

The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

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

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

The door opened to admit Dr. Etwald. Both the Major and the Creole stared at him in surprise, as neither for the moment could grasp the idea that he had been bold enough to present himself before those whom he had so deeply wronged.

"Ah," said Etwald, as complacently as ever, "I thought I should find you here, Major; but I hardly expected to see Mrs. Dallas."

"You villain!" cried the lady, starting from her seat. "Do you think I want to see you after all the misery you have caused? Why, I refuse even to remain in the same room with you!" And with a furious gesture the Creole swept past Etwald and out of the door, which she banged loudly. Etwald looked at the door, shrugged his shoulders, and turned politely to the Major.

"It is just as well she is gone," said he, quietly. "It is better than our conversation should be private."

"I wish to hold no conversation with a scoundrel, sir!" cried Jen, purple with rage. "I'll have you turned out of the house."

"In that case you'll never hear what I have come to tell you."

"What is that, sir?" demanded Jen, in a calmer tone.

"The truth! My story is quite different to that of Dido."

"David's was different also."

"I know it. But my story—the true story—differs even from David's. Will you hear it, Major, or shall I leave your house before I suffer the disgrace of being kicked out?"

The Major considered for a few moments before replying. There was a hinted mystery in the manner of Etwald which puzzled him not a little.

Moreover, he wished to know the actual facts of the case, and now that Dido had fled, Etwald was the only one who could tell them. Acting upon these considerations, Jen sat down again in his chair and sulkily gave Etwald permission to remain and explain. This the doctor proceeded to do at once.

"As you are aware," said he, calmly, "I escaped the charge of murder, and very right, too, seeing that I was innocent of the crime. But as to the stealing of the body I am guilty. I am out on bail, and must come up for trial soon, on the charge that I spoke of. However, I am not afraid, as I can defend myself in a manner you little dream of. But being out on bail, I came to see you."

"To tell me more lies."

"To tell you the truth, my dear Major; and I assure you that the truth will surprise you not a little. But, by the way, Major—Dido?"

"She has fled."

"I know it. She was afraid of me."

"Hardly," replied Jen, a trifle spitefully. "You have lost the Voodoo Stone, remember."

"Yes, I was taken advantage of for once in my life. A cunning woman, that Dido. She got permission to see me in prison, and to talk to me alone, under the pretence of seeing me about her evidence. Knowing that I could compel her to do what I wished by means of the Voodoo Stone, I saw her with pleasure, as it was my intention to put the words likely to get me off—to prove my innocence—into her mouth. However, while I was talking to her, she suddenly produced a phial of the devil-stick poison, and threw it in my face. Of course, I instantly became unconscious, and it was then that she wrenched the talisman off my watch-chain."

"Is the poison so quick in its effects, then?"

"I should think so," said Etwald, coldly. "You saw how David fell in court, after wounding his hand. I fell in prison quite as quickly, but as my skin was not scratched, and the drug only took effect through the nostrils, I recovered."

"And when you recovered?"

"The gaoler told me that Dido had called him in, saying that I had fainted. While they were getting me round Dido went off with the Voodoo Stone. Those about the prison had no reason to detain her, so she left. When I found the Voodoo Stone gone," added Etwald, impressively, "I knew that the black wretch would give evidence against me, and that the game was at an end."

"You expected to be hanged?" suggested Jen.

"Well, no," replied the doctor, with wonderful coolness. "I did not expect that. If the worst came to the worst, I knew that I could protect myself; but I must admit that the confession of my counsel, Mr. Sarby, took me somewhat by surprise."

"Poor David!" sighed Jen, thinking of the young man cut off in the bloom of his youth.

"Poor David!" echoed Etwald, with a sneer. "Foolish David, you might say, to die for the sake of a woman."

"Yet you risked death for the same woman."

"I risked danger for the woman's fortune," retorted Etwald, with revelling candor. "It was the money I wanted. But death, no, I did not risk that."

"I am not so sure of that, Etwald. How did you know that David would confess in so dramatic a fashion?"

"I did not know it, Major. As I said before, his confession took me by surprise. Still, as I was innocent, I knew that I could not be hanged."

"Well," said Jen, growing weary of this long-continued conversation, which seemed to lead to nothing, "at all events, you'll not escape a long term of imprisonment."

"Why?" said Etwald, with an agreeable smile. "There are two opinions about that. Mine is that I shall go free. Then, he added, coolly, "I intend to seek Barbadoes, and search for

that black witch in order to recover the Voodoo Stone."

"I hope you'll get the change of going; but I doubt it. However, if you do get as far as the West Indies, you'll find friends there. Mrs. Dallas and her daughter go back to their estates in Barbadoes within the month."

"Really!" said Etwald, again. "Then I may marry her after all."

"She won't have you."

"Oh, I think so. I have a means of compelling her to marry me."

Jen jumped up with a scowl. "I'm tired of your enigmas," he cried, angrily. "What is it you wish to tell me?"

"The name of the person who committed the murder!"

"I know it. David Sarby!"

"Not at all! He accused himself to shield the real person!"

"To shield the assassin?" gasped Jen, thunderstruck. "And who is the assassin?"

"Can't you guess from his self-accusation? Why, the woman he loved!"

"Isabella?"

"Exactly. Isabella Dallas, and none other, killed your boy, Maurice."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Isabella killed Maurice!" said Jen, pushing back his chair. "Impossible, Doctor. You must be mistaken."

"I don't think so!" replied Etwald, dryly. "I saw her do it. So did David."

"You must be mistaken!" insisted the Major once more. "David was in New York on the night when the crime was committed."

"By his own confession in court, David was in the grounds of Mrs. Dallas on that night."

"Yes, yes. You are right!" said Jen, in a bewildered tone. "Still, I cannot believe that Isabella killed Maurice. She loved him dearly, and had no reason to murder him."

"None in the world. Yet she certainly took his life. Come, Major, I won't worry you any longer with inquiries. Dido hypnotized the daughter to commit the crime, as she had willed the mother to steal the devil-stick. Isabella is absolutely ignorant of what she did, and firmly believed that I was the guilty person. Now, of course, she thinks David—by his own confession—is the assassin."

"But David confessed himself guilty to save her?"

"Of course; but Isabella does not know that. She thinks—and, on the face of it, with reason—that David killed Maurice out of jealousy."

"How was it David saw the crime committed?"

"I shall explain," said Etwald. "David found out that Maurice was going to meet Isabella that night, secretly, in the grounds of Mrs. Dallas, near the gate. Determined to see the meeting, and to learn if there was any hope for him, he feigned a journey to New York in order to lull any suspicions which Maurice might have that he was being watched. Instead of going, however, he concealed himself at a spot where he could see the gates, which opened on to the highway. Now," added Etwald, with a side glance at the Major, "it so happened that I also wished to see that meeting."

"How did you know it was about to take place?"

"I learned the fact from Dido. Well, I saw David in his place of concealment, and guessed his reason for coming. Maurice appeared at the rendezvous, and shortly afterwards Isabella, under the hypnotic influence, came down the avenue. In her hand she held the devil-stick, and came swiftly towards Maurice. He, not understanding the deadly weapon with which she was armed, came to meet her with outstretched arms. She thrust the devil-stick before her, and wounded him in the palm of the hand. With a cry he fell—dead."

"Within the gates?" asked the Major, much agitated.

"Yes, within the gates," responded Etwald. "When Isabella had struck the blow, she dropped the devil-stick in the grass where, if you remember, it was found by Battersea. Then she returned to the house by the little path which leads thence through the surrounding trees. The body lay in the bright moonlight, full in the center of the path, not a stone's-throw from the high-road. David and I rushed simultaneously from our hiding-places, and I explained hurriedly that the body must not be found in the grounds. He understood, and we carried the body on to the road. Before we had time to deliberate what was to be done, we heard the noise of approaching footsteps, and afraid—both of us—of being accused of the crime, we fled. Then you came down the road and discovered the corpse."

"Yes, I heard the poor lad's cry," said Jen, simply, "and I ran down at once. You must have been very quick in your movements. I wish both of you had been more open with me."

"I am afraid that would have been impossible, Major," said Etwald, rising. "You were so distracted over the death of Maurice, and so unjust in your hatred of me, that it would have been dangerous to trust you."

"Am I unjust in my hatred of you?" demanded Jen, getting on his feet. "I think not, Dr. Etwald. Your desire to marry Isabella, or, rather, her fortune, has been the cause of all these ills. Dido was only your instrument, whom you compelled to work by means of the Voodoo Stone. That she betrayed you in the end was your punishment. I do not blame her so much as I do you. You alone are responsible for the death of those two poor lads of mine."

"Well, have it your own way," said Etwald, carelessly. "I am a scoundrel

in your eyes, I care say; but if you will permit me to see you to-morrow at 11 o'clock, I shall be able to prove that I am not quite so black as you have painted me."

"I never want to set eyes on you again," said Jen, bluntly.

"Nor will you—after mid-day to-morrow. But you will regret if you do not grant me this interview. If you are wise you will arrange to let me come here to-morrow at 11, and meet Mrs. Dallas and her daughter."

"Both of them will refuse to meet you. You saw Mrs. Dallas to-day, how she behaved."

"Like the fool she is," said the doctor, putting on his hat. "Well, I am going. Will you see me to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, I don't know what possible things you can find to say to me after this interview; but as you make such a point of it, I'll see you."

"And ask Mrs. Dallas and her daughter to be present."

"Yes, I'll try and get them to come."

Later on in the day Jen sent a letter to "The Wigwam," asking Mrs. Dallas to come with her daughter the next morning at 11 o'clock. He did not explain that Dr. Etwald would be present, as he knew the temper of Mrs. Dallas. Whatever might be at stake, even if it were to her own interest, she would refuse to meet the men towards whom she bore so strong a hatred.

Therefore Jen decided to be diplomatic, and keep silent as to the visit of Etwald. During the afternoon a note was brought to Jen, in which Mrs. Dallas promised to come and to bring Isabella.

At 11 o'clock next morning Mrs. Dallas arrived with Isabella, the latter looking wan and ill. Even had the Major not promised to be silent, he could not have brought himself to tell the poor girl the truth at that moment.

After all, she was perfectly innocent, and had committed the crime unwittingly. Dido was the culprit, not Isabella; and the Major felt a profound pity for the miserable girl, who had been made a tool of by the unscrupulous nigger and the evil-minded Etwald.

"Well, Major," said Mrs. Dallas, after the first greetings were over, "what did that wicked man say to you yesterday?"

"He explained how my poor Maurice was killed."

"Ah!" said Isabella, clasping her hands. "I am sure that it was that terrible man who made David kill Maurice. Oh, if I had only met Maurice on that night, I might have prevented the quarrel."

"Did you meet Maurice, my dear?"

"Of course not," replied Isabella, in the most truthful manner. "I did not leave the house, and Dido was with me all the time. I expect Maurice was waiting for me, and that David saw him. No doubt they quarrelled, and then the death took place. I had a nervous headache, and Dido hypnotized me. When I woke up it was too late to see Maurice."

The Major had learned all that he wished to know, and, not wishing to pursue the subject, turned the conversation by explaining that Etwald was coming in a few minutes. Mrs. Dallas rose up in a cold fury.

"Did you ask me here to insult me, Major?"

"I asked you here at the particular request of Dr. Etwald."

"Why? What can he have to say to my mother?" cried Isabella, in surprise.

"Miss Dallas, I know no more than you do; but he evidently desires to make a clean breast of this whole miserable business."

"I have heard quite enough about it," said Mrs. Dallas, marching towards the door, "and I refuse to meet that monster of iniquity!"

(To be continued.)

GIRLS AS VETERINARIES.

They Have Established Free Dispensaries, Where Animals Are Treated.

It hasn't taken long for the story of the free dispensary for animals to get noised abroad. To the headquarters recently opened in this city now goes daily, according to the Philadelphia Record, a stream of visitors, some with sick cats and dogs, others with injured or ailing horses and seeking professional aid for their family pet or their four-footed fellow worker.

At the new dispensary, known as the Caroline Earl White Free Dispensary for Animals, all the dumb invalids are given a welcome and in their turn ministered to by the veterinary surgeon who is in attendance.

But the most interesting feature of this new work is that the services of the regular veterinary who is in attendance are not essential, for the women themselves are ready to play doctor to the sick animals and some of them are as well qualified to do so as any diploma veterinary from the halls of surgical learning. Mrs. Caroline White, the founder of the dispensary, has made a life study of the ailments of animals and during her attendance at the dispensary she is ready at any time to treat a horse or dog or cat brought there sick or injured.

"I don't know whether a woman veterinary surgeon is a rarity or not," said one of the ladies in attendance at the dispensary, "but I can think of few vocations that are more suitable to women than that of ministering to the wants of dumb animals. When we women see a horse brought limping to the dispensary our hearts go out to the poor thing and we are ready to do any kindness in our power to help the wounded one. What could be more appealing than the look in the eyes of a horse or dog or cat suffering agony and unable to help itself? If we have any horror of blood and wounds we soon overcome it when those appealing eyes are turned upon us."

A Business Conference.

"The junior partner wants to see you right away," announced the book-keeper. "I guess it's the bounce for yours."

"Nix," responded the office boy. "He only wants to find out what new players have been signed."—Washington Herald

TAX ON MEN'S INCOMES.

How the Draconic Collection Is Engineered in Great Britain.

The resolution authorizing the collection of income tax for the year April 1, 1909-March 31, 1910, was passed by the House of Commons last night, the London Mail says. Throughout the country the boards of commissioners are anxiously awaiting the instructions of Somerset House, so that they may begin work. The rates of the new tax are:

Unearned income (dividend).....	s. d.
Earned income up to £2,000.....	1 2
Earned income, £2,000-£3,000.....	1 0
All income over £3,000.....	1 2
All income over £5,000, super-tax on every pound over £3,000.....	6

The usual abatements apply to residents in the United Kingdom up to £700 and an extra abatement of £10 is allowed for every child under 16 from incomes over £500.

All the demand notes are prepared, addressed and ready for delivery. The moment they receive the word "Go," the collectors will issue them. The surveyors will have neither the time nor the inclination to allow much delay in payment. Somerset House may decide to act instantly on the strength of the House of Commons resolution or may wait until the finance bill receives the royal assent to-morrow week. The latter course is generally thought to be the more probable.

This is the time of the year at which the collectors give the first turn to the screw in the case of arrears, and as there are now some £23,500,000 to collect, instead of about a tenth of that figure, as usual at this period, the turning of the screw will be emphatic. The powers of a surveyor are drastic. If a man will not or does not pay he will receive a curt demand for the money within five or seven days, with a threat of the usual proceedings in default. If that proves ineffectual the brokers may be put in under a distress warrant, and if there are no effects which can be seized the defaulter will be marched off to prison at once.

Mr. Lloyd George estimates that £350,000 has been irretrievably lost by the delay in the collection of the tax. Many commissioners and surveyors are convinced that this figure is very much understated. Some of them estimate the inevitable loss in their own districts at nearly 10 per cent of the whole. There have been failures and removals and disappearances of taxpayers, and, although the state is patient and persistent in these matters, it is hopeless (say these experts) to think that as much of the money will be recovered as the chancellor seems to contemplate.

Nobody has yet received a form which provides for the claiming of abatements in virtue of children under 16 years of age. When a man entitled to such rebates receives his demand note he must either pay in full and claim the rebate afterward or go to a vast deal of trouble to get the rebate allowed before he pays.

Supertax is to be paid not during the year in which the income is received, but in the year following it, and persons liable to pay it for the year ending March 31, 1910, must make their returns by July 31. So delicate and important will be the work of adjusting this new tax that the officials of Somerset House charged with its management have been instructed to complete their annual halts before the end of May.

Japanese Test of Madness.

Recently at the Tokyo appeal court, before Judge Miyamoto, a farmer named Gisel Haseba, 26 years old, convicted of murdering his parents-in-law and severely injuring his wife at Oatogori, Saltama prefecture, in 1908, appealed from the judgment of the Uwajima local court, where he was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Since April last year, during the public trial of the accused, he has uttered a single word. This attitude led the judge and the public prosecutor to conclude that he feigned madness as the last resort, hoping to get released. He was medically examined by Dr. Kure and Dr. Miyake, and in this examination Dr. Miyake adopted a singular method.

There is a belief that the blood of a venomous snake is soluble with that of an ordinary man, but not with that of a madman. The doctor applied this principle to the examination of the suspected lunatic, and sure enough from the blood of the venomous snake did not dissolve in the blood of the accused. Thus the doctor concluded that he was really mad.

The other doctor also gave evidence about the lunacy of the defendant. The judge ordered that the trial should be postponed until the accused was recovered from his abnormal condition.—Japan Advertiser.

The Chinaman's Will—A Puzzle.
A Chinaman, dying, left eleven sheep and three sons and, making a will, left one-half of his estate to his eldest son, one-fourth to the next and one-sixth to the third son. They wished to divide without killing a sheep, but could not see how to do it, so they sent for a wise man. Sending to his own fold for a sheep, he put it in with the eleven. Now take your half—six, said he to the eldest, and he did so; the second, take your fourth—three; the younger, take your sixth and be gone—two, and they all did so, when the wise man drove his own sheep home.

Was the division according to the will?

Hope is an excellent thing to have, but it is one of the things a pawnbroker will not advance anything on.

The expert accountant who is called in to balance a set of books never figures on having a steady job.

LOMBROSO ABSENT-MINDED.

Criminologist Took No Thought of Money—Amusing Adventures.

One side of the late Prof. Lombroso's character little known to outsiders made him adored by his children, especially his two daughters, who looked after him as though he were a child.

His two greatest domestic characteristics were disregard of appearances and absent-mindedness, says a London letter to the New York Sun. When he was invited out in the evening it was the work of two or three days to get him keyed up to putting on his dress clothes, and even then he was capable of weakening at the last moment and going out just as he happened to find himself.

Once when going to Rome he lost his overcoat, but was not in the least discouraged, as he entered the first shop of ready-made clothing and bought the top-most warm thing which came to hand without even looking at it. It proved to be a long, bright, bottle-green cloak, which came down to his heels and in which he looked, with his broad-brimmed felt hat, like a figure attired for the carnival.

His absent-mindedness was so great that when under the care of the home circle he never attempted to look after the money and would even leave the house to go shopping without ever looking to see if he had his purse with him. Naturally when he traveled the consequences for his pocket were disastrous. He invariably arrived home without a penny, no matter how much he had taken with him, having either lost it or had it stolen.

In Vienna once he lost his purse, which frightened him so that when he recovered it he resorted to the expedient of dividing his funds into various small sums, which he concealed about his person in all kinds of unlikely places, so that at least he would not lose it all at one time. There was a note in the lining of his hat, another in his boot, several pinned to his shirt, and so on, but, notwithstanding this, he arrived home in his usual penniless condition.

The Midnight Sun.
The midnight sun is not visible south of the polar circle. It is above the horizon throughout the twenty-four hours at Bodo from June 3 to July 7, at Tromsø from the 19th of May to the 22d of July and at the North Cape from the 12th of May to the 29th of July. There are corresponding periods during December, January and November when the sun is not seen, but the darkness of the winter is by no means so great as might be imagined. The whiteness of the snow and the glimmer of the northern lights make a sort of perpetual twilight.

Wise Man.
"You made a great hit with the birthday presents you gave your aunts."

"Yes, I think I sized up their wants pretty accurately."

"What did you give the beautiful one?"

"A silver-mounted mirror."

"That was a good lunch, and what did you give the ugly one?"

"A silver-mounted mirror."—Houston Post.

The Modern Child.
"Where do you live, my little man?"

"I ain't got no regular home."

"Haven't any home? Why, that's strange. You have good clothes to wear and you look as if you had plenty to eat."

"Yes, but part of the time I stay with mamma and part of the time papa has me, and the rest of the time I'm in the custody of the court."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Thackeray's Correction.
A distinguished foreigner visiting Epsom Downs in Thackeray's company noticed, St. James' Budget affirms many men dressed as sailors who were not, to native and experienced eyes, the real article.

"Ah," said the visitor, "these are, I suppose, what you call your British tars?"

"Oh, no," replied Thackeray. "Only Epsom salts."

His Qualification.
"I'd like to get a job on a newspaper."

"Had any experience as a journalist?"

"None."

"Then what could you do on a newspaper?"

"Seems to me that I could dish out excellent advice of some kind."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Common Law.
The common law of England is an ancient collection of unwritten maxims and customs of British, Saxon and Danish origin, which, by long use and approval, have become fundamental in English jurisprudence. Many of the principles of the English common law hold in this country and throughout the English-speaking world as well.

A Heavyweight.
"And then," she said, in telling of the romantic episode, "she sprang to his arms."

"She did?"

"Of course. Do you doubt it?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "but after seeing her I can't help thinking that it must have jarred him quite a bit."—Chicago Post.

Overdid It.
Trusty Henchman—Here is the statement, Senator, of your necessary campaign expenses.

Senator Lotsum (looking it over)—It's more than that, I see. It's a statement of my entire expenses. We—arranged, you will remember, at least a dozen more votes than were actually necessary.—Chicago Tribune.

Perplexing Case.
Professor (after calling on Blann and waiting for him to recite)—Seems to me, Blann, you ought to be able to answer my question, with all the prompting you're getting back there.

Blann—Well, professor, there's such a difference of opinion around me that—
—The Gargoyle.

Slight Coolness Between Them Now.
Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego—Do you know, I have never seen my husband without his beard. Some day I am going to ask him to shave it off, so I can see what he really looks like.

Mrs. Seldom-Holmes—O, no; don't do that! You'll be sorry, I know him before he ever had any beard.

So It Seemed.
Rankin—There's one thing that hasn't gone up in price, anyway. I can still (puff) buy a 5-cent cigar for a nickel.

Natural Uprising.
"Do you believe any one can bring about the levitation of tables by means of spirits?"

"Certainly, if they get to falling too heavily under them and try too hard to get up."—Baltimore American.

Appropriate Decoration.
"I see where 'Cook hats' are to be all the rage this winter. I wonder how they will be trimmed."

"I should judge with wreaths of the ice plant."

Very sheer white muslin and embroidered flouncing are used in this dainty lingerie dress.
The hat is a combination of ecru straw and plaited net ruffles. A small bunch of pink flowers nestles under the lace on the right side. The ribbon on the crown and at the waist, is also pink.