

The Wand of Sleep

OR

The Devil-Stick

By the Author of
"The Mystery of a Mansion 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 agree 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 Alymer and David Sarby, were in no way related to the Major, but they had entered into his life in rather an odd fashion. Alymer 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 reward 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 waiting 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 buried in 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—if 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, to "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 both with the same woman—a state of things not anticipated by the Major, who was too simple to be a match-maker.

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 invented 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, pitted 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. Alymer!" 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!"

"I hope you don't hate me?" said Maurice, rather annoyed.

"No, Mr. Alymer; I don't hate you!" replied the doctor, in a colorless tone. "Do you believe in palmistry?" he asked, suddenly.

"No!" 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. Alymer. 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. Alymer, but I can guess."

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

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

"Can 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, curtly.

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 stiff 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. Alymer. 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"—with this 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 Alymer, flashing out in a rage.

"That is my business."

"And mine, too," said Maurice, hotly. "Isabella is—"

"I forbid you to call Miss Dallas by that name," declared David, in an overbearing manner.

"You—you forbid me!

(To be continued.)

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

EXTEND PORTAGE ROAD.

State Commission Arranges to Finance Project at The Dalles.

The Dalles—Work will be commenced on the construction of the extension of the state portage road from Big Eddy to The Dalles as soon as the contract can be signed up and the contractors get their plant on the ground. Judge W. J. Marriner, member of the state portage commission, and Mr. Newell, of the engineering firm of Newell, Clossett & Walsh, who at the suggestion of the commission has done the engineering work on the extension, had a meeting with the city council and arrangements were made that insures the speedy completion of the road.

It was explained by Mr. Newell and Judge Marriner that the cost of the extension would be about \$70,000, and that only \$60,000 of the appropriation made by the last legislature is available. Therefore the commission would be short about \$10,000. This state of affairs was anticipated by the city council some time ago, and an ordinance was passed authorizing the sale of \$10,000 bonds, the money to be expended in building bulkheads at the lower terminus of the portage road and the inclines leading to it.

The extension of the portage to be built commences at Big Eddy, some three miles above The Dalles, and reaches navigable water and a safe harbor at the foot of Washington street. At the terminus will be bulkheads on which freights may be conveniently transferred from river steamers to wharf boats or onto cars that may be run in on the incline, or may be discharged from cars directly into the steamers.

The construction of this extension will complete the connecting link of river transportation with the lower river and the upper Columbia and Snake rivers. Since the completion of the state portage around the falls of Cello there has been a connection between the upper and lower river, but it has not been practicable to handle heavy freight over this line, because of the poor facilities for transferring it from boats to the portage road at the lower terminus.

Rush Work on Coos Bay Road.

That the Harriman interests will rush construction of its proposed road across the state of Oregon from Coos Bay to Vale, by way of Burns, is the latest report in railroad circles on the coast. It is impossible to get confirmation, but the news emanates from excellent sources, leaving little room for doubt of its authenticity.

According to these reports completion of the Coos Bay-Drain branch will be rushed with all possible haste while at the same time large forces will be put to work between Vale and Burns, thus hurrying along the work from both ends of the line. Construction of a line from Burns to Crescent City, near Odell, would complete the line across the state, as it would give connection with the Natron cut-off from Springfield and Eugene.

It is said that to the activity of the Hill interests in Western Oregon may be attributed the progressiveness of the Harriman people, as they will be compelled to fortify themselves against the Hill invasion of Western Oregon by means of the Oregon Electric and the United Railways.

Work on the Coos Bay-Drain line was suspended about three years ago, after an expenditure of several hundred thousand dollars, for no apparent reason except that it was thought safe to let the work rest for awhile, there being no imminent cause for fear of serious competition at that time. But now that the Hill people are rapidly pushing their way through the Willamette valley by means of extensions of the Oregon Electric, the danger of losing a rich field is apparently dawning upon the Harriman people.

Good Roads Meeting For Hood.

Hood River—The Grange bodies of Hood River are planning a good roads campaign in the valley. The officers of Pine Grove grange have invited Judge Webster, of Portland, and Judge Derby, of Hood River county, to address the citizens on the subject.

Coburg to Have Lights.

Eugene—The little city of Coburg is soon to have electric street lights, the council having decided to put them in. A small electric light plant has been in operation there for some time, but only residences and business houses have heretofore been lighted.

Brick House at Bend.

Bend—The first brick house in Bend is to be built by A. C. Lucas this spring. The brick used will be from the yards of the brick company here. The building will be two stories high and contain seven or eight rooms.

Many Trees for Hood River.

Hood River—Several hundred thousand trees have already been shipped into the Hood River valley this season on account of the inability of the three local nurseries to supply the heavy demands.

40 MILES DRAINAGE CANALS.

Klamath County Project Will Reclaim 19,000 Acres on Wood River.

Klamath Falls—Work has been resumed on the canal along Wood river, for the reclamation of 19,000 acres of the weed land. The land has a frontage of seven miles on the river. It will be necessary to cut about 40 miles of canals to properly drain and reclaim the tract. About seven miles were made last year, and it is expected to complete about ten miles this year. This will form a dyke along the river and around the north end of the land that will keep the water from overflowing the land, and then cross canals are to be run through the property for drainage purposes.

The Wood river valley is acknowledged one of the best dairy sections in Oregon, and with this big tract drained and put into timothy and red top and settled with dairy farmers, it will easily produce a greater revenue than that derived from all other resources in the county at the present time.

The canal is being cut in a fairly straight line and cuts off all the points and curves of the river, and thus leaves a strip of land of varying width along the west side of the river. As this land is somewhat higher and perfectly dry, there are many choice tracts of an acre or more along the seven miles of water front, suitable for building purposes. This strip is to be platted and sold for summer homes. It is stated that there is enough of this land to accommodate about 150 cottages.

Ten Acres Bring \$19,000.

Hood River—An indication that the \$2,000 mark for Hood River orchard land is not far away was shown recently when ten acres were sold for \$19,000. The highest price for Hood River orchard property was paid by Felix von Hake Vonnegut, a resident of Indianapolis, Ind., who will come here to reside. The orchard, which is eight years old, is situated on the East side of the valley and consists of a solid block of Newton and Spitzenberg trees. The tract sold to Mr. Vonnegut has the distinction of being the first piece of orchard at Hood River to sell for \$1,900 an acre, which was in 1906. Later it was sold to Mr. Hills for the highest price at that time, \$1,700 an acre. Again changing hands it still maintains the high mark for orchard realty here at \$1,900 per acre.

Holds Banner for Alfalfa Seed.

Vale—Vale is the banner alfalfa seed point in Malheur county, shipping nine of the 14 cars of alfalfa seed sent out from Malheur county in 1909. The country in the Vale vicinity is unexcelled for the production of the finest quality of alfalfa seed. An average car holds about 30,000 pounds of alfalfa seed, which at 15 cents per pound, the price paid for most of the seed, makes a carload worth about \$4,500, or approximately \$40,500 for the nine cars.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, \$1.07@1.08; club, \$1@1.01; red Russian, 95c; valley, \$1.02.

Barley—Feed and brewing, \$28 ton. Corn—Whole, \$34; cracked, \$35.

Hay—Track prices: Timothy, Willamette valley, \$20@21 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$23@24; alfalfa, \$17.50@18.50; grain hay, \$17@19.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$30.50@31.

Fresh fruits—Apples, \$1.25@1.3 per box; pears, \$1.50@1.75; cranberries, \$8@9 per barrel.

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

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

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

Butter—City creamery extras, 36¢; fancy outside creamery, 34¢@36¢; store, 20¢. Butter fat prices average 1½¢ under regular butter prices.

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

Pork—Fancy, 13¢@13½¢ per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 12¢@13¢.

Poultry—Hens, 19¢@19½¢; broilers, 25¢@27¢; ducks, 18¢@20¢; geese, 12¢@13¢; turkeys, live, 22¢@25¢; dressed, 25¢@29¢; squabs, \$8 per dozen.

Cattle—Best steers, \$6.25@6.60; fair to good steers, \$5.50@6; strictly good cows, \$5@5.50; fair to good cows, \$4.75; light calves, \$6@7; heavy calves, \$4@5; bulls, \$3.60@4.25; stags, \$4@5.

Hogs—Top, \$11¢@11.25, fair to good, \$9.50@10.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$7@7.50; fair to good, \$5.50@6.50; good ewes, \$6; lambs, \$8@9.

Hops—1909 crop, 15¢@18¢ per pound; according to quality; olds, nominal; 1910 contracts, 16¢ nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon—16¢@20¢ per pound; valley, 22¢@24¢; mohair, choice, 23¢@25¢.

Cascara bark, 4¢@5¢.

Hides—Dry hides, 16¢@17¢ per pound; dry kip, 16¢@17¢; dry calfskin, 14¢@15¢; salted hides, 7¢@8¢; salted calfskins, 14¢; green, 1¢ less.