

THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

BY
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"No, so it seems," muttered Leo; "but which way 'd he go?"

"That doesn't matter we needn't bother about him," she returned impatiently. Don't you remember that the telephone is here? We must telephone for help."

"Yes, you are right, let us do so at once."

They skirted the wall, and approached the door, Leo turned the handle, found the door unfastened, and entered.

Something whizzed past him with an ominous sound, and struck the door-post with a crack; it was a knife.

"Ha!" cried the young man, "is that your game, you sneaking brute!"

The burly form of the gatekeeper loomed dimly just inside the door, and Leo flung himself unhesitatingly upon him, for he knew that it was a matter of life or death. His enemy seized him in a bear's hug, but he wriggled out of it, and planted his fist squarely in the center of the brute's face. The fellow reeled backwards, slipped his right hand behind him, and raised the butt of his gun over his head, with a furious bellow.

"Oh no, I have had enough of that gun of yours," said Leo; "I owe you something for yesterday. Tit for tat, you know. Now then, come on and get it! And there's another, and just one more!"

Tugan had counted too much on his brute strength; the young man's powerful onrush gave him no chance of inflicting his intended death-blow with the clubbed rifle; a smashing blow on the point of the chin knocked him off his feet, he fell backwards over chairs and table with a crash, and lay motionless.

Leo groped for the matches, and a tiny, flickering flame lighted up the room. Tugan was stunned, and lay like a pole-axed steer on the floor; Sonia stared at him in alarm.

"Is he dead?" she whispered.

"No, he will soon come to." With a certain satisfaction, Leo reflected that he must now have regained the prestige which he had lost in her eyes by his sham fight with the Austrian. The match went out, but he struck another, and lighted a candle which stood on the table. The telephone became visible on the wall near the door, and a thrill of triumph went through him, as he picked up the receiver. At last he had succeeded! In another minute their plight would be known to the outside world, and help would be forthcoming.

"Hallo!" he shouted impatiently; "hallo! Now then, Exchange! Can't you answer? Are you all asleep there? Hallo, hallo!"

Sonia gave a cry and pointed to the wall.

"Look! the wires are cut! The telephone is useless!"

"Leo saw that she was right; the cut wires were dangling down. With an exclamation of dismay, he flung away the receiver.

"It is dreadful," faltered Sonia; "it shows that they have no further need of it; they just want to secure themselves against being surprised. We are lost!"

"Not yet," muttered Leo.

He extinguished the candle, and they hurried out again into the rain, which had come on more heavily. They looked around them, and Leo said:

"We must get out through the gates."

"It's the only way," she agreed, but broke off. "Oh,

look, look! They're coming!" she whispered.

Leo glanced instinctively up the avenue. Far back amongst the great trees, lights began to be reflected in the puddles, and to throw fantastic, leaping shadows on the path. There seemed to be four or five lanterns, and their rapid movements showed that the men who carried them were cunning.

Without a word, Leo made for the gates; they were just ajar, and creaked horribly as they were pushed open to let the fugitives through. Out on the high-road they could hear voices inside the park, giving the alarm. In the middle of the road, eight or ten steps away, stood a large car, quivering with the throbbing of its engine. Two fugitives in wet coats were crouching under the hood, but they sprang out, and their black shadows were clearly defined against the beams of the headlights.

"We must have this," said Leo, and he rushed forward ready to throw the two figures into the mud. He immediately recognized one of them to be Marcus Tassler; the other was, presumably, the chauffeur. The young man "saw red," and he cried:

"Ah, here is our excellent friend, our benefactor, the honest merchant! So you persist in hanging about here, sir! I suppose you carry about the mortgages in your pocket, to make quite sure that I am not running off with the securities for your cash. Come along, old boy!—you fat little Nebuchadnezzar!—just come along, and I'll reckon up what I owe you!"

He advanced threateningly, and with a bound, Tassler placed himself in safety on the other side of the car.

"The fellow is mad!" he yelled. "Shoot him! Knock him down!"

The chauffeur threw himself between them, with a spanner in his gloved hand. He was a little bit of a man, and Leo put both arms around his waist, lifted him up, in spite of his frantic struggles, and flung him across the road, where he disappeared with a splash. Tassler continued to shout and threaten from the further side of the car.

"Easy there, old boy!" said Leo. "I haven't time."

Sonia had already clambered into the car, and he followed her. He threw himself down behind the wheel, and grasped it as eagerly as though it had been a life-buoy. It was a pleasant surprise to find that the car was a "Mercedes," such as he had frequently driven in California. He cast one more look through the gates, towards the avenue; the dancing lights had almost caught them up. He touched the starting gear with a light and practiced hand, and the car began to purr gently, gave a slight jerk, and rolled forward, as the tires took a grip of the wet surface of the road.

Tassler tore open his coat, snatched out a little nickelled revolver, and—piff, piff!—a couple of bullets whizzed past them. "Bang!" a rifle replied from the avenue. The young man laughed aloud. Sonia looked at him with surprise, and with renewed interest; he seemed transformed. The fighting blood of the Graths had for a few short moments wakened into life in this last effeminate scion of the race. At that minute he would have marched up to a battery of machine guns; his eyes sparkled, and his long, "artistic" hair seemed to stand out round his head like a halo. The car shot away, its fifty horse-power

scientist is productive in his investigations, it follows that he will receive the necessary financial support to carry on his work, and when the results are applied in industry humanity receives the benefit. "A study of economic history shows that happy ideas and chance discoveries have not made material contributions to technology." Twain Hated Despotism. From Mid-West Review. With his feet firmly planted upon this radical pessimism, Mark Twain achieved political disillusion; he achieved contempt for "Christian civilization"; he achieved disgust for

obedient to the touch of his hand; they were off on the road to freedom. The dazzling headlights illuminated the darkness for ten yards ahead of them, and made the wet road shine like polished marble. The trees bordering the road stood motionless, their boughs heavy with moisture. And still the rain streamed and splashed down on them, in a tepid, unceasing shower-bath; it gurgled in the ditches, and drummed on the glass wind-screen of the car.

"Au revoir, Marcus!" Leo shouted over his shoulder. His voice was drowned in a peal of thunder, but the girl clapped her hands.

"That's splendid!" she exclaimed delightedly. "They can't catch us! Where will you drive to?"

"First of all to the nearest usable telephone," he replied. "And then—well, I hope there may be some sort of police-station in this neighborhood, otherwise we must make straight to Stockholm; it's all plain sailing now."

"Do you know the way?" "Don't I just! Like the inside of my pocket!"

His self-confidence had gone up a hundred per cent., since he got his hands on the steering wheel. He let out the car to its fullest extent, murmuring:

"Good old Mercedes!—it's up to you now! Show what you can do!"

And almost at the same instant, as the car obeyed him, and shot out at full speed, with the dizzying rush of a torpedo—at that instant the catastrophe was upon them! Their triumph was changed into bitter disappointment, and now they understood why so few shots had been sent after them; it was not freedom, but a murderous trap that awaited them.

"The wretches!" cried Leo. "They mean to murder us!"

Across the road in front of them, they caught sight of a network of slender, gleaming, sharp-edged threads, they were steel wires, stretched like a barbed-wire entanglement from side to side. At the speed at which they were going, every one of the wires must meet them like a sword-blade; it was impossible to evade them, they were everywhere.

The steering-wheel spun round between the young man's convulsively-working fingers; the car leaped from the track, swung round on two wheels, gave a terrific lurch, and ran in under the trees to a distance of several feet. The whole dead-weight of the ponderous machine was flung crashing into the ditch. Leo was shot through the air, and fell with outspread arms, and a sickening thud, deep into a soft, water-logged swamp. He rolled over, felt the water spurt up under his arms, and struggled to his knees. Both the lamps of the car had been smashed, and impenetrable darkness surrounded him. Dizzy with the shock, he felt as though he were still falling, and, faint with terror, he managed to catch hold of a branch. At length his head cleared, and he remembered his companion; what had become of her?

"Sonia!" he called anxiously. "Sonia!"

He scrambled to his feet. A sharp pain in his left shoulder showed him that he had not escaped unhurt, but for the minute that seemed of little consequence.

"Sonia, Sonia, where are you?"

"Here!" answered a faint voice.

He took a few steps, and ran into her; she was on her feet, leaning against the trunk of a tree, and trying to bandage her right hand with her handkerchief.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"Can you walk?"

"Yes," she replied; "it's only a scratch. What about you?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"Let's go on," she mur-

mured, but tottered as she spoke, and fell into his arms. "My head is a little giddy—never mind me—go..."

He saw that she was on the point of fainting, lifted her up and carried her down to the road.

"Put me down," she said in a weak voice; "I can walk; we must hurry."

The lights from the gates were already quite near; they came on like a swarm of flying gnats, and running footsteps splashed along the road. At the sight of the wrecked car, a great shout of savage laughter was raised, and a voice called out:

"Stay there, you two, or I shall shoot!"

They were surrounded, and rough hands caught hold of them. Marcus Tassler's breathless voice panted in the background:

"Keep a sharp lookout on them, and take them with you to the Copper House. That was a very short drive, wasn't it, my young friends; You haven't much fight left in you, have you?"

He came up, laughing and rubbing his hands. Leo's excitement had died away, his muscles relaxed, and he realized that he was beaten. Fate was against them. Without a word, he and the young girl walked back side by side to the gates, surrounded by eight or ten men who hustled them along with coarse jests. They were prisoners once more. As Leo took a last glance in the direction where their lost freedom awaited them, he saw a little bright light shine out and twinkle, a long way off. It seemed to come from one of the hills to the left of the road, about a mile or so away, and was probably a signal. He wondered idly what it meant, and took it for granted that it was exchanged between some of Rastakov's men, but turned listlessly into the avenue, too worn out to think. He didn't care what happened now; he had done his best—and failed!

Yet when he remembered Gabriel Ortiz, whose face he had already seen for one terrifying moment, he shuddered. The girl murmured softly:

"Ortiz is waiting for us!"

CHAPTER XVIII

Tarraschin's Memorandum

Changes Owners

Inside the Copper House, the atmosphere of suspense became more and more heavily charged; nobody quite knew the cause of the sounds which now reached them from the avenue. It was impossible to guess what Ortiz was thinking; for he had spread out a map on the table, and was studying it carefully. Wallion could see that it was a map of the environs of the Copper House. Suddenly Ortiz looked up into the journalist's eyes, with a frown; at that moment he really looked uncommonly like the "Little Gray Corporal." With his sparse, straggling hair, his keen, rather preoccupied glance, his small mouth, and round but determined chin, he was an exact copy of Napoleon and the gray coat enveloping his thick-set figure increased the realistic effect.

Although he was evidently aware of this, and took pleasure in maintaining the pose, he did not lay himself open to ridicule: there was a threatening expression in his eyes, and his remarks were emphasized by the presence of the carbines at the door.

"Do you hear that?" he said, slowly; "there goes your last chance."

"It may be help coming," retorted Wallion imperturbably.

"Do you really think that?"

"You yourself need to study a map; you would be powerless against a well-planned surprise."

Ortiz raised his eyebrows, but his immediate reply virtually admitted the truth of the insinuation.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

futility of life, Mark Twain was becoming desperately enamored of pity and courage, peace and truth, and he was attaining a fresh vision of the perilous service which may be rendered to them in a servile world by a free spirit.

He himself was not wholly free. He chafed in his chains, but he had broken many of them; and in the shape in which he came among us then we must regard him a dangerous—like all free spirits.

Smallpox is responsible for more deaths in France than in England; the rate per million over a period of nine years being 2.9 for France and .46 for England.

Clerks and Bosses Mingle in Classes

CHICAGO—Stock brokers, bankers and big business men become classmates of their office clerks when business hours are over and school begins on the Chicago stock exchange.

Purposing to educate both old and new heads in the science of modern business finance, members of the Chicago stock exchange organized the exchange school, known as the Stock Exchange Educational Institute. While it is meant chiefly for members of the exchange, their employees and employees of the exchange, anybody desiring to learn brokerage practices is eligible to enroll.

Here experts in all lines of business serve as instructors, the students being required to attend classes regularly and pass a final examination. Later the school, founded only last October, intends to issue diplomas to those passing the courses.

Among the courses offered are brokerage practices and exchange technique, brokerage accounting, business economics, corporation finance, analysis of financial statements, law for securities, underwriting, brokers loans and business English.

A tuition fee of \$10 is charged for each course.

Puts \$56,000 Value

On College Degree

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—A college degree is worth \$56,000 more than a high school diploma, according to statistics gathered by Dr. C. B. Glenn, superintendent of Birmingham schools.

His figures are based on the Alpha Kappa Psi fraternity's survey on occupational incomes from all types of occupation and grades of education.

The statistics were compiled from 7,309 reports received by the fraternity from all states in the union. The survey was conducted to show whether a college education actually paid in dollars and cents.

"The untrained man," Dr. Glenn found, "with only an elementary education, goes to work at 14 years of age. He reaches a maximum income at 45, earning on the average less than \$1,700 a year. His total earnings from 14 to 60 are about \$64,000."

"The high school graduate goes to work at 18, four years later, and passes the maximum of the elementary trained man in 10 years.

"He rises steadily to his own maximum of \$2,800 at 50 and then falls off to about his 40-year average. His earnings from 18 to 60 total about \$88,000, just \$24,000 more than that earned by the elementary trained boy. This indicates that each of the four years of a high school boy's life is worth \$6,000 to him.

"The college graduate goes to work at 22. By the time he is 31 his income equals that of the high school graduate at 40 and continues steadily to rise. Total earnings from 22 to 60 is approximately \$144,000. The \$56,000 above the high school graduate figure represents the cash value of a college education, making \$14,000 for each of his four-year term."

Delve for Forum Under Streets in Turkish City

CONSTANTINOPLE—With the facilities granted by the new regime in Turkey, an increasing number of foreign archaeological expeditions are seeking the buried marvels of ancient Byzantium which lie beneath the busy streets of modern Constantinople.

The last two years have seen the British expedition's excavations of the hippodrome, and this year a Danish group is to dig for the famed forum of the Emperor Constantine, founder of the city.

Rising at the corner of one of Stamboul's most crowded streets, and almost smothered by telephone and trolley wires, is the "Burned Column," the only mark now above ground of the great forum. Using this column as a point of departure, the Danes will delve for masterpieces of sculpture which are believed to be lying many feet beneath the modern city's level.

The "Burned Column" is one of the chief sights of Stamboul because of its antiquity, having stood here more than 1,500 years, and before that having adorned the Temple of Apollo at Rome whence it was wrested by Constantine to embellish his new eastern empire capital. Struck by lightning in the 11th century, and scorched by the great fire which laid Stamboul in ruins in the 16th century, the shattered shaft of marble remains a reflection of a great city's great past.

Walking Stick Grows To Become Huge Tree

FAIRFIELD, ME.—Sixty five years ago Increase Kendall thrust a willow stick he had cut for a cane into the ground and forgot it.

That was back in the days when this town was known as Kendall's Mills and saw mills were its chief industry. The willow stick took root and today has grown to a tree which is 24 feet in circumference near its base.

Q. Of what internal order is President Hoover a member? S. H. A. President Hoover belongs to no fraternal organizations.

Q. Under British law, does an eldest son inherit the entire estate of his father's? N. McL.

A. The British law of primogeniture is still in force. Under this law all real estate goes to the eldest son except for the dower right of the wife which expires at her death. In the case of money, a man may leave his money where he wishes with the exception that he can not divert from the estate any money proceeding from that source. In the event of a man's dying without will leaving money alone, it would be divided among the children, subject to the dower right of the wife.



Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take.

Any drug store has the genuine, prescription product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Fine Arts Encouraged

The School of Fine Arts in Paris was founded as a government school during the reign of Louis XIV and through a series of competitive examinations, picks one man each year from each of the four arts, architecture, painting, sculpture and engraving, to go to Rome to study for four years at the expense of the French government.

John's Mother Praises Doctor

There isn't a mother living who won't agree that no half-sick child should be the subject for an experiment with medicines of uncertain merit. When your child is bilious, head-achy, half-sick, feverish, restless, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy, you know that nine times out of ten it's a sign his little stomach and bowels need purging. And when you know that for over fifty years leading physicians have endorsed one preparation for this condition, there doesn't seem to be any reason for "trying" things.

Rich, fruity California Fig Syrup clears the little stomach and bowels gently, harmlessly and in a hurry. It regulates the bowels, gives tone and strength to them and to the stomach; and helps to give your child new strength, energy and vitality. Thousands of Western mothers praise it. Mrs. Joseph W. Hill, 4306 Bedford Ave., Omaha, Nebraska, says: "I'll never forget the doctor who got me to give my baby boy, John, California Fig Syrup. Nothing else seemed to help his weak bowels. That was when he was just a baby. He suffered a good deal before I gave him Fig Syrup, but it stopped his trouble quick. I have used it with him for 'olds and little upset spells ever since, consider him a Fig Syrup boy."

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K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Conable process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

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Mild, safe, surely vegetable—at drugists, only 25c

FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Science Lends Hand To Industrial Life

PITTSBURG—(AP)—Noteworthy accomplishments in applied science by Mellon Institute are mentioned in the annual report of Dr. Edward R. Weidlein, director.

These are in fertilizers, organic solvents and resins molded paper articles, insecticides, foods, chrome plating, ceramics, insulation, kiln studies and vitreous enamel.

"Science and industry are working hand in hand," he says, "for the ultimate benefit of humanity. If a