

THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

BY

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"No, it is news to me. You probably know, as I do, that she is a tool of Ortiz? Are you not afraid she may betray you to him?"

"That's one possibility. Another is that I shall have finished my work here before she can do so," replied the Austrian very calmly.

He glanced out of the window.

"They are beginning to get nervous," he added; "nervousness is the beginning of panic, and panic is half way to defeat."

They both looked at the Copper House for a minute, and saw Rastakov appear at one of the upper windows, and shout an order to the men on the terrace. The baron came out, and looked up at him. Rastakov made an angry gesture, implying that he had had no luck, to which the baron replied with a shrug of his shoulders, and called out in his cool, clear voice: "Look more carefully!"

The Austrian laughed. "Yes, look, my boy, look!" he echoed.

Wallion turned round. "In the meantime, Ortiz is on his way here," he remarked.

"Yes," said the other, "we are all waiting for him, aren't we?"

Wallion pulled out his notebook and laid it on the table.

"Mr. Max Raebel, let us compare notes: First, you have been here since April 29th, at all events under the name of Rosenthal. You only began to interest yourself in Ortiz's affairs after the Tarraschin document appeared on the scene; therefore this document is what you are on the lookout for: may I ask why?"

The Austrian's fair face and friendly eyes clouded over a little, and he did not answer immediately.

"I am no politician," he said finally; "I am a detective, and sent out with a definite end in view. My task is to make sure that Tarraschin's memorandum does not fall among thieves, to prevent it from being illegally employed, and, in the last resort, to destroy it. One of the statesmen of my country, whose name you may perhaps guess, but I must not mention, would be deeply compromised were that document to be unscrupulously handled."

The Austrian bent forward. "And not only he, but a more exalted personage still," he added.

Wallion opened his eyes. "Aha," he said, "that is worse than I feared!" He considered a little. "I took it for granted that Tarraschin's scheme affected Russia only."

The Austrian shook his head. "Let me tell you something, Mr. Wallion; everything that happens nowadays is of world-wide importance; all that concerns Tarraschin's memorandum is highly characteristic of the circumstances which have produced it. Look back a bit; the Russian revolution had long been expected, but who could have foretold that it would break out in March, 1917? It fell upon Europe like an avalanche, the sudden upheaval of a mighty mass; and not as the immediate result of some great ideal, or political disturbance, but apparently in consequence of the scarcity of food at Petrograd. At all events, the way was prepared for it, and once set going, the landslide crashed down into the depths, leaving devastation in its wake. Was it possible to restore order? This was a question in which all countries were interested. Before anything else, it was of the utmost

importance to ascertain the policy of the Russian conservative party, the state officials, the officers of the army, and certain members of the tsar's immediate 'entourage'—all those, in a word, who belonged to the governing class. Would they be strong enough to organize a counter-revolution before the new men had grown powerful enough to check them? Even on March 15, the tsar had virtually abdicated the throne; was that a sign of the disintegration and consequent ineffectiveness of the reactionary party? No, for they still had a symbol round which to rally; there was the army. At that moment, Prince Tarraschin appeared on the scene. Do you know his history?"

"Yes, more or less. He was one of the most typical leaders of the old regime. It was he who got the reputation of having run through one fortune every year! He was a daring politician, and a friend of the Grand Duke Nicolai—an intelligent man, and perhaps an honorable one, according to his lights."

"There is no doubt as to his intelligence," said the Austrian; "now let me tell you what he did. One can hardly say that the revolution ruined him, for he had just about ruined himself. But he could not bring himself to accept it: to him, the revolution was the end of all things. His one idea was that power and mastery must be regained at any cost. He set to work undauntedly, and for a short time it looked as though he would succeed in winning over the strongest element in the conservative party to his cause. He drew up an ingenious scheme of counter-revolution; he had two methods of dealing with waverers: promises and money. The history of Tarraschin's promises you have probably never heard. It is like a fairy tale."

"Go on, go on," said Wallion, as the Austrian stopped; "I know something about Tarraschin's correspondence with certain individuals in Austria." Max Raebel raised his eyebrows. "You know that, do you? But you say 'certain individuals,' there was only one, the Austrian statesman to whom I alluded just now. The highly confidential correspondence between him and Tarraschin had to do with the Balkan affairs, and was concluded before the outbreak of the March revolution. There was no question, as people declared, of any understanding with Austria, in the event of the establishment of a democratic Russian monarchy desirous of peace; it was an absolutely private discussion between two political specialists, so to speak; yet at this crisis, Tarraschin did not hesitate to avail himself of this correspondence. He represented my countryman's statements in the light of promises inspired by a higher authority, an authority which had, as the whole world knew, an intense desire for peace. In this way, Tarraschin managed to secure one more means of support, calculated to strengthen the weaker brethren amongst the reactionaries. It mattered nothing to him that he was compromising two of the most highly placed dignitaries in my country. Next, as regards funds—"

"Ah, there our paths meet, Mr. Raebel," broke in Wallion; "the funds for Tarraschin's intended revolution were supplied by Gabriel Ortiz."

"Exactly. Ortiz financed the enterprise through a channel, at one end of which we find Tassler and Fayerling, but at the other, Madame Sumen-

sov and Tarraschin. How much gold has been distributed by their means is more than I can say."

"I can give a rough estimate: it was, in round numbers, 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 roubles."

The Austrian laughed.

"Really! A perfect fortune, and the last which Tarraschin had the pleasure of squandering, for, as you know, he died suddenly on the 29th of March. There is no doubt that he was assassinated, and not by the revolutionaries, but by his own friends."

For the first time during their conversation the journalist looked surprised.

"Do you mean his political associates?" he asked.

"Yes. They were mortally afraid, as soon as they realized how irretrievably Tarraschin was about to compromise them. Instead of replacing the crown on the Tsar's head, they were in danger of finding their own heads removed from their shoulders. And with characteristic Russian philosophy they said to themselves: 'It is better that one man die for the people.'... Nevertheless, our friend Tarraschin had already done his worst: he had drawn up a detailed memorandum of the plans for the counter-revolution, in which he had set down with the most scrupulous exactitude what each one of the participants had pledged himself to do—with name, place and time, in full; everything very skillfully thought out, and perfectly feasible, and from a military point of view, quite certain to result in over 100 executions. And, in addition, as I said just now, it compromised two persons who, like Caesar's wife, must be above suspicion."

"One might fancy," remarked the journalist, "that Ortiz had had a hand in the production."

"Not a doubt of it; he would want some hold over the men who were receiving his money, and with this paper in his possession he can compel them to do anything he likes. Tarraschin's death is of no consequence in comparison with the possibilities raised by his memorandum. It constitutes the keystone of Ortiz's gigantic scheme: without the memorandum, the whole of his plan will melt into thin air."

"And in consequence, we can pretty well guess his present designs," supplied Wallion.

They looked at one another. "He is magnificent!" said the Austrian.

"But quite mad!" replied Wallion.

A step was heard outside the window, and a shadow fell across the glass. It was Rastakov. The journalist flattened himself against the wall, with a noiseless wriggle of his body. The gardener got slowly up, yawned loudly, and opened the window.

"What do you want, Rastakov?"

The man outside was breathing heavily.

"Why are you not with us, Rosenthal? The baron wants to know if you have seen anyone leave the Copper House; we cannot find Bernard Jenin anywhere."

"I have not seen any unauthorized person leave the house," said the gardener; "why is the baron so persistent? I told you yesterday evening that Bernard Jenin had disappeared, Comrade Rastakov."

"He cannot have disappeared. He must be somewhere on the premises. The baron has decided that the house and its surroundings are to be totally isolated, I can tell you that. All those inside are prisoners, even Grath. Be ready for anything; the chief is due this evening, and within the next 24 hours we shall probably have cleared out of this."

"You may depend upon me," the gardener reassured him.

Rastakov stood for a minute

shifting undecidedly from one foot to another, then took his departure.

The Austrian's face wore a new expression of military decision and firmness.

"Well, they have burnt their boats now!" said he; "and may I be there to see the end of it," he added after a pause.

CHAPTER XII.

In Which We Catch a Glimpse of the Shadow of Napoleon the Great.

The Problem-hunter and the Austrian detective remained standing together, and watching from behind the curtains a commotion at the house. Some kind of dispute seemed to be taking place there, the cause of which became apparent when they heard Lona Ivanovna's commanding voice exclaiming: "Out you all go!"

Quite a number of men came tumbling out on to the terrace, and the old lady appeared behind them at the kitchen door; she was like a Valkyrie of old, and the main quailed before her as trees bend before a gale.

"Why, goodness me, men, you have your precious master there, haven't you?" said she, pointing one long, bony finger at the baron; "he can tell you that there isn't a spot the size of a farthing in this house, which hasn't been examined. You can all see that Bernard Jenin is not here; ask your Roumanian baron if he can suggest any corner in which a fugitive could still be hidden."

"That will do, madam," said the baron, sourly; "we have not finished yet; we know what we know..."

"Perhaps you don't know what I know, for all that!"

"And what may that be?"

"That you are a worthy leader of the biggest set of blockheads I have ever seen!" answered the old lady, with a loud laugh, as she shut the door again.

Baron Fayerling shrugged his shoulders, and went off with Rastakov; Marcus Tassler hurried after them, and the three men disappeared down the avenue. But they left the house under the close supervision of a cordon of dark, determined armed men, who, after a few apparently aimless movements in different directions, extended their line in such a way as to include the gardener's cottage within its limits.

The two detectives at the window commented on this fresh turn of events with critical approval, rather as though they had been two spectators in a box at the opera.

"Rastakov has managed that well," said Wallion, smiling; "now all the approaches to the house are effectively isolated—and we with them."

At that instant, a sharp shower that almost amounted to a squall, swept over the garden, whirling away, like a grey specter, across the woods to the southwest. A deep stillness followed; everything was motionless, and each little leaf shone like glass in the hot, dazzling sunshine. The broad expanse of the steep copper roof, which was green with verdigris, took on a more richly enameled glow, and the very roses in the garden seemed to deepen in color.

"You are isolated," said the Austrian after a moment's silence, "but I have a certain amount of liberty—don't forget that I am one of them—for the time being."

The journalist laughed. "What's become of your two under-gardeners?" he asked.

Rastakov has mobilized them.

"Are they..."

"They are nothing more nor less than—bolshheviks!"

It was the first time that the word had been mentioned by either of them, and Wallion bent forward.

"Do you know that for certain? I presume you have discovered that Rastakov has dealings with the bolshhevik gang?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

SILO FILLING

The dairy experts announce that a three-year test indicates that if the corn is most enough it will keep just as well in the silo without any tramping or packing whatever. This is directly in line with conclusions reached by other experiment stations as well as by a great many practical farmers. The college dairy farm has two silos exactly the same size—by 36 feet. In each of the last three years the corn in one silo has been tramped by three men, while that in the other has had no tramping. One year a boy handled the blower inside the silo by means of a rope, but no tramping. In the other two years, the corn in the untramped silo has been allowed to pile up, tumble over and fill up as it would with no attention paid to it. Despite this difference at filling time, the untramped silage has kept just as well as that thoroughly tramped. In the years when no one handled the blower in the untramped silo, the husks, leaves and lighter, more fluffy particles accumulated at one side of the silo. It was found that these would be so light that they wouldn't pack well and hence, would spoil, but no difference could be found when the silage was taken out for feeding. At all times they have been exceedingly careful to get a sufficient amount of water into the silo whenever the corn appeared to be too dry, and this is far more important in insuring that the silage will keep than is tramping. The question is often raised as to whether it is possible to get much more corn into the silo by tramping. The college tests indicate that tramping will result in getting 3 to 19 per cent more silage into the silo. Here, too, the amount of moisture in the corn is believed to be an important factor. If water is run into the silo in considerable quantities, the untramped silage will settle much more.

FARM FIRES

It is difficult to comprehend that every 15 minutes a farm building is destroyed by fire. In other words, each year fire destroys 35,000 farm buildings estimated to be worth \$150,000,000. Besides this loss, there are 3,500 people burned to death in farm fires each year. This loss is appalling and can be materially lessened if the following suggestions of the National Fire Protection association for fire prevention are observed: Provide a system of running water under pressure. Provide all buildings with proper lightning protection equipment. Rebuild all defective chimneys and see that all heating apparatus is properly installed. Keep chimneys, flues, and stoves clean. Allow no smoking in barns, or elsewhere where combustible material is stored. Use fire resistant roofing. Thoroughly cure hay, pea vines, and other roughage before they are stacked in barns. Do not allow horse manure to accumulate in large piles in stables or against buildings. Provide proper facilities for the storage and handling of gasoline and kerosene for starting fires. Make sure all electric wiring and devices are properly installed. The United States department of agriculture offers three recommendations for the prevention of spontaneous combustion: First, mowing only properly cured hay; second, the use of salt on green hay; and third, free ventilation after storage. In the heating of hay, combustible gases are formed and by ventilation they are permitted to escape out the barn and, naturally, lessen the danger of fire. Besides, it seems to us a few fire extinguishers kept in convenient places would also help materially to cut down the loss from fire. These extinguishers are convenient to use and will put out a fire almost instantly. At any rate, farm fires are so expensive that every farmer is warranted in taking these precautions.

AVERAGE FARM DOG

True, he doesn't possess the dignity of an Irish setter or the swiftness of a greyhound, but the average farm dog is a good deal more than a mongrel. He is a mongrel dog that romps around nine-tenths of the barnyards in America there's something which makes him more deeply loved than all the fancy pure-breds you could shake a stick at. Perhaps it's his democracy. His humble birth seems to have tempered his nature with something warm and fine and malleable, something that makes him forever one of the crowd. When he's devoted to you his tail wags with glorious abandon, his eyes glow with happiness that is not a pose, and if there is the slightest reciprocation he licks your hand or jumps up and places his wet paws on your clean shirt front. "Charmed!" he says. "Let us be friends." No, there's nothing aloof about a mongrel. Never, for instance, would he stand statuesque, like an Alredale gazing stonily at a point approximately 11 miles northeast of your left shoulder. Expansive! That's the word! A mongrel is downright expansive. He lives up to the best log-cabin traditions of America. Or maybe it's his philosophy of life. Where can you find a mongrel who is not an incorrigible optimist? He may chase rabbits day after day, week after week, year after year, without ever making a catch, but hope—surging, buoyant hope—never leaves him. He never loses confidence in himself; he never acquires an inferiority complex. His tongue may be hanging out half a foot and his sides heaving like a bellows when the long-eared jack lopes away over the meadow, but the gay insouciance with which he trots off to other affairs is a splendid thing to behold. Intuitively you know he is telling himself that the rabbit probably was a tough old customer anyway, not fit for a dog to eat. That's the kind of philosophy that makes life endurable, even replete, for folks whose abilities fall a trifle short of their ambitions. Or, again, perhaps it's his emotionalism, his

ABOUT SWEET CLOVER

Second year sweet clover, makes a rather coarse hay, difficult to cure, first because of its coarseness and second because of the tall stubble that must be left. However, the hay is very nutritious and all livestock likes it. If the weather is damp there is danger of mold forming inside of the stems which it is claimed, when fed too liberally, is apt to affect the blood of cattle so that it loses its ability to clot, thus causing sometimes causing cattle to bleed to death. Results of this sort are never obtained from pasturing the crop, because this particular mold does not grow under those conditions. Neither is there any danger

ment, the republic of Hawaii and the territory.

FLY ON BUSINESS

BOSTON—(AP)—A survey by the Colonial Airways on the New York-Boston air line shows a large majority of persons ride planes because of the two cities for business reasons. Of 588 persons who answered a questionnaire, 253 said they flew to save time in keeping business appointments. One hundred and three said they preferred flying to other modes of travel.

willingness to share his joys and his sorrows with his friends. You can always tell what a mongrel is thinking about. He grows at you, he laughs; or if perchance he is dejected every line of his body tells you so. And if you watch his eyes you can read there many droll observations concerning life and the universe in general. Contrast such unassuming frankness with the inscrutability of a Great Dane or the rapid deportment of a Pekinese, and it is easy to see why a no-account mongrel wins the affections of those about him. Poker faces may be useful, but people don't love them. It is not for us to contend that the mongrel has the depth of character of a mastiff or the intellectuality of a German police. But he has personality. That's what he has—personality and a warm heart. This world needs affection, and a mongrel, just a plain, no-account dog, has affection to lavish upon those who will accept it.

SAVE ALFALFA LEAVES

A bright green color, good aroma, retention of the leaves and freedom from dust, dirt and rain are the ends sought in making alfalfa hay. Forty-three percent of the alfalfa plant is contained in the leaves. Two thirds of the entire plant food content of the hay is contained in this 43 percent. Experiments have proven that when alfalfa hay is exposed to rain it loses 60 per cent of the crude protein, 41 percent of the nitrogen-free extract, and 33 per cent of the fat. The total loss amounts to 31 per cent of the alfalfa plant matter of the plant. The actual damage is even greater, for the nutrients lost are the most soluble and hence the most digestible part of the food elements. Early cut hay contains a higher percentage of protein, but the early cutting may impair future stands. Time of cutting deserves much planning so as to get good quality of hay as well as maintain a good stand.

SEE TO CONSTRUCTION

Every chimney construction is one of the very common sources of fires. Instead of being carried on a bracket on a wall, every chimney should begin on an adequate foundation, carried on the soil. For positive draft, each stove and furnace should have its own flue and so fire-safe should be constructed either with eight-inch brick walls, or four-inch brick, with fire clay flue lining. The chimney should be constructed independent of the house framing. It should neither rest on any part of the frame nor support any structural member. All framing should be kept at least one inch from the chimney. Smoke pipes should not be closer than 12 inches to any wall or ceiling. Some of the better homes are now being constructed with a reinforced concrete floor over the basement to reduce the danger from fire from an overheated furnace or other basement hazards.

SOMETHING ABOUT EGGS

Eggs cooked below the boiling point of water are more easily and quickly digested than are boiled eggs. Compared with other foods, eggs are easily and quickly digested. Eggs are a tissue building food, being rich in protein and mineral matter. They are among the best foods to be used to little children, because they are so rich in iron, and because the proteins, fats and mineral substances are especially well suited to building body tissues. Eggs are a protective food, rich in the necessary vitamins. Eggs are a balanced diet, rich in protein, fats and minerals. Eggs are easily digested; hence, a most wholesome human food. Eggs are an economical food and should be more widely used.

KEEP UP TO DATE

Co-operative marketing of farm products is one way of increasing the farmer's bargaining ability. Co-operative marketing has been getting on a sounder basis in recent years, and farmers will probably find it an important way of safeguarding their interests in the future. The tendency in all business is toward concentration of bargaining power. Co-operation is the farmer's most effective way of accomplishing this end.

MATURING THE PIGS

Spring pigs that are not to be fattened for the early fall market may be carried through the summer on good pasture and a limited amount of grain. The pigs should receive enough grain to provide for normal growth, since they cannot develop on pasture alone. Pigs handled during the summer in this way will be in good shape to follow steers in the feed lot this fall and winter, or they may be fattened for market as soon as the new corn crop is ready.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

Do you have running water in your house? Or do you have to throw a coat over your shoulders and rush out into the cold? Every time you need a pint of water? Running water is one of the most important labor saving improvements for the home as well as the barn.

A GOOD PRACTICE

Cutting back the taller branches of cherry trees to a point where the fruit can be reached from a convenient step ladder, not only keeps the trees within bounds but also results in healthier wood and fruit spurs.

UTILITY AND BEAUTY

A combination flower and vegetable garden, or a "flowering vegetable garden" will solve the problem of the woman who loves flowers but finds that there is little time and energy left for raising them after she has provided for the more "necessary" vegetable plot.

ESPECIALLY ON FARMS

People generally are coming to recognize the fact that better surroundings for the home mean greater happiness and contentment, in using the first year cutting for hay. It cures as easily as alfalfa or common clover and may also be cut as close to the ground as ordinary hay crops. It is well, however, to cut it early enough to enable it to make some growth before winter sets in.

KNOWING THEIR VALUE

It is not necessary to understand everything about many things we use every day. The housewife does not understand the ultimate nature of carbohydrates, the farmer cannot solve the mystery of a growing seed, nor can the chemist explain the ultimate nature of matter. Yet we use these things successfully every day.

Maoris Seal War Banner Giving Key to Germans

AUCKLAND, N. Z.—(AP)—When the German cruiser Emden—named for the famous raider which harried Pacific shipping early in the World war—visited New Zealand recently, the Arawa tribe of Maoris formally sealed peace with the Germans.

The ceremony was carried out at Chinemutu. A banner depicting a Maori warrior defying Germany, was placed in a casket. The container was fitted with two padlocks

and the key of one was given to Capt. Von Arnauld of the Emden who promised to take it to President Von Hindenberg.

The other was retained by the Arawas. The casket itself is to repose in their church at Chinemutu.

Termites Eat Interior Of Old Hawaiian Palace

HONOLULU—(AP)—Iolani palace, the home of the last monarchs of Hawaii and the only building with a throne room under the American flag, is being reconstructed

ed. The structure has been used as the capitol of the territory but the termites have routed the government departments.

The interior will be entirely rebuilt but steel and concrete will replace wooden beams and flooring. The destructive insects drilled into the old wood until a finger could be poked through most of it.

The palace originally cost \$350,000. It was first occupied by King Kalakaua who reigned until 1891. Then Queen Liliuokalani took possession for two years. Since 1893 the building has been the home successively of the provisional govern-