

The Wand of Sleep

OR

The Devil-Stick

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



THE WAND OF SLEEP is a story of the most unique construction, original plot and peculiar action. It deals with that strange phase of West Indies life known as "fetich," or "voodooism." A beautiful girl is beloved by three different men, two of whom fall victims to the effects of the devil-stick, or the "wand of sleep," as it is called. The girl's nurse, full of the superstition of her dark race, is a forbidding but fascinating character in this striking romance.

This serial will be welcomed for its novelty and freshness. It is full of stirring episodes, is well conceived and brilliantly written. It must receive great interest from readers who love a lively story, embellished with action and incidents that verge on the marvelous.

CHAPTER I

Laurence Jen was a retired major, a bachelor, and the proprietor of a small estate. He had been all over the world, a soldier in African campaigns, as in South American insurrections. On leaving the service he decided that it was better to be a Triton in the country than a minnow in town; and acting upon this theory, he purchased "Ashantee" from a ruined stock broker. Formerly the place had been called Sarbylands, after its original owners; but Jen had changed the name, in honor of a campaign in which he had participated.

He had been present at the downfall of King Koffee in Africa; he had contracted during the expedition an ague which tormented him greatly during his later life, and he had received a wound and a medal. In gratitude for these gifts of fortune, the Major, with some irony, had converted the name Sarbylands into the barbaric appellation of a West African kingdom; and here, for many years, he lived with his two boys.

These lads, named respectively Maurice Aylmer and David Sarby, were in no way related to the Major, but they had entered into his life in rather an odd fashion. Aylmer was the son of a beautiful girl with whom Jen had been passionately in love, but she did not return his affection, and married one of his brother officers, who was afterwards killed in the Ashantee War. Jen cherished a hope that she would re-cherish his love by a second marriage, but the shock of her husband's death proved too much for the fragile widow. She died within a week after receiving the terrible news, and left behind her a walling infant, which was consigned to the cold charity of indifferent relatives.

It was then that the Major displayed the goodness of his heart and the nobility of his character. Forgetting his own sorrows, he obtained permission from the relatives to adopt the child, and to take charge of the trifle of property coming to the lad. Then he bought Sarbylands, set estate and house in order under the name of "Ashantee," and devoted his life to cherishing and training the lad in whose blue eyes he saw a look of his dead love. This Platonic affection, begotten by the deathless memory of the one passion of his life, filled his existence completely, and rendered him entirely happy.

With regard to David Sarby, he had passed with the estate to Jen. The boy's father, a drunkard, and a confirmed gambler, had been forced, through his vices, to sell his ancestral home; and within a year of the sale he had dissipated the purchase money in debauchery. Afterwards, like the sordid and pitiful coward he had always proved himself to be, he committed suicide, leaving his only son—whose mother had long since been worried into her grave—a pauper, and an orphan.

The collateral branches of the old Sarby family had died out; the relatives on the mother's side refused to have anything to do with a child, who—heredity went for anything—might prove to be a chip of the old block, and little David might have found himself thrown on the parish, but that Major Jen, pitying the forlorn condition of the child, saved him from so ignominious a fate. His heart and his house were large enough to receive another pensioner, so he took David back to the old deserted mansion, and presented him to Maurice as a new playfellow. Henceforth the two boys grew to manhood under the devoted care of the cheerful old bachelor, who had protected their helpless infancy.

The Major was fairly well-to-do, having considerable private property, and he determined, in the goodness of his heart, that "the boys," as he fondly called them, should have every advantage in starting life. He sent them both to school, and later called upon them to choose their professions. Maurice, more of an athlete than a scholar, selected the army, and the delighted Major highly approved of his choice. Of a more reflective nature and studious mind, David wished to become a lawyer.

Both lads proved themselves worthy of Jen's goodness, and were soon in active exercise of the professions which they had chosen. Maurice joined a regiment, and David was admitted to the bar. Then the Major

was thankful. His boys were provided for, and it only remained that each should marry some charming girl, and bring their families to gladden an old bachelor's heart at "Ashantee." The Major had many day-dreams of this sort; but, alas! they were destined never to be fulfilled. Fate began her work of casting into dire confusion the hitherto placid lives of the two young men.

Frequently the young barrister and the soldier came to visit their guardian, for whom they both cherished a deep affection. On the occasion of each visit Jen was accustomed to celebrate their presence by a small festival, to which he would ask two or three friends. With simple craft, the old man would invite also pretty girls, with their mothers; in the hope that his lads might be lured into matrimony.

The Major was a confirmed bachelor, but he did not intend that his boys should follow so bad an example. He wished Maurice to marry Miss Isabella Dallas, a charming blonde from the West Indies; and David he designed as the husband of Meg Brance. But Jen was mistaken in thinking that he could guide the erratic affections of youth, as will hereafter be proved. Sure enough, the lads fell in love, but with the same woman—a state of things not anticipated by the Major, who was too simple to be a matchmaker.

On this special occasion, however, no ladies were present at the little dinner, and besides Jen and his two boys, Dr. Etwald was the only guest. About this man with the strange name there is something to be said. He was tall, he was thin, with a dark lean face, and fiery, watchful dark eyes. For three years he had been wasting his talents in the neighboring town when he should have been shouldering his way above the crowd of mediocrities in the metropolis. The man was dispassionate, brilliant, and persevering; he had in him the makings, not only of a great physician, but of a great man; and he was wasting his gifts in a dull provincial town. No one knew who Etwald was, or whence he came, or why he wasted his talents, and such secret past, which he declined to yield up to the most persistent questioner, accentuated the distrust caused by his somber looks and curt speeches. Provincial society is intolerant of originality.

Etwald had become acquainted with Jen professionally, and having cured the Major of one of his frequent attacks of ague, he had passed from being a mere medical attendant into a closer relationship of a friend. The boys had met him once or twice, but neither of them cared much for his somber personality, and they were not overpleased to find that the Major had invited the man to meet them on the occasion of this special dinner.

But Jen—good simple soul—was rather taken with Etwald's mysticism, and, moreover, pitied his loneliness. Therefore he welcomed this intellectual pariah to his house and board; and on this fine June evening Etwald was enjoying an excellent dinner in the company of three cheerful companions.

Major Jen sustained the burden of conversation, for Maurice was absent-minded, and David, physiognomically inclined—was silently attempting to read the inscrutable countenance of Etwald. As for the latter, he sat with his brilliant eyes steadily fixed upon Maurice. The young man felt uneasy under the mesmeric gaze of the doctor, and kept twisting and turning in his seat. Finally he broke out impatiently in the midst of the Major's babble, and asked Etwald a direct question.

"Does my face remind you of anyone?" he demanded, rather sharply.

"Yes, Mr. Aylmer!" replied Etwald, deliberately. "It reminds me of a man who died!"

"Dear me!" said Jen, with a sympathetic look. "Was he a friend of yours, Doctor?"

"Well, no, Major, I can't say that he was. In fact," added Etwald, with the air of a man making a simple statement, "I hated him!"

"Not!" said Maurice, promptly. "All rubbish!" added the Major. "What do you say, Mr. Sarby?" asked Etwald, turning to the lawyer. "I am a skeptic also," said David, with a laugh. "And you?" "I am a believer."

Here Etwald rose and crossed over to where Maurice was sitting. The young man, guessing his errand, held out his left hand with a smile. Etwald scrutinized it closely, and returned to his seat.

"Life in death!" he said, calmly. "Read that riddle, Mr. Aylmer. Life in death."

CHAPTER II

"Life in death!" repeated Maurice, in puzzled tones. "And what do you mean by that mystical jargon, doctor?"

"Ah, my friend, there comes in the riddle."

"Paralysis?" suggested David, in a jesting manner, but with some seriousness.

"No; that is not the answer."

"Catalepsy?" guessed Major Jen, giving his moustache a nervous twist.

"Nor that either."

Maurice, whose nerves were proof against such fantasies, laughed disbelievingly.

"I don't believe you know the answer to your own riddle," he said, calmly.

Etwald shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know for certain, Mr. Aylmer, but I can guess."

"Tell us your guess, doctor; as it interests me so nearly, I have a right to know."

"Bad news comes quickly enough in the telling," said the doctor, judiciously, "so I shall say nothing more. Life in death is your fate, Mr. Aylmer; unless," he added, with a swift and penetrating glance, "you choose to avert the calamity!"

"Car I do so?"

"Yes, and in an easy manner. Never get married."

Maurice flushed crimson, and, resenting the mocking tone of Etwald, half rose from his seat, but, without moving a finger, Etwald continued in a cold tone:

"You are in love with a young lady, and you wish to marry her!"

"Quite right! quite right!" broke in Major Jen, heartily. "I want Maurice to marry."

"Then you want him to meet his fate of life in death!" said Etwald, coolly.

The others stared at him, and with the skepticism of thoroughly healthy minds refused to attach much importance to Etwald's mysticism. Jen was the first to speak, and he did so in rather a stilted way, quite different from his usual jovial style of conversation.

"My dear Etwald, if I did not know you so well I should take you for a charlatan."

"I am no charlatan, Major," rejoined Etwald, coolly. "I ask no money for my performance. I repeat my warning to Mr. Aylmer. Never get married!"

"I am afraid it is too late for me to take your advice, doctor," said Maurice, merrily. "I am in love."

"I know you are, and I admire your taste."

"Pardon me, doctor," said Maurice, stiffly. "I mention no names."

"Neither do I, but I think of one name, my friend."

"Now you are making a mystery out of a plain common-sense question," said David, irritably. "We all know that Maurice is in love, here he raised his eyes suddenly, and looked keenly at his friend, with Meg Brance."

Major Jen chuckled and rubbed his hands together in a satisfied manner. Etwald bent his somber looks on Maurice, and that young man, biting his lip, took up the implied challenge in Sarby's remark, and answered plainly:

"I am not in love with Meg, my dear fellow," said he, sharply; "but if you must know, I admire"—this with emphasis—"Miss Dallas."

The brow of Sarby grew black, and in his turn he rose to his feet.

"I am glad to hear it is only 'admire,'" he remarked, slowly. "For had the word been any other I should have resented it."

"You! And upon what grounds?" cried Aylmer, flashing out in a rage.

"That is my business."

CANNON SHORN OF POWERS.

Retains Speakership, but Removed from Committee on Rules.

Washington, March 21.—Joseph G. Cannon, of Danville, Ill., is still speaker of the house of representatives. But he has lost the ancient prestige and weapon of that office when the allied Republican insurgents and Democrats took from him not only the chairmanship of, but even membership in, the all-powerful committee on rules, the chief asset in his stock amid scenes of wildest disorder, for the like of which one must go back to the exciting days just prior to the Civil war—perhaps even those times might not duplicate it—the veteran speaker, almost 74 years old, stood erect and defiant, his head "bloody but unbowed."

At the end, when a big Texan Democrat accepted the speaker's daring challenge and introduced a resolution to fling him out of the speakership, the Republican regulars and insurgents, with few exceptions, rallied with almost unbroken party front and gave him a vote which almost offset the "reputation of Cannonism."

This is what happened:

By a vote of 191 to 155, the Republican insurgents voting solidly with the Democrats, the house adopted the resolution of Representative Norris, Republican, of Nebraska, requiring a reorganization of the rules committee, increasing its membership from five to ten, and declaring the speaker ineligible to membership therein.

By the curiously identical vote of 191 to 155—but with a decidedly different personnel of alignment—the house defeated a resolution of Representative Burleson, of Texas, declaring the speakership vacant and ordering the immediate election of a successor to Mr. Cannon.

The Norris resolution was as follows: "There shall be a committee on rules, elected by the house, (hitherto the committee of five, like all other house committees, has been appointed by the speaker), consisting of ten members, six of whom shall be members of the majority party. The speaker shall not be a member of the committee and the committee shall elect its own chairman from its own members. Resolved further, that within ten days after the adoption of this resolution there shall be an election of this committee, and immediately upon its election the present committee on rules shall be dissolved."

Representative Burleson's resolution follows:

"Resolved, that the office of speaker of the house of representatives is hereby declared to be vacant, and the house of representatives shall proceed to the election of a speaker."

"BOGUS" PICTURE IS REAL.

Artist, 72, Identifies Alleged "Fake" Canvas as Genuine.

New York, March 21.—F. Hopkinson Smith, painter and author, was the chief witness today in the suit brought by William T. Evans against William Clausen, an art dealer, to recover \$35,000 for two pictures Evans bought from Clausen as genuine "Homer Martins," and which experts have pronounced bogus. Homer Martin was one of the early American landscape painters.

Mr. Smith said he is 72 years old, and some of his pictures had been hung in the Paris saloon. He is very positive in his testimony and pronounced the pictures involved in the Evans suit as unquestionably genuine.

"The way the color here is shoved ahead of the brush," he continued, taking the painting "Normandie Bride" in hand, "is characteristic of Homer Martin. Again in this picture, he has let the paint dry 10 or 20 hours in places and gone over it again, dragging the brush along the surface. No man living could imitate that."

Mr. Smith said he had known Martin intimately and that he had seen him paint the very picture in question from a sketch.

Steeple Jack Falls to Death.

Chicago, March 21.—James Wilson, known as a daring steeplejack, fell 70 feet from a smokestack which he was painting at Twenty-fifth and LaSalle. He died shortly after he had been taken to a hospital. Wilson intended this job to be his last before starting for Oklahoma, where he was to paint some smokestacks. Wilson created a sensation some years ago when he essayed to shin up the Flatiron building in New York. But he had not ascended more than eight stories when the police ordered him to come down.

Taft Objects to Critics.

Albany, N. Y., March 21.—At the banquet of the University club here tonight President Taft in a brief speech took occasion to refer to the contrast in the attitude in certain quarters toward his administration, casting a gentle aspersions on the opinions that have been expressed derogatory to his conduct. President Taft, Earl Grey, governor general of Canada, and Governor Hughes, of New York, formed a notable trio at the banquet.

Big Strike Threatened.

New York, March 21.—A general strike of all building trades and employes in this city will be called on March 28, according to the announcement tonight of Charles Wamp, secretary of the Steamfitters' local union, unless a settlement of the steamfitters' strike, now on, has been made before that date. The vote to strike was taken tonight.

Don't fail to write for beautiful booklet containing 75 splendid photographs of the world's most celebrated musicians, free. See Sherman, Clay & Co.'s ad.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

TOURIST MECCA; PELICAN BAY PREDICTS WATER RIGHT FIGHT

Southern Pacific Said to be Planning Development of Harriman Resort

Klamath Falls—Pelican Bay is not to be lost to the tourist of the Pacific coast, and Klamath county is not to be denied the pleasure of seeing carried to completion the plans of development of this resort that the late E. H. Harriman had in mind when he purchased the property.

According to information, it is the intention of the Southern Pacific to make Pelican Bay and Odessa the greatest resorts on the Pacific coast. Heretofore it has been supposed that when Crater Lake was opened to the people of the world, magnificent hotels would be erected in close proximity to that scenic wonder, but this may not be done, at least not at the present time. The Southern Pacific recognizes that lying between Pelican Bay and Odessa and Crater Lake is a section unsurpassed for natural beauty; that it is a section that would be particularly attractive to the tourist, and that the best way to open it up would be to make Pelican Bay the starting point.

The plans under consideration provide for the erection of a magnificent tourist hotel close to the site occupied by the lodge building. A system of highways are to be constructed between that point and Crater Lake that will make accessible to the tourist all of the points of interest.

Already the Southern Pacific company had commenced the preparation of descriptive literature of this section of the country, and it is stated by those who have seen some of it that it will be the finest ever issued by the company.

CLAMS IN SPRING WATER.

Owner Believes That Subterranean Cave is Solution of Mystery.

Albany—Water from three separate springs on a farm three miles northeast of Lebanon produces fresh-water clams. The water when poured into a trough produces clams which grow to ordinary size.

The largest of these springs comes from a solid sandstone hill. From this spring the water flows through an iron pipe 45 yards into a watering trough. In this trough the clams develop.

The trough has been cleaned frequently, and all the clams have been thrown out, but a new supply has developed every time. The same condition prevails as to the other springs.

Joseph A. Smith, superintendent of the Santiam canal, from Lebanon to Albany, owns the land. He has observed the phenomenon for years and has sought without success to learn the cause. Specimens of the clams were sent to the University of Oregon at Eugene, where they were pronounced ordinary fresh water clams, but no explanation of their extraordinary development was offered.

Mr. Smith's theory is that there must be a subterranean lake which is the source of the supply of all three springs and that this lake is the breeding place of the clams.

Work on Government Building.

Pendleton—Indications are that preliminary construction work will soon commence on the new \$50,000 Federal building, the appropriation for which was made two years ago. The government has since that time tied up all progress, and local people had almost despaired of ever seeing the start of the building. However, an order has just been received notifying the present occupants of the ground to vacate by June 1.

After the property was bought a new Federal district was created for a United States court, and it was desired to have the original plans enlarged for a Federal court room. That this might be done it was necessary that a larger appropriation be secured, and Representative Ellis has undertaken to do this. Up to the present, however, no report has been received as to his success in this matter. A great many are still of the opinion that until such additional appropriation is granted that there will be no work done toward the construction of the building.

Railroad Reduces Rates.

Salem—Rates on green fruits and apples between Gates and Salem have been reduced 2½ cents per 100 pounds by the Southern Pacific and Corvallis & Eastern railroads. The new rates cannot but have made a difference to consumers in Salem of green fruits for quite a brisk trade is carried on between the Salem commission merchants and those people in Marion and Linn counties along the line of the Corvallis & Eastern railroad.

Farmers Cooperate to Clear Land.

Lakeview—A co-operative plan of developing the land sold last August by the Oregon Valley Land company is to be tried out here. Over 300,000 acres of road grant land was sold in 11,000 tracts. The plan is to charge each settler a small fee, giving a small interest in the machinery with which the work of clearing and plowing will be done. Heavy machinery will be bought to remove the sagebrush rapidly, making it possible to clear large areas in a single season.

Paving at Baker City.

Baker City—Superintendent Houghton, who had charge of Front street paving last year for the Warren Construction company, is here again to start the work on First street, which will be as soon as the storm sewers are completed.

Engineer Says Laws of Nation and State are Radically Different.

That a water right war between Western states will be the outgrowth of present jumbled authority, is the opinion of John H. Lewis, state engineer. Laws of nation and state relating to use or conservation of water are widely diverse in operation and intent, and only a constitutional amendment can avert serious difficulties, he says. Speaking before the Oregon State Academy of Science, he said:

"We are at the dawn of a great national movement for the improvement of our waterways, and for the use of our streams for irrigation, power and domestic purposes. Already it is apparent that the available water supply is inadequate to the demands of the immediate future and it is the desire of all that these conflicting uses be adjusted in conformity with some carefully devised plan so that the greatest good will result to the greatest number."

"The fundamental point in the formulation of such a plan and one concerning which there is a great diversity of opinion, is the right of the state or nation to legislate as to interstate waters. At the present time there is no legislation, either state or national, bearing upon this subject and but few court decisions.

"The control of waters within a state is at present divided between the state and the United States government. This divided responsibility and the complicated nature of the problem is doubtless the cause of inaction by many of the states. In Oregon, where a complete system of state control has been provided, we may be confronted with this uncertainty. Suppose the non-navigable tributaries of the Willamette river be diverted for irrigation under state sanction to the detriment of navigation. Upon complaint the United States authorities could probably enjoin this use, to the great damage of those interested in irrigation development.

"This division of authority between state and nation is further illustrated by the annual tax imposed upon water power within national forests by both the state and the United States."

Rich Ore Body in Jackson.

Gold Hill—One of the largest bodies of gold bearing ore in the country, three miles north of here, has been recently purchased and is now being developed by Canadian capitalists. The vein can be traced and has been tapped at intervals for 4,500 feet, showing a uniform width of 30 feet. Many mining men declare that there are but two or three properties in the United States that compare with it in size, while the ore is remarkably rich.

Plat Suburban Tracts.

Wallawa—A. G. Wigglesworth and W. H. Vertner have bought 40 acres lying east of town and will plat it as suburban tracts. A strip near the corporate limits will be sold as town lots.

Farm Brings \$250 Per Acre.

Central Point—D. D. Sage, of Table Rock, has sold his place containing 80 acres, to J. H. Lydard, of Medford, for \$20,000. The place is one of the best garden and berry tracts in the valley.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices—Bluestem, \$1.10@1.11; club, \$1.03@1.04; red Russian, \$1.01; valley \$1.04; 40-fold, \$1.06.

Barley—Feed and brewing, \$28.50 @29 per ton.

Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36 ton. Oats—No. 1 white, \$31@31.50 ton.

Hay—Track prices—Timothy: Willamette valley, \$20@21 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$22@23; alfalfa, \$17@18; California alfalfa, \$16@17; clover, \$15@16; grain hay, \$16@18.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1.25@3 box; pears, \$1.50@1.75 per box; cranberries, \$8@9 per barrel.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices—Oregon, 50¢@60¢ per hundred; sweet potatoes, 8¢ pound.

Onions—Oregon, \$1.50@1.75 per hundred.

Vegetables—Turnips, nominal; rutabags, \$1@1.25; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.25; parsnips, \$1.

Butter—City creamery extras, 39¢; fancy outside creamery, 35@39¢; store, 20@23¢ per pound. Butter fat prices average 1 1-2¢ per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, 22@23¢ per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, \$13@14¢ pound. Veal—Fancy, 12@13¢ pound.

Poultry—Hens, 19¢; broilers, 25@27¢; ducks, 20¢; geese, 12@13¢; turkeys, live, 22@25¢; dressed, 25@29¢; squabs, \$8 per dozen.

Cattle—Best steers, \$5.75@6.25; fair to good steers, \$5@5.50; strictly good cows, \$5@5.25; fair to good cows, \$4@4.75; light calves, \$5.50@6; heavy calves, \$4@5; bulls, \$3.60@4.25; stags, \$3@4.50.

Hogs—Top, \$11@11.10; fair to good, \$9.50@10.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$6@6.50; fair to good wethers, \$5.50@5.75; good ewes, \$6; lambs, \$7.75.

Hops—1909 crop, 16@20¢ per pound; olds, nominal; 1910 contracts, 16¢ nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@20¢; per pound; valley, 22@24¢; mohair, choice, 25¢.

Cascara bark—4@5¢ per pound.

Hides—Dry hides, 17@18¢ pound; dry kip, 17@18¢; dry calfskin, 18@20¢; salted hides, 9@10¢; salted calfskin, 14¢; green, 1¢ less.