

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 Aymer.

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. Aymer 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 negro 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 woman in the West Indies, that she had one fair and marriageable daughter, and that mother and daughter were under the influence of a negro called Dido, who was a profound believer in the cult of Obi. I determined, therefore, to bend the negro 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. Aymer, 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. Aymer, 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 negro, 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 Achantee, 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. Aymer.

"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. Aymer a chance of escape, I proposed 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. Aymer 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. Aymer. But I should not say kill—as you know the devil-stick cannot kill—let us say to cast Mr. Aymer 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. Aymer 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. Aymer 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 Dido, 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."

"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 Aymer; 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 signing for Rector's, Martin's of 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 ostentatious 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.

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.

Letsure 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.

"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. Aymer, and that, far from being offended, he appeared to be

he 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 displacing of Mr. Aymer's affection?"

"I learn also from Mr. Sarby that he has prevailed upon Miss Dallas, the deserted Ariadne of Mr. Aymer, 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. Aymer 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. Aymer'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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TELL TALE EYES.

Black (dark brown) are the sign of a passionate ardor in love.
Light brown or yellow denotes inconstancy; green, deceit or coquetry.
Dark blue, or violet, denote great affection and purity, but not very much intellectuality.
Clear, light blue, with calm, steady glance, denote cheerfulness, good temper, constancy.
Pale blue, or steel colored, with shifting motion of the eyelid and pupils, denote deceitfulness and selfishness.
Russet brown eyes, without yellow, denote an affectionate disposition, sweet and gentle. The darker the brown the more ardent the passion.
Blue, with greenish tints, are not so strongly indicative of these traits, but a slight propensity to greenish tints in the eyes of any color is a sign of wisdom and courage.
Gray, or greenish gray, with orange and blue shades and ever-varying tints, are the most intellectual, and are indicative of the impulsive, impressionable temperament—the mixture of the sanguine and bilious, which produces poetical and artistic natures.
Eyes of no particular color (only some feeble shades of blue or gray, dull, expressionless, dead looking), belong to the lymphatic temperament, and denote a listless, feeble disposition, and a cold, selfish nature.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.
Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c at Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Slim Chance for Her.
A missionary who was making his way through a backwoods region came upon an old woman sitting outside a cabin. He entered upon a religious talk and finally asked her if she didn't know there was a day of judgment coming.

"Why, no," said the old lady; "I hadn't heard of that. Won't there be more than one day?"

"No, my friend; only one day," was replied.

"Well, then," she mused, "I don't reckon I can get to go for we've only got one mule, and John always has to go everywhere first."—New York Sun.

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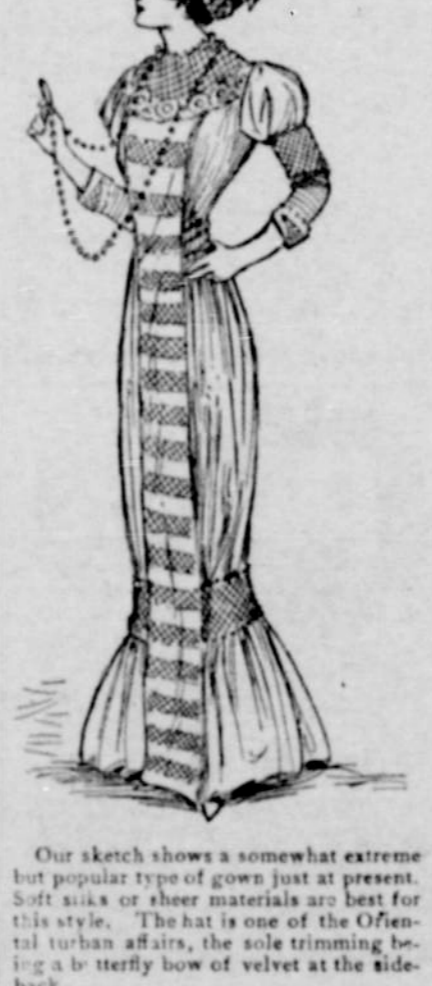
ATLANTIC GLOBE SIGHTS.

The hardest job on earth is apologizing.
The greatest tragedy in the life of a boy is rain on circus day.
Every man engaged in a lawsuit claims he was forced into it.
Occasionally you find an old widower who doesn't like the marrying joke.
A good way to fight the saloon is to make the home more agreeable for men.
The men have enough other foolish notions without caring much for cut glass dishes.
As we become older, we are about convinced that it is possible to catch anyone in a lie.

The women say that unless you are very careful, it is easy to get an ugly carpet on your floor.
There is one thing an agreeable man's enemies can always say about him: "He is politic."
Now comes an original sort of Reformer, and says that prices are high because of trading stamps!
The stepmother never lived who was misrepresented and abused as much as that word "entertain."
What has become of the old-fashioned man who attended a wedding and insisted on kissing the bride?
The women say nothing makes them quite so tired as for a man to tell them what a Devil he has been.
Would a bride rather have a half dozen heavy silver spoons as a wedding present than a dozen light silver spoons?

An editor in a Kansas town sold out because he never received "sympathy" and "encouragement." He never deserved either.
As soon as a man's hat is taken from him at a reception, he whispers to his wife: "How soon can we get out of here?"

FASHION HINTS.



Our sketch shows a somewhat extreme but popular type of gown just at present. Soft silks or sheer materials are best for this style. The hat is one of the Oriental turban affairs, the sole trimming being a butterfly bow of velvet at the side-back.

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GERMAN'S JEAN VALJEAN.

Millionaire Philanthropist Who 40 Years Ago Was a Bandit.
Herr Charles May, of Berlin, may be termed the Jean Valjean of Germany. Millionaire whose time and money were spent in doing good, author of religious books and altogether a splendid figure of Christian manhood. May was just a few days ago branded by a jury as the perpetrator of many violent crimes in southern Saxon mountains forty long years ago, where he led a band of desperate brigands. May, who is 70 years old, collapsed and was put under guard to prevent his committing suicide. The charges were made by Wilhelm Lebius, a trade union leader. May sued for libel. The jury decided that Lebius had proven the allegations in a court at Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin. Not only was it proven that Herr May had been a notorious bandit, but there is no doubt but what he is the author of a long series of cheap novels written many years ago in which he describes the deeds he had committed. Herr May is a splendid linguist, speaking even Chinese and Choctaw.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.
Not in His Judgment.
"The next thing in order," said the master of ceremonies, referring to the slip of paper in his hand, "is music."
"No, sir!" savagely whispered the leader of the band. "Not music! The next thing is 'Hail Columbia!'"
Taking his station, he scowled, waved his baton, and the noise of the brasses burst forth.—Chicago Tribune.

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