

# THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

BY

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Sergius and Lona Ivanovna followed him upstairs, but they all returned very soon. Leo and Sonia, who were sitting silent and downcast, saw an expression in the journalist's face which they could not quite fathom; it seemed almost as though he was quietly pleased about something which nobody else had observed.

"Have you found out anything?" Leo asked, in a low tone.

"No," replied Wallion, abstractedly; "nothing that I didn't already know."

After a minute he left the room.

An oppressive silence lay heavy and stifling over the Copper House. Premature darkness had set in; the massive thunder clouds seemed to settle slowly down upon the woods and the lonely house, till they shut out the last rays of fading daylight.

Leo found the journalist at a window on the second floor, gazing out to sea. His whole bearing was tense with expectation, and his gray eyes dark and fixed. Leo wondered what he saw there, and placed himself silently beside him. From this place they had an uninterrupted view of the little bay, which lay gleaming inside its sheltering island.

Two men were busy with something spread out on the deck of the lighter; it appeared to be part of some apparatus. Wallion watched them intently.

"What is it?" whispered Leo.

His friend did not reply. Suddenly a cone of bluish light darted up into the dusk as a result of the exertions of the two distant figures, and continued to burn with a steady and far-reaching beam. The ray of light shifted hither and thither, till it remained stationary between the islands and the right shore of the bay, pointing towards the open sea.

"The light!" murmured Wallion. "Ortiz is in hand!"

**Part III—Gabriel Ortiz**  
**CHAPTER XV.**  
**The Storm Breaks**

A gust of wind went soughing through the trees, which bowed their crests before it in long, rippling lines. On the dark horizon, lightning flashed in and out of the dense bank of clouds, and the windows rattled as the peals of thunder sounded nearer and more frequent.

Then, from some way off, a short, sharp cry was heard through the rising storm. Men's steps came crashing through the bushes, and suddenly two shots rang out. Inside the Copper House, all sprang to their feet, and looked apprehensively at one another, with the conviction that the critical moment had arrived.

Wallion ran noiselessly downstairs, with Leo after him, and Lona Ivanovna crossing the hall, a revolver in her hand. Sonia had rushed to the glass door, and was gazing out into the twilight: Sergius Tassler stood in the entrance to the dining room, with one hand in his pocket.

"Someone is climbing over the balustrade of the terrace," said the girl suddenly, "and he has a revolver!"

"Who is it?" inquired Lona Ivanovna.

"I can't see yet—it's a man. Now he's turning round again."

Another revolver shot cracked, and was answered by the report of a gun further off. The revolver was fired once more, four shots in quick succession; hasty steps sounded on the gravel, and the

girl started back from the door, as a shadow appeared just outside it, groping for the handle.

Wallion threw the door open, and a man ran right into his arms. It was Rosenthal, hatless, and with his coat torn.

"They discovered me," he panted, "shut the door, they are coming!"

Wallion did so, and returned to him, saying:

"What have you done?"

The Austrian began to reload his Browning.

"I went down to the lodge to telephone," said he.

"Well?"

"I got through to the Daily Courier, but Robert Lang was not there."

"Then, of course, you haven't spoken to him."

"No, I had no luck," said the Austrian stolidly; "and the worst of it was, that while I was standing at the telephone, the baron and Marcus Tassler returned from the station in a motor car, and caught me. Fayerling spotted me at once, and raised the alarm. I tried to hold my ground, but was obliged to give in at last. Unfortunately, this puts an end to anything I could do as Rosenthal the gardener, so from now on, I become instead Max Raebel, the Austrian government detective, at your service, ladies and gentlemen."

He bowed to the assembled company.

A step of an entirely different kind was now heard on the gravel: light, firm, almost arrogant in its character.

It was Baron Fayerling, who tried the handle and shook the glass door. He was alone, and at a sign from the journalist, Lona Ivanovna went forward and opened the door.

"What do you want?" she demanded, looking him fearlessly in the face.

"I am not looking for you," replied the baron hastily; "I want that spy..."

"Would you not rather talk to me?" suggested Wallion, pushing Max Raebel on one side, and stepping forward.

The two men looked at one another. The baron raised his eyebrows, but his impassive face betrayed no other sign of surprise, though Wallion observed with considerable satisfaction, that he hesitated a little over his reply.

"So you are tired of playing hide and seek?" he said at length. "I'm afraid you must have found it very uncomfortable."

"Not in the least, baron, but I was beginning to fear that you had forgotten me."

The baron looked round, as though he meditated raising an alarm, and Wallion added quickly:

"Won't you come in? Perhaps you have something to say to me?"

"No, not yet. I suspected that you were here, when you were found to have been out of Stockholm for a whole day. Our business will keep. I presume that you have realized your mistake by this time?"

"In coming here, you mean? On the contrary, I made a great mistake in not coming sooner; it would have spared both you and myself a lot of trouble."

The baron looked narrowly at him.

"You should not have ventured here without a strong force!" he remarked.

"No, thanks, I prefer fair play."

"You don't lack self-confidence; I could tell that yesterday, from your letter, which I have kept."

"Ah, as a keepsake, no doubt!"

"No, to hand it over to my superior officer!" and the

baron turned away, and left the room.

"What have you gained by that?" whispered Leo; "the fellow was white with rage."

"Did you notice that he absolutely ignored Max Raebel?" answered the journalist; "I think we shall still be left in peace for a bit."

"Not for long, though," Lona Ivanovna put in, pointing towards one of the windows that faced seawards, from which they saw the reflection of the blue light over the tops of the trees.

"It's coming at last, is it?" murmured Wallion, and he went upstairs three steps at a time, followed by Leo, who guessed that he was returning to his post of observation. When they reached the window overlooking the shore, they saw that almost total darkness had set in. Long shadows, and floods of bluish-white light drifted alternately across the mirror-like surface of the bay, and only the dim outline of the lighter could be distinguished.

"Now you are going to see something which will surprise you," said a voice behind Leo; it was that of the Austrian, who had followed them upstairs.

"Yes," Wallion chimed in, almost gaily, "if I am not mistaken, we may look for Gabriel Ortiz at any minute now!"

The journalist was worked up to a high pitch of excitement; he was evidently in his element at the near prospect of a good tussle: a faint flush mounted to his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled; he was smoking continuously.

Leo's eyes were fixed on the channel between the islands and the shore, and there he saw something which made him suddenly grip the window-ledge. In the center of the flood of light, something seemed to be moving on the surface of the water; a spar had shot right up out of the sea, and was approaching the lighter at an astounding rate. It seemed to increase in height as it came nearer, and presently, out of the foaming water there appeared a turret, and a convex shining mass, like the back of a whale.

"What is that?" he exclaimed; "why—but that's impossible!" The beam of light followed the extraordinary object, which was now slackening speed very noticeably: a hatchway was seen to open, and men's figures began to emerge from the turret, which was still streaming wet from its immersion.

"It's too absurd!" cried Leo, staring harder than ever; "a submarine! I don't understand..."

"Why, what an unbelieving fellow you are!" growled the Austrian. "Can't you see for yourself..."

"Yes, but... when you come to think of it... a submarine!"

"Well, it's evident that nothing less will do for Gabriel Ortiz. Of course, that's his flagship. Surely you didn't expect him to come in a rowing-boat!"

Wallion smiled.

"Did you know it?" demanded Leo quickly.

"Yes," replied the journalist. "I guessed as much, when I saw how the side of the lighter was damaged. The Russian submarine fleet has practically gone the way of all flesh: half of it blown up, and the remainder surrendered. Why shouldn't one or two of them have been simply stolen? You can't deny that Ortiz is a man who knows how to make the most really a brilliant idea! He always ran a certain amount of risk with the motor-launch 'Nelly,' but with this one, he is never obliged to 'lie-to' and answer inconvenient questions from the coastguards. There they go, bang against the lighter!"

The three spectators now heard a subdued creaking, and the flare on board the lighter was extinguished. A sharp order was given, and in a few minutes, a less powerful light appeared, and began to move

and reach maturity in about 90 days. Great care is exercised in cultivation, most of the work being done by hand. The Turkish tobacco cannot be flue-cured. It is strung on racks and cured in the sun.

New possibilities for profit in tobacco are seen with this successful introduction of Turkish tobacco production in this area.

**Personality.**  
From Time.

Physique, dress, manners, quality of voice, choice of language and characteristic social relations all go to make your personality. But they

backwards and forwards. The respective silhouettes of the lighter and the submarine were merged into one; a little yawl approached the ruined pier, and several lanterns began to twinkle like glowworms. They were arranged in a row on the beach, and by their light a party of six or eight men could be seen, starting up the path that led to the Copper House. At the same time, voices, amongst which they recognized the baron's, were heard in excited conversation beneath the window; the arrival of the submarine had been discovered.

At the head of the little band walked a solitary undersized figure, in a flapping waterproof; it was obvious who this must be.

"That's the man!" said the Austrian, in a low voice; that's Ortiz!"

As if the powers of the air had been waiting for this announcement, the storm now burst upon them in earnest. An unusually dazzling glare of violet lightning spread a network of phosphorescent light over the whole extent of the blue-black sky, and as it faded out, a peal of thunder crashed over the house like an avalanche, till the walls seemed to shake, and the floors to rock. The rain fell in torrents, pouring down in one continuous cascade; when the echo of the thunder at length died away, the noise of the rain took its place, and the drops pattered against the panes and the roof like machine-gun fire after the heavy artillery has ceased.

But nothing stopped the progress of the little band. The three men who were watching them could see through the veil of rain the solitary figure marching along at their head, the cape of his waterproof fluttering like black wings about his shoulders.

"Well," said Wallion, "our ally is rather late in arriving, but has come at all events. Come along..."

"Our ally?" echoed Raebel.

"Yes, the storm. It deprives them of sight and hearing for the time being. Let's go downstairs."

They went down again, and joined the three Bernins, who were silently awaiting them in the dark dining-room.

"Now for it!" said the journalist, gathering them all round him. "Quick's the word, and sharp the action! Sergius Tassler, whatever happens, you must continue to play the part of Andrei Bernin as long as it can be kept up—and you, Lona Ivanovna, must stand by him. Above all, we must do nothing rashly; our chief aim is to gain time. I propose to remain here and meet the first brunt of Ortiz' attack: I think I shall be able to give him plenty to think about! But you, gentlemen," turning to Leo and Raebel, "you must make a last attempt to run the blockade: one or other of you will, in all probability be able to get through. Do anything you like, steal the baron's car, or fight your way to the station, but get word to Robert Lang of the arrival of the submarine, and instruct him to take immediate steps to capture the whole gang."

"Yes, yes," answered Leo eagerly, "we ought to have thought of that long ago!"

"Thought! I have thought of little else!" said Wallion impatiently. "But can't you see, that the rain and the darkness have given us our chance?"

"That's clear," interposed the Austrian, "so don't let's waste time in talking."

He went to a window, and opened it without a sound; the darkness outside rose up like a wall in front of him. As Leo was following him, he felt a hand on his arm: it was Sonia.

"Let me come, too!" she whispered.

Well Fined.  
From English Motor.

"I don't like sports bodies especially when they are painted red, but I suppose it is a fine car?"

"Oh, rather. I should say it was. Oh, frightfully fine. Seven up to now, and the last one was \$50."

**50 YEARS TO CATALOG BOOKS**  
SANMARION, CAL.— A half century of work at the present rate of speed, will be required to catalog the 820,000 rare manuscripts of the Henry E. Huntington library. Capt. R. B. Haselden, curator, believes the library will be a world center of literary research when the work is completed.

**No Bother at All.**  
Jeff: So the burglars never even woke you up?  
No, they took things very quietly.

**ELECTRONS ALTER FRUIT FLY SHAPE**

ST. LOUIS—The invisible force in X-rays that changes fruit flies is identified as high speed negatively charged electrons by Dr. Frank Blair, Hanson of Washington university.

Subjecting the eggs of these flies to X-rays results in young with shapes and other characteristics different from those of their parents.

In a report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Hanson says that in measuring the quantity of rays he found that the number of changes corresponds to the number of electrons.

**International Spies.**  
From Baltimore Sun.

The Shearers hearing adjourned, for the moment, on the old sure-fire hokum note. From the machinations and maneuvering of big business we have got down to the machinations and maneuverings of spies. It appears now that there are spies, and spies who spy on spies, and secret agents, and stool pigeons spying on the spies who spy on the spies. There are documents and foregeries, photostat copies and secret archives, not to mention notebooks and dossiers. It is all very exciting and all very silly.

All nations employ spies. The United States government probably maintained as expensive, if not as large, an organization of secret service men as any country in the world. These fellows go sneaking around, posing invariably as something they are not, picking up threads of information from dubious sources, writing voluminous reports, and generally creating in the minds of their immediate superiors the sense that they are tremendously useful fellows.

Whether they are or not is hardly an open question. Spies in war time may, indeed, earn their keep. But spies in peace time rarely accomplish anything more important than frustrating other spies. As often as not they work for both sides, collecting salaries and expenses from both.

Their activities, always known, make it impossible to work in an atmosphere of good faith. It is difficult to trust the accredited representative of another nation, however amiable, however, suave he may be, when you know that he has spies on your trail trying to worm things out of your entourage. And it is especially difficult to act in good faith when you know—as most diplomats know—that your own spies are snooping around in the other camp at their usual dirty work. Spies produce little of value, but create an extraordinary amount of ill will.

The question, then, arises: Why do the nations employ them? Perhaps for the reason that no nation has ever, in all history, acted in complete good faith with another nation and therefore cannot believe that good faith is possible.

**In Wake of Tobacco War.**  
From Chicago Journal of Commerce.

The cigarette price war may be over for the producers, but not for the retailers. When the United Cigar Stores and many other retailers were selling the leading brands at two for a quarter, the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company sold them at two for twenty-three cents. After the producers terminated their cutthroat competition and raised their prices slightly, the United raised its retail prices to fifty cents a package. Now the Atlantic and Pacific announces an increase to two packages for twenty-five cents, a price high enough to compensate for the increase made by the manufacturers, but low enough to undersell the United by a considerable margin.

Much as the manufacturers may desire to promote stability among the retailers now that they have achieved it for themselves, there is nothing they can do. They cannot charge the Atlantic and Pacific a higher price than the United pays, nor can they legally establish a retail price and refuse to sell to any retailer who ventures to sell at a price lower than theirs. For several years legislation has been pending in congress allowing manufacturers to fix resale prices; but there is no indication that it will be approved soon, accordingly manufacturers cannot prevent a price war among retailers.

The Atlantic and Pacific can charge an abnormally low price for cigarettes because it does not depend on them for profits; if the Atlantic and Pacific merely breaks even on the cigarette business, it is well leader to attract women who will buy the groceries on which profits depend. In the same way the old-time grocer used sugar as a leader. Schulte stores, and other tobacco retailers would be lost without their profits from cigarettes, unless they sought new things to sell. And in fact they are doing so, to a large degree. Numerous small items of merchandise are sold by the tobacco chains, and not long ago the United began establishing lunch-rooms and drug-stores containing a complete line of tobacco products. The lines of demarcation between various classes of retailers break down as they seek the commodities that will bring them a profit. Thus we have grocery chains selling cigarettes, and tobacco chains selling groceries. The overlapping of traditional barriers is accelerated when a price war seriously diminishes the commodity.

**YOU HAVE A DOCTOR'S WORD FOR THIS LAXATIVE**



In 1875, an earnest young man began to practice medicine. As a family doctor, he saw the harm in harsh purgatives for constipation and began to search for something harmless to the sensitive bowels.

Out of his experience was born a famous prescription. He wrote it thousands of times. It proved an ideal laxative for old and young. As people saw how marvelously the most sluggish bowels are started and bad breath, headaches, feverishness, nausea, gas, poor appetite, and such disorders, are relieved by the prescription, it became necessary to put it up ready for use. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as it is called, is the world's most popular laxative. It never varies from Dr. Caldwell's original effective and harmless formula. All drugstores have it.

**Feminine Logic Above Any Possible Ruling**

The controversy over what Ambassador Dawes should or should not wear at the Court of St. James inspired some Washington matrons to start a move to regulate the design of gowns which women should wear at state functions attended by the President.

"It just can't be done," laughed Senator Borah when approached on the subject. "The modern woman has a logic that will surmount any sort of rules and regulations."

"Daughter," roared an irate father, "why are you wearing your skirts so disgracefully short?"

"Why, daddy," replied daughter demurely, "this skirt isn't short. It just looks that way on account of my terribly long legs."

**Says Senorita Too Modern**

Senor Realito, a dancing master of Seville, Spain, has come out in a statement in which he despairs of the modern senorita. He says that she is not interested in the artistic past, but her mind is on only the present and future. When the gallant senior wants to teach her the saraband and other equivalents of national dances, complete with castanets, the senorita asks for Charleston.

**The Flying Tourist**

The movement is gaining ground to have the name of every community painted on some conspicuous roof. This will be a great help to the motorist struck by a fast freight at the crossing.—Detroit News.

Great men may like to read essays on themselves. It makes them comprehensible to themselves.

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**Turkish Tobacco Grown in South**

DILLON, S. C.—Raising of Turkish tobacco, heretofore untried on a large scale in this section is being accomplished successfully near here by H. Lambus.

Lambus recently cured his second crop of the Turkish weed, averaging a yield of about 1,000 pounds an acre. He sold his crop to a New York manufacturer of Turkish cigarettes for 65 cents a pound, about

45 cents a pound above the average price for American tobacco.

Last year he experimented with two patches, one with fertilizer and the other without fertilizer. The patch with fertilizer attained abnormal growth and was dark, heavy and strong. Lambus said neither did it cure satisfactorily. The patch without fertilizer produced a fine quality of tobacco of the desired color and weight.

Plants are raised in a hot bed, the same as those of the bright leaf variety produced in the Carolinas. They are set out at the usual time

and reach maturity in about 90 days. Great care is exercised in cultivation, most of the work being done by hand. The Turkish tobacco cannot be flue-cured. It is strung on racks and cured in the sun.

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