The Wand of Sleep
OR
The Devil-Stick

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

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

But she was too late, for before she could escape from the room, Dr. Etwald—as smiling and composed as ever—entered the door. He placed himself quietly before the enraged Mrs. Dallas.

"Do not go, madam," said he, quietly. "I have something to show you."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Dallas, her curiosity—like that of the Major—getting the better of her rage.

"You will see in a few minutes, Miss Dallas, you pale. I hope soon to bring back the roses to your cheeks. Major—"

"Don't speak to me, you scoundrel, until you tell me what you have done with the body of my boy."

"You shall know in a few minutes, Major. Indeed, I think it is about time that this comedy should end!"

"Comedy!" echoed Mrs. Dallas, in scorn. "You mean tragedy!"

"I mean no such thing," retorted Etwald, opening the door. "All true comedies end in the meeting of lovers. There is my explanation."

The three people gave a simultaneous cry of amazement and delight, for there, on the threshold of the room, alive and well, stood—Maurice Aylmer.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"My Dear Major Jen—In the joy with which you and Miss Dallas hailed the appearance of the man whom you thought dead, I was—for the time being—quite forgotten; and very naturally, too. Profiting by the occasion, I left the room and went to the bedroom where Mr. Sarby lay in a trance, similar to that into which Mr. Aylmer had fallen, both trances being caused by the poison of the devil-stick. As you have learned from his own lips, I revived him, as I revived his friend; so now, my good Jen, you have your two boys with you again, alive and well. The comedy is finished; and was I not right in denying to these past events the misleading name of tragedy?

"Naturally, you will wish to know how the dead came to be alive, and for what reason I behaved as I did. Well, here you shall find the whole explanation so fully given that there will be no necessity for you to seek me. Indeed, if you do so, you will not find me, as by the time you receive this letter I shall be well on my way to New York. Thence it is my intention to go abroad, and—as I told you at our last meeting—you will never see me again. When you finish this letter, you will, no doubt, be glad of this, and it is just as well that I should remain beyond your reach.

"I am—as you know—a physician, but I am also what you may not know—a man of genius. I have brains, but no money; and for experiments in chemistry, money, I regret to say, is extremely necessary. This being the case, I have needed money, and that in large quantities, all my life. As I could not make it for myself—not having the mercantile instinct—I resolved to gain it by making a rich marriage. For many years I have traveled the world. Like Ulysses, I have known men and cities, and some years ago, Chance—a deity at whose shrine I always pay my devotions—led me to Barbadoes. While there I was attracted, as I always am by the weird and mysterious, by the superstitions of the African race. I studied the cult of Obi, the belief of the Voodoo Stone, and by a strange chain of circumstances, which I need not relate, I gained possession of that powerful talisman which is known to all negroid America. With this stone in my possession I was king—so to speak—of all the black race. This power I determined to use to my own advantage, and through it to make a rich marriage.

"I discovered that Mrs. Dallas was the richest women in the West Indies, that she had one fair and marriageable daughter, and that mother and daughter were under the influence of a negress called Dido, who was a profound believer in the cult of Obi. I determined, therefore, to bend the negress to my will by means of the Voodoo Stone, and to marry the daughter. Unfortunately, Mrs. Dallas and her child were in America. So thither I went in order to prosecute my suit, and obtain a rich wife in the person of Miss Isabella Dallas. From information obtained in Barbadoes I found where they were living, so to their town I repaired, and established myself as a physician. I made the acquaintance of yourself, of Mr. Aylmer, and Mr. Sarby, and also of Mrs. Dallas and her daughter, the young and charming girl whom I intended to make my wife.

"But here, as you may guess, I found an unexpected obstacle. The young lady was in love with Mr. Aylmer, and would have nothing to do with an elderly bachelor like myself. I determined to remove that obstacle; not by death, but by gentler means which would do away with all risk, and place Miss Dallas in my power. Need I say that I allude to the devil-stick?

"I knew that you possessed it, my dear Major, as I had been informed of its existence and of its owner by Dido. Over this negress, by means of the Voodoo Stone, I possessed complete power. She was ready to do whatever I wanted, and I employed her in forwarding my schemes. Her grandmother had come from Ashantee, the native country of the wand of sleep, and knew all about it; also she knew how to prepare the poison. These secrets she transmitted to Dido, and I resolved to obtain the devil-stick, to make Dido prepare fresh poison, and to use the stick against my rival, Mr. Aylmer.

"And now a word about his poison. It does not kill, but merely places its victim in a trance state, which so closely resembles death that not even the most expert doctor can tell the difference. If the trance continues the victim dies—but there is an antidote—which, by the way, I obtained from Dido—and this antidote, if used in time, can restore the victim from a state of catalepsy to his pristine vigor. I had made up my mind to use the stick, and so, as I was anxious to give Mr. Aylmer a chance of escape, I prophesied to him a state of life in death. This phrase describes exactly the trance state of those wounded by the devil-stick—impregnated with its poison.

"However, Mr. Aylmer did not take my warning and leave off courting Miss Dallas. On the contrary, he announced his engagement, and carried off the young lady in triumph. As you may guess from what I have said before, I doomed him from that hour. I made Dido hypnotize Mrs. Dallas in order to have the devil-stick stolen. If you remember, Major, I offered to buy it, but as you refused, I had to have it stolen. In order to compromise the mother, I arranged that she should steal it. She did, and without having the slightest notion that she was committing the crime. When Dido obtained the devil-stick she filled it with the poison. Then she—by my directions—hypnotized Miss Dallas, put the devil-stick into her hand, and sent her forth to kill Mr. Aylmer. But I should not say kill—as you know the devil-stick cannot kill—let us say to cast Mr. Aylmer into a trance. By this ingenious plot—you must admit, Major, that it is ingenious—I got rid of the lover, and obtained a hold over mother and daughter.

"But to make a long story short, I had the body of Mr. Aylmer stolen, with the aid of Dido, in order to revive my rival. I did not wish him to die, so I took away his body, and kept him in the trance for some weeks, feeding him in the meantime so as to preserve life. While I was in prison, Dido attended to him by my orders. Mr. Aylmer was not concealed in my house; so that is why the police had a useless search for the body. Where was he concealed? Ah, that is my secret.

"After the trial, seeing that Mr. Sarby had behaved so foolishly, I decided to abandon the game. Evidently there was no chance of my winning the hand of Miss Dallas; and also I did not wish Sarby to die. But if I revived him I would have to revive Maurice also, the more so as I did not want to stand my trial for stealing his body. The rest of my story you know. I revived Maurice and brought him to you; so I suppose he will now marry Miss Dallas. I also revived David to have the satisfaction of seeing the women he loved in the arms of another. In both cases the antidote was efficacious. So now, my dear Major, as I said before, you have your two dear boys once more in the flesh, and I hope you are satisfied. Did I not tell you that the devil is not so black as he is painted?

"Well, my plot has failed, and now I am departing to look anew for a rich wife. Also to find Dodo, and get back the Voodoo Stone, of which she robbed me. You will never meet me again, and I dare say you won't be sorry to see the back of me. And now, my dear Major, I fancy I have told you all, and you know the meaning of the many mysteries which have puzzled you for so long. There remains only to say adieu, and remain your evil genius,

"Max Etwald."

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"Barbadoes.

"My Dear Major Jen—It is over a year since I wrote you my explanatory letter from Deanminster, and I little thought that it would be necessary for me to write you again, least of all from this place. But here I came in search of Dido; and here I found Mrs. Dallas, and to my profound astonishment, her daughter—still Miss Dallas. I sought an explanation. They would not give me one. In despair—having received the most uncivil reception—I left them. Then, to my surprise, I ran across Mr. David Sarby.

"He was glad to see me, and thanked me for bringing him back from the grave. I, on my side, complimented him for saving my neck from the hangman's noose. The first greetings thus being over, he told me the news which concerned those who were implicated in our little comedy. I confess that the news surprised me; and I write you for an explanation.

"In the first place, I learned from Mr. Sarby that Isabella Dallas refused to marry Mr. Aylmer, and that, far from being offended, he appeared to be be glad of the release from his engagement. I also learned that he had since married Meg Brance, who has always been so deeply in love with him. Will you be so kind, my dear Major, as to explain this sudden misplacing of Mr. Aylmer's affections?

"I learn also from Mr. Sarby that he has prevailed upon Miss Dallas, the deserted Ariadne of Mr. Aylmer, to reward his long devotion by giving him her hand. I heard that they are to be married within the month, and that the match is one which meets with the full approbation of Mrs. Dallas. Under these circumstances, I am afraid that there is no chance of my marrying Miss Dallas; so I must content myself with searching for another wife.

"I found in my brief interview with Miss Dallas that she had learned how she had tried to kill Mr. Aylmer while under the hypnotic influence of Dido. Perhaps this knowledge broke off the match, and the young couple took a dislike to one another from the peculiar circumstances of that night. Certainly—hypnotism or not—one would not care to marry a woman who had attempted one's life; so that, I conjecture, is the reason for Mr. Aylmer's withdrawal. Also, Miss Dallas must have had a horror of seeing constantly before her the man whom—innocently enough—she tried to kill. Hence her refusal to marry your dear Maurice. Am I wrong in these ideas? I think not. Still, I should like an explanation from you. As I shall be here for some months—searching for the Voodoo Stone and Dido—please send your letter to Barbadoes, directed to your anxious inquirer Max Etwald."

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"Barbadoes.

"My Dear Major Jen—It is now some months since I wrote you, making certain inquiries, but you have not been courteous enough to gratify my curiosity. That is cruel of you; Miss Dallas is now Mrs. Sarby, the other lady is now Meg Aylmer; yet you will not tell me how this strange transfer of wives came about. Never mind, I am sure the explanation I fancied in my last letter is the correct one. But you are a rude correspondent.

"I shall return good for evil, and tell you that I have regained possession of the Voodoo Stone. Dido is dead; killed by her own excitement at an Obi orgie. I am now the King of the Black Race throughout the world, by possession of the Stone, and to you I shall remain, for the last time, my dear Major, Max Etwald."

(The end.)

HOW SHE KNEW A NEW YORKER

An Easterner Just Couldn't Tell How a Western Woman "Guessed" It.

It was New Year's eve and no extraordinary gift of telepathy or intuition was required to guess that he was sighing for Rector's, Martin's or the Cafe de l'Opera. Give him half a chance and he'd confide that there was no place like Broadway on a night like this. Yet here he was, far from the luminous lane, condemned by fate to be taking a train out of Kansas City for Denver, and while the revelers of the Rialto were hurrying into their evening clothes for the annual carnival he boarded a sleeping car and threw his luggage into the section which he had reserved. It happened, however, to be already occupied by a Kansas City girl who was going out of town for a New Year's house party, the Times of that city says. When he of the Yiddish cast of countenance, the ostentatiously silk-lined top-coat, the showy little finger ring, the exuberant hand luggage, and the unmistakable air of proprietorship appeared, the interloper murmured an apologetic explanation that she was only a local passenger getting off at the second stop and started to find another seat. But he politely insisted upon her remaining and to make her feel welcome launched into the usual formula of questions as to her destination and place of residence, with which every chance traveling acquaintance opens.

The conversation might just as well have stopped there, as far as she was concerned, but it was not to be.

"This is an unusual New Year's eve for me," he went on. "I certainly would like to be at home to-night."

"Oh, yes!" she returned pleasantly. "New York will, of course, be very gay."

He stared at her in astonishment. "Why, how did you know I was from New York?" he demanded.

She hated to tell him all the reasons, so she merely laughed and asked, "Who wouldn't?" leaving him to the inevitable conclusion that there is something individual and differentiated about the New Yorker which even an unsophisticated Kansas City girl instinctively recognizes. And she said not a word about the Hebraic physiognomy, the ostentatious silk lining, the conspicuous little finger ring, the exuberant luggage or the typically proprietary manner which betrayed him as one of those favored of the gods who know their Broadway as you know your back yard.

The Inquisitive Antelope.

An antelope is as curious as a woman. If the hunter will lie down in the grass and wave a red handkerchief a band of antelopes will keep circling around until within reasonable distance for a safe shot. After completing a circle the antelopes halt suddenly and bring down one fore foot with a vigorous stamp on the ground, and at the same instant they make a sort of snort that sounds like a half whistle. That is the propitious moment for peppering them with rifle balls.

The Last Straw.

An attendant at a Kansas institute for the deaf and dumb was undergoing a pointless rapid fire inquisition at the hands of a female visitor.

"But how do you summon these poor mutes to church?" she asked finally, with what was meant to be a pitying glance at the inmates near by.

"By ringing the dumbbells, madam," retorted the exasperated attendant.—Judge.

A Curious Royal Custom.

When any Spanish sovereign dies the body is at once submitted to the process of fossilization, nor can it be placed in the royal pantheon until the body has been absolutely turned into stone. Curiously enough, the period required for fossilization varies considerably. Some royal bodies have become solidified in a very short period, while others have taken years before the fossilization took place.

She Had the Price.

In vain they told the heiress that the duke was an impostor and worse. "Why," said a friend, "I have read there is a price upon his head." But the heiress, all serene, only answered: "I have the price!"—Young's Magazine.

Leisure will always be found by persons who know how to employ their time; those who want time are the people who do nothing.—Mme Roland.

Farm and Garden

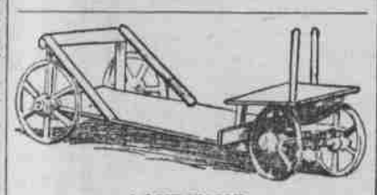
A Low Wagon.

A low wagon is a decided advantage at times on the farm if the roads are firm. With a low wheeled rig a man can go into a hay field or corn field and load the rack with half the labor involved with high wheels. Of course a small wheel will sink deeper into the mud and drop into a furrow or small depression that a large wheel will bridge over.

The wagon illustrated is built out of the ordinary farm wagon with full size wheel: First, make an axle nine and a half feet long, with skeins that will fit your wheels. Take two timbers eighteen feet long, relatively as strong as 6x8 pine (round timbers will answer if you have them on your farm), hang these under the axle near the skeins with five-eighths round iron clips with burrs underneath. Four or six inch blocks may be put between the axle and timbers, which will make them still lower. Chamfer the front ends and bolt together, forming a triangle.

Hang the front end under the front axle by means of a strong, short reach bolted firmly to the timbers just behind the circular part of front hounds. The king-bolt goes through the reach and serves to draw the rear part, but the weight is supported by a coupling in front of the axle. This consists of a heavy eye bolt and large triangular link, which is looped over the projecting end of the reach in front of axle. Cover the timber with a tight floor eight feet wide, as far as possible, without interfering with the turning of the front wheels against the timbers. Deck over the front wheels, resting the decking on a false bolster. All the decking is of sound inch boards, with a strip nailed under the ends of boards to protect them.

For hay, use stakes in rear, with 2x6 bolted cross-wise, and 2x4 fastened from top of same to the deck to shield



A LOW WAGON.

the wheels. This part may be removed when hauling commodities other than hay. Three short posts may be set in ground with inclined bars and the wagon driven or backed upon same to raise it from the ground, when the wagon can be changed quickly and much more easily than the ordinary rack can be lifted on or off. This wagon may be used for hauling silage, corn, and, in the absence of a spreader, for hauling manure, having no sideboards to bother with.

Figuring Cost of Crop.

Dr. H. C. Price of the Ohio Agricultural College has charged his farm land with 35 cents per hour for man and team and the market price for the products grown, and gets the following results: One sixty acres of corn yield was 79.8 bushels per acre, which cost $20.39 to produce, and was valued at $49.47. This showed a clear profit of $29.08 per acre. On clover hay he raised 3.1 tons per acre on fifteen acres. This cost $6.33 and produced $25.26, or a profit of $18.93 per acre. His twelve acres of wheat averaged 15.29 bushels at a cost of $12.90 per acre, and with a yield of $16.52 per acre showed a profit of $2.63. On oats he had a yield of 20.7 on eight acres. The cost was $12.13, the proceeds $12.56 and the profits 43 cents per acre. With 6.4 acres of potatoes his yield averaged 83.3 bushels, which cost $57.67 and yielded $84.89, with profit of $27.22 per acre. In his locality this would seem to indicate that all crops pay, but that corn is the most profitable, with potatoes second and oats with almost no profit.

Home-Made Cheese Press.

Feed Material.

The various feeding materials give results more according to quality than to amount provided the stock. Properly cured corn fodder, hay that was put in the mow at just the right condition and grain that is free from mold or smut, will produce greater gain at less cost than articles that are not of good quality. No rule for feeding, according to weight of the animal, can be depended upon, but the more food an animal consumes the greater its ability to produce if the food itself is not deficient in nutrition.

Raising Pheasants.

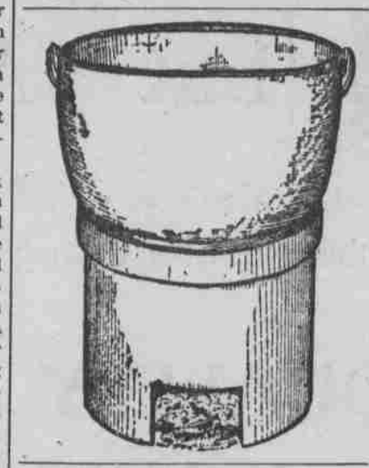
The profits of raising pheasants have attracted attention from government experts. It is found that there is a good demand for these birds to stock parks, game preserves and private estates, besides the regular market demand for pheasants as game, and it is claimed the general demand is increasing. The Department of Agriculture has issued a booklet giving practical information on raising pheasants, Farmers' Bulletin, No. 690

Farm Products Exports.

Exports of farm products from the United States have increased from an average of $150,000,000 a year in the five-year period from 1851 to 1855 to more than $1,000,000,000 in 1908, according to the Department of Agriculture. The increase in exports has been greater than the increase in population. In 1851-55 the average value per capita of agricultural exports was $5.85; in 1901-05 it was $10.88. Exports of packing house products have increased from $10,000,000 in the 1851-55 period to $196,000,000 in 1908, the principal items in this group being pork, beef and oleo oil. Since 1905 there has been a decline in the exports of beef, but the balance of trade favors foreign countries by nearly $200,000,000 in the year ending June 30, 1909, according to the advance sheets of the report of the New York Chamber of Commerce. The report will show that imports into the United States increased $18,085,245 over 1908, while exports for 1909 fell off $175,358,326.

Outdoor Fireplace for a Kettle.

When a kettle is used in the open air for heating water, or boiling maple sirup, there is considerable of



the heat wasted, unless a furnace of some kind is built about the fire. The accompanying sketch illustrates a furnace made of an ordinary drain or sewer tile. The diameter of the tile must be of such a size as to let the largest part of the rounding bottom set inside. Dig out a hole in the earth under the tile, says Popular Mechanics, or break a piece out of the tile to make an opening to feed the fire and for the draft.

Combination Hog House.

I have two pastures that have no shade trees in them. It is very convenient, however, for me to run the hogs on them during the summer. For a while I used make-shift shapes in the fence corners, but one winter I was building four movable breeding houses and I hit upon a plan by which I could use them in the summer as shade.

All four sides were made on hinges, as shown in the drawing, and in the summer these sides are fastened up. Quite a large number of hogs can find shelter in one of these houses in the

HOG HOUSE IN SUMMER.

summer, and in winter they are just as warm as can be when used for the pigs.—John Y. Beaty, in Farm and Home.

Dairying in Holland.

Dairying in Holland is the principal occupation. The land is worth from $500 to $1,000 an acre, yet the people pay their rents or interest on the investment, by producing butter and cheese, which they place on the European markets in successful competition with that produced in America on land less than one-fifth the value. The secret is—efficient cows, excellent care, co-operation and superiority of butter and cheese. A cow stable in America is usually an untidy, uninviting and in many cases absolutely filthy place, where, to the disgrace of civilization, human food is produced. In Holland a cow stable is as clean and carefully cared for as any other room in the house.

Date Cake.

Cream one-half cup of butter with one and one-half cups of sugar, add the beaten yolks of four eggs and beat again. Add one cup of milk, two and one-quarter cups of flour sifted with four level teaspoons of baking powder, then one-half pound of dates chopped and one-half teaspoon of almond flavoring. Bake in thin sheets, cover with a thick icing, and decorate with stoned dates. Cut in squares.

Notes of the Farm Dairy.

The best cows are the ones that the careful dairyman raises for himself.

The best flavored butter in the world is made in private dairies—and the worst, too.

The silo enables the farmer to carry more head of stock than he otherwise could be able to do.

To produce their full milk-giving capacity, cows should be kept as free from disturbance as possible.

No one man can develop a cow into a high producer unless that cow had an inherited quality of development to start with.

The cow with a good appetite is apt to be the cheapest butter producer. Cows that are "finicky" are not apt to be profitable.

The Weekly Historian

1621—Christening of first child born of French parents in Quebec.

1672—War declared in Boston against the Dutch; the first declaration of war in the colonies....Union between the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth and Connecticut.

1680—Elizabeth Morse imprisoned in Boston for witchcraft.

1778—The British under Sir Henry Clinton held a council of war and decided to evacuate Philadelphia.

1787—First cotton mill in the United States started at Beverly, Mass.

1793—A Democratic society was formed in Philadelphia.

1800—Connecticut yielded all claim to Western territory....First municipal court established in Boston.

1819—Cornerstone laid for the Pennsylvania State capitol at Harrisburg.

1835—Railroad line between Boston and Lowell opened for traffic.

1838—Earl of Durham arrived in Canada to assume his office as governor-general.

1845—Fire in Quebec destroyed more than 1,600 houses....Sir John Franklin sailed on his last expedition to the Arctic.

1846—A convention met at Albany to revise the constitution of New York.

1848—Maj.-Gen Winfield Scott received by the municipal authorities of New York.

1859—First sod of the Georgian Bay canal was turned near Toronto.

1861—Savannah blockaded by Federal squadron....Union troops destroyed the railroad between Alexandria and Leesburg, Pa.

1862—Gen. Banks defeated at Winchester and driven across the Potomac.

1864—Nathaniel Hawthorne buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Mass....Sidney Edgerton appointed first governor of Montana territory.

1865—Galveston, Texas, surrendered to the Federal troops.

1869—The Massachusetts State Senate refused to grant the right of suffrage to women.

1878—One hundred houses destroyed by tornado at Richmond, Va.

1881—Award of $15,000 made for the attack on American fishermen in Fortune Bay.

1886—Haymarket anarchists indicted in Chicago for murder.

1888—Boston Corbett, slayer of J. Wilkes Booth, escaped from an asylum in Topeka.

1889—Flood at Johnstown, Pa., resulting from the breaking of a dam, destroyed 2,295 lives.

1891—The "modus vivendi" coercion act passed by both branches of the Newfoundland Legislature.

1892—The "High-Water Mark" monument at Gettysburg dedicated.

1893—Body of Jefferson Davis taken from the tomb in New Orleans for removal to Richmond.

1896—Coronation of the Emperor and Empress of Russia at Moscow.

1898—Gladstone's body lay in state in London.

1899—French Court of Cassation decided in favor of the revision of the Dreyfuss verdict....More than one hundred buildings in St. John, N. B., destroyed by fire.

1900—Welland canal dynamiters sentenced to life imprisonment.... Gen. John B. Gordon elected commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans.

1905—W. W. B. McInnes appointed governor of the Yukon Territory. ....President Roosevelt offered his services as a mediator to end the war between Japan and Russia.

1909—William Lorimer elected United States Senator from Illinois after four months' deadlock....Andrew Carnegie gave $1,000,000 for a hero fund in France....Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition opened in Seattle....Great street car strike was begun in Philadelphia.

Labor

Bakers' International Union has decided to start the six-day working week in New Orleans, La.

It is reported that the union label section of the A. F. of L., not yet a year old, has a membership of 500,000.

The young women and girls employed in the tobacco factories of Toronto, Canada, have decided to organize a union.

In Sioux Falls, S. D., there are twenty-seven unions, and Aberdeen, Lead, Huron and Deadwood are all well organized.

A labor party has recently been organized in Toronto, Canada, and it intends to take an active part in the next municipal campaign, with the expectation of getting a number of candidates from the ranks of labor in municipal offices.

International President George L. Berry, of the Pressmen and Assistants' Union, has notified subordinate unions that an assessment of one day's pay will be levied between the 22d and 28th of next May, to be devoted toward the building of a home for tuberculosis patients and aged members.