$20,000 were received. The largest single contribution was that of the Brooklyn Women's Club, which guaranteed \$7,500. The building will not be started until the committee has the full \$100,000.

One of the marvels of the age is the extreme cheapness of ocean carriage. The modern tramp steamer could carry her cargo one thousand miles for 9d a ton and make a profit of 10 per cent. A modern tramp steamer could leave England and go around the world by the two capes, and even then carry cargo at £2 8s a ton. These are marvelous figures, and they show to what extent the world is indebted to the carrying trade.—Cassier's Magazine for May.

The population of southern California, according to Colonel Drake, who is the world's foremost statistician in such matters, can not fall, in a very short time, to exceed twenty million souls, for there is a human breed there which multiplies with the miraculous rapidity of Belgian hares. When Long Beach had a population of only a little more than a thousand there sprang up in a few months, from the smallest beginnings, more than nine hundred real estate agents.

As a specimen of how practical the Japanese are with their knowledge of western science and determination to deal with disease, they have levied a tax on every household to produce two rats every month. A fine is imposed if the rats are not caught and produced at the time of inspection. Every rat is examined, and if found to be plague infected the house from which it came is to be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Twice a year every house and shop has to disgorge all its effects and be completely cleaned out. The things only go back after sanitary inspection.—Java Times.

Perhaps the reason the English are so far behind in flying is because they worked the whole thing out long ago, and are sick and tired of it, for John Milton, in "Britain to the Conquest," says that the youth King Harold, last of the Saxons, strangely aspiring, had made and fitted wings to his hands and feet. With these, on the top of a tower, spread out to gather air, he flew more than a furlong; but, the wind being too high, he came fluttering to the ground, maiming all his limbs; yet so conceited was he of his art that the cause of his fall was attributed to the want of a tail, as birds have, which he forgot to make.

At the banquet given in her honor after the Nobel prize had been awarded to her Miss Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish author, spoke of the pleasure such a festival would have given Frederick Bremer. She said all old maids should shower blessings on the memory of Miss Bremer for showing them how to attain an independent place in the world and an object in life. She then pointed out the change which had taken place in public opinion since the days of Miss Bremer. Women were no longer set aside and looked down upon, but had gained for themselves education and standing. Among women nowadays were found graduates of universities, doctors of philosophy and medicine, and heads of great business houses, hospitals and schools.

It is probable that no other commodity ever came into such varied use within so short a period as india rubber. First employed practically for footwear and other waterproof apparel, rubber has come to be employed in electrical insulation, hose pipes for the conveyance of water, steam, air, and so on; pneumatic and other tires for all sorts of wheeled vehicles, balloons and the planes of aerial machines, innumerable articles for the comfort of invalids, household conveniences, and what not. Thus far, rubber has never come into use to an important extent for any given purpose to which it is not still devoted; in other words, its advantages are so marked in many uses that, when once introduced, no substitute can be found for it.—Cassier's Magazine.

## NEWS OF RECENT BOOKS.

Arthur Rackham's fall illustrations will include pictures for "Rhinogold" and "The Valkyrie," translated by Margaret Armour from the Wagner libretto.

Among early novels will be a new book by Edward C. Booth, author of "The Post Girl." It also is a story of life and love in the author's native Yorkshire country, and it will appear under the title of "The Doctor's Lass."

A novelist of a generation ago, Mrs. Marie Walsh, has just died in New York. She was the author of "Wife of Two Husbands," "The Lost Paradise" and "The Romance of a Dry Goods Drummer." She dramatized Miss Bradton's novel "Three Times Dead."

Why do women writers favor the pseudonym "George?" There were "George Elliot" and "George Sand," and at present there is "George Fleming," Julia Constance Fletcher. "Georg Schock," a Harper writer, completes the "four Georges." But there is now room for a George V.

Under the will of Mark Twain, Clara Langdon Clemens, wife of Ossip Gabriilowitch, sole surviving daughter, inherits his home at Redding, Conn., and all other real and personal estate. This she will enjoy "without power of anticipation and free from any control or interference of any husband she may have."

Walter Pulitzer, son of Albert Pulitzer, formerly proprietor of the New York Journal, whose death was some months ago recorded, announces that he will take up his father's "Memoirs" where the latter laid off and incorporate them in a biography of the journalist and an account of the progress of journalism in his day.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has not scored an English success with "Lady Merton, Colonist." The Saturday Review thinks the story very thin and threadbare. "We never read a novel of Mrs. Humphry Ward in which the characters were so sketchily outlined and so uninteresting. But the book will be popular because it idealizes the cant of the hour."

The publication of the complete edition of the works and correspondence of Galileo, undertaken by the Italian government in 1890, is at an end, the concluding volume having just been issued. It is the twentieth. It contains indexes to the whole set and an "Indice biografico" of Galileo's contemporaries. The edition is published at Florence, where Galileo died. Its full title is "Le Opere di Galileo Galilei: Edizione Nazionale sotto gli auspicii di Sua Magesta il Re d'Italia."

## FATE OF AN ORCHARD.

**A Tragedy in Kansas That Has a Pathetic Side.**

A tragedy was enacted in Kansas the other day, namely, the deliberate burning of 800 acres of trees. It was not the sort of destruction that is so harrowing to the soul of Gifford Pinchot; it was worse than that, for the trees burned were not those of the forest, but of an orchard. They were apple trees—65,000 of them or thereabouts.

These trees were planted twenty-five years ago, and were in the very prime of life at the time of their destruction. The man who placed them there looked forward to the time when the fruit from their branches would bring him a fortune, and he cultivated and cared for them to the best of his ability. They grew and flourished for a few years, but when the time came for bearing they produced little or no fruit. Then the soil was examined—a proceeding that had been overlooked in the beginning—and it was found not to be adapted to apple growing. The subsoil into which the roots of the trees penetrated did not supply the elements necessary to the formation of fruit. The owner experimented a while longer, hoping to furnish the needed elements through fertilizers, but to no effect. Occasionally there would be a light crop of apples, but the orchard as a whole was a failure; finally he gave up in discouragement and sold it to a man who proceeded to burn up the trees and turn the 800 acres into a cornfield.

The man who had planted the orchard looked on and felt sorrow at seeing those trees burn, though he knew it was the proper course. But they were trees that represented hope and labor and satisfaction in their growth. And they were living, and in going down by the ax and by fire they seemed to reproach him, for no one with imagination can work with trees and plants without feeling that they all have a certain sentient life. It was a real tragedy, the burning of that orchard, and the one consoling reflection is that possibly the apples it might have grown were Ben Davies.—Terre Haute (Ind.) Star.

**A Frank Answer.**

"John Jones," said the magistrate, with severity, "you are charged with habitual drunkenness. What have you to offer in excuse for your offense?"

"Habitual thirst, your honor."

**Keep Out of Debt.**

Think not your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money which you cannot pay.

When a man sits and looks absently out of the window, his wife steps softly up and looks over his shoulder to see what woman he is looking at now.

## FASHION HINTS



The back view of this little dress is so attractive that it deserves a word all by itself.

The jackety tab at the waist, and the cute little knot of the girdle that crushes up to it, are very distinctive.

In front, the overskirt finishes in a deep point.

## ELECTRICAL NOTES.

London has a trackless trolley.

Monorail systems have proven successful in India.

The old horse car lines of St. Petersburg, Russia, are to be electrified.

Buenos Aires has authorized the construction of an electric subway under the city.

Wireless telegraph apparatus is prohibited in British India except upon government license.

Ozone generators are advocated for the subway cars in New York to increase the oxygen in the air.

A French syndicate has contracted to develop the water powers in Uruguay to furnish light and power to the inland towns.

The City Council of Cincinnati is planning a subway to connect the business section of the city with the outlying residential sections.

Lightning will strike more than once in the same place. A transmission line in Colorado was recently struck five times in the same place.

Cincinnati boasts the only church on wheels. It is a large electric bus which is loaded with singers and speakers and invades the slums every Sunday.

The development of the water powers in California has helped boom the state by bringing new industries and helping old industries with plenty of cheap electric power available.

**The Cure.**

"My doctor ordered a trip to Europe for me."

"And you took it?"

"No; he presented his bill and took a trip to Europe himself."

**Her Kiss.**

"That pretty girl when she cries is a very affecting sight. She is a regular picture."

"Yes, what one might call a moving picture."—Baltimore American.